

## My System 68

### Chapter 68: Restraint Required\_2

“Princely Heir...”

Bai Shuxuan respectfully bowed to Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang nodded slightly, his gaze not landing on Bai Shuxuan, but rather on Qing Luan.

“This time, it mainly depends on you, Qing Luan. You’re the key to gaining his trust.”

“You work with Bai Shuxuan to figure out his methods, lure him back to the mansion, and leave the rest to me.”

Qing Luan nodded in agreement, her beautiful face showing no sign of nervousness, quite calm.

“Princely Heir, then I’ll be leaving now.”

Cheng Guang waved his hand, signaling Bai Shuxuan to also follow Qing Luan and leave.

The somewhat naive Lin Cheng still couldn't understand the situation, not knowing why their Princely Heir cared so much about a beggar who looked similar.

Could it be that their Princely Heir felt the beggar didn't deserve to resemble him?

Lin Cheng didn't understand it very well and simply stopped thinking about it.

In Lin Cheng's eyes, obeying the Princely Heir was better than anything else.

Soon, a group of people left the Million Specie Garden.

The once bustling Million Specie Garden now returned to silence.

Cheng Guang sat in the pavilion, poured himself another cup of hot tea, and slowly took a sip.

He had set his trap.

He was quite curious about how the real Princely Heir would respond.

Since arriving in this time, he hadn't yet seen the Princely Heir, but that didn't affect the inevitable clash of their swords.

He was just a substitute; if he wanted to survive, he had to kill the other party.

Cheng Guang considered his plan perfect, with the only issue being whether there might be any unexpected developments by the real Princely Heir's side.

Cheng Guang knew that the system mission had mentioned the Princely Heir encountering a "Nobleman" during this trip.

Who exactly was this "Nobleman"?

For the Princely Heir, at the pinnacle of power in the Great Zhou Dynasty, to regard someone else as a Nobleman...

That person's status must be extraordinary.

Cheng Guang had taken this variable into account in his scheme. Otherwise, he wouldn't have had Qing Luan go along with them, rather than just having Bai Shuxuan go to turn the Princely Heir into a lovestruck fool.

Cheng Guang pondered, his thoughts churning in his mind when he suddenly felt a chill. Looking up...

At some point,

The sky had become overcast with clouds, as if a storm was brewing.

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Outside the Capital, on the imperial road,

A fine, misty rain started to fall from the sky.

The slender rain descended from the sky, forming a tight curtain of rain, draping the broad imperial road and the barely visible Great Zhou Capital in the distance with a layer of gossamer-like white gauze.

With its fluttering and drizzling, intertwining ever so coldly, the rain seemed to hurry the leaves on the roadside trees to wither sooner.

The travelers passing by on the imperial road, many having anticipated the rain from the look of the sky, hurried along their way.

Deng, who lacked an umbrella, felt little coldness despite the heavy rain, thanks to his cultivation level.

The young man Liunian accompanying him also had no umbrella and indeed no cultivation.

Merely soaked by the rain for a while, he turned pale with a tremble coursing through his body.

Deng sighed, "Liunian, lad, what's the rush to get to the Capital? We're nearly there. Let's find a place to shelter from the rain; if we keep going like this, the rain is likely to get heavier."

The young man named Liunian, upon hearing Deng's words, ignored him and pressed on with his head down.

This bit of rain was nothing to him. Even if he was cold now, his heart was colder still.

He had no idea what had happened in the Capital or at his own Duke's Mansion.

Why, after he had been away from Duke Zhen's Mansion for so long, his father hadn't realized the coachman was his substitute, nor had he sent anyone to look for him.

He couldn't understand it.

Moreover, after the recent run-in with the mansion guard, all he wanted now was to get back to the mansion as soon as possible.

Every second was torture for him.

“Old Deng, if you’re cold, go find shelter from the rain. I need to hurry back to the Capital; this bit of rain won’t freeze me to death,” the young man said with a dark face, and then he quickened his pace.

Deng silently followed behind the young man, shaking his head slightly.

He had expressed concern for Liunian so that the lad wouldn’t get sick from the rain, but Liunian thought Deng was the one who felt cold.

Deng chuckled to himself, shaking his head. Not knowing what else to say, he chose to remain silent.

He decided to watch and see how long the lad could persist.

After only the time it takes to drink a cup of tea, just as Deng had expected, Liunian could no longer endure.

Hurriedly, he ran down from the official road and hid in a pile of hay within the nearby plantation.

He was shivering so much that the snot from his nose had frozen.

This scene made Deng want to laugh.

"I told you so, you're too stubborn. You should have come down to take shelter from the rain earlier," he said.

Liunian's face was white with cold, and he wanted to talk back, but he sneezed again, and another shiver racked his body. Curling up, he didn't want to speak anymore.

After huddling for a while, once he felt a bit warmer, he looked at Deng and saw him calm and composed, even though his clothes were soaked through with rain, he didn't seem to feel much cold.

He asked in surprise, "That's not right, Deng, how come you're not cold?"

"You're an old man, and even if you have some cultivation, at your age, your Qi and Blood should have long declined. It doesn't make sense that you have no reaction at all," Liunian continued.

With a smile, Deng replied, "You see, young man, that's because you're too young, without restraint. Your body's hearth has been extinguished. As for me, I preserve my vital essence. Even if not to speak of standing in the rain, even in freezing cold I don't feel the chill."

Deng said this with considerable pride on his face.

Liunian couldn't help but retort, "Bullshit."

"I preserve my vital essence too, but I'm not as amazing as you claim to be," he said.

Deng looked at him curiously, "You? You hardly have any vital essence within you, what do you have to preserve?"

At these words from Deng, Liunian's complexion changed slightly, as if something had been seen through, and he glared at Deng, his face turning red, unable to utter a word.

Deng sighed.

"That's why I told you to be restrained. You've drained your body dry. Even an iron man couldn't withstand that," he said.

After Deng finished, Liunian fell into a silent contemplation.

He didn't feel like talking anymore.

In fact, Deng was half right.

There really wasn't much Yang essence in his body, but it hadn't been drained; it had completely disappeared at some unknown point in time.

No matter how much he liked women, he could only look on, incapable of doing anything else.

This was something only he knew about; not even his father or the Duke knew, as he had kept it a secret from everyone.

After all, it was too embarrassing to speak of.

As the Heir to Duke Zhen's Mansion, he still needed to maintain his dignity.

Over the years, he had tried countless remedies and consumed numerous Spirit Foods meant for bolstering virility, but none of them worked.

Already troubled and agitated, his mood worsened every time Cheng Zihai returned from outside and tormented him.

He had even come to suspect that his condition might have been caused by Cheng Zihai's treatments.

The purpose was probably to prevent him from carelessly fathering children with brothel workers who might inadvertently carry the Duke Zhen's bloodline.

That's why, after much consideration, he decided to flee the mansion: first, to avoid Cheng Zihai, and second, to see if his problem was really caused by Cheng Zihai's meddling.

After several days outside,

Liunian realized that there was little to no change in his body—in fact, he could almost say there was not the slightest improvement.

This realization left him utterly despondent.

Which meant...

His condition wasn't caused by Cheng Zihai...

Then who??

The thought made Liunian's expression extremely ugly. Already aggravated by the mess the coachman impostor had caused, he became even more irritated now.

Just then,

Outside the hay, the sound of horse hooves suddenly echoed.

At the same time, a soft voice arose.

"There are people here."

"Why don't we shelter from the rain nearby? This hay stack may be simple, but it's enough to ward off the rain," the voice suggested.

At the sound of this voice, Liunian became ecstatic, showing an expression of wild joy, "This... "

"This is Qing Luan's voice!!"

Liunian immediately got up and peeked outside, spotting a group of people holding horses and taking shelter under a hay stack amidst the rain.

The woman in green, with hair tied behind her head and a face both beautiful and dignified, caught his gaze.

“Qing Luan?” Deng, who was behind Liunian, paused for a moment before he also emerged.

Looking at the group outside, his eyes narrowed slightly.

“Oh... interesting...”

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