

Chapter 1008

He knew his role, and in this family, he was just the lowest kind of person.

Whether it was Nangong Jin or Nangong Yu, they could pinch themselves at any time if they wanted to.

As easy as squeezing an ant.

So as curious and puzzled as he was, he didn't dare to ask a single question.

It's the fear of being silenced at any moment because you know too much.

At this point in time, Nan Muyong certainly wouldn't still be naive enough to think that his Nan Clan was really as clean as he had known it to be.

Not to mention, the old monster in front of him who had lived for a thousand years was incredible.

Although, Nan Muyong's heart still had doubts about his age.

But that hand of Nangong Jin's through the air just now didn't look like a fake, at least he didn't see the ingredients of a fake.

So it's quite possible that the man in front of you is telling the truth.

But if what he says is true, then this is a terrible thing.

After all, if it were a normal person, even if the other party was as scheming and frightening as they were, it would still be an ordinary person.

But having lived for thousands of years, Nan Muyong doesn't even know if he should be called by the term human anymore.

And since learning the truth, what little attachment he now had to the family had been quenched.

There's even a sense of collapsing faith.

But Nangong Jin obviously didn't care what he thought.

At this point, he was in a very bad mood.

After all these years of living, the first time I wanted something I couldn't get it, there was also the humiliation of being turned against a general.

This was not an easy thing for the always conceited Nangong Jin to let go of.

After a long time, the old man called Old Mo came over with a box made of jade that was about half a meter long.

"Sir, the money strain is loaded."

Nangong Jin reached out, took that jade box, and opened the lid.

The only thing that was lying inside was a gloriously golden plant.

The branches of the plant had a few shiny golden fruits on them, and weren't they the same kind of drugs you normally took?

Nan Muyoung was stunned at once.

He only knew before that that kind of medicine was rare, and Rao was the son of a family who received it in portions every year.

I was expecting some kind of rare recipe, but it's just a plant?

In fact, the fact that the Nan Clan has grown to this point, with the cohesion it has now, is not just because of the patriarch's good management.

It is also because they carry a disease with them from the moment they are born, which strikes sometime in adulthood, and when it does, the person is certain to die if they do not take the medicine.

No one wants to die, and the only way to stay alive is to stay in the South and work for the family.

That's why the Nannies have become so rich over the years, no matter how wealthy they become and how high their social status.

As long as they haven't researched what that medicine that will save their lives is, they'll just keep working for the family.

When Nangong Jin lived for a thousand years, he controlled the clan leader for a thousand years.

So in other words, working for the Nans is actually working for him.

If you were to compare the entire family, to a huge machine, then Nangong Jin was the most crucial one, the central system.

Thinking of this, Nan Murong's face was white.

He suddenly realized that he had come over here today and knew really too many secrets.

Not only Nangong Jin's identity, but also the medicine....

This kind of secret, once it was circulated, would not only cause chaos, but those in the family who were already dissident would also act.

That way....

His cold sweat came out all at once.

How could Nangong Jin, who was so seasoned, not know what was in his heart?

He gave a faint glance at Nan Murong and asked carelessly, "It's not hot, why are you sweating so much? Is it fear in your heart?"

Nan Muiyoung's face was pale.

He wiped the cold sweat from his forehead and whispered, "No, I..."

He really didn't know what to say, and he didn't know what he could say at this point to get Nangong Jin to leave him alone.

But then Nangong Jin suddenly laughed.

His laughter was ghostly and light, like a spring breeze, and if the scene were different, one would just find the man very kind and charming.

He stretched out his hand and patted Namco's shoulder.

"Don't be nervous, don't worry, since I asked Mo to bring you here today, I never thought that you would spread this secret."

Nan Muyoung barely smiled.

"I'll keep this secret to the death, thanks to your trust, sir, and pretend I've heard nothing today."

Nangong Jin nodded.

He raised his hand and handed the jade box containing the money strain to him.

"You help me give this to Gu Si Qian and bring back that heavenly jade tablet, understand?"

Nan Murong paled as she looked at the golden plant in the jade box.

There was no soil or water in the jade box, but the plant seemed to be living extremely well, and the light shone down and hit the golden fruit like an alluring gold.

He gulped.

Nangong Jin said in a soft voice, "I'm sure you can do it, right?"

Nan Muyoung nodded.

As he received the jade box, he heard his heart beating like a thunder drum.

This is the key that has held the family's destiny for the last thousand years.

How many people, just for the sake of this thing, have been at the mercy of the family's control.

The patriarch said east, people dare not go west, the patriarch said how much tribute to pay each year, people dare not lose a penny.

Where is this being a patriarch, this is clearly being an emperor.

How many other people can enjoy such privileges in this modern society?

And now that opportunity seemed to be right in front of him....

As long as you feed it and cultivate some more out of it yourself, then wouldn't those people who had been taking orders from Nangong Yu before....

It was then that he suddenly shook hard.

It was like something hit me hard in the head and I snapped out of it.

He came back to his senses and turned his head, looking incredulously at Nangong Jin.

But I saw that Nangong Jin was still sitting there with a leisurely appearance, as if he had never seen his strange face or his inner thoughts before.

He was just calmly staring at Nan Murong, but Nan Murong felt as if he was being stared at by a cold snake, and a chill could not help but leap up his spine.

No, not right.

Nangong Jin is not that easy to deal with.

Gu Si Qian though blackmailed him with the Heavenly Book of Jade, even going so far as to resort to the jade and stone method.

But through the conversation just now, it was clear that Gu Siqian didn't know that Nangongjin was a monster that had lived for thousands of years.

He just said through that pinhole camera that if he and Kitty Qiao die, then Nangong Jin will go underground to keep company with them as well.

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But how could a man who had lived for thousands of years die so easily?

So, Nangong Jin will not die.

What does a man who can't die need a heavenly book and jade tablet for?

You know, the reason why the Book of Heaven and Jade is rumored to be so divine and sought after and fought over by all the powerful people is because of its ability to make me immortal, ah.

But the man in front of me had lived so long, and yet he still looked like he was about thirty.

Isn't that already immortality?

Then why does he need it?

Nan Mu Rong realized that something was wrong, but he didn't dare say anything.

He could only carefully hold the jade box, stand up, bow slightly, and then retreat under Old Mo's leadership.

When he was gone, in the house, Nangong Yu Fang spoke with discontent.

"Sir, is it too precarious for you to leave such an important matter in his hands?"

After all, in his heart, Nan Murong was just a peripheral child of the family, not even qualified enough to meet him before this incident, let alone Nangong Jin.

And right now this matter, so important, that money strain is even related to the fate of the entire family, sir actually handed it to him?

If Nan Murong had second thoughts, wouldn't that spoil things?

But Nangong Jin looked aloof, "He can't ruin our business."

He said, stretching out his jade-like hands and boiling another pot of tea as he said in a soft voice, "If Gu Siqian can turn our army against us, why can't I turn his army against him? Do you really think that that money strain is really something that anyone can raise? Even if I gave him a live one, he wouldn't be able to use it in the end, so he'd have to come and beg me, heh! By that time..."

He smiled gloomily, his handsome face was actually colder than it had ever been.

Nan Gong Yu was slightly shaken.

By this time, he naturally understood that Nangong Jin had other plans.

Although, Rao couldn't help but feel a bit moved even as he looked at the money strain just now.

But in front of Nangong Jin, he was the one who didn't dare to do anything, or even think about it.

Outsiders didn't know how terrifying Nangong Jin was, but to him who had been together for decades, he knew it very well.

He knew that even if he got the money strain, he wouldn't be able to control the fate of his entire clan like Nangong Jin did.

So he would never be stupid enough to betray Nangong Jin.

But as for whether Nan MUYONG would, he couldn't guarantee it.

By this time, Nan MUYONG had been returned to the plane.

He came in by helicopter, but naturally he still left by helicopter.

Before he left, he held that jade box and hesitated, but asked Old Mo, "Old man, I would like to ask if you have been following your husband?"

Up until now, he still wasn't entirely sure that Nan Gong Jin was really the Grand Master Nan Jin who had founded the Nan Clan a thousand years ago.

So he wanted to make sure again.

I saw Old Mo look at him and smile slightly, "Yes, I've been with the gentleman for fifty years."

Fifty years?!!!!

Nan Murong looked at the whiskered old man in front of her, and recalled Nangong Jin's gentle, jade-like face, no more than thirty years old at most, and couldn't help but swallow her saliva.

"So, you're also a member of the Southern Clan? You knew your husband's secret? Has he really always been the way he is now?"

Mo actually knew what he was wondering.

He smiled slightly, "I'm not a member of the Southern Clan, but sir has always been the way he is now, not seen to have aged, and as for secrets..."

Old Mo smiled, "I'm just a servant, all I care about is the salary and whether the master is served or not, as for the master's secrets, that's not the scope of my interest, so Mr. Rong asking me is considered the wrong person to ask."

Nan Muiyoung had already guessed that he wouldn't really tell himself.

There was also some frustration at this point.

"Okay, I got it."

He turned around and headed for the plane.

Old Mo stood on the ground and kept watching as the plane flew away, turning into a tiny star in the night sky and finally disappearing completely.

Nan Murong didn't dare to delay and directly ordered the pilot to fly the plane to Gu Siqian's castle in Lin City.

Before arriving, he called Gu Siqian and explained that his plane would be landing later, so that he could say hello to his handlers and not accidentally injure his teammates.

Gu Si Qian didn't embarrass him, but agreed to do as he was told, and soon, he gave his orders.

About an hour later, a helicopter, hovered over the castle and stopped.

The plane landed on a large lawn in the castle garden.

The propeller carried a great sound, and Nan Muiyoung came down from the plane, holding that jade box tightly the whole way.

He saw Bella Qiao, who was standing not far away from Gu Siqian, and now his face was like a frosted aubergine.

It had only been a few hours, but now there was no more of that sprightly look from the last time I'd been here.

He walked over to the box and handed it to Kuskan.

"Noh, I've brought you what you asked for."

Kusken looked at him, but didn't rush to reach for it.

Nan Muiyoung held it up for a moment and got angry when he didn't respond.

"What are you doing? You can't hear me when I talk to you, I've brought you something, so hurry up and take it."

I said, about to shove something into his arms.

However, Gu Siqian and Bella Qiao suddenly both took a step back.

Nan Muiyoung froze at once, looking at him blankly, like he was looking at a monster.

Gu Si Qian said coldly, "You open the box for me to see."

Nan Muiyoung reacted to this, daring them to take it for fear of cheating.

He laughed in exasperation all at once.

"I say, what do you mean, Gu Si Qian? Are you still afraid that I'll blow you up with a bomb in there?"

Gu Si Qian coldly tugged at the corners of his mouth.

"That's probably not true."

"You!"

Nan Murong was really pissed off now.

But thinking of Nangong Jin and the fact that he was the one who had planned him in the first place after all, it was no wonder he was so careful now.

He could only open the box with no good feelings and said angrily, "Okay, okay, I'll open it for you, even if there's a bomb, blow me up first, that's okay!"

Because it was at night and outdoors, the night lights weren't as bright.

Therefore, when the box was opened, the golden light inside shone out at once, and it was a sight to behold.

Bella Qiao and Gu Siqian both saw the money plant alive for the first time, and the only plant in front of them was a stalk like an ordinary plant, about half a meter long, with

five or six golden fruits on it, in a fluorescent white jade box, the gold and transparent white against each other, with a strange beauty that couldn't be explained.

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There was a moment of silence.

No one spoke, all of them just stared at the treasures in that box, as if they had forgotten to breathe.

After a long time, it was Gu Si Qian who came back to his senses first.

He looked at Nan Murong and said in a deep voice, "Only this one?"

Nan Murong almost turned her nose up.

"It's good to have this one, okay? If I hadn't done your errands for you this time, I wouldn't have even seen this one alive!"

Kuskan knew he was right.

So, with a snort and no more words, he raised his hand and took the thing.

Since Nan Mu Rong had sent the things over, there was no reason to kick him out right away.

Therefore, he turned around, led the people into the house, and first handed the things to the old butler, Ober, for temporary safekeeping, before turning around, looking at Nan Mu Rong and asking in a deep voice, "What about the method of raising the things? Hand it over."

Naturally, he didn't believe that such a treasure would be able to be raised just like the rest of the ordinary plants that were stuck in the soil.

Unexpectedly, Nan Muyoung stared in astonishment.

"Methods of raising plants? I don't know."

Gu Si Qian frowned and his face sank.

"Nangongjin didn't tell you?"

"No."

Nan Muyong paused, suddenly thinking of something, and a guilty conscience flashed in his eyes.

He tried, "You can reach him yourself anyway, so why don't...you ask him?"

Gu Si Qian's face had completely sunk.

By this time, how could he not understand that Nangong Jin had left another trick just waiting for him to ask.

But on second thought, we are all smart people, knowing that the other party has the intention to calculate their own, naturally, will not be annoyed to say all the things.

Thinking that, he smiled again.

"Okay, I get it, you go."

When Nan Muyong saw him say that, there was a great sense of unloading.

Not a little dissatisfied.

"You're asking now, and it just so happens that I'm there, so let me be around to hear how this thing is going to be fed."

Gu Si Qian looked at him, seemingly smiling.

"Don't you have medication for that?Your Southern family doesn't give out enough medicine by the ration every year?You have to come to me for a prescription?What?You want to move out and become independent?"

As soon as this was said, Nan Murong's face immediately changed.

His face sank and he was angry, "If you don't want to say it, just don't say it, why are you saying such things to deride me, you know I'm not capable of that."

Gu Siqian didn't care if he was capable of this or not.

Directly with a big wave of his hand, "Okay, your job is done, so go, I'll contact him myself for the rest."

When Nan Muyoung saw this, although there was still reluctance in her heart, she could not say anything else.

He held out his hand, "Then you give me that real piece of heavenly jade."

Gussie Dryer made a scene, but almost forgot about it.

Anyway, he has now got the money strains, business well, is like this, you step back, I let a step, business is done.

If you don't take one step back, sometimes you'll drive each other into a dead end instead.

This is a truth that both Gu Si Qian and Nangong Jin understand.

That's why Nangong Jin wasn't worried at all that Nan Murong would take the money strain for himself, because he knew that Nan Murong didn't have the guts to face the entire Nan Clan's pursuit.

And he wasn't worried that Gu Si Qian would not hand over the real Heavenly Book of Jade to Nan Murong after he got the money strain.

Because, Gu Siqian still had the next thing he needed his help with, he wouldn't make things so desperate.

I have to say that Nangong Jin is really a master at guessing people's hearts.

Almost everyone's psychology was guessed to death.

Gu Siqian sent Bella Qiao to bring out the box from one of the cabinets in the upstairs study.

Naturally, Bella Qiao knew where it was, and after turning up the stairs, it wasn't long before she came down.

She had another small wooden box in her hand, and upon closer inspection, it was exactly the same as the one she had given to Nan Murong.

Nan Murong reached out and took it, looking at the box in his hand, his face a little odd.

He looked up at Kuskan and asked, "You didn't put anything on it this time, did you?"

Gu Si Qian smiled coldly, "I smeared poison on the box, do you believe it?"

Nan Murong was so scared that he almost didn't just throw the box away.

But soon, he realized that Gu Siqian was joking.

His face stunk down as he had just lost his temper and humiliated himself in front of Gu Si Qian.

He didn't have the good sense to say, "Just do it, no one can do anything to you anyway, it's enough for you to shuffle me around, if you really dare to joke with that person, be careful that you won't be able to get a good deal when the conversation really falls apart."

Gu Si Qian naturally understood this, which is why he really didn't put poison on the box.

He waved his hand impatiently.

"Okay, okay, you've got the stuff, so get out."

Only then did Nan Mu Rong snorted and turned away.

Only after he left did Gu Siqian go to the study with Bella Qiao again.

He asked Ober to bring the money strain over, then turned on the computer and entered a series of programs, and the next second, a screen cut over.

In the picture, Nangong Jin was sitting in a recliner with his eyes closed, not sure if he was asleep or what.

On a low table next to it was a rustic incense burner with light smoke curling up inside, the picture was unexplainably harmonious and quiet.

Gu Siqian wasn't polite, not to mention not caring if making a sound at this time would disturb him and ruin the perfect picture.

He directly said in a deep voice, "Tell me, what will it take for you to be willing to tell me the method of raising the money strain?"

In the picture, Nangong Jin slowly opened his eyes.

He turned, looking at the wooden box that was on the table.

He had previously removed the pinhole camera from the wooden box, but later, he had asked Nan Gong Yu to set it back up.

These contraptions of modern society had always put him off, so small a phase of sesame seeds left on the table and gone in a blast of wind.

It's still safer to settle on the box.

Thinking this way, he smiled slightly and said in a soft voice, "Mr. Gu, how about we make another deal?"

Gu Si Qian certainly didn't expect Nangong Jin to tell him the method directly.

With his urine, he won't let up until he gets something for it.

So, without even thinking about it, he agreed.

"Well, Mr. South might as well tell us what deal you want to make."

Nangong Jin said in a deep voice, "None of us are willing to suffer and neither of us trust each other, in that case, why don't we make it clear that ding is ding dao is dao, I can give you this money strain, but a money strain has to be raised for at least half a year before it can bear fruit again, and there are only six fruits at a time, which means it can only bear twelve fruits a year."