

## Otherworldly Evil Monarch

### #Chapter 31 – 35

## Accumulative Layers of Pressure - Read Otherworldly Evil Monarch Chapter 31 – Accumulative Layers of Pressure

### Chapter 031 Accumulative Layers of Pressure

#### Regular Chapter

Jun Xie remained silent. If he had not transmigrated over, Jun Moxie would certainly have continued being a debauchee. Jun Moxie possessed a profound level of insight? Obviously not! However, should the day of Jun Family's revival arrive; Jun Xie would still remain faithful to his role as a debauchee. In addition, if his hands ever felt itchy, then all he needed to do was go assassinate some of those men who deserved to die.

“Even if you say that, I would still choose to continue messing around as a debauchee in the future,” Jun Xie looked at Jun Wuyi with a smile. “As long as Third Uncle is cured, you will become a great tree that can shelter me! When that happens, I will still be the Jun Moxie of old, who dares to move against me?”

Jun Wuyi laughed. “Do whatever you want! Besides, from what I can see... there is no way anyone can get the better out of you, you brat!”

As of now, the two companies had finished the task set by Jun Xie for them. Each company leader, platoon leader and squad leader stood before their own men.

Jun Xie turned and walked over to them. “From this moment onwards, your two companies will treat one another as your ultimate rival! For now, I do not know the details regarding you people. That is why I will temporarily not be giving any new training instructions. For the next ten days, all your training program will follow the original one, however!” Jun Xie added emphasis to his tone. “Every set of training will be increased by three times that of the original! Did I make myself clear?”

Every one of them gasped in shock.

“Three days later, there will be a contest between squads. Each platoon is to select a squad to enter the contest! Five days from now, each platoon select your best men; they will then enter the contest! Seven days from now, both companies will have a showdown!”

“In the contest between the two companies, the Company Leader of the losing company will go up the stage, face all three hundred men and slap yourself in the face! Understood?”

Silence!

“I will repeat my question, understood?” Jun Xie asked in an imposing manner.

“Understood!” Every one roared.

“The two Company Leaders will preside over the training programs. I do not care what type of training program you implement; I am only interested in watching the results of the contest! I would like to see which one of you will go up the stage and slap yourself in front of three hundred men after losing the contest!”

“This contest will be held once a month. The Company Leader who suffered three losses in a row will go up the stage naked and bark like a dog! When the time comes, I will gather everyone in the residence to let them enjoy this spectacle!”

“As of now, I have no interest in knowing any of your names. That will have to wait until half a year later! I have already prepared the names for both companies. First company’s name would be Sky Raiders! Second company’s name would be Soul Eaters! However, only the strong would have the qualifications to join these two companies! As of this moment, none of you are qualified! Everything will depend on whether you can meet my requirements. If you can, then I will memorize all your names! But if you cannot... then you will be nothing more than a pile of bones by then!”

“After you return, you must set a time limit for things like eating meals or going to the toilet. Those who end up breaking the allocated time will be punished heavily without question! No matter what the activity may be, a timetable must be established. Each company is to come up with its own punishment! Once that is done, hand over the details to me! Now, go follow my commands! Dismiss!”

The two newly appointed Company Leaders had yet to experience the joy of being promoted, but were instead slapped with a burden resembling a trip to hell! Wearing a bitter face akin to eating bitter gourd, they ruthlessly led their respective company away.

Everyone had the same line of thought; not only were they exempt from going up the stage to slap themselves, they have the opportunity to witness the losing side slap themselves in the face. Then, there was the even more interesting show where they have to strip naked and bark like a dog... Hmm, this will be interesting...

As for the contest, what was there to fear? They will just have to increase their training intensity. If three times was not enough, then five times. If five times was not enough, then ten times. A training where they place their own lives on the line...

From this moment onwards, the three hundred house guards of the Jun Family had officially stepped into a life of living hell...

...

Far away from the training grounds, Grandpa Jun exhaled a long breath and gently waved his hands, indicating for Old Pang to leave together with him.

“House Master, do I still need to get the Young Master to come over for questioning?”

“Is there any need to question him anymore? Just let him do as he please,” Grandpa Jun replied in a relaxed tone of voice, his heart feeling very refreshed.

“House Master, why did the Young Master only single out the Company Leader for punishment? Shouldn’t the rest of the losing soldiers be punished as well?”

“Hey hey, Old Pang! If you were placed in the Company Leader’s shoes and your company of soldiers lost, resulting in you having to openly slap yourself in the face, and even possibly being forced to strip naked before barking like a dog, how would you feel inside? Would you spare those Platoon Leaders under you? In similar fashion, after the Platoon Leader had his fill of the Company Leader’s wrath, how well would he treat the Squad Leaders under him? Each level carries its own degree of pressure and responsibility, each layer brings an even greater amount of pressure! By the time it reached the ordinary soldiers level, that thunderous pressure would accumulate to the point of being unprecedented! This is a form of peer pressure that was never heard of before; however, it is an excellent method to train soldiers! For Moxie to come up with this type of plan; if the army were to have him as a general, he would certainly shine as a great talent!” Grandpa Jun felt very pleased.

“Oh... So that was why!” Old Pang thought to himself. “This move from the Young Master is quite malicious.”

“Malicious? No, it is not,” Grandpa Jun looked as though he was considering something as he organized his thoughts and state of mind. “This is the only way to make full use of their abilities while allowing the one who holds absolute power to focus on other matters. This is also the most cost-effective method of employing men. From a business perspective, this is the best method of management, be it the management of the military or the management of the state! At least, I have yet to find a better way of doing so! This brat is something else!”

“Moxie... Hehehe he...” Jun Zhan Tian’s eyes squinted as his old face smiled without restraint. “Fortunately, His Majesty, the Emperor did not agree to the marriage. Otherwise, this old man would have ended up committing an error!”

...

Jun Wuyi immediately went to arrange for some men, placing a responsibility on each of them to go out seeking the herbs. The Jun Family's medical warehouse had no small amount of goods stocked within, but the herbs listed by Jun Xie are quite rare. Those herbs had to be bought from the outside pharmacies!

Jun Xie urgently hurried back to his own room. He did not even have any time to check his 'trophies' as he closed both the door and windows before sitting down cross-legged.

Today, Jun Xie spent a considerable amount of time walking through the streets. During this period of time, he felt the existence of an abnormal reaction coming from the undulating white mist within his sea of consciousness. However, what surprised Jun Xie was that this feeling disappeared after he reached home. This had caused Jun Xie no small amount of surprise.

After calming himself down, he carefully exercised his Arts again, but was unable to detect the presence of any abnormality. This caused him to become puzzled – Could it be that there were external factors in play here?

There was something else that caused Jun Xie to become greatly puzzled. While he was not practicing his Arts, the white mist would gush out from his sea of consciousness without his realization. The mist would then flow along Jun Xie's meridians for one cycle before returning. It was during such an occurrence that the white mist would appear the longest, bringing with it a great deal of benefits for Jun Xie's body.

However, whenever Jun Xie tried wholeheartedly to exercise the Arts, only a slight trace of white mist would appear. However, after being directed to flow through Jun Xie's meridians, the results were inferior to that when it had appeared on its own.

The third thing, which Jun Xie could not wrap his head around, was the Art of Unlocking Heaven's Fortune. Judging by its name and the bizarre circumstances of its existence, this skill must naturally be amazing! However, ever since he practiced to the point of being able to sense it, the energy flow within his meridians had remained the size of a hair. No matter how much effort Jun Xie put in, he was unable to increase its size! Even though this small amount was extremely solid, it was convenient to use and was of superior quality, its quantity on the other hand, left much to be desired.

In comparison, the internal forces he had in his past life were as thick as a finger, flowing through the meridians. But, the current energy flow within his meridians was only as thick as a silky hair. There was a great deal of difference, almost incomparable! However, if one were to compare the quality between both, the internal energy of his past life was akin to a hemp rope while his current energy flow was akin to the legendary divine silk, which cannot be harmed by even precious swords. It must be noted that this was only an estimate as these two were simply incomparable!

Chapter 032 Homesick

## Regular Chapter

This energy flow seemed delicate, but was in fact unyieldingly tough. Nonetheless, Jun Xie remained unsatisfied because this level of energy flow can only be considered the beginning stages. This energy flow could barely be used to do anything. It may have been useful in playing tricks and secretly affecting results while gambling, but what about a life and death battle against a sword user? This level of energy flow is simply insufficient!

Even if it is the divine silkworm's silk whose single thread can support the weight of up to two hundred jin (120.9 kg), a highly commendable capacity, Jun Xie wanted more. He wanted a hundred or a thousand of those threads to come together and become his source of internal energy!

His desire to nurture the energy flow to become greater to the point of filling his meridians, caused Jun Xie to feel that he still has a long way to go.

However, there was one advantage in his current situation. And that was his ability to use sneak attacks which were truly mysterious and imperceptible! Jun Xie closed his eyes as he evaluated the possible uses of the energy flow in his body. Slowly, he entered a state of disconnection from self and others...

...

Li Residence.

Tang Wanli rushed aggressively towards the Li Residence backed by a huge group of men, however, he now felt as though he had instead run headfirst into a pile of cotton. The Li Residence's Head, Li Youran received him with a warm, affectionate and hospitable manner, causing Grandfather Tang to feel a little uncomfortable, as he was not able to find any faults to argue about. Although he had determined to throw a fit, when faced against Li Youran's cordial and calm smile, he found himself unable to do so. However, the act of keeping the pent up anger on a leash was very hard to bear. After drinking a cup of tea, he slammed it down heavily, resulting in the teacup breaking into pieces.

Li Youran continued smiling gently as he said. "Come, quickly prepare another cup of tea for the old Duke." Then, his voice suddenly became heavy. "I was too careless earlier. Quick, go get the top grade Han Yan tea from my grandfather's room. I remember my grandfather had once mentioned that Duke Tang's favourite tea is the top grade Han Yan tea."

After finished instructing the servants, he lowered his voice again, looking apologetically at Grandfather Tang Wanli. "Senior Duke, this junior instructed my men on your behalf earlier, I hope you do not mind. Also, if this junior made a mistake, then please point it out. I will immediately get the servants to change it for you."

Grandfather Tang stared with a wide-open mouth, just like a dog that had bitten a hedgehog. He was unable to utter a single word. After staying speechless for a long time, he finally asked. "Get Li Feng, Li Zhen, those three little beasts out here now. This senior has something to ask of them."

Li Youran revealed an obvious reluctant expression on his face. "To be able to receive pointers from the Senior Duke is certainly a blessing for those juniors. However, Senior Duke's timing is a little off. Those three had committed a mistake and are currently undergoing disciplinary punishment. May I ask of the Duke to show kindness and wait momentarily for the three of them to finish up their punishment before coming to receive your pointers..." The Tang family members who heard this became startled.

The whole group of people headed into the Li Residence's disciplinary hall. Seeing how Li Feng and the other two were beaten into a bloody mess, Grandfather Tang who was brimming in anger found his fury dissipating by half. He settled for only asking them a few questions. However, he heard from them that the source of this matter was the Meng Family, Meng Haizou had actually coveted Tang Yuan's fiancée for a long time. As for Li Zhen and the other two, they were punished for their involvement in this matter. Hearing all this, Grandfather Tang's fury towards the Li Family was mostly dissipated; however, his rage towards the Meng Family surged to new thunderous heights.

After quickly saying his goodbyes, Grandfather Tang immediately led his men back up the horses and sped their way towards the Meng Family.

Li Youran personally accompanied them out, his face showing a sorry expression as he kept apologizing for being a bad host. He earnestly bid them farewell as he watched Grandfather Tang lead his group of men away.

Straightening himself, Li Youran's face fleetingly revealed a trace of elegant smile. In his eyes, a strange chill too appeared for the briefest of moment before disappearing. Lifting his robes, he entered the residence, his actions unhurried and relaxed, not showing any trace of anger...

The sky gradually became darker. Suddenly, a thunder broke out and the rain started falling. As the rain fell harder and harder, it seemed as though both Heaven and Earth had become one. Li Youran suddenly stopped walking. Raising his head, he observed the curtain of rain; he lightly laughed as he shook his head and whispered. "It seems that the Duke Tang will have to extend his stay at the Meng Family... hahaha..."

...

Little Ke sat on the window, her hands holding onto the incense pot as she stared outside at the heavy rain. Her eyes had already become moist.

After finishing up with his training, Jun Xie straightened himself and walked up behind Little Ke. He gently asked. "Little Ke, what are you thinking about?"

Little Ke screamed out in shock. Turning around, she was momentarily at a loss before she straightened herself and bowed. "Young Master."

"What are you thinking?" Jun Xie went to the side and sat down on a chair. By force of habit, he raised his leg up. Observing the little Lolita before him, she was a tender little likeable girl. Jun Xie had always been unable to stop himself from teasing her. That was also why he felt concerned after seeing her filled with deep thoughts.

"I... I was thinking. In a few days' time, the autumn festival will arrive..." Little Ke's eyes seemed on the verge of tears. "I still remember, three years ago during the autumn festival, when I was nine, I went with my father and mother. Back then... I was so cheerful... so happy... father, mother..." Two big drops of tears rolled down, falling onto the ground. She was no longer able to continue her sentence.

"Then where is your father now?" Just as Jun Xie asked this question, he remembered that Little Ke's father was a squad leader serving under the Jun Family. He had followed Jun Moxie's big brother Jun Moyou out for an expedition, never to return; Little Ke's mother eventually died of illness due to sadness and overwork. Before her death, she sent Little Ke to the Jun Residence, beseeching the Jun Family to take care of her daughter. As of now, Little Ke was an orphan with no father and mother!

Thinking back, that brat Jun Moxie had always treated Little Ke badly, cursing at her all the time, but she had instead endured quietly. Jun Xie could not help but feel pity for her. Sighing lightly, he reached out and stroked her head, but remained silent. Hearing the words Autumn Festival, he calculated the days and finally realized that the Mid-Autumn Festival will soon be upon them. Jun Xie's heart suddenly felt sour.

It seemed that I would have to celebrate this traditional Chinese festival by myself in this world.

Little Ke felt Jun Xie lightly stroking her hair, his way of treatment was surprisingly soft. Even though he did not speak a word, she could feel Jun Xie's pity and heartfelt apology. A burst of warmth suddenly enveloped her, as though a little sister that had left home had suddenly bumped into her big brother. Her heart was awashed with a soft, cordial feeling. She suddenly felt that this debauchee who had always cursed at her had at this moment, become the one closest person to her. This change in feeling was very unexpected and bizarre. She could not help but lean her small body closer to Jun Xie's. Feeling the warmth from Jun Xie's body, she felt as though the heavy rain outside had become something that she was no longer concerned about.

After a long time had passed, Jun Xie stroked Little Ke's hair again and said. "Get a good rest. It is better if you go get some sleep. I am going out for a bit."

“Young Master, It is raining heavily right now. Where are you going?” Little Ke felt confused and became concerned. “What if you fall sick from the rain? I will go prepare raining gear for you!”

“I will be fine,” Jun Xie smiled faintly, his face painted with an indifferent expression. He grabbed a bamboo rain hat and placed it on his head before opening the doors, heading out into the heavy rain with a straight stature... Little Ke’s face was filled with worry. She could sense that currently the Young Master was suffering from an unspeakable pain and anguish...

Sensing Jun Xie’s disturbed emotions, the Hongjun Pagoda within his sea of consciousness rose up and began exuding the white mist. The white mist then flowed through Jun Xie’s blood and flow of qi as it made a cycle through Jun Xie’s meridians, as though it was trying to uplift Jun Xie’s current state of melancholy.

### Chapter 033 A Small Shop Within The Heavy Rain

The rain pitter-pattered on the bamboo rain hat. Jun Xie left the Jun Residence swiftly through the side door and strolled his way into the main street. The main street, which had been bustling with activities and pedestrians, was now empty due to the sudden heavy downpour. The shops on both sides however were brimming with crowds of people. Every now and again, the sounds of either laughter or curses can be heard coming out from the shops.

Under the heavy downpour, the clamorous noise seemed as though it had merged together with both Heaven and Earth. Jun Xie strolled alone within the heavy rain, watching as the rain transformed into a curtain between Heaven and Earth. As the rain pitter-pattered on his bamboo rain hat, Jun Xie felt his own insignificance and loneliness.

So what if he had been the world’s number one assassin in his past life? So what if he had been granted a great opportunity to transcend death, transmigrating into a different world? So what if he managed to obtain the immeasurably mysterious treasure, the Hongjun Pagoda? So what if he has the opportunity to practice the mysterious “Art of Unlocking Heaven’s Fortune”?

In the end, he was but a droplet of water amidst an ocean between Heaven and Earth. So diminutive, so solitary, so alone...

“The predecessors will never meet their ancestors; the successors will never meet their descendants. Leisurely studying Heaven and Earth, and yet alone and inferior,” Jun Xie laughed bitterly as he shook his head. He thought to himself that he should have written this poem. Born in another world, he was truly a man without precedence and without a descendant! The true descendant of Yan and Huang in this world was none other than himself!

[TL: "The descendant of Yan and Huang" represents the Han Chinese of today.]

The heavy rain and its accompanying fog was extremely heavy, water covered every inch of the ground. The rain and fog obscured the skies, causing everything to become illusory and hazy. Even the surrounding downpour seemed to have lost its sound... Jun Xie suddenly felt as though everything was a dream, every single person and every single matter no longer existed. There was only him, walking alone through the heavy rain...

Jun Xie suddenly felt as though he was a ghost, or perhaps he was simply sleepwalking, his heavy footsteps resounded in the rain and yet it sounded so far away. This incomplete feeling caused Jun Xie who was a cold-blooded assassin to feel vulnerable and weak.

He suddenly found himself facing a dark place and realized that he had unconsciously exited the main street into a narrow alley. In the midst of the rain, a bamboo pole stood tilted from a shop, singled out as it hung conspicuously. From within came the smell of wine.

The only way to solve sorrows was to shut it out!

The only way to make worries disappear was wine! Jun Xie hesitated for a moment before entering into the wine shop.

The shop had barely anyone within it. It had fifteen tables, yet all of them were empty. Considering how heavy the rain was, it was only natural for the shop's business to be affected. Especially when considering how small this shop was. But, within a corner of the shop, one person sat. Wearing a face concealing bamboo rain hat, he sat down and helped himself. He seemed to be entertaining himself, but it seemed more as though he was feeling solitary and lonely.

Jun Xie randomly ordered two side dishes and a jug of wine. He then sat silently in a corner, helping himself to it as well.

He was alone in a small shop within the heavy rain.

This cup I toast to those I've killed in my past life. Forgive me, for there is no chance for you to have revenge. Gulp!

This cup I toast to those whose life I will take in my new life. Forgive me, for you are fated to die by my hands. Cheers!

This cup I toast to my Master and fellow brother and sisters. I wish you success in your missions. May you all be able to retire early and live a peaceful life.

This cup I toast...

Jun Xie drank alone, one cup after the other. Without making a single noise, he poured all his emotions, all his lamentations, all his loneliness into the cups of wine and drank them all away. Everything flowed together with the wine into his stomach! From today onwards, in this world, I am Jun Moxie! Jun Xie, the number one assassin from another world is nothing more than a distant memory!

The wine of the small shop was nothing remarkable, it felt slightly weak in taste. As someone who was used to drinking high grade wines, this wine was actually a bit difficult for Jun Xie to drink! However, Jun Xie's mind at this moment was not considering whether the wine was good or not. Even if he were to be given the celestial fairy wine, he would not be able to taste any of it. All he could feel now was bitterness, tartness and sorrow...

Within this unfamiliar world, this will be the only time that he indulged in these feelings of weakness!

From now on, I will thread the path of the Evil Monarch! An iron blooded path! From this moment on, I will utilize the mountain of bones and ocean of blood from my past to achieve my unparalleled reputation as the Evil Monarch once more!

The Otherworldly Evil Monarch is I, Moxie!

Yet another cup was downed, but Jun Xie had yet to feel drowsy. He simply continued pouring one cup after another, gulping it down...

...

Jun Xie did not realize that his strange act where he casted everything he had encountered aside, as though he was the only one within this world, had completely cut him off from everything, the skies, the ground, the wind, the rain... It was an independent loneliness of a person forsaken by his own world. The faint feelings of joy, solitude and loneliness, all merged perfectly into one upon his body.

It was only at this moment that Jun Xie remained Jun Xie, the mysterious number one assassin and not Jun Moxie!

In the corner of the shop, the only customer who had only given Jun Xie a glance when he came in was now staring intently at Jun Xie. He watched as Jun Xie sat alone, drinking away his sorrows, exuding an elegant form of loneliness; his tolerance deep and far beyond the average person, causing him to become curious.

Jun Xie himself did not know how much wine he had drank; he only continued raising his cup. As he was about to drink another cup, he suddenly heard someone spoke out. "This brother is a remarkable drinker. Now that it is raining heavily outside, there is but the two of us here. Since we had such a fateful meeting, what do you say we drink together?"

Jun Xie raised his head and saw that the customer had already placed down his bamboo rain hat, revealing a dignified face, showing a prestigious aura without being angry, his gaze as soft as water as he smiled at Jun Xie.

Jun Xie laughed. He reached out, removed the bamboo rain hat on his head, and left it hanging behind. "The anxious autumn wind and rain brings a halt to men. For us to be meeting here like this is indeed the work of fate. Since it is fate, why should we not drink together? Come!"

The other party did not expect Jun Xie to be so young and was momentarily startled before laughing. "Indeed, observing fate is better than offering respects." He then ordered a few more dishes and two jugs of wine. Holding the wine cup, he came over and sat before Jun Xie. He smiled and asked. "A magnificent youngster such as you is truly a rarity in this city. I wonder which great family does this younger generation hail from?"

"Great family's younger generation?" Jun Xie gave out a laugh and replied in disdain. "Floating namelessly through the world, treating the human world as a game, ask not the gentlemen his name! Could it be that in this brother's eyes, only someone from the great families can possess an outstanding demeanour?"

"Oh? Hehe, this is really a mistake on my part. Then please consider this cup my punishment!" The middle-aged man raised his cup and gulped it down, his movements casual and free of care. Observing his face, Jun Xie had since deduced that this person was no average person. The aura emitted from his brows were rich and coercive, every move made was innately elegant, indicating great skill and care. A few spiritual forces kept probing inside the small shop from the outside, believed to be from this person's bodyguards. This person must be someone with a high position and not easy to meet. To see such an individual admit his own mistakes towards a random person and even smile as he punished himself, Jun Xie felt his stance towards this person changing. He felt that sitting together and drinking wine together with this kind of individual was not an unworthy act.

"My I ask for younger brother's esteemed name?" That man gulped down the wine as he watched Jun Xie. Jun Xie's aura of indifference caused this man to become very interested in his identity.

## Chapter 034 Disagreeable Words

### Regular Chapter

"Wandering through the world, must chance meetings end up becoming acquaintances? What you and I wish for is to be able to drink wine happily. After finished drinking, we will go our separate ways and may never miss today. The name is but a mark. Would it be a fortune if you can recall it? Would it be a misfortune if you missed it?" Jun Xie remained immersed within his realm of sadness. Naturally, he would not give out his

real name. If he had said out the words Jun Moxie, who knows if this man might end up panicking and flee out even in this heavy rain? After all, his notorious reputation as a debauchee can be considered quite the lethal object.

“Floating namelessly through the world, treating the human world as a game, ask not the gentlemen his name! Wandering through the world, must chance meetings end up becoming acquaintances!” The middle-aged man repeated the words. He could not help but be moved by those words. “Good sentence! A truly good sentence! I did not expect that this young brother could utter such great words. Not even a learned scholar may be able to replicate this feat. It seemed I was being rude again.” Looking at Jun Xie, he laughed leisurely. Little brother’s logic is reasonable, it is I who was too rigid in following customs, I am willing to accept another cup as punishment!”

Jun Xie hastily stopped him. “You keep drinking left and right while I have not even drunk a single cup. You are not by chance just finding an excuse to drink more than me, are you?”

The man became startled before breaking into laughter. He gulped down his cup before wiping his mouth. “Even though this wine is nameless, it can still be considered a good wine, strong and spicy! A real man should be drinking this wine! True, for the sake of drinking more of this wine, finding some more excuses is nothing.”

“This wine? This wine is considered good wine?” Jun Xie sneered. “I say brother, could it be that you have never had any good wine? This wine is only something you drink a little of when you have no better option at hand. If this kind of wine can be considered a good wine, then won’t there be countless good wine in this world?”

The man’s eye lit up as he said. “Old Song’s wine shop may not be big, but this wine is highly reputed in this city. All wine lovers treat it with reverence. If it were not raining today, then this place would have been a full house by now! That is also why you and me can enjoy this wine today. This is a lucky day for both you and me! You may not know this, but Old Song only sell twenty jugs of wine per day, ten in the afternoon and ten in the evening. He will not sell even a jug more! If your words were to be heard by Old Song, I fear he will not let you go.”

“Hahaha... You are a really great person. To think that you can make me smile at a time when I am feeling so depressed!” Jun Xie had originally not wanted to laugh, but could no longer hold it in at this moment. “How laughable! Such a weak wine actually has a limited supply? The wines that this young master has had before were at least a hundred times stronger than this!”

These words were in no way boastful. This strength of this wine was at best only at twenty per cent of a sorghum wine. In terms of quality, the wine was also slightly turbid. For Jun Xie who was accustomed to drinking the world’s finest wine in his past life, this wine was indeed inferior. In fact, people from the modern era might not even be willing to drink this wine. After all, the wine seemed turbid, as though it was lacking in hygiene!

[TL: Sorghum wine is a hard liquor with alcohol by volume of 40 to 60%. Normal beers have only 15%. So, that wine was even worse than beer.]

The middle-aged man's face became somewhat unsightly. "Little brother, I can see that you are an elegant scholar, but how can you say something like this? Rice can be eaten in whatever way we like, but the same cannot be done with words! Even if you are to compare with the wine of the Royal Palace, this... I have also had the opportunity to try it. In comparison, it only had some extra flavour of luxury, and instead less spicy and vigorous! It has less ability to arouse a man's blood. In my opinion, this wine is a fine wine that can rarely be found in this world! Little brother, saying things like the wine that you've tried before was a hundred times stronger than this wine is simply too much!"

"Hehe, oh? You do not believe me?" Jun Xie looked at him with tilted eyes. "If you do not believe me, then so be it. I have no reason to make you believe me, hahaha... However... drinking wine! Hahaha, fellow brother, do you know what it means to drink wine? Do you know what it takes for one to be considered to be drinking wine? Hahaha..."

The middle-aged man frowned and was speechless. In his mind, he had started regretting coming over. This kid was too abnormal; he had come over with such good intentions, and yet this kid did not show any appreciation at all! Not to mention, he was even so disrespectful. Even if he was a talent, he was still just a prideful and unrestrained scholar; it would be difficult for him to become a great renowned talent.

Jun Xie gave out a "heng" and said in a low voice. "The true act of drinking wine, is to drink in one's emotions! Or even one's thoughts! Pouring wine into one's belly alone cannot be considered the act of drinking wine. That is simply the act of wasting good wine! Wine! Oh, dear wine! To think that not only were there no good wine in this world, there is also none who understands wine, what more the act of drinking wine! There is no such thing as wine tasting, no such thing as appreciation for wine! The virtuous sages of old were all solitary figures, only drinkers leave their names behind. How pitiful! Within this vast world, not a single drinker can be found! What a world encompassing sorrow! How uncalled for!"

Having drunk his cup of sorrows, Jun Xie stood up. Raising his head, he gave a lengthy laugh. "A great distance of a million li, an ocean of humanity numbering over hundreds of millions; yet, not a single one can keep me company as I drink, and not a single wine is worthy of making me joyful as I drink! This world is simply too sorrowful! Ahaha, when drinking wine with a bosom friend, a thousand cups are too little, when words exchanged are disagreeable, even a little is too much! When the wine is not good, the people become wearier. Where is the meaning in such a way of drinking? I will take my leave!"

This kind of inferior wine... is actually a limited edition wine? When I point out its inferiority, someone actually objects? What the heck? Jun Xie's heart was filled with

fury; he felt as though he was playing the lute to the cow. This world seemed to consist of nothing but country bumpkins...

How can such a kind of person be worthy of accompanying me, the Evil Monarch as I drink?

A silver ingot fell onto the table with a “pa” sound. Jun Xie then walked out the door with a prideful laughter; his body penetrated the heavy fog filled rain, disappearing in an instant.

Even with his level of character, the middle-aged man found himself somewhat angered. This youngster was so young, and yet he was so conceited! No matter what, he was still someone with a lofty identity. To think that the wine that he liked the most and had considered as the best was actually worth less than thrash to the youngster! Wasn't that simply implying that he...

However, his heart was a little envious of Jun Xie's carefree and wilful nature, that personality of conceit and unrestrained arrogance! When will I be able to live such a life? This city is just like a huge cage...

“Even though he seemed unrestrained and arrogant, this straightforwardness may not be his true character. The virtuous sages of old were all solitary figures, only drinkers leave their names behind, what a good sentence!” The middle-aged man contemplated silently, raising his cup to drink. Could it be a psychological effect? Or was there some other reason? This wine, which he had always felt was insufficient for him, had suddenly felt harder to stomach.

“It is said that the ancients created poems for every seven paces they take. I always thought they were just flattering the ancients. It seemed that a poem for every seven paces is indeed nothing excessive, especially the last two sentences. It is truly something!” He gently murmured to himself. “When drinking wine with a bosom friend, a thousand cups are too little, when words exchanged are disagreeable, even a little is too much! Not bad, not bad at all. This scholar really does have some skill.”

Having said that, the middle-aged man suddenly stared blankly as he thought of something, then he laughed. “This bastard, he actually meant to say that I am not his bosom friend and that the words we exchanged were disagreeable, haha... he actually cursed at me before leaving, using such an indirect method to curse me... he is a truly learned scholar! However, in this entire Tianxiang Kingdom, the only other person who dares to openly curse me like this is but my royal brother. This brat had truly made me feel refreshed.”

In his life, Jun Xie has had many kinds of label placed on him, a mad assassin, a bloodthirsty devil and other incalculable names. However, this “learned scholar” was not one of them. Even Jun Xie could not have imagined that his reliving of old memories and his few successive verses had caused him to be labelled as a “learned scholar”!

Not to mention, he was believed to be indirectly cursing at others while doing so. If he were to know about this, he would be filled with a sense of ridiculousness.

If Jun Xie had wanted to curse at someone, then he would undoubtedly point at the person's nose when doing so. What do you mean indirect cursing? For Jun Xie, even the act of cursing someone face to face would not suffice.

The middle-aged man laughed for a good while. Suddenly, he felt something amiss. Turning around, he saw a short, thin withered looking old man gazing with dim eyes at the direction that Jun Xie had taken. He stood motionless, his face expressing regret.

[TL: This chapter had quite some ambiguous words. So, I may have screwed up some... Friggin poems... @]

## Chapter 035 Meeting In The Rain

### Regular Chapter

"Old Song, what is wrong with you? Did that brat's words provoke you to the point of becoming muddle headed?" The middle-aged man gracefully lifted the wine jug, pouring another cup for himself. "He is just a young, unrestrained scholar saying nonsensical stuff. You are someone with a high degree of tolerance; there is no need for you to be so petty about it. He may not recognize how good your wine is, but I do."

"Your Highness may not know this, but this fine wine is my proudest achievement, the accumulation of my entire life. As for the others, they are nothing more than things of the past. When I heard that little brat treat my wine with contempt, all I did was laugh and ignore him!" Old Song stared at the direction Jun Xie left with a blank, distracted look. "What a pity that when I came out after hearing his last sentence, he had already left. To miss out on meeting a fellow friend who understands the realm of wine, what a pity!"

"A fellow friend who understands wine? Pity?" The middle-aged man who was addressed as "Your Highness" was startled.

"Indeed, it is a true pity!" Old Song nodded without hesitation. "To be able to utter those words, this youngster had proven himself as someone who understands wine!" He then murmured. "The true act of drinking wine, is to drink in one's emotions! ! Or even one's thoughts! Pouring wine into one's belly alone cannot be considered the act of drinking wine. That is simply the act of wasting good wine! One who understands the act of drinking wine, the meaning of wine tasting, the appreciation of wine, to miss out on meeting such a fellow friend who understands wine is truly the biggest regret in one's life..."

Glancing around, the bamboo rain hat that Jun Xie had left hanging had unknowingly disappeared.

Old Song's eyes flickered, the pupils of eyes suddenly flashed with a pale blue colour...

Unfortunately, the one addressed as "Your Highness" was looking at him from behind and did not notice this.

Yellow for Earth Rank, Blue for Sky Rank!

This Old Song who seemed extremely untidy and only knows how to brew wine was secretly a Sky Xuan ranked expert! Standing below only the Supreme God Xuan, Sky Xuan experts could be considered the pinnacle of existences within the Xuan Xuan Continent! Such a distinguished individual was actually staying in such a small and remote wine shop!

It was unfortunate. If Jun Xie had not left, he would have been able to discover this extraordinary aspect of Old Song with this unique spiritual sense. He would certainly have caught onto Old Song's addictive love of good wine. Unfortunately, Jun Xie had long since left; not even his shadow can be found...

After leaving the wine shop, Jun Xie walked slowly, both his heart and mind gradually became clear. He emerged out of the bizarre state that he was in; that state could be considered the representation of the Evil Monarch, Jun Xie. That state symbolized the Evil Monarch's true emotion from the past, which held only disdain towards the world! Showing no fear towards offending other, he would say whatever he wished to say, do whatever he wished to do, even if it meant choosing a different path from tens of thousands of people. Even if his actions were universally condemned by the world, the original Evil Monarch would proudly continue forward, standing alone against the world!

Acting based on his own whim, uncaring of scruples, uncaring of other's feelings! If the world chooses to praise me and lift my reputation to the skies, I would simply accept it while retaining a clear conscience. If the world chooses to curse me, I would also accept it all the same!

This heretical personality of his was what brought upon the name "Evil Monarch"!

[TL: The Chinese word for heretical and evil is the same: 邪 = xié ]

But after having vented some of his frustrations, Jun Xie who had collected himself would naturally choose to stop the sentiment he felt as "Evil Monarch". Calming himself down, he stared at the heavy rain and decided that there was nowhere good to go in this heavy rain. Since there was nowhere good to go, he turned and headed towards his own home.

As he was about to turn into the corner of a street, Jun Xie was suddenly startled and slowed down his pace. A low muffled voice came from beyond the corner. If not for the fact that Jun Xie's ears were more keen compared to the average person, he would never have heard it in the middle of such a heavy rain.

The voice said. "... We finally succeeded. If it was not for this heavy rain, we would never have this chance to even touch this Tang Family's item. This was a Heavenly blessing..."

Tang Family? Jun Xie felt shocked as he immediately thought of Tang Yuan's family. Pondering about this, he moved his body, using the heavy rain as a cover and hid himself behind a wall with a flash. The wall was an earthen wall, not high by usual standards and not capable of hiding an entire person. However, it provided an excellent cover within this heavy rain, which was filled with fog; not to mention, the people in front were not even aware of his existence. He slowly removed the bamboo rain hat and was immediately soaked from head to toe in water.

This was because the sound produced from rain hitting the bamboo rain hat differed from the sound produced from rain hitting the earthen wall. Jun Xie could not help but be careful. Of course, there was still a fine difference in sound produced from rain hitting the body compared to hitting the earthen wall. However, when compared to the bamboo hat, this difference was far smaller.

Amidst the gasping sounds of "hu", "hu", roughly six people walked forward, seemingly requiring great effort to even walk. None of them seemed to think that it was possible for someone to be around the main street in this heavy rain. One of them who was holding on to a parcel, turned around and said. "This matter had been planned for so long, but was never successfully accomplished. For us to finally succeed this time around, the master will definitely be overjoyed once he finds out."

Another man replied while gasping. "It is true that we succeeded, but at no small cost. How unexpected, even though four out of six of the Tang Family's elites are not around, they still managed to detect our stealthy movements. If it was not for that mysterious person who lured away the two remaining expert of the Tang Family, and also our fourteen brothers who sacrificed their lives to guard our rear, I fear... sigh..." Having said that, he started coughing.

"However, this item is of great importance. We have no room for error regarding this matter. We had better return quickly and hand this item over to the master. We must finish up this matter as soon as possible; only then can we let our guard down a bit. Sigh, the next few days would certainly be crappy! Do not delay anymore, be careful of any possible interruptions and move!"

"Indeed, indeed. However, Brother Lang, in order for us to infiltrate the Tang Family earlier, your brother-in-law had helped us. What would happen if the Tang Family found out about it? I fear that your brother-in-law would be unable to escape..."

"Fear your ass! By the time they find out about it, we brothers would have collected our rewards and leave this place for another. The world is not a small place. I really do not believe that this Tang Family have the ability to find us! As for my brother-in-law, I believe he is long gone by now. Like hell he would wait for the Tang Family to catch

him! That guy is a slippery one, if you have time to worry about him, you might as well worry more about yourself!"

"Very true."

The six people moved forward in a hurry, each step bringing them closer towards Jun Xie. Watching from the side, Jun Xie observed that among the six people, four of them had suffered serious injuries while the injuries suffered by the other two was not light either. As they moved, blood continuously flowed out from them. Two of them were coughing non-stop, each cough resulting in the ground being splattered with the colour of crimson. However, the crimson colour was immediately washed away by the rainwater.

What exactly did they stole from the Tang Family? Was it really so important? They sent in twenty men, but was forced to leave behind fourteen, allowing only six to escape. As for these six people, four of them suffered such grievous injuries and yet they actually feel satisfied and proud?

If the Tang Family obtained something good, would Tang Yuan not show it off first?

Suddenly, the one who seemed to have suffered the most grievous of injuries stopped moving. He coughed out before snapping. "Who is it? Reveal yourself!" With a thunderous gaze, he shifted his attention towards Jun Xie's direction. His body suddenly emitted a brilliant silver glow as he channelled all the xuan qi in his body, fully ready to strike at any moment!

The person who was suffering the most grievous injuries was actually a Silver levelled Xuan Qi expert!

Furthermore, he also managed to detect Jun Xie's presence!