

Finest Servant

Chapter 36 A Limerick

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Qin Guan chuckled twice and said, "Let's not talk about these questions then. You, Brother Ji Chang, usually claim to be well-versed in literature. How is it that you can't even compose a simple poem today?"

"I, I..." Ji Chang's face flushed crimson as he stammered, "I just wasn't able to adapt quickly and was a bit nervous, that's all. Moreover, the topic you drew was easy, while mine was more difficult—"

Observing his expression, Lin Wanrong understood that Ji Chang was likely a product of rote learning, inflexible and incapable of adapting. In his previous world, he would be considered a product of the exam-oriented education system, remembered well under normal circumstances, but utterly flustered in the exam.

Qin Guan clearly wasn't a saint either. Hearing Ji Chang belittling his topic in front of others, his face darkened, and he replied with a cold sneer, "Brother Ji Chang, what nonsense are you talking about? The four topics of wind, flowers, snow, and moon, any one of them could be drawn for composing a poem. I drew wind, and you drew snow, all witnessed by everyone. How can you say mine was easy and yours difficult?"

As Qin Guan continued, he began to recite his poem with exaggerated gestures,

"Last year, a gust of wind, so slight,

Hidden deep within an alley's night.

A call unheard, no echo found,

Its shadow came and went, unbound."

His face was full of smug satisfaction, clearly content with his "performance" during the examination.

Lin Wanrong wanted to laugh but didn't feel it appropriate to do so. This was considered poetry? With his own talent, he could create three such poems in the time it took to pass gas.

Qin Guan boasted, "Brother Ji Chang, just now in the examination hall, you had a temporary lapse. I wonder if you've figured it out now, with snow as your subject, can you recite your poem?"

Qin Guan's face held a hint of disdain. The saying "literati despise each other" rang true, as he knew Ji Chang was only good at rote learning. Given a few days, he might cobble together a poem, but he surely lacked the quick wit needed in the present situation.

Ji Chang's face alternated between red and pale, evidently still unable to produce a poem with snow as the theme.

Lin Wanrong initially only wanted to inquire about the scholars' job applications. However, seeing Qin Guan's aggressive demeanor, he felt deeply displeased. As for Ji Chang, his lack of competitiveness was frustrating. After hesitating for a long time, he still couldn't produce a single line of verse.

Lin Wanrong himself enjoyed teasing honest people, but he couldn't stand others bullying them in his presence. He silently recited a few lines in his mind, then laughed heartily, "Such an easy little poem, even a rustic fellow like me can come up with one. I think Young Master Ji must be modest. How about this, let me recite one, and please, Young Master Ji, do correct me if I'm wrong."

Seeing the look of surprise on Qin Guan's face, Lin Wanrong felt delighted, thinking, 'You little fellow, you can't fathom the depth of this true talent.'

Lin Wanrong paced a few steps and recited with a smirk,

"Upon the river, snow enmeshed,

A well's dark hole where black is threshed.

Yellow dogs don white fur attire,

While swollen masses white dogs acquire."

This was a genuine limerick. Initially, Lin Wanrong felt embarrassed to present it, but considering Qin Guan dared to call his doggerel a poem, Lin Wanrong shamelessly crowned himself a poetic immortal in his heart.

"Excellent poem, wonderful!" Ji Chang exclaimed, clapping his hands with a small fan, "'Upon the river, snow enmeshed,' describes the scene of snowflakes covering the river, presenting a distant landscape. Then, the focus shifts to the well in the courtyard, covered with pure white snow, revealing a deep, dark hole. As for the last line, it is truly inspired, 'While swollen masses white dogs acquire,' transforming a static snowy scene into living creatures. This poem has apt metaphors and profound artistic conception. Although the word 'snow' is never mentioned, it captures the atmosphere of a heavy

snowfall. It is truly a rare masterpiece. One must never judge a book by its cover, or measure the ocean with a pint pot. Your depth is truly unfathomable, sir!"

Although Ji Chang couldn't compose poems, his analysis was surprisingly coherent, discussing distant and close-up perspectives, transforming static into dynamic, and contrasting artistic conception. If he were in Lin Wanrong's time, he would undoubtedly be an excellent commentator.

Suppressing his laughter, Lin Wanrong pretended to be modest, "You flatter me, I am ashamed, truly ashamed—"

A soft giggle interrupted him. Turning his head, Lin Wanrong saw a pretty young girl standing nearby, covering her lips with a smile, evidently amused by his limerick.

"So, it's you," Lin Wanrong smiled. This girl was the one who had bought his booklet the day before.

Upon seeing the pretty girl, Ji Chang and Qin Guan's eyes lit up, hurriedly masking their wolfish gazes. They approached her courteously, "Miss, my name is Ji Chang (Qin Guan). May I ask where you are from, your age, and whether you are married—"

Lin Wanrong was astonished, his mouth agape, not expecting these two to be so bold and blunt with their questions. Were they not afraid of courting disaster while flirting with girls?

The young girl blushed crimson and scolded softly, "What nonsense are you talking about?"

Lin Wanrong laughed heartily and said, "Miss, they are trying to woo you. Can't you see that?"

The girl's face turned beet red, she pointed at Lin Wanrong and said, "You, you shameless rogue! I will not let you off!" The girl then turned around, picked up her pace, and ran away quickly.

How did I become a shameless rogue again? Lin Wanrong thought, feeling wronged. Last time when Xiao Qingxuan scolded him, it was somewhat justified since he took advantage of her. But this time, he only spoke a single sentence and was labeled a rogue again. Feeling quite aggrieved, he thought, Why didn't she scold those two shameless, thick-skinned men instead of me? What kind of world is this?

In fact, Lin Wanrong had misunderstood the situation. Though the rule that men and women should not have physical contact was ironclad, opportunities for men and women to interact in this era were limited. Hence, when talented men with a romantic streak encountered a woman they fancied, they would generally approach and strike up a conversation. Women's chances of meeting a suitable suitor were even more scarce,

so if someone showed interest and they found the person appealing, anything could happen. The young girl, still inexperienced in such matters, got flustered and angry, turning away in haste.

Unaware of the situation, Lin Wanrong saw Ji Chang and Qin Guan gazing longingly in the direction the girl had left. Having no fondness for these two genuine "rogues," he grunted and left without a word as it was getting late.

The household staff chosen by the Xiao family were due to move in the next day. Today was the time given to them to pack their belongings, and tomorrow they would step through the grand gates of the Xiao family they had dreamed of. Most of them were excited, for once they joined the Xiao family, they would have a solid footing in the world of household staff. With hard work, they might even have greater opportunities for advancement.

The only exception was Lin Wanrong. The thought of serving the elderly master and mistress of the Xiao family from tomorrow on left him feeling extremely disheartened, wanting to find a place to vent his frustration. If he knew the way to the brothel, he would be lying there with at least three girls under him at that very moment - he swore on God's name.

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Chapter 37 The Gang

Yesterday, Dong Qingshan received guidance from Lin Wanrong and was given twenty taels of silver. Having won the fight today and solidifying his position as the top brother in the southern city, he was naturally overjoyed. He brought a group of his followers to Meiwei Restaurant and prepared a feast, eagerly awaiting the arrival of their boss.

As soon as Lin Wanrong appeared in the restaurant, Dong Qingshan and his followers immediately stood up straight and respectfully greeted him, "Boss—"

It was clear that they had rehearsed this beforehand; their uniform voices caused Lin Wanrong's eardrums to throb with pain. He looked at his subordinates, their faces filled with admiration, and sighed inwardly. It seemed that his position as boss was now firmly established. If only these men knew that their boss had become a servant in the Xiao residence, he wondered how they would ridicule him.

Dong Qingshan had reserved a large room on the second floor of the restaurant, sparing no expense. In the underworld, if you played your cards right, you wouldn't have to pay for meals. However, Dong Qingshan had not yet grasped this concept, and since this place was under his protection, he felt it inappropriate to ask the owner to waive the bill.

Lin Wanrong looked at Dong Qingshan's followers. There had been fewer than twenty of them during the fight, but in just a few hours, their numbers had doubled. Were they all just hangers-on, interested only in food and drink?

Lin Wanrong felt concern for Dong Qingshan as he looked at these men. It seemed that maintaining the purity of the gang was indeed necessary. He now felt a bit like a godfather, guiding Dong Qingshan to grow stronger and expand – a rather thrilling experience.

Lin Wanrong pulled Dong Qingshan aside and whispered, "Qingshan, what's going on? So many people have joined us all of a sudden."

A glint appeared in Dong Qingshan's eyes as he replied, "Big brother, this afternoon we raided Li Ergou's old hideout and found several hundred taels of silver. Some of these men were Li Ergou's former subordinates, and some are new recruits. They saw that we defeated Li Ergou and wanted to join us. I figured we needed to expand our forces, so I accepted them all."

Lin Wanrong frowned and said, "Qingshan, expanding our forces is good, but how can you be sure they're all loyal to you? Your current power may not be strong, but your actions have certainly attracted attention. How can you be certain there aren't any undercover agents sent by other bosses among them?"

Dong Qingshan was young and inexperienced in the ways of the underworld. How could he have anticipated the possibility of moles? Upon hearing Lin Wanrong's words, it was as if he had been enlightened, and his mind instantly cleared. He emerged from his victorious euphoria, his body covered in cold sweat.

Lin Wanrong knew that Dong Qingshan was only sixteen years old and still had much to learn. It seemed that he was destined to take on the role of godfather.

"Big brother, what should we do?" Dong Qingshan looked at Lin Wanrong, full of hope.

He had an almost worshipful trust in his big brother, who was cunning, resourceful, and ruthless. Following such a leader would give them a chance to rise in the underworld.

"Form—a—gang," Lin Wanrong said, emphasizing each word.

"A gang?" Dong Qingshan was unfamiliar with the term.

"Simply put, a gang is an organization similar to a faction. First, we need to build a framework with trustworthy brothers, who will form the elite core of our gang. For example, those who fought with us against Li Ergou today are the backbone of our gang. It's like a tree: first, you need a trunk before you can have branches. Choose respected brothers from among them to establish different branches, each led by one of them, and slowly expand their forces. Remember, it's the quality, not quantity, of soldiers that matters. We cannot focus solely on blind expansion; we must cultivate the backbone. With these core members, they can achieve the strength of ten, and as the backbone develops, our gang will grow stronger, making it harder for our enemies to defeat us."

Lin Wanrong finished speaking in one breath, took a sip of tea, and allowed Dong Qingshan some time to think.

Dong Qingshan let out a long sigh, his eyes filled with determination. "Big brother, I understand your meaning. But when choosing branch leaders, we must be cautious. They may be incompetent, but they must be absolutely loyal. Power must always remain in our hands."

Lin Wanrong cast an approving glance at Dong Qingshan, who had finally begun to think critically about the situation.

Using his finger dipped in tea, Lin Wanrong drew the gang's organizational structure on the table for Dong Qingshan. His initial intention was to make the gang as flat as possible, with Dong Qingshan overseeing it vertically. However, considering the difficulties in coordinating multiple branches, he decided to start with three branches and expand later.

When Lin Wanrong and Dong Qingshan returned to their followers, Li Beidou was passionately discussing something with them. Seeing Lin Wanrong return, he immediately asked, "Boss, what should we name our gang?"

As everyone's eyes turned to him, Lin Wanrong stood up and surveyed those present, his gaze penetrating their souls.

A few men secretly lowered their heads, and the silent Dong Qingshan noticed their unusual behavior, a cold glint flashing in his eyes.

"Indeed, we are called a gang, but does anyone know why we call ourselves a gang?" Lin Wanrong looked around, noticing that everyone was listening attentively to his words. It seemed that being a gang leader still carried some prestige, he thought with a smirk.

"Perhaps you come from a poor family, or maybe you're an orphan, or even a little beggar. None of that matters, as long as you're brave and loyal, the gang will be your strongest support. A gang unites all of us brothers, holding us tightly together, so others dare not bully us. And we can casually bully others. If anyone defies us, we'll beat them until they cry for their parents, until they can't recognize their own family but must recognize us. Our goal is to walk with swagger in Jinling City," Lin Wanrong wickedly incited.

The followers laughed heartily, but their eyes were filled with burning desire – a longing for a "bright future."

"We won't actively bully others, but if anyone dares to provoke us, we'll take action. We'll cut them, we'll mutilate their genitals, we'll rob their silver, their women, and their ancestors for eighteen generations," Lin Wanrong said with a sinister smile, infecting everyone present.

"Rob their silver, their women, and their ancestors for eighteen generations!" Emboldened by alcohol, the followers finally began to let loose. With just a few words, Lin Wanrong had these would-be gangsters fully immersed in their new lifestyle.

"Big brother, what will our gang be called?" Dong Qingshan asked.

"Let's call it Hung Hing," Lin Wanrong said slowly, a strange expression appearing on his face, as if he was suppressing laughter.

To Dong Qingshan, his big brother's expression seemed quite eerie, as if he had just stolen something from someone and felt triumphant.

(Hung Hing is a well-known Triad society in Hong Kong, which was established in the early 20th century. The society has been involved in various illegal activities, including drug trafficking, extortion, and money laundering. The name "Hung Hing" may

symbolize the society's goal to become powerful and wealthy, and its willingness to use violence and illegal means to achieve that goal. In the modern entertainment, the gang Hung Hing was shown as the main gang in the movie "Young and Dangerous.")

After drinking a lot of alcohol, Lin Wanrong didn't feel the burning pain on his back until he reached his doorstep. The wound from the afternoon brawl was still swollen and had not been treated.

As Lin Wanrong entered the courtyard, he saw a figure sitting motionless in front of his house.

"Who is it?" Lin Wanrong shouted. In Jinling City, he could count the number of people he knew on one hand.

"Big Brother Lin, you're back," a crisp voice replied, filled with a touch of surprise and delight.

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Chapter 38 Enchantment (Part 1)

"Qiaoqiao, how did you end up here?" Lin Wanrong hurriedly approached her.

Dong Qiaoqiao had already stood up, a bamboo basket placed beneath her. The basket contained cold food, clearly indicating that she had been waiting there for quite some time.

"Brother Lin, are you... are you alright?" Dong Qiaoqiao grabbed Lin Wanrong's clothes, anxiously gazing at him. The tension and heartache in her bright, morning-star-like eyes were unmistakable.

"What could possibly be wrong with me?" Lin Wanrong laughed, not understanding what she meant, and led her into the house. "How did you find me here?"

"You mentioned the general direction the other day, so I came looking for you today. When I saw your clothes hanging at the entrance, I knew this must be where you live." Under the lamplight, Qiaoqiao's face reddened, making her even more charming.

Lin Wanrong secretly swallowed his saliva. He was no saint. With such a beautiful girl standing before him, it would be unmanly not to feel something.

Dong Qiaoqiao brought the bamboo basket over and said, "The food is cold. Brother Lin, you haven't eaten yet, have you? Let me heat it up for you. It will be ready soon."

Lin Wanrong hurriedly grabbed her hand and said, "No need, Qiaoqiao. I've already eaten."

As he held her small hand, Dong Qiaoqiao could feel the warmth from his palm seeping into her heart. Her cheeks flushed, and her heart raced. In a soft voice, she said, "Brother Lin, I—"

She struggled gently, and only then did Lin Wanrong realize he had been holding the young lady's hand. But he was shameless, not only refusing to let go but also giving her palm a couple of gentle squeezes.

Dong Qiaoqiao felt as if her heart was being scratched by a cat. A strange sensation welled up inside her, causing her body to heat up and her slender legs to instinctively press together, as she squirmed ever so slightly.

Lin Wanrong reluctantly let go of her hand, not even blushing as he asked, "Qiaoqiao, did you come here specifically to bring me food?"

His ability to divert attention was unparalleled, and Dong Qiaoqiao was no match for him. Seeing that he had released her hand, the redness on her face receded somewhat, but she felt a twinge of disappointment deep inside. Hearing his question, she suddenly remembered the purpose of her visit and urgently asked, "Brother Lin, your wound, let me have a look."

"What wound?" Before he could comprehend, Dong Qiaoqiao had already spotted the stain on his back and the swollen lump on his spine.

"Brother Lin, who did this to you? How could they be so ruthless?" Dong Qiaoqiao's voice trembled, filled with concern and pain, which warmed Lin Wanrong's heart.

It went without saying that Dong Qingshan must have told Qiaoqiao about his injuries, so she had come looking for him.

"Brother Lin, please take off your shirt so I can apply medicine for you," Qiaoqiao gently touched his back. Her soft fingers were cool, soothing Lin Wanrong and eliciting a soft moan from him.

"It's nothing, Qiaoqiao. I'm thick-skinned and tough. It's just a small wound," Lin Wanrong reassured her with a smile.

"No, Brother Lin, you are so badly hurt..." Qiaoqiao choked back tears, unable to continue.

"Alright, alright, I'll take it off. Don't cry, silly girl," Lin Wanrong's heart filled with warmth and gratitude. He quickly took out the contents from his arms, removed his shirt, and revealed his smooth, muscular body. He had always been healthy, his skin a healthy

wheat color, and enjoyed exercising, making him quite an impressive figure to young girls.

Qiaoqiao's cheeks flushed as she admired his strong arms, her heart pounding. But when she saw the swollen bruise on his back, her fleeting infatuation vanished. With tears in her eyes, she gently stroked the bruise with her slender fingers and asked softly, "Brother Lin, does it hurt?"

Lin Wanrong grinned, "No pain." He lay on the bed, clutching the sheets tightly. No pain? Nonsense. But Qiaoqiao was gentle and kind, and Lin Wanrong couldn't bear to make her worry.

Hot tears dropped onto Lin Wanrong's back, and when he turned around, he saw Qiaoqiao hurriedly wiping her tears away.

"Silly girl, I'm fine," Lin Wanrong's heart was filled with tender affection as he gazed at Qiaoqiao softly.

Embarrassed, Qiaoqiao turned to face him and said, "Brother Lin, you must take care of yourself in the future. We don't want to see you hurt, not even a little."

Lin Wanrong laughed heartily, "Don't worry, Qiaoqiao. The person who can hurt me hasn't been born yet."

Qiaoqiao blushed and teased him, "You're bragging."

Her tearful eyes were as beautiful as pear blossoms in the rain, an indescribably pretty sight. Lin Wanrong stared at her in amazement, "Qiaoqiao, you're truly beautiful."

Biting her red lips shyly, Qiaoqiao lowered her head, her face revealing a joy that even a blind person could see.

A sudden urge welled up in Lin Wanrong's heart, a desire to fiercely embrace and bite this delicate woman. Just as he was about to act, a burning pain shot through his back, and he angrily jabbed his erect manhood against the bed a couple of times. It was all the fault of this uncooperative part of him, causing him more pain.

Qiaoqiao carefully applied the medicinal oil to his wounds, her touch as gentle as a breeze. The intimate skin contact made her heart race and her cheeks flush.

However, Lin Wanrong had already experienced countless massages from the opposite sex and maintained some degree of self-control. Despite being in the tender care of the beautiful Qiaoqiao, he managed to keep his composure - except for the loud thumping against the bed caused by his erection.

After the medicine was applied, Lin Wanrong reached for his clothes by the bed. As Qiaoqiao leaned over to put the ointment back in its box, he accidentally tripped her. With a startled yelp, she slipped and fell onto the bed.

Lin Wanrong had just turned around when she toppled him onto the bed, causing the pain in his back to flare up, making him grit his teeth and grimace.

Somehow, he managed to suppress a cry. After all, what was a bit of pain compared to the embrace of a beautiful woman? Qiaoqiao had inadvertently pressed her entire body against Lin Wanrong, their heated bodies pressed tightly together, especially with Lin Wanrong's bare upper body.

A heavy masculine scent wafted from him, causing Qiaoqiao's heart to race like a frightened deer. She tried to struggle up, but her body felt utterly drained of strength. Powerful arms encircled her slender waist, leaving her no choice but to collapse weakly into his embrace, her hot face pressed against his fiery chest.

Lin Wanrong held the soft, boneless woman in his arms, inhaling her faint, sweet fragrance. His breathing grew heavier, and he held her tighter, as if wanting to meld her completely into his body.

Pressed tightly against him, Qiaoqiao barely dared to breathe. Her full breasts crushed against Lin Wanrong's chest, bringing him an unusual pleasure. Lin Wanrong moaned softly, his hands gently caressing her back before slowly moving downwards, brushing her waist and continuing to touch her round, firm buttocks.

"Brother..." Qiaoqiao murmured, her eyes misty with unshed tears, her cheeks flushed. His large hand holding her thighs sent a heated, thrilling sensation through her.

He gently pinched the soft flesh of her buttocks before slowly moving downwards. At the same time, his erection eased forward, pressing between her legs, right at her most intimate spot.

Though they were still clothed, Qiaoqiao, an innocent and pure woman, had never experienced such a situation. She felt an intense heat press against her most mysterious area, causing her to gasp, her face flushed with embarrassment. Her legs instinctively tightened, her body limp and weak, as she collapsed into his embrace.

Lin Wanrong, already poised to act, was about to mount her when a sudden cry of pain escaped him as the pain from his back injury became unbearable.

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Chapter 39 Enchantment (Part 2)

Dong Qiaoqiao suddenly woke up, her cheeks flushed red and her eyes filled with tears. "Brother Lin, you, you—"

She shyly got up to run away, but accidentally knocked over a book of illustrations on the bedside table. As Dong Qiaoqiao looked down, her face turned even redder, resembling the morning glow. She picked up the booklet and threw it directly at Lin Wanrong, exclaiming, "Brother Lin, you are truly incorrigible!" Having said that, she ran out as if she had wings.

Lin Wanrong felt a pang of pain on his back and was cursing Li Ergou for being too heavy-handed and ruining his good fortune. However, he didn't think that without Li Ergou's help, he wouldn't have enjoyed such unexpected blessings.

Seeing Dong Qiaoqiao throw the booklet at him, Lin Wanrong hurriedly caught it. To his surprise, it was the erotic album that old man Wei had left for him.

"Oh God, are you sending me red hibiscus flowers today just to torment me like this?" Lin Wanrong lamented in his heart. This was a major embarrassment; at the most critical moment of pursuing a girl, she saw something she shouldn't have. Now, Dong Qiaoqiao must think he's a thoroughbred lecher. However, heaven could attest that since arriving in this world, Lin Wanrong's only lover had been his left hand.

Lin Wanrong glanced at the album. As his heart swelled with desire, the strange patterns within it seemed to come alive and imprint themselves in his mind. A faint breath began to circulate slowly, but unfortunately, it quieted down after a short while.

Lin Wanrong was delighted. Although he didn't know why this sudden change occurred, it was much better than merely appreciating the album for its eroticism. He carefully put away the album, and suddenly remembered that it was late and Qiaoqiao had rushed out alone in an emotionally unstable state. Could she be in danger? Lin Wanrong quickly put on his clothes and dashed out.

He didn't see Dong Qiaoqiao's figure along the way and grew anxious. For such an adorable and well-behaved girl like Qiaoqiao, he genuinely cared about her. Even if she didn't become his wife, having her as a sister would be quite pleasing to the eye.

Of course, if she could become his wife, that would be the best outcome.

As he was about to reach Old Dong's house, Lin Wanrong finally spotted Qiaoqiao. She was curled up in a corner, her body trembling slightly, as if she was crying.

"Qiaoqiao—" Lin Wanrong hurriedly rushed over.

Hearing his voice, Dong Qiaoqiao immediately threw herself into his arms and sobbed, "Brother Lin, Brother Lin—"

"Qiaoqiao, it's alright, it's alright. It's my fault, I took advantage of you, I deserve to die, I'm despicable, I'm vile—" Lin Wanrong scolded himself while secretly watching Qiaoqiao's expression.

As expected, Dong Qiaoqiao hastily raised her tear-stained face, saying, "No, no, it's not your fault, Brother Lin. It's Qiaoqiao who seduced you. I am a shameless woman—"

Lin Wanrong let out a long sigh of relief in his heart. So that was the reason. Dong Qiaoqiao was indeed a kind and lovable girl, completely inexperienced in this regard. After having such an intimate encounter in Lin Wanrong's embrace, the first thing she did upon regaining her senses was to reflect on herself, without even realizing that it was Lin Wanrong who had deliberately teased her.

"Qiaoqiao, it's my fault. I shouldn't have teased you—" Lin Wanrong, with his thick-skinned nature, rarely apologized sincerely. Dong Qiaoqiao made him feel genuinely despicable for the first time.

"Qiaoqiao, I will take responsibility—"

Before he could finish, Dong Qiaoqiao's slender hand covered his lips, "Brother, don't say it, please don't. You are a star in the sky, and I am just an insignificant blade of grass on the ground. I don't want you to regret it in the future."

"Qiaoqiao, I'm willing—"

Tears streamed down Dong Qiaoqiao's face, but she firmly pressed against his lips, "Brother, you should pursue something better that belongs to you. Don't lose what you want because of me."

Lin Wanrong held her tightly in his arms, as Dong Qiaoqiao's tears continued to flow, not allowing him to say a word.

In the end, Dong Qiaoqiao suddenly revealed a faint smile and gently asked, "Brother, are you going to the Xiao family tomorrow?" Only then did she release her fingers from Lin Wanrong's lips. Her eyelashes were still adorned with teardrops, and her rosy lips were extremely attractive.

Lin Wanrong grinned, "Yes. But before going to the Xiao family, I have a huge matter to attend to."

"What big matter?" Dong Qiaoqiao asked curiously.

"Eat my Qiaoqiao—" Lin Wanrong said with a mischievous smile.

Dong Qiaoqiao shyly replied, "Brother, you're talking nonsense again."

Lin Wanrong looked at her seriously and said, "Little girl, I will always be good to you—"

"Brother—" Dong Qiaoqiao hurriedly stopped him, her eyes misting up. She quickly wiped away her tears with her small hand, "You will meet many good girls in the future. Don't give up great opportunities for Qiaoqiao's sake."

"Give up, why should I give up?" Lin Wanrong asked curiously, "Is it that in this world, a man can only marry one wife?"

"You—" Dong Qiaoqiao looked miserable, punched him lightly, and then turned to run.

So, this girl could get jealous, Lin Wanrong chuckled, watching her graceful figure and the constantly swaying hips, a fiery desire rising in his heart. Alas, it seemed that he would have to trouble his left hand again tonight.

Eh, wasn't he unprepared for a romantic relationship? Would what he had with Qiaoqiao count as one? Sigh, what a failure, he was so easily seduced by a girl. Right, Qiaoqiao hadn't said she liked him yet, and it seemed he hadn't said he liked her either. The seduction was truly lacking. He wondered whether women's physical structure in this world was the same as in his own. If he had the chance, he would definitely have a thorough "exchange" with Qiaoqiao. Lin Wanrong helplessly shook his head, shamelessly thinking.

That night, he slept soundly. He flipped through the erotic album several times, and it was indeed far superior to magazines like Playboy and Penthouse. As for whether anything happened between him and his left hand, it was an extremely private matter, known only to Lin Wanrong.

Early the next morning, Lin Wanrong was still sound asleep. As soon as he opened his eyes, he remembered that from today on, he was no longer a free man but a servant of the Xiao family, subject to their command. His originally delightful mood instantly plummeted.

He listlessly got up, put on the green cloth robe and servant's cap that the Xiao family had provided, and stood in front of the mirror. An attractive, dashing servant with thick eyebrows and big eyes appeared before him.

Even as a servant, he was still so handsome. He sighed helplessly, quickly brushed his teeth and washed his face, and then hurried out.

Along the way, many people were eyeing him—girls and young men alike. Their gazes were filled with envy and contempt.

Those who envied him were naturally the poor boys, as his outfit and the "Xiao" character on his chest clearly indicated his identity—a glorious servant of the Xiao family's mansion.

Those who despised him were naturally the talented scholars. A country bumpkin who couldn't even recognize a single character was nothing more than a guard dog in the Xiao family's mansion. What was there to be arrogant about?

Of course, there were also those who were jealous of Lin Wanrong's impressive appearance. He had fine facial features, a good figure, and healthy skin, giving off a vibrant and energetic vibe. It was understandable that the young ladies and married women would occasionally cast a glance at him.

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Chapter 40 Breaking Into the Xiao Residence (Part 1)

As Lin Wanrong approached, he saw a fellow coming from the opposite direction, dressed like him in a brand-new blue cloth shirt. On the left chest, there was an embroidered character "Xiao." Could this person be a fellow resident of the Xiao family's grand courtyard?

"Brother!" The two men stepped forward and greeted each other simultaneously, their voices loud and clear.

A look of delight crossed the newcomer's face as he clasped his hands together, "Brother, are you also one of the new servants who joined the Xiao family this year?"

"Indeed, indeed," Lin Wanrong answered, his face breaking into a warm smile as he feigned enthusiasm.

"So am I! It seems that we can consider ourselves as having passed the same exam, how disrespectful, how disrespectful." The newcomer appeared to be a genuine scholar, dropping literary phrases into his speech. He was most likely one of the extremely honest people mentioned by the three old men yesterday, the kind suitable for guarding the warehouse.

The term "passed the same exam" wasn't inaccurate at all. Lin Wanrong had always harbored a strong desire to form alliances and establish private connections. Encountering a fellow member on the road naturally brought him some happiness. He quickly clasped his hands together and said, "Well said, well said. But may I ask for your esteemed surname and name?"

The honest fellow humbly replied, "I dare not, I dare not. Before entering the manor, my surname was Qiao, and my given name was Feng. After being accepted, I was graciously granted the surname Xiao by the lady of the house. So now, my name is Xiao Feng."

Hearing this, Lin Wanrong nearly toppled over. Qiao Feng? Xiao Feng? How dare someone with such a sleazy air bear the name of such a legendary hero? If the great Xiao Feng of the southern courtyard knew about this, he would probably want to bang his head against the ground. (Qiao Feng/Xiao Feng here refers to one of the three main characters in the novel/film Demi God Semi Devil)

"So, it's Brother Xiao Feng! I've long admired your name, long admired it indeed." After entering the Xiao family's manor, everyone took the surname Xiao, so calling him "Brother Xiao" wouldn't distinguish him. Thus, he was referred to as "Brother Xiao Feng."

"And what is your esteemed surname and name?" Xiao Feng asked, his excitement evident.

"My name is Lin San," Lin Wanrong answered with a smile, and from that point on, Lin San would be his alias.

"Oh, Brother Lin, don't you know? After joining the Xiao family, we've all been granted the surname Xiao. You should be called Xiao San." The scholarly Xiao Feng said solemnly.

Seeing that this scholar indeed had some endearing qualities, Lin Wanrong revealed his status as a contract employee. Upon hearing this, the scholarly Xiao Feng slapped his thigh and exclaimed, "Oh dear, Brother Lin, you're being confused!"

"Where am I confused?" Lin Wanrong asked, puzzled.

"Do you know how many people vie for a position as a servant in the Xiao family but fail to get one? Once you enter the Xiao family, it's like holding a golden rice bowl for life, without any worries. How could you give up such a great opportunity? No, no, I'll go plead with the housekeeper on your behalf, asking him to speak to the lady and the young ladies to change your status to a permanent position."

Although Xiao Feng was a bookworm, he had a sense of loyalty. Not bad – Lin Wanrong decided to watch out for him in the Xiao family's grand courtyard. Laughing, Lin Wanrong patted Xiao Feng's shoulder and said, "Brother Xiao Feng, no need to worry, no need. I'm doing this for a carefree, trouble-free, and independent life. That's all I want. It's much more flexible than what you have. From now on, if you need anything within the Xiao family's courtyard, just come find me."

Seeing Lin Wanrong's carefree attitude, Xiao Feng sighed in regret and stopped trying to persuade him.

The two chatted and laughed as they made their way toward the Xiao family residence. Along the way, Lin Wanrong learned that Xiao Feng was a poor youth from the eastern

part of Jinling City. His father, a failed scholar who never passed the examinations, had raised his son to be equally pedantic and inept.

However, Xiao Feng was good-hearted and honest, and he wouldn't tattle on others, which Lin Wanrong found quite agreeable.

Upon arriving at the entrance of the Xiao residence, they saw two ferocious-looking servants with faces full of scowls. Lin Wanrong, with his wealth of experience, understood the situation at a glance.

These old servants were trying to intimidate the new servants, much like senior students asserting their authority over freshmen. Lin Wanrong wasn't an easy target either; no senior had ever taken advantage of him when he was a freshman. He pulled Xiao Feng towards the main entrance.

Xiao Feng hastily grabbed Lin Wanrong's hand and asked, "Brother Lin, where are you going?"

"Where else? Of course, we're going in," Lin Wanrong replied.

"No, Brother Lin, we are newcomers. On the first day, we should enter through that door." Xiao Feng pointed to an extremely low door beside them.

Lin Wanrong glanced at the small door, which was only half a person's height and not much better than a dog hole. The servants who arrived earlier had to bend down, their hands even touching the ground, to crawl through it.

"A dog hole? You mean we're supposed to crawl through a dog hole to enter?" Lin Wanrong widened his eyes, fury raging in his heart.

Xiao Feng looked at Lin Wanrong curiously and said, "Brother Lin, what are you talking about? This door is so big that two dogs can walk through side by side. It's much better than a dog hole."

A dog hole that can accommodate two dogs side by side? Xiao Feng spoke without concern, but Lin Wanrong took it to heart. As his anger was about to erupt, he heard Xiao Feng continue, "Besides, Brother Lin, you know the rules for being a servant. On the first day of entering any household, all new servants follow this practice."

"Rules? What rules?" Lin Wanrong said irritably, "Are you saying crawling through a dog hole is a rule?"

Xiao Feng gave a sheepish smile and said, "Whenever new servants come to report, they must crawl through this small door. It symbolizes that once they enter this threshold, they are forever beneath others. Don't be fooled by the imposing stance of those two older brothers at the door; they also entered through here when they first

joined. Not only in the Xiao family but in all prestigious households, this is the practice for servants. However, this is only for the first time. Afterwards, you can enter and exit through the side door."

So, this dog hole was specifically designed to teach new servants to remember their place. Although it was only for one time, this single occasion could brand a person with a lifetime of shame.

Anger welled up in Lin Wanrong's heart. He came to work, not to crawl through dog holes. He raised his eyebrow, took Xiao Feng's hand, and said, "Brother, don't go there. Follow me through the main entrance."

"No, no, Brother Lin, I'm not like you. You can come and go freely without any constraints. I can't be as carefree as you. This job is important to me; my family relies on me to earn money to support them. Besides, this is the fate of all servants in prestigious households. Brother Lin, I... I'm going in now."

With that, Xiao Feng let go of Lin Wanrong's hand, ran to the low entrance, and slowly crawled in. He then turned his head to look at Lin Wanrong, his eyes filled with tears.

Lin Wanrong didn't look down on Xiao Feng. He could empathize with Xiao Feng's feelings. They were unlike him, as they had grown up in this world and were familiar with its rules, accepting them as natural. This acceptance resulted in many constraints, and they could only act according to the rules. For Xiao Feng, such a life might be exhausting, but it was his destiny, and no one could change it.

Understanding Xiao Feng's actions, Lin Wanrong gave him a friendly smile.

Seeing that Lin Wanrong didn't look down on him, Xiao Feng hurriedly wiped his tears and called from inside the door, "Brother Lin, come in quickly."

Lin Wanrong shook his head, thinking, crawl through a dog hole? You must be joking! A real man bows only to heaven, earth, and his parents. His backbone was meant to stand upright. How could he bend his waist for a mere pittance?

He gave Xiao Feng a reassuring look, then strode towards the main entrance.

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