

## **Finest Servant**

### **#Chapter 1 - Read Finest Servant Chapter 1**

Chapter 1 Young Master, Young Master (Part 1)

The spring breeze was gentle and the willows swayed. The vast and smooth Xuanwu Lake shimmered with golden light in the sunset. The surface of the spacious lake sparkled with ripples, and boats shuttle back and forth. Laughter could be heard from the boats, but it was unclear which young ladies were on board, making the scene lively.

Countless scholars and officials stood sternly at the bow of the boat, gazing at the flower boats on which the wealthy young ladies were seated, revealing a wolf-like look of desire. As they approached the flower boats, they suddenly put on a righteous and aloof demeanor, not looking askance, gently swaying their folding fans, reciting poems and composing essays, displaying their romantic charm.

Several official boats glided across the lake, their curtains drawn. The young ladies hiding behind the curtains secretly glanced at the handsome and talented men coming and going, selecting those they favored.

Standing by Xuanwu Lake, if there was a word to describe Lin Wanrong's mood at this moment, it would be "unlucky," truly unlucky. He had been here for a month, and his bad luck had not left him. Perhaps his bad luck had accompanied him since the moment he decided to join the company's tour group to Mount Tai. Especially when he saw that girl's name on the travel list, he felt uneasy.

And the fact proved his speculation correct.

Lin Wanrong spat fiercely into the lake, feeling slightly better, with a sense of satisfaction. It felt so good to spit like this. It had been a long time since he felt so relieved. Damn, in this day and age, there shouldn't be an old lady with a red armband skipping over to fine me fifty bucks, right?

Lin Wanrong looked at his reflection in the clear water, with sword-like eyebrows, starry eyes, a straight nose, and a friendly smile. If he were dressed in official robes, he would probably be more charming than those foolish literati who liked to recite broken poems in the lake.

Unfortunately, his shabby green cloth robe and the broken shoes on his feet were somewhat shabby compared to the attire of those talented men. Coupled with his short hair that was different from the pedestrians on the road, he could not even tie a kerchief on his head, making him look out of place in this environment.

As the girls passed by the roadside, they took one look at Lin Wanrong's attire and completely disregarded his face, passing him by and directing their gaze towards the so-called talented gentlemen standing shivering at the bow of the ship, braving the icy winds.

Suddenly, the beauties by the roadside rushed towards the lake, frantically staring at the distant horizon. Their sweet cries of amazement filled the air.

"Wow, look, it's the number one talented gentleman of Jinling, Hou Yuebai!"

"Wow, he's so handsome!"

"Wow, he's so devoted!"

"Who is the lucky lady who has captured his heart?"

Following the girls' gaze, Lin Wanrong looked ahead and saw three painted boats floating downstream. Each boat was two stories tall, measuring about six or seven meters in height. Lanterns hung high while the roofs of the boats were adorned with flying eaves and towers, exuding a magnificent aura.

On each of the three painted boats, flags were flying high, while a huge banner hung from the roof of both the left and right boats. On the right, the banner read "The Spring Breeze Touches My Heart," while the one on the left read "Only for You, My Heart Leans."

In the middle boat, a young gentleman stood at the bow, holding a fan and wearing a gentle smile on his face. He had a refined air and was dressed in flowing robes, emitting an irresistible charm.

Across from the three boats was an even bigger and more exquisite painted boat than the one belonging to Hou Yuebai. It had flying eaves and towers, exuding an aura of grandeur that was hard to put into words. Unfortunately, the curtains were drawn tightly, making it impossible to see the people inside. On the bow of the boat, a giant lantern danced in the wind, bearing a golden word: "Luo."

"Oh, it's Miss Luo, the number one beauty and talented lady in Jinling," a woman standing beside Lin Wanrong exclaimed loudly, her face full of excitement. It was clear that she was a fan of Miss Luo.

What is the Jinling's number one talent? Lin Wanrong doesn't care about that. And this Jinling's number one beauty, who is also a talented woman, makes him somewhat disdainful. These days, any woman who knows how to play with words claims to be a beauty. In his time, there were more female writers who relied on their bodies than fleas on a cow's head, so he's not surprised at all.

"I heard that Hou Gongzi has been pursuing Miss Luo for two years now. As the son of the Jinling magistrate, and a renowned talent in Jiangsu and Zhejiang, with his family background and literary talent, ah, if I were Miss Luo, I would have died of happiness a long time ago," a lovestruck woman said.

"Hmph, Miss Luo is known as the number one talent and beauty in Jinling. In terms of literary talent, she's not inferior to Hou Gongzi. She's also the daughter of the governor of Jiangsu, so her family background is even higher than Hou Gongzi's. Therefore, Miss Luo may not necessarily be interested in Hou Gongzi," another woman, who was obviously a die-hard fan of Miss Luo, analyzed.

"In my opinion, Jinling's number one talent and number one beauty are a perfect match, naturally meant for each other. Not just in Jinling, but in the entire Jiangsu and Zhejiang region, it would be difficult to find another pair as compatible as them," the lovestruck woman added.

Lin Wanrong shook his head helplessly. Women are naturally gossipers, it's the same in any era.

The romantic Hou Gongzi had already stopped his painted boat next to Miss Luo's boat on the lake. He was bowing with clasped hands, obviously saying something to Miss Luo in her boat.

After a long time, a pretty maidservant finally emerged from Miss Luo's boat and said a few words to Hou Gongzi on the bow of his boat. Hou Gongzi's face went through a wave of disappointment, followed by a wave of joy.

Lin Wanrong was too far away to hear what they were saying, but he could tell that Hou Gongzi's facial expressions were strange. Did Miss Luo accept or reject him? Why was this monkey-like Hou Gongzi constantly changing his emotions?

The lovestruck woman and the fan were obviously equally confused. As they watched Miss Luo's boat slowly move towards the center of the lake, Miss Luo's fan said happily, "See, I told you, Hou Gongzi may not be able to win Miss Luo's heart."

The lovestruck woman snorted and said, "I'm not so sure about that. Look at how happy Hou Gongzi is right now. Maybe he has a secret date with Miss Luo under the moonlight tonight." That could be possible. According to the customs of this world, after all, men and women are different, and talking about love naturally requires finding a place without anyone around. It's easier to do things when the moon is dark and the wind is high.

Hou Gongzi watched as Miss Luo's boat gradually drifted away, still waving his feather fan lightly, with a smile on his face and his gaze fixed on her. The so-called charming and romantic demeanor of Hou Gongzi made Lin Wanrong feel a bit uncomfortable.

"What are you so proud of? When it comes to picking up girls, your grandfather's methods are a thousand times better than yours. Look at your infatuated appearance." Lin Wanrong thought indignantly.

It was already late autumn and winter was approaching. The cold wind blew over the lake, and Hou Gongzi seemed unable to bear the cold, shivering slightly.

Lin Wanrong saw his actions clearly and couldn't help but sneer. "Ha! You only care about your style and not your temperature. No wonder spring came so early. It turns out that you and these girls are in heat."

Lin Wanrong's cold laughter caught the attention of several nearby women, who looked at him and saw his shabby dress and short hair. They all covered their mouths and laughed softly. When they saw his face, they blushed and dared not look at him anymore.

At 1.77 meters tall, with a straight and muscular body due to years of unwavering physical exercise, and a handsome appearance with healthy wheat-colored skin, Lin Wanrong had a charm that was more appealing than the white-faced scholars of this era.

It's no wonder that those women were afraid to look at him. This man had a great impact on their hearts.

When he was studying at Peking University, Lin Wanrong was also a famous dark horse prince, and there were many female students who had a crush on him.

"Where did this country bumpkin come from..."

"Look at his shabby appearance..."

"Huang Xiong, standing with him would ruin your reputation. Let's stay away from him..."

After witnessing Hou Gongzi's spectacle, the nearby group of scholars, whose confidence was already shattered, were completely ignored by the women, who instead focused their attention on Lin Wanrong. How could the scholars not feel angry?

## Chapter 2 Young Master, Young Master (Part 2)

As soon as the literati saw Lin Wanrong's shabby appearance, their arrogance returned, and they immediately disregarded his looks. Instead, they found immense confidence in his shabbiness and began to mock him with their words.

Before coming to this world, Lin Wanrong had been a marketing department manager in a medium-sized company, and having graduated from university at the age of twenty-one, he had worked hard for four years to become the youngest department manager at

the age of twenty-five. He had encountered various kinds of people and had seen through many things.

Seeing the looks of those around him, Lin Wanrong naturally knew what they were thinking. He couldn't help but sneer in his heart. He realized that this bias towards the poor and admiration of the rich had a long history, and it was the same in every era, not just something unique to his world.

Young Master Hou's three painted boats slowly departed, and the crowd watching gradually dispersed. The women beside Lin Wanrong stole a glance at him and blushed before leaving.

Lin Wanrong saw that the scenery on the lake remained the same, as if nothing had happened, and couldn't help but smile. He had seen countless scenes of boys pursuing girls during his college years, so compared to that, Young Master Hou's confession was child's play.

Lin Wanrong felt a faint sense of nostalgia and thought of his former dormitory brothers, his first girlfriend, and the night they broke up, with her pained and desperate look.

Although she had gone to the United States, Lin Wanrong knew that she had deep feelings for him. She had asked him to go out with her numerous times, and had even prepared his visa and plane tickets for him, but he had mercilessly rejected her.

At Peking University and Tsinghua University, going abroad was a trend, but Lin Wanrong was different from them. When he graduated, he hadn't even chosen those big companies. Instead, he had opted for a medium-sized company.

He had a deep attachment to his hometown. Lin Wanrong believed that one sentence from him would make his girlfriend remember it for the rest of her life: "I don't want to see the world through my black eyes, which in their eyes is blue."

When she boarded the plane, Lin Wanrong didn't go to the airport to see her off. This was not because he was heartless, but because he didn't know what to say. This was her own choice, and she couldn't blame anyone else. Everyone must take responsibility for their actions.

It was said that she cried uncontrollably and almost couldn't board the plane. Apart from feeling heartbroken, Lin Wanrong also had a sense of revengeful satisfaction. Who said men couldn't be petty?

In the four years that followed, Lin Wanrong worked hard and chased after girls. His career flourished, but he had many girlfriends. "I was never a sentimental person by nature," Lin Wanrong would often reply with a smile to his concerned friends.

He was living comfortably by himself until that girl came to the company and everything changed. The girl had the title of deputy general manager, but she was Lin Wanrong's superior. He didn't know why she had a problem with him, but she seemed to target him at every turn and never gave him a good face.

If it weren't for her father's status as the chairman of the company, Lin Wanrong would have killed and violated her a long time ago.

By the way, the girl's father was the chairman of the company.

Whenever he thought of that hateful girl, Lin Wanrong would feel itchy with hatred. If it weren't for her, he wouldn't have come to this miserable place. When he recalled the moment he fell from the top of Mount Tai, the girl's expression seemed off. She looked like she was in pain, and Lin Wanrong vaguely remembered her pulling him up or him pulling her up, and then it seemed like she followed him and jumped down.

Of course, these memories were uncertain. At the time, Lin Wanrong was already disoriented and couldn't tell which way was north, south, east, or west. These hazy memories couldn't confirm what had happened at that time.

Lin Wanrong didn't believe that the girl would jump down by herself. He had fallen off Tai Mountain and that girl was probably too happy to even care.

Lin Wanrong clenched his teeth in anger towards the girl for a moment, but then decided not to think about her anymore. He was naturally optimistic, even a bit arrogant, but in this new and unknown world, who wouldn't be arrogant?

His thoughts returned to the present situation. Xuanwu Lake was shimmering and countless talented men and women were gathered here, exchanging witty banter. The beautiful scenery of Jinling was truly worthy of its reputation as a place of flowers, fragrance, and snow by the Qinhuai River.

However, rumors of war in the north were spreading, yet these so-called talented men and women seemed oblivious to it all, indulging in their frivolous pursuits. This only proved the saying, "Northern wolves, southern literati."

Having been here for some time now, Lin Wanrong began to view things from a local's perspective. "The warm breeze intoxicates the traveler, mistaking Hangzhou for Bianzhou," he softly recited a poem. In this place, any poem recited by Lin Wanrong belonged to him and him alone.

As someone who worked as a market manager on the front lines for years, Lin Wanrong had seen all sorts of shameless things. Compared to the dirty and shameless underground dealings, reciting a poem made him feel as pure as a virgin in kindergarten.

Watching another talented man being invited onto a rich girl's official boat for a "sincere conversation" on Xuanwu Lake, Lin Wanrong couldn't help feeling a bit envious and resentful of his own situation. He spat into the lake, fiercely and disdainfully, wishing that these reckless guys who only cared about picking up girls would drown in his saliva.

"The warm breeze intoxicates the traveler, mistaking Hangzhou for Bianzhou. Brother, this line is truly exquisite, exquisitely so," a crisp voice sounded behind Lin Wanrong, accompanied by the sound of a small fan tapping against a palm, as if applauding him.

The clear voice slowly repeated the poem he had just recited, with a hint of appreciation in its tone.

Finally, someone appreciated me, Lin Wanrong smirked, feeling a bit pleased. Although he didn't write the poem, he could recite it, which was quite impressive. His father, a Chinese language teacher at a rural elementary school, had made him memorize many Tang and Song poems since he was young, to improve his memory.

Lin Wanrong turned around slowly and saw a handsome young man with a face as white as powder, smiling at him.

The reason why he used the term "handsome young man" was because this young man truly deserved it. With willow-shaped eyebrows, phoenix-like eyes, vermilion lips, starry eyes, and holding a small white fan in his hand, he was dressed in a light yellow long robe, standing there like a willow swaying in the wind, exuding an indescribable charm.

Lin Wanrong had never seen Song Yu or Pan An, but he estimated that those two guys couldn't compare to the handsome young man in front of him.

Although Lin Wanrong also considered himself to be handsome, charming and elegant, he had only been here for a little over a month, and still strongly rejected this kind of environment. Another reason was that this guy had a feminine air about him, clearly a rich young master who liked to play around in the inner chambers all day long, completely different from Lin Wanrong's dark horse prince style.

Therefore, when it came to being handsome and charming, Lin Wanrong couldn't compete with him. Out of all the young ladies and gentlemen he had met in the past month, there was not a single one who could compare to the handsome young man in front of him.

Besides the handsome young man stood a delicate young servant, who was also incredibly good-looking.

Chapter 3 Young Master, Young Master (Part 3)

The master and servant duo looked at Lin Wanrong and smiled together. The young servant stared at Lin Wanrong's short hair, as if he wanted to laugh but didn't dare to. His face turned red with suppressed laughter.

Lin Wanrong naturally knew that the boy was mocking his short hair, but seeing the boy's small and cute appearance, he didn't want to make him feel uncomfortable. So, he generously waved his hand and said, "Little brother, if you want to laugh, go ahead. Don't make yourself uncomfortable."

Hearing Lin Wanrong not calling himself a young master or a brother, the stunning young man was somewhat surprised. The handsome young servant, on the other hand, looked at Lin Wanrong and laughed without restraint.

The voice was crisp, and Lin Wanrong thought he sounded like a woman. He had read many novels about women dressing as men, but when he studied the chests of the two individuals closely, they were flat and smooth, perfectly suitable for landing a Boeing 777 or an Airbus 380. If they were women, did they cut off those two lumps? Lin Wanrong naturally didn't believe this kind of thing, so he decided to treat them as men for now.

However, these two individuals were so pretty that Lin Wanrong still felt uneasy. Could it be that they were imported goods from Thailand? Although he didn't know if Thailand existed in this era, Lin Wanrong couldn't help but feel a chill down his spine and unconsciously moved closer to the edge of Xuanwu Lake.

The stunning young man noticed that Lin Wanrong hadn't spoken for a while and had been glancing at the pair master and servant. He felt somewhat annoyed.

When he saw the look of disgust on Lin Wanrong's face, the stunning young man was stunned for a moment before urgently calling out, "Young Master, Young Master--"

After calling out a few times, Lin Wanrong finally came to his senses and hastily asked, "Brother, what's wrong?" However, his gaze still involuntarily fell on the stunning young man's chest.

The stunning young man was obviously not used to being called that way. Just as he was about to speak, he noticed that Lin Wanrong's gaze was still fixed on his chest, as if he was examining something.

The stunning young man became extremely angry, but couldn't lash out. He could only glare fiercely at Lin Wanrong, as if he wanted to eat him alive.

Lin Wanrong had thick skin and was naturally unafraid. He didn't avert his gaze and looked directly at the young man's chest, making the young man's face turn white and red alternately, but he dared not speak.



"What are you looking at, you brat?" The stunning young man had not yet spoken, but the young servant next to him could not bear it any longer.

Lin Wanrong was taken aback for a moment and couldn't help but chuckle inwardly. What was he studying on the chests of two men? After pondering for a while, he came up with no result and decided to treat them as Thai goods. Fortunately, Lin Wanrong had been to Bangkok and Yangon several times before and was not particularly averse to these matters. He lifted his head and looked straight at the handsome young man, saying, "Brother, did you call me for something just now?"

At this moment, the two of them stood side by side by the Xuanwu Lake, appearing to outsiders like two literati discussing poetry and art. Only Lin Wanrong knew the truth about himself: a literatus? More like a wolf in sheep's clothing.

The handsome young man's face improved slightly when he heard Lin Wanrong's normal address. Nodding, he asked, "May I know where you are from, Brother?"

Lin Wanrong's gaze fell on the handsome young man's face. White and delicate, as if it could be broken with a single blow, it was like a piece of crystal clear jade that could evoke endless reverie.

Lin Wanrong secretly swallowed his saliva, feeling amazed. It turned out that not only did the South of the Yangtze River produce beautiful women, it also produced such exquisite male beings.

Seeing Lin Wanrong staring at him intently, the handsome young man blushed and said nothing, giving him an angry glare.

Lin Wanrong quickly turned his head away, not daring to look at him anymore. Now he believed that Thailand must exist. Otherwise, where would such "beauty" come from?

"From your accent, it seems that you are not a local person. And Brother, your title is also quite interesting," said the handsome young man, finding something to say to Lin Wanrong as his face returned to normal.

"Oh, yes, I am indeed not a local," Lin Wanrong smiled falsely, "I come from the land of Jingchu, a person from the Two Lakes region."

Lin Wanrong did not lie. His hometown was in Hubei Province. The reason why he was standing in front of this handsome young man today was just because he happened to take the wrong path.

"Only Chu had talent since ancient times. I didn't quite believe it before, but after hearing the beautiful verses Brother just recited, I have no doubts anymore," said the handsome young man sincerely.

"Alright, alright," Lin Wanrong coughed twice and smiled, "This Brother, please tell me what brings you to me."

"I heard Brother recite such beautiful poetry just now, but it seems to be just the last part of a poem. I know it is extraordinary and it has boosted my spirit. But I wonder if there is an upper part to this poem? Can you let me indulge my ears?" The handsome young man asked hopefully.

So he was a poetry fanatic, Lin Wanrong realized. With a deep smile, he replied lightly, "Beautiful verses are heaven-sent, and a gifted hand may sometimes receive them by chance. With these two sentences, I have already expressed my innermost thoughts. I am satisfied with that. Why bother talking about upper and lower parts? It's better not to force it."

Lin Wanrong was a master at playing games in the business world. He intentionally teased this young man to get some benefits. After all, who would do something for free?

Indeed, the handsome young man wore an expression of admiration on his face as he bowed to Lin Wanrong, saying, "Brother, you truly possess a refined and superior bearing. I have learned much from you."

In this era, it was common for people to compose poetry and couplets, with the upper part of the verse always corresponding to the lower part. There were also stories of people paying a fortune for a single verse. However, someone like Lin Wanrong, who only focused on the lower part of the verse and paid little attention to the upper part, was not unheard of but definitely rare.

Seeing the expression of admiration on the handsome young man's face, Lin Wanrong felt a sense of pride and modestly replied, "How can I accept such praise? I am truly ashamed."

The young servant boy in the green clothes next to him chuckled, finding Lin Wanrong's unusual manner of speaking somewhat awkward.

"The likes of Brother, who possess such pride and talent without arrogance, are far superior to those so-called literary talents who show off their skills in the world," said the handsome young man, his gaze fixed on those gentlemen who were showing off their literary talent in boats on the lake, his face revealing a hint of contempt.

"Oh?" Lin Wanrong was surprised to hear this. Although he had only been here for a little over a month, from what he had seen, people in this world valued literary talent over martial prowess. Those who excelled in writing were highly esteemed, and in the imperial examinations, one's literary talent was the key to success. As long as one wrote well, there was a bright future in this world.

But how could this handsome young man, who seemed to possess extraordinary literary talent, hold such a bias against his fellow gentlemen?

Nevertheless, the young man's words were very well-spoken, and he flattered Lin Wanrong very effectively. Lin Wanrong felt very pleased and thought to himself, "If this kid had been in my former company, he would have made an excellent salesman."

"Young talents and beauties from Jiangnan have been famous since ancient times, and their reputation has spread throughout the world. Although there are also talents in Jingchu, both in terms of quality and quantity, they are slightly inferior to those of Jiangnan," Lin Wanrong said, pretending to be modest.

"Quality? Quantity?" The handsome young man frowned, finding it difficult to understand the "new terms" Lin Wanrong had introduced.

"Oh, in simple terms, it means good or bad and the number of something," Lin Wanrong explained, sweating profusely from trying to explain these concepts to someone unfamiliar with this world.

The handsome young man nodded, glanced at him, and smiled, "Brother, your explanation is truly unique. This is the first time I have heard of such terms."

When the handsome young man smiled, two small dimples appeared on his face, and Lin Wanrong's heart couldn't help but tremble at his handsome appearance.

#### Chapter 4 So, You're a Little Girl (Part 1)

"After hearing the couplet that you recited just now, I know that you are a person of great ambition," the stunning youth stopped laughing and looked at the lake, pondering. "As you said, the south of the Yangtze River is abundant with talented individuals and beauties, with many literati and poets. Their couplets are famous throughout the world. These are their strengths, but also their weaknesses."

"Oh?" In this era, there are still people who think about these things. Lin Wanrong became interested. "This ladyb- oh, my friend, what does this mean?"

He almost slipped and almost said the word "ladyboy". Although he estimated that this youth did not know the meaning of that word, explaining it would only embarrass him greatly.

The handsome youth nodded and said, "Since the founding of our dynasty by Emperor Taizu, we have had the habit of valuing literature over martial arts, especially in the south. Talented men and women are proud of their literary talents and charm. During times of peace, this is not wrong, but in times of national crisis when the enemy is invading from the north, they still remain complacent and place the country in peril. A country, a home- only with a country can there be a home. If everyone is like them, 'the

warm breeze intoxicates the traveler, mistaking Hangzhou for Bianzhou, then what hope is there for our Great Hua Dynasty?" The more he spoke, the angrier the monster youth became, with rage filling his face.

Lin Wanrong had been in this world for a month now and knew that this era was called the Hua Dynasty. The emperor's surname was Zhao, and the capital was in Shuntian.

He heard that the foreign tribes were invading the northern border, and the Great Hua army was losing ground and retreating step by step. Fortunately, although the barbarian army was fierce, they did not expect the Great Hua army to collapse so quickly. The barbarian army's food and preparations were insufficient, and it happened to be late autumn and early winter. They had to temporarily suspend their attack and retreat to the grasslands while reorganizing and preparing for the next year's full-scale invasion of the central plains.

During the previous Song Dynasty, Bianzhou was the capital city. When the external enemies invaded, threatening the safety of Bianzhou, the Song court had no choice but to relocate to Hangzhou, making Bianzhou a subordinate capital. When the Hua Dynasty's ancestors established the dynasty and drove out the barbarians, they could never forget the shame of Bianzhou's subordinate capital status. Therefore, when Lin Wanrong said "mistaking Hangzhou for Bianzhou," this handsome youth could understand and sympathize with his feelings. (Note: This book is set in a completely unfamiliar world, and this Song Dynasty is not the Song Dynasty we are familiar with, but just happens to have the same name. There will be an explanation later in the book.)

Although Lin Wanrong felt somewhat out of place in this world, he knew that since he had arrived here, he had to immerse himself in it. Regardless of anything else, these were his fellow countrymen, and he could not allow outsiders to bully them.

"A country must be strong both culturally and militarily, and one cannot do without the other. It's better to have less of this kind of peace achieved through superficial displays of harmony." The stunning young man finally made a concluding statement with a look of concern for the country and the people.

At first, Lin Wanrong thought this damn ladyboy only looked so beautiful because he was always hanging out in the powder pile. He didn't expect him to have some ambition. His impression of the young man changed significantly.

However, for Lin Wanrong at the moment, the temporary responsibility of making the country prosperous and the people strong was not his, so he did not show much interest.

The stunning young man was dissatisfied with the literati on the lake and his words seemed to make some sense. But Lin Wanrong's professional experience told him that

this matter was not as simple as it seemed on the surface, so he could not completely agree with the stunning young man's words.

Lin Wanrong snorted, neither agreeing nor disagreeing, nor paying attention to the stunning young man. He just looked at the lake, not saying a word.

The stunning young man saw Lin Wanrong's expression and thought he was also an official. He furrowed his eyebrows and asked, "Brother, do you have any accomplishments?"

Lin Wanrong shook his head and said, "I have not even taken the imperial examinations." Damn, you only know how to drop your brush, I can do that too. But this kid's eyesight is really bad. Have you ever seen a scholar with exposed toes in coarse cloth?

The stunning young man asked again, "Have you ever passed the county level examinations?"

Lin Wanrong continued shaking his head and said, "I don't even know which direction the examination hall is in."

The stunning young man was surprised and said, "If that's the case, brother, you can't even be considered a schol--" He stopped halfway through his sentence, realizing his mistake and hastily took back the rest of his words.

Lin Wanrong understood his meaning, and was furious. Damn ladyboy, what kind of eyesight is that? If I wasn't an educated person, could I have come up with that timely and appropriate poem? As a graduate of Peking University, to put it in modern terms, he was a student of the National University, and in a few years, he might even be able to become a sacrificial official at the National University. How dare you disrespect me like that.

However, speaking of this era's literature, Lin Wanrong had indeed not read many books. The androgynous young master was right to say that he could not be considered a man of letters, but it was not entirely without reason.

Lin Wanrong felt extremely unhappy in his heart and let out a light snort. He recited slowly, "Beyond the mountains, beside the towers, when will the songs and dances by the West Lake end? The warm breeze intoxicates the travelers, mistaking Hangzhou for Bianzhou."

The androgynous young master's eyes brightened, and he clapped repeatedly, exclaiming, "Excellent, excellent! What a beautiful poem! Brother, you are truly remarkable. With this one line, no one under the heavens can compare to you."

Even the servant who had been coldly looking at Lin Wanrong showed a look of reverence.

Lin Wanrong found it amusing that the androgynous young master's flattery philosophy was despicable, but he seemed to have caught onto his pulse, and this flattery made him feel comfortable.

However, the androgynous young master always talked down on literary men and officials, yet he couldn't praise Lin Wanrong's poem enough. It was truly ridiculous.

The androgynous young master was a very shrewd person, and when he saw the expression in Lin Wanrong's eyes, he seemed to understand his meaning. He quickly said, "Sir, please forgive me. I absolutely do not mean to look down on men of letters. It's just that the country is in a difficult situation right now, and I can't bear to see the scholars of Jiangnan acting like 'when the country is in danger, no one cares about me.' That's why I spoke out of turn. Sir, you are a man of great virtue and talent. Please forgive me."

As he spoke, he actually lowered himself and bowed to Lin Wanrong to show his apology.

Seeing that this guy had a very good attitude towards his apology and was extremely skilled in flattery, Lin Wanrong didn't bother with him anymore. He pretended to be kind and helped him up, saying, "May I ask for your name, Brother?"

"I dare not, I dare not. My surname is Xiao, Xiao Qingxuan." The androgynous young master quickly bowed respectfully.

"Oh, so you're Brother Xiao. My surname is Lin, and I am Lin Wanrong." Lin Wanrong said with a smiling face, without any hint of respect.

"I see, it was Brother Lin. Please forgive me for my rudeness earlier." Xiao Qingxuan looked at Lin Wanrong and revealed two dimples on his white face, accompanied by a blush. There was an indescribable coquettishness in his eyebrows and eyes.

## Chapter 5 So, You're a Little Girl (Part 2)

"Brother Xiao, let's talk, let's talk." Lin Wanrong sneered coldly, "As you said, I am indeed not a scholar." Seeing the embarrassment in Xiao Qingxuan's eyes and sensing he wanted to say something, Lin Wanrong waved his hand to interrupt him mercilessly.

Xiao Qingxuan could only bite his lip lightly, and give Lin Wanrong a slight smile, revealing a set of white teeth. His handsome appearance made Lin Wanrong's heart skip a beat, but he quickly turned his head away, feeling irritated.

Damn, this dead ladyboy is actually flirting with me. Lin Wanrong was extremely annoyed, but he couldn't do anything about it.

After finally adjusting his mood from being nauseated, Lin Wanrong continued, "Although I am not a scholar, I do not agree with their complacency. But I do not blame them, because the root of the problem is not with them."

"Not with them?" Xiao Qingxuan, this ladyboy prince, furrowed his eyebrows and asked, "I wonder what Brother Lin means by this?"

"It's simple," Lin Wanrong said slowly, "what we see now is a reflection of the people's livelihood in this country. And the people's livelihood is a barometer of a country's governance. Oh, do you understand what a barometer is?"

Xiao Qingxuan showed a forced smile, and Lin Wanrong was too lazy to explain it to him. He continued, "The scene you see now on Xuanwu Lake, with the abundance of officials and ladies shuttling back and forth, is the result of the country's public opinion."

Lin Wanrong was still not used to this unfamiliar place, so he directly referred to it as "this country."

"Public opinion?" Xiao Qingxuan clearly encountered another noun obstacle. He frowned cutely, which reminded Lin Wanrong of the story of Xi Shi holding her heart.

Damn, why did I think of such a nauseating metaphor? Lin Wanrong shook his head quickly, trying to get rid of the terrible thought.

Xiao Qingxuan looked at him and shyly asked, "Mr. Lin, can you explain to me what public opinion means?"

This kid really had a passion for learning. Now he called Lin Wanrong "Mr.," which reminded him of another meaning of that title. Lin Wanrong suddenly felt a chill down his spine. He would rather ask God to castrate him than be this ladyboy's teacher.

"Brother Xiong, can you please not call me 'Mr.' in the future? Honestly, I am a little allergic to this title," Lin Wanrong couldn't help but frown.

Xiao Qingxuan paused for a moment, then agreed, "Okay, Mr. Lin."

Lin Wanrong rolled his eyes helplessly. This damn creature was truly incorrigible.

Xiao Qingxuan apparently realized his mistake and blushed on his fair, jade-like face. He smiled apologetically at Lin.

Lin Wanrong didn't bother arguing with him. This was the first time he had spoken so much to anyone since arriving here a month ago, and he was almost suffocating.

Anyway, he had plenty of time. It was difficult to find someone to listen to him ramble on about these things in this run-down place.

"As for the so-called public opinion orientation, or propaganda, as long as you grasp the direction of the propaganda, it's not a problem to create any kind of public opinion. If you want these officials to be happy and carefree, they will be. If you want them to be generous and patriotic, they will be. It all depends on the flexible use of means," Lin Wanrong said indifferently.

Xiao Qingxuan was indeed clever and immediately understood what he meant. He became excited and said, "Mr. Lin, you mean we control the pub--" He stopped halfway through his sentence, obviously having realized what Lin meant.

This kid was a talent, quick to react and understood the principle that words should be measured.

Lin Wanrong smiled coldly and said, "Whether it's happy and carefree or a national crisis, it depends on the ruling power's level. Although we're currently facing a national crisis, these officials are still happy and carefree, not feeling any tension. This is undoubtedly the fault of the ruling power."

Lin Wanrong had only been here by chance for a month and didn't belong here. He didn't have the mindset that the emperor was superior and wouldn't even kowtow to him. He was naturally a bit arrogant, so he didn't bother to consider his words.

In fact, only this flat-headed boy who feared nothing dared to speak his mind. Others, even if they had thoughts, wouldn't dare to express them directly.

Xiao Qingxuan, a loyal royalist, obviously didn't like Lin Wanrong's sneer. His face darkened and he coldly said, "Mr. Lin...Brother Lin, I think the current situation is not as you imagine it. The current emperor is at the peak of his power, working hard to govern the country. Although the northern enemy is invading, it's not necessarily a bad thing. As I understand it, the current emperor has great ambitions and is reforming the government, purging the bureaucracy, accumulating strength, and seeking to win the war without fighting, to boost our national spirit."

This boy actually knows to seek opportunities in a crisis, with a keen eye for it. Though he speaks in lofty terms, his words about the current emperor's glory and prosperity are nothing more than deceiving children.

Although Lin Wanrong has only been here for a month, he already knows that the current emperor is over sixty years old and has no children due to his wild youth. He only has two princesses, so talk of glory and prosperity is pure deception. That old man is probably impotent by now.



As for whether he is working hard to govern, that is not up to the emperor alone to decide. The people's livelihood is the best evidence. Compared with the sharp contrast between the elegance and beauty of Jinling and the northern war, the four words "working hard to govern" are probably just for show in the emperor's court.

Seeing the confident look on this Young Master Xiao's face, Lin Wanrong couldn't be bothered to argue with him. He sneered and said, "Good and bad deeds are judged by posterity. Xiao Xiao, since you have such extraordinary confidence in the emperor, I hope your feelings are correct and that he can benefit the people."

When the androgynous young man heard Lin Wanrong call him Xiao Xiao, he clearly had never heard such a name before and blushed. He glared fiercely at Lin Wanrong.

Lin Wanrong's thick skin was impervious to his contempt, but his cute little servant's face turned red and he clenched his fists as if he wanted to fight him.

"Are you saying you have no confidence in the current emperor?" The Young Master Xiao's face grew even uglier as he spoke slowly and deliberately. He seemed to have an imposing aura that ordinary people could not possess.

Unfortunately, Lin Wanrong was immune to such bullshit aura of nobility and power. In his eyes, the young man's petty thoughts were like a child's squabble. However, the red color that appeared on his face made him look more handsome.

If I were a lover of men, I would keep him. This sudden thought frightened Lin Wanrong. Who the hell is this androgynous person? He almost changed his sexual orientation.

"Confidence?" Lin Wanrong looked at him and smiled. "Xiao Xiao, don't place your hopes on that old emperor. People can only rely on themselves."

"You...!" The Young Master Xiao was so angry that his whole face turned red. He pointed at Lin Wanrong and said, "How dare you speak such blasphemous words against the emperor?"

His anger made his earlobes look like two shiny pearls with tiny red dots on them.

"Oh, so you're a little girl," Lin Wanrong blurted out.