

My System 71

Chapter 71: Sorry, My Hand Slipped_3

Just as Cheng Liunian turned around, a pleasant and gentle voice came from behind him.

“Qing Luan, that person does look quite similar to the Princely Heir, why not let her follow us back to the Capital City to meet the Princely Heir?”

Upon hearing someone speaking up for himself, Cheng Liunian immediately turned his head to look.

He saw the rain threads like snakes, crisscrossing the sky, and behind Qing Luan, the breathtakingly beautiful woman he had been ignoring, who was veiled in white gauze, slowly walked out.

Standing alone in the world.

Her beauty contrasted sharply with the surrounding world, as if she were a lotus in this rainstorm.

In Cheng Liunian’s eyes, the woman’s features were like lotus petals washed by morning dew, radiantly charming and fair as jade.

Her eyes were like the brightest stars in the night sky, clear and transparent; her high nose added a unique sense of dimension to her beauty.

Those red lips, like two bright petals, seemed even more delicate and enticing in the rain.

She was dressed in an elegant long skirt, embroidered with delicate and refined patterns. The skirt outlined her figure with curves in all the right places, exuding an air of elegance without compromising beauty.

Her long hair rested upon her shoulders, dampened by the rain, clinging to her face and body, which made her look even more alluring.

She was without an umbrella, allowing the rain to fall upon her.

With the rain setting off her beauty, it became even more captivating.

Merely at a glance, Cheng Liunian felt his heart skip a beat.

As if drawn by an inexplicable attraction, he yearned to move closer to this woman.

“Miss Bai, you...” Qing Luan’s face showed conflict, seemingly reluctant to agree, but also constrained by the woman’s request and unable to refuse.

Bai Shuxuan smiled and spoke softly, “It’s alright, the Princely Heir surely won’t blame us. Perhaps the Princely Heir will also be interested in this person who bears a resemblance to him?”

"It's just the matter of taking another person along, Lin Cheng can take him," Bai Shuxuan reassured.

Upon hearing Bai Shuxuan's words, Cheng Liunian's mood instantly warmed, feeling that Bai Shuxuan was indeed a very kind person.

Even though he was not the Princely Heir, Bai Shuxuan was still willing to help him.

Cheng Liunian, who had always been treated kindly by others because of his identity, felt an unusual emotion at this moment and his fondness for Bai Shuxuan soared.

As Qing Luan heard this, she found it difficult to refuse further. After hesitating and glancing at Cheng Liunian, she slowly nodded in assent.

She only added:

"We have not many horses, so we can only take you with us. Your companion, that will not be possible."

This "companion" naturally referred to Old Deng.

Old Deng chuckled and waved his hand, "Don't mind this old man, I'm fine either way."

Cheng Liunian smiled, not particularly concerned about Old Deng, and nodded in agreement immediately.

“Old Deng, you go ahead slowly. Once I’m in the Capital City, I’ll send someone to pick you up.”

“Send someone?” Old Deng’s face showed a strange expression.

By now, he had decided that Cheng Liunian was nothing more than a clown seeking attention, and who knew if once at Duke Zhen’s Mansion, the Town-Nation Duke’s Heir might have him executed.

Still, Old Deng, who had shared stolen sweet potatoes with this young man, cared for him and thus advised:

“No need to send someone. Just be more careful in your actions. Once you’re at Duke Zhen’s Mansion, don’t act like you did just now. Not everyone can treat the laws of Great Zhou lightly.”

“In front of real power, human life is worth nothing.”

After Old Deng spoke, Cheng Liunian just curled his lip, unconcerned.

He was all too aware that in front of real power, human life is worth nothing.

Because he was true power himself.

The number of people he disfavored and killed on a whim each year was countless.

Cheng Liunian never thought that one day, he would be reminded to be careful, to watch his words.

Cheng Liunian was almost amused by the irony.

But now, he had no choice but to hold his tongue.

He just hummed in response.

Seeing Cheng Liunian's reaction, Old Deng knew he hadn't taken his words to heart and shook his head helplessly, saying no more.

This young man had deluded himself into believing he was the Heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion, and going there now, who knew what trouble he might cause.

Old Deng was just someone Master Cheng had hired to instruct the Princely Heir in martial arts; he had no desire to meddle in these affairs.

Old Deng remained silent, his eyes closed in resignation.

Cheng Liunian didn't pay much attention to Old Deng, his gaze fixed on Bai Shuxuan who looked like a fairy in the rain.

"Miss Bai, may I inquire about your identity?"

Qing Luan cast a glance at Cheng Liunian, seemingly a bit impatient, "Don't pry into everything. Her identity is beyond your imagination."

"Oh..."

Chastised by Qing Luan, Cheng Liunian's brows twitched slightly, and a trace of murderous intent flitted across his expression but was quickly suppressed, as he silently bowed his head in resignation.

Miss Bai's identity was beyond imagination.

And she was with Qing Luan.

Could it be...

Cheng Liunian seemed to recall something.

When he had fled his residence, he had heard that Mrs. Wu had already been arranging a marriage for him.

Because of his own health, Cheng Liunian had always been indifferent to matters of marriage.

So he hadn't taken it to heart.

But could it be...

Was Miss Bai the marriage candidate his mother had chosen for him?

At the thought, Cheng Liunian's heart involuntarily began to race.

Though his body was crippled, his instincts still found pleasure in women.

Not just because of Bai Shuxuan's appearance, but also because of her words that had come to his defense.