

Finest 111

Chapter 111 This Demonic Woman

Lu Zhongping, vexed, stepped out. Bowing to the elegantly dressed young man, he said, "I have been inefficient in my tasks, please, young master, punish me as you see fit."

The elegantly dressed young man snorted, "Lu Zhongping, indeed, you've managed this matter poorly. Lin San provoked you intentionally, and yet, you lost your temper, falling for his ruse. The ruckus your sect has been causing in Jinling has become quite conspicuous, I fear it has attracted attention from the top. Once you have properly resolved this situation, take a few days off."

Lu Zhongping stood off to the side, disheartened. The elegantly dressed young man then added, "This Lin San is not simple, I think I'll see him personally."

The young man on the left hastily interjected, "That would be highly inappropriate! You are of high birth, Young Master. How can you possibly meet with such a lowly character?"

The elegantly dressed young man waved his hand dismissively, "It's of no concern. Lin San is a talent, and I would like to observe him for myself."

Lin Wanrong had been waiting in the room for a long time but saw no one emerge. However, his mind was spinning with thoughts, carefully analyzing the situation at hand. It was clear that the people backing Lu Zhongping had their designs on him. Judging from the rampant wealth accumulation by the White Lotus Sect, they were undoubtedly targeting the perfume formula he possessed.

No one understood the profitability of the perfume better than Lin Wanrong. He sighed quietly, Jealousy due to wealth has always been an ancient malaise.

After a while, Lu Zhongping returned with a sullen expression. Respectfully, he said to Lin Wanrong, "Mister Lin, my master wishes to meet you."

Lin Wanrong felt a shiver down his spine, utterly uncomfortable being addressed as "Mister" by another man. Accustomed to thickening his skin to alleviate pressure, he patted Lu Zhongping on

the shoulder and said, "Little Lu, brute strength isn't all there is to living in this world. You must also exercise your brain. Go and eat some pig's brain to nourish your mind."

Given that he and Lu Zhongping were already at odds, he thought he might as well add insult to injury. After all, what kind of fool would not seize the advantage when given the opportunity? Moreover, this was entirely in line with Lin Wanrong's character.

Lu Zhongping, not daring to offend him, gritted his teeth and led him to another vacant room. It was a spacious room, divided by a screen behind which were faint outlines of two figures one seated, one standing but their faces were obscured.

"Are you Lin San?" came a voice from behind the screen.

Damn it, thought Lin Wanrong, do you think you're a cop? Starting off like this, asking pointless questions. He silently scorned his questioner but recognized that this man behind the screen was the one backing Lu Zhongping. In other words, his life was in this man's hands.

The man's voice seemed to oscillate between being close and far, clear yet untraceable. Though his words were few, they were uttered with an imposing aura, a hint of authority that suggested he was a person of rank.

Lin Wanrong, however, did not care about the man's identity. At this point, having nothing to lose, he fearlessly slumped onto a chair and replied nonchalantly, "Let's not bother with that question anymore. If I answered, it would make me a fool; if you asked, you'd be less than a fool."

"Hahaha" The man erupted in laughter, "Lin San, you're quite a character. It's been a long time since I've encountered something so amusing. Perhaps, I should spend more time with you."

Lin Wanrong laughed, "You hide behind a screen, concealing your true voice and face, yet you wish to get acquainted? Your sincerity is indeed lacking."

The man responded with a subtle smile, "There's no ill intention. Seeing my face may not necessarily be a good thing for you."

That was a blunt truth, Lin Wanrong nodded, "You do make a fair point. Well then, perhaps it's better if I don't meet you, to avoid being silenced. May I ask why you've gone to such lengths to bring me here?"

Listening from the side, Lu Zhongping silently cursed, Damn it, you smooth-talking kid. 'Bring me here'? You were clearly captured by us. Always embellishing your circumstances, what kind of freak are you? You sound more like a bandit than I do.

"Lin San, you're a smart man. There's no need for insinuations among the straightforward. My goal is simpleI want the perfume formula in your possession. Name your price," the man stated directly.

Damn it, Lin Wanrong cursed inwardly as he had suspected, but feigned surprise on his face, "How did you find out about it?"

The man responded, "We have our ways, no need for you to worry about that. As long as you provide the formula for this perfume, wealth, glory, riches, and honor will all be within your grasp."

Lin Wanrong despised such baseless talk and laughed heartily, "Wealth, glory, riches, and honor? My good sir, you are being quite amusing. If you already possessed inexhaustible wealth, would you still need this perfume to make money?"

The elegantly dressed man was taken aback. Lin San's response was indeed swift. The words that usually worked seemed to lose their meaning when coming from him.

Being no ordinary man, the elegantly dressed man only laughed, "Indeed, a quick mind matches quick words, very much to my liking. In that case, Lin San, I'll be straightforward with you. If you provide the perfume formula, I can give you anything you wantluxurious mansions, beautiful women, high-ranking positions, you can choose anything."

A jolt ran through Lin Wanrong, "Are you asking me to betray the Xiao family?"

The elegantly dressed man laughed heartily, "Loyalty is just an excuse. The ones who preach about loyalty and righteousness simply haven't received a tempting enough offer to betray. As for betrayal, it's an overstatement. In a few days, the entire Xiao family will be in our grasp."

Lin Wanrong thought to himself, this youngster seemed to have a rather clear understanding of human nature. But from the sound of it, his identity was far from simple. A thought crossed Lin Wanrong's mind, "Sir, might you be someone of officialdom?"

The elegantly dressed young man said, "As I said, knowing these things won't do you any good."

'Damn you, acting so haughty! You think I wanted to know? If it weren't for you dragging me into this, I'd have no interest in getting involved. If you're in any official capacity, you must be a eunuch.' He smirked at his malicious thoughts.

The situation was clear; there would be no peaceful resolution. If he didn't surrender the formula, the other party would undoubtedly resort to all means to torment him. He didn't need a brain to figure that out. But once the formula was handed over, he would lose his only bargaining chip, and his life would be in their hands. Even that Lu Zhongping would be able to kill him as easily as crushing an ant.

Lin Wanrong pondered. As a man of the modern world, he had some integrity, but he was not yet at the point of being immovable in the face of death. This was a critical juncture. A single misstep might lead to total defeat.

Seeing Lin Wanrong deep in thought, the elegantly dressed young man allowed a faint smile to grace his face. He did not pressure him, quietly sitting and waiting for his response.

"Is Tao Dongcheng here?" Lin Wanrong suddenly asked, opening his eyes.

The young man beside the elegantly dressed one shivered slightly. The elegantly dressed man gave him a shake of the head, and he calmed down.

"Who is Tao Dongcheng? I don't know him," the elegantly dressed man replied calmly.

Lin Wanrong ceased speaking. He said nonchalantly, "I need some time to think."

The elegantly dressed man asked, "What do you still need to consider?"

Lin Wanrong laughed coldly, "If I hand over the formula to you, I will have nothing left to negotiate with. Whether I live or die will then be entirely up to you. Are you saying I don't need to consider that?"

"Wonderful, wonderful." The elegantly dressed man clapped his hands and laughed, "Talking with a clever person saves much effort."

"However" his tone changed, "You don't have much time left to consider. I hope to hear your response by tomorrow morning. Otherwise, I believe Zhongping will take quite a liking to you." His tone was menacing, a stark contrast to his previous joviality, while Lu Zhongping was already rubbing his hands in anticipation.

'Damn. This kid is cunning,' Lin Wanrong cursed inwardly. He had initially hoped to buy himself a day or two. Even if no one came to his aid, it would give him more time to save himself. However, this kid seemed to have seen through this plan, giving him only a few hours.

The two men behind the screen ceased their conversation with him and, accompanied by Lu Zhongping, exited through another door.

"Young Master, if Lin San refuses to hand over the formula, what should we do?" the young man beside the elegantly dressed one asked.

The Young Master responded with a faint smile, a sharp gleam in his eyes, "If we can't get it, nobody else should either. If Lin San refuses to surrender it, you should simply"

He cast a meaningful glance at the young man. The murderous intent in his eyes, however, could not be erased. The young man quickly acknowledged.

"By the way, head over to Miss Xiao's place and leak some information. Say that Lin San has already handed over the formula to us and is currently enjoying our hospitality." The young master revealed a faint smile on his face. "Remember, the information should 'accidentally' reach the lady's ears."

A spark ignited in the youth's eyes, and he quickly saluted, "The young master is insightful."

The young master laughed lightly, looking at him and said, "Miss Xiao has a fiery temperament. If you were to forcefully take her, I fear it might cause a backlash and unexpected troubles. It's commendable how you've thought of a way to not only take the Xiao family's holdings but also make her submit willingly. Cheng De's troops are already at the base of the mountain. At your call, a fine drama can be performed. Do well, I won't shortchange you."

The youth hastily replied, "My father and I owe our current standing to the grace of the young master's house. Even if we have to go through fire and water for the young master, we wouldn't hesitate."

The young master smiled faintly and asked, "How many years has your father been with my royal father?"

The youth respectfully answered, "My father has been with the prince since he was ten years old. By now, it's been forty years."

The young master nodded, "Your loyalty is clear to my father and me. It's been hard on your father, having him stay in Suzhou's weaving industry for eight years. But as you know, the provinces of Suzhou and Hangzhou are the wealthiest in the world, and the Suzhou weaving industry is of utmost importance. My father wouldn't trust this to just anyone. Once this current matter is taken care of, I will discuss it with my father, and I will present a case before the emperor. Next year's vacant position of prefect of Nanjing will be reserved for him."

Overwhelmed with gratitude, the youth knelt down and said, "Thank you for your royal favor, thank you young master for your royal favor."

The young master was about to speak when he saw Lu Zhongping rush over anxiously, "Young master, something terrible has happened. Miss Xiao, she"

"What happened to Miss Xiao?" the youth asked in surprise.

Lu Zhongping whispered a few words in front of the two, who were both shocked and quickly made their way towards the prison.

Lin Wanrong was confined in the room, unable to return to Miss Xiao's side. The frustration in his heart was unimaginable. As he paced back and forth in the room, troubled, he suddenly heard a loud click, and the door was opened.

Annoyed, thinking that someone had been sent to persuade him again, he didn't even turn his head and impatiently said, "The time isn't up yet, what are you doing here"

Before he finished speaking, he caught a whiff of a familiar fragrance, and a charming figure appeared in front of him in a blink of an eye. "Young master"

The voice sounded familiar. Upon closer inspection, the woman had a scarf covering her face, the same woman Lu Zhongping had referred to as his junior sister the night of the kidnapping.

"You are" Lin Wanrong asked, puzzled.

The woman pulled down her scarf, and Lin Wanrong was taken aback. "Miss Qin, why are you here?" The person in front of him was indeed Qin Xian'er.

Qin Xian'er grabbed his hand and urgently said, "I'll explain to the young master later, I'm here to get you out now."

Ah, truly she was like Guanyin Bodhisattva, coming to the rescue in desperate times. Lin Wanrong felt like embracing this Qin Xian'er and giving her a kiss. After several warnings and risking her life to save him, there wasn't a better way to repay her than to offer himself. Lin Wanrong didn't feel embarrassed at all to be saved by a woman. Times had changed, and both men and women were equal, he thought magnanimously.

Qin Xian'er held his hand and hurriedly began to lead him away. Feeling the delicate smoothness of her small hand in his palm, Lin Wanrong's lascivious heart surfaced again. He couldn't help but let his fingers slide gently over her palm.

Qin Xian'er's face flushed, and she shot him a look, giving a soft humph. Lin Wanrong chuckled, "I apologize, it's a habit."

Opening the door, they found a follower of the White Lotus Sect lying lifelessly on the ground at the entrance. His throat had been slashed, blood still flowing. Qin Xian'er showed no surprise at all.

This must have been her doing, Lin Wanrong thought. This girl, appearing soft and gentle at the Miaoyu Pavilion, yet she was surprisingly ruthless.

As night fell, Lin Wanrong looked towards the distant prison where Xiao Yuruo was kept. A few people were gathered there, and a knot formed in his heart. He hoped that nothing had happened to the proud lady.

Just as he was about to speak, he felt light, and before he knew it, Qin Xian'er had lifted him into the air. Her actions were gentle and considerate, a thousand times better than being caught by Lu Zhongping. Lin Wanrong leaned back, comfortably resting against Miss Qin.

This man, he was truly shameless. Qin Xian'er blushed, glared at him and seeing his enjoyment made her even more irritated, but her anger had no effect on him.

Was this the same man who was known to be proficient in poetry, the servant of the Xiao family? Qin Xian'er was puzzled.

With swift movements, Qin Xian'er jumped into a deserted well located in the center of the compound. Lin Wanrong was taken aback, wondering why they didn't escape further away but instead ended up right in the heart of the enemy's lair.

Seeing his confusion, Qin Xian'er gently laughed, "There are many guards around the periphery. It would be difficult to escape immediately. Let them think you've been rescued, they would never expect that you're still here. Just wait a moment, young master, I'll be right back."

Is this the so-called 'the most dangerous place is the safest place'? Damn, isn't the lady playing with my life? I can't afford to play this game. If I get caught again, that would be the end of me, Lin Wanrong thought, his heart pounding. He quickly grabbed her hand and said, "Miss, could you not play with me? I have a heart condition."

Qin Xian'er covered her mouth and smiled, "When you were up to mischief just now, why didn't you mention you were sick?"

Lin Wanrong's face reddened, a rare occurrence. But he was thick-skinned and shamelessly held onto Qin Xian'er's hand, "Here, in this dry well, amongst a pack of wolves, the two of us sitting together, chatting, looking at the moon, making a lifetime commitment, wouldn't it be wonderful? Why the rush to leave?"

Qin Xian'er's heart skipped a beat, finding herself unaccustomed to his whimsical train of thought. A faint blush spread over her face. She wondered how shamelessly thick-skinned he was, to spout such nonsense with ease, and how many women had fallen for his ruse.

The thought of other women unsettled her. Regret gnawed at her for having spared Xiao Qingxuan's life that day. But seeing how urgently Lin Wanrong held her hand provided some comfort. She gently asked, "Do you know my identity, Young Master?"

Lin Wanrong lightly stroked her hand, responding, "Of course, aren't you the enchanting courtesan Miss Qin Xian'er from Miaoyu Pavilion on the banks of the Qinhuai River? I greatly admire you."

His flattery was devilishly effective, his praise causing Qin Xian'er to blush crimson. She was momentarily speechless before eventually managing to ask, "And do you know about my other identity? I should tell you that I belong to the White Lotus Sect. People often call me a demon."

"Demon, that's nice," Lin Wanrong replied casually. "I've encountered virtuous women, promiscuous women, elegant women, mature women, but I've never met a demon. The more demonic, the more I like."

Even for Qin Xian'er, known for her enchanting allure, these words made her blush profusely. She thought to herself, This man is incorrigible, yet strangely, she found herself inexplicably delighted by his audacity.

"But I don't particularly like the White Lotus Sect," Lin Wanrong's eyes flashed with a hint of anger. He grunted, glanced at Qin Xian'er again, and joked, "But a demon from the White Lotus Sect... The more I look at her, the more I like her."

"Young Master..." Qin Xian'er couldn't stand his blatant, unashamed flattery. Her cheeks blushed as if about to drip with water. She spoke in a low voice, "As I belong to the White Lotus Sect, if they don't see me soon, they might become suspicious."

"Let them suspect," he responded defiantly. "At worst, you can betray the White Lotus Sect. This Sect is not on the right path anyway. One day, I plan to annihilate it. With you around, I'm not afraid of the White Lotus Sect. Even though I have no martial arts skills, I insist on surrounding myself with skilled beauties for protection, much to the chagrin of those rogues."

"Young Master, please don't speak like this," Qin Xian'er exclaimed in alarm. "My fate is intertwined with the White Lotus Sect. Without it, I would not exist."

Seeing her so frightened, Lin Wanrong decided not to press the issue further. Worst case, he thought, when the time comes to deal with the Sect, he would first exhaust her in bed until she couldn't rise, saving her the dilemma.

"You should go now," Lin Wanrong said.

Qin Xian'er nodded, only to hear him ask, "By the way, I noticed a commotion over there earlier. Did something happen to the Eldest Miss?"

Qin Xian'er looked at him and said, "Are you that concerned about Miss Xiao?"

Seeing Lin Wanrong nod, Qin Xian'er clenched her fists, her eyes flashing with a harsh glint, "She's dead."

Chapter 112 Deep-Rooted Affection

"What?" Lin Wanrong exclaimed in disbelief, almost unable to trust his own ears. This news was too startling, so unexpected that it was hard to believe. He took a deep breath, looking at Qin Xian'er and said, "Are you certain she's dead? How... how is this possible?"

Qin Xian'er's expression grew cold as she said, "When one is dead, they are dead. Could there be any falsehood in that?"

Seeing her serious demeanor, not seeming to be deceptive, Lin Wanrong's heart skipped a beat. Could it be? Was that girl truly dead? Just a short while ago, they had been bantering with each other. How could she be dead all of a sudden? Suddenly, he remembered the caring cry of the Eldest Miss before he was taken away. Lin Wanrong felt a heavy weight in his heart. If the Eldest Miss was really dead, what would become of the Xiao family? And what about Yushuang? Wouldn't that little girl cry herself to death? The mere thought was heart-wrenching.

Lin Wanrong felt a sense of unbearable discomfort. Over this long period of time, he had argued and quarreled with this girl. While there weren't many times when they truly saw eye-to-eye, they had formed a deep bond of comradeship. How could it have disappeared so suddenly?

Remembering the times he had spanked her, remembering her proud bearing, Lin Wanrong sighed. His heart grew colder, his gaze more profound. Letting go of Qin Xian'er's hand, he said solemnly, "Miss Qin, tell me, how did the Eldest Miss die?"

Qin Xian'er did not answer his question but simply looked at him, asking, "Do you really care about Miss Xiao that much?"

Lin Wanrong nodded seriously, "Yes, she was my friend, of course I care about her. She was kidnapped by the White Lotus Sect and died here, so it must be related to them. I, Lin Wanrong, swear here and now, I will not rest until the White Lotus Sect is destroyed."

Hearing his oath, Qin Xian'er's eyes welled up with tears as she looked at him, "Young Master, Xian'er is also part of the White Lotus Sect. Will you also destroy me?"

Seeing her pitiful expression, Lin Wanrong couldn't help but sigh, "You are not like them. They slaughter innocents and harm common people. They are undoubtedly guilty."

Qin Xian'er gave a hollow laugh, her face pale as she said, "Young Master, you're mistaken. Xian'er is the demoness of the White Lotus Sect, I've killed more people than them. The sins I bear... even ten lifetimes wouldn't be enough to cleanse them. If you want to exterminate them, you should kill me as well."

Lin Wanrong felt exasperated. Why was this girl so obstinate? He asked, "Xian'er, why did you join the White Lotus Sect?"

"My master is the leader of the White Lotus Sect. If I don't join, who will?" Qin Xian'er responded, her expression filled with desolation.

"Did your master treat you well? If not, we could rebel against her," Lin Wanrong wickedly suggested.

"I have been raised by my master since I was a child. She has shown me kindness as heavy as a mountain, how could I betray her? Even if she were to kill me, I could not betray my master," Qin Xian'er asserted.

Lin Wanrong felt a headache brewing. The situation was indeed troublesome. If he were to obliterate the White Lotus Sect, Qin Xian'er would surely be heartbroken. Yet, if he didn't, not only would Yushuang be sorrowful, he himself wouldn't find peace.

Seeing him silent for a while, Qin Xian'er let out a melancholic smile, "Young Master, have you grown tired of Xian'er?"

Lin Wanrong quickly grabbed her hand, "Xian'er, what are you talking about? You risked your life to save me; I'm overwhelmed with gratitude, how could I possibly grow tired of you?"

Qin Xian'er heaved a deep sigh, "You're only grateful for my efforts to save you, but your deepest affections and loyalties lie with Miss Xiao."

Lin Wanrong felt his mind in a muddle. The news of the Eldest Miss' death had left his mind a jumbled mess. What was to become of the Xiao family? What of Yushuang? How were they to manage the family affairs? And the perfume business? Ah, it was only after this incident that he realized how vital the Eldest Miss had been. She simply couldn't die.

Qin Xian'er noticed his dazed expression and felt a sharper sting in her heart, "Young Master, would you feel the same sorrow if Xian'er were to die?"

"Don't speak such nonsense," Lin Wanrong said softly, "You're beautiful and highly skilled, you won't die."

"But what if I do die one day? Would you be equally heartbroken?" Qin Xian'er asked, looking at him.

Lin Wanrong didn't know what to say to her. Reeling from the sudden news of the Eldest Miss' death, he was in no mood for playful banter with Qin Xian'er. He gave a wry smile, "Xian'er, can you tell me who exactly killed the Eldest Miss?"

Qin Xian'er looked at him with a cold smile, "Do you really want to know?"

Lin Wanrong nodded, and a strange smile surfaced on Qin Xian'er's face, "Well then, take a good look. The person who killed the Eldest Miss is both far on the horizon and right before your eyes."

"What? Was it you?" Lin Wanrong exclaimed in shock. This revelation was even more shocking than the Eldest Miss' death.

Qin Xian'er nodded seriously, "Yes, it was me."

Lin Wanrong was stunned. He felt his mind wasn't sufficient to process the current situation. Despite his self-proclaimed brilliance, he had no way to make sense of it all. Qin Xian'er had killed the Eldest Miss? What on earth was happening?

Lin Wanrong tried hard to calm himself, repeatedly reminding himself to stay cool-headed. The situation couldn't be that simple. "Why did you kill the Eldest Miss?" he managed to ask calmly. There seemed to be no reason for this girl to have killed the Eldest Miss.

"When you were captured by my senior brothers, I had no choice but to distract them. I poisoned the Eldest Miss, and when the poison took effect, I took the opportunity to rescue you while they went to investigate," Qin Xian'er explained calmly.

Lin Wanrong broke out in a cold sweat. So, this diversion was for his sake? He laughed bitterly, "Miss Qin, why did you have to use poison? That could kill someone. Wouldn't a knockout drug have sufficed? It's an essential in the martial arts world, I even carry some myself."

Qin Xian'er snorted, "I'm a demoness of the White Lotus Sect. I only know how to kill, not to save. I only carry poison, not a knockout drug. My hands are already soaked in blood, what's a little more? I had no quarrel with the Eldest Miss. If I kill her to save you, she has served her purpose. If she has anyone to blame, it's only her thin luck."

Lin Wanrong sighed, "How can you kill people so easily? You killed her and saved me, but isn't that implicating me in your injustice? Ah, it would be better if I just gave up my life."

Tears welling up in her eyes, Qin Xian'er said, "I am a demoness of the White Lotus Sect, I have done many evil deeds, what's one more? Even if she was still alive, I would still want to kill her."

She really is a demoness, Lin Wanrong sighed inwardly. Your actions have left me in a predicament. I always thought I was rather unconventional, but this demoness Xian'er is even more unpredictable.

Seeing his expression, Qin Xian'er's stubbornness flared, "What's the big deal about me killing her? Even the woman who saved you that night, I want to kill her too."

"You want to kill Xiao Qingxuan too?" Lin Wanrong was getting tired of her killing spree, his voice raising a bit, "In that case, why don't you just kill me and save me the trouble?"

Qin Xian'er paused, her eyes filled with swirling tears, "Her name is Xiao Qingxuan? You're defending her to the point of not even caring about your own life?"

What on earth is she thinking? Killing all day long, she's almost a female demon. She was such a good girl back at the Miaoyu Pavilion, but ever since she returned to the White Lotus Sect, she has become so savage. That damn White Lotus Sect truly is strange.

"You're at a loss for words? I'm going to kill Xiao Qingxuan." Qin Xian'er's eyes flashed with a dangerous glint.

"Kill, kill, kill, you just never stop. Why do you want to kill her? Are you jealous?" Lin Wanrong shouted.

Qin Xian'er's face turned red, "I'll kill if I want to kill, what does it have to do with jealousy?"

From her reaction, anyone could tell that she was fiercely jealous. Lin Wanrong sighed, "Enough, stop killing people recklessly. Give me the antidote."

"What antidote?" Qin Xian'er asked.

"What antidote? You don't know? The antidote for the Eldest Miss!" Lin Wanrong exclaimed.

"That was a potent poison, contact means death, there is no antidote." Qin Xian'er said, then added quietly, "Even if there were an antidote, I wouldn't give it to you."

"In that case, give me some of the poison." Lin Wanrong said.

"Why do you want the poison?" Qin Xian'er was startled.

"I'll try it, see if I'll die." Lin Wanrong said helplessly.

Hearing that he intended to test the poison on himself, tears started to fall from Qin Xian'er's eyes, "For her, you're willing to risk your own life?"

Lin Wanrong was both exasperated and amused. This girl, it's not even her turn to be jealous. Thinking about his interactions with Qin Xian'er, how they had faced each other daily at the Miaoyu Pavilion, he hadn't realized her feelings for him had taken such deep roots. Not only had she warned him repeatedly, but she had even risked her life to save him this time. He was overwhelmingly

grateful and delighted for her feelings. However, her jealousy was intense. If he really ended up with her, wouldn't his household be turned upside down?

Ah, being pursued by a beautiful woman was quite a painful experience. He shook his head helplessly and said with a wry smile, "Miss Qin, my relationship with Miss Xiao is not what you imagine. We're just casual acquaintances, nothing more. You know she's the daughter of the Xiao family, and I'm a servant of the Xiao family, how could I not save her?"

"Really?" Qin Xian'er felt a bit better, quickly lifting her head, her tear-streaked face resembling a pear tree in the rain, exceptionally beautiful.

Lin Wanrong was stunned, thinking to himself, This girl, so beautiful, if you say she's not a demoness, who would believe it?

"Don't worry, my relationship with her is nothing more than quarrels, nothing dirty like you imagine," Lin Wanrong laughed.

"You're the dirty one," Qin Xian'er said shyly.

"Give me the antidote then," Lin Wanrong stretched out his hand.

Qin Xian'er hummed in a sullen tone, "How do you know I have the antidote?"

Upon hearing her tone, Lin Wanrong felt a wave of joy and quickly grabbed her hand, "Because I know Xian'er wouldn't recklessly kill the innocent."

Qin Xian'er sighed, "You don't understand, Young Master. I've indeed killed countless people. I've lost count of the lives I've taken."

"No matter what, by giving me the antidote, you've shown you didn't intend to kill Miss Xiao." Lin Wanrong felt relieved knowing the Eldest Miss was not dead.

Qin Xian'er shook her head, "This drug doesn't actually need an antidote. She would wake up on her own after an hour."

"Really?" Lin Wanrong was surprised and delighted. This girl, she loves to make things mysterious, she really deserved a spanking.

"So what if it's true? She fell into my senior brother's hands. It's probably worse than death. I'm only willing to save you, not her," Qin Xian'er pouted. Lin Wanrong broke out in a cold sweat, thinking this girl's thoughts were really unpredictable. She wanted to kill someone she didn't even know, for a bizarre reason.

Qin Xian'er hummed again, "This time you saved her life, but next time, I will still kill her."

God, have mercy on me, this girl's jealousy was extremely strong. The worst part was, her martial skills were a thousand times, ten thousand times stronger than mine. Was I destined for a barbaric girlfriend? But what about Qiaoqiao, and Yushuang? These two girls were the apple of my eye, facing Qin Xian'er's vinegar jar, if she got unhappy, and broke their necks, I would be in misery for life.

Seeing Lin Wanrong's troubled expression, Qin Xian'er sighed, "Young Master, do you really dislike Xian'er that much?"

Lin Wanrong spoke honestly, "Xian'er, your current personality is vastly different from when you were at the Miaoyu Pavilion. I genuinely don't know which is the real you."

Qin Xian'er replied, "Naturally, this is the real me. When at the Miaoyu Pavilion, I had to put on a show for others, which wasn't enjoyable."

Lin Wanrong frowned, but Qin Xian'er chuckled softly, "Young Master, don't worry. When I'm with you, I'm genuinely happy. There's no deceit."

You're happy, but I'm suffering, Lin Wanrong thought. Seeing Qin Xian'er laughing like a little fox, he felt a surge of anger. This girl, when she gets jealous, she wants to kill. If I don't teach this little girl a lesson, I will be living in constant fear. If I wasn't so busy at the moment, I would take you to bed. Regardless of your martial arts skills, you would surrender after calling me brother and husband a few times, he thought wickedly.

He wasn't skilled in martial arts, but he had a set of tactics for dealing with a female martial artist like Qin Xian'er. He gave her a meaningful look and said, "Xian'er, if you keep killing people indiscriminately, no one will like you."

Qin Xian'er sighed, "I don't want to kill randomly either, but without someone to control me, I can't change this habit." Her eyes sparkled with mischievous light as she whispered, "How about you let me stay by your side, Young Master, to manage this problem?"

"Alright," Lin Wanrong eagerly agreed. Having a martial arts expert and peerless beauty by his side would surely be impressive.

"But, I'm a demoness from the White Lotus sect," Qin Xian'er lamented, "Being by your side might bring you trouble."

Lin Wanrong grinned, "Well, you can just leave the White Lotus sect then."

These words touched Qin Xian'er's heart. She looked deeply at Lin Wanrong before lowering her head, her expression melancholic. The ruthless demoness had become a wronged woman once again.

"Young Master, once everything is settled, can Xian'er stay by your side forever?" Qin Xian'er suddenly looked up at him, her eyes full of hope.

Lin Wanrong held her hand and nodded, "Yes, then we will roam the martial arts world together, laughing at the world."

Qin Xian'er covered her mouth and laughed at his grandiose and shameless boasting, but she felt exceptionally happy talking with him.

After conversing with him for the duration of a cup of tea, she knew she had to leave to avoid arousing suspicion. She bit her lip and said to Lin Wanrong, "Young Master, I have to go now."

Lin Wanrong nodded gently. He originally wanted to ask her to take care of the Eldest Miss, but thinking about this girl's temperament, he decided against it.

Qin Xian'er looked deeply at him, her face shyly expressing, "Young Master, wait for me here. I promise I'll return."

Seeing her coy and charming demeanor, Lin Wanrong thought, now that's gentleness. However, he then heard her say softly, "That vixen Xiao Qingxuan, I'll definitely kill her."

Thud. Lin Wanrong collapsed on the spot. Even at a time like this, this girl couldn't forget her jealousy. It was really extraordinary.

In Miss Xiao's cell, a well-dressed young master stood with a green face, unmoving. Behind him stood Lu Zhongping and another man, both standing silent as cicadas, not daring to utter a word. Xiao Yuruo, unconscious, lay on the bed.

"Zhongping, you said when the changing guard saw Miss Xiao, she was already unconscious on the bed?" the well-dressed young man standing next to the youth inquired.

"Yes. There was no unusual noise in between, and nobody had touched the young lady. The second junior sister had just checked on her, she is merely unconscious and will wake up in about an hour," Lu Zhongping responded.

"It's too late," the well-dressed young master sighed, "What a great move to lure the tiger away from the mountain. I fear that Lin San has already fled far away."

The young man next to the well-dressed young master asked, "But why would that person only abduct Lin San and not the young lady? Lin San is just a coarse servant. What value could he possibly have?"

"Could it be for the secret formula? Young master, we've recently encountered a mysterious woman in white in Jinling City who blocked us in several major households. On the day Lin San was abducted, that woman risked her life to save him. Could it be her doing?" Lu Zhongping suggested.

The well-dressed young master was startled, "If that's true, this place is likely exposed and no longer safe for us to stay long. Lu Zhongping, you take your people and retreat first. Also, inform Cheng De to send his troops ahead of schedule to charge up this mountain. As for Lin San, we'll deal with him later."

He then turned to the young man next to him, smiling, "Today is the day you and Miss Xiao have your wedding night. I wish you a hundred years of happiness."

"Thank you, young prince," the youth said gratefully. All three of them burst into laughter.

Chapter 113 I Want to Cultivate with You

Lin Wanrong sat desolate and bored at the bottom of the well, still somewhat worried about Miss Xiao in his heart. However, at present, he was helpless, only left with the option to wait.

Bored as he was, he thought he might as well find something to entertain himself. Searching within his robe, apart from a few broken pieces of silver, all he had was a risqu album of erotic paintings.

He took out the album and, under the soft moonlight, started to scrutinize it. The more he looked, the more his heart itched with curiosity. The characters in the album, faint under the moonlight, seemed incredibly lifelike, inviting him into a world of imagination.

"Damn, there are so many different positions," he thought. He guessed the artist must have been drawing the pictures while making love, the depictions were so true to life. He thought about trying some with Qiaoqiao in the future, a lascivious smile appearing on his face. While others might read sacred texts under the moonlight, he was engrossed in erotic literature, truly reveling in this perverse pleasure.

As he was delighting in his reading, a fragrance wafted over him, and a white figure descended into the well, standing before him with a smile.

"Miss Xiao, is that you?" Lin Wanrong exclaimed in delight. It seemed like another martial art master had arrived. Even if he wanted to be captured today, it seemed an impossibility. He asked curiously, "How did you know I was here?"

Xiao Qingxuan chuckled, "That Miss Qin really treats you well. She risked her life to save you; you should properly repay her."

Lin Wanrong asked, "You saw all that?"

Xiao Qingxuan nodded, "I have been here for a while. When I saw you trapped in that room, I wanted to go to you but someone beat me to it."

Lin Wanrong knew she was referring to Qin Xian'er, and nodded with a smile, "Miss Qin treats me well, and so do you, Miss Xiao. I always feel my handsomeness is a great trouble."

Xiao Qingxuan had been with him for many days now and had grown used to his self-praise. She ignored his comment, "I didn't come specifically for you. These White Lotus cultists have committed countless evils; they are the enemies of all."

"I know. You just happened to pass by, that's all." Lin Wanrong smirked.

Blushing slightly, Xiao Qingxuan quickly changed the topic upon noticing the album in his hand, "What are you so engrossed in?"

Realizing he was still holding the album, Lin Wanrong couldn't avoid it and replied candidly with a laugh, "Just doing some research."

"Research? What research?" Knowing Lin Wanrong's peculiar interests, Xiao Qingxuan thought he might be researching something like perfume again and asked curiously, "Can I see it first?"

Lin Wanrong's face twisted oddly, "You can take a look, but don't blame me later."

Xiao Qingxuan looked puzzled, "You're just doing some research, why would I blame you?"

She took the album from Lin Wanrong. Just one glance was enough to paint her face crimson, she scoffed lightly, "You're really incorrigible, indulging in such things, and you even lied to me about doing research!"

Lin Wanrong chuckled, "This is a matter between a husband and wife, a natural way of life. What's wrong with me researching it?"

Though what he said was undoubtedly ruffianly, he managed to deliver it in such a righteous and stern manner that Xiao Qingxuan, despite her shyness, couldn't help but smile. She thought to herself, In this world, probably only he would dare to utter such audacious words so unabashedly.

Her gaze unintentionally fell back upon the small album. First, she looked shy, then curious, and finally, incredibly solemn.

Lin Wanrong, noticing her engrossed in the album, was somewhat surprised. She was also interested in the album and was even reading it nonchalantly in front of him? Had he found a kindred spirit? And a female one at that? Reading erotic literature under the moonlight, and with a man and a woman present, something was bound to happen.

Xiao Qingxuan, looking serious, asked, "Where did you get this album from?"

Lin Wanrong thought, she really wanted to get to the root of the matter, didn't she? So he replied, "A friend gave it to me."

Xiao Qingxuan sighed, "You have such a treasure and yet you're unaware. It's infuriating!"

"Treasure? Isn't this just an erotic -- I mean, an album. How can it be a treasure?" Lin Wanrong said, puzzled.

Xiao Qingxuan, both irritated and amused, thought how such a usually astute man could be so foolish about this matter. She looked at him and smiled, "This is a mysterious method of dual cultivation. It can be practiced by people of all ages."

Dual cultivation? He was very familiar with the term; it seemed Old Man Wei had mentioned it once, but he didn't pay much attention to it at the time. But now, when Xiao Qingxuan mentioned it, it seemed extraordinarily significant.

Seeing Xiao Qingxuan under the moonlight, her expression gentle, her beauty breathtaking, Lin Wanrong's heart pounded. Regardless of whether she was a demoness or a hero, no one could escape his teasing. He thickened his face and feigned confusion, "Dual cultivation? What is that? Would Miss Xiao kindly explain it in detail?"

Seeing his mischievous smile, Xiao Qingxuan knew he was playing dumb. Her face reddened and she scolded, "How can you be so dishonest? At a time like this, can't you be serious?"

Lin Wanrong chuckled, "I am only like this with you. With others, I never make light of words."

Xiao Qingxuan was secretly pleased to hear this, her heart skipped a beat, and she snorted, "I suppose you speak in the same way with Miss Qin Xian'er."

Lin Wanrong thought to himself that this was his handsome strategy coupled with sweet words, under the attack from both sides, even a stone-hearted girl would blossom. He pretended to be serious, "What is the purpose of this dual cultivation method?"

Xiao Qingxuan glanced at him, "This method of dual cultivation is just right for someone like you who lacks a foundation in internal strength. No hard work is required, it's quick to learn, and best suited for someone as lazy as you."

Lin Wanrong gave a wry smile, wondering if he was really as bad as she made him out to be. Seeing Xiao Qingxuan's smiling face, he realized she was getting back at him for his earlier teasing. He simply returned her gaze with a slight smile.

"As long as you find a woman with high martial skills to cultivate with you, it will be greatly beneficial to both of you," Xiao Qingxuan continued.

Lin Wanrong gave a curious grunt, "How beneficial? Can it make me so powerful as to kill people casually like you do?"

Xiao Qingxuan shot him a glance, "I haven't tried it either, so how would I know? In any case, it's highly beneficial for you."

"You haven't tried it?" Lin Wanrong gasped in surprise, "Neither have I. How about this, since the night is dark and windy and we're both free, why don't we do some research together?"

Xiao Qingxuan glared at him, "What nonsense are you talking about? Do you think I'm easy to bully?"

Lin Wanrong sighed internally, everyone else seemed hard to bully, only he was easy. He wondered how miraculous this dual cultivation technique was, could it make him less prone to being bullied?

Having these thoughts, he lost his mood to tease her. He sighed lightly, "I was just joking with you. I always enjoy joking with you, you know that."

In the art of sweet-talking, Lin Wanrong had mastered the essence. He applied it universally. Considering their past interactions and the countless times he had taken advantage of her, Xiao

Qingxuan didn't mind this time. Seeing him silent, she felt uncomfortable and said, "Don't talk frivolously with me. Let's have a serious conversation."

Lin Wanrong chuckled, "If I don't talk frivolously with you, I'll go talk to someone else."

"Is it Qin Xian'er?" Xiao Qingxuan asked, gritting her teeth. Lin Wanrong laughed heartily but said nothing.

Xiao Qingxuan sighed softly, "Qin Xian'er deeply cares for you. You should take good care of her."

Lin Wanrong felt a touch of emotion. That demoness Qin Xian'er was always threatening to kill Xiao Qingxuan, yet Xiao Qingxuan still spoke in her favor. Thinking back on their time together, aside from their first meeting where she almost killed him, Xiao Qingxuan was quite gentle.

Xiao Qingxuan sighed again, "We've been talking here in this well. The rogues from the White Lotus Sect should have retreated by now. Shall we leave?"

"The White Lotus Sect has run off?" Lin Wanrong asked, confused.

Xiao Qingxuan nodded, "You were rescued. They must have assumed this place was exposed. Why wouldn't they leave?"

Lin Wanrong exclaimed in alarm, "What about Eldest Miss Xiao?"

"I'm not sure. She was likely taken by the White Lotus Sect," Xiao Qingxuan said calmly.

Taken by the White Lotus Sect? This was serious. When they were together, they could look after and comfort each other. But if she was taken by the White Lotus Sect, where could he find her?

Seeing his despondent expression, Xiao Qingxuan couldn't help but laugh, "You're quite fond of Eldest Miss Xiao. Don't worry. She wasn't taken. She stayed behind. A large number of government troops have arrived at the foot of the mountain. They seem to be preparing to stage some sort of drama."

"Government troops?" Lin Wanrong asked, "Are they here to save Eldest Miss Xiao?"

Xiao Qingxuan shook her head, "I'm not quite sure about that, but these government troops are from the Green Camp, led by the Jiangsu Commander-in-Chief, Cheng De."

Cheng De? Did Miss Xiao hold such influence to summon the Commander-in-Chief? Something was off!

Lin Wanrong shook his head, "Something is strange about all this. Miss Xiao, is Eldest Miss Xiao still in the prison?"

Xiao Qingxuan nodded, "Don't worry, your Eldest Miss Xiao is still in there. The White Lotus Sect has been causing trouble in Nanjing for some time, yet Cheng De has done nothing until now. Just when Miss Xiao is in trouble, he appears so promptly. I had to make quite an effort to get here, so how did he find this White Lotus Sect hideout in such a short time?"

After listening to her, Lin Wanrong was even more convinced something was amiss, and his worries for Eldest Miss Xiao deepened. The two of them hurried out of the abandoned well, only to find the courtyard empty. The White Lotus Sect members, including the well-dressed young man, had all disappeared.

"How come even Qin Xian'er ran off?" Lin Wanrong asked.

Xiao Qingxuan shot him a glance, "Under the watch of her fellow disciples, she can't come find you even if she wanted to."

Lin Wanrong, in a state of anxiety, grabbed Xiao Qingxuan and hurriedly made for the cell where Miss Xiao was. After a few steps, they saw a shadowy figure sneak into the prison cell. The figure seemed to be Lu Zhongping.

Lin Wanrong felt a twinge of anxiety, hoping that the man hadn't set his sights on Eldest Miss Xiao. He thought, great timing for my arrival. As they were halfway to the prison cell, they saw Lu Zhongping coming out, the entire process took no more than a few seconds. He looked flustered, glanced back at the cell, and a smug, cold smile spread across his face.

Just then, sounds of a battle erupted from the foot of the mountain. Amid the blazing torchlight, thousands of soldiers with bright banners charged up the mountain.

"Surrender Eldest Miss Xiao immediately, you White Lotus Sect scoundrels, and you will be spared!" a man, who looked like a noble, shouted from amidst the troops. The distance was too great to see his face clearly.

How could he utter such meaningless words, Lin Wanrong thought. With such a shout, it would be strange if the rebels didn't run. Xiao Qingxuan, however, snorted, "Birds of a feather."

During their brief pause, they saw that Lu Zhongping had already walked far away. Worried for Eldest Miss Xiao, Lin Wanrong rushed into the prison cell, Xiao Qingxuan was even faster, entering the stone chamber first.

The room was empty except for Eldest Miss Xiao. Lin Wanrong immediately saw Eldest Miss Xiao lying peacefully on the bed. Aside from not being awake, she seemed fine. He breathed a sigh of relief, at least she was unharmed. An hour had passed, and she should wake up soon.

By Xiao Qingxuan's side, there was an incense burner. A stick of incense had just been lit, its smoke slowly rising and yet to spread. Xiao Qingxuan was the closest. After taking a few light sniffs, she felt a bewitching scent from the incense that unsettled her.

"Despicable!" She hastily covered the incense with her sleeve to extinguish it. Two blush spots appeared on her face, revealing a sense of bewitchment.

"What's wrong?" Lin Wanrong asked anxiously. At that moment, he was standing by Eldest Miss Xiao's bed, some distance from the incense that Xiao Qingxuan had quickly extinguished, so he hadn't caught a whiff of the scent and felt nothing unusual.

Xiao Qingxuan said, "This place isn't safe. We should leave quickly." Although there were soldiers rushing up the foot of the mountain, Lin Wanrong and Xiao Qingxuan both knew there must be deceit involved. Not daring to delay, Lin Wanrong lifted Eldest Miss Xiao and prepared to carry her.

Just then, Eldest Miss Xiao moaned softly and slowly opened her eyes. Evidently, the effects of the drug had worn off. Qin Xian'er had indeed not lied to them.

In her daze, Eldest Miss Xiao saw a man in green robes and a small hat, grinning annoyingly - wasn't that the detestable Lin San? She exclaimed happily, "Lin San, you're back? Did they hurt you?"

"I'm fine, they invited me for tea. Miss, are you alright?" Lin Wanrong responded lightly.

Eldest Miss Xiao shook her head, then seeing a woman as beautiful and elegant as a fairy standing in front of her, she was startled and asked, "Lin San, who...who is she?"

"She's a friend I brought to help. Those thieves have been driven away, so we should go," Lin Wanrong said.

Before Eldest Miss Xiao could speak again, a sound of horses and a loud voice echoed, "Yuruo, don't worry, I'm coming to save you!"

Hearing the voice, Eldest Miss Xiao was surprised and said, "This sounds like Tao Dongcheng, how did he come here?"

Lin Wanrong sneered inwardly, then looked at Eldest Miss Xiao seriously, "Miss, do you trust me or Tao Dongcheng?"

Eldest Miss Xiao's face turned a shade of red as she said, "Although you are not entirely honest and like to take advantage, you have shown loyalty to the Xiao family. Of course, I trust you."

Lin Wanrong gave a wry smile. Before she complimented him, she had to mock him. He was getting used to it. Xiao Qingxuan's face was also a bit red, and she urged Lin Wanrong, "Cheng De's troops are about to charge up here, let's go quickly."

Lin Wanrong nodded, took Eldest Miss Xiao's sleeve and began to walk out. When they reached the entrance, they saw a white horse galloping from a distance. The man on the white horse was none other than Tao Dongcheng.

"Yuruo, I'm coming to save you," Tao Dongcheng shouted, urging his horse, as if afraid that people wouldn't know he was here for a rescue.

Tao Dongcheng was still forty to fifty meters away. Seeing a stone the size of a palm at his feet, Lin Wanrong picked it up. Xiao Yuruo looked at him curiously and asked, "Lin San, what are you doing?"

With a smirk, Lin Wanrong said, "Nothing, I just really dislike this type of grandstander." Having been skilled at throwing stones since his childhood, he saw Tao Dongcheng charging forth pompously, not more than twenty meters away. He aimed at the horse's head, and with a strong throw, the stone flew out and hit the target directly.

"Neigh" The white horse let out a shocked whinny, its forehooves springing up, nearly vertical to the ground. Tao Dongcheng was thrown heavily onto the ground.

Thinking, 'You were parading around on a white horse like some prince in front of me,' Lin Wanrong made a victory sign. He turned to Xiao Qingxuan and said, "The soldiers are coming, let's run."

"But Lin San, it seemed like Tao Dongcheng was here to save us. Quite strange indeed," Xiao Yuruo commented.

Lin Wanrong glanced at her and sighed, "Miss, do you trust me?"

Seeing Lin Wanrong's uncharacteristically serious expression, Xiao Yuruo nodded, "Of course, I trust you."

Lin Wanrong thought, 'Good, she hasn't wasted all my worry.' Just as he was about to speak, he felt a sudden lightness. Xiao Qingxuan had grabbed his hand and Xiao Yuruo's, and they were soaring away into the distance.

Tao Dongcheng got up and, seeing the departing figures of the trio, kicked the ground angrily. Damn it, it was that Lin San again who ruined his plan. He wondered why the guy who supposedly fled reappeared at such a crucial moment. Wasn't he just taking advantage of the situation?

Tao Dongcheng had calculated everything perfectly. He knew that Eldest Miss Xiao was strong-willed and would rather die than be forced. Even if he did succeed, Xiao Yuruo would undoubtedly seek death, and he wouldn't benefit from the Xiao family. Hence, he had meticulously planned this scene: when Eldest Miss Xiao would wake, when the incense burner would take effect, when he would arrive at the right time to "fight off the thieves and save the Miss," and then take advantage of her "need." With this approach, Xiao Yuruo would not have much resentment, and everything would naturally follow. However, he didn't anticipate that Lin San, who had supposedly "fled," would return at this moment and seize such an advantage.

His eyes were bloodshot, and he no longer cared about Eldest Miss Xiao. He waved at the soldiers behind him and ordered, "Fire arrows"

The rain of arrows flew towards Lin Wanrong and the others, fast and furious. However, the trio moved faster than the arrows, and all the arrows fell to the ground, missing their target.

Feeling Xiao Qingxuan's hand burning up, Lin Wanrong turned to look at her. Beads of sweat trickled down her forehead, her face flushed red, looking sickly.

"Qingxuan, what's wrong?" Lin Wanrong asked hurriedly. He usually addressed her formally as Miss Xiao, but now seeing her in distress, her name just slipped out easily.

A sense of comfort flashed in Xiao Qingxuan's eyes, but her face was as hot as fire. Biting back her shyness, she leaned into his ear and said, "Find a place quickly, I need to cultivate with you!"

Chapter 114 Spring Blossoms

"No really?" Lin Wanrong said, startled. Her words were utterly baffling. Just moments before, she had blushed furiously and retorted vehemently when the topic of dual cultivation was broached in the well. How had she shifted so rapidly to broach the topic herself? Could pies truly fall from the sky? This particular pie, though, seemed overwhelmingly large.

His voice had risen a notch, enough to draw the attention of Xiao Yuruo over there. She turned her head to glance at him, then at Xiao Qingxuan. Her mind was filled with doubts. What exactly was the relationship between this Lin San and this fairy-like woman to warrant such intimacy?

Eldest Miss Xiao, although prideful of her beauty, found herself outshined by Xiao Qingxuan. She sighed inwardly. How many more surprising secrets was this scoundrel hiding from her?

Xiao Qingxuan's face was flushed as she took one look at him, gritted her teeth, and ran with them for nearly an hour. Even though she was carrying two people, her speed was unmatched. How could those soldiers compare? After all this running, she had left the soldiers far behind.

They had taken a different path down the mountain, one rocky, uneven, and incredibly muddy. However, to Xiao Qingxuan, it was nothing. Spotting a spacious valley with a naturally formed cave halfway up, Xiao Qingxuan pulled the two of them inside. It was quite spacious and dry inside, a perfect place to rest.

Her face still crimson, Xiao Qingxuan glanced at Xiao Yuruo. "Miss Xiao, you must be tired after all this running. Rest a while." Before Xiao Yuruo had time to respond, she was already acupunctured into unconsciousness.

Seeing Xiao Qingxuan's strange expression, Lin Wanrong hurriedly asked, "Qingxuan, what's going on?"

Xiao Qingxuan gave him a long look. "Those villains have no shame. They had put an aphrodisiac in Eldest Miss Xiao's room. Fortunately, I discovered it early and was able to eliminate it in time. Because Eldest Miss Xiao is still asleep and hasn't inhaled any, she was able to narrowly escape. Otherwise, she would have also fallen prey."

"Aphrodisiac? Love in the Air Elixir? I Want a Bang? Lin Wanrong instantly perked up. "This aphrodisiac seems like quite a useful thing. Where can I buy it? I could use some for self-defense."

Xiao Qingxuan gave him a glare. "What do you need that for? Are you planning to misuse it?"

Unfazed, Lin Wanrong declared, "Do I even need such a thing? Standing here, I am the strongest aphrodisiac."

His shameless remark left Xiao Qingxuan blushing so intensely that it seemed as if water might drip from her face. She softly muttered, "I must have bad luck to have encountered you. I've never had good fortune."

Recalling the words she had whispered in his ear earlier, Lin Wanrong felt a tickle in his heart. "Qingxuan, what exactly did you mean by what you said to me just now?"

Xiao Qingxuan let out a long sigh. "I meant that you and Eldest Miss Xiao were lucky to have escaped the aphrodisiac. But someone wasn't as fortunate, and ended up affected by it." As she spoke of the aphrodisiac, her face was flushed with such embarrassment that it seemed to paint the stone wall a shade of pink.

Lin Wanrong was taken aback. "Qingxuan, could it be that you..."

Tears welled up in Xiao Qingxuan's eyes. "I was too close to the incense burner and inhaled a few breaths. It was too late to hold my breath. This aphrodisiac, I don't know who concocted it, but it's incredibly overpowering. Even with my martial skills, I can't resist it. It seems like I must have done something terrible in a past life to have met you."

Lin Wanrong was taken aback. Could the legendary aphrodisiac truly be this powerful? Doesn't it simply stimulate the secretion of hormones in the body, leading to heightened arousal in women? There are other ways to relieve it that don't necessarily involve intercourse, such as self-stimulation, he thought darkly.

However, such a solution seemed underhanded and unnecessary. Wasn't the straightforward approach more appropriate, given his presence? He puffed out his chest and said righteously, "Qingxuan, you were affected by this damn poison because you were trying to save me. As long as I can help you, I'm willing to do anything."

Xiao Qingxuan let out a sigh. "You've gained a great advantage, yet you still speak this way. It's clear that you don't respect me at all."

Seeing her flushed face, teardrops on her cheeks, and her celestial beauty coupled with an aggrieved expression, Lin Wanrong felt a surge of affection and pity. He sighed, "Qingxuan, you know I enjoy talking with you like this. Can we keep doing it for the rest of our lives?"

Tears cascaded down Xiao Qingxuan's face. "Are you proposing a lifelong commitment to me? Do you know who I am?"

Dismissing her concerns, Lin Wanrong retorted, "I don't care about your status. I only know that you're a woman, a woman I like, and that's enough. Even if you were the emperor's daughter, I would still take you away."

Xiao Qingxuan sighed softly. "Things may not be as simple as you think. There are many things in this world that cannot be resolved by human efforts alone."

Ignoring her statement, Lin Wanrong asked, "Qingxuan, what do you think of me?"

After a moment's thought, Xiao Qingxuan responded shyly, "A bit naughty, a bit mischievous, a bit capable."

"Just a bit?" Lin Wanrong laughed. "There's nothing in this world that I, Lin Wanrong, wouldn't dare to do. You should believe in me, and more importantly, trust your judgment."

"Braggart." As her consciousness gradually faded, Xiao Qingxuan looked at Lin Wanrong, her eyes deep with confusion. "I don't know how I ended up meeting you. I clearly knew that I should stay away from you, yet I still talk to you every day. This is my karma."

She knew that she was reaching her limit. With a light bite on her silver teeth and a bashful look at Lin Wanrong, she asked, "Do you... like the way I look?"

Her beauty was unparalleled, her manner refined, and she carried an indescribable air of nobility. Glancing at Lin Wanrong, she gave a gentle smile and slowly turned, her breathtaking figure blooming like a brilliant peony, adding an endless burst of springtime to the barren valley, and outshining even the sun and the moon.

"Qingxuan, you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen." Lin Wanrong was entranced, murmuring. He'd visited many pleasure districts in his past life and had quite a few girlfriends, but none could compare to Xiao Qingxuan in terms of beauty and demeanor. This wasn't to say he'd forgotten about Qiaoqiao and Yushuang—those two girls were great beauties, too. Qiaoqiao was gentle and virtuous, Yushuang was playful and frank, and their charms were entirely different from Xiao Qingxuan's. Yet, it was Qingxuan who combined stunning beauty and refined elegance in one person, so to call her the most beautiful was not an overstatement.

"You always know the right sweet words to deceive me." Xiao Qingxuan's eyes were filled with tears, but her face held a sweet smile.

Knowing she wouldn't be able to evade today's ordeal, she faced what could be the most significant experience of her life with a hint of nervousness but a desire to let go of her inhibitions. Perhaps she only had this one night with him. Why then, should she hold herself back?

Gently, she undid the high bun in her hair, and her waterfall-like tresses cascaded down like a smooth satin sheet. Her jet-black hair shone like polished obsidian, reflecting the faint moonlight penetrating the cave, its lustrous glow enthralling.

In all the time Lin Wanrong had spent with her, aside from their initial misunderstanding, he had only ever seen her calm and noble. He had never witnessed such charm. He gently took Xiao Qingxuan's hand, "Qingxuan, meeting you is a blessing from heaven to me. If I betray your sincere feelings for me, may heaven strike me"

A small, pure hand covered his lips, interrupting him. Xiao Qingxuan shook her head. "Don't speak, don't make any promises. I know what you're thinking." A sweet smile played on her cherry lips, her petite nose as crystal clear as jade, her cheeks flushed, and her skin as white as snow. Despite her embarrassment, she still carried an otherworldly elegance, like a celestial being exiled to the mortal world.

Lin Wanrong's heart raced uncontrollably. He wasn't an inexperienced lad, yet facing this celestial beauty, he couldn't help but feel awkward.

Come on, you spineless fool, haven't you seen a beautiful woman before? Although he had been involved with many women, he had never met one so breathtakingly beautiful. Was the woman before him really his? Dismissing any further thoughts, he decided that this wasn't the time for manners. He would hold her first and think later.

He pulled Qingxuan into his embrace, feeling her delicate body tremble slightly. A sweet wave of affection welled up in his heart, and he held her even tighter, his arms full of her soft, fragrant body.

Xiao Qingxuan nestled in his arms, her body growing hotter as the aphrodisiac gradually took effect. She lifted her head to look at him, her eyes shy yet enticing, serving as the most potent aphrodisiac, driving Lin Wanrong wild.

He clung tightly to her, his head buried deep within her lustrous black hair, savoring the faint scent it bore. The subtle fragrance of jasmine, mixed with the unique scent of a maiden, was intoxicating as an exquisite wine. It was so potent, so intoxicating, it pierced his heart without a taste.

This Xiao Qingxuan was the first exceptional woman Lin Wanrong had met in this world, and he had nearly lost his life to her. Reflecting on her once capricious and arrogant demeanor, he found it hard to believe she would one day become so intimate with him. It was as if he was back to the moment when they first met, the scenes playing back in his mind.

"So you're my sweetheart," Lin Wanrong whispered in Xiao Qingxuan's ear.

The words were like a spring rain that moistened her heart. Her heart fluttered, a sweet smile tinged with a hint of shyness spread across her face. "You scoundrel," she murmured into his ear, with a smile.

At the sound of her soft voice, Lin Wanrong was instantly filled with lust. He was the type whose lower half dictated the upper half's actions. It seemed as if her words had a peculiar power, and he held her delicate body tight. His arousal was immediate, thick and hard, pressing against Xiao Qingxuan's buttocks. His hands slowly began to roam.

Xiao Qingxuan, seemingly exhausted by the effects of the aphrodisiac, or perhaps just shy, collapsed motionless into his arms. When his hot hand touched her buttocks, her body trembled gently. She collapsed into his arms, not daring to move.

The silky feel of her buttocks left Lin Wanrong reluctant to let go. Thinking of her noble demeanor, he felt an immense sense of triumph. He let his beastly nature reign, kneading and caressing, as though he was stroking the smoothest satin. This girl was truly irresistible.

Xiao Qingxuan seemed to regain some clarity. She smiled at him and said softly, "Husband, let me undress you."

At the sound of "Husband", Lin Wanrong felt an exhilarating chill, as if he were enjoying an ice cream on a hot summer day. Xiao Qingxuan undressed him with a trembling body and blushing face, revealing his sturdy physique.

At this point, Lin Wanrong stopped being polite. He embraced her waist and said, "Wife, let me undress you too."

Xiao Qingxuan smiled sweetly, her demeanor incredibly seductive. She extended her jade-like arms, her delicate body leaping up like a fairy in flight. With a light kick of her smooth legs, her outer garment fluttered down like a leaf, leaving her in only her undergarments, her arms and legs exuding an enticing allure that stirred the imagination.

Lin Wanrong swallowed hard. This striptease was truly impressive. From now on, he would have Qingxuan perform it just for him.

Xiao Qingxuan gave a slight smile, allowing her dark hair to cascade down. She glanced at him lightly, her eyes displaying a hint of shyness but also delight. Each gesture, each step, was imbued with a captivating beauty.

The effects of the aphrodisiac were fully in play. With a shy pull, her silky undergarment slid down, revealing her splendid body that would make any man lose his mind. Her figure was slender, her skin clear and bright as snow, a natural beauty. Her ample bosom stood proudly, white as cream, her

twin treasures trembling lightly. Atop the perfect roundness were two taut pink buds that, set against her snowy skin, shone with a tantalizing luster. Her slender legs were gently pressed together, forming together with her perky buttocks and chest, an enchanting curve of convexity and concavity. In the midst of her slender legs, a hint of black, a jewel within a clam, a flirtatious hint of intimacy, was enough to drive any man wild.

Her arms and legs were as smooth as ivory, her curves like snowy peaks. Lin Wanrong was utterly entranced, feeling on the brink of an explosion. He longed to rush up and tenderly embrace her.

Xiao Qingxuan's cheeks flushed a beautiful red, her bright eyes shrouded in a layer of faint mist. Her body was as hot as fire, her delicate form trembling uncontrollably. Though coerced by the drug, this was her most uninhibited night.

Lin Wanrong could no longer resist. He rushed up to her, tightly embracing her tender and infinitely lovable figure, lifting her creamy chin to gaze deeply into her eyes.

Overwhelmed with embarrassment, Xiao Qingxuan's cherry-like mouth was half-open, half-closed, offering an irresistible allure. Lin Wanrong lowered his head, fiercely pressing his lips onto her ripe, inviting cherry lips. His mouth was dry, his tongue parched. Like a ravenous wolf, he sucked the nectar from his beauty's mouth, finding it as sweet as honey, leaving a lingering fragrance between his teeth.

Chapter 115 A Gift of Firearm

Xiao Qingxuan gave a soft moan, feeling as if she had plunged into a fiery furnace. Her body trembled lightly, her cheeks burning as if aflame. With her beauty, the men surrounding her were undoubtedly more outstanding than this Lin Wanrong, yet she herself couldn't understand why she was so enchanted with this minor servant. Was this fate?

Thinking of destiny, her tears increased, the final flames of desire completely consuming her. She looked at Lin Wanrong, a gentle call emanating from her lips: "Husband" This was her last phrase before succumbing to desire, her cheeks as red as rosy dew, resembling the most magnificent twilight.

Lin Wanrong spread their clothes on the ground, embracing Xiao Qingxuan as they slowly laid down. Xiao Qingxuan had already lost herself to madness, tightly holding Lin Wanrong, her legs wrapped around his waist, oblivious of her actions.

Seeing the potent effect of the aphrodisiac, Lin Wanrong was inwardly infuriated. Those who dared to treat his Qingxuan this way, he would surely tear them to pieces.

He took advantage without showing gratitude, noticing Xiao Qingxuan's red eyes. Wasting no more time, he tightly held her crystal-clear body, his masculinity thrusting into her intimate passage, like a vibrant plum blossom blooming under Xiao Qingxuan.

Xiao Qingxuan let out a soft hum. Despite the torment of desire, she seemed not to feel any pain, instead, she began to move wildly.

Feeling the heat and tightness of her secret place, Lin Wanrong hadn't experienced such joy in a while. He let out a satisfied hum, his mind suddenly recalling the dual cultivation method Xiao Qingxuan had mentioned. The current Xiao Qingxuan was deep in her lustful trance, and naturally couldn't help Lin Wanrong cultivate this method.

While Lin Wanrong gently moved, he also inspected the little book. Unconsciously chanting the method, he felt a warm current flow from their union into his body, radiating throughout his limbs like sunlight, bringing comfort wherever it went.

Damn, was this dual cultivation? It was as delightful as having a sauna. The only drawback was the need to multitask reading and making love at the same time. Not being able to focus on either, was somewhat frustrating.

Xiao Qingxuan, with her superior aptitude and profound cultivation, was a virgin experiencing her first love. She was truly a heavenly match for dual cultivation. Even Lin Wanrong, who didn't understand dual cultivation, could feel the difference, a comforting energy filling his body, brimming with strength.

After a bout of madness, Xiao Qingxuan's skin flushed, her eyes seductive. Slowly regaining her senses, she shyly dared not open her eyes. Feeling that her internal strength had decreased by forty to fifty percent, she was shocked, soon realizing that half of her strength had been transferred into Lin Wanrong.

This rogue, this wasn't dual cultivation, but clearly a one-way extraction of energy. She felt overwhelmingly shy, realizing that Lin Wanrong did not understand the method of dual cultivation, did not know how to reciprocate the energy, thus turning dual cultivation into one-way energy transfer.

Perhaps it was the will of heaven. She had lost half her power, yet felt no regret. Her sect was abundant with miraculous elixirs, and her natural talents were extraordinary. It wouldn't take long for her to recover. The power she had transferred was invaluable to Lin Wanrong. Common folks couldn't bully him, and though he couldn't defeat top masters, he at least had the ability to escape.

Maybe he wouldn't have to rely on her to save him in a humiliating way anymore. Her heart fluttered with a strange mix of happiness and melancholy.

Engrossed in her thoughts, she felt a sudden surge of energy within her. Peering down, she saw Lin Wanrong had already moved atop her, wrapping his arms around her and saying, Qingxuan, I've trained our dual cultivation technique to a considerable level. Shall we delve deeper into the mysteries of the heavens?

Before finishing his sentence, he began to move. Xiao Qingxuan gave a soft moan, her cheeks flushing as she gazed at him, as though intending to etch his visage permanently in her heart. Her eyes filled with unshed tears. Suddenly, she abandoned her shyness, and clung to Lin Wanrong like a madwoman, whispering in his ear, Husband, love me

Her desperate cry was undoubtedly the best aphrodisiac, deeply stimulating Lin Wanrong. With a tiger-like roar, he quickly began his dance, Xiao Qingxuan underneath him.

The room was filled with spring-like warmth. Xiao Qingxuan's body began to tremble, and within moments, she reached her climax amidst tears of joy...

She wasn't sure how much time had passed when she awoke. Lin Wanrong was holding her tight, fast asleep. Her heart was filled with sweetness and bitterness. She sighed, tears streaming down her face, no longer able to hide her sadness.

After a long while, she lifted her head, hanging a jade pendant around his neck and gently stroking his cheek, Take good care of yourself, and do not let others trick you like this time.

Slowly, she rose, taking one last loving look at the peacefully sleeping Lin Wanrong. She concealed her beautiful body in her clothes, sighed lightly, and took out a long, small box from her bag. She left it beside him, whispering, This is a gift I had Mr York get for you. It was just delivered from the capital and is perfect for you. Even though you have some martial arts skills now, they're only enough to deal with common martial artists. This will serve you well against top masters.

After I leave, do not worry. If we are fated, even with some hardship, we can meet again. If not, it's just the heavens playing with us. As she spoke, her tears flowed freely. She picked up a piece of white cloud silk (Yunjin silk), preparing to write a message with a small brush, when a voice echoed in her ear, Whoever says you and I are not fated, I'll cut them down.

His voice was clear, resolute. She looked up to find Lin Wanrong's eyes, filled with determination, fixed on her.

You, you're awake? she said softly, her heart filled with embarrassment. On one hand, they were now the most intimate of lovers. On the other hand, he had heard all her private thoughts.

Lin Wanrong took her hand and held her tightly, saying, "You silly girl, if I hadn't woken up, I wouldn't have known my wife was about to leave."

Xiao Qingxuan rested in his arms, her cheeks damp with tears. She spoke softly, "I've been in Jinling for far too long, which is already inappropriate, and what we've done... it's even more so. If you truly care for me, don't press me. Let me finish what I have to do. On the seventh day of the seventh month next year, look for me at the Jade Buddha Temple in the capital. If we truly share a bond as husband and wife, we'll meet again."

Lin Wanrong knew Xiao Qingxuan's personality she was a decisive woman. Once she made a decision, it was hard to change her mind. But her words about fate and destiny irritated him. He never believed in such things. He gripped Xiao Qingxuan's hand, saying, "I'm a bad man; I never believe in destiny. What I know is to cherish what I have in my hands. You are already my wife. Not even heaven can change that, and nobody can separate us."

He gave a faint smile, "If you have something to do now, I won't force you to stay. Let's make a game of it. On the seventh day of the seventh month next year, we'll look for each other in the capital. No cheating allowed. If I find you first, I'll kiss you a hundred times. If you find me first, I'll take the loss and let you kiss me a hundred times. But if anyone dares to cheat, I'll spank her a hundred times."

Xiao Qingxuan was both amused and upset. She chided, "You never say anything serious, do you?"

Lin Wanrong held her hand firmly and said with a serious face, "I've never been more serious in my life. Everything I say is true. You know I'm capable of anything. If I don't see you by that day next year, I'll go house to house in the capital, putting up posters with your picture, saying my wife and I had a fight and she left home with our unborn child. Our young son at home has no milk to drink

and is crying for his mother. I'll make sure to mention my wife is extraordinarily beautiful, the daughter of a noble family. I'd request everyone to help find her."

Xiao Qingxuan blushed, "How could you say something like 'our son has no milk'... You're shameless!" She knew Lin Wanrong well enough; he was capable of pulling off such outrageous actions and might even come up with something even more embarrassing.

She felt a sweet sensation in her heart but was also helpless against his audacity. With a sigh, she began, "But you don't know"

"There are no 'buts'," Lin Wanrong cut her off, "When it comes to being with my wife, no one can stop us, not even the Emperor himself."

Seeing his determined expression, Xiao Qingxuan felt both joy and worry surge in her heart. Was this rascal destined to be her life's mischief-maker? She wondered as she nestled in Lin Wanrong's arms.

Xiao Qingxuan had originally planned to leave without saying goodbye, but she hadn't expected that Lin Wanrong hadn't been asleep at all. Now she was caught in the act, and in front of Lin Wanrong, her exceptional martial arts skills seemed useless. As they cuddled together and he uttered frivolous words, she, despite her excellent composure, felt herself weak and soft. Fortunately, Lin Wanrong was fond of her and didn't take too much advantage of her, aside from a careful exploration of her body.

She spoke to him about many martial arts techniques while he was playfully touching her. His left ear heard seventy percent of what she said, but his right ear had already let sixty percent escape. Xiao Qingxuan, both shy and amused, thought to herself that with his skills, he should be able to handle most opponents. Besides, he also had that precious protective artifact, so there should be no danger. She decided not to push him further.

As the sky gradually brightened, dawn had broken. Xiao Qingxuan finally stood up, her face red, and said, "I need to go."

"Why don't we chat a bit longer? It's still not dark yet. How about waiting until it's dark before you leave?" Lin Wanrong shamelessly suggested.

Xiao Qingxuan thought to herself that if she stayed from dusk till dawn and then till the next dusk, she might never muster the courage to leave. She gave him a disgruntled look, but couldn't

distinguish whether it was out of annoyance or joy. She dared not look back at him, but using her agility, she leapt up and sprinted off into the distance.

From behind her, Lin Wanrong shouted, "Qingxuan, I'll think of you every day."

She paused, turned back to look at him, her eyes full of tears. She stomped her foot in frustration. You scoundrel, you just want to make me cry, don't you?

Watching Xiao Qingxuan's figure recede into the distance, Lin Wanrong stretched lazily, This girl, she's leaving her husband. What a character! He moved toward the cave and saw that all the clothes had been neatly tidied up. Thinking about how this must have been Xiao Qingxuan's doing, he couldn't help but feel smug, My wife is indeed a woman who can manage both the hall and the kitchen.

Last night, Xiao Qingxuan had thoroughly explained to him the dual cultivation technique to prevent him from misinterpreting it as solely a replenishment practice. Lin Wanrong couldn't help but laugh, under Xiao Qingxuan's guidance, he threw a punch and shattered a rock, more impressive than the one who had practiced the Child's Technique for over thirty years.

Damn, I've really made it big now. Any martial arts master, if I can't beat them, can't I just run away? The dual cultivation and replenishment technique is indeed a wonderful thing. While feeling very pleased, Lin Wanrong thought to himself: Good kung fu, here comes the day!

The box that Xiao Qingxuan had given him was still nearby. They had been talking last night, and he had forgotten to ask what it was. But since it was something that Xiao Qingxuan had personally brought from the capital, it must be something good. He opened the box to find a double-barreled musket.

Damn, this is a great thing! Lin Wanrong was overjoyed as he held the musket, examining it carefully. The musket was made from high-quality steel, with accurate gun barrels and a durable frame. Holding it, he felt extremely powerful.

In this era, with such a contraption, Lin Wanrong was not afraid of any so-called martial arts master. Even though he himself was only half a master.

Grasping the musket in his hand, Lin Wanrong felt overjoyed. Now, he had two guns with him. One for shooting men, the other especially for women. He chuckled at the thought.

He heard this was a gift from a certain Mr. York to Xiao Qingxuan. It must be an imported item.

Xiao Qingxuan, concerned about his safety, had specially arranged for someone to deliver it from the capital to Jinling, a distance of eight hundred miles. Her affection was deep and profound.

Lin Wanrong thought to himself, Qingxuan, to repay you, on the seventh day of the seventh month, I'll let you seek me first. Once you find me, I'll let you kiss me a hundred times.

He was enjoying his thoughts when he suddenly felt uncomfortable. He turned his head and saw that the Eldest Miss Xiao had awakened at some point. Her face was flushed, and she was looking at him angrily.

With a smile, Lin Wanrong said, "Miss, you're awake."

"Hmph," she grunted, two red spots on her face. "I woke up long ago."

Had she woken up long ago? Did that mean she saw him taking liberties with Qingxuan earlier? Lin Wanrong knew she shouldn't have seen the intimate scenes between him and Xiao Qingxuan last night, only the part where he was taking advantage of her. He, with his thick skin, wasn't embarrassed at all. He laughed and said, "Miss, next time be careful not to spy."

Xiao Yuruo's face turned a deeper red. She glared at him and said, "You shameless man!"

Seeing Lin Wanrong's face gleaming with satisfaction, Xiao Yuruo gritted her teeth and asked, "Who is Miss Xiao to you?"

"She is my wife" Before he could finish, Eldest Miss Xiao kicked a small stone in front of her and angrily said, "Lin San, let's go down the mountain"