

## Finest 251

### Chapter 251 General Lin's Mysterious Weapon

"Master" Qin Xian'er let out a joyous exclamation: "You're not dead?"

Damn it, she is alive, but I am on the brink of death, thought Lin Wanrong, a flicker of anxiety racing through his mind. He blinked and responded with a grin: "Xian'er, don't blurt out such nonsense. This lady here is so young and beautiful; she can't possibly be your master. She appears more like your elder sister."

A gentle, seductive female voice chuckled, "Silly girl, your master hasn't yet seen you get married. How could I die so easily?"

The woman nudged the short dagger in her hand against Lin Wanrong's chest, laughing as she said: "So this is General Lin, a true youthful hero. No wonder my dear Xian'er is so infatuated with you."

Feeling the chilly sensation of the dagger pressing against his chest, Lin Wanrong silently cursed his carelessness. Damn it, both an enemy leader and a formidable expert - who would have thought it'd be so challenging to take her down? If he'd known, he would've let Li Sheng bombard her with hundreds of rounds after defeating her, let the cavalry trample over her thousands of times, and finally, let the infantry finish her off, slashing her body into a hundred thousand pieces.

Regret was useless now. Lin Wanrong pressed the muzzle of his pistol against the woman's temple, chuckling: "Oh, sister, you've awake, have you?"

The woman giggled, her bosom subtly quivering, creating waves of enticing curves, emanating a seemingly endless heat. She slightly advanced her dagger, "Little brother, what kind of hidden weapon is this? It's so hard, I can't quite handle it."

"Little brother?" Lin Wanrong exclaimed, "That's quite imaginative. Sister, my hidden weapon might leave your body numb. I wonder if you have any precious artifact that could counter it?"

Qin Xian'er watched in horror as her master held a short knife to the Young Master's chest, while his mysterious double-barrel weapon was aimed at her master's head. They were at a stalemate.

"Master, Young Master, please stop" Qin Xian'er urgently cried out. Her joy at finding her master alive had evaporated. These two were mortal enemies, and injury to either one would devastate her.

"Foolish girl," the woman sighed lightly, staring at Qin Xian'er, "this young man is a smooth talker, deceiving you at every turn. Yet, you are blindly in love with him."

"Hey, sister, you can't slander me like that. Xian'er and I share a deep mutual affection. Though we've spent considerable time together, we've kept our propriety intact. Even Liu Xiahui would not compare to me. I've never deceived her. As for you, sister, you feigned being shot to lure Xian'er out. You knew I would never harm a hair on her head, so you exploited my affection for her, trying to catch me off guard. Isn't that true?" Lin Wanrong spoke with an air of righteous indignation.

"Little brother, you really do understand me," the woman chuckled charmingly.

Little brother? Lin Wanrong broke out into a cold sweat. Just how old was this master of Xian'er, to look so dangerously attractive? It was a good thing he had a strong resolve; otherwise, he'd have been beguiled by her long ago.

Qin Xian'er, seeing the two of them in a standoff, felt a surge of anxiety. She actually dropped to her knees, pleading, "Master, please let him go. He is a man of honor and kindness, his graciousness to me is as vast as a mountain. Even if he's been deceiving me, I am willing."

Seeing her disciple so enamored, the beautiful woman could not help but sigh. "Foolish girl, all the men in this world are heartless. If you treat him this way and he discards you later as one does with chaff, wouldn't that cost you your life? Besides, at this very moment, even if I wanted to let him go, he might not let me."

Lin Wanrong chuckled. "Sister, you can rest assured. Other than my excessive honesty, I have no other flaws. As long as you put down the dagger in your hand, I will naturally withdraw my secret weapon."

"Excellent!" The beautiful woman giggled. "Then I will count to three, and we both drop our weapons at the same time, how does that sound?"

"Sounds perfect to me," Lin Wanrong sincerely smiled.

"One-"

"Two-"

"Three-"

As soon as the word 'three' fell, Lin Wanrong fiercely jabbed his firearm forward, only to feel an intensifying chill on his chest. Looking down, he realized that the dagger had pierced through his winter clothes, pressing against his flesh.

"HahahaSister, you're quite devious!" Lin Wanrong laughed heartily, his grip on the firearm tightening.

"Pot calling the kettle black, Little brother, I really like you more and more." the beautiful woman flirtatiously laughed, her voluptuous body twisting like a flame, her face blushing, her eyes emitting traces of seduction, perfectly demonstrating the charm of a mature woman.

Lin Wanrong's heart pounded. He knew well enough that this woman wasn't attracted to him, this was a charm technique. The same one Xian'er used at the Miayu Pavilion, but now being performed by this sultry woman, its power had magnified. No wonder that so-called White Lotus Holy King was willingly manipulated by her for so many years without gaining an advantage. A flirtation like this could kill any man.

"Sigh, us being at a stalemate like this isn't a solution. How about we both give our secret weapons to Xian'er, she is our common kin. What do you think, Sister?" Lin Wanrong generously suggested.

"As long as you behave, I have no objection." The beautiful woman smiled sweetly, this time without using her charm technique, yet it set Lin Wanrong's heart aflame. Have I never seen a beauty before? He scolded himself silently, but upon looking at her again, his mind had become much calmer.

Upon closer observation, although the woman was smiling brightly, her complexion was as pale as paper, and her body was slightly trembling. Lin Wanrong suddenly realized that the previous attacks hadn't killed her, but had seriously injured her. That explained why she was being so polite to him and only playing with a small knife she simply didn't have the energy left. With this realization, he found his courage surging.

Xian'er, hearing the agreement between the two, was naturally overjoyed. She approached them and whispered, "Master, Young Master, I apologize in advance." She extended her hand, grabbing the dagger with one hand and the firearm with the other, taking both weapons into her possession.

The beautiful female warrior seemed to have expended her last bit of strength. She collapsed backward in a soft heap, and Xian'er hurriedly caught her. Alarmed, Xian'er exclaimed, "Master, what's wrong with you?"

The woman forced a grim smile, replying, "The impact of the cannon earlier was massive. It shook my internal organs. With a few days of rest, I'll be alright."

Upon hearing this, Lin Wanrong was secretly delighted, thinking that this was indeed a heaven-sent opportunity. He gathered his strength discreetly, but heard the woman laugh, saying, "General Lin, Young Master Lin, are you planning to strike me down now?"

"Of course not!" responded Lin Wanrong, his face filled with righteousness. "I was just wondering where to find a pharmacy to treat your injuries!"

Xian'er, who by now had come to understand his tendencies, looked at him with tear-filled eyes and said, "Young Master, the White Lotus sect is defeated, and my master's years of efforts have been destroyed in an instant. Can you please show her mercy and let her go?"

Damn, do I have a choice now? With Xian'er present, he had to carefully consider whether or not to act. Lin Wanrong nodded, saying, "Northern barbarians are invading, threatening the lives of our Great Hua. The purpose of the military is to quell the White Lotus internal chaos so that next year we can focus our military power on resisting the barbarians. As long as Master Sister doesn't cause more trouble, I will pretend I never saw her here."

The beautiful female expert let out a bitter laugh. "Twenty years of hard work, destroyed in an instant. And my senior sister in the sect will laugh at me, An Biru. Why does heaven always treat me so harshly?"

Lin Wanrong realized that this beautiful female expert was named An Biru. A rather elegant name, he thought, while he saw Xian'er hugging An Biru, their expressions full of desolation.

With the fall of Jining City and the destruction of the White Lotus sect, the war was over. But what about Xian'er? Lin Wanrong sighed, wondering if she would leave with her master.

As he was thinking, a long howl echoed in the air.

"What's that sound?" Lin Wanrong wondered aloud.

An Biru gave a charming smile, saying, "How come, General Lin? Didn't you hear it earlier? You even used this thing against me."

"Cannon?" Lin Wanrong jumped up as he said this. As he spoke, the cannonball exploded a few yards away from the three of them. The blast created a large crater, and the hot wave from the explosion rushed toward them.

Damn, who is firing? Don't they know I'm still here? He thought to himself with a surge of anger. But then he heard Xian'er saying, "Young Master, why would the military cannon be aimed at you?"

"Oh, it's nothing, just a stray cannonball. Don't worry, it won't happen again"

Before he could finish, the sound of numerous solid cannonballs falling around them filled the air, the smoke from the explosions left Lin Wanrong covered in dust. This was not a stray cannonball, someone was deliberately firing at him, Lin Wanrong realized. As the booming sounds of the cannons rang out, the sharp whistles engulfed them all in dust.

Looking up, Lin Wanrong saw Tong Cheng's central army firing twenty cannons simultaneously. Amidst the dazzling red light, a volley of cannonballs flew toward them, instantly turning the surroundings into a sea of fire.

He'd been ambushed!

"Tong Cheng, I curse your eight generations!" General Lin, with bloodshot eyes, jumped up and yelled, but amidst the booming of the cannons, no one could hear him.

"Young Master, what should we do?" Qin Xian'er anxiously asked. An Biru was severely injured, and they were surrounded by cannon fire. Every step they took was fraught with danger.

Lin Wanrong gritted his teeth, jumped into the large crater created by the first cannonball, and shouted, "Xian'er, come down quickly."

Qin Xian'er had complete trust in him, and without hesitation, she clutched An Biru and jumped down. Even at this moment, she couldn't bear to leave her master behind. Lin Wanrong sighed; the girl indeed had deep feelings.

The crater left by the cannonball was quite small to accommodate all three of them. An Biru struggled to sit up. The three were closely huddled together with Lin Wanrong in the middle.

The cannons' bombardment intensified, making it nearly impossible to move within a hundred yards. The heat from the burning fires reddened their faces. Cannonballs exploded around them, covering the area in dust, but their little sanctuary in the crater was spared from direct hits.

"Young Master, will we die like this?" Qin Xian'er asked softly, leaning against him. Her face was burning hot.

Slyly, Lin Wanrong slid his hand into her clothes, gently caressing her chest and said, "No, we won't die."

Despite her master's presence, his bold action startled Xian'er. She was unable to move due to their close proximity and flushed deeply as she let him proceed. An Biru's back was turned against them, her voluptuous body pressed tightly against Lin Wanrong. Her rounded bottom sat slightly lower, exactly between Lin's legs, causing him to gasp. Damn, I'm sandwiched between two beauties, what a wonderful feeling, he thought.

"General Lin, you're quite cunning," An Biru chuckled. However, her voice held a hint of anger.

"Cunning?" Lin Wanrong, who was still caressing Xian'er's soft chest, paused, "Master Sister, we're in this together right now, and I've done nothing to you. Why call me cunning?"

"You're not cunning?" The beautiful expert retorted, "We agreed to give all the weapons to Xian'er, but you kept one hidden. Isn't that cunning?"

"Weapon? I don't have any!" Lin Wanrong was taken aback. The musket pistol was with Xian'er, and the bee needle was on his chest. What other weapon could she be referring to?

"What is this hard thing pressing against me then?" An Biru asked, her voice still alluring but with a hint of undeniable anger, as she pressed her body back against his hidden "weapon".

"Young Master, what is it" Qin Xian'er gasped, biting her lip hard to prevent her master from noticing any inappropriate behavior.

"Oh, that's a naturally occurring weapon that reacts when faced with irresistible forces," Lin Wanrong blushed as he spoke.

Intrigued, Xian'er was about to reach for this "weapon," but Lin Wanrong, startled, quickly caressed her soft chest again and asked, "Xian'er, have you ever heard of the 'crater theory'?"

Xian'er cried out softly, collapsing weakly in his arms, her mouth gasping for breath. An Biru quickly asked, "Xian'er, what's wrong?"

Flushing deeply, Xian'er avoided her master's gaze and quickly asked, "What's the crater theory? I've never heard of it before."@@novelbin@@

Lin Wanrong laughed and said, "The 'crater theory' is actually quite simple. Let's use cannonballs as an example. In terms of probability, the chance of two cannonballs landing in the same hole is less than one in ten thousand. Therefore, hiding here should be safe."

An Biru chuckled and replied, "General Lin, you seem to make some sense. It appears we might not be buried under these cannons after all."

"Of course " Lin Wanrong began to reply with a grin. But before he could finish, a sharp whistling sound erupted in the air. A solid cannonball was flying directly toward them.

"Danger, move " Lin Wanrong, his heart filled with terror, hastily wrapped his arms around the two women and, using all his strength, jumped out of the crater. He instinctively sprawled himself over them to shield them from harm.

There was a deafening explosion. The crater they had just been occupying was upended, and Lin Wanrong felt as if he'd been struck with a heavy hammer on his back.

"Young Master " Xian'er cried out in alarm. She quickly hugged him, tears streaming down her face. An Biru clenched her teeth but remained silent.

One in ten thousand. Such odds, and he had to be the one to encounter it. With a cry of despair, General Lin's vision faded to black, and he knew nothing more.

Chapter 252 Captured? Wedding Ceremony?

"General Lin, General Lin..." Thousands of swift horses galloped out of the western gate of Jining, heading straight to where Lin Wanrong had previously been seen. Leading the charge were Gao Qiu, Hu Bugui, and the others. The armies had entered the city and everyone thought the battle was over. No one could have imagined that a surprise attack on General Lin would be launched from the rear. Seeing the figure of General Lin disappear in the dense smoke, Hu Bugui and others spurred their horses onward with frantic desperation, their eyes red with fury.

After the cannon fire, the smell of charred dirt filled the air, with raging flames everywhere. The remains of the soldiers from both armies, who had died in the battle before the cannon fire, were scattered everywhere. Everyone looked around, but there was no sign of General Lin.

"Brother Lin, Brother Lin..." Gao Qiu called out, his voice filled with sorrow and desolation. He was filled with regret. If only he hadn't been so careless, Brother Lin wouldn't have met such a fate.

"General Lin..." Thousands of soldiers cried out, dismounted from their horses, and started searching the burning battlefield, hoping to find traces of General Lin.

"Look, General Lin's helmet..."

"General Lin's saber..."

Cries of surprise echoed as Du Xiuyuan picked up the helmet and the saber, examining them closely with a mournful look. He handed them to Gao Qiu, saying, "Brother Gao, please take a look. Aren't these the General's belongings?"

"Brother Lin..." Gao Qiu accepted the items and fell to his knees with a thud, shouting, "It's my fault, Brother Lin!"

Seeing Gao Qiu's reaction, Du Xiuyuan knew these items indeed belonged to General Lin. With his teeth gritted and his body trembling, he cursed, "It's all my fault for advancing into the city and leaving the General alone outside. Tong Cheng, you son of a bitch..."

"Mount up..." Hu Bugui roared, kicked the stirrups, and got on his horse. Thousands of elite riders followed suit, their armor clanging against the saddles.

With a wave of his broadsword and tears welling up in his eyes, Hu Bugui roared, "Kill Tong Cheng, avenge General Lin!"

"Kill Tong Cheng, avenge General Lin!" echoed thousands of elite soldiers, their blood boiling, horses neighing in unison, their cries of sorrow and war cries shaking the heavens.

Hu Bugui pulled the reins, and his steed neighed loudly, rearing and spinning. With bloodshot eyes, he said to Du Xiuyuan, "If you're a real man, come with me..."

Du Xiuyuan's eyes were also red. With a grunt, he got on his horse, "Old Hu, let's go!"

Li Sheng also roared, "Brothers, don't forget me..."

"Kill Tong Cheng, avenge General Lin!" The three commanders and Gao Qiu, all ablaze with anger, led the army of ten thousand from the right wing, leaving the empty city of Jining, heading straight for the camp of Tong Cheng of the central army.

Due to General Lin's wise command, the right-wing army had easily captured the Holy King of the White Lotus Sect in today's battle, effortlessly occupied the city of Jining, and previously killed the bravest warrior of the White Lotus. Their military exploits were truly remarkable, causing astonishment among all the armies.

General Lin, the master strategist who destroyed formidable enemies with just a smile, was already a war god and an idol in the hearts of the soldiers. After the city was broken that day, all the soldiers had entered the city, awaiting the inspection of the commander-in-chief. Little did they know that suddenly from outside the city, there would be a burst of cannon fire. Many soldiers saw General Lin's body disappearing into the sea of flames with their own eyes. The invincible war god did not die on the battlefield but instead fell to a scheme from his own people. This was heartrending for all of them.

Led by Gao Qiu and several commanders, tens of thousands of soldiers, their hearts filled with rage, rushed towards Tong Cheng's camp. The sight, the scale, was enough to chill anyone's heart.

Seeing tens of thousands of soldiers from the right-wing army rushing towards them, the central army hastily turned their cannons towards them, ready for battle. Standing on a high platform, Tong Cheng shouted, "What are you doing? Are you rebelling?"

"Tong Cheng, you son of a bitch, you dared to fire cannons from behind and plot against General Lin. I, old Hu, will take your life today to avenge General Lin." Hu Bugui's face was flushed red, his eyes cracked wide open as he shouted, "Brothers, charge"

In the right-wing army, General Lin was a god. Upon hearing this call, the soldiers were filled with righteous indignation and shouted in unison, "Charge" Tens of thousands of soldiers rushed like a tidal wave towards the central army's camp.

"Rebellion, they're rebelling" Tong Cheng, terrified, didn't expect that Lin San had such a strong appeal. In a panic, he shouted, "Artillery battalion, fire"

As the two armies were on the brink of a massive battle, a loud shout rang out, "Everyone, stand down" Gao Qiu and the others turned their heads and saw hundreds of horsemen rushing from a distance. The one leading the charge, with white hair and an angry face, was none other than Xu Wei, the supreme commander of the expedition against the White Lotus.

Xu Wei, having received news of the fall of Jining City, was overjoyed and hurriedly rushed from the rear. He didn't expect to come upon the internal conflict between the central and right-wing armies. Not knowing what had happened, he was furious. With a full beard and an authoritative aura, he quickly arrived at the front of the two armies on his fast horse.

"Master Xu" Gao Qiu Gao hurriedly dismounted and ran to Xu Wei, falling on his knees and crying, "It's my fault, it's my fault!"

"Gao Qiu, what's wrong with you? Stand up and talk." Xu Wei quickly responded. Gao Qiu was a guard by the emperor's side, a person of high pride and indomitable spirit. When had he ever shed tears in front of others? Today, he was such in distress and despair that Xu Wei didn't know what had happened.

"I am to blame. I failed to protect Brother Lin, and he fell victim to a traitor's plot. I beg you, Master Xu, to avenge Brother Lin," Gao Qiu cried out. In recent days, he had shared meals and

travels with Lin Wanrong, going through life and death together, and their bond was extremely deep. He considered Lin Wanrong as his own brother. Today, due to his own negligence, he had cost his brother his life. How could he not regret and wish to die?

"What happened to Little brother Lin?" Xu Wei was so shocked that he almost fell off his horse. His attendants quickly supported him and helped him dismount.

With a pale face and a solemn expression, Xu Wei loudly said, "What exactly happened to Brother Lin, Gao Qiu, tell me quickly."

Gao Qiu pointed angrily at the hurriedly approaching Tong Cheng, shouting, "It's this damned Tong Cheng. When our grand army entered the city, and General Lin was left behind, he took his private revenge. With heavy artillery firing in unison, Brother Lin"

"What happened to Brother Lin?" Xu Wei roared.

"The artillery fired all at once, we didn't even find Brother Lin's remains" Gao Qiu cried out in anguish. Normally an outspoken and straightforward man, his public display of tears at this moment showed how deeply he was connected with General Lin.

"We plead with the Marshal to take action for us, execute Tong Cheng, and avenge General Lin" Du Xiuyuan, Hu Bugui, and Li Sheng all knelt down in their armors, their faces streaked with tears.

"We plead with the Marshal to take action for us, execute Tong Cheng, and avenge General Lin" Tens of thousands of soldiers from the right-wing army prostrated themselves on the ground, beseeching the commander.

Xu Wei's face turned ashen. He threw his marching order token on the ground with a clatter, yelling, "Tong Cheng, you have some nerve!"

Tong Cheng hurriedly knelt on the ground, saying, "Commander, do not listen to their nonsense. As co-leaders of two separate armies, how could I intentionally harm General Lin?"

A cold glint flashed in Xu Wei's eyes, he shouted, "Are you saying this heavy artillery fire wasn't your doing?"

Tong Cheng kowtowed, saying, "Commander, indeed the artillery fire was ordered by me, but it was not aimed at General Lin."

"What did you say?" Gao Qiu, Hu Bugui, and Du Xiuyuan instantly wanted to charge forward, but Xu Wei held them back. Xu Wei asked, "Then who was it aimed at?"

"Seeing the right-wing army break into Jining, I was delighted and ready to take the central gate. But then a woman emerged from the west gate. Our scouts reported that this woman was none other than the Holy Mother of the White Lotus Sect. But at this point, the right-wing army had already entered the city, and we were too far away to take her down. In order not to let this criminal escape, I ordered heavy artillery fire. When I ordered the firing, I didn't see General Lin. If I am guilty, it's merely of overstepping bounds, not of intentionally harming someone." Tong Cheng defended himself.

"You dare to deceive the Marshal," Gao Qiu rose in anger, "At that time outside the city, besides General Lin, there were no other people. The Holy Mother of the White Lotus was killed by our cannons the moment she rushed out. What need was there for your cannons? It was you, this bastard, who deliberately harmed General Lin, trying to avenge your nephew. All the soldiers know this."

Tong Cheng retorted, "Nonsense. The situation changes every moment during a battle. When I ordered the fire, I only saw the White Lotus leader, not General Lin."

Xu Wei coldly grunted, "Tong Cheng, you're the leader of the central army. Do you have clairvoyant eyes, constantly keeping an eye on the right-wing army? You say the cannons were targeting the Holy Mother of White Lotus, but all the soldiers saw that the Holy Mother was already killed by General Lin before you fired the cannons. What need was there for you to fire? However, your artillery bombing of General Lin was seen by everyone, what do you have to say now?"

Tong Cheng argued, "These are all allegations from the right-wing army. One side's account, can it be trusted so easily?"

Xu Wei shouted in anger, "How dare you! The facts are there for all to see, yet you still dare to quibble! Strip him of his armor, and wait for the Emperor's judgement."

Seeing the soldiers escort Tong Cheng away, Hu Bugui and the others saluted, saying, "Thank you, Marshal."

Xu Wei said, "Where did Little brother Lin fall in the line of duty? Quickly, take me to see."

Gao Qiu and the others quickly took Xu Wei to the outside of the western gate. Xu Wei carefully examined the scene, looking at the shell craters left by the cannons, and asked, "Did you find Little brother Lin's body?" Du Xiuyuan reported, "Marshal, the cannon fire was intense at that time. I'm afraid General Lin's remains are untraceable"

Xu Wei burst into hearty laughter and said, "Don't worry, don't worry. There are no signs of General Lin's remains in the vicinity. All we have found are a helmet and a sword, nothing more. In my opinion, General Lin did not perish."

"Marshal Xu, are you telling the truth?" Gao Qiu exclaimed in disbelief, as did Hu Bugui and the others.

Xu Wei laughed and said, "Haven't you understood Little brother Lin's abilities from the time you've spent with him? Given his intelligence and resourcefulness, how could he have suffered such a misfortune? He must be inconvenienced at the moment and will surely return safely in a few days."

The commanders were overjoyed at this. Xu Wei was considered the top scholar in the world, and if he said that General Lin was still alive, his word was highly credible. In no time, this good news spread throughout the right-wing army, and all the soldiers were overjoyed, looking forward to General Lin's early return.

"Damn," Hu Bugui kicked several large stones scattered at his feet and laughed, "I knew it. General Lin is wise and valiant, a paragon of chivalry. If he were to be so easily harmed by a treacherous person, it would be too outrageous."

Xu Wei laughed loudly, "Now that the city of Jining has been broken, and the White Lotus has scattered, the right-wing army led by General Lin has made the greatest contribution. They have slain the bravest warrior of the White Lotus, captured the bandit leader Lu Kanli, bombarded the Holy Mother of White Lotus, and were the first to breach the city of Jining. The merit list is endless, all earned through the hard-fought battles by General Lin and all of you. According to the promise I made before, I will reward you immediately. Li Sheng, Du Xiuyuan, Hu Bugui, step forward to receive your titles!"

"We are here"

"All of you, who have followed General Lin in suppressing the bandits, will be promoted to the rank of five-thousand-man commander today, each in charge of five thousand men, and will be assigned under my camp. All other officers and soldiers are promoted by one level, and those who have made contributions will be rewarded separately. I will immediately report this great victory to the Emperor," Xu Wei announced loudly.

These rewards were expected by everyone. After all, the contributions of the right-wing army in this suppression campaign were obvious to all, and the bestowal on these men was unanimously accepted by all soldiers. The three commanders exchanged glances. They had followed General Lin in his campaign for less than half a month, and had risen from the ranks of hundred-man commander to thousand-man commander, and now to five-thousand-man commander. Although their bravery and combat contributions were undeniable, the most significant credit was due to General Lin.

The three of them bowed together and said, "Thank you, Marshal, for the honors. We are undeserving. As long as General Lin has not returned, we dare not accept the reward."

Xu Wei sighed and said, "Do not worry. General Lin is blessed by destiny and nothing will go wrong. If he were here, he would certainly hope to see you receive these honors and continue to achieve new successes for our Great Hua. Do not let his efforts be in vain."

Du Xiuyuan gritted his teeth and said, "In that case, please grant us three days, Marshal. Within these three days, we brothers will scour every corner of the city of Jining, searching for General Lin. After three days, regardless of whether we have found him or not, we will return to your command."

Xu Wei nodded and said, "Good. Passionate and righteous men should act this way. I grant your request! In three days, the army will march. I await your good news."

"Thank you, Marshal!" the three of them exclaimed in unison.

With Lin Wanrong's fate uncertain, Gao Qiu wasn't sure what to do next. Xu Wei pulled him aside and said in a low voice, "Tong Cheng is a cavalry commander, subordinate to the governor's office. I can't simply deal with him; I need to report to the Ministry of War and the Emperor before we can take action. Tong Cheng has a close relationship with the Deputy Minister of the Ministry of War. If this case is taken up with them, who knows when it will be settled. That's why Tong Cheng is so confident."

Gao Qiu wasn't entirely rash. After some thought, he said, "Master Xu, this matter is strange. Even if Tong Cheng bears a grudge against Brother Lin, he shouldn't risk the great blame of the world by bombarding a meritorious officer."

Xu Wei's eyes flickered with cold light. "Tong Cheng's mother, Lady Yu, comes from the household of Prince Cheng."

Understanding dawned on Gao Qiu. "No wonder. So, this dog was acting under orders."

Xu Wei sighed, "I used Tong Cheng intentionally, hoping he would leak some false information. I never imagined he would go so far. I failed to notice, and allowed him to harm Little brother Lin."

Only then did Gao Qiu understand the intricate machinations at play. Xu Wei said with regret, "Today's incident is partly my fault. If I don't deal with Tong Cheng, I would be letting Little brother Lin down."

Gao Qiu's eyes flashed. "I understand. But won't this get you into trouble?"

Xu Wei said, "Doing something for Little brother Lin is not a burden. We can't let him return and find that Tong Cheng is still free. That would break his heart. A cavalry commander killed by soldiers loyal to General Lin while in custody... it's not an unreasonable outcome. I may be reprimanded by the Emperor, but compared to the credit of eliminating the White Lotus, this is nothing. This minor fault is insignificant."

Gao Qiu gratefully said, "On behalf of Brother Lin, thank you, Master Xu."

Xu Wei shook his head, "I should be the one thanking Little brother Lin. The victory over the White Lotus was his doing, he deserves the most credit. Now that the White Lotus is taken care of, we should address the matters in Jiangsu. I wanted to discuss plans with him, but I don't know where he is."

Gao Qiu added, "There's something charismatic about Brother Lin. Having traveled with him, it's unsettling not seeing him around."

That night, news came that the cavalry commander, Tong Cheng, had been killed by a cold arrow through his forehead while in transit at Feng County, suspected to have been executed by soldiers loyal to General Lin.

At the time of the incident, the generals of the right-wing army including Hu Bugui and Du Xiuyuan were in discussions with Marshal Xu Wei about withdrawing the army, all with an alibi corroborated by the Marshal himself. Upon hearing the news, all the generals, including Hu and Du, expressed their shock.

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Lin Wanrong only felt his body floating as if on waves, sometimes being tossed up to the pinnacle, sometimes thrown down into the valley. Amid his astonishment, a beautiful woman approached him, gently wiping the sweat from his forehead, and shyly said, "Young Master--"

The woman's eyes were as beautiful as a painting, her smile radiant. She seemed both near and far, her image vivid before his eyes. He quickly reached out to hold her, calling out, "Qingxuan--"

But his hand met only air. The woman's face vanished instantly, and he rolled up from the bed, sweat dripping from his forehead, awakened from his dream.

"Young Master, are you awake?" Qin Xian'er's voice, filled with joy, rang in his ear. A smooth arm, as tender as a lotus root, slowly came to rest, gently twining around his neck.

The soft and smooth body beside him was like a burning flame, snuggling in his arms. Her high and firm breasts, as smooth as ivory, gently brushed against his chest. A faint, alluring fragrance wafted over. The woman moaned softly, her emotions apparent.

Lin Wanrong reached down, caressing her long, jade-like leg. Just as he was about to playfully knead it, he suddenly became lucid and Xian'er were lying naked together in bed. Recalling the story of the love bug in Xian'er's body, he shivered all over.

Bad news! Lin Wanrong let out a miserable yell. He hurriedly used the quilt to cover his body, his eyes wide open, "Xianer, what exactly did you do to me?"

Qin Xianer's face flushed, and she shyly retorted, "Young Master, you're terrible, what else could I have done to you?"

It's over, it's over. Xian'er had always been coveting me, using any means to possess my body, in order to monopolize me. I was sleeping soundly, my innocence was certainly violated, otherwise how could I be naked in bed with Xian'er? It's over. Qingxuan, Qiaoqiao, Second Miss, I can't hand over your lives to Xian'er.

His desolation made Qin Xian'er quite amused. She couldn't help but hold his arm and ask, "Young Master, what's wrong with you?"

"Xian'er, be honest, while I was sleeping, how many times did you torment me?" Lin Wanrong asked in despair.

"Torment? Why would I torment you?" Qin Xian'er replied, sounding surprised. Her face turned red as she slowly moved her body closer to him, "Young Master, you risked your life to save me. I haven't even had time to express my gratitude, why would I torment you?"

She didn't torment him? A glimmer of hope arose in Lin Wanrong's heart. He checked his body carefully but found no traces. Damn it, life is so unfair. Why don't men have hymen? Now I can't even tell if I've been violated. This problem is too serious, it relates to my lifetime of happiness.

"Xian'er, how did the two of us end up sleeping together? Oh, don't misunderstand, though I do want to sleep with you, as you know, if a person faints, then wakes up to find himself lying naked with another woman, anyone would find it strange. Can you tell me, what exactly happened? Were you... oh, did anything special happen?"

Qin Xian'er lowered her head in coy shyness and said, "Young Master, I would never harm you. You risked your life to save me and my master. Even if I became a workhorse in my next life, it would be hard to repay you. My master said that since you were willing to risk your life for me, I must be number one in your heart."

A colossal misunderstanding, he thought. If it was Qiaoqiao, Qingxuan, Yushuang, Eldest Miss - ah, why would he think of Eldest Miss? If it were any of these women, he would have risked his life too. Not because he put someone first, but because of his broad love. "Xian'er, you didn't take advantage of my unconsciousness to... you know..." Lin Wanrong's voice trembled, nervously looking at Xian'er. His good fortune, which any man would relish, he couldn't enjoy.

"Disgusting" Qin Xian'er blushed, "Am I that kind of casual person?"

Lin Wanrong sighed. Lying naked in my bed, indeed she is not a casual person like me. Qin Xian'er's words relieved him but also saddened him. When will the matter with Xian'er be resolved? Did Qingxuan have a solution?

Qin Xian'er seemed to understand his thoughts, sighed faintly and said, "Young Master, you are so kind and righteous to me. I will never do anything you dislike. After you fainted that day, my master and I braved cannon fire to carry you here. My master said it would be hard to find another man as kind and righteous as you, so she told me to conduct the marriage rites with you"

"Your master?" Lin Wanrong exclaimed. Damn, what kind of master asks her disciple to take advantage of a man when he's unconscious? Isn't there any law left?

Qin Xian'er nodded and blushed, "Master did it for my sake. She said that once we conducted the marriage rites, you would be completely devoted to me, never thinking about another woman again."

This was undoubtedly a cunning plan, Lin Wanrong realized. Xian'er's current habits were all learned from her master. An Biru was indeed dangerous.

"I love you, Young Master, but I don't want to make you unhappy. Pressured by my master, I sleep naked with you every day to deceive her. But Xian'er is not such a shameless woman," Qin Xian'er cried.

This silly girl, sleeping naked together can deceive your master? Lin Wanrong thought it was amusing. He held her hand and said, "How could I not believe you? In my heart, you've long been my wife."

Qin Xian'er was overjoyed, "Are you serious, Young Master?"

"I swear by Heaven and Earth," Lin Wanrong declared loudly.

Qin Xian'er wiped the tear stains on her face, overjoyed. Her delicate body rubbed against his. With a trembling voice, she whispered in his ear, "Husband"

The word was both numb and crisp, striking straight to his heart. They were already naked and embraced each other, this flirtation threatened to ignite a flame. He warned himself over and over again, he must not give in.

Having received the promise, Qin Xian'er was overjoyed. Slowly, she got up, her skin smooth and luminous like a delicate jade, glimmering with a gentle radiance. Her full bosom, slender legs, and perky derriere were all displayed before him like a jade sculpture of a goddess. Gently, she concealed her exquisite body under a long dress before turning around and smiling, "Husband, do you find me pleasing to the eye?"

Lin Wanrong's eyes nearly popped out, swallowing hard before he hurriedly said, "Very pleasing, exceedingly so."

Qin Xian'er broke into a smile, "Then, I will let you feast your eyes every day." This devilish girl knew that he couldn't have her yet still deliberately tried to tantalize him. How tragic!

"Husband, I know what you're thinking." Qin Xian'er giggled, leaning towards him and planting a kiss on his cheek. "If one day you can't help yourself and want to take me, that won't be on me."

This impudent girl, if I can't stand it, I have countless ways to satisfy myself! Leather whip, dripping wax, wooden horse, which one would you choose?! Fuming internally, Lin Wanrong grudgingly bore his teeth at the seductive whispering in his ear, clearly an attempt to ensnare him.

Only then did Lin Wanrong realize that they were on a small boat. The faint sound of wind rustling through reeds floated in from outside, creating an atmosphere of serene quietness.

"Xian'er, where are we?" Lin Wanrong struggled to sit up. His body was still sore, but he gritted his teeth and persisted.

Xian'er quickly held him steady, whispering, "Husband, your injuries are not yet healed, you need to rest for a few more days. We are currently on Weishan Lake."

Weishan Lake? Lin Wanrong was startled and hastily asked, "Did the imperial troops retreat?"

Qin Xian'er replied, "They seemed to have been looking for you, only retreating yesterday afternoon. However, the navy on the lake had already withdrawn a few days ago."

They were looking for me? Seems like these fellows had a little wisdom, knowing that this general is an invincible cockroach. If they had killed that dog Tong Cheng for me, that would have been even more satisfying.

As they were talking, someone lifted the curtain and entered from outside the cabin. Dressed in coarse floral clothing, disguised as a fisherwoman, she could not conceal her voluptuous, mature figure. Her face wore an alluring smile as she sauntered in like a captivating landscape that captured the heart.

"Hey, Sister, could you show a bit of decorum? I'm not dressed," Lin Wanrong was greatly startled and hurriedly reached for his pistol by the pillow. Damn it, how could I forget about this woman? I even blasted her with a cannon a few days ago.

An Biru laughed charmingly, "What's the big deal about not wearing clothes? Your clothes were taken off by Xian'er and me. Besides, when have you ever worn clothes while you and Xian'er spend all day in the cabin?"

Damn, is this really Xian'er's master? She's even more uninhibited than me. Lin Wanrong lifted the gun in his hand and said, "Master Sister, as you know, I have a potent hidden weapon in my hand. I suggest you stop having ideas about me."

An Biru smiled and said, "Of course I know that. Meng Du died by the hand of your secret weapon. But if I had wanted to kill you, you would have died hundreds of times in these past days."

Her words struck true. Lin Wanrong sighed and put away the firearm, saying, "Alright, let's make peace."

An Biru laughed and said, "Oh, my dear little brother, that's more like it. You led the army that destroyed my White Lotus Sect, even bombarded me with cannons, yet I haven't settled accounts with you. You needn't be so petty. I expected more from a man."

Xian'er, grabbing his hand, said, "Husband, my master has been healing your wounds these past days, exhausting much of her energy. Please, do not misunderstand her intentions."

Misunderstand? Bullshit. Does this 'sister' look like someone who fears misunderstandings?

Lin Wanrong asked with a start, "Sister, were you the one who undressed me?"

An Biru chuckled, her beautiful eyes twinkling as she teasingly replied, "And what if I did? Little brother, you don't seem like the shy type."

Shy? Bullshit. I'm more concerned about her looting the treasures in my possession. I'd be in deep trouble then. He glanced around, relieved to see that everything - the knockout drug, the miniature painting, the gold medal, the Buddha Big Stick - were still beside him.

An Biru looked at him, holding two red candles and a thick rope in her hand, slowly walking towards him.

Lin Wanrong didn't understand and asked, "Sister, what are you planning to do?"

"What do you think?" An Biru answered with a mysterious smile.

Bondage? Wax play? Domination? Lin Wanrong was terrified. He cried out, "No!" His wounds had yet to heal, leaving him weak. After struggling for a bit, he ended up coughing violently.

Xian'er hurriedly held him and asked, "Husband, are you okay?"

Upon seeing his reaction, An Biru couldn't help but burst into laughter, her ample chest threatening to burst out of her thin clothing. "General Lin, didn't you look quite pleased with yourself when you besieged my White Lotus sect? How come today, with just two red candles and a piece of rope, you're terrified to this extent?"

Lin Wanrong sighed, "The war was the war, a matter between two armies. We both had different identities then, even if it ended in a death match, we would have accepted it willingly. Today, however, we're drifting on a lake, having shared hardships. We have put our worries aside, the situation is quite pleasant. But for some reason, sister, you're bringing up those past incidents. It's not entertaining at all. Had I known, I'd rather have perished in that bombardment, instead of going through all this."

An Biru paused, taken aback. This young general, once her sworn enemy, was not only clever and impudent but also demonstrated an unexpected depth and wisdom, something quite unusual for his age.

"Master, what are you doing?" Qin Xian'er also asked curiously.

"Silly girl, I'm doing this for your own good." An Biru smiled, "These past days you've been sharing a bed with him. Did you think you could hide that from your master? I didn't force you while he was unconscious. Now that he's awake, you can consummate your marriage. After tonight, there'll be no more worries."

"Consummating our marriage?" Lin Wanrong exclaimed in shock. "Sister, I'm still young, my body hasn't fully developed, and I'm not psychologically prepared either. Can't you just let me off for now?"

An Biru surveyed him from head to toe, then giggled. "Still young? In what way? I've never seen one as big as yours. With such a lustful look in your eyes, you must have lost your virginity long ago. Are you still afraid of consummating your marriage?"

Lin Wanrong was utterly defeated. He had encountered strong women before, but none as domineering as this. Even in his previous life, An Biru would be considered shocking. No wonder Xian'er was such a little enchantress; her master was a greater one, truly following in her footsteps.

An Biru lit the two red candles, casting a soft glow on her jade-like face, adding to her allure. She turned to Lin Wanrong and said, "What do you say, Mr. Lin, will you come willingly or shall I tie you up?"

Faced with the thick rope in her hands, General Lin could only imagine himself being bound and subjected to wax play by this demoness. He had been a ladies' man all his life, yet never in his wildest dreams did he expect to be coerced into a wedding. It was utterly beyond his expectations.

"Sister, now that it's come to this, I won't hide from you. Besides Xian'er, I have several other wives. We're deeply in love, but none of us have held a formal wedding ceremony yet."

"I know," An Biru replied with a mischievous smile. "But there's nothing wrong with you and Xian'er having your ceremony first. Tonight, you will be the lucky one. What do you say?" Holding the rope, she slowly moved towards General Lin's bed, her face growing more alluring.

Although he could see that she loved Xianer very much, he knew about the Love Bug in Xianer. Thinking she was trying to bluff him, Lin Wanrong realized the sadistic delight she took in building Xian'er's happiness upon his own discomfort.

"That might not be the best idea. This boat is too small, and my capabilities are too large. And with you here, Sister, I'm a shy person, how could I just consummate the marriage like this?" Seeing her draw nearer, Lin Wanrong hurriedly protested. His heavy wounds had left him powerless.

"No worries, no worries," An Biru said. "You two can consummate your marriage inside the cabin while I guard the entrance, just in case Xian'er pities you and decides to put on a good show."

Play voyeur? Unbeatable! This An Biru was indeed a fox, an enchantress, a witch, and one with a personality!

Seeing her master advancing relentlessly, Qin Xian'er couldn't help but blush. She knelt before An Biru and said, "Master, my husband and I are deeply in love. Whether we have a ceremony or not makes no difference. I am his in life and in death. Please, stop pressuring him."

"Silly girl" An Biru quickly helped her up and said softly, "Why are you doing this to yourself?"

"Master" Qin Xian'er began sobbing in An Biru's arms. Perhaps only she understood her own bitterness.

Fine, just to end this ordeal. Lin Wanrong sat up and said, "My love, let's have our ceremony"

An Biru glanced at him, her face flushing as she laughed. "Hurry and get dressed. You're hard to look at when you're completely naked."

Lin Wanrong glanced down at himself. Damn, I am merely bare-chested, the vital parts are still concealed, yet it frightened you to this extent? Aren't you the hot-tempered one?

Qin Xian'er helped him into his clothes. He was incredibly frail, causing a pang of heartache in her. Abruptly, she embraced him and said, "Husband, I will serve you in this life and every life to come."

An Biru, watching the young couple's tender exchanges, felt out of place within the cabin. She threw a flirtatious look at Lin Wanrong, giggled, and walked out.

A seductress! She thought to seduce me? Not a chance! Lin Wanrong's heart skipped a beat, he quickly averted his gaze from her bosom. Having already had the experience of a wedding ceremony with Qiaoqiao, he smoothly completed the three bows with Xian'er, solidifying their status as husband and wife.

Fulfilling her wish, Qin Xian'er, overwhelmed with joy, fell into his arms and said, "Husband, today is the happiest day of my life."

"Naive girl, this is only the beginning, we have a long journey ahead." Lin Wanrong consoled, a phrase tried and tested, enough to make even the iron tree bloom.

Qin Xian'er hummed softly, finding bliss in his embrace.

Having been unconscious for several days due to his severe injury, Lin Wanrong had woken up that day and held a ceremony with Xian'er. His heart was restless, so he whispered, "Xian'er, can you help me step outside for a moment?"

With a sweet smile, Xian'er fetched a robe to cover him, then assisted him outside the cabin.

The moon was shining brightly, casting a delicate silver glow on the lake. A gentle breeze stirred waves that traveled toward their small boat, and dissipated upon reaching it. The soft lapping of water against the hull and the slight rocking of the boat felt like a serene cradle.

The vast lake under the night sky was a sight of solitude, with their small boat floating upon the surface. An Biru sat at the bow, her thoughts unknown. Seeing the couple emerge, she greeted them with a faint smile.

With Qin Xian'er's support, Lin Wanrong sat down next to An Biru. As the three sat together, the world around them seemed to quieten.

Gazing at the seamless merge of the sky and the lake in the distance, Lin Wanrong sighed deeply, "Life is so beautiful, yet I am forever adrift. Happiness is right before your eyes, yet you can't always see it."

Snuggling close to him, Xian'er asked, "Husband, is this a verse you composed?"

"Suppose you could say that," Lin Wanrong chuckled.

An Biru questioned, "Young Master Lin, you're so young, from where comes such sentiment?"

Lin Wanrong responded with a slight smile, "I'm young and naive, what's wrong with writing new verses filled with melancholy?" Qin Xian'er giggled, recalling their first encounter in the Miaoyu Pavilion. It all seemed like it happened just yesterday.

An Biru laughed, her gaze flitting flirtatiously over him as she said, "This youthful facade of yours is indeed a deception. Had I not witnessed your misdeeds, I would have surely fallen for your act."

"The feeling is mutual, sister," Lin Wanrong chuckled, glancing at her. His eyes caught the sight of a golden hairpin adorning her updo, shimmering under the moonlight. Beneath her coarse clothes, her body had all the right curves, irresistibly seductive. Her rounded, firm legs tapped lightly against the boat, her eyes sparkling playfully. She appeared as both an indifferent young girl and a disenchanted young wife. Her enticing smile under the moonlight was incredibly bewitching.

Lin Wanrong's heart throbbed in his chest. Clearly, this sister was testing me, he thought. His gaze fell upon Xian'er, his newly wedded wife, blooming like a flower, her face adorned by faint dimples as she smiled at him.@@novelbin@@

Admiring beauties under the moon, the more he admired, the more entranced he became. He sighed lightly.

"Master Sister, wife Xian'er, is Jinan your home?" Lin Wanrong gazed towards the north, softly asking.

"Home?" An Biru glanced at him, shaking her head, "I am alone, everywhere can be home."

Softly, Xian'er said, "Husband, when I was young, I followed my master to Jinan. The first night we spent on a small boat on Lake Weishan. If we talk about home, Lake Weishan is my home."

"Naive girl," An Biru gently stroked Xian'er's hair, "Now that you are married, you have a husband who cherishes you, there is no need for this nomadic life. Following me earlier caused you much hardship."

Xian'er quickly grabbed An Biru's hand, "Master, Xian'er's home is your home, we will never be apart. Husband is such a kind person, he will not treat you unfairly. Isn't that right, husband?"

"That's right, sister, the more people we have, the more chopsticks we'll use. We have lots of chopsticks at home." Lin Wanrong joked. This Master Sister was skilled; having her at home would certainly provide protection, after all, so why not?

An Biru offered a faint smile, her long, strong legs lightly tapped against the side of the boat. The rhythmic thudding resonated within Lin Wanrong's heart.

"I don't have a home either." Lin Wanrong sighed, his gaze deep and far-reaching. The cool breeze swept by, and as he was still recovering from serious injuries, he trembled slightly, unconsciously leaning into Xian'er. Since Qin Xian'er had known him, she had only seen his playful and carefree demeanor. Seeing him in such a fragile state moved her. She held him tightly and whispered, "Husband, don't be afraid, Xian'er is here! Xian'er will always protect you!"

Lin Wanrong gave a wry smile. When had I become so vulnerable? His eyelids grew heavy as he settled in Xian'er's arms, his heart was at peace. "Xian'er, I feel like singing a song."

Gently stroking his hair, Xian'er replied, "Husband, please sing, I am listening."

"In this world, only mothers are good, a child with a mother is like a treasure." Lin Wanrong's voice was weak and halting, gradually fading until it was no longer audible.

An Biru held back a laugh. How old was this guy? She turned to tease him, but to her surprise, the young man who had been singing, with a sweet smile gracing his lips, had quietly drifted into slumber.

An Biru stared at Lin Wanrong's face, lost in a daze for a moment, unable to utter a single word.

Qin Xian'er held him tightly in her arms, one hand gently caressing her husband's cheek, while the other hand covered her lips. Tears streamed down her face as she said, "Master, I really do love my husband. His heart carries so much sorrow, and yet, I am unable to share his burdens. I want to break this love bug and make him happy forever. Master, do you have a way? Please, help me!" Qin Xian'er's tears continued to fall.

"Foolish girl, foolish girl," An Biru murmured, stroking her hair and sighing softly. Qin Xian'er, holding her soundly sleeping husband and sobbing, nestled into her Master's embrace.

## Chapter 253 The Enchantresses, Young and Older

At dawn the following day, Lin Wanrong opened his eyes slowly, only to find himself lying in bed. A warm shaft of sunlight was entering through the window, its warmth spreading across his body, leaving him feeling thoroughly comfortable. After a night's rest, he felt much of his strength returning. Sitting up, he cast a look around the room and saw a beautiful figure leaning by the bedside, her captivating eyes were watching him with a smile.

"Wow" Lin Wanrong exclaimed, shrinking back into the bed, "Sister, what are you planning to do?"

"You're awake?" An Biru seemed to disregard his words, pulling up the blanket corner for him with a smile, "What else could I be doing? I'm treating your injuries."

"You don't need to be by my bedside so early in the morning just to treat my injuries. It can scare someone to death, sister!" Lin Wanrong said.

"Are you so faint-hearted? Stop joking! Now, behave yourself lie down!" An Biru held two silver needles in her hand, issuing the command with a smile. The shiny needle tips radiated strands of dazzling light in the sunlight.

"Lie down for what? Only when a man is serious does he lie down I surrender, I surrender, I'm afraid of you" Seeing this Master Sister poised with the silver needles ready to puncture, the normally wilful General Lin chose to submit. He turned over, offering his bare back to An Biru.

An Biru's face turned serious, and with a swift motion, she had already inserted several needles into his back in the blink of an eye.

The needles, though seemingly icy cold, ignited a warm sensation as they entered his body, stimulating the circulation of his blood and easing his entire body. His injuries seemed to have healed a bit more.

An Biru's palm gently patted his smooth back, the soft touch stirring waves of sensation within him. Lin Wanrong groaned comfortably, every pore of his body radiating satisfaction.

An Biru thought he was in pain, and said, "What are you crying out for? If not for Xian'er's plea, I wouldn't bother exerting this effort for you. It's time-consuming and exhausting. Moreover, I've even lost my disciple to you. I really made a bad deal."

"Not a bad deal, not a bad deal." Lin Wanrong was lying on the bed, letting out a comfortable sigh, smiling, "Xian'er is my wife, you're my Master Sister. I wouldn't mind supporting you for a lifetime. Everyone living happily together, leisurely drinking tea, playing mahjong how relaxed it would be."

An Biru giggled. A hint of coyness flashed across her face, her voice, brimming with allure, "Little brother, are you really willing to support me for a lifetime? Oh, I'm so grateful to you"

All of Lin Wanrong's hairs stood on end. Just how old was this Master Sister of his, and why was she so tempting, just like a young maiden?

"No need to thank me, no need to thank me. It's only right, it's only right" Oh" While speaking, he suddenly felt a sharp pain on his back. An Biru had twisted one of the silver needles deeper.

Lin Wanrong felt weak all over, and sweat started to bead on his forehead, "Sister, you're not planning to kill me, are you? Oh no, I should've consummated my marriage with Xian'er last night. She'll be a widow before she even has a taste of marital bliss."

An Biru chuckled, "Little brother, don't think I'm oblivious to your cunning schemes. Be straightforward with me. Just because I didn't kill you a few days ago doesn't mean I won't do so in the future. If you dare mistreat Xian'er, I swear I'll tear you limb from limb and grind your bones to dust. Remember, I won't be merciful."

"Ah" Lin Wanrong let out a cry as An Biru's delicate hand moved swiftly, embedding two more silver needles into his acupuncture points. It was a massive effort, and beads of sweat glistened on her forehead.

After the intense pain, Lin Wanrong felt relieved all over. His grave injuries seemed to have healed significantly. Astonished, he said, "Master Sister, I didn't expect you could heal. I owe you my life; I should really thank you."

An Biru wiped off her sweat and smiled seductively, "Don't try to sweet-talk me. Do you think I'm as easy to appease as Xian'er? If it weren't for your selfless act of saving me, I would have killed you long ago."

Lin Wanrong paused, indeed. He and this sister should have been enemies fighting to death. But the relationship had strangely evolved into him saving her, and she not killing him. It was truly inexplicable.@@novelbin@@

An Biru removed the silver needles from his body and said, "In a few days, you should be fully recovered. Saving your life has taken quite a lot of my energy."

Lin Wanrong responded, still in a daze, "Sister, did I actually die that day?" It puzzled him as well. He had instinctively shielded her and her disciple from the cannon blast, which exploded behind him. In his subconscious, at that moment, he was already dead.

Seeing his blank expression, An Biru remembered the incident and laughed, "Life and death are only a line apart. Originally, I didn't intend to save you, my enemy. Despite your despicable and shameless nature, which could harm countless people if you survived, Xian'er pleaded so desperately that I couldn't refuse her. It's your good fortune."

Lin Wanrong sighed, Am I that bad? Your White Lotus Sect deceives the public, engages in anti-revolutionary activities, and harms the people. It's you who are causing harm. He forced a smile and said, "Sister, if you saved me, why tarnish my reputation? Sure, I'm not good, but neither is your White Lotus Sect. We're two of a kind; there's no need for either of us to flatter the other."

An Biru giggled, her voluptuous body gently trembling like a swaying flower branch, dizzily mesmerizing. Lin Wanrong quickly averted his eyes. Damn, what kind of enchantress was this woman? It was terrifying. Once An Biru finally stopped giggling, she said, "Little brother, you're right. I run this White Lotus Sect to do bad things the more, the better. With so many good people in the world, if I don't act the villain, who will highlight their nobility?"

Lin Wanrong approved of this theory. He gave a thumbs-up and said, "You dare to think what others can't. You're so audacious about being a villain. Sister, you're indeed a woman who matches men in gallantry. I admire you greatly."

An Biru glanced at him, her expression changing to one of grievance. "However," she lamented, "my cherished plans have been foiled by you, Little brother Lin. How am I to proceed?"

"I was only jesting, Master Sister," Lin Wanrong chuckled, inching stealthily towards his musket lying nearby. "I merely set off a few cannons to startle you all. The one you should be seeking is the Emperor himself." He knew An Biru's volatile nature; she would lovingly call him little brother, yet be ready to strike at any moment. Vigilance was necessary.

"That won't do," An Biru countered playfully, casting him a sultry glance. "As they say, he who tied the bell must untie it. You created this mess, it is only fitting that you should help clean it up."

"Hold on, Sister, let me clarify," Lin Wanrong responded urgently, "I have no interest in your rebellious antics. Please, do not involve me. If you truly harbour such intentions, it'd be more merciful to kill me."

She burst into delicate laughter. "You know full well I wouldn't harm you, as it would hurt Xian'er. But, you pretend to be scared regardless. If you aren't bad, then there are no bad people in this world."

"But," she changed her tone, "my not killing you does not mean I have no other means of persuasion. Since Xian'er is so fond of you, I'll simply break your legs and ensure you remain by her side forever. Let's see if your fair weather friends will still want you then. Are you scared now, little brother?"

Cursing inwardly at her wicked proposition, Lin Wanrong retorted, "Sister, don't scare me. Xian'er, Xian'er, come in and protect your husband"

An Biru cut him off, chuckling, "General Lin, you are quite clever. You've used Xian'er's infatuation with you to manipulate me."

"That's not fair," Lin Wanrong sighed lightly. "You're Xian'er's master, and she is my wife; we are family. Why bring up manipulation? Xian'er, come in and pour tea for your Master Sister"

A strange light flickered in An Biru's eyes as she replied coldly, "I've put years of effort into nurturing the White Lotus Sect, only to have it ruined by you. I won't let you off easily. If you help me, well and good. If not, I will"

"Xian'er!" Lin Wanrong yelled. Qin Xian'er, dressed in a simple gown, hurried in from outside, looking at him in surprise, "Husband, you're awake?"

"Yes, yes, I've been awake for a while, missing you. You look so beautiful today, my good wife. I just want to hold you and sleep." Lin Wanrong grinned.

Qin Xian'er, now a married woman but still a maiden, had changed her dress. Her long hair was elegantly coiled up, tied in a simple knot with a piece of silk. Her delicate face, pale yet faintly flushed, sparkled with joy, her almond eyes brimming with happiness. Her slender figure stood erect, graceful as a willow tree, her curves subtle yet prominent. Even dressed in a fisherwoman's simple attire, she was breathtakingly beautiful. Her unmatched beauty, enhanced by the plainness of her clothing, was truly heart-stirring.

Lin Wanrong could no longer shift his gaze, blankly stating, "Xian'er, let us consummate our marriage tonight. Even if I were to die in your embrace, I would be content."

Qin Xian'er's face flushed, and she hurriedly lowered her head, shying away, "Husband, you're being so impertinent. Master is still here, can't you wait a while longer to say such things?" Upon hearing his words, her heart was filled with immense joy, and a hint of pride; her eyes brimmed with affection as she looked deeply at her husband.

Seeing her disciple being thoroughly claimed by another, An Biru let out a girlish laugh, "General Lin, you certainly know how to handle things."

"No, no, Master Sister, you too have many... 'savage' strategies," he mischievously muttered the words, intentionally blurring the pronunciation between 'savage' and 'numerous.' Qin Xian'er couldn't discern his meaning, but An Biru understood all too well.

"Husband, what are you talking about with Master? I heard you call my name several times," Qin Xian'er walked to his side and helped him sit up.

"Oh, nothing much, Master Sister was just telling me ghost stories, which frightened me. You know, I'm quite a timid person, so naturally I'm a bit unsettled. Xian'er, ever since I was injured, I've been feeling weaker. I can't handle any more shocks" General Lin said pitifully.

Qin Xian'er recalled his state from the night before and couldn't help but tear up, "Husband, don't be afraid, Xian'er is here. I've learned many techniques from Master, and I will protect you in this life and all lives to come. If anyone dares to harm you, I will fight them to death."

"Xian'er, my wife, you're simply the best." Lin Wanrong gratefully embraced Xian'er, shedding a few tears, then he sneakily grinned at An Biru.

An Biru could only laugh bitterly at his antics; this man, always resorting to childish tricks, yet she was helpless against him. Despite her many experiences, her usual independent, carefree attitude was futile in the face of this unconventional and cunning General Lin. Remembering his vulnerable state from the night before, she couldn't help but wonder, was this really the same military general who had once brilliantly strategized against her?

As Qin Xian'er held her husband, she wiped his tears and asked, "Husband, are you hungry? I've prepared a fresh fish soup for you. Master and I caught the fish ourselves from the lake last night. It's very fresh, let me bring it to you!"

"You caught it yourselves?" Lin Wanrong exclaimed in surprise, glancing at the pair. Damn it, he thought, why did I sleep so early last night? I missed Master Sister and Xian'er's swimming exhibition what a regret.

"Xian'er was worried about your health, so she insisted on catching the fish. If you disappoint her, how will you face her?" An Biru looked at Xian'er with adoring eyes.

"Sweetheart, once my injuries heal, let's go swimming in the lake together, alright?" Lin Wanrong whispered into her ear, his breath tickling her.

Qin Xian'er's body went limp. She hummed in agreement and then giggled as she went to fetch the fish soup.

"You are indeed cunning, tricking Xian'er like this, making her wholly devoted to you," An Biru huffed.

"Sister, have you never heard the phrase 'mutual affection'?" Lin Wanrong chuckled. "Come to think of it, it's thanks to your fine instruction that my little Xian'er is so gentle and considerate. I'm indebted to you, sister."

An Biru gave a bitter smile of resignation. Who knew how thick this man's skin was? She had been getting along well with Xian'er, but now this man had fallen from the sky, intruding into their lives, completely disrupting the harmony between the two of them. Who could predict what might happen in the future?

"Sister, how old are you?"

"Thirty...ah, why are you asking? Are you looking for trouble?" An Biru's eyebrows shot up as she raised her voice in annoyance. She had been lost in thought, and upon hearing a question, she responded instinctively, nearly revealing a secret. How could she not be angry?

A woman's age is indeed a secret, Lin Wanrong thought, nearly succeeding in his little scheme. He gave a dry chuckle, "Sister, don't tease me. You're as beautiful as a celestial being, with an incredible figure. I guess you're twenty-one, just a year older than me."

"Little brother..." An Biru's face broke into a strange smile. She leaned in close to him, her body almost touching his. She laughed softly, "Why don't we try something new? Your tricks may work on Xian'er, but don't try to use them on me."

The two were extremely close, so close it felt like a piece of paper could barely fit between them. Lin Wanrong could see her smooth, jade-like cheek, her chest rising and falling gently like surging waves, and the unique, mature fragrance wafting from her body.

As they drew closer, Lin Wanrong swallowed hard, feeling the burning heat emanating from this mature woman, "Sister, what are you doing? I'm married. Don't come closer, I'm going to call for help, ah--"

Upon hearing her husband's cry, Xian'er hurriedly rushed in, only to see her master smiling, a silver needle in her hand. "Xian'er, I just gave him another needle, used a bit of force. He should recover by tomorrow."

"Really, master?" Xian'er exclaimed in joy.

An Biru nodded with a smile. "Of course, when have I ever lied to you?"

"Husband, did you hear that? You will recover tomorrow." Xian'er was overwhelmed with joy, tears streaming down her face.

Lin Wanrong ground his teeth, this wicked woman, why did she have to jab the needle into his backside?

"Husband, what's wrong?" Xian'er noticed his upset face and anxiously asked.

"It's nothing, Xian'er, I'm just too happy. It's so good that you're here, so good--" Lin Wanrong repressed his inner turmoil and managed to say sorrowfully.

"Husband, have some soup. It will help you recover faster." Xian'er scooped up a spoonful of fish soup, blew on it a few times to cool it down, and brought it to her husband's lips. The delicious soup warmed his heart a bit, and he glared at An Biru, who was struggling to contain her laughter.

"Husband, how does it taste?" Xian'er eagerly asked.

"The taste is amazing, Xian'er, you're wonderful. Let's try something new tonight. Oh, Master Sister, come and have some soup. Xian'er, feed me a mouthful, then feed your Master...Sister, do you object? In that case, Xian'er, feed your Master a mouthful, then feed me."

An Biru chuckled. With a swoosh, a silver needle flew from her hand, embedding itself seven parts deep into the cabin beam. "Xian'er, how do you find your master's skill?" Lin Wanrong obediently lowered his head and drank the soup, uttering no more words.

Life aboard the boat was odd. He and Xian'er were all lovey-dovey, while An Biru watched them unabashedly, without the slightest hint of shyness.

Lin Wanrong, holding Xian'er's hand, whispered, "Xian'er, does your master have some sort of mental issue?"

Qin Xian'er giggled, "Husband, you mustn't speak nonsense. Master has always been this way. Sometimes, she's even more delightful when she holds a head in her hand."

Sweat, nothing but sweat! Xian'er was a little witch, and Master Sister a big witch. The witch family was complete.

Lin Wanrong didn't glance at An Biru. Xian'er helped him walk a few steps. Gradually, strength returned to his body, and he was able to walk unaided. Could one shot in the backside really be this miraculous?

"It's the recovery of your own inner energy. I simply helped guide it." An Biru seemed to see through his thoughts and laughed.

Lin Wanrong was wary of this Master Sister, preferring to respect her from afar.

"Master, my husband is gradually healing, and it's nearing the end of the month. Shall we go ashore tomorrow to buy some things?" Qin Xian'er suggested.

End of the month? Lin Wanrong felt a chill in his heart and hurriedly grabbed her small hand.  
"Xian'er, what date is it today?"

"It's the 28th of the winter month! What's wrong, husband?" Qin Xian'er asked, puzzled.

The 28th of the winter month? Lin Wanrong abruptly jumped up, shouting loudly, "To shore, to shore, hurry to shore!"

Xian'er anxiously asked, "Husband, what happened?"

"There's a thing, waiting for me to do a thing--" Lin Wanrong sweated profusely, unsure of how to explain to Xian'er. He knew all about her jealousy, even though they were now married, her killer instinct couldn't be easily rubbed off!

"Husband, wouldn't it be good to spend a few happy days on this boat? Do you despise me so much?" Qin Xian'er sobbed.

Just as he expected, Xian'er had started. In the past, he could ignore this, but now that they were married, he couldn't just brush it aside. Lin Wanrong hurriedly wrapped his arm around her waist, "Sweetie, I can't explain right now. Once I've dealt with this, I'll explain everything to you, okay?"

An Biru laughed, "You look so anxious. Are you going to save some sweetheart? Xian'er, if he doesn't tell you, don't let him go ashore."

How Lin Wanrong hated her, deeper than the waters of Weishan Lake. He wished he could pull out a gun and end her with one shot.

Qin Xian'er stole a glance at her husband, seeing his silence and dark expression, she felt a pang in her heart, "Husband, Master was only joking with you. Don't be upset, we'll go ashore now."

The small boat, which had been drifting on Weishan Lake for several days, gently made its way to the shore. Lin Wanrong quickly surveyed the surroundings, recognizing Pei County where he had once led his troops against the elite forces of the White Lotus. Days had passed, and there was no longer any trace of battle, only a few lonely water birds soaring low over the lake.

In his impatience, Lin Wanrong, just recovered, jumped off the swaying bow of the boat. He hastily walked a few steps before feeling something amiss and quickly turned to look back. He saw Xian'er, her red lips lightly bitten, tears in her eyes, silently watching him.

Lin Wanrong was taken aback, "Xian'er, what are you standing around for? Let's go"

"Do you want me to go with you? Husband" Like a swallow returning to its nest, Qin Xian'er threw herself into his arms, crying softly, "You were in such a hurry to leave, I thought you didn't want me."

Damn, this girl was too sensitive, such a small matter could lead her thoughts astray. Reflecting on their time together, Xian'er had always been gentle and agreeable, never refusing him. Lin Wanrong tightly held her small, jade-white hand and smiled, "Silly girl, we're husband and wife, of course, wherever I go, you go."

"Husband, Xian'er will forever be your shadow!" Qin Xian'er hid in his arms and whimpered.

Moved to tears, Lin Wanrong wiped away the teardrops on his face and held her delicate, boneless body, "Sweetie, let's go back to Jinling!"

Qin Xian'er gave a small nod, then looked back, her voice tinged with reluctance, "What about Master?"

Master? She can go and have fun wherever she wants! The first woman to dare to stick a needle in his backside was surely gifted.

"Going to Jinling? Great!" An Biru lightly tapped her foot, stepping forward without stirring a grain of dust, she gave Lin Wanrong a teasing smile, "Young Master Lin, you promised to take care of me for life. Have you forgotten?"

## Chapter 254 The Return Journey

Is Master Sister going with us? Is this some kind of joke? Isn't that like carrying a time bomb? Lin Wanrong had always maintained a respectful distance from this sister. Her presence made him feel entirely insecure.

Xian'er grasped his arm, pleading, "Husband, can Master come with us to Jinling, please?"

Feigning a smile, Lin Wanrong replied, "Master Sister accompanying us to Jinling? Oh, that would be great. I am all hands and feet in favor. But, Master Sister, on our way back to Jinling, please, no more ghost stories. My courage has already been shattered. I really can't stand your torment."

An Biru glanced at him, chuckling, "As long as you don't play ghost, I won't scare you."

Both were speaking in veiled words. Qin Xian'er was somewhat perplexed, but seeing Master coming along with her and her husband made her happy. She decided not to delve deeper.

This Pei County was the battleground of General Lin's first battle. More than three hundred soldiers lost their lives here that day. Today, they returned to the old battlefield, inevitably paying their respects.

Lin Wanrong kowtowed before the gravestones. An Biru noticed the engraved characters on the big stone, humming disapprovingly. This was understandable. These soldiers were brothers to Lin Wanrong, but to An Biru, they were enemies. Her reaction was not surprising.

"Master Sister, why did your people ambush me that day?" Lin Wanrong voiced a question that had been lingering in his mind.

An Biru smiled faintly, "General Lin, you are so clever, can't you guess?"

Lin Wanrong ventured, "Was it for the cannon?"

An Biru nodded, "Half correct." Time had changed. The two former enemies stood together, discussing their strategic aims. It seemed like they were able to laugh away past grudges.

"You took the cannon, traveled tens of miles in haste, and bombarded Marshal Xu Wei?" Lin Wanrong proposed.

An Biru looked at him in surprise, sighing lightly, "You do have some insight. Meng Du and Lu Kanli deserved their defeat at your hands."

Lin Wanrong fiercely responded, "They all targeted me, treating me like a soft persimmon to squeeze. If I didn't deal with them, there would be no justice."

An Biru laughed lightly, "I saw through the whole situation, but I underestimated you, a mere supply troop general. The White Lotus Sect's defeat at your hands must have been predestined."

The White Lotus Sect, established by An Biru herself, had failed. Although her face held a trace of regret, there was no sign of anger. This had always puzzled Lin Wanrong. This Sister An couldn't possibly be so magnanimous, could she?

Xian'er tugged at his sleeve, "Husband, I didn't know about the ambush that day. Only after Meng Du was defeated did Master tell me. You won't blame me, will you?"

An Biru laughed, "Silly girl, I didn't tell you because I feared your impulsiveness would ruin my plan. If he blames you for this, he isn't worth your lifelong commitment."

Damn, couldn't you just say less? Lin Wanrong glared fiercely at An Biru, but she behaved as though she hadn't noticed, her gaze deep and unreadable, leaving him to wonder what she might be plotting.

Qin Xian'er bowed deeply in front of the tomb, saying, "Brothers, although Xian'er was your enemy, you protected my husband, and so you are Xian'er's benefactors. I pay my respects here."

News of the imperial army's extermination of the White Lotus Sect had already spread throughout the surrounding provinces. Pei County, located south of Jining, had suffered from the calamity of the White Lotus Sect for many years. Now that the White Lotus was gone, the citizens were elated, setting off round after round of fireworks. As Lin Wanrong walked along the bustling streets, he couldn't help but sigh softly. An Biru, being the mastermind behind the White Lotus Sect, watched the scene with a calm expression, leaving him to wonder what was on her mind.

After asking around, he learned that Xu Wei's army had passed through Pei County a few days prior and entered Jiangsu. With the White Lotus eradicated, everyone in Jiangsu knew. There was no need for the army to hide. Remembering what Xu Wei had told him, Lin Wanrong's heart pounded. Having dealt with the White Lotus, the next step was to tackle Cheng De. He wondered what Luo Min and Xu Wei were planning and whether Cheng De had noticed any impending threat. What had become of Jinling? Thinking about this made him even more anxious, wishing he could fly back to Jinling to see how Qiaoqiao and the Xiao family were doing.

Xian'er understood his feelings. Holding his hand, she gently said, "Husband, you've just recovered from a severe injury. Don't worry so much. We'll find some fast horses and return to Jinling as soon as possible."

There were several hundred miles from Pei County to Jinling. Impatient, Lin Wanrong was not willing to delay and wanted to ride back directly. However, both Qin Xian'er and An Biru disagreed. Since he had just recovered from a serious injury, he needed rest and could not endure too much jolting. Despite his objections, the master and disciple hired a carriage, put him in it, and slowly set off for Jinling.

Having just recovered from severe injury, Lin Wanrong had no capacity to resist and let the two women arrange things for him. An Biru looked at his sullen face and couldn't help but laugh. "Little brother, who are you angry with? Xian'er is just worried about you, that's why she's considering all this. If it were up to me, whether you live or die would be none of my business."

Xian'er gently lifted the robe on his back, "Master, it's time for his acupuncture."

With his body still healing from severe injuries, Lin Wanrong relied on this miraculous acupuncture therapy to quickly regain vitality. An Biru gave him acupuncture three times a day, enabling him to recover so quickly over several days.

Stripping in front of two women didn't bother Lin Wanrong; after all, one was his wife, and the other was a barefoot doctor, seeing her was seeing nothing. However, seeing An Biru's teasing smile as she held the silver needle, he couldn't help but shiver. Damn it, she isn't going to stick him in the butt again, is she?

"General Lin, are you ready?" An Biru asked with a mysterious smile, her teasing demeanor making Lin Wanrong's hair stand on end.

"Xian'er" Lin Wanrong grasped his wife's hand tightly and said, "When Sister Master gives me injections, you must stay with me! Watch over me closely!"

Xian'er, unaware of his past history with her master, chuckled at his use of the term "injection" instead of "acupuncture". She stroked his hair, comforting him, "Husband, don't be afraid, I'm here. Master's technique in acupuncture is excellent, it doesn't hurt at all"

Whether it hurt or not, the needles were being inserted into his body. Could she really know the pain? His buttocks were still aching even then. Lin Wanrong shivered as he accepted treatment from his former enemy.

This time, An Biru did not make it hard for him. Her hands were much gentler, the needles penetrating his skin with smooth precision. Warm, sour heat spread across Lin Wanrong's body, a surprisingly comforting sensation. Xian'er, afraid he might truly be in pain, extended her petite hand to lightly massage his back.

Her warm, soft, and slightly moist hand glided slowly over his skin, sending a tingling sensation straight to his heart. "Ah" Lin Wanrong let out a comfortable sigh, "Sweetheart, a little lower. Go lower, press harder, don't stop"

Upon hearing his unusual groans, Xian'er's face flushed crimson. She was too shy to move. Lin Wanrong quickly seized her wandering hand and called out, "Sweetheart, not here, go lower, even lower"

As her hand reached for his buttocks, laughter bubbled up from her, "Here?"

"Yesah" Lin Wanrong let out a loud yell, hearing an unexpected sound that nearly frightened him out of his wits. Twisting his head, he saw An Biru holding a silver needle with a faint smirk on her face. His own hand was still grasping An Biru's hand, pushing it lower.

Damn it. Lin Wanrong quickly let go of her hand, his face pale. He was on the verge of a terrible mistake, nearly injecting himself with a needle.

"Don't want it anymore?" An Biru sneered.

Xian'er giggled, her face turning red, "Husband, let Master properly give you acupuncture. Stop messing around and saying such things. It's embarrassing for me to hear."

Lin Wanrong's face reddened slightly. He took hold of Xian'er's petite hand, "Sister Master, feel free to prick as you please. Xian'er, let me read your palm."

Xian'er laughed lightly, "Husband, when did you acquire such skill? How come I've never seen you use it before?"

Lin Wanrong chuckled, "My skills are vast, they can't be easily exhausted. Sweetie, you're blessed to be with me."

An Biru, who was currently administering the acupuncture, chuckled, "Little brother, it's only after meeting you that I realized my deeds with the White Lotus Sect pale in comparison to your swindling."

Pretending not to hear her words, Lin Wanrong held Xian'er's hand in his, examining it closely. He playfully caressed and tickled her hand, making Xian'er blush. "Xian'er, what a great palm you have! Excellent!"

"Where is it good?" Xian'er asked excitedly.

"Look, everyone's palm has three lines, they're known as the career line, love line, and life line."

Xian'er followed the direction of his finger and indeed, there were three thin red lines in the palm of her hand.

"Your life line is robust and lush, your love line presses forward bravely, and your career line has twists but swiftly aligns. Especially hereyes, right hereall three major lines converge. This predicts a significant event in your life has taken place."

"What important event?" Xian'er asked, gazing at him with deep affection.

"It must be the appearance of the most important person in your life. This person is wise and valiant, tall and courageous, charming and romantic, like a majestic tree in the breeze." Lin Wanrong shamelessly continued, "Ever since this person appeared, your life, career, and love have undergone drastic changes. They converge here, enduring and unyielding. The appearance of this person is like a rainbow piercing the sun, illuminating your life. From then on, you eat well, sleep well, marry better, bring honor to your husband and ancestors, wealth and prosperity, a hundred

sons and a thousand grandsons, happiness fills your household Ah, your little hand, so white and tender, even a thousand touches a day wouldn't be enough"

Xian'er, moved at first by his words, quickly retracted her hand in embarrassment when they turned flirtatious, "Husband, you're terrible. Master, won't you do something about him?"

His wife's words gave Lin Wanrong goosebumps. He was her husband, touching her was perfectly reasonable and lawful why should her master intervene?

"General Lin, would you read my palm next?" An Biru extended her lotus-like arm before him, waving her delicate hand. A dazzling flash of silver glinted in his eyes. On closer inspection, there was a shiny silver needle held between her verdant, slender fingers.

Damn it. Lin Wanrong quickly recoiled. He was flirting with his wife, what right did An Biru have to threaten him? It was outrageous.

"General Lin, your insight is indeed extraordinary. You explained Xian'er's palmistry very well. Would you be so kind as to interpret mine as well?" An Biru giggled, unintentionally revealing the ominous needle tip. To the uninformed, it would seem like a lover's coquettish behavior, but only Lin Wanrong knew how terrifying this sister could be.

"Ah, yours represents the 'Three-Line Thistle', a poor omen. Though you hold a sharp weapon in your hand, it appears formidable, the very force of it blocks the progress of the three lines of your fate. It's a destructive sign, considered to be very unlucky. Because of this, your past years have been full of hardship. You have no family, no descendants, and your three endeavors are fruitless. I advise you, sister, to quickly throw away the ominous weapon and return to your true self. That is the correct path." Lin Wanrong shook his head, feigning a serious demeanor while bluffing.

The words Lin Wanrong had spoken were a mix of truth and falsehood. This left An Biru momentarily stunned, but she soon burst into a high, girlish laughter. The more she laughed, the more threatening it seemed. She couldn't seem to stop herself. Her jade-like cheeks turned bright red, her gorgeous lips gasping for breath, her shoulders trembling slightly. Her chest moved vigorously in time with her body, creating dazzling waves. It was as if two lively white rabbits were about to burst through the confines of her clothes at any moment.

Good Lord, they can't be fake, can they? They might fall off. General Lin quickly swallowed his saliva and turned his gaze to his beautiful wife beside him. Leaning into her ear, he said, "My dear, hers, yours, they're so big!"

"Husband" Xian'er's body softened and she gasped slightly, "Don't behave like this, master is still in the carriage."

An Biru finally managed to stop laughing with considerable effort and said, "General Lin, my White Lotus Sect opposing you is truly foolish. With your silver tongue alone, you could rival an army of a hundred thousand. Xian'er having a husband like you is indeed a blessing, but I worry for her more. If you ever mistreat her in the future, she might not even be able to voice her suffering."

"I'll certainly never mistreat her in the future. She's my wife, I would be more likely to be too caring." Lin Wanrong gave a sly grin, "Master Sister, rest assured, I will cherish Xian'er all my life. You'll never see a day where she complains."@@novelbin@@

Xian'er gave a sweet smile and nestled into her husband's arms. An Biru sighed slightly and fell silent. The carriage was quiet as they hurried towards Jinling.

To accommodate the recently injured General Lin, the carriage moved at a very slow pace. Xian'er would not let him suffer even the slightest jolt. They traveled for what felt like an eternity, with Lin Wanrong on the brink of sleep, when suddenly Xian'er exclaimed in delight, "Husband, Jinling! We have arrived at Jinling!"

## Chapter 255 The Two Madams

Lin Wanrong anxiously poked his head out of the carriage, still some ten li from Jinling. In the vast twilight, the city walls of Jinling loomed impressively high. The lanterns of the night patrol slowly roamed, bathing the city in an atmosphere of tranquility and peace. Although he had only been gone for half a month, it felt like he had been away for a much longer time. "Qiaoqiao, Eldest Miss, how have you been?"

Qin Xian'er was also revisiting old grounds. She was once a member of the White Lotus Sect, but now she was returning home with her husband, a naturally different experience. Thinking about past events, her heart was filled with both emotion and joy. Grabbing Lin Wanrong's hand, she looked at him seductively and whispered into his ear, "Husband, have you visited Miaoyu Pavilion again since I left"

"Absolutely not," Lin Wanrong denied fervently, his face serious. "Xian'er, you know that I only went to Miaoyu Pavilion because of you. With you gone, why would I go there? How can those common rouses there compare to my dear wife, Xian'er?"

Qin Xian'er covered her lips and chuckled lightly, "If there was someone who could surpass me, would you have gone then?"

Cough, cough. This girl really knew how to twist words. Lin Wanrong hadn't even responded when An Biru laughed, "Xian'er, you must keep a close eye on your husband. He seems to have quite the charm with young women; you can't spoil him too much. Oh yes, General Lin, I heard there's a lady named Xiao Qingxuan who seems to have a favorable opinion of you, is that true?"

Hearing the mention of Xiao Qingxuan, Xian'er turned her head and pouted, lightly humming from her nostrils. Lin Wanrong glanced at An Biru, this woman, she knew Xian'er's personality, yet she deliberately brought up the one person Xian'er didn't want to hear about.

Lin Wanrong pulled Xian'er close and laughed, "Yes, I have a very good relationship with Qingxuan. Xian'er, you will become good sisters with her in the future. Stop fighting each other and be caring towards each other, understand?"

"That woman, I just can't stand her. Why would I be sisters with her? It would be better to kill her." Qin Xian'er turned her head away and pouted slightly, carefully stealing a glance at her husband.

Xian'er was absolutely obedient to him, but she was not as kind to others. Lin Wanrong let out a wry smile. This girl, what problem did she have with Qingxuan that she had to make things difficult?

Qin Xian'er remembered something, her face suddenly turned red, she nestled in his arms and whispered in his ear, "Husband, have you and that vixen Xiao... Have you ever had...that?"

"That? What is that?" Lin Wanrong asked, puzzled.

"Annoying!" Qin Xian'er's face flushed deeper, and she playfully hit his chest twice, "Husband, you're so bad. How can you not know? I'm asking if you have... if you have made love with her! Ugh, you're so naughty, Husband!"

Sweating, why would she ask such an embarrassing question? He was such a modest person. He really didn't want to answer. Lin Wanrong groped her chest and lewdly chuckled, "Made love, huh? We did have that, you know. As you know, I am quite good at it. However, with Qingxuan, we have only tried one position. It is quite regrettable. Next time, I must continue our exploration. Ah, Xian'er, why are you biting me"

Qin Xian'er nipped gently at his chest, her braided hair falling neatly. "Don't tell me about your affairs with her," she said, a touch of irritation seeping into her tone. "The more you speak, the harder it is for me to bear. If I end up killing her, you'll die of heartache."

This massive predicament seemed impossible to solve. It couldn't be that he'd let his two wives stay at home and fight every day. Given their skills, even if he built the Great Wall himself, these two women could easily demolish it. Being a man caught between two women was indeed difficult!

"Before you pamper that vixen next time," Qin Xian'er said, her delicate white teeth nibbling her crimson lips, "I will follow you."

"Why?" Lin Wanrong asked, taken aback. He was not foolish enough to think that Xian'er wanted to join in some sort of love triangle.

"Hmph, no reason! I just can't stand seeing that vixen being pampered," Qin Xian'er declared, her face glowing a vibrant red, a hint of sensuality in her eyes. "Next time, take me first, then go favor that vixen. Is that okay?"

"Is that... right?" Lin Wanrong shivered slightly. So this was her plan. She seemed to harbor deep resentment towards Qingxuan.

"Tell me," Qin Xian'er whispered softly, her breath sweet and fragrant. Her small hands tightened around his neck and her ample chest rubbed gently against his. "Is there anything that vixen can do that I can't? Whatever she can do, I can do too. Whatever she can't, I can learn. I'll serve you better than she ever could. Promise me, alright? At most, I won't kill her. I'll just put a small bug on her to keep her in check."

Sweat trickled down Lin Wanrong's face. So, Xian'er was really determined to deal with Qingxuan. As he mulled over this, he felt a slight kiss on his neck. A warm sensation rippled through his body, as if hundreds of ants were crawling over him, making him itch unbearably. He caressed Xian'er's upturned bottom, pulling her clothes tight against her form, enjoying the feel of her natural curves. An Biru, however, was watching the two with a mischievous smile, a glint of satisfaction flashing in her eyes.

"Hey, Sister An, seeing all these inappropriate things, don't you feel embarrassed?" Lin Wanrong quickly covered Qin Xian'er with his robes, holding her close.

"Inappropriate?" An Biru laughed, a provocative smile tugging at her lips. "Little brother Lin, I quite like the words you've chosen. Xian'er is my disciple. The more intimate you two are, the happier I am. Watching you doesn't hurt, it doesn't take a piece of flesh from you. If a woman like me doesn't mind, why should a man like you be so coy?" She turned to Xian'er, "Silly girl, if you ever don't understand something, feel free to ask me. Don't let this rascal bully you. I'll teach you a few tricks to make sure he enjoys every moment with you and never wants to leave."

With a soft moan, Qin Xian'er's face flushed and she nestled from her husband's arms into those of An Biru. "Master, you're also teasing me"

An Biru whispered something into Qin Xian'er's ear. Her face reddened as though water was about to drip from it. An Biru let her gaze travel up and down Lin Wanrong's body, laughing as she fixed her eyes on a certain part of him.@@novelbin@@

Speechless, Lin Wanrong marveled at An Biru's lack of distinction between right and wrong, who boldly joined her disciple in roasting him with their gaze. It was powerful, far too powerful.

Watching the master and disciple pair before him, both laughing coquettishly, Lin Wanrong was suddenly overcome by a sense of fear. Marrying Xian'er wasn't a problem, but the issue of the accompanying dowry in the form of her master was far more complicated. For the past few days, dealing with her had caused major disruption.

"General Lin, since you're so close with Xiao Qingxuan, you must have seen her master too, right?" An Biru suddenly laughed. "How does she look? Is she prettier than me?"

"I haven't met her. No comment!" Lin Wanrong denied hastily, unsure of her intentions. Every time he spoke more than a few words to this peculiar woman, he felt a sense of impending disaster.

"You haven't seen her? Yet you've stolen her disciple?" An Biru giggled, amused. "Interesting, this is too interesting. Little brother, I'm growing more fond of you. You're exceedingly handsome!" An Biru laughed heartily, her voluptuous bosom swaying like flower branches in the wind, enough to captivate any man's eyes.

"Xian'er, protect me, otherwise, I might be devoured by a beautiful snake," Lin Wanrong pleaded.

Qin Xian'er immediately grabbed his hand. "Husband, Master is just joking with you. I've grown used to her temperament since childhood. You'll get used to it too."

Hopefully not in the future, Lin Wanrong thought. He had roamed the sea of love for decades without fail, but in the face of this bold woman, he was completely out of his depth. It seemed he had met his match.

"Sir, Madams, we've arrived at Jinling City" The driver announced courteously from outside.

"What did you say?" Before Lin Wanrong could speak, An Biru, who was just laughing charmingly moments ago, furrowed her eyebrows and snapped back.

The driver was taken aback and hastily replied, "Madam"

"I'll kill you" An Biru flipped her hand and was about to lunge forward.

Damn, still want to revolt? Lin Wanrong thought, amused. He grabbed An Biru and sternly said, "What are you yelling about? Wasteful woman! Where do you get off interrupting when I'm speaking? You've got no manners!"

An Biru was stunned, but Lin Wanrong had already composed himself and courteously asked the driver, "Sir, she's impudent and ignorant. I'll deal with her when we get home. Ah, we're already at Jinling City? That was quick, only two days! This carriage rides as smoothly as a sedan chair. I'll patronize your business next time. How much is the fare altogether?"

The driver promptly replied, "Sir, Madams, it's ten taels of silver in total."

"Here are twenty taels of silver, a reward from the madam and me. Take it and head home early." Lin Wanrong smiled as he handed over the silver. He, along with Xian'er and her master, disembarked the carriage and watched as the driver departed.

"Home, sweet home!" Standing beneath the towering walls of Jinling City, Lin Wanrong stretched leisurely. Despite the late hour, his heart thrummed with excitement. Xian'er leaned into him, her eyebrows unfurling in a light laugh, equally joyous.

An Biru humphed, "You felt quite pleased with yourself when you were scolding me earlier, didn't you?"

"Not at all, not at all," Lin Wanrong quickly dismissed, "We should spare others when we can. The driver just misunderstood, so, Sister An, don't hold a grudge. After all, who can blame him when you're so youthful and beautiful? If I were twenty years older, I'd definitely be a match for you. Xian'er, let's get going"

It took An Biru a moment to grasp his words. This little brat is saying I'm old. She gritted her teeth, seething, "Little brother Lin, if you dare, don't run"

"If you dare, don't chase" Lin Wanrong shouted, leading the way.

After a few steps, An Biru's fury gradually subsided. She halted, gazing at the receding figures. A soft chuckle escaped her lips as a wave of tranquillity washed over her.

"Husband, I'm afraid you've angered my Master," Qin Xian'er giggled. They had reached the outskirts of the city. In the distance, there was a shelter for sending off travelers. Despite the late hour, several figures could still be seen.

With her keen sight, Qin Xian'er noticed that in the pavilion stood a woman gazing into the distance, like a wife longing for her husband returning from battle. Now a married woman herself, Xian'er empathized with this poignant sentiment and couldn't help but sigh, "Whoever her husband is, he's far too heartless and ungrateful, leaving his wife to pine for him like this."

"As long as it's not my wife" Lin Wanrong chuckled. But before his words could fade, a call came from the pavilion, "Brother San, Brother San"