

My System 93

Chapter 93: Hey, truly worthy of being my kid!_3

A series of crackling sounds came through.

Within them, there was also a suppressed cry of pain.

Cheng Guang pushed the door open and walked inside, taking a glance.

It was originally a room where various miscellaneous items were piled up, narrow, cold, and the air was filled with a damp smell.

Originally empty, and on the cold walls, iron chains now hung.

Cheng Liunian's hands were shackled by the iron chains, the rough iron scraping against his skin, causing a stinging and numb pain.

His feet were also chained.

He hung suspended in mid-air like this.

In front of him, Lin Cheng continued to land punches and kicks on his body without stopping.

Cheng Guang merely gave it one look, then asked Lin Cheng to stop.

Lin Cheng knew his limits, only wanting Cheng Liunian to feel pain. In his view, as long as the Princely Heir didn't open his mouth to order his death, even if he felt this servant deserved it, he couldn't directly take his life.

This was a matter of boundaries and measures.

The usually forthright Lin Cheng, in this place, had a surprising delicacy.

Upon hearing Cheng Guang's voice, Lin Cheng instantly turned his head and, seeing Cheng Guang, his face became bright with a smile as he came up to greet him respectfully and said:

"Princely Heir, you've come."

Cheng Guang nodded but didn't reply, his gaze falling onto Cheng Liunian.

By then, Cheng Liunian's body just hung there, like a pile of rotten flesh, ragged and in a state of despair as if savagely ravaged by a relentless storm.

Apart from still breathing, he seemed no different from the dead.

That formerly well-built body was now covered with wounds of all colors—blue, purple, red—like a wildly colorful palette.

The marks of pain, like wild beasts, rampaged on his skin, laughing viciously.

His face, once sharp and distinct, was now swollen and deformed, his blood mixed with dirt, congealed at the corner of his mouth like a tragic painting.

Cheng Liunian heard the sound of the iron door opening, his body trembled slightly, his eyes crusted with blood cracked open, and he looked at Cheng Guang dully.

More than the physical pain, the depths of despair came from the blows to his spirit.

He felt the world around him become indistinct, his heart like torn clouds—dark, cold, utterly lifeless.

Just one look at Cheng Guang, and the rage in his heart nearly consumed him.

He struggled, but only twitched a few times.

His arms rubbed against the iron chains tightly bound to his wrists, skin ripped open, blood flowing out.

He slightly opened his mouth, his lips cracked, his voice hoarse.

The most venomous curse, as it reached his lips,

Lin Cheng stepped forward, not knowing where he produced a cloth exuding a strong stench, and firmly gagged his mouth.

“Don’t sully the Princely Heir’s ears.”

The curses of Cheng Liunian, when spoken, had already turned into meaningless “uh-uh” sounds.

Unintelligible in their meaning.

Though Cheng Liunian cursed with gusto, he quickly realized,

Even if he cursed with all his might, Cheng Guang’s calm expression didn’t change at all. Perhaps Cheng Guang couldn’t understand, or perhaps he simply didn’t care.

Or maybe...

Cheng Guang saw him as nothing more than an ant.

After all, who would care about the ramblings of an ant?

After cursing for a bit, Cheng Liunian quieted down.

Glares filled with split fury were directed at Cheng Guang.

In that moment, it was as though he had said nothing and yet had said everything.

Cheng Guang silently gave him a glance, then slightly turned his head, "Lin Cheng, go outside."

Lin Cheng was stunned, then quickly nodded and hurriedly left.

In a room with not a single window, now only Cheng Guang and Cheng Liunian remained.

The two of them silently faced each other for a good while.

The air fell into a silent stillness, with only the dim light of the oil lamp hissing softly.

After a moment.

Cheng Liunian sneered at Cheng Guang.

At this moment, he felt no fear at all.

He knew, Cheng Guang would never kill him. He would probably just imprison him in this place.

Perhaps all that awaited him was endless pain and helplessness.

But still, he might have a chance.

As long as he was conscious.

He could always wait for an opportunity to take revenge on them.

In Cheng Liunian's heart, hope remained.

All that kept him going now was the thought of vengeance.

Otherwise, his sanity would have collapsed long ago.

Under Cheng Liunian's intent gaze, Cheng Guang slowly approached, standing not too far in front of Cheng Liunian after getting near.

A hand slowly reached out, lightly touching his forehead, seemingly nonexistent.

Qi arrogantly forced its way into his body, expanding his meridians, flowing through him.

The intense pain caused Cheng Liunian's eyes to roll back, his body shaking uncontrollably, blood oozing out due to ruptured meridians.

Cheng Guang was unconcerned with Cheng Liunian's reaction and, in a few breaths, had thoroughly examined the inside of Cheng Liunian's body.

The body was depleted, truly crippled.

And inside, there was no Life-saving Mark similar to what Bai Shuxuan had.

If he were to transform Cheng Liunian's Primordial Spirit again,

By then, Cheng Liunian would truly be devoid of any means.

Even if he appeared before the Duke of the State and Cheng Zhihai, he would not be able to prove his own identity.

This was, admittedly, quite ridiculous.

Cheng Guang recalled his past life, where unprovable identities were not uncommon in the magical world with too many magical occurrences.

He had grown accustomed to the strange.

Gathering his thoughts, his gaze fell onto Cheng Liunian.

Cheng Liunian was already weak, if not for the breath that stubbornly sustained him, he probably would have already passed out.