

## Finest 326

### Chapter 326 The Imperial Capital

Lin Wanrong fell into a slight reverie before speaking, "In our grand capital of Great Hua, beauty is all around. Everywhere you go, there's a scenic view. The street performances on Tianqiao, the snacks at the Chenghuang Temple, the bright moon over Xiangshan, all are renowned far and wide. Why don't we visit these places first?"

Yi Seung-Jae naturally wouldn't refuse. However, it was Ashile who frowned and said, "Master Lin, all these places are about food and fun. They are quite meaningless. Are there any other places, such as where you train your soldiers—"

"Training soldiers—" Lin Wanrong's brow furrowed, "Don't mention training soldiers to me. I got whipped yesterday and I'm still in pain today."

He then recounted the half-true, half-fabricated story of his experiences from the day before. Ashile exclaimed in surprise, "General Lin, you rule your soldiers so strictly that even you have to undergo corporal punishment for your own mistakes?"

"Strict? Not really," Lin Wanrong shook his head, "I'm just average. Under General Li Tai, we have a million soldiers, each possessing outstanding martial skills. They train far more strictly than I do, a hundred times over. The daily casualty rate stands at one in a hundred."

Ashile quickly grabbed hold of him, "Master Lin, do you have any soldiers with you? I would like to see the troops under your command."

Lin Wanrong looked troubled, "Well, my troops are just a bunch of insignificant soldiers, not worthy of any presentation. Perhaps it's best if we don't go. Instead, why don't we head to Tianxiang Building to enjoy some music? I know the courtesans there only sell their bodies, not their skills—"

Ashile, clearly anxious, interrupted him, "Master Lin, let's go watch your training. I am quite interested in military affairs."

Yi Seung-Jae also chimed in, "Master Lin, I've long heard about the mighty and strong Great Hua soldiers, and the grandeur of Great Hua. Please allow me the pleasure of observing."

Seeing the earnestness of the two, Lin Wanrong sighed helplessly, "Alright then, since both of you insist so passionately, I'll comply, despite the embarrassment. Let's go together and see who's training. We can just watch casually. Ah, I'm still wounded—"

Ashile nodded repeatedly. He and Yi Seung-Jae mounted their horses while Lin Wanrong, due to his severe injury, climbed into the carriage. They had only traveled a few steps when they heard a woman's voice from outside, "Master Lin, it's Palace Lady Seo. May I come up?"

'Palace Lady Seo? What does she want with me?' Lin Wanrong laughed, "Come in, the door isn't locked."

Palace Lady Seo climbed into the carriage, a small medicine box in hand. Lin Wanrong, surprised, asked, "Miss Seo, what are you doing?"

Palace Lady Seo gave a slight smile, "Our prince said that Master Lin leads by example and has exceptional military discipline. He especially asked me to come and see to your wounds. Would that be convenient for you?"

"Oh my, how could I possibly refuse?" Without any hesitation, Lin Wanrong undid his shirt, revealing his back full of whip marks.

Palace Lady Seo didn't expect Lin Wanrong to be so forthright, saying no but acting to the contrary. Her cheeks reddened slightly before she regained her composure and carefully inspected Lin Wanrong's wounds. After a long while, she finally spoke, "Master Lin, your injuries haven't affected your muscles. Given your robust physique and the excellent wound medicine you've used, your recovery has been remarkably quick. I estimate that the scabs should fall off by tomorrow."

"But I still feel sore all over, with aching back and cramped legs, and suffer from difficult sleeping every night," Lin Wanrong sighed.

"Well, this may be due to injuries causing stagnant energy that is difficult to disperse, leading to symptoms like difficult sleeping," the palace Palace Lady Seo pondered before saying.

"Not only difficult sleeping, but there are also more serious issues," Lin San spoke with a pained expression. "Did you believe me when I said I have eighteen lovers?"

With a blushing smile, Palace Lady Seo replied, "If you say you have that many, then that's how many you have."

"Ah, I knew you wouldn't believe me, but do I even believe it myself?" Lin Wanrong said earnestly. "Do you think I want to be involved with all of them?"

"Did they force you, Sir?" Palace Lady Seo, asked, surprised.

"It's not really about being forced. It's just mutual needs. I'm naturally quite dominant, and during marital activities, I can't help being a bit... well, so there's no other choice but to find a few more. Ahem, I'm just talking nonsense. Please, don't take it seriously, Palace Lady Seo!" Lin San held back his laughter.

Palace Lady Seo shook her head with a light smile, her cheeks turning a soft pink. "You do enjoy your jokes, Sir. Let's talk about your difficult sleeping problem."

"Oh, go ahead. Do you have any special treatments?" Lin Wanrong eyed Palace Lady Seo's fair, flawless cheek, feeling an itch in his heart. How could this maid have such good skin, almost better than his wives?

"I have a recipe for medicinal food, called 'Tanluo Qi Restoring Soup', which is suitable for your condition," said Palace Lady Seo.

"Medicinal food? I don't quite trust that. Is there something better? Faster?"

"Acupuncture can stimulate circulation, clear stasis, and disperse blood. Would you like to give it a try?" Palace Lady Seo asked earnestly.

"Ah, needles, I'd better pass." The mention of acupuncture made Lin Wanrong shiver, instantly recalling the Vixen An and Fairy Ning.

Palace Lady Seo smiled lightly and said, "I saw how bravely you fought with Prince Tsugumi. How can you be afraid of acupuncture?"

Lin Wanrong thought, 'How could beating someone be the same as being pricked with needles?' Seeing Palace Lady Seo's sweet smile, he laughed, "Alright, let's try it. But if it makes me uncomfortable, you must stop."

Palace Lady Seo nodded, took out a silver needle, and lightly pricked Lin Wanrong's shoulder. Her technique was exquisite, offering a different experience compared to Sister An. Perhaps because Palace Lady Seo was more personable and without the inexplicable fear he had for An Biru, Lin San found the procedure surprisingly comfortable.

After she inserted four needles, Lin Wanrong felt so relaxed that he yawned lazily on his pillow, smiling, "Palace Lady Seo, what's your name? Calling you 'Palace Lady Seo' feels weird. I think I heard someone calling you 'Geum' earlier, right?"

Palace Lady Seo nodded, "Sir, my name is Jang Geum."

"Oh, Jang Geum, nice name. So, Jang Geum that—ah—" It seemed like Lin San had remembered something. He jumped up as if he had seen a ghost, his face full of horror, and the silver needles on his body trembled. "You, are you Dae Jang Geum?"

Jang Geum shook her head in confusion, "Sir, my name is Seo Jang Geum, not Dae Jang Geum. What's wrong?"

'Famous people, ah! She is the second famous person I've encountered after Xu Wenchang, and she is a foreign friend too. Darn it, why hadn't I thought of it earlier?' With such knowledge and insight, wasn't this palace lady Dae Jang Geum?

"Hello, hello, Miss Seo Jang Geum," Lin Wanrong, without further ado, took the celebrity's small hand and smiled, "I've long heard of your great name."

Seo Jang Geum was taken aback. Only a few people in Goryeo knew her name. How did this nobleman from Great Hua know? "Sir, you should let me finish the acupuncture first," said Seo Jang Geum, her face slightly reddening.

"Oh, right, right. I forgot because I was so happy." Lin Wanrong released Seo Jang Geum's hand and lay back on the pillow, yet his gaze remained on her.

Seo Jang Geum, with a serene smile, said, "Sir, what's wrong with you? You've become so strange after hearing my name."

"Nothing, probably because you're pretty," Lin Wanrong chuckled, feeling immensely joyous within. This world was truly interesting. He had unexpectedly run into Seo Jang Geum.

"Sir, you're really strange," Seo Jang Geum shook her head and gently laughed. Lin Wanrong didn't reveal the truth and instead talked with her about events in Goryeo, listening to her stories about the Goryeo royal court, experiencing a sense of surrealism.

When they arrived at the training ground, Lin Wanrong jumped down with ease, the pain from his wound seemingly greatly relieved. Seo Jang Geum watched with quiet astonishment. The nobleman's transformation was indeed dramatic.

Upon his arrival, the training ground was nearly deserted, with only a handful of men still training. Lin Wanrong took a distant look and frowned, "Why is it always these few useless fellows?"

Ashile and Yi Seung-Jae followed behind Lin Wanrong, and upon hearing his comment, their gaze drifted to the few men. They saw the men practicing their combat skills on horseback. One young soldier held a silvery spear, and amidst the galloping, he suddenly turned back and struck a wooden figure right in the chest. The spear pierced through, displaying tremendous fierceness. Another man with a beard swung his big sword on horseback, splitting a log in half.

Ashile was quietly stunned. Who were these men who were not even inferior to the bravest warriors of his tribe? And yet Lin Wanrong seemed unsatisfied with them.

"Well, just take a look. I'm embarrassed that you have to see these good-for-nothing fellows," Lin Wanrong sighed helplessly.

Ashile curiously asked, "Master Lin, their horsemanship, swordsmanship, and spearmanship are all quite exquisite, why are you unsatisfied?"

Lin Wanrong gave a wry smile, "Brother A, please stop mocking me. These few are the weakest in my army. Everyone else has already passed. Only these few, despite many days of training, still can't meet the standards. According to our army's regulations, to pass the spear test, they need to pierce two stakes with one spear, and for the sword test, they need to split three logs in one go. But look at these men. Xu Zhen, Hu Bugui, if you don't meet the standards today, no dinner for you. I'm embarrassed to have made you witness this, truly, truly embarrassing!"

Yi Seung-Jae was so shocked he didn't dare make a sound, while Ashile was left with his mouth agape. This was merely a random inspection, and it was impossible for this man named Lin San to have arranged it in advance. A casual glance revealed such astonishing capabilities. Could it be that the new recruits of Great Hua this year were truly so formidable?

Ashile said, "Master Lin, are these your newly trained soldiers? I've fought with Great Hua soldiers before, but they were not this formidable."

Lin Wanrong quickly laughed it off, "Yes, yes, our Great Hua soldiers are quite weak. The performance of these few men doesn't count. Please just watch and forget about it. Don't take it seriously, don't take it seriously!"

When Ashile turned to look back, he saw the young soldier who was wielding the spear, with a single turn, managed to pierce two wooden stakes. The dimly gleaming tip of his spear radiated a chilling light.

## Chapter 327 I Want to Report You

Though Master Lin had dismissed it as a lie, Ashile grew even more suspicious. Could it be that the Great Hua had secretly prepared an elite force to wage a do-or-die battle with his Turkic Khanate? This matter was of grave importance, and he had to inform the Khan ahead of time. Yi Seung-Jae, on the other hand, had a different train of thought. Indeed, the military strength of Great Hua was robust, surpassing that of Goryeo by several times. He must report this truthfully to his father, the king.

"Boom, boom—" Two plumes of black smoke billowed into the sky, and the earth-shattering blast caused a buzzing in everyone's ears. Ashile and Yi Seung-Jae's faces changed, Palace Lady Seo was frightened into covering her ears, and Lin Wanrong shouted angrily, "Where did the cannon fire come from? Where did it come from?"

A common soldier hurried over to report, "My Lord, the new recruits from the Divine Machine Unit are practicing with the cannons. They are not accurate, disturbing my lord. Please forgive us."

Lin Wanrong hummed, "New recruits practicing with cannons is not an issue, but scaring our esteemed guests with such reckless firing is unforgivable. Do you know who this is? This is the special envoy from the Turkic Khanate. Do you know who the other person is? That is the prince of

Goryeo, along with the beautiful Lady Jang Geum. If they were scared, Du Xiuyuan, could you bear the responsibility? Come on, drag him away—"

Du Xiuyuan paled with fear, his eyes wide with terror. Lin Wanrong smirked inwardly. It was a waste of talent for Brother Du not to go into film.

Seeing Master Lin's anger, Ashile hurriedly intervened, "Master Lin, your new recruits didn't know we were coming. This is an understandable situation, please don't blame them."

Jang Geum was very kind-hearted. Seeing Master Lin flexing his authority and his soldiers looking pitifully helpless, her compassion flared. She walked over to Lin Wanrong and softly said, "My Lord, they committed this error unintentionally. Please spare them. Jang Geum is very grateful for your benevolence."

"Is that so?" Lin Wanrong pondered for a moment, "Since Lord Ashile and Lady Jang Geum have pleaded on your behalf, I suppose I can let this pass this time."

Ashile's eyes flicked, "Master Lin, I've rarely seen cannons, could you perhaps show us around?"

"Well—" Lin Wanrong hesitated, "Brother Ashile, to be honest, this cannon is a secret of Great Hua. Ordinary people can't see it, let alone while our two nations are at odds—"

Ashile quietly moved closer to him, handing him a small bag, "Today I troubled Master Lin with our visit, please accept this small token of my appreciation. And there are also two precious 'blood-sweat' horses from my Turkic homeland, they will be delivered to your mansion today." His Mandarin was awkward. Master Lin glanced into the bag and saw two thumb-sized night pearls, their lustrous radiance blinding.

"Oh, I see!" General Lin quietly put the bag in his pocket, then with utmost seriousness, said, "Since the Emperor has instructed me to treat our two guests well, I will reluctantly take you to see them. Alas, I hope the Emperor won't blame me." Yi Seung-Jae had observed their actions, a spark of understanding in his eyes, and he was lost in thought.

The artillery drill field was still some distance away. A few people walked towards it, Lin Wanrong taking a few strides before feeling someone tug at his clothes from behind. Turning his head, he saw that it was Seo Jang Geum. Her expression was serious, eyebrows furrowed. Lin Wanrong found it strange, "Lady Jang Geum, do you need anything from me?"

Seo Jang Geum spoke in a low and serious voice, "Sir, I want to ask you something."

Lin Wanrong laughed, "Lady Jang Geum, don't be so serious. Smile a bit. What do you want to ask?"

Jang Geum shook her head, "Did you accept a bribe from Lord Ashile?"

Sweating, Lin Wanrong thought that this Korean lady was blunt. He could disregard what others said about him, but when someone pointed it out directly, he couldn't help but blush. "Where, where... it's just a small gift, it's not bribery, it's not bribery," he defended himself.

Seo Jang Geum remained stern, "Sir, the Turkic Khanate is currently at war with Great Hua. You accepted their bribe and exposed Great Hua's military secrets to the enemy. How could you do that? Do you know how many Great Hua soldiers and civilians you are hurting? They are ordinary people, all innocent. Even though I am Goryeo, Goryeo and Great Hua are closely connected, and the people of both countries are equally hardworking and kind. Jang Geum, as a minor palace lady, also knows right from wrong, and I will not allow anything that harms the people of both countries to exist. Sir, I urge you to immediately return the bribe you received and refuse to let the Turkic envoy observe your country's artillery. Otherwise, I will report your acceptance of bribes to the emperor of Great Hua. Please think it over!"

Lin Wanrong was stunned for a while, feeling that strange things had happened more frequently this year. This Seo Jang Geum was unusually upright, so upright that it was over the top. A minor Goryeo palace lady was threatening to report a Great Hua official's acceptance of bribes. Interesting, very interesting. Lin Wanrong laughed, "Lady Seo, I understand what you mean, but you don't understand mine. Even your prince would definitely not allow you to do this."

Jang Geum obstinately replied, "Even if the Prince is noble, he cannot protect evil. Even if he disapproves, I will still expose you. Please return the bribe you received, I beg you!"

As Seo Jang Geum said this, she deeply bowed. Lin Wanrong hurriedly helped her up, lightly pinching her hand in the process, "Lady Seo is overthinking, I am a Great Hua man, how could I harm my own country? Ha-ha, let's leave it here for now. I'll find you to do acupuncture when I have time."

Having said that, Lin Wanrong turned and left, fearing that this stubborn little palace maid would cling on and not let go. Seo Jang Geum stood there for a while, before saying in a serious tone, "Master Lin, for the sake of Great Hua and my Goryeo people, I will definitely expose you."



Seeing Lin Wanrong catch up, Yi Seung-Jae mysteriously smiled, "Master Lin, are you satisfied with Lady Seo?"

Lin Wanrong paused for a moment, then said, "Satisfied, very satisfied." Yi Seung-Jae nodded and said nothing more.

----

The artillery platform was built on a small hill. When Lin Wanrong and the others arrived, the "new recruits" were in the middle of a live ammunition drill. A new recruit lit the fuse, and with a loud bang, a distant target shattered on cue, its power and precision top-notch.

During the battles between the Turks and the Great Hua, a few cannons had been captured, but those cannons were bulky and not particularly accurate. Looking at the cannons now in use by Great Hua, they seemed to have been well improved; they were much lighter, but their power had increased several times. Should they come to battle, the casualties of his Turkic cavalry would undoubtedly be substantial. As he watched, Ashile was secretly alarmed, while the new recruits of the Divine Machine Unit simply shook their heads.

Ashile said softly, "Master Lin, these cannons are quite accurate and powerful, but why do your soldiers seem unsatisfied?"

Lin Wanrong replied, "Accurate? We demand that cannon fire has an error of no more than two steps. That shot just now had an error exceeding four steps. I have no idea how these new recruits have been practicing, but it is extremely disappointing. My apologies for the embarrassment."

The two envoys were left speechless. Lin Wanrong's high expectations of his soldiers were indeed shocking. If all the soldiers of Great Hua were trained like him, who in the world could be their match?

"Since we're here, let's test the cannon formations. Li Sheng, Li Sheng—," Lin Wanrong called out loudly.

"I'm here—," Li Sheng quickly ran over.

Pointing at Li Sheng, Lin Wanrong, smiling, said to the two special envoys, "This is a new recruit team leader in my Divine Machine Unit. Let's have him demonstrate the cannon formations today. Li Sheng, lead your new recruits, fire a few shots, and let our esteemed envoys give some advice."

Li Sheng acknowledged the order and set up ten cannons in a line. The "new recruits" loaded the powder, filled the shell, pushed the cannon, and aimed. Their movements were neat and efficient, all in one go.

Li Sheng raised a small flag and shouted, "Fire!" Dozens of cannons instantly spewed out fire, the deafening noise of cannon fire shaking the earth. Amidst the thick smoke, the dense hills in the distance were instantly leveled, rocks flying about, a magnificent sight.

Lin Wanrong said loudly, "Esteemed envoys, take a look, this is called concentrated fire, a new battle method we have recently researched. It is specifically designed to target enemy charging troops, particularly effective against cavalry formations. Great Hua currently has over a hundred thousand cannons. Gentlemen, imagine, if they all fired in a concentrated manner, what would be the power?"

The two envoys said nothing as the cannon fire gradually became sparse. The ten cannons were firing alternately in different directions, chasing each other, one shot following another. Lin Wanrong laughed, "Gentlemen, please take a look again. This is called chase fire, unlike concentrated fire. Chase fire is a point shot, giving the enemy nowhere to escape. It is specially designed to eliminate important enemy figures, such as the Khan of the Turks—oh, I didn't mean that, just an analogy. Brother Ashile, please do not misunderstand."

Ashile turned pale, unable to utter a word. Yi Seung-Jae pulled Lin Wanrong aside and whispered, "Master Lin, I came here in a hurry this time and didn't prepare adequately. I only have two pieces of thousand-year-old Goryeo ginseng to offer you. I hope that you will remember the long-standing friendship between our two countries and say a few good words for my Goryeo in front of the Emperor."

'You try to appease me with a few radishes while you gifted dozens to the Emperor and plan to send thousands more to win the princess's hand. Do you think thousand-year-old ginseng grows like vegetables in your home's greenhouse, available for picking whenever you wish?' Master Lin responded with a smile that didn't reach his eyes. "As for ginseng, I have plenty at home. Thousand-year-old specimens from Changbai Mountain, they've even grown into humanoid shapes. My wife applies it to her face daily for skin tightening. Perhaps the little prince shouldn't trouble himself. Hehe—"

Yi Seung-Jae had seen shameless people before, but never one so brazen in asking for bribes. Indeed, Great Hua did produce some remarkable individuals. Gritting his teeth, Yi Seung-Jae pulled a small bag from his bosom and said, "His Majesty has specially prepared ten agate stones for you. I hope you will accept them."

"King Goryeo is too kind. It's touching that His Majesty remembered me." Master Lin took the small bag and slipped it into his bosom, his face all smiles as he shamelessly responded.

## Chapter 328 A Second Visit to the Palace

Upon returning from the artillery demonstration, both Ashile and Yi Seung-Jae were notably more silent, especially Ashile. His swagger had significantly diminished. Lin Wanrong couldn't help but chuckle to himself. In this world, there was no such thing as diplomatic etiquette. Power was the ultimate truth. Today's demonstration had indeed been quite a scare. In addition to the pearls and agate, the blood-sweat treasure horse, and a pile of thousand-year-old Goryeo ginseng, entertaining the envoys was indeed a lucrative task. 'No wonder Su Mubai was upset when I took over his role; he acted as though he had just lost his wife.'

After all, accepting bribes was not something to be proud of. Lin San was never short of silver, so these gains would go to Luo Ning, the young lady, to aid the orphans. He didn't do it for any other reason but to ease his conscience.

After sending the two envoys back to the designated envoy houses to rest, he saw that Palace Lady Seo looked serious. Master Lin laughed and said, "Palace Lady Seo, let's continue with the acupuncture later. After your treatment, I feel quite comfortable."

Seo Jang Geum replied seriously, "Master Lin, I used to admire you a lot. I thought you were different from others. But after seeing your actions today, I feel you are no different from the common man, even more greedy. Once a person succumbs to greed, it is hard to retain their true nature. This is especially true for officials. If they lose their resolve to love their country and people, life becomes meaningless. I hope you reconsider! And also, prepare yourself, I will report your deeds to His Majesty."

Left speechless, Lin San realized that this Lady Jang Geum was extraordinarily stubborn. It was rare to find such a unique woman in Goryeo.

Lin Wanrong laughed, "Palace Lady Seo, what we see on the surface isn't always the truth. The truth never floats on the water. Why are the waters of Jeju Island so blue, and why are the rocks of

Mount Geumgang so hard? Because they have withstood the test and remain unpolluted. Just like my great heart."

Palace Lady Seo was surprised, "How do you know about Jeju Island and Mount Geumgang? Have you been there?"

"I visited during a vacation. The scenery is beautiful, though the girls there aren't as beautiful as you." Master Lin was never serious for long.

Palace Lady Seo blushed and smiled, "You flatter me, Master Lin. We Goryeo women have distinct features, which tend to leave a lasting impression. I didn't expect you to be such a seasoned traveler, having even visited Goryeo."

Indeed, her distinct features made her a suitable target. Lin Wanrong laughed, "Goryeo isn't far. The furthest place I've been is Africa, where the people's skin, hair, and eyes are all black. There, you'll find mysterious witch doctors, undulating rainforests, venomous pythons, and kind cannibals—"

Seo Jang Geum, being knowledgeable, had some idea of the vastness of the world. Upon hearing that Master Lin had traveled to such a distant place, she was instantly filled with longing, and exclaimed, "Master Lin, are there really such places in the world? Are there really witch doctors, rainforests, and pythons there? Is it far from us?"

This legendary Goryeo woman had asked so many questions in one breath, it seemed she had already forgotten about reporting him. Lin Wanrong nodded, "It is far, exceedingly far. The journey from Great Hua to Goryeo already crosses mountains and rivers. But to go from Asia to Africa, one must cross several oceans and continents, a journey of tens of thousands of miles. It is not a place that just anyone can reach."

A glimmer of longing flashed in Seo Jang Geum's eyes, she sighed, "Everywhere the sun shines, unique wonders must exist. Rainforests and pythons are the essence of the world. I imagine such a place would also teem with rare medicinal herbs. If I could go there, I'd be content even if it took my whole life."

Seo Jang Geum's words were all about her profession. Lin Wanrong found it amusing, but he couldn't help thinking of Luo Ning, who was far away in Jinling. Wasn't she, like Seo Jang Geum, fond of traveling everywhere? If she were here, she and Seo would certainly become intimate sisters. It had been some time since he arrived in Beijing, and he wondered how she was. He had received no news from Old Luo or Luo Yuan either, all of them were like family to him.

"Master Lin, Master Lin," Seeing Lin Wanrong lost in thought, Seo Jang Geum hurriedly called him a few times in a soft voice. Lin Wanrong woke up from his musings and smiled, "Lady Seo, what is it?"

"Master Lin, what are you thinking about? Are you thinking about your lover?" Seo Jang Geum asked softly.

"No, I'm thinking about my fiancée," Lin Wanrong chuckled, "She's as knowledgeable and talented as you are, and loves to travel as well. If you meet her, I'm sure you two would become good friends. But alas, that girl is an expert at spending money and mediocre at earning it. It seems I, her husband, will have to support her for a lifetime."

Seo Jang Geum exclaimed, "You really are extraordinary, Master Lin. In my homeland, Korea, once married, men would never allow their wives to work. This has constrained countless women, and many brilliant women are unable to fully utilize their intellect and talent. For you to encourage your wife to work is truly unique."

"Women are not goods. They have their own thoughts and things they love to do. Why should they be confined? If they can earn money and share their husband's worries, it's the best. Men and women should be equal," Lin Wanrong said, laughing and bragging quite naturally.

Seo Jang Geum sighed, "Master Lin, you're open-minded and unconventional, a true visionary. Your wife must love you even more after hearing these words. You must love your wife a lot too."

Seo Jang Geum consistently used respectful terms, and Lin Wanrong found it amusing. Korean men were really lucky, being addressed respectfully hundreds of times a day felt heavenly.

"Moderately, moderately. I'm rather philanthropic," Lin Wanrong replied with a chuckle, "It's getting late. You should go back and rest."

"Alright, thank you. I really enjoyed our conversation today." Seo Jang Geum bowed deeply, "You should also go back and spend time with your wife. And please be prepared. I will expose you in front of Emperor Great Hua tomorrow."

Startled, Lin Wanrong felt a moment of dizziness. After all this, she hadn't forgotten about it and even reminded him in advance. Korean women were indeed interesting, with a unique charm.

Stepping out of the diplomatic house, the cold wind swept over him and Lin Wanrong's mind suddenly cleared. He was taken aback as he realized that an entire day had slipped past in a daze. From being dragged to see the Emperor by Xu Wei in the morning, to angrily hitting Tsugumi Takeshita in the palace, forcing Goryeo to sign a cultural borrowing agreement, and then performing a show at the martial arts field for the two envoys, all his actions were inextricably linked to Great Hua. With all his heart, he thought of Great Hua, cared for Great Hua. 'When did I become so noble,' he wondered, a strange blend of amusement and despair stirring within him. Overwhelmed with various emotions, he felt an eerie sense of disconnection from the world.

Under the bright moon, he stood still for a long while. Just as he was about to head home, he spotted a lone rider approaching in the distance - it was Xu Wei. Xu Wei hastily dismounted, urgently saying, "Little brother Lin, Little brother Lin, come with me quickly, the Emperor wishes to see you again."

Again? What did he mean? Hadn't they just met this morning? Lin Wanrong was puzzled, but Xu Wei hurriedly handed him a horse. His arrival was more urgent than in the morning, with only two horses and not a single attendant.

Mounting the horse, Lin Wanrong asked, "Mr. Xu, what does the Emperor want with me? Did something go wrong with the envoys today?"

Xu Wei shook his head, "Little brother Lin, don't overthink it. Everything you did today was reported to the Emperor at noon. The Emperor laughed heartily, his mood uplifted. He praised you for your wisdom, your ability to anticipate the enemy, and your unconventional behavior. He said you have the aura of a great general."

"Mr. Xu, don't just say the pleasing things," Lin Wanrong said with a wry smile. "The Emperor and I barely know each other. We just met for the second time this morning. How could he value me so highly?"

Xu Wei pondered for a moment before answering, "Little brother Lin, there's something you don't know. From what I could see, initially the Emperor had no intention of summoning you again. But after I reported your deeds, he was so pleased that he spent the whole afternoon in his study, thinking alone. He did not handle any memorials, and only then did he summon me to call you to the palace."

The more Lin Wanrong heard, the more confused he became. Even if he had successfully fooled the envoys, there was no need to summon him again, and so late at that. Couldn't the Emperor have waited until tomorrow? The thoughts of an Emperor were indeed inscrutable.

Seeing his confusion, Xu Wei said, "Little brother Lin, it is true that being with the Emperor is like living with a tiger. But it is exceedingly rare for someone like you to be summoned twice on the first day at court. This is a great honor. Even Su Mubai, the top scholar who was personally chosen by the Emperor and mentored by renowned teachers, despite his achievements and the Emperor's direct hand in his education, was never summoned twice in one day. This is a great favor towards you—"

Lin Wanrong interrupted him hurriedly, "Brother Xu, you better stop. The more you talk, the more my heart pounds. If the Emperor happens to execute me, it would be a great loss."

At this, Xu Wei burst into laughter. The two of them urged their horses forward, swiftly passing through the Meridian Gate, crossing the Golden Bridge, and arrived at the palace in no time.

Eunuch Gao had been waiting there for a while. Upon seeing Lin Wanrong's arrival, he hurried forward to greet him, fawningly saying, "Master Lin, you're finally here. The Emperor has been anxiously awaiting you."

"I dare not slack in the tasks assigned by the Emperor. I apologize for my late arrival," Lin Wanrong replied. This being his second time in the palace, he was more familiar with the procedures and was about to hand a silver note to Eunuch Gao.

However, Eunuch Gao quickly refused, saying in a panicked tone, "No, no, I wouldn't dare accept this!"

Xu Wei, being the keen observer that he was, noticed Eunuch Gao's starkly different behavior compared to the morning and was surprised. He asked, "Eunuch Gao, where does the Emperor wish to see my Little brother Lin?"

Eunuch Gao glanced at Lin Wanrong and cautiously answered, "—The Palace of Heavenly Purity!"

"What?!!" Xu Wei exclaimed in shock and disbelief.

Chapter 329 What is Scheming, What is Ruthless

Upon witnessing Xu Wei's surprised expression, Lin Wanrong was puzzled. It was just the Palace of Heavenly Purity, what was there to make such a fuss about? It would indeed be strange if the Emperor called for him while in the royal lavatory.

Such thoughts could only prove Lin San's ignorance. The Palace of Heavenly Purity was the Emperor's bedroom, the heart of the Grand Imperial Court, and indeed, the heart of the entire grand nation. Ordinarily, when the Emperor summoned a minister, it was either in the Office of the Imperial Secretaries or in the Hall of Literary Brilliance. To be summoned in the Palace of Heavenly Purity was an incredible honor.

Upon hearing Eunuch Gao's words, Xu Wei understood why he dared not accept Lin San's silver bills. Now that the Emperor had summoned Lin San to the Palace of Heavenly Purity, it was clear that great wealth and status awaited Lin San. Eunuch Gao would not want to offend him now.

Xu Wei bowed with a smile, "Little Brother Lin, this is an enormous favor. I congratulate you and wish you joy."

"Joy? Why joy? Master Xu, I don't understand the workings of this palace at all. Could you enlighten me?" Lin Wanrong asked, his brows furrowed in worry. Both Xu Wei and Eunuch Gao burst into laughter. Lin San was indeed genuine in his feelings, no wonder the Emperor favored him so.

Xu Wei explained the palace's inner workings to Lin Wanrong. Lin San couldn't help but grimace. Being invited to the Palace of Heavenly Purity was like being a guest in the Emperor's bedroom. This was quite surreal.

"I... Can I refuse to go?" Lin San's words nearly knocked both Xu Wei and Eunuch Gao off their feet. An audience at the Palace of Heavenly Purity was something many dreamed of. How could Lin San be so clueless? Furthermore, could one refuse an imperial summon?

Upon seeing their expressions, Lin Wanrong realized he had made a joke of himself. Thankfully, it wasn't the first time he had done so. Xu Wei was used to it. Eunuch Gao dared not comment.

Eunuch Gao led Lin Wanrong through the palace, across Horizontal Street and the Hall of Preserving Harmony, amidst a bustling crowd of eunuchs and palace maids carrying lanterns. Seeing Lin San looking around curiously like a bumpkin in the city, Eunuch Gao chuckled, "This is your first time in the inner court, isn't it, Master Lin? Horizontal Street is the passage connecting the inner court and the outer court. Cross Horizontal Street, and you reach the Palace of Heavenly Purity where the Emperor resides."

The Palace of Heavenly Purity was located north of Horizontal Street, with a base of white stone. The exterior of the palace had a broad façade, and a double-eaved hipped roof. To the left and right were two smaller halls, the Hall of Manifesting Benevolence and the Hall of Great Virtue.



Upon reaching the entrance, they found an unusual calm. The eunuchs and palace maids who came and went were extra careful, walking on tiptoe.

"We're here, Master Lin," Eunuch Gao whispered, leading Lin Wanrong in. The Palace of Heavenly Purity was vast. After a few steps, they reached a curtain. Eunuch Gao halted and announced in a shrill voice, "Your Majesty, Master Lin has arrived."

There was a soft cough from within, followed by a clear voice, "Let him in."

"Yes!" Eunuch Gao pulled back the curtain, addressing Lin Wanrong, "Master Lin, His Majesty has called for you."

"Thank you, Eunuch." Lin Wanrong chuckled, gave a fist salute, lowered his head, passed through the curtain, and walked in.

In the palace, high-built candleholders hosted a blazing fire that illuminated the grand hall as though it were broad daylight. The floor was covered with fine Persian carpets, and the carved banisters, tables, and chairs were positioned perfectly. Sandalwood smoke wafted throughout the room, lending an extraordinary sense of tranquility.

As he walked and observed his surroundings, Lin Wanrong had barely taken a few steps when a voice reached his ears, "Lin Wanrong--"

He looked up to see a broad sandalwood desk set not far ahead. Behind it, a huge throne fashioned into the shape of a dragon. The chair was purely gold forged, exuding an unparalleled grandeur. The armrests on both sides were inlaid with beautiful gemstones that sparkled under the light. Seated on the dragon throne was a man in his fifties or sixties, clad in a dragon robe, his face glowing red, and smiling at him.

"The Emperor?" Lin Wanrong was startled, and he hurried forward, raising his fist in salute, "So you really are the Emperor, sir? Nice to meet you, Your Majesty!"

Lin Wanrong had no understanding of the etiquette of the court. When a subject met the Emperor, they were to kneel and kowtow quickly, and they were not allowed to lift their heads without a summons. His casual addressing was completely inappropriate, yet, Lin Wanrong, knowing nothing of these rules, did not kowtow when he saw the Emperor, a simple salute was all.

Now, the Emperor didn't even need to tell him to stand. The Emperor chuckled; what he sought was precisely Lin Wanrong's non-conformist flair. If he had knelt and performed the formal kowtow, he probably wouldn't have been looked upon favorably. "Lin Wanrong, we meet again," the Emperor laughed, "If I'm not mistaken, this is the third time."

"Yes, indeed." Lin Wanrong responded, "Last time, outside Lingyin Temple, we had quite a delightful chat. This morning at the Hall of Literary Brilliance, there were too many people, and we hardly had a chance to talk. Tonight, you've summoned me, so we can have a good conversation." If Xu Wei were here and heard this, he would have fainted from shock. Who dares to speak to the Emperor in such a manner? Lin Wanrong truly had courage as vast as the earth and sky.

"Sir, it's been a few months since we last met. You look more haggard and older than before. Please take care of your health. Early to bed, early to rise, exercise daily, and you'll live a long life." Upon seeing the Emperor's pale cheeks, Lin Wanrong earnestly spoke. He could very well be Qingxuan's father, his father-in-law. As a son-in-law, naturally, he should be concerned about his father-in-law.

His words were extremely audacious, and commenting on the Emperor's complexion was not his place, but the Emperor laughed heartily, "Lin Wanrong, you are the first to dare to say I look old. Well done, very well done."

Lin Wanrong sighed deeply and said, "Your Majesty, everyone can lie, and lying can harm people. It's true that you are admired by many, but the cycle of birth, aging, sickness, and death is a natural law. If you can't even hear the truth, then it's really sad. I'm here to see you, not because I see you as the Emperor, but as an elder. I hope to have a good chat with you and relieve some sorrow. It's that simple."

He spoke these words lightly, but his palms were full of sweat. Talking to this ruler, he had to find the right way to his approach. Since ancient times, rulers have been lonely. They have no friends, and even their children have deep barriers with them. They may appear brilliant on the outside, but the sorrow within is only known to themselves.

The hall fell into silence. The Emperor said nothing, merely watching him, a faint glimmer in his eyes. Lin Wanrong's heart pounded in his chest. The unpredictability of imperial power, he was only now truly experiencing what that phrase meant.

"Sit," the Emperor sighed after a long pause. "You're right. Since I ascended the throne, there have been very few with whom I could hold a conversation. Xu Wei, Li Tai, both were instrumental in

helping me ascend to the throne. Now, they shrink before me. You, however, display some courage, reminding me of myself in my youth."

Had Xu Wei and others heard the Emperor's final words, they'd likely have been horrified. Yet, whenever Lin Wanrong faced such situations, he lacked a certain awareness, an obliviousness that made him more endearing. In fact, this was what the Emperor admired most about him. Only when one was unaware, their true nature could be seen.

Lin Wanrong heaved a sigh of relief. If the Emperor spoke, he was safe. He smiled and replied, "Your Majesty jests. As a commoner, I am cunning and arrogant, I can't stand injustice. How can I compare to your foresight?"

"You do have some self-awareness. Cunning and arrogant, in your mouth, they turn into compliments. You do have a thick face," the Emperor chuckled.

"As long as it doesn't harm others, what's wrong with using every trick in the book?" Lin Wanrong replied righteously.

"You're mistaken," the Emperor said, looking deeply into his eyes. "In the art of power, there's no good or evil. Even if it harms the world, one must use every trick. Those who accomplish great things do not sweat the small stuff. In the world, there's no act too terrible, no person who can't be killed. This is the art of being an Emperor."

The art of being an Emperor? Why was he suddenly talking about that? The Emperor slowly rose and took a few steps, then looked at him, "You have courage, intelligence, the means, and a killer instinct. You understand human nature well. But the one thing you lack is the willingness to be cruel and merciless, a fatal flaw in those who seek to lead."

Lin Wanrong was in a cold sweat, was his approach not cruel or merciless enough?

The Emperor smiled faintly, "I heard that while in Jinling, you gave aphrodisiacs to the eldest son of Suzhou Weaver and then scared his sister, claiming you had taken that young lady's virtue, is that true?"

The Emperor even knew about this? Lin Wanrong was in cold sweat, he quickly nodded, "Yes, I was just trying to scare them."

"And I heard that you got the number one restaurant in Jinling, called 'Food for Immortals,' through semi-trickery and semi-force from the previous owner?"

"That—"

"And I heard that you started a society in Jinling, called 'Hung Hing.' Besides your two younger brothers-in-law, there's also a formidable fighter called Li Beidou?"

"Yes."

"And I heard that you gave Dong Qiaoqiao a massive diamond?"

"..."

"And I heard that you had a quarrel with Miss Xiao the night before last?"

"..."

A chill ran down Lin Wanrong's spine, his hairs standing on end. The Emperor knew everything about him, every detail, no matter how insignificant. He was even aware of how many times Lin San visited the latrine each day.

The Emperor squinted at him, smiling faintly, "Do you understand now what I mean by cruel and merciless?"

Lin Wanrong nodded, gritting his teeth, "Thank you for your lesson, I understand now."

The Emperor said, "For the past half a year, I've been keeping tabs on your movements. Of course, there are things I've missed. For example, how did you escape when you and Miss Xiao were trapped in the White Lotus Cult? How did you survive the bombardment at Jining? It seems you still have many secrets!"

"There are no more secrets, no more," Lin Wanrong hurriedly waved his hands. Indeed, the Emperor's thought process was unfathomable. This old man, who seemed to be senile, knew everything. The epitome of cruelty and ruthlessness was evident in him.

"No more?" The Emperor glanced at him and chuckled, "When you attacked the White Lotus Cult, did you meet their Holy Mother?"

"Holy Mother? I don't think I know her. I usually don't take an interest in old ladies," Lin Wanrong said.

"How dare you!" The Emperor's face darkened, furious, "Guards, seize this Lin San who has dared to deceive his Emperor!"

### Chapter 330 The Imperial Prison

Amid a series of loud crashes, a large group of guards burst into the hall. There were twenty or thirty of them, all fierce and imposing with shiny spears and swords in their hands. They were all aiming for Lin Wanrong.

"Hold on—" Lin Wanrong bellowed, "Your Majesty, I don't understand. Why do you want to capture me?"

The Emperor sneered, "Lin San, let me ask you once more. During your assault on the White Lotus Sect, was the White Lotus Holy Mother already dead amidst the artillery bombardment?"

"At that—" Lin Wanrong was taken aback. His mind raced as he tried to articulate a response, "Theoretically speaking, that should be the case!"

"Should be? Should be how? You managed to emerge unscathed from the artillery fire, yet the White Lotus Holy Mother was supposed to have perished in the inferno? Lin San, I gave you one chance due to your merits, but you have proven untrustworthy. The White Lotus Holy Mother, An Biru, Sister An, Master Sister, each term of endearment more intimate than the last. Humph, Lin San, do you really not know her?" The Emperor spoke unhurriedly, but each word struck at Lin Wanrong's heart.

Sister An, Master Sister—these secretive nicknames were known by only a few. Where had the old Emperor heard them? Could it be—Lin Wanrong hesitated in his thoughts, not daring to continue.

A glint flashed in the Emperor's eyes as he harrumphed, "Considering your youth and naivety, I'm giving you another chance. As long as you disclose the whereabouts of the White Lotus Holy Mother, I will pardon you and put you back in power. But if you don't—" A dangerous light crossed the Emperor's face. The slight arch of his eyebrow was enough to indicate the grave consequences.

‘Damn it, I knew it was a plot.’ How could anyone easily enter the Emperor's chamber? Old Xu had dared to call it a great favor. It was too late for him to regret now as he remembered his encounters with An Biru. Although she made things difficult for him at every turn, her care was also evident. This relationship, both friend and foe, stirred unique feelings within him. Not to mention he did not know Sister An's whereabouts, even if he did, he couldn't reveal it.

Biting his teeth, Lin Wanrong broke into a hearty laughter, "Your Majesty, are you treating me as a villain? I, Lin San, may deceive the world, but I will never deceive myself. It's true that I know Sister An, but I also know you. I helped you by exterminating the White Lotus Sect, but Sister An saved my life. She's a fragile woman, having lost her pillar of support and no longer harboring a heart of opposition against the Empire. I have not wronged the Emperor, nor will I wrong my friends."

"How dare you!" The Emperor slammed his throne, "You dare to compare me to the White Lotus rebels? Guards, take Lin San away. Behead him!"

A few muscular guards lunged at him. Lin Wanrong struggled to break free, shouting, "I, Lin, was merely a humble servant in the Xiao family, desiring neither fame nor profit. I never dreamt of reaching high positions—it was you, Your Majesty, who forcibly brought me here. Now you want to execute me over a nonsensical matter. This is unfair, Your Majesty."

As the guards dragged him away, Lin Wanrong repeatedly resisted the urge to reach for his firearm concealed within his clothes. But the thought of Qingxuan's father sitting opposite made him hesitate, leaving him in a difficult predicament.

The Emperor's countenance fluctuated between stormy and calm, his eyes flickering with rage and then tranquility. After he ordered Lin San to be dragged away, he shook his head helplessly and chuckled bitterly, "Truly a thorn in the side. Little Wei, the man you found for me is quite daring, isn't he?"

Blind old Wei rushed from behind the screen, bowing down and kneeling before the Emperor, "Your humble servant begs for your mercy, spare him his life. He knows nothing of the matter and got involved solely due to my selfish motives. I implore you to spare his life."

The Emperor snorted, "Little Wei, are there really innocent people in this world? Every person who dies has a reason to die. You say he is innocent, but why would he be innocent if he sacrifices for my Great Huá Empire? He's indeed a talent, it's just a shame, he's quite stubborn!"

"Your Majesty, stubbornness isn't necessarily a bad thing. His willingness to sacrifice his life for a friend is far better than those who betray their confidants for personal gain. This old servant remembers that the late Emperor once praised you, saying, 'character is resolute, stubborn and unbending, capable of biding your time for twenty years, and delivering a fatal blow when the time is right.' Although Lin San lacks your forbearing nature, he shares your tenacity."

"Ha ha ha ha—" The Emperor roared with laughter, "Little Wei, it's difficult for you to remember those words my father once said. Very good, very good. You're not wrong, there are many traitors in this world. Men of backbone like Lin San are becoming increasingly rare. If he is willing to risk his life for a rebel, he certainly won't betray me in the future."

"But why does the Emperor still want to—" Old Wei began to question but was interrupted by the Emperor, "Do you think I really want to kill him?" A glint flashed in the Emperor's eyes, his smirk becoming more evident.

"Your humble servant understands." Old Wei was overjoyed, quickly kowtowing, "Your Majesty's talent and vision are admirable."

The Emperor personally helped him up, "Little Wei, I know of your unwavering loyalty. This Lin San you recommended is not bad, it's my carefully cultivated Su Mubai who has somewhat disappointed me. A carefully nurtured flower does not thrive as well as a wild bloom, I finally understand this today."

A sense of delight filled old Wei, but he dared not reveal it. With the unpredictable nature of imperial power, who knew if the Emperor was speaking the truth. He listened as the Emperor continued, "Lin San is a good seedling, but his flirtation with the White Lotus Holy Mother is something I absolutely cannot tolerate. This time, I will completely crush his hopes."

A cold glint flashed in the Emperor's eyes and the murderous intent on his face was no longer hidden as he bellowed, "Summon my servant—"

A young eunuch hurriedly rushed in, "Your humble servant is present!"

"Give the order, issue the proclamation tonight and post it on the streets and alleys of the capital. It will state that a suspect has been identified, a high-ranking general of the court, who colluded with the White Lotus Holy Mother during the siege. This crime is unforgivable. He will be taken into custody tonight, and executed at the vegetable market tomorrow afternoon."

"Your will be done!" The young eunuch took the order and left. A chill ran down Old Wei's spine, but the Emperor merely smiled, "Little Wei, do you understand my intentions?"

Old Wei bowed and replied respectfully, "The Emperor is forcing the White Lotus Holy Mother to come and save him tonight. If she doesn't come, a rift will form between her and Lin San. If she does come, it will solve all our problems. Your Majesty is wise."

The Emperor nodded, "Little Wei, you truly understand my thoughts. Ah, Lin San, don't disappoint me."

----

"Damn it, I've got to fight back or else I'll lose my head!" As the guards were dragging Lin Wanrong out, his mind was whirling with thoughts. Just as he was about to reach for the gun hidden in his bosom, Eunuch Gao rushed over, glanced at Lin Wanrong, and loudly proclaimed, "By the Emperor's decree, Lin San is temporarily imprisoned in the Heavenly Prison."

‘Heavenly Prison?’ Lin Wanrong's mind was spinning. He was suddenly given a stay of execution, and he wondered whether he still needed to rebel. ‘Damn, the old Emperor is too indecisive,’ he grumbled.

Eunuch Gao approached and whispered, "Master Lin, the Emperor asks that you stay in the Heavenly Prison for a few days, reflect upon your actions, and report back when you have made your decision."

Reflect in the Heavenly Prison? This was a blatant threat. Lin San asked hastily, "And what if I can't make up my mind? Did the Emperor mention what to do then?"

Eunuch Gao shook his head, "His Majesty did not elaborate. The Emperor's will is unfathomable; we servants cannot possibly guess His strategies. You all—" Eunuch Gao pointed at the guards, "take good care of Master Lin. If anything happens to him, beware that the Emperor might behead you."



The once menacing guards immediately released Lin Wanrong, and the lead guard, a servile smile plastered on his face, said, "Master Lin, please follow us."

Having experienced the capriciousness of the Emperor, Lin Wanrong understood what it meant. From execution to imprisonment, such rapid changes would scare a person to death if they weren't physically harmed. Looking back at the brightly lit but eerily quiet Palace of Heavenly Purity, the Emperor, who had been stern just moments ago, had already disappeared. With a sigh of resignation, he thought, 'Qingxuan, your father is too difficult to serve. He almost had your husband executed.'

The treatment of those under special care was indeed different. The guards didn't even bother searching him and "invited" him into the Heavenly Prison. There was already a jailer respectfully waiting, who led him into a spacious, clean room complete with luxurious bedding, a set of musical instruments, calligraphy supplies, and toiletries. Other than a lack of freedom, it had everything. This wasn't a prison, it was more comfortable than staying at an inn.

Lin Wanrong looked around in disbelief, chuckling to himself, 'If I ever become jobless, I might as well enjoy prison food here.' The jailer obsequiously smiled, "Master Lin, if you need anything else, I can fetch it for you."

From his pocket, Lin Wanrong handed over a silver note, "I need nothing more. Thank you, brother. Consider this a treat from me."

"How could I accept this!" The jailer hesitated, but eventually pocketed the silver note, his smile growing even warmer, "Master Lin, would you like your wives from your mansion to serve you tonight? Where is your mansion located, and which wife should I fetch? Or perhaps a popular courtesan from the Eight Great Alleys? I can send for her right away."

Lin Wanrong inhaled sharply, quite taken aback by the level of service. However, he couldn't let the Eldest Miss find out about his imprisonment; who knew what sort of trouble she might stir up.

Lin Wanrong shook his head, laughing, "I have too many wives and lovers. If I summon one, the others will surely become jealous. Let's just forget it. By the way, brother, your service here is quite good. Who was the last notable person to stay here before me?"

"The esteemed Xu Wei resided here some days ago," the jailer respectfully replied.

Lin Wanrong paused, then burst out laughing. So, the old Xu had also been imprisoned. By that logic, he, Lin San, was on the same level as Xu Wei. This stay in the Heavenly Prison wasn't so unjust after all!