

My System 69

Chapter 69: Sorry, My Hand Slipped

Old Deng watched as Qing Luan and her group approached, and one among them captured his gaze.

It was none other than Lin Cheng.

This guard from Duke Zhen's Mansion had just left, so why had he come back now?

Moreover, looking at Lin Cheng's appearance, the several ladies following him were all from Duke Zhen's Mansion.

Could it be for Liunian?

Old Deng couldn't help but speculate.

But the next moment, he discarded his guess as Lin Cheng did not even glance in their direction; he merely swept his gaze over them and then looked away.

At the same time, the woman named Qing Luan, who Liunian mentioned, seemed to hear someone calling her and looked over with a puzzled expression.

On the surface, it did not seem like they had come for Liunian.

Of course, it could all be an act.

But in Old Deng's opinion, there was no need for people from the Duke's Mansion to put on such a show just for a beggar like Liunian.

Even now, Old Deng still did not believe Liunian's words. If he truly were the Princely Heir, how could he end up lost and in such a wretched state?

Yet, judging by Liunian's demeanour, even if he was not the Princely Heir from Duke Zhen's Mansion, he seemed to be quite familiar with it. Otherwise, how could he accurately call out the name of the woman in green?

Old Deng pondered quietly, maintaining a calm exterior as he observed Qing Luan and her party from afar.

Meanwhile, as his gaze passed over Bai Shuxuan, his eyebrows knitted slightly, as if he realized something. His lips moved slightly as if he wanted to say something, but after thinking it over, he remained silent.

Inside, however, he was full of doubts and suspicions.

“The Devil Clan? And a Fox Devil at that?”

“Why are the Fox Devils mingling with people from Duke Zhen’s Mansion...”

Old Deng murmured to himself, suddenly remembering the rumors he had heard in Tianping Village. Hadn’t the Town-Nation Duke’s Heir helped the Bureau of the Lamp capture a Fox Devil? Could that be this one?

“She does look quite good, and there seems to be no hostility, as if she’s been subdued,” he observed without any change in his expression, thinking to himself quietly.

Unlike Old Deng’s composed demeanor, Liunian, the young man at his side, could no longer contain his impatience. Disregarding the rain around him, he dashed out from behind the haystack and ran towards Qing Luan.

“Qing Luan!”

While calling out her name, Liunian waved his arms frantically thinking he was about to cry.

Qing Luan must have heard from the guards that he had returned, so she must have come to personally escort him back to the mansion.

The thought of another day wandering outside the Capital city filled him with dread.

In his excitement, Liunian failed to notice the indifferent expression on Qing Luan's beautiful face.

"How do you know my name?"

As Liunian was about to reach Qing Luan and her group, she suddenly voiced her confusion.

Hearing this, Liunian stood still in disbelief, staring at Qing Luan, too shocked to utter a word.

How do you know my name??? How can you ask such a question!! Don't you know that I am the Princely Heir???

Liunian felt nearly overwhelmed by frustration at this point, the cold rain smacking mercilessly against his face, making it feel as though it was popping.

How could it be that he had left the Mansion for just a short while and now no one recognized him?

It was one thing for an ordinary guard not to recognize him.

Liunian could accept that.

But how could Qing Luan, who was practically with him day and night, not recognize him too???

What on earth was going on!!!

At this moment, Liunian was utterly bewildered. The issue of the doppelganger had not yet been resolved, his own physical condition had not been dealt with, and now there was something wrong with Qing Luan.

All these problems were too much for Liunian to bear any longer.

As he watched Qing Luan look at him with eyes as if she were regarding a stranger, Liunian's anger became uncontrollable.

“Qing Luan!!!”

Liunian roared, his voice hoarse with a sense of desperation.

“Look at me, see who I am!!”

In a swift motion, Liunian lifted the rain-soaked hair sticking to his forehead and used his wet hands to wipe the mud from his face.

He wanted Qing Luan to see his true appearance clearly.

“Have you gone blind!? Don’t you recognize me!?”

Liunian glared at Qing Luan with furious eyes, bloodshot from his intense rage.

Liunian had thought that Qing Luan would come to her senses once she saw his face clearly, but he did not expect her to remain unafraid in the face of his glare, with no change in her expression.

Instead, she became increasingly cold.

Her aura grew icier, and her eyes felt even more foreign to Liunian.’

“Are you seeking death?”

Qing Luan let out a cold snort, a chilling aura emanating from her delicate frame.

The air around them suddenly grew tense, causing Liunian to feel a weight in his chest, his face turning pale.

Old Deng narrowed his eyes, noting Qing Luan's lack of further action, yet he decided not to intervene.

This young man, Liunian, seemed to be suffering from some delusion, insisting that he was the Town-Nation Duke's Heir.

If he truly were the Duke's Heir, why didn't anyone from the Duke's Mansion recognize him?

He must be mad.

Old Deng sighed internally.

He wondered what could have possibly happened to make the young man, Liunian, end up in his current state.