

My System 73

Chapter 73: Bloodletting Therapy?

Dark clouds churned like ink, turning the firmament a gloomy black.

The air grew heavy and oppressive.

The rain intensified.

It poured down as if a giant hole had opened in the heavens.

Raindrops struck the ground, splattering dust and dirt everywhere.

Clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop.

Horse hooves raced through the muddy puddles, rippling circles upon circles in their wake.

Cheng Liunian's hair was soaked through, clinging to his forehead, and his already dirty robe now looked even more disheveled.

In the torrential downpour, Cheng Liunian felt he could hardly breathe.

The relentlessly cold rain slapped his face, the chill gnawing at his body like a bone-deep disease, causing him to shiver uncontrollably.

His face was pale, his lips cracked.

Cheng Liunian thought if the rain continued like this, he might not be killed by Lin Cheng, but he would certainly freeze to death.

He had no cultivation basis and couldn't shield himself with Qi as Lin Cheng and the others could, preventing even a drop of rain from touching their clothes if they so wished.

Even in such a downpour, Lin Cheng's garments remained dry.

Cheng Liunian realized that Lin Cheng, behind him, was like a huge furnace; he could feel a thread of warmth emanating from him.

Although reluctant to admit it, Cheng Liunian couldn't help but draw closer to Lin Cheng.

He snuggled into Lin Cheng's embrace.

Having never practiced any cultivation, his body wasn't robust and sturdy like theirs. He honestly doubted if he could survive much longer in this cold.

If he were to freeze to death, he would certainly become the laughingstock of the entire Great Zhou Dynasty.

Cheng Liunian, in a bid to save his own life, shifted his body backward, seeking the warmth of Lin Cheng's form.

And Cheng Liunian's every move was seen by all the attendants following them.

Qing Luan and Bai Shuxuan were alright, merely glancing out of the corner of their eyes before looking away.

But Hong Zhu, as if she had discovered a new continent, couldn't stop staring at Cheng Liunian.

How could a man who looked exactly like the Princely Heir be like this... Weird... Actually snuggling into Lin Cheng's arms...

This scene truly opened Hong Zhu's eyes.

She had never imagined humans could be so playful.

After a glance at Cheng Liunian, who shared the Princely Heir's visage, and then at Lin Cheng, she imagined something filthy, and her face turned red in an instant.

She let out a stifled chuckle.

Somehow, she resembled a lecherous voyeur on a train.

Lin Cheng, however, was feeling rather uncomfortable, all over restless. He looked down to see Cheng Liunian's slightly frail body wriggling to burrow into his embrace, sometimes twitching slightly.

This caused the corners of his mouth to twitch involuntarily.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

Lin Cheng reached out and pushed Cheng Liunian away.

But Cheng Liunian acted as if he hadn't heard, ignoring Lin Cheng and continuing to burrow into his embrace.

Right now, for Cheng Liunian, preserving his life was more important than keeping face.

Survival was his priority.

Lin Cheng: "..."

If it weren't for the Princely Heir's orders, Lin Cheng really wanted to throw this beggar off the horse.

It was already generous to let him ride my horse, and now he dares to take advantage of me??

Unable to bear it any longer, Lin Cheng grabbed Cheng Liunian by the collar and lifted him up, holding him aloft with a single hand.

Just like carrying a little chick, suspended mid-air.

"Ah, ah, ah!!"

Cheng Liunian was stunned at first, then he began to panic.

Having been able to hide in Lin Cheng's arms, using the Qi around Lin Cheng to avoid the rain, it now turned out he was lifted up by Lin Cheng, hanging in mid-air.

The rain was already intense, and now it pelted down on his face haphazardly and forcefully.

As the horse galloped at high speed, the drizzling raindrops were like needles of steel, infused with a deep chill, penetrating his flesh.

In his agony, Cheng Liunian couldn't help but cry out instinctively.

Without a shred of the Princely Heir's dignity.

His legs trembled nonstop.

If he were to be put down now, he likely wouldn't be able to stand for three or four days.

Lin Cheng ignored Cheng Liunian's cries, carrying him in the air, and sped along.

Only when Cheng Liunian's cries grew fainter and his consciousness began to blur did Lin Cheng put him back on the horse.

Seeing that Cheng Liunian's breathing had weakened, Lin Cheng, fearing he might actually die, transferred some Qi to him.

Cheng Liunian could feel the warmth spreading through his body, and his consciousness slowly returned.

It took quite a while before he could lift his heavy eyelids and look around.

The surroundings had become incomprehensible, utterly unfamiliar.

Cheng Liunian didn't know where he was.

He originally could see the Capital city's silhouette, following Qing Luan and the others, wanting to return to the Capital as soon as possible. Now, he didn't even know where the shadow of the Capital was.

Fortunately, the rain had lightened.

Judging from the Qi that someone had transferred to warm his body a moment ago, he reckoned he might have been in a lot of danger otherwise.

Cheng Liunian looked to the side.

He believed that of those present, the only one who cared about him and was willing to transfer Qi to help maintain his body temperature was Bai Shuxuan.

Cheng Liunian beheld Bai Shuxuan, who sat astride her horse in majestic demeanor, and was briefly lost in thought.

He figured that only such a woman could be worthy of him.