

Finest 556

Chapter 556 The General is Shot

Hu Bugui paused for a moment before bursting into laughter. "Brilliant, truly brilliant. With Yujia's beauty and wisdom, she's bound to be a force to be reckoned with among the Turks. Sending messages through Heliye over such a long distance, coupled with the allure of a golden blade and Yujia's personal commitment—how could they not believe it? Anyone who gains Yujia's favor will surely risk their life to come to her rescue. General, this is a masterstroke."

Lin Wanrong gave a faint smile. "Now we'll see just how charming Yujia truly is." He waved his hand and continued, "Brother Hu, you'll handle this personally. Timing is of the essence; make sure there are no slip-ups that the Turks could notice."

"Rest assured, General. I'll take care of it," Hu Bugui replied, excitedly nodding his head before turning to leave. Seeing Old Hu walk away so effortlessly, Gao Qiu became anxious and grabbed Lin Wanrong's sleeve. "Brother Lin, what about me? What should I do?"

Lin Wanrong blinked. "Do I really need to spell it out? Of course, you're going to administer the poison. Who else could pull it off but you?"

Old Gao nodded with satisfaction. "What about after the poison? Can I go up front with Old Hu to take a look?"

"Absolutely not," Lin Wanrong shook his head emphatically. "There's something far more critical for you to do right now. If the Turks from Ejina and Ha'er Helin mobilize, we're likely to encounter them if we don't change course. To avoid unnecessary casualties, we need to alter our path."

Understanding the urgency, Gao Qiu hastily nodded. "How should we change it? Speak quickly, Brother Lin!"

Noticing a beautiful Turkic girl glancing over at them, Lin Wanrong waved and lowered his voice. "We will abandon Yiwu for now and advance northward into the heart of the grasslands!"

Gao Qiu was taken aback. "Abandon Yiwu and venture deep into the grasslands? Are we not going to the Turkic Khanate court? With our limited forces, attacking them head-on would be like an egg smashing against a rock—extremely risky."

Lin Wanrong shook his head. "You misunderstand, Brother Gao. I'm not suggesting we abandon Yiwu entirely; rather, we'll set it aside temporarily to mislead the Turks. The saying goes, 'To take something, you must first give something up.' They have no idea what our real objective is. If we venture deep into the grasslands, we'll divert their attention and create a false sense of security in Ejina and Ha'er Helin. Once they let their guard down, we'll circle back to Yiwu for a surprise attack."

With that explanation, Old Gao instantly understood. As Brother Lin had said, the most effective way to achieve complete success with minimal casualties was to attack when the Turks least expected it.

"Venturing deep into the grasslands means that we'll be surrounded by Turkic tribes. It'll be increasingly dangerous," Lin Wanrong grabbed Gao Qiu's hand solemnly and spoke slowly. "Brother Gao, you must personally lead the scouts to gather intelligence. If you encounter any unusual situations, report back immediately and don't linger. This concerns the life and death of our army, so you must be cautious in every action you take."

"Understood!" Gao Qiu nodded excitedly, fist-pumping in quick succession. "Rest assured, Brother Lin. I will fulfill your instructions to the letter. I'll set out immediately!"

With plans settled and both his generals dispatched, he found himself quite alone. He held Yujia in respectful distance, leaving him with no one to converse with, and felt more forlorn than he'd ever been. He took out the portraits of his wives, gazing at them intently for a long time. The more he looked, the more he missed them, wishing he could sprout wings to fly back to their side. Cut off from the events of Helan Mountain and the goings-on of the capital, his longing for his loved ones intensified.

The army shifted its course, pressing deeper into the heart of the grasslands. They set up camp as evening fell. Still, there was no news from Hu Bugui, leaving Lin Wanrong feeling lost and uncomfortable. He paced restlessly back and forth in his tent. Finally, fed up, he stepped outside.

A wisp of the setting sun lazily sank below the distant horizon. The land was covered in the thickening twilight, hundreds of tents looking like little white blossoms on the plain, stretching as far as the eye could see. Herds of warhorses idly grazed on the grasslands, punctuated by the occasional hearty laughter of soldiers. Looking at this peaceful scene, nobody could guess that these were people from the distant Great Hua Empire. Their lifestyle had become almost

indistinguishable from that of the local tribes. The only unchanging features were their yellow skin and jet-black eyes.

A delicious aroma wafted through the camp as the cooks set up a large pot, stewing the wild rabbit caught by Hu Bugui into a potful of meat soup. Grass and a bit of salt were the only available seasonings.

"General, have a bowl!" Seeing their commander approach, the cooks hurriedly halted their chores and offered Lin Wanrong a bowl of the sumptuous soup. Holding the bowl with both hands, General Lin took a deep sniff. The rich meaty aroma filled his nostrils, causing him to salivate. After a moment of intoxicated shaking of his head, he poured the untouched soup back into the pot.

The cooks were immediately alarmed. "What's the matter, General? Does it not taste good? Please forgive our limitations. There's not much more than grass out here on the plains—"

Lin Wanrong patted him on the shoulder, smiling as he shook his head. "This is the most delicious meat soup in the world. However, there are others who need it more than I do. Don't forget, we still have Little Li and several dozen injured brothers. They are the ones who need the most care."

"General—" The soldiers were choked up, their eyes instantly welling up.

'This wasn't what I wanted to see,' Lin Wanrong thought, shaking his head in resignation. Just as he was about to step away, he heard a soft chuckle from not far off. Yueya'er's voice rose, "Mr. Wo Lao Gong, you do have some skills!"

Lin Wanrong looked up and saw Yujia sitting on a carriage not too far away, smiling at him. Her beautiful face bloomed like a flower. He chuckled and leisurely strolled over, "Ah, if it isn't Miss Yujia. What brings you here?"

"Yes," Yueya'er smiled faintly, revealing her perfectly white teeth, "I came to see how Mr. Wo Lao Gong manages to bond so well with his soldiers. I never imagined that they could be so foolish, showering you with gratitude over a mere bowl of meat soup."

"Shut your mouth," Lin Wanrong's face darkened instantly, casting her a cold glance. "You're not from Great Hua. You can never truly grasp our emotions. The people of Great Hua are the most intelligent, hardworking, simple, and kind-hearted in the world. A seemingly insignificant yet rightful act can make them feel grateful for a lifetime, looking up with admiration and gratitude. It's their innate, purest sentiment, something you ruthless Turkic people could never learn or emulate in

a thousand, ten thousand years. You might not like it, but never think you're so detached or superior that you can criticize others. Look at the history, see the civilization and wealth silently created by my compatriots, and you'll understand. Do you know what 'great wisdom appears foolish' means? Calling them foolish? Let me be blunt, Miss Yujia, you're not qualified. You're merely blessed with good looks, but you're miles away from true wisdom."

Yueya'er's words genuinely ignited his anger. He scolded her relentlessly, and in the end, spat out in extreme contempt.

Yujia clearly hadn't expected such a strong reaction from him. Facing Lin Wanrong's icy gaze, she felt that this time, the bandit wasn't acting. She must have truly touched a nerve. She stared blankly at Lin Wanrong, her face alternating between shades of red and white, wanting to speak but ultimately lowering her head.

Lin Wanrong waved dismissively, "It's getting late. Miss Yujia, you should rest."

"How can I rest like this?!" The Turkic girl snorted, slowly lifting her head. Her pale blue eyes misted over. She forcefully raised her bound hands, a faint blush appearing on her face. She gritted her teeth, "— Tied up like this, how can I rest? Do you expect me to lie in your arms again?"

As she spoke, she couldn't help but lower her head, her cheeks slightly flushed. Her long hair gently brushed against her full chest, her slender, white neck as graceful as a swan's. A shy light flickered in her pale blue eyes, hesitating to speak further.

Seeing her like this, she was no longer the flirtatious Yujia but rather the innocent and shy girl Yueya'er he had first met. Lin Wanrong was dumbfounded. This girl's ability to change her demeanor was truly astounding. Being with her, it was hard to discern what was real and what was an act. It was dangerous, too dangerous.

He felt his mouth go dry and simply closed his eyes, grunting, "Miss Yujia, please stop acting. And don't delude yourself into thinking you can seduce me. My biggest flaw is loyalty — extreme loyalty! Having affairs is not in my nature — I'm inherently a faithful man."

"What a loyal man," Yueya'er glanced at him, her expression a mix of amusement and mockery, "Being loyal to a dozen wives, Lord Wo Lao Gong, you're truly a rare talent in Great Hua's history."

The Turkic girl's face was as if painted with rouge, a faint blush covering her cheeks. She sneakily looked up at him from time to time, her eyes flirtatious.

'Trying to seduce me?' Lin Wanrong burst into laughter, unabashedly ogling her stunning figure. He swallowed hard, "I am loyal, and you, Miss Yujia, are not so bad yourself. Offering a golden blade as a token of love? The whole steppe will soon know that you're in search of a lover. I bet your admirers will come rolling in like snowballs in no time!"

"Nonsense! What rolling in?" Yujia's face flushed, appearing genuinely angry. However, her annoyance only made her more captivating. "What do you think we Turkic women are? Do you think we're as fickle as you? I've sworn before the God of the Steppes that once the golden blade is given, Yujia will remain committed and never go back on her word. This is my promise to the god."

"Understood, understood." Lin Wanrong waved his hand dismissively, chuckling, "You're as loyal as I am!"

"If I had to compare myself to you, I'd rather die," muttered the Turkic maiden, frustrated and angry. She huffed, her bosom rising and falling rapidly, her emotions fluctuating visibly. Her face subtly changed, as if she didn't expect to be so emotionally affected by him.

"Someone, escort Miss Yujia to her quarters to rest!" Lin Wanrong noticed her silence and the flickering expression in her eyes. Growing tired of the conversation, he loudly ordered.

Two soldiers quickly stepped forward, reaching for Yujia's arm. She twisted her body away, annoyed, "Don't touch me. I can walk myself."

She leaped off the carriage, and Lin Wanrong untied the rope binding her legs, grinning, "Fine, go on. Ah, it's hard to find someone as generous to prisoners as myself in this world."

Looking at her tightly bound hands, Yujia could barely contain the urge to kick him. Once the ropes were undone, she remained silent, walking towards the central tent under the watchful eyes of a few soldiers.

She hadn't gone far when she suddenly turned back, looking intently at Lin Wanrong, and smiling softly, "Bandit, I forgot to tell you something."

"What? What is it?" Lin Wanrong was startled by her abrupt turn. He had been admiring her beautiful figure and hastily straightened up.

Her face blushed as she whispered, "Bandit, your speech just now was mighty and grand, something I've never heard or seen before. You looked like a real warrior. Yujia is very impressed!"

She looked up at him, a genuine smile on her face, before swiftly turning and scampering towards the tent, her melodious laughter trailing behind her.

'Keep acting, then!' Lin Wanrong snorted coldly. Just as he turned around to leave, a barely detectable whistling sound pierced the air, rushing towards him.

"Ouch!" Lin Wanrong groaned, feeling a sharp pain followed by a tingling numbness in his buttocks. Reaching down, he touched something thin and icy cold!

Seeing this, the nearby soldiers were alarmed and quickly gathered around him, shouting, "This is bad, get some help! The General's been pricked in the buttocks!"

Chapter 557 Who Is Your Fairy Sister?

A silver needle? Lin Wanrong felt his hand against his rear, gritted his teeth, and pulled out the icy object. A chill emanated from the needle, passing through his palm and into his body. In the dimming twilight, the needle glinted with a cold light.

How he had missed this silver needle! Though its tip was cold, it warmed his heart. Elated, Lin Wanrong leaped up and glanced around, shouting with unrestrained joy, "Fairy Ning, Fairy Sister, where are you?"

All around him was silence, broken only by the ragged breaths of the soldiers. Everyone stared at him, puzzled. Why was he so overjoyed after being pricked by a needle? And what was all this talk of a 'fairy sister'? Had General Lin lost his mind?

Ignoring the bewildered gazes of his troops, Lin Wanrong could not contain himself. The thought that Ning Yuxi might be accompanying him overwhelmed him with joy and emotion. Waving his hands frantically, he hollered, "I knew you were here, ever since I left Xingqing. Fairy Sister, I've missed you so much. Come out and see me, please!"

He paced incessantly around the tent, seeking Ning Yuxi's figure, his demeanor both sincere and frenzied. The soldiers watched their commander, awestruck yet puzzled. The general's candid expression of yearning for his 'Fairy Sister' was indeed extraordinary.

After searching every tent, even combing through the packs of warhorses, Lin Wanrong still found no trace of Ning Yuxi. Clutching the cold silver needle, he couldn't help but feel puzzled. What did this all mean? While it was understandable that she didn't appear back in Xingqing, they were now in the vast grasslands, away from prying eyes. Why hadn't she shown herself? If she didn't want to see him, why shoot him with a needle? Wasn't this just taunting him?

His questions remained unanswered, festering in his stomach. After aimlessly wandering the camp without finding Ning Yuxi, his disappointment was palpable. He listlessly nibbled on some dry rations before dejectedly returning to his tent.

As soon as he entered the felted tent, he spotted a figure on the ground, bound from head to toe like a tightly-wrapped dumpling. A piece of cloth was stuffed in her mouth, rendering her mute despite her desperate struggles. Her heaving chest alone revealed that she was a woman.

"Who are you?" Lin Wanrong exclaimed, startled, as he instinctively stepped back.

Hearing his voice, the bound woman struggled even more fiercely, making muffled sounds. Lin Wanrong pondered for a moment, then asked softly, "Are you Yueya'er?"

The bound "dumpling" on the floor wriggled her body, creating a strange ripple as if nodding her head.

Lin Wanrong sighed, slapping his forehead. 'I've been foolish. Who else but Yujia could enter my tent? Which one of my men did this? They tied her up so tightly that, at first glance, I thought a wooden dummy had snuck in.'

"Don't panic, don't panic. Let me give you some breathing room." Lin Wanrong suppressed a smile as he walked over and slowly squatted down to untie the ropes around her body. The knots on her were intricately made, some loose, some tight, woven in a complex series of loops. It took him a considerable effort to finally untie the ropes around her head. Cold sweat dripped incessantly from his forehead.

Her face, as pure and translucent as fresh milk, bore faint red marks. Her complexion was turning purple, and her blue eyes shimmered with tears of humiliation.

As soon as he removed the gag from her mouth, she let out a soft moan. Her shoulders trembled lightly, and tears streamed down her cheeks. This woman from the Turkic lands was incredibly

stubborn. She turned away to hide her face from Lin Wanrong, but her trembling shoulders revealed her emotional state—a mix of deep humiliation and insult.

‘The one who tied these ropes must be an expert,’ Lin Wanrong chuckled. ‘Clearly, someone in our ranks knows how to tie a mean knot—quite the surprise.’ “Miss, being captured involves some inevitable suffering. My men might have been a bit too ruthless, but you're otherwise unharmed. Don't be too heartbroken.”

She turned her face back toward him, her eyes still filled with tears of humiliation. "You treacherous rogue, don't act compassionate in front of me. If you hadn't sent a woman in here, how would I have faced such humiliation?" rANOBES

"A woman?" Lin Wanrong looked bewildered, shaking his head like a rattle drum. "Miss, you must be joking. I've ventured deep into the grasslands with an army of men. Why would I bring a woman? In this troop of five thousand, there isn't even a single female, not even a cockroach. How could I possibly send a woman to tie you up? If anyone were to do it, it would be me personally!"

Seeing his genuine expression, she recalled his past behavior. Although Lin Wanrong was shameless and unscrupulous, one thing was certain: he always owned up to his actions. Besides, his methods of tormenting people were already bizarre enough; there was no need for him to send a woman.

"Really, it wasn't you?" She lowered her head, her tears flowing freely as she asked softly.

From her earlier coquettishness to her current vulnerability, she changed in the blink of an eye. Lin Wanrong himself couldn't tell which was the real her. "Truly, it wasn't me," he said, opening his hands innocently. "If I were to torment someone, I wouldn't need to go through a third party. Did you see the face of the person who did this to you?"

The Turkic young woman shook her head, her eyes misty with tears, appearing utterly pitiful. "That woman moved like the wind. I was already tightly bound by you and couldn't struggle. She had me subdued before I could even see her face. She tied me up tightly and sneered in my ear. I couldn't muster any strength to resist. The only thing I did see was that she was wearing a white dress."

"A white dress?" Lin Wanrong's heart skipped a beat, suddenly thrilled. ‘Could it be Fairy Sister? Only she would have such skill. But why would she shoot me with a silver needle, tie her up, and then not meet me? What on earth does all this mean?’

He was deeply troubled. Hastily, he began to untie the ropes binding Yueya'er. However, when he reached her chest, he froze in shock. On the prominent peaks of her chest, two bright silver needles were embedded. The tips of the needles had only penetrated slightly, and they quivered with each of Yueya'er's breaths, creating a captivating sight. Another similar needle was embedded in her abdomen, forming a triangular pattern with the two on her chest. The silver gleamed brilliantly.

Yueya'er noticed his gaze had fixed on something. Following his line of sight, she saw the shimmering silver needles. At first, she was stunned, but then she let out a piercing scream that echoed far and wide, nearly rupturing Lin Wanrong's eardrums.

"I'll kill her! I'll kill her!" Yueya'er cried out, her small fists clenched tightly, and tears rolled down like raindrops. In this moment of humiliation, she was no longer the enchanting seductress but an ordinary Turkic girl. Her tear-streaked face exuded an aura of vulnerability that was heart-wrenching.

The trembling silver needles sent chills down Lin Wanrong's spine. He thought, 'This is one of the most advanced techniques from Dongxuanzi's thirty-six scattered hands. When did Fairy Sister learn this? Wouldn't our communication be smoother in the future?'

"Miss Yueya'er," Lin Wanrong chuckled, "The medical arts of our Great Hua are profound. These silver needles have many uses, not all of which are as demeaning as you might think. The triangular needle technique used on you is actually a sophisticated art. Once you delve deeper into our culture, you'll understand."

"You're no better," Yueya'er retorted, her eyes glistening with tears. "You and she are in this together, deceiving me. I hate you, Yujia hates you!"

Just moments ago, she had praised him as a true warrior, but now she despised him. 'Turkic women are indeed fickle,' Lin Wanrong thought, unfazed. He shook his head and said, "Hate me if you must. It won't cost me a piece of flesh. As I've always said, I never expected you to fall for me."

Yueya'er spat in disdain. Faced with such a thick-skinned man, she didn't know how to respond. She simply stared at the needles in her body, turned her head away, and silently wept.

Lin Wanrong stood up, his face stern. "In our culture, there are boundaries between men and women. I, being a man, shouldn't remove the needles from your body. It's best to find someone else."

As he was about to leave, Yueya'er called out weakly, "Wait..."

Lin Wanrong looked at her curiously, "Miss Yueya'er, what is it? I'm in a hurry to find someone to help you. Remember, there are boundaries between us."

"In this camp, all are men. The only woman who could remove the needles would be the one who placed them. Now you remember these boundaries? When you pressured me earlier, where were these principles?" Yueya'er was seething with anger. She didn't want to see the woman who had tormented her again. With determination in her eyes, she said, "No need. I'm not from your land. We, the daughters of the plains, don't have so many taboos. Can you please remove the needles for me?"

When it came to removing the needle, she looked at Lin Wanrong with pitiable eyes. Tears welled up in her eyes, and a faint blush tinged her beautiful face. Her voice was almost inaudible.

Lin Wanrong swallowed hard. "I don't think this is a good idea," he hedged. "My wife would kill me if she found out. Besides, I'm really not that kind of guy."

"You hypocrite," the girl named Yujia glared at him, turning her head away in disdain. "That line might fool you, but it won't fool me."

'This girl knows me too well,' Lin Wanrong thought, sighing. "Alright, since you've asked so sincerely, I'll try. But let's get one thing straight: the process of removing the needle is intricate and your physique is, well, rather attractive. If something unintended happens between my hands and your body—say some accidental touching or grasping—you can't blame me. I'm really not—"

Yujia flushed and shot him a furious glance, cutting him off. Lin Wanrong chuckled awkwardly, swallowing the rest of his words.

When it came to the art of needle removal, Lin Wanrong had ample experience, having performed the procedure on Vixen and Ning Yuxi before. However, removing a needle from Yujia's chest posed a unique challenge, even for a man as scrupulous as him.

Yujia watched as he flexed his hands and gestured near her chest, his eyes glowing with avarice but not making a move. Growing impatient, she closed her eyes and blushed deeply. "What are you waiting for? Please remove the needle. I will be forever grateful."

"I was just measuring. Uh, no, I mean, finding the right position," he corrected hastily, almost letting the wrong words slip out. "Could you please stop moving? It's making me dizzy. If I make a mistake, maybe you Turkic women don't care about reputation, but it would tarnish mine."

'As if I can control that,' Yujia thought. Even as a bold and charming Turkic woman, she felt utterly embarrassed under his scorching gaze. Finally, she clenched her teeth and closed her eyes, remaining silent.

'Ah, this is a real test of my composure,' Lin Wanrong thought. He took a deep breath and swiftly located a needle. In a flash, he plucked it out so smoothly that Yujia didn't even notice.

The cold sensation from the delicate needle felt as if Ning Yuxi's gentle hand was brushing against Lin Wanrong's heart. His mind drifted to thoughts of her, and he found himself lost in reverie.

After waiting for what seemed like an eternity, Yujia sensed no further activity. The initial urgency in Lin Wanrong's breath had settled, and the piercing heat from his gaze had faded.

"Why haven't you removed—" Opening her eyes, she stopped mid-sentence as she looked down at her chest. The needles had already been removed. Lin Wanrong held them in his hand, staring at them, utterly lost in thought.

After the silver needle was removed, the Turkic young woman felt a surge of strength returning to her body. She cast a complicated glance at the dazed man from Great Hua. This outlaw seemed fierce in speech and appeared to be debauched, yet he never laid a hand on her. Despite having the perfect opportunity earlier to take advantage, he let it pass. It made her wonder—did he really not harbor any feelings for her?

The Turkic girl's eyes flickered, a whirlpool of emotions in her heart. She quickly lowered her gaze, not wanting anyone to read her eyes.

"Alright, mission accomplished," Lin Wanrong said as he clapped his hands and stood up, quietly pocketing the silver needle. He turned and began to walk away.

"Bandit—" The girl called out, quickly correcting herself, "Wo Lao Gong—"

"What is it?" Wo Lao Gong asked cheerfully.

The girl, named Yujia, hummed softly, her eyebrows downcast, her cheeks flushed like they were painted with rouge. "Could you temporarily return my golden blade to me?"

Lin Wanrong paused. 'Temporarily? I've sent Old Hu with the golden blade to find you a suitable groom. Wait patiently for a couple of days,' he thought. Instead, he laughed and said, "That blade is being used to skin rabbits by my men. Why do you need it?"

"You—" Yujia's face changed drastically, her chest quivering with rage, her eyes almost spitting fire.

Lin Wanrong chuckled and was about to step out when he heard Yujia softly say, "Wo Lao Gong, thank you. If you temporarily return the blade to me, I might personally give it to you as a gift."

Her face was flushed, her eyes showing a faint trace of coquettishness as she lowered her head shyly.

Lin Wanrong waved dismissively, smiling, "Miss Yujia, do you think I should believe you?"

Seeing the disdain on his face, Yujia's eyes blinked, her chest heaving. She suddenly laughed charmingly, "Even I wouldn't believe myself. Wo Lao Gong, you're a clever man. Yujia is growing more and more fond of you."

With a resigned shake of his head, Lin Wanrong stepped out. The night was dark and filled with stars, yet a certain unease filled his heart. Although he was so close to Fairy Ning, she seemed as unattainable as the winds on the plains, an unreachable closeness that was hard to bear.

"Who's there?!" Deep in thought, Lin Wanrong suddenly sensed a quick movement beside him. He looked up to see a graceful figure in white darting away like a shooting star toward the edge of the camp.

"Fairy Sister!" Lin Wanrong blinked, elated. A surge of immense strength erupted from within him. He took off, chasing after the white figure.

Though the graceful figure moved swiftly, Lin Wanrong pursued relentlessly. After covering several hundred yards, the white figure flickered and disappeared.

The moon hung high in the sky and the stars were silent. The vast grassland seemed to blend into the night, and Lin Wanrong felt as if he were enveloped by it all.

"Fairy Ning, Fairy Sister, where are you? Come out!" He wandered through the grass, the dew wetting his clothing, yet he remained oblivious. Moving swiftly, he looked around, shouting with all his might.

The grasslands were as silent as a starry sky devoid of excitement, devoid of any human presence or sound. It was as if that white figure had vanished into thin air.

Disappointed, Lin Wanrong sat down on the ground with a thud and loudly declared, "If you don't wish to see me, then I'll just sit here all night. Don't you dare interfere—because if you do, you're officially the mother of my son!"

He sat there sulking like a child, his face stern and silent. The sight was rather comical.

Silence. Endless silence. All things were quiet, as if one could hear the breaths of the grasslands and the sky. A cold night wind blew by, followed by a distant and mournful howl of a wolf that sent shivers down the spine.

Lin Wanrong sat there in a daze for a long time, hearing no sound and seeing no sign of the lady in white who he had imagined would come skipping over the water. All was silent, so silent that one could hear the Earth breathe.

Gently caressing the silver needle in his hand, he felt as though he were touching a smooth arm and delicate skin, as if that beautiful person was standing before him, smiling. Lost in his thoughts, Lin Wanrong slowly reached out toward the void, mumbling to himself, "Fairy Sister, is that you? Why don't you want to see me?"

In his moment of contemplation, he suddenly heard a faint rustling from behind. "Who's there?" Lin Wanrong quickly turned around and shouted.

The grass returned to its original stillness as if nothing had happened, but the ripples that had been stirred couldn't be easily smoothed over. Lin Wanrong cautiously walked toward the shallow grass, his voice tinged with a trembling undertone. "Fairy Sister, is that you? Come out, I wish to see you. I swear on my honor, I will never harm you. Please, come and see me."

His words were both a threat and a temptation as he stepped into the bushes. On the expansive grassland, which one could easily scan with a glance, there was no trace of Ning Yuxi.

He sighed in disappointment and slowly shook his head, preparing to sit back down.

Just then, a bewitching giggle broke the silence, carrying a hint of familiarity—both charming and coquettish—as if rain were nourishing the earth and a spring breeze was sweeping over one's heart. The air was instantly filled with a captivating scent.

That familiar, beguiling voice, accompanied by a giddy laugh as gentle as a spring breeze caressing the earth, softly sounded behind him: "Little brother, who is your 'Fairy Sister'?"

Chapter 558 Our Paradise

Lin Wanrong stood there stunned, slowly turning around. Before him was a woman of remarkable beauty—her lips tinged a delicate red, her face as exquisite as a lotus, her soft skin glowing with a subtle flush. Her almond-shaped eyes and willow-leaf eyebrows complemented her full hips and slim waist. Her voluptuous figure was enveloped by a white gown, tracing a fascinating silhouette.

She carefully examined Lin Wanrong, her eyes almost laughing, yet not quite. Her jade-like hand gently brushed the hair from her face. Her movements were tender and graceful; every gesture she made revealed an air of languid charm. She resembled a woman of high birth, with a hint of melancholy—extremely alluring and provocative.

"You—I—" Lin Wanrong was dumbstruck. His usually quick tongue stumbled over itself and for a moment, he couldn't articulate a single word.

A flirtatious smile played at the corners of the beguiling woman's mouth as she gracefully approached him. "What's the matter, Little Brother? Cat got your tongue upon seeing me?" she said, her voice tinged with teasing laughter.

Tears instantly welled up in Lin Wanrong's eyes. He threw his arms open and rushed toward her. "Master Sister, why are you here?! Little Brother missed you so much! Hug me, I want a hug!"

Master Sister chuckled, a mischievous glint flashing in her eyes. Her body swayed like a snake, deftly avoiding his embrace. "Eager to take advantage of me upon our meeting? I'm not that easy," she quipped, her eyes twinkling. "If you want a hug, go hug your Fairy Sister. I know you've been pining for her; I've heard it all."

Her words seemed playful, but they made Lin Wanrong's face flush with embarrassment and shame. 'How did I become so dull?' he thought. 'Who else could pull off such complex and cruel tricks on me and Yujia, if not this cunning Sister An? She already gave me two hints, yet I foolishly thought Fairy Ning had come. What an incredible blunder; I've failed to appreciate her concern.'

"Why so silent?" Seeing his lowered head and unusual quietness, An Biru blinked and slowly walked over to him. "Is Little Brother not happy to see me?"

"It's not that," Lin Wanrong shook his head, his eyes red-rimmed. "Master Sister, you don't understand. Never have I loathed my fickle nature as much as I do now."

Understanding dawned on An Biru; she couldn't help but burst into laughter. Her chest heaved like trembling petals, setting off a series of enchanting ripples.

Distracted by the mesmerizing sight, Lin Wanrong involuntarily swallowed and reached out to her. "Master Sister, what are you laughing at?"

An Biru effortlessly sidestepped his grasp, giving him a disdainful glance. "Is it really something to feel guilty about? Little Brother, have you forgotten what I told you? The more you think of my Senior Sister, the happier it makes me."

Lin Wanrong was stunned, feeling somewhat foolish in front of this sly Vixen An, he felt that he had a tendency to become stupid: "Why, Master Sister, aren't you jealous?"

"Jealous your head!" An Bírú's face flushed slightly as she gently tapped his forehead with her finger, giggling, "You really have thick skin. Did you think I was that easy to deceive? When I asked you to go to the capital to woo my Senior Sister, you acted all innocent and stubbornly refused. Now, after your passionate affair, you're trying to act cute in front of me. Little Brother, should I be pleased with you or annoyed?" She chuckled.

Vixen An laughed softly, bringing her charming face close to his, her eyes shimmering as she examined him closely.

Their cheeks were so close that they could faintly feel each other's breath. The gentle warmth brushed against their faces, causing both their hearts to skip a beat.

Since their parting at Prince Cheng's mansion, they hadn't seen each other for a long time. Recalling the intimacy of that night, An Bírú's seductive laughter, and her fox-like humming, even though it was all an act, neither of them had pretended. It felt more genuine than real gold and silver.

After months apart, An Bírú's figure had matured, fiery and captivating, making it hard to look away. Her beauty was even more radiant and enchanting than before, her laughter constant, her joy unending. Yet, the slight weariness on her cheeks and the occasional sorrow in her eyes revealed something.

"Master Sister, you've lost weight!" Lin Wanrong murmured, staring at her cheeks.

"Really?" An Bírú paused, her delicate nostrils flaring slightly. She unconsciously lowered her head, her fragrant shoulders trembling slightly. When she looked up again, her smile was incredibly sweet, "Little Brother, don't talk nonsense. Look closely before you speak. Where have I lost weight?"

She laughed enchantingly, placing her hands on her slender waist and twirling gracefully. Her voluptuous figure cast a beautiful silhouette, reminiscent of a celestial maiden descending to the mortal realm, leaving Lin Wanrong utterly mesmerized.

"Tell me, where have I lost weight? If you can't say, I won't forgive you!" Vixen An stopped twirling, her eyes fixed on Lin Wanrong's, her smile bewitchingly charming. ㄨㄚ̄ ㄋㄨㄥ ㄛㄨㄥ

"It's not that you've lost weight," Lin Wanrong's voice was soft and emotional, "It's that your belt is too wide. The tailor did a poor job! Next time, I'll make you the most fitting dress, ensuring you look even more divine than a goddess."

"Hmph, it's the tailor's fault for making the belt too wide!" An Bírú huffed, lowering her head and not speaking further, her shoulders trembling slightly.

"Master Sister..." Seeing the tear drops falling onto the grass, Lin Wanrong was overwhelmed with emotion. He reached out to embrace her.

Suddenly, An Bírú looked up, her eyes filled with tears, yet she smiled at him.

For some reason, even though she was still the same enchanting An Bírú he had known in Jinling, and even though he had taken advantage of her many times before, in this moment, seeing this slightly different An Bírú, he hesitated. His hands hung in the air, unsure whether to reach out or pull back.

An Biru wiped away her tears with a smile and flirtatiously glanced at him. "Little Brother, you've become quite skilled. Even I nearly fell for your sweet talk," she giggled. "No wonder my pure-hearted Senior Sister was defeated by you. If I can barely resist, then she was doomed to lose!"

Lin Wanrong sighed as he thought about the complex relationship between An Biru and Ning Yuxi. The twists and turns of life were like a chess game; it was impossible to predict how things would unfold. He shook his head with a bitter smile.

Observing his expression, An Biru blinked and leaned closer to his face. With her lips like blooming orchids, she giggled, "Little Brother, I heard you spent some alone time with my Senior Sister on Thousand-Forsake Peak. What a scenic place! So, did you taste the rouge on her lips? What did it taste like? Share with your Sister."

Ah, Sister An is truly one of a kind; even Fairy Ning only mimicked her brazen style. Lin Wanrong found himself at a loss for words and chuckled awkwardly. "I'm not much of a connoisseur when it comes to tasting rouge. I still have much to learn from you, Sister."

An Biru eyed him and gently tapped her delicate finger on his forehead. "You little rascal! Trying to take advantage of me? Not a chance! Even if you don't say it, I know my Senior Sister is the dream of all men, an untouchable fairy of the holy land. If she's fallen for you, then it must have been quite the experience, wasn't it?"

This vixen seemed determined to hear from him about what Ning Yuxi was like. Both women had spent their lives competing against each other, and neither was willing to give ground on this issue either. Lin Wanrong was caught between laughter and tears.

"Master Sister, actually, Ning Yuxi isn't as terrible as you think," he cautiously said. "She's just a normal, kind-hearted person. You shouldn't have such a deep-rooted grudge against her. Someday, when we have the time, we could all sit down, have some tea, chat, and discuss life, ideals, and even child education. Doesn't that sound pleasant?"

"Child education?" An Biru's cheeks flushed. She glanced at him and laughed, "Nonsense! Now you're speaking up for her? Seems like my Senior Sister really is quite charming, occupying your thoughts day and night, even on the battlefield."

Her voice was a mix of coquetry and resentment, her face adorned with a seductive smile. Lin Wanrong couldn't determine which part truly reflected her inner feelings. Sister An remained an enigma from beginning to end.

Seeing his silence, An Biru suddenly smiled warmly. "Little Brother, I have a question for you. You must answer me honestly!"

Lin Wanrong nodded eagerly, "Ask away, Master Sister. Whenever I see you, I'm always honest."

"Silly boy," An Biru rolled her eyes at him. A hint of blush appeared between her eyebrows. She bit her bright red lips, giggled softly, and whispered, "Little Brother, during the time I was away, did you miss me?"

"I miss you. Of course, I miss you!" Lin Wanrong declared, unwavering. "The night you left without saying goodbye, I suddenly felt like the biggest fool in the world, not knowing who truly cared for me. I swore to myself that as soon as the war is over, if I survive, I'll go to Sichuan, to Miao Village, to find you. Anyone who dares to court you—I'll kill him!"

An Biru was taken aback for a moment, then she winked at him, her expression charming. "You're really indiscriminate, aren't you? You'd kill anyone who courts me? I'll have you know, I've set my eyes on ninety-nine men in Miao Village. Once I go back, I'll favor them all. What will you do?"

"Then I'll favor you first!" Lin Wanrong roared, rushing at her like a wolf in heat.

"Then come at me!" An Biru giggled coyly, dodging his eager grasp with a twist of her body. She turned and ran deeper into the grassland. Lin Wanrong chased after her, both laughing and playing like children. Under the splendid starlight, in the vast grasslands, societal judgments and worldly concerns vanished. They forgot all their worries and sorrows, indulging themselves, seeking their own paradise.

They didn't know how long they'd been running when they saw endless, soft, green grass ahead. An Biru laughed, her demeanor like that of a mischievous child, and softly fell onto the grass. She quieted down, breathing peacefully. Her eyes were as deep as a calm pond, looking up at the profound starry sky. Her full, soft chest gently rose and fell. Her silhouette was exquisite, ethereal

like misty mountains or rippling waters—a beauty so overwhelming one dared not look directly at her.

Lin Wanrong had always seen An Biru as a cunning, seductive woman; he had never seen this gentle, elegant side of her. He lay beside her, staring at her face, beautiful as a celestial being, and forgot to breathe.

"What are you looking at?" An Biru softly inquired, her eyes twinkling like morning stars as she looked at Lin Wanrong.

"Sister, you're too beautiful!" Lin Wanrong's eyes widened, muttering to himself as if stupefied.

A blush crept onto An Biru's face. She lowered her head, shyly smiling without saying a word. That smile was like a peony blooming in the depths of winter, making the stars above instantly lose their luster. Lin Wanrong's heart skipped a beat. Who could have imagined that the cunning, alluring An Biru could be shy?

His heart pounding, Lin Wanrong reached for her hand. An Biru, her face glowing, suddenly sighed softly, "Look, what a beautiful starry sky!"

Lin Wanrong looked up. The lonely stars, shining like bright pearls, were scattered across the vast night sky. The twinkling stars felt so close to them, as if heaven and earth had melded into one.

"The stars are beautiful, but they can only twinkle at night," An Biru paused, then added softly. Her voice seemed to come from far away; had he not been so close to her, he might not have heard her at all.

Lin Wanrong was startled. He looked at her urgently. "Sister, what are you saying? What about the stars and the night?"

"I'm saying you're an idiot," An Biru chuckled, lightly tapping him on the nose. "I wasn't finished speaking earlier. I have more questions for you."

If there was anyone in this world who could be considered Lin Wanrong's nemesis, it was undoubtedly this cunning woman, An Biru. She could be frowning or smiling, cross or coy, her thoughts as elusive as mist, leaving hardly any clues to follow. Despite his reputation as the most clever man, Lin Wanrong felt utterly stifled in her presence, his usual bravado nowhere to be found.

Looking at An Biru who had regained her charming demeanor, he quickly nodded, "Go ahead and ask, Sister. It would be best to ask all at once, so we can save some energy for other things."

An Biru rolled her eyes at him, a faint blush appearing on her cheeks. "Don't dodge the question this time—between my Senior Sister and me, who do you miss more?"

Lin Wanrong was momentarily stunned. This all-too-familiar question had been previously posed by his 'Fairy Sister'. Now, An Biru was bringing it up again, and the difficulty level was exceptionally high. The tactics he had once used to deceive his Fairy Sister were useless against An Biru—worse, they might backfire.

"Well—" he stammered, unsure how to answer.

"I understand," An Biru nodded slightly, her face breaking into a delicate smile. "It's natural for you to think more about her. After all, I was the one who sent you to seduce her. When you think of her, you're basically thinking of me. That makes me happy too."

She giggled, her chest gently quivering. Gradually, her laughter grew louder, until her eyes became moist. Turning away to hide her tears, they shimmered under the bright moonlight, as pure as crystal.

An Biru's reasoning was so unique that it almost made Lin Wanrong want to cry. With a helpless sigh, he said, "Believe it or not, Sister, ever since we parted at Prince Cheng's residence, I've thought about you every day and night, to the point of sleeplessness."

"Nonsense. You're thinking of your Fairy Sister, that's the truth," An Biru replied, her face like powdered jade as she feigned annoyance yet smiled.

Lin Wanrong shook his head gravely, "You're right, I do miss Fairy Sister. My sentimental nature is incurable. However, Fairy Sister and you are two different people. Missing her doesn't mean I don't miss you. In fact, my feelings for you are complicated. It's not that I don't want to think of you; it's that I don't dare to."

An Biru paused briefly, then scoffed, "You're trying to deceive me again. What could you possibly be afraid of?"

Lin Wanrong sighed wistfully, "I could fool anyone—the heavens, the earth, the Emperor—but I would never fool you, Sister. From the day we parted at Prince Cheng's residence, when my Master Sister left heartbroken, I felt a void inside me. I knew she would never forgive me. When the army departed from the capital, Fairy Sister told me she had a surprise for me. I didn't dare imagine what it was. Later in Xingqing, someone saved me with a silver needle, and in Bayanhot, someone tampered with Labuli whom I then killed. I dared not think that it was you, because I knew you were angry with me and wouldn't appear by my side. Therefore, I couldn't dare imagine that my Master Sister would secretly protect me. Such love and devotion would only fill me with more guilt and make me even more afraid to face her. There's an old saying: the pinnacle of love is being too scared to face the one you love. Every glance from her could bring me happiness so immense that I could die from it. I'm not afraid of dying, but I am afraid that after my death, no one will love you the way I do."

An Biru was stunned. She lowered her eyelids silently, her small hands trembling slightly, and the flush on her face extended into her delicate neck.

Dealing with Sister An was indeed challenging, but Lin Wanrong had long-proven skills. His skin was so thick that even fairies from the nine heavens or world-class fox spirits couldn't resist his direct approach.

Stealing a glance at Sister An, he noticed she had her head lowered, her face flushed, looking both coy and pleased, with a faint smile clearly visible at the corner of her mouth. Lin Wanrong lightly dabbed at the corner of his eye, stood up quietly, and said, "What's the point of discussing this now? These vast grasslands, filled with nomads everywhere—I don't even know if I can make it back alive. Seeing you again today, Sister An, is enough for me. I have no more concerns; I'll be going now."

He started walking away, without any hesitation, his steps decisive. An Biru watched him go, the alluring smile at the corner of her mouth growing even more bewitching.

'One, two, three—call out to stop me, Sister An!' He walked a few steps, mentally urging her, but heard no voice from An Biru. Sweat trickled down his forehead. 'Did I shoot myself in the foot? I knew she wasn't easy to handle.'

Just as he was internally regretting, he felt a sudden chill on his buttocks. Startled, he leaped up, turned around and joyfully exclaimed, "Sister An, why did you prick my butt again? Silver needles are expensive, you know!"

"Giggle," An Biru covered her small mouth as she laughed, her enchanting body swaying like a wave. "I have plenty of money and ways to spend it. I like pricking you, what are you going to do about it?"

Lin Wanrong was taken aback. 'Sister An is better than me in martial arts, richer than me, and even her tricks are no less cunning than mine. If she wants to prick me, I really can't do anything about it. I wonder when I'll get the chance to retaliate.'

"Afraid?" An Biru walked up to him, her seductive smile beaming.

"No, not afraid," Lin Wanrong stammered, wiping the sweat off his forehead.

Gently sweeping up her long sleeve, An Biru delicately wiped his sweat away. She chuckled softly into his ear, "This is to teach you a lesson. You promised not to deceive me, so why did you start sweet-talking me again? Do you take me for some naive young girl like Xian'er?"

Angry, Lin Wanrong shook his head, "What are you talking about, Sister An? Every word I said is sincere, coming straight from my heart. How can that be considered deceiving you? If loving someone is wrong, I'd rather keep being wrong."

"Really? Not deceiving me?" Her face flushed, Sister An lowered her head and whispered, "Then say it again. I like to hear you're not deceiving me."

Lin Wanrong was stunned.

Seeing his bewildered expression, An Biru giggled, shaking her head. She lightly tapped his nose and cooed, "Fool!"

Being with Sister An, Lin Wanrong never seemed to get the upper hand. He felt both defeated and resigned. As they sat side by side under the desolate starry sky, leaning on each other, neither spoke, yet a warmth and joy filled their hearts that was beyond words.

"I've never been to the grasslands before," An Biru stared at the profound night sky and murmured, "I never thought the grasslands would be so vast and encompassing. Sometimes, I really want to stay here forever."

Lin Wanrong patted her shoulder, smiling warmly, "Don't worry. Once the war is over and the Turks surrender, we'll come back to visit often. This grassland is truly a paradise."

"Is that what you think as well?" She cast him a fleeting, passionate glance, her eyes fluttering, her chest trembling with emotion. She leaned in close to his ear and whispered softly, "Little Brother, this is our paradise."

"Yes, our paradise." Lin Wanrong felt a tingling sensation throughout his body as he inhaled her subtle fragrance and looked into her enchanting, almost bewitching eyes.

She reached out and gently brushed a blade of grass from his hair, looking at him intently. Her eyes flashed with a momentary sense of yearning before she shook her head and sighed, "I have lost after all."

"Lost? What do you mean?" Lin Wanrong asked, puzzled.

She gave a slight smile, "Don't ask. Even if you do, I won't tell you. Now that I've revealed myself, I admit defeat. Little Brother, do you know the way to the Miao village?"

His mind swirled with questions. "What does admitting defeat have to do with the Miao village? Master sister, why are you bringing this up out of the blue? If I don't know the way, I can always ask. With your celestial beauty, I'll probably hear about you long before I even enter Sichuan."

"You flatterer! The Miao village is my hometown. It's full of brave and strong young men. I've already met ninety-nine potential suitors," she chuckled, "So, you better hurry up, or there will be nothing left for you."

Lin Wanrong was infuriated, "Sister An, be fair! I was here first! Even if there are nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine others, they can't compete with me. I have a gun!"

"You petty man! Just remember this: you have it coming if someone tries to snatch away!" She laughed until tears came to her eyes, and then she grew silent.

Lin Wanrong looked at her with suspicion, scrutinizing her face. But she was an adept fox spirit, revealing nothing unusual as she broke into joyful laughter.

"Master Sister, have you been following me since the army set out?" Lin Wanrong asked, sighing.

She laughed, "Don't flatter yourself. Xian'er was worried that you were messing around with women on the road, so I came to take a look. I never expected you to be so... accurate in your pursuits. Not just Miss Xu and the sand burial, you didn't even spare the Turkic women. Fortunetelling, palmistry; you sure know many tricks, Little Brother. Impressive!"

Her eyes flashed a momentary irritation as she laughed charmingly. With her skills, she'd brought someone back from the brink of death.

"You're joking, Master Sister. Do I seem like someone who falls in love with every woman he meets?" Lin Wanrong chuckled, "That woman Yujia is not to be underestimated. We'll need her help in the future, that's why I kept her."

"If that wasn't the case, I would have killed her already. I wouldn't let her compete with Xian'er for her husband." She snorted, "Be careful with that Turkic woman; she's dangerously captivating. I've already scouted the two Turkic tribes up ahead—"

"What?!" Lin Wanrong was shocked, hastily grabbing her hand. "Sister An, you can't scare me like this. That place is extremely dangerous; it's not somewhere you should go!"

"Don't worry, if I can go there, I can naturally come back." An Biru's face flushed slightly when he held her hand, but she made no move to pull away. "Within those two tribes, there are three to four thousand able-bodied men alone. Many tents have pictures of Yujia hanging up. This woman is no simple character; you need to be cautious."

Lin Wanrong tightly held her hand, gently stroking it. "Don't worry, Sister An. I've already experienced how formidable Yujia is. But I'm not one to be trifled with either. I think you've already had a taste of that yourself. I'll make her regret crossing me."

"How formidable are you, then?" An Biru gave him a teasing glance and covered her lips to chuckle softly.

Lin Wanrong felt his mouth go dry. An Biru loved to tease him, leaving him able to look but not touch, and thus, incredibly frustrated. He sighed helplessly, rubbing An Biru's small hand vigorously. "Sister An, there's one more thing. A brother of mine named Li Wuling has been gravely injured. That Yujia girl treated him, but he hasn't woken up—"

"I've already checked on him. I was almost chopped down by your blade, you know." An Biru stared at him with a mix of faux anger and complaint. Only then did Lin Wanrong realize that the white shadow he saw that night was none other than An Biru, who had been silently watching over him.

An Biru became serious, "I saw Li Wuling's injuries myself that day. Even if I were to treat him personally, I might not fare any better than this Turkic girl. Her bloodletting technique requires an extraordinary person, both brave and determined. Therefore, I can say for sure that Yujia is not ordinary. As for Li Wuling's current unconscious state, it has nothing to do with her. His injuries are indeed severe and will require a long time for gradual recovery. But Yujia is well aware of this, and it's also one of her means of self-protection."

'Yujia didn't tamper with Li Wuling?' Lin Wanrong was puzzled. An Biru clearly saw through his confusion and chuckled. "Maybe she's taken a liking to you and is trying to win your favor. Little Brother, congratulations, your charm has extended all the way to the Turkic lands."

Women were naturally jealous beings. Lin Wanrong let out a forced laugh, not daring to respond.

An Biru gave him a silent smile, gazing at him for a moment before softly beckoning, "Little Brother, come here."

Lin Wanrong moved closer, and An Biru slowly extended her trembling hand to gently caress his face. The soft, moist, and gentle touch penetrated through his skin and went straight to his heart. Lin Wanrong felt utterly relaxed and weak in the knees. Just as he was enjoying the moment, he felt a cold sensation near his ear. When he turned to look, he saw An Biru holding a sharp little knife, smiling at him.

Lin Wanrong let out a startled, "Ah! Sister An, what are you doing?"

An Biru wiped the small knife on his face and sneered, "Sending a message from Xian'er. Will you dare to flirt with that Turkic vixen again?"

"I dare not— ah, no, no. I've never flirted with her, and I never will." He answered, breaking out in a cold sweat. Lin Wanrong was both enamored with and fearful of An Biru.

"You said it yourself," Vixen An chuckled softly and whispered, "Close your eyes."

Lin Wanrong had no idea what An Biru planned to do. He closed his eyes, feeling the cold sensation of a blade against his skin. Goosebumps rippled across his scalp, followed by the warm touch on his face. Then, an icy sensation, accompanied by a ticklish feeling. He peeked open his eyes just a sliver, seeing An Biru's gentle expression. She moistened his face with water from a water pouch, her fingers stroking his face as the small blade moved lightly. Slowly, his rough beard was shaved off.

"Master Sister—" Lin Wanrong was overcome with emotion, tightly embracing her delicate waist.

An Biru smiled faintly, gently patting his face twice. "Good, Little Brother. Sister is shaving your beard for you. Remember, be a clean man! Be a man that I would like!"

"I'm already clean, you'll definitely like me," he chuckled, holding her body tightly in his arms.

Amused, An Biru shot him a glance. She had reluctantly given him an opportunity to take advantage; might as well let him have it.

She shaved his beard cleanly, then meticulously examined it once more. Confirming that she'd missed no spots, she nodded approvingly. Looking at the knife in her hand, she sighed softly, "Do you still remember the Turkic women and children you spared that night?"

Lin Wanrong was momentarily stunned. "Why bring this up all of a sudden?" He hastily nodded, "Yes, yes, I remember. Sister An, why are you asking about this out of the blue?"

Gazing at the knife in her hand, An Biru sighed, "You know, had you wielded the slaughtering blade that night, I would never have paid any attention to you ever again."

Lin Wanrong felt a chill race up his spine. Where was she going with this? Did Sister An follow Buddhism? Impossible. During her days with the White Lotus sect, she had blood on her hands—certainly no less than he had. Why speak of such things now?

"Isn't it odd?" An Biru looked at him with a captivating smile. "For a woman steeped in bloodshed like the White Lotus Holy Mother to say such a thing?"

"Well, Sister An always speaks wisely," he chuckled, not quite grasping her intentions.

Gently stroking his hair, An Biru spoke softly, "It's simple. Because I've killed so many people, my hands are stained with blood. It's too late for me to cleanse myself. When you wake up from nightmares every night, you'll realize that killing doesn't feel good. If you, too, have your hands soaked in blood, where would I find an embrace that could allow me to feel calm and recuperate?"

There was a deep sense of weariness in An Biru's words. She had single-handedly established the White Lotus sect and watched it rise and fall. Once ambitious, viewing human life as expendable, she was now alone. Her rich experiences were no less than Lin Wanrong's, making her insights all the more precious when all was said and done.

Lin Wanrong shook his head with a smile, "Mercy can't command troops. That's why some say I'm not fit for war."

Gently touching his cheek, An Biru whispered, "You're not unfit for war; you're unfit for slaughter! Because you're just an ordinary man with flaws, a flesh-and-blood human being. If you were perfect and had no flaws, I'm afraid not many people would like you anymore."

Lin Wanrong was overwhelmed with gratitude, wishing he could hold her and weep. Ah Biru, as fickle as she was, was one of the few people who truly understood him.

"Did you remember everything I told you earlier?" Ah Biru sighed softly. "Be cautious of Yujia, and don't forget my Miao village."

Nodding hurriedly, Lin Wanrong heard Ah Biru's sudden laugh, enchanting as it was. "Little Brother, come here. Let me take advantage of you—I want to hold you."

His heart pounded wildly. In an instant, he felt a tender body, fragrant with a subtle aroma, slowly nestle into his embrace.

Ah Biru's form lightly trembled as she quietly nestled into his arms, her hands gripping his waist tightly as though they were two willows growing from the same root.

Could it be? The unassailable Ah Biru in his arms?

Lin Wanrong was as tense as if he were experiencing first love, unsure where to place his hands. Finally gathering the courage, he circled Ah Bi's slender waist. Just as he was about to hold her tighter, he felt his chest dampen. Ah Biru's tears flowed like a burst dam, unstoppable and flooding.

"Hee hee, it's been a while since I've cried," Ah Biru said, wiping the corners of her eyes. She lifted her head and flashed a charming smile at him. "Do I look ugly?"

Her tear-streaked face resembled a peony bathed in morning dew, stunning beyond description. Stunned, Lin Wanrong nodded. "Sister An, you're the most beautiful woman in the world; no one can compare."

"If you say you're not flattering me, I won't believe you," Ah Biru chuckled, stretching lazily as if a peony had blossomed across the horizon, resplendent in its beauty. "So this is what a man's embrace feels like—it's so warm."

She giggled softly, holding Lin Wanrong tightly, and whispered into his ear, "Keep your promises. This is our paradise, and we must return."

Chapter 559 Tearing Her Clothes

The gentle and soft breath by his ear made Lin Wanrong feel somewhat foolish. In front of the ever-changing and enchanting Sister An, all his tactics were rendered useless. It was as if An Biru had a grip on his lifeline. Her every move, every frown, and every smile were breathtaking and captivating, effectively restraining him.

After days of separation, the lovely Sister An stood before him once again. Listening to her sweet voice and watching her charming smile, Lin Wanrong felt an indescribable joy. The silent watch and the long journey to see her again had moved him deeply, a sentiment he could never repay in his lifetime.

The night was serene, with a gentle breeze caressing their faces. The vast expanse of the grassland under the moonlight seemed to be enveloped in a hazy veil. The two sat on the ground, leaning against each other. Dewdrops moistened their clothes and cheeks, but they were oblivious. In that moment, it felt as if only their heartbeats and breaths existed in the world.

Sister An's long eyelashes quivered slightly as she sighed silently and slowly stood up. Startled, Lin Wanrong quickly got up and grabbed her hand, saying, "Sister An, what are you doing? I'd rather die than let you go."

With a soft chuckle, An Biru replied, "Who said I was leaving?"

Lin Wanrong held her hand, examining her closely, and cautiously asked, "You're not leaving? Then what are you—"

"You silly boy," An Biru teased, pointing at his forehead with her delicate finger. "As the Commander of the armies, you left the camp alone and lingered here. Your soldiers must be gossiping about you by now. If I were General Li Tai, I'd punish you with a thousand lashes!"

Lin Wanrong laughed heartily, "As long as you don't leave, Sister An, even ten thousand lashes would mean nothing to me. I'd accept them willingly."

"You sure know how to flatter," An Biru giggled, giving him a playful glance. She then lowered her head and whispered, "Don't worry. Even if you chased me with a blade, I wouldn't leave today. After all, you owe me so much."

"Yes, yes," Lin Wanrong cheerfully replied. "I owe you, Sister An. I can't repay you in one lifetime. I'd need ten, a hundred lifetimes to repay you."

"Such words might please Xian'er, but they're useless with me," she paused, then mischievously added, "I won't give you that many chances. I'll leave tomorrow morning, hehe."

Before she could finish, Lin Wanrong embraced her tightly, exclaiming in shock, "Don't scare me, Sister An! I'm a timid Little Brother, and I can't handle your teasing."

"You really are timid—always taking advantage of me," Sister An teased, laughing softly as she nestled into his embrace. "Little Brother, both of us are honest people who never lie. Didn't you know?"

'Honest people?' Lin Wanrong blinked. 'If Sister An and I could be called "honest people," then there would be no rogues or bandits in the world. Sister An is just trying to comfort me.'

Seeing his dazed expression and constantly shifting eyes, An Biru chuckled softly, caressing his clean-shaven cheek, and whispered, "Little Brother, I love seeing your silly face the most, hehe."

Lin Wanrong silently shook his head. No matter how he looked at it, he always felt that Sister An's techniques were tailored to counter him. It was as if every move he made was under her complete control. To have such a captivating and skillful Vixen who could read him so easily—was it a blessing or a curse?

Time was running late, and Lin Wanrong grew concerned about spending too much time away from the camp. Women were not allowed in the military camp, but that didn't deter An Biru. She reached into her travel bag and pulled out a set of men's clothing. She dressed herself, tied up her beautiful, cloud-like hair, and with a few deft touches, transformed herself into an extraordinarily handsome man.

"General, I'd like to spend the night in your tent. Will you accommodate me?" She looked at Lin Wanrong with a mischievous smile after her transformation.

'Good heavens,' thought Lin Wanrong. 'Why does Sister An look stunning whether she's dressed as a man or a woman?' Swallowing hard, he nodded fervently, "Yes, yes, dear brother, wait for me. I'll prepare the bed right away."

An Biru flashed him an amused look. Even in men's clothing, her allure was so intense that he felt instantly captivated.

As they walked into the camp, the soldiers all witnessed a peculiar sight: a clean-shaven Lin Wanrong, his face scrubbed till it gleamed, was joyously leading a captivating man by the hand. He strutted past his men, grinning and waving at them as if he had just won a great battle. As for the alluring man beside him, he bore a foxy, enchanting smile. The sight made the men shiver, and they quickly averted their gazes.

Entering the tent hand-in-hand, before either could speak, a shrill voice erupted from within, "Ah! Who are you? What are you doing in my tent?"

Lin Wanrong looked up and saw Yujia with wide eyes, staring at him in both shock and confusion, as if she didn't recognize him anymore.

"What, you don't recognize a handsome man?" Lin Wanrong burst into laughter, rubbing his freshly shaven cheeks. "Look carefully, Miss Yujia. Do you know who I am? Hehe!"

An Biru had tidied up his beard and messy hair, and had washed his face. He no longer looked disheveled like when he had first arrived in the grasslands. Now, his appearance was refreshingly

new. Yujia was initially taken aback and did not recognize him. But after hearing his voice and studying his face more closely, she cautiously said, "You... you're Wo Lao Gong?"

"Ah!" Lin Wanrong jumped up from a sudden pain in his buttocks.

Seeing his face twisted in agony, Yujia exclaimed, "Wo Lao Gong, what happened to you?"

Without looking, Lin Wanrong knew that there were at least ten icy needles stuck in his backside. He took a sharp breath; Sister An's methods were brutally effective. He forced a dry laugh, "Ah, Miss Yujia, just call me by my Chinese name, Lin San, which you might have heard. Or call me General Lin, Lord Lin, or even bandit; I'll answer to those. Let's avoid using other names for now, shall we? Haha."

Yueya'er looked at him with confusion. "Why can't I call you by that name? I still think your Turkic name is quite distinctive. It's memorable! As for names like Lin San, I don't care for them."

The handsome brother remarked, "Your Turkic name sounds so nice. Who named you?" Vixen An approached him, her silver teeth grinding audibly. Her voice was seductive, but the silver needle she jabbed into his buttock was chillingly cold.

Lin Wanrong cursed inwardly. He had been so engrossed in joking with Sister An that he had forgotten about his Turkic name. In the past, when he was with Xian'er, he would always refer to himself as 'husband'. Sister An had heard it all along and understood the implication of those words.

'Damn it,' he thought, 'this is all Yujia's fault.' He quickly said, "That Turkic name? I think it was Old Hu and Old Gao who named me. Their knowledge is average, so the name they chose isn't great. Master Sister, as you know, when we ventured deep into the grasslands, we needed a good name to command respect from these nomads. Actually, my Turkic name isn't pronounced like that. You have to say it in reverse..."

He whispered something into Sister An's ear, explaining the meaning of the name.

"Is that true? You really are an honest man," An Biru laughed, jabbing him harder with the silver needle.

"It's true, it's true!" Lin Wanrong exclaimed, sweating profusely. As he looked at Sister An's delicate white ears, he felt a sudden urge and blew gently into her ear.

The warm breath made An Biru shiver. Her ears turned red, and her cheeks flushed. Looking at Lin Wanrong's dark face and thin cheeks, she remembered his perilous journey through the grasslands and the hardships he endured. For some reason, she couldn't bring herself to jab him with the needle again.

"Wait till Xian'er deals with you!" She playfully glared at him. Sister An lowered her head, her eyes slightly moist.

"Master Sister, Xian'er and I are innocent," Lin Wanrong said with a pained expression, holding her hand. "You've been with me all this while, you must have seen it. I'm a principled man."

An Biru looked at him with a teasing smile. "Even the term 'husband' [Lao Gong] has been called, and you claim to be innocent? By that logic, you and I are the purest in the world. Why are you so pure with me?"

"Yes, why am I so pure with you?" Lin Wanrong exclaimed in shock. "That's not like me at all! Master Sister, you've awakened me from my dream. I want to hug you, kiss you, sleep with you!"

He opened his arms to embrace An Biru, but she dodged with a laugh. The two of them played and laughed in the tent, leaving Yujia dumbfounded. "Who is he?" she asked.

"And who is she?" Lin Wanrong took advantage of An Biru's distraction to pull her close. "If I tell you, you might be shocked. She's the one and only beauty in this world, my very best—"

Two slender fingers pressed against his lips. An Bírú gently shook her head and whispered, "Do not speak without thinking. Every word you utter, someone might take seriously."

Lin Wanrong exclaimed passionately, "Sister An, how could I speak without thinking? I've never been clearer. Every word, every sentence, is genuine. I want to marry—"

"You mustn't say it," An Biru's face flushed with a rosy hue, she murmured, "—if you want to say it, you must first go to the Miao village! Only when they believe you, will I!"

"It's just a Miao village," Lin Wanrong confidently laughed, "I've traveled from the south to the north, am I supposed to fear your Nine Ravines and Eighteen Villages and Thirty-Six Chains?"

An Biru gave a flirtatious glance and playfully tapped his face, "Little Brother, all talk and no action is just a bluff. Wait until you reach my Miao village. You'll suffer then. Don't cry when the time comes."

Watching the two men intimately embracing each other, the bandit laughed so hard that he drooled. Yueya'er's face turned pale, "You, both of you, Wo Lao Gong, so you have this kind of preference —"

"What kind of preference?" An Biru approached seductively, her eyes fixed on Yujia, shimmering intensely.

Yujia was stunned for a moment, quickly lowering her head to avoid An Biru's gaze, "You, do you know witchcraft? Don't look at me!"

"Little girl, you're not simple!" A cold glint flashed in An Biru's eyes. She lightly tapped Yujia's neck, a faint smile on her lips.

Yujia groaned in pain, hastily raising her head, "What did you do to me?"

An Biru giggled, "You're a divine doctor with profound medical skills. What could I possibly do to you?"

As they stood close, Yujia stared into An Biru's eyes for a long moment, then suddenly scoffed, "So, you're a woman!"

Yujia's keen observation was impressive. Even in the dim light, she could discern gender. Lin Wanrong curiously asked, "How did you figure that out?"

Yujia coldly replied, "Eyes that hold both tears and laughter, eyebrows that seem both happy and worried, always reflecting the shadow of someone. Only a woman in love would appear this way. Ask her if it's true."

Lin Wanrong hesitated for a moment, then gently looked at An Biru, his eyes filled with tenderness.

An Biru's face turned slightly red, she chuckled, "Such sharp words. With such talk, you can only deceive him. However, little sister, you indeed are very clever, especially when dealing with men. But sometimes, being too clever can be a downfall."

Lin Wanrong was sweating profusely, thinking, 'Is she talking about me?'

"What do you mean by being too clever? I don't understand what you're saying!" Yujia turned her head away, defiantly.

"Little brother, come here!" An Biru beckoned Lin Wanrong with a seductive smile.

Dizzy from her allure, Lin Wanrong quickly moved to her side, "Master Sister, what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to do something you love," An Biru giggled, tapping his forehead, her expression incredibly enticing, "See that little sister? Go and tear her clothes!"

Chapter 560 Yujia's Tattoo

"What did you say?!" Lin Wanrong blinked in surprise. "You want me to tear off Yueya'er's clothes? I must have misheard." He hesitated for a moment, then shyly said, "Sister An, this... isn't appropriate. While I'm skilled at undressing others, I'm not the type to act without reason! This request puts me in a difficult position."

"You truly are a noble young man," An Biru chuckled, her eyes dancing with mischief. She playfully scolded him, "Could you make an exception for me today? I'd love to see you act without restraint."

Entranced by her luscious red lips and seductive gaze, Lin Wanrong felt a burning passion ignite within him. He gently held An Biru's hand, rubbing it softly, and said with determination, "For you, Master Sister, I'd do anything. Even if it means climbing a mountain of knives or diving into a pot of boiling oil. I apologize in advance, Miss Yujia."

With a cheeky grin, he confidently approached Yueya'er. Yujia's face paled, her hands clutching her chest in fear. "You... dare?"

Lin Wanrong laughed, "There's nothing I wouldn't dare to do, especially with Master Sister backing me up. Please bear with me, Miss Yujia. I'm experienced in this, I promise to be quick."

As he reached out to grasp her clothing, Yueya'er's eyes filled with tears. She held her head high, resembling a proud and beautiful swan. Her eyes, filled with fear, resentment, sorrow, and despair, bore into him. Silently, tears streamed down her face.

Seeing Yueya'er's pitiable state, Lin Wanrong turned away, whispering, "Master Sister, may I begin?"

The sly An Biru approached, caressing Yueya'er's smooth face, and said softly, "Such a pitiable young girl. I truly sympathize with her. Be gentle with her, it seems like it's her first time. Don't be too rough, or you might hurt her."

Sweating profusely, Lin Wanrong thought, 'This cunning vixen is clearly trying to seduce me.' Yujia's cheeks flushed with anger, "You... you fox-like woman. I, Yujia, will never forgive you."

"Really?" An Biru teased, licking her lips. She took Lin Wanrong's hand and slowly moved it towards Yujia's pristine neck, asking seductively, "Young man, do you want to feel what a Turkic woman tastes like?"

Yujia trembled, her eyes filled with despair. She glanced at Lin Wanrong, then slowly closed her eyes, tears rolling down her cheeks. The fiery spirit she once had seemed to have vanished, replaced by a vulnerable beauty.

His hand hovered just a hair's breadth from Yujia's skin. Suddenly, Lin Wanrong turned his head and gave An Biru a mysterious smile, saying, "Master Sister, do you truly wish for me to touch another woman in front of you?"

Sister An's cheeks flushed slightly. She turned her head away and huffed, "If you want to touch, then touch. Why ask me?"

The depth of her words was not lost on Lin Wanrong. Grasping her hand, he laughed heartily, "Master Sister, don't test me. No matter how beautiful this Turkic woman is, she doesn't compare to even a fraction of your beauty. Why would I touch her?"

An Biru playfully brushed the hair behind her ear and cast him a coquettish glance, "You silver-tongued devil. Don't think I don't know what you're up to. You're playing hard to get, a masterful tactic to steal a heart."

"Sigh, since Master Sister misunderstands me this way, to prove my innocence, I might as well touch her. It would be a waste not to," Lin Wanrong sighed, reaching out towards Yujia's smooth cheek.

Before he could get close, a soft hand grabbed his. An Biru looked at him with playful eyes, "You should have listened to me. It's too late to touch her now."

Lin Wanrong grinned, gently rubbing her palm, "Master Sister, don't be jealous. I won't touch her, I'll only touch you."

"Nonsense! Who's jealous?" An Biru's face turned rosy. She gave him a playful glare and held his hand, smiling seductively, "And you're not allowed to touch me either. I have very sharp silver needles!"

The two exchanged loving glances and playful banter, seemingly oblivious to the world around them. Yujia heard every word, her face turning pale with anger. She cursed, "Adulterer and harlot!"

"Adulterer and harlot are a match made in heaven," Lin Wanrong replied cheerfully, not offended in the slightest. He laughed, "Thank you for the compliment. Master Sister, what should we do with this young lady?"

An Biru sighed and shook her head, "What can we do? Since you're too soft-hearted to lay a hand on her, I guess I'll have to do it. Little sister, I'm going to undress you now. You won't object, will you?" Before her laughter subsided, she swiftly reached out, targeting the clothes on Yujia's abdomen and gave a gentle tug. The sound of tearing fabric echoed, accompanied by Yujia's scream. The Turkic girl's dress split in two, revealing her beautiful abdomen and navel. Her figure was exquisite, her skin as clear and radiant as if bathed in milk, shimmering enticingly in the dim light.

Yujia screamed, covering herself with her hands, tears staining her face. She looked at them with a mix of fear and anger, "You fox of a woman, what are you trying to do? And you, don't you dare look at me!"

Sister An giggled, wrapping her arm around Lin Wanrong's, "I want him to look. Little brother, open your eyes wide and make sure you see everything."

Lin Wanrong nodded eagerly, swallowing hard, "I'll look, I'll look very closely. Master Sister, are you going to undress her further? I'd be happy to help."

Seeing his younger brother's eyes light up with a greedy glimmer, fixated on Yujia's fair abdomen, Sister An poked him in the forehead with mild irritation. "What are you looking at? Move your gaze up—no, not at her chest—lower, a little lower!"

Vixen An kept giving directions, and Lin Wanrong followed her lead, thoroughly examining Yujia from head to toe. It left Sister An both amused and exasperated.

"Wo Lao Gong, you are not allowed to look. You can't look!" Yujia covered her chest with her arms, bursting into tears.

An Biru hummed in displeasure and pricked him lightly on the buttock with a silver needle. "Ouch!" Lin Wanrong winced, leaping up as if he'd sat on fireworks.

"What did you see?" Sister An casually brushed her flowing hair aside, gracing him with a charming smile.

Lin Wanrong took her hand and sighed softly, "All I saw was you, my dear Sister An."

"Trying to sweet-talk me again?" An Biru pinched his arm fiercely, her cheeks glowing like they were painted with rouge.

Her gaze shifted to Yujia, her expression suddenly chilling. With a gentle force, she parted Yujia's arms that were covering her body. Starting from Yujia's pristine abdomen, moving upwards to just below her left breast, there lay a tattoo of a golden wolf with bared teeth and claws. The golden wolf was about the size of a palm, its posture elegant, its aura imposing. It appeared to be gazing at the sky, its eyes radiating a frigid yet tender light, giving off an indescribable sense of nobility.

"So, it's a she-wolf!" Lin Wanrong stared at the golden wolf for a long time before letting out a sigh. Wolves were the symbol of the Turkic tribes; their banners often featured various wolves. But this was the first time he'd ever seen a wolf tattoo like this, especially on such a beautiful Turkic woman. The presence of this tattoo undoubtedly indicated something significant about Yujia's identity. A golden bladed, and now a golden wolf tattoo; who exactly was Yujia?

His eyes flashing with a sharp light, Lin Wanrong continued to gaze at Yujia's smooth skin. By now, she had stopped crying, her silver teeth clenched and her eyes fixed on him in silence.

"If you can't figure it out, then don't bother." A gentle voice sounded in his ear. Looking up, he saw An Biru smiling at him seductively. "Yujia's identity will eventually be revealed. All you need to do is keep a firm grip on her. Use every means at your disposal."

The deep implications in Sister An's eyes were so clear that even a fool could see them. Just as Lin Wanrong was about to shake his head, An Biru's delicate hand pressed against his lips. "Say nothing. If you can return safely, what does it matter if what you do is morally wrong? I will stand by you in fighting the heavens, and if the heavens won't fight us, we will fight the heavens!"

"Sister—" Lin Wanrong's eyes welled up. He hugged her tightly, unwilling to let go.

An Biru turned her head to wipe the corner of her eye and chuckled, "Little brother, I'm tired. I want to sleep."

"Alright, alright," Lin Wanrong hastily nodded, "Sister, you may rest peacefully in my tent tonight. I'll stand guard outside; let me take a turn watching over you for once."

An Biru shook her head slightly, chuckling, "That won't do. I'm afraid of the dark when I'm alone. Besides, if you get exhausted, someone will be heartbroken."

"Xian'er and the others won't find out," Lin Wanrong laughed, "But since you're afraid of the dark, I'll stay by your side. Darkness is the least of my fears!"

Looking at his dark face, An Biru covered her mouth and laughed joyfully. After a few chuckles, she suddenly pointed at Yujia on the ground, "What about her? She's not sleeping in our tent, is she?"

"Her?" Lin Wanrong paused, "The grassland outside is vast. Isn't it enough for such a young girl? Why would she hinder us here?"

Yujia, her face flushed with anger, glared at him, tears streaming down her face.

Compared to Sister An, Yujia's position was far inferior. Lin Wanrong took an old robe and draped it over her, then casually found a spot for her. When he turned to enter the tent, he saw An Biru had already changed out of her male attire, reverting to her feminine form, and was gazing at the dim light, lost in thought.

"Sister, what's the matter?" Lin Wanrong quickly approached and took her hand.

"I was waiting for you," An Biru smiled sweetly, "Did you remember everything I said today?"

Lin Wanrong nodded firmly, "Of course, I did. Once the battle here is over, I'll go to the Miao village and defeat those ninety-nine interlopers! They dare to challenge my authority? They must be tired of living!"

"What interlopers and challenges are you talking about?" An Biru laughed so hard that tears formed in her eyes. After calming down, she stretched lazily and looked at him seductively, "Little brother, I'm going to sleep. What about you?"

As she stretched, her figure was enchanting, leaving Lin Wanrong mesmerized. He murmured, "You sleep, Sister. I'll watch over you. Truly, I've never been this pure before."

"Me neither," An Biru giggled as she lay on his bed, winking at him with a flirtatious smile.

It was getting late. An Biru seemed genuinely tired. Her full chest rose and fell rhythmically, and her long eyelashes quivered before she slowly closed her eyes.

Lin Wanrong stared at her, captivated. He was drawn to her face, but as he got closer, she suddenly opened her eyes, "Little brother, are you trying to take advantage of me?"

"No, no," Lin Wanrong quickly shook his head.

An Biru giggled, "Since you didn't take advantage of me, I'll take advantage of you. I'm scared of the dark. Can you hold me while we sleep?"

With that, Lin Wanrong's mind raced, and he quickly climbed into bed. The two squeezed onto the narrow bed, holding each other tightly. An Biru felt weightless, her body fragrant and trembling, as she nestled into his embrace.

Holding Vixen An's warm, trembling body close to him, Lin Wanrong felt as excited as if he were entering the bridal chamber for the first time. Yet, he had no idea what to do next. An Biru pinched his cheek and chuckled softly, "No more mischief allowed. You have to be virtuous, you said so yourself! I'm going to sleep now."

Laughing, she slowly closed her eyes and genuinely fell into a peaceful slumber.

Quietly, Lin Wanrong pulled out a length of silk thread from his pocket and sneakily tied one end to the corner of her dress. The other end he fastened securely to his own belt, testing its strength. Only then did he nod, satisfied.

'How will you run away now?' Gazing at the long, beautiful eyelashes of the slumbering Sister An, he happily drifted off to sleep as well.