

My System 72

Chapter 72: Sorry, My Hand Slipped_4

I don't know why.

Cheng Liunian always felt that the more he looked at Miss Bai, the more infatuated he became with her.

He couldn't help wanting to get closer to her.

But he didn't dare to now.

He had no escort by his side.

The only one who knew his identity, Qing Luan, was still acting as if she didn't recognize him.

For now, he could only continue to play dumb. Once he got back to Duke Zhen's Mansion and proved his identity, he would have plenty of time to spend with Miss Bai.

Of course, he just hoped that the coachman substitute in his mansion wouldn't do anything inappropriate to Miss Bai.

Otherwise, Cheng Liunian would not let that coachman die easily.

At this moment, Cheng Liunian had a premonition that his current predicament and the changes in the mansion might have been triggered by that coachman.

Even...

Qing Luan's failure to recognize him...

may have been manipulated by that coachman as well!

The thought made Cheng Liunian's heart grow more restless.

Fortunately...

Miss Bai was there.

Every time he saw Bai Shuxuan, Cheng Liunian felt his heart slightly intoxicate.

Noticing Cheng Liunian's gaze fixed on Bai Shuxuan from the very beginning, Qing Luan couldn't help but harbor some strange thoughts. She wondered if Cheng Guang had anticipated the Princely Heir's reaction when he asked her to bring Bai Shuxuan with them.

Now, Qing Luan couldn't figure out what Bai Shuxuan's role was supposed to be.

She knew too little.

And Cheng Guang hadn't explained things clearly to her.

Thus, Qing Luan was particularly perplexed, her mind muddled although she was very clever.

Qing Luan decided not to overthink it. After all, Cheng Guang was smarter than her.

She would just do as Cheng Guang had instructed for things she couldn't understand.

At this time, Qing Luan hadn't yet realized that she had developed an extraordinary trust in Cheng Guang.

"Let's go."

Suppressing the complex thoughts in her heart and seeing that the rain had stopped, Qing Luan wiped off the water from the horses and mounted one of them.

Bai Shuxuan also rode with Hong Zhu on another horse.

Cheng Liunian wanted to ride with Bai Shuxuan, but obviously, that was a bit of wishful thinking.

He could only ride with Lin Cheng.

The horses of Duke Zhen's Mansion were not ordinary; they all had exotic beast blood and could travel a thousand li in a day without any problem.

Cheng Liunian thought he might reach the Capital city by the afternoon.

But what he did not anticipate was that Qing Luan and her companions were not heading towards the Capital city at all.

“This... have you taken the wrong direction?”

After a good while of traveling, realizing the distance to the Capital city was increasing, Cheng Liunian grew anxious and immediately spoke up.

No sooner had he spoken...

Lin Cheng slapped the back of Cheng Liunian's head impatiently.

There was a sharp smack, quite loud.

"Why are you spouting nonsense?"

"We left the Capital city because we have matters to attend to. If you want to follow us back, it won't be now. Once we finish our business, we'll take you back to the Capital city," Lin Cheng said.

Cheng Liunian was stunned by Lin Cheng's slap.

Too pained to speak.

He grimaced.

He glared fiercely at Lin Cheng, wanting to retort with harsh words.

But what came towards him...

Was another slap.

“Ow! You still dare to glare at me? Asking for it!”

Lin Cheng raised his hand for another slap.

He had been holding back the urge to strike this beggar from the start.

If it weren’t for the Princely Heir’s order not to kill him, Lin Cheng would have already given in to the urge and sliced this fellow down.

“I won’t glare anymore,” Cheng Liunian, in pain again, quickly covered his head. A wise man does not fight when the odds are against him, and he hurriedly pleaded for mercy.

“Oh, you were glaring quite fiercely just now, and you’ve backed down so quickly,” Lin Cheng snorted, “If you have a grievance, say it. I don’t care.”

Cheng Liunian didn’t dare to utter a peep, for fear that Lin Cheng would find another excuse to trouble him.

His head slowly bowed down.

His five fingers tightly clenched together, feeling as if the whole body was inscribed with humiliation.

Damn it!!!

Damn it!!!

He must kill!!!

Cheng Liunian's fingernails quietly pierced the flesh of his palm, blood flowing out. The pain in his hand, compared to the humiliation in his heart at the moment, was truly nothing.

If it weren't for the fact that he had almost exhausted all his protective measures.

How could he allow such a man as Lin Cheng to be so arrogant in front of him?

Cheng Liunian felt extreme discomfort in his heart, feeling that he, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, had been bullied by a servant, a simpleton, which was even worse than killing him.

He sat in front of Lin Cheng, restrained in his embrace, feeling as if even breathing was becoming difficult for him.

He wanted to lift his head slightly, to breathe some fresh air.

However...

Slap!!

Another one.

“I didn’t do anything!” Cheng Liunian was stupefied.

He turned to look at Lin Cheng.

His eyes unexpectedly contained a pitiful look.

“Oh, sorry, my hand slipped,” Lin Cheng said with a laugh, not the least bit embarrassed.

But Cheng Liunian simply fell silent.

His lips trembled, as if he wanted to say something.

But no words came out.

He just silently bowed his head again, his eyes surreptitiously glancing towards Bai Shuxuan.

Now, only Miss Bai could offer him a bit of mental solace.

It was at this moment.

Bai Shuxuan spoke at just the right time, "Lin Cheng, stop bullying him. A beggar, he's quite pitiable."

As soon as these words were spoken.

Cheng Liunian immediately teared up.

His eyes were a red mess.

Looking at Bai Shuxuan, as if he saw a merciful fairy come to relieve his suffering.

Lin Cheng also let out an awkward laugh.

“I’m not bullying him, he just had an itchy head, and I scratched it for him,” he claimed.

Cheng Liunian couldn’t help but take a deep breath, the corners of his mouth twitching slightly.

“Hmm?” Lin Cheng lowered his eyes and glanced at Cheng Liunian.

“You have an objection?”

Cheng Liunian laughed dryly, his voice hoarse.

“I have no objections.”

“You’re so smart and considerate, willing to scratch itches for a beggar like me. Your Princely Heir must really like you,” Lin Cheng remarked.

Cheng Liunian wanted to retort with sarcasm, but he didn’t dare to make his words clear.

He prepared to show Lin Cheng some color once he returned to the Capital city.

However, what he didn't expect was for Lin Cheng's simple face to reveal a melancholic expression.

"Ah..." Lin Cheng sighed.

Slap.

Another slap on the head of Cheng Liunian.

"You're right, my Princely Heir does like me a lot, but alas, since I don't warm his bed, I can't compete in favoritism with certain people..." Lin Cheng's tone was one of melancholy.

And Cheng Liunian was about to go mad.

Keep your melancholy to yourself, and your lament to yourself!

What's the deal with endlessly smacking my head!?