

## My System 89

Chapter 89: Yes, yes, yes, interesting\_5

The current situation only allowed him to proceed step by step.

At the very least, he had to gain complete control over the power and influence of Duke Zhen's Mansion. Possibly, only by leveraging the power of Duke Zhen's Mansion could he find a foothold in this world.

Cheng Guang pondered in his mind, calculating plans for his future.

The issue with the real Princely Heir hadn't been completely dealt with yet, but it was no longer a big problem.

Now, he was just waiting for Qing Luan to return so he could tie up loose ends.

About how to dispose of the real Town-Nation Duke's Heir, Cheng Guang knew that he couldn't kill the Princely Heir yet, as he currently didn't possess the means to conceal the celestial phenomenon that occurred when a royal descendant died.

The only course of action was to make the Princely Heir unrecognizable, even to himself, so he couldn't prove his own identity.

He would plan the rest later.

Whenever an opportunity arose, he would decisively eliminate this future threat.

Cheng Guang thought about where he should place the Princely Heir to feel at ease.

If it were somewhere that could explode at any moment, Cheng Guang would rather kill him directly.

As Cheng Guang thought, his eyes suddenly brightened, as if he discovered some oversight.

Wait.

Aren't I just a coachman?

Wouldn't a switch in identities do?

Now that the Princely Heir's appearance has changed, that's even better, as it won't draw the attention of others.

If otherwise, someone who looks exactly like him would attract attention wherever he goes.

That would be a real miscalculation.

Cheng Guang already had some plans in mind for the arrangement of the real Princely Heir; next, he just needed to wait for the Princely Heir to be brought back to the mansion by Qing Luan.

Afterward, he would use his Divine Power, Charm Eyes, to control the Princely Heir's mind and erase his memory.

If he could cripple his muscles and bones to ensure he couldn't practice martial arts, that would be perfect.

Cheng Guang thought about it and felt that his plan was quite perfect.

He slowly opened his eyes, looking out the window.

With the dawning light slowly appearing in the east, the sky began to brighten.

A tender peach-red hue gently spread across the horizon, awakening the slumbering earth.

The sunlight, shining through the carved windows, filled the room with golden speckles, warm and peaceful.

The carvings on the window sashes were even more exquisite in the sunlight, like vibrant paintings.

Cheng Guang looked up to find that it was already dawn.

He had sat in silence all through the night.

Fortunately, with his martial attainments, he didn't feel much discomfort even after several nights without sleep, so he simply got up.

Without Qing Luan, Cheng Guang's courtyard grew much quieter, devoid of any people.

Cheng Guang wasn't used to having other servants or maidens attend to his washing, so after a simple wash, he went to the Million Specie Garden.

In the courtyard, the pond shimmered under the sunlight, lively fish darted through the water. Birds perched on the rockery sang towards the morning sun, adding vigor to the tranquil dawn.

The stone path in the courtyard was mottled with sunlight, as if narrating stories from past to present. The surrounding greenery was lush, the robust vegetation swaying gently with the breeze, like poetic charm from ancient times.

In the surrounding ancient-looking buildings, a few figures could be seen bustling about, clearly starting a new day.

Cheng Guang sat quietly in the pavilion until a servant brought him some lukewarm, precious spiritual tea.

He planned to enjoy some tea and then get up to practice martial arts when suddenly, from outside the garden gate, a burst of noise came.

First was a hurried, panting voice.

“Princely Heir, Princely Heir, I’m back!”

Lin Cheng rushed into the courtyard, excited. He had been away for only a few days but missed his master dearly.

Merely passing by his home to glance inside and utter a few words with his parents, he hurried back.

Passing by his own home without entering.

Lin Cheng felt he was truly filial.

When he had free time, he would find an opportunity to ask the Princely Heir for leave to visit home properly.

Speaking of which, his two younger brothers had also started martial practice and were not lacking in skill or agility. Should he recommend them to the Princely Heir?

If he made the recommendation, would the Princely Heir think he was trying to use back doors?

Excitement on his naive face subsided slightly, replaced by a trace of inexplicable conflict.

Cheng Guang glanced at Lin Cheng but did not linger his gaze on him, quickly shifting his attention away.

Qing Luan and Bai Shuxuan's features were picturesque, and just standing there, they created a beautiful scene.

After skimming over them, Cheng Guang focused on the person behind them, a menial servant with a swollen and bruised face.

The man wore an old blue robe, and his hair was messy and clumped together from lack of washing.

He had a physique with bulky limbs, cracked skin, and an ordinary appearance.

With just a glance, Cheng Guang recognized the person.

Was this the real Princely Heir?

Cheng Guang's face revealed a strange expression; he had never expected to encounter the other party in such a state.

At that moment, Cheng Liunian glared furiously at Cheng Guang.

"You \$#!@%\*!"

Cheng Liunian was filled with rage, and upon seeing Cheng Guang, he immediately wanted to curse out loud.

Lin Cheng, who seemed to have anticipated this, slapped his face, immediately silencing him.

His face, already bruised, was now twisted as if his bones had been misaligned.

Lin Cheng smiled, "Sorry about that, I might have used a bit too much force."

With that, he pinched Cheng Liunian's face with one hand and twisted firmly.

Crack!

The bones went back into place.