

## My System 96

Chapter 96: Hey, truly worthy of being my kid!\_6

Lin Cheng, dragging Cheng Liunian with him, left Duke Zhen's Mansion in the same silent and calm manner as when they had arrived.

No one knew that this man, who seemed to be a mere servant but was in reality the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, had quietly made a round through the Duke's Mansion.

At the same time.

Cheng Guang also returned to the pavilion and, with Qing Luan attending to him, quietly enjoyed some tea for a while, slightly easing his fatigue.

Qing Luan didn't ask Cheng Guang where he had arranged for the real Princely Heir to go in the end.

She knew that Cheng Guang would not leave any problems unresolved.

By now, that real Princely Heir couldn't stir up any significant trouble anymore.

Qing Luan herself also breathed a sigh of relief, seeing that the tea in Cheng Guang's cup had run out, she gently picked up the teapot and poured him some more.

After hesitating for a moment, Qing Luan asked softly,

“Princely Heir, do you need Qing Luan to come to your room tonight?”

Qing Luan asked cautiously.

Ever since she learned that the real Princely Heir was to return, a tremendous sense of crisis had loomed over both of them.

Cheng Guang had no desire to do that.

Neither had Qing Luan.

But now...

With the crisis averted, Qing Luan inexplicably wanted to get closer to Cheng Guang.

Especially when she saw Bai Shuxuan, who was leaning beside him, with a face showing a fawning expression, her lips curled slightly with a twitch, and she pursed her red lips.

She suddenly felt a new sense of crisis.

Qing Luan was rarely this proactive, and it was the first time she asked Cheng Guang to her face whether or not he wanted to engage in the intimacies of the bedroom. Underneath her coy shyness, her beautiful jade-like face blushed with a few touches of crimson.

She lowered her head and gently twisted the hem of her clothes, her bashful demeanor inviting a feeling of tenderness in others.

Seeing this, Cheng Guang couldn't help but laugh softly.

The sight of Qing Luan's bashful appearance, her face picturesque, was breathtakingly beautiful.

Her fine dark green eyebrows, curved like new moons, matched with her spirited almond eyes, looked especially charming.

Cheng Guang's heart skipped a few beats.

Just as he was about to take Qing Luan's hand and go back to the room, responding to her with actions,

Cheng Guang suddenly noticed that the hem of his brocade robe was gently tugged.

Cheng Guang looked down, his gaze falling on Bai Shuxuan, who was kneeling at his feet.

Bai Shuxuan was attired in a light purple gauze dress, its hem exquisitely embroidered with peonies, as if real flowers were blossoming on her skirt.

Bai Shuxuan's figure was graceful, like the willows by the water, flexible and enchanting.

As she turned, her gauze dress fluttered like flowing clouds in the night breeze, making it hard to look away.

She lifted her lovely face, looked at Cheng Guang, pouted her lips slightly, showing a dissatisfied expression.

"Princely Heir, I want to go to your room too. You can't let Qing Luan have you all to herself," she said.

Her lips, cherry-like, were slightly pouted, bearing a petulant charm.

Bai Shuxuan's hands were clenched into fists, her fair skin as translucent as jade in the moonlight.

Her little pink fists looked like two peach blossoms about to bloom, tender and adorable.

In the moonlight, her beautiful silhouette, lively demeanor, and that pouty complaint filled one's heart with tenderness.

Cheng Guang laughed.

"Alright, alright, everyone together!"

Just as Cheng Guang was about to lead Qing Luan and Bai Shuxuan toward the bedroom nearby.

Suddenly, a page called out from outside.

"Princely Heir."

Hearing the voice outside the courtyard, Cheng Guang turned his head in confusion, glanced outside the courtyard, then got up and walked towards it.

Outside the courtyard,

he saw a page.

The page was a young man, dressed in a blue cotton shirt and wide cotton trousers, looking very simple.

When the page saw Cheng Guang come out, he respectfully lowered his head and said,

“Princely Heir, a visitor has arrived, and the Family Head has sent me to call for you.”

“Oh? A visitor?” Cheng Guang’s eyebrows lifted slightly.

“Who is it?”

The page also looked perplexed as he answered, “I don’t know, I don’t recognize the visitor.”

Seeing that the page didn’t know either, Cheng Guang did not press him and turned to give Qing Luan behind him a nod.

We’ll enjoy ourselves later, now I have to attend to proper affairs first.

Cheng Guang quickly adjusted his robe and collected his emotions.

Having just dealt with the matter of his new son, now facing Cheng Zhihai, why did he inexplicably feel a sense of guilt?

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Cheng Guang wore a wistful expression on his face, “One cannot escape the currents of the Martial World, can they?”

He rose to his feet and walked toward the mansion’s grand hall.

Before even stepping into the hall, just as he approached the entrance, Cheng Guang heard a burst of hearty laughter emanating from within.

It was the voice of Cheng Zhihai.

“Hahahaha, for such a distinguished senior to visit is truly an honor for Duke Zhen’s Mansion. With you teaching Guanger Martial Arts, the path of Martial Cultivation seems much clearer.”

After Cheng Zhihai’s voice, another one rang out.

“Now, now, Zhihai, you jest. I don’t have nearly the skill your father possesses. Old Cheng is the fierce one; what I know he doesn’t, and what he knows, I don’t either. But he taught me all the same.”

Cheng Zhihai laughed again.

“My father simply hasn’t had the time to instruct Guanger, what with the Border Area battlefield growing restless and the Northern Expedition Army seeming to make new moves. So to have a senior such as yourself come to teach Guanger is a great opportunity indeed.”

Hearing this, Cheng Guang showed a puzzled look.

What was going on?

Who was this person in the hall, talking to Cheng Zhihai?

To be treated with such respect by Cheng Zhihai.

And to say that their coming to the Duke’s Mansion was an honor for the Mansion itself.

Surely this must be just politeness, but it also suggested from another perspective that the guest inside the hall was no ordinary person.



Cheng Guang composed his expression and demeanor and slowly stepped into the grand hall.

Just as he entered the hall,

Cheng Zhihai turned to look at Cheng Guang, stood up with a smile, and waved, "Guanger, you're here. Come, pay your respects to Sir Deng."

"Sir Deng? Who might that be?" Cheng Guang wondered inwardly.

But he remained silent outwardly, turned towards the other person in the hall, and, after dutifully greeting him, took a closer look.

The person was an elderly man.

His clothes were tattered and stained with dirt, and his skin deeply creased, as if to tell tales of the many years that had passed.

His eyes were vacant yet profound, like an ancient well sealed off for a millennium, containing both endless desolation and fathomless wisdom.

His complexion was as pale as a clay statue weathered by years of rain and snow, as he silently gazed at Cheng Guang.

His eyelids drooped lazily, almost covering half his eyes and imposing a sense of oppression.

Upon seeing Cheng Guang's greeting, the originally still face showed a slight flicker of emotion.

It seemed to brighten up before him.

Old Devil Deng hadn't expected the Town-Nation Duke's Heir to be so knowledgeable about courtesy, and his fondness for Cheng Guang increased significantly.

But then again,

This Town-Nation Duke's Heir really did bear a striking resemblance to that kid Liunian.

But when compared to the real Town-Nation Duke's Heir, that kid Liunian was far behind in more ways than one.

Old Devil Deng thought to himself quietly and, without making a big deal of it, stood up and said with a smile to Cheng Guang, "My dear Princely Heir, there's no need to be so formal with me. I'm just an old coot with no great talents, just a lone man with a few tricks up his sleeve."

As he spoke, a smile spread across his face.

His wrinkles bunched together.

There was a strange resemblance to a brightly blooming chrysanthemum.

His hair was white and disheveled like a clump of withered grass, devoid of life.

It stood in stark contrast to his present smile.

“Princely Heir, just call me Old Deng,”

Old Devil Deng added.

Upon hearing this, Cheng Zhihai’s brow furrowed slightly, and he was about to say something,

when Cheng Guang spoke up with a laugh, “A senior is still an elder. How could I presume upon you? It’s already a privilege for me to call you Sir Deng.”

With these words,

Old Devil Deng's heart suddenly felt warmed, taken aback by Cheng Guang's acknowledgement and decorum.

To stand as a Princely Heir amongst the Great Zhou elite, yet remain so humble and gentle...

It was rare.

Truly rare.

If the future of Great Zhou could see more nobles like him, the conflict between the lowborn and the powerful wouldn't be so pronounced.

Old Devil Deng pondered as such.

At the same time, Cheng Zhihai, hearing Cheng Guang's words, also showed a look of surprise that quickly morphed into relief.

Hehe.

That's indeed my boy.

With just a few words, he'd managed to bring a grin to iron-willed Old Devil Deng, who was now all smiles.