

My System 91

Chapter 91: Hey, truly worthy of being my kid!

Cheng Guang's features were noble and elegant, yet at this moment, his eyes were as cold as ice. Despite the brilliant smile on his face, it sent a bone-chilling coldness to everyone around him, including Lin Cheng and Qing Luan.

Anyone could tell that Cheng Guang was not in a good mood right now.

The serving maidens and servants all kept their distance, as if even the air was filled with ominous signs at this moment.

They barely dared to breathe loudly, fearful that any carelessness might provoke the ire of the respected Princely Heir. No one could bear the wrath of the Princely Heir.

At this moment, in the Million Specie Garden, many were struck with a chilling fear.

In their glances towards Cheng Liunian, there was also a lot of anger that they would find pleasure in killing.

Where did this madman come from!

How dare he provoke the Princely Heir like this!!

Does he really wish for death??

They were puzzled and couldn't understand how Cheng Liunian dared to speak to Cheng Guang in such a manner.

However, Cheng Liunian wasn't as terrified as they imagined.

Gazing directly at Cheng Guang, he seemed to be deliberately provoking Cheng Guang, spitting in his direction. But before the spit could leave his mouth, Lin Cheng's brow twitched; he stepped forward and stamped him to the ground.

His foot pressed down hard on Cheng Liunian's plain and ordinary face, rubbing it into the ground, grinding his face into the dirt.

Cheng Liunian gasped for air, his face turning red and veins throbbing.

He couldn't help but swallow back the phlegm that hadn't yet left his throat.

"If you want to die, you don't have to dirty the Princely Heir's hands, just tell me, and I will satisfy you."

Lin Cheng's simple face now revealed some malice.

He cracked his knuckles, making a clicking sound.

At the same time, his foot continued to rub harshly across Cheng Liunian's face.

Cheng Liunian's complexion turned iron blue, but his face was shrouded with a dark cloud.

His fists clenched tight, the knuckles turning white from the force.

His eyes burned like torches, as if they could shoot out intense flames of rage.

He did not look at Lin Cheng, who was stomping on his face, but instead fixed his gaze on Cheng Guang tightly.

Gnashing his teeth, his chest heaved violently as his body tensed.

Every muscle was like a tightly stretched string, ready to snap at any moment.

Cheng Liunian's fingers dug fiercely into the ground.

His body shook as he struggled to rise.

But Lin Cheng's foot on his face was like a mountain pressing down on him, making it impossible for him to move, leaving him able to perform only an inconspicuous splash like a carp king.

After a moment.

Cheng Liunian no longer clenched his fists tightly but instead relaxed them and began to laugh.

He laughed loudly.

"Hahaha, if you have the courage today, kill me!"

"Hahaha!"

"Come on, kill me!"

Cheng Liunian laughed, the corners of his eyes twinkling with tears. It was unclear if he was laughing so hard he cried or if the current humiliation drove him to despair.

His gaze remained fixed on Cheng Guang.

Strangely, it seemed he was even hoping that Cheng Guang would kill him.

At that time.

The air around seemed to freeze, and all other sounds vanished.

Only Cheng Liunian's heavy breathing could be heard.

Many were shocked by Cheng Liunian's words.

This menial...

He was actually... seeking death voluntarily.

Having offended the Princely Heir, death would not be an easy escape.

Cheng Liunian was anticipating Cheng Guang to kill him.

He had no more means to protect himself, nor ways to contact Duke Zhen, Cheng Zhihai, or anyone else.

Cheng Guang could easily kill him at his pleasure now.

If Cheng Guang harbored the intent to kill, Cheng Liunian's purpose would be achieved. Although his Great Zhou Imperial Family blood had been drained from him, he was still someone who once possessed imperial blood.

Once he died, there would be heavenly signs.

When that time came,

Not to mention the entire Duke Zhen's Mansion, the entire Capital would notice such a disturbance.

Consequently, there would be no way to hide Cheng Guang's identity.

And his death would be imminent.

However, Cheng Liunian was soon disappointed.

Even though Cheng Guang harbored a strong intent to kill, he did not act on it, his face wearing a light and unassuming smile as he spoke slowly.

“It’s easy if you want to die,

“But this time, I won’t let you die so easily.”

Cheng Guang spoke softly, and as he did, the smile on his face slowly faded.

His indifferent gaze landed on Cheng Liunian’s face, carrying a deeply meaningful look.

“Lin Cheng.”

Lin Cheng hastily replied.

“Princely Heir.”

“Take him to a room and lock him up, watch him carefully, don’t let him commit suicide.”

Cheng Guang spoke unhurriedly.

His words caused the defiant and fierce expression on Cheng Liunian's face to gradually turn to shock and panic.

Only then did Cheng Guang shake his head with a chuckle and rise to leave.

At this moment, Cheng Liunian was completely stunned.

He didn't understand why Cheng Guang hadn't killed him.

Nor did he know how Cheng Guang could predict his suicidal thoughts.

Cheng Liunian had decided to throw caution to the wind.

In his heart, Cheng Guang was just a coachman, and to use suicide to draw the attention of others, to trade his own life for that of a coachman, was not worth it.

But now,

He indeed had thoughts of suicide.

The physical beatings he suffered were secondary; the humiliation he had to endure was something he couldn't bear!

The servant or slave whom he used to be able to kill at will, was now stepping over his head.

The current situation made him want to tear everything apart.

Even in death, he wanted to make this coachman who inflicted endless humiliation on him die without a burial place!

The only thing left holding his attachment to this world was Bai Shuxuan.