

My System 70

Chapter 70: Sorry, My Hand Slipped_2

Qing Luan merely glanced at Liunian, clearly not intending to argue with him much, as her red lips slightly parted.

“Your insolence is unbecoming. In the past, I could have had you killed on the spot, and no one could say a word against it. You should be thankful for Great Zhou’s new laws, which forbid the arbitrary execution of commoners.”

Having said that, Qing Luan didn’t wish to say anymore and turned to walk to a nearby haystack.

She looked at the dense, thread-like rain falling from the sky.

Cold and proud.

This was a side of Qing Luan that Liunian had never seen before.

“I, Cheng Liunian, merely left the mansion for a short while, and Qing Luan has changed to this extent?”

“Could it really be that I’ve mistaken someone else for her?”

Cheng Liunian, overawed by Qing Luan's aura, suddenly felt that he might really have mistaken someone else for her.

The Qing Luan before him differed far too much from the quiet, obedient girl who used to follow him around.

For a moment, Cheng Liunian fell into confusion, as if he could not bring himself to believe it.

However, he quickly reassured himself.

Perhaps due to his weight loss during the months away, he had changed too much, which made Qing Luan unable to recognize him.

He could only follow them back to Duke Zhen's Mansion.

That would be his home ground.

Thinking this, Cheng Liunian spoke up again, "It was presumptuous of me!"

"But do you not think I bear some resemblance to your Princely Heir?"

Cheng Liunian was certain now that Qing Luan did not recognize him, but his appearance couldn't have changed so drastically that he turned into a completely different person.

At the very least, the basic structure of his facial features should still be there!

Cheng Liunian couldn't believe Qing Luan couldn't see any resemblance.

As soon as Cheng Liunian said this, Qing Luan turned her head to take a few more glances at him, seemingly finding some resemblance and nodding slightly.

Seeing Qing Luan's nod, Cheng Liunian excitedly said, "That's right!"

"There can't be that many people in the world who look alike!"

"If you take me back to Duke Zhen's Mansion to meet your Princely Heir, it might turn out that your Princely Heir and I are brothers related by blood!"

Cheng Liunian was initially excited, but as he spoke, his smile began to twitch uncontrollably, soon taking on a teeth-gritting quality.

He was very annoyed!

He was the true Princely Heir, yet now, to re-enter the mansion and prove his real identity, he had to claim kinship with an imposter coachman.

For him, this was an immense humiliation.

He swore that once he returned, all these people would have to die.

Not a single one would be spared.

On the surface, he still managed a smile, but as excitement faded, a stern glint began to flicker in his dimming eyes.

After Cheng Liunian finished speaking, old Deng behind him was already viewing him with an odd expression.

Deng thought that he had roughly figured out why this young man, Cheng Liunian, was so certain that he was Duke Zhen's Princely Heir.

He must have somehow learned what Duke Zhen's Princely Heir looked like and believed himself to resemble the Princely Heir, hence he kept claiming this everywhere he went.

Wasn't this impersonation and deceit?

Old Deng sighed. His heart filled with disdain for this young man he once had a good impression of.

He detested those who sought attention and adulation the most.

He had hoped to find an interesting junior, yet, as it turned out, the junior was nothing but a blustering vagrant.

At this moment, Cheng Liunian was unaware of what old Deng was thinking, and even if he knew, he wouldn't care.

He considered the old beggar insignificant; if not for needing his help to steal some sweet potatoes or to make the journey to the capital city less dull by having a companion, Cheng Liunian would not have wanted to associate with a beggar.

But after so many days together, he had developed a bit of affection.

So when he had said he would give old Deng mountains of gold and silver once they returned to the capital city, it wasn't just talk; he truly meant to give it.

It was just that old Deng had not seized the opportunity.

Now, Cheng Liunian just wanted to get back to Duke Zhen's Mansion with Qing Luan!

To clean up this mess.

However, what Cheng Liunian did not expect was that after speaking, Qing Luan did not fulfill his wish to take him back to Duke Zhen's Mansion.

Instead, Qing Luan's beautiful eyes grew colder as she said in a clear voice, "You resemble the Princely Heir?"

"What right does a beggar like you have to look like the Princely Heir?"

"And you want me to bring you back to Duke Zhen's Mansion?"

Several rhetorical questions completely baffled Cheng Liunian.

He opened his mouth but was speechless, only able to make a surprised "uh-uh" sound in his throat.

Cheng Liunian had never imagined that one day he would be told that he had no right to resemble someone else.

His face turned red as his blood rushed to his head.

He was on the verge of exploding.

However, Cheng Liunian also noticed Qing Luan's icy gaze.

He knew that if he lost his temper now, he would most likely face a dire outcome.

Qing Luan might not kill him, but she would certainly discipline him.

The safeguards he had on him could save his life but not protect him from a beating.

Cheng Liunian, at this moment, felt like crying but had no tears, forced to swallow the bitterness.

His expression grew more somber, but his inner rage and doubts began to climb steadily.

He made up his mind to leave first and not trigger any further frown from Qing Luan, waiting for the rain to stop before returning to the capital city.

It would simply be a slower journey.

But he would eventually reach the capital city.

Once there, he would find a way to contact his mother.

Cheng Liunian was now curious about what face Qing Luan would wear to face him once he arrived in the capital city and proved his identity.