

Finest Servant

#Chapter 11 - Read Finest Servant Chapter 11

Chapter 11 Initiation or Enema? (2)

Lin San? The selection of house servants? Lin Wanrong almost fainted. He couldn't even use his real name and had to go by Lin San? What kind of competition was this for selecting house servants? They had to compete for a position just to become a servant?

Uncle Wei saw through Lin Wanrong's thoughts and chuckled, "A name is just a symbol. I'm sure you don't want your real name, Lin Wanrong, to appear on the list of Xiao Family's servants, right? Lin San is a more common name. As for the house servant selection, don't worry about what it is. Just remember my words: you need to become a servant in Xiao's household. However, there will be many people competing for this position, so you need to work hard and not let others take away your meal ticket."

It was then that Lin Wanrong remembered that once Uncle Wei left, he would be left to fend for himself. Uncle Wei was actually helping him find a job by suggesting he become a servant. Unfortunately, even though Lin Wanrong didn't care about being a servant, there were many people competing for the same position. If he didn't work hard, he might not even be able to become a servant, which would be embarrassing.

It was just ridiculous that they had to hold a recruitment event just to select a few house servants. Who came up with this terrible idea?

As Lin Wanrong pondered, Uncle Wei had already left and he couldn't even see his shadow anymore. That old blind man had fast feet.

Lin Wanrong had to face reality. If he still wanted to be a man of his word, he had to go to Xiao's household and become a servant for a year. At least it was only for a year. He could endure it, and it would be like spending a year in a pigsty. As for the old man's talk about making a name for himself, it was pure nonsense. If he went to Xiao's household and said he wanted to make a name for himself, he would probably be beaten with a stick.

Once Lin Wanrong realized this, he felt much more at ease. He only needed to pass the selection process and become a servant, then he could loaf around for a year and be done with it.

The so-called house servant selection was just like a job fair. Lin Wanrong chuckled to himself, feeling embarrassed that he had to start making money again.

On this day, despite sustaining serious injuries, Lin Wanrong did not act on his impulses and instead stayed home to rest. Uncle Wei had left him a small thatched hut, which was sparsely furnished except for two beds and some classical books. Lin Wanrong

casually flipped through the pages and was surprised to find that many of the books were from the imperial library. He wondered where Uncle Wei had stolen them from.

Now that his emotions had settled, Lin Wanrong was curious about this world he had been transported to and began reading the books. Although the archaic language and traditional characters were difficult to decipher, and he had to read them vertically, Lin Wanrong persevered so as not to become illiterate in this era.

In Lin Wanrong's original timeline, the Chu-Han Contention at the end of the Qin Dynasty ended with Xiang Yu, the Hegemon-King, committing suicide in the Wu River. However, in this world, Xiang Yu emerged victorious and beheaded Liu Bang, establishing the powerful state of Da Chu with Xiang Yu and his lover Yu Ji as its first emperor and empress.

History had diverged in this world, and Lin Wanrong had truly arrived in a different space-time. It was like a great river branching out into different streams. In this timeline, due to the annihilation of Liu Bang, the course of history had taken a vastly different path from that of Lin Wanrong's original timeline. There had been more than a dozen dynasties after Da Chu, until the Zhao dynasty, which established the powerful Da Hua empire a hundred years ago. Coincidentally, the corruption and incompetence of the Da Hua imperial court mirrored that of the Song dynasty Lin Wanrong was familiar with.

During his transport through space-time, there had also been a time reversal, causing Lin Wanrong to return to the age of eighteen or nineteen, although his thoughts and knowledge remained that of a twenty-five-year-old. In summary, Lin Wanrong had not only gone back in time, but also found himself in a strange new world.

Lin Wanrong had a faint feeling that the magical events that had befallen him were a cross-dimensional and cross-temporal transition. This might be an important piece of evidence for deciphering this multi-dimensional world, but unfortunately, he could not go back to his original timeline. Such frivolous concerns were best left for more brilliant minds to ponder, like Einstein's.

After some contemplation, Lin Wanrong continued studying history instead of dwelling on his thoughts. He spent the day diligently reading amidst a sea of books, so engrossed that he hardly noticed the pain from his shoulder wound.

A restful night's sleep helped soothe the ache in his injured internal organs caused by Xiao Qingxuan's attack. The purplish-blue bruising on his shoulder had also faded away. As Uncle Wei had predicted, the poison wasn't deadly.

Lin Wanrong marveled at the efficacy of the golden medicine that Uncle Wei had given him. The wound on his shoulder had already scabbed over, and it was much stronger than the surgical stitches he had seen in his own time. He made a mental note to ask Uncle Wei for more of the medicine for future use.

After tidying himself up, Lin Wanrong was pleased with his handsome reflection in the bronze mirror. Although his cloth shoes were still frayed, he didn't care. He was not one to judge people based on their appearance, and his own looks were not too shabby, despite his modest attire.

As he stepped out onto the street, Lin Wanrong wandered aimlessly for a while. To be honest, he was not very familiar with this city of Jinling, except for the nearby Xuanwu Lake that he had visited a few times. He had never even seen which direction the entrance of the Xiao family's gate faced.

He ate two fried dough sticks and drank a large bowl of soy milk on the street. Lin Wanrong couldn't help patting his now full stomach. In this world, there was no such thing as gutter oil or moldy soybeans. Everything was fresh and healthy. He tossed three copper coins and shouted that there was no need for change before walking away with his tattered shoes.

After walking for a while, Lin Wanrong realized that he didn't know where the Xiao family was, so he stopped a middle-aged man and asked, "Excuse me, sir, do you know where the Xiao family is located?"

The man interrupted Lin Wanrong and handed him something, saying, "You're here for the Xiao family servant selection exam, right? Here's a map, five copper coins each. What? You only want one coin for one map? You're too harsh, little brother. It doesn't even cover the cost. At least three copper coins. Alright, alright, small profits but quick turnover. I'll give you two maps for two copper coins."

Lin Wanrong gave him two copper coins, took the two thin guide maps, and asked, "Sir, does the servant job at the Xiao family really require such a large-scale selection and seem to be in high demand? Is the job really that good?"

The man opened up and spoke because of the two copper coins, "Little brother, you just came from out of town, right? Ah, you know, it's not easy to find a job these days. The Xiao family is a famous wealthy family in Jinling City. Although their situation is not as good as before these past two years, a starved camel is still bigger than a horse. Their servants are treated very well, even the lowest-ranking servants receive a monthly salary of one or two silver coins, not to mention the middle and high-ranking servants. And on holidays and festivals, they also receive red envelopes and bonuses. So the number of applicants is endless. Let me tell you, from this morning until now, I have received no less than a hundred people like you, young men, and there are also many talented and handsome men like you who want to apply."

Chapter 12 Plotting Against the Young Miss (Part 1)

"Even scholars want to sign up?" Lin Wanrong frowned.

Nowadays, the term "scholar" was a highly coveted title. Anyone who held this title, regardless of their abilities, possessed a haughty disposition. They studied the Analects and moral philosophy, but spoke of the pleasures of the Qinhuai River. Scholars pursued a certain lifestyle, and even if they were offered a hundred taels of silver per month, they would not stoop to becoming a servant. But what was happening today? Had these people gone mad? Why were they so eager to become lowly household servants?

The middle-aged man, obviously a natural busybody, grabbed Lin Wanrong from all sides and cautiously whispered in his ear, "Young man, you don't know the inside story. I heard that the young miss of the Xiao family is about to come of age and choose a husband. All these scholars are going for her. Think about it, since the death of the master of the Xiao family, there are no more male heirs except for the three women, the wife and her two daughters. The whole estate of the Xiao family relies on the young miss to manage. Whoever marries her will inherit the entire wealth of the Xiao family."

Lin Wanrong let out a long "oh," realizing that was the case. The family's young miss was young, beautiful, wealthy and elegant, like the fragrant nectar in a flower, and naturally, all the scholars were like crazed bees rushing over. It was not surprising. Just as green flies were drawn to rotting eggs, the same was true for these scholars.

In the television dramas and novels that Lin Wanrong had seen, the so-called young ladies were all stunningly beautiful, like heavenly fairies. To be honest, Lin Wanrong did not believe it. Beautiful women were scarce, how could they be wholesale, as some authors fantasized?

"Excuse me, sir, how does the young miss Xiao look like?" Lin Wanrong asked quietly.

"This...no one has seen her before," the middle-aged man hesitated before answering, "Since the death of Master Xiao, this young miss has been managing the Xiao family's business, she keeps a low profile and never shows herself easily, so very few people have seen her. However, judging from the appearance of Mrs. Xiao, the young miss's looks should not be bad."

The middle-aged man's eyes glinted with a man's understanding, and Lin Wanrong smiled inwardly. It seemed that Mrs. Xiao must be very beautiful. According to what the man said, these scholars had not yet seen the young miss of the Xiao family. Lin Wanrong's mind turned, and an idea came to him. Old man Wei had forced him to become a servant, but he naturally did not want to lose out. He would take advantage of the Xiao family to make some money, which would also be fair for the grievances he had suffered.

Lin Wanrong glanced at the old man and smiled sincerely, "Although you are diligent, Uncle, your business methods are not diverse enough."

The old man exclaimed, "Please enlighten me, young man."

Lin Wanrong nodded and looked around before grabbing a young man dressed similarly to himself and saying, "Friend, I have a guide to the selection of Xiao Family servants in my hand. I was too hasty earlier and accidentally bought an extra one. I am now selling it at the lowest price of four wen. As you know, this item is in high demand today, and I just bought it from this old man for five wen."

The young man's eyes lit up and he shrewdly replied, "You're just reselling second-hand goods. I'll give you three wen for it."

Lin Wanrong looked hesitant but finally sighed and said, "Alright, I'll take the loss today. Let's make the deal, my friend."

With a grin, Lin Wanrong handed over the guide to the "shrewd" young man and took the three wen that he offered.

The old man watched with amazement as Lin Wanrong, in the blink of an eye, gained a guide map and a copper coin through his clever tactics.

"Do you understand now, Uncle?" Lin Wanrong asked, smiling.

The old man looked up to him in admiration and said, "You're a master, young sir!"

"This is called marketing strategy - spreading the cost and gaining profit," Lin Wanrong explained simply.

As the marketing department manager in his company, Lin Wanrong had a team of dozens of people under him, making these simple theories easy for him to explain.

The old man pondered for a moment before nodding and saying, "I understand now, young sir."

Perhaps due to their shared profession, Lin Wanrong felt a connection with the old man and asked, "Uncle, may I ask your name?"

"I am Dong Rende," the old man replied with respect, not looking down on Lin Wanrong despite his tattered appearance.

Lin Wanrong thought to himself, "Dong Rende, what a great name!"

"Uncle Dong, hello, my name is Lin Wanrong," Lin Wanrong nodded and smiled.

"So you're Young Master Lin, this old man truly has failed to recognize a great talent," Dong Rende hurriedly saluted.

Lin Wanrong returned the salute with a smile and said, "No need to be so polite. Uncle Dong, I just had an idea and I wanted to propose a business partnership with you."

"A business partnership? Well, well, this old man doesn't have that much capital," Dong Rende stuttered.

Lin Wanrong realized that Dong Rende was suspicious of him because they had just met. In those days, if someone was too eager to propose a business partnership, people would suspect that they were up to no good. Additionally, looking at Dong Rende's attire, it was clear that he was not very wealthy.

"Uncle Dong, don't worry. This is a risk-free business venture, and I will provide all the capital. You just need to help me with a small favor, and we will split the profits equally," Lin Wanrong nodded.

Dong Rende looked at Lin Wanrong suspiciously, which was understandable considering Lin Wanrong's appearance didn't give off the impression of a wealthy businessman. Lin Wanrong understood his thoughts and said, "Uncle Dong, you are always out on this busy street every day, so I believe that you have a sharp eye. As they say, don't judge a book by its cover, and if you judge people solely by their appearance, how can you ever succeed in business?"

Uncle Dong pondered for a moment while Lin Wanrong seized the opportunity to say, "Heaven is fair. It gives everyone a chance. Some people have vision, they take a step forward and the sky is the limit. Others shrink back and miss the opportunity."

Thinking of Lin Wanrong's persuasive methods just now, Uncle Dong admitted that he had some skills. He finally made up his mind and nodded to Lin Wanrong, saying, "Alright, young master Lin, I'll listen to you. What do you suggest we do?"

Lin Wanrong nodded and said, "Firstly, Uncle Dong, I need to confirm if few people have seen the Xiao family's young miss."

Uncle Dong nodded and said, "That's true. My daughter often makes clothes for the Xiao family's lady, and she says even Madame Xiao rarely sees the young miss."

"Oh, a friend of the daughter of the affluent family?" Lin Wanrong smiled. "It turns out she used to have frequent contact with Madame Xiao and the young ladies of the Xiao family. I didn't realize it."

Uncle Dong proudly said, "My daughter is clever with her hands and has a good appearance. She is famous far and wide. The young ladies and madame of the Xiao family all like her." It was clear that his daughter was his treasure, and Uncle Dong beamed with pride when speaking about her.

Lin Wanrong wanted to share his thoughts with Uncle Dong, so the two of them looked for a quiet place to talk. Then, Uncle Dong looked at Lin Wanrong and said, "If young master doesn't mind visiting the home of a poor old man like me, let's talk there."

Uncle Dong was a practical person who devoted himself fully to what he had decided to do. He trusted people and had no worries about Lin Wanrong. He had some sense of heroism, indicating that Lin Wanrong had good judgment.

Chapter 13 Plotting against the Young Miss (Part 2)

Following Old Dong to his home, Lin Wanrong found that his residence was just as shabby as his. Inside the house, there was a young girl, about seventeen or eighteen years old, carefully mending clothes by the window. Another boy, dressed in a short outfit and about fifteen or sixteen years old, with curious eyes, was staring at Lin Wanrong.

"Qiao Qiao, pour some tea quickly. We have an honored guest at home," Old Dong shouted as soon as he entered the house.

The girl sitting by the window raised her head. With her arched eyebrows, willow-like eyes, delicate nose, and rosy lips, she was truly a stunning beauty - a rare find. If she were placed in Peking University, she would at least be a campus belle.

Lin Wanrong couldn't believe that such a lewd person like Old Dong could have such a beautiful daughter. It was really like a good piece of bamboo shooting up from a rotten stem.

Laughing, Lin Wanrong said to Old Dong, "Uncle Dong, you're truly blessed."

Old Dong raised his head and laughed, "Girl, this is Young Master Lin. Come and greet him."

Perhaps because she had never encountered a strange young man before, Qiao Qiao blushed slightly and walked up to Lin Wanrong, bowing respectfully. "Greetings, Young Master Lin."

Lin Wanrong pointed at his bare toes and smiled, "Miss Dong, please forgive my shabby appearance. How can I be called a young master?"

Qiao Qiao saw the exposed toes on Lin Wanrong's feet and couldn't help but smile. Her face turned even redder.

Old Dong then pointed to the fifteen or sixteen-year-old boy and said, "Qing Shan, come and meet Young Master Lin."

Qing Shan looked at Lin Wanrong curiously and walked up to him to bow. "Greetings, Young Master Lin."

Lin Wanrong smiled and pulled Qing Shan over. "Uncle Dong, is he your son?"

Old Dong smiled and replied, "Yes, he is. This kid is always idle and likes to cause trouble. He's not worthy of being called a young master."

Although Qing Shan was only fifteen or sixteen years old, his eyes were agile, his demeanor was fierce, and he was not afraid of strangers. He had a few bruises on his body, as if he had been in a fight. However, he looked natural and didn't seem to care at all.

Lin Wanrong was impressed with Qing Shan and asked him, "Little brother Dong, have you studied before?"

Qing Shan shook his head and said, "I studied in a private school for two years, but then the teacher kicked me out."

Old Dong was furious and said, "Who told you to fight with that Zhang kid?"

Dong Qingshan retorted, "If he bullies others, I can't just stand by and watch. Of course, I have to intervene. If he dares to do it again, I'll definitely beat him up."

Seeing Dong Rende's anger causing his beard to lift, Dong Qiaoqiao quickly advised, "Father, it's all in the past. Please don't scold your younger child anymore."

Dong Rende seemed to listen to his daughter's words and only gave Dong Qingshan a stern glance before remaining silent.

Lin Wanrong found it amusing and said to Dong Qingshan, "In the future, if you want to fight, come find me. I'll find a way to help you and make sure no one bullies you."

"Really?" Dong Qingshan had never had anyone speak to him like this, especially not a well-educated young gentleman like Lin Wanrong. He was naturally overjoyed.

Dong Rende and Dong Qiaoqiao both looked at Lin Wanrong. Dong Rende didn't understand what Lin Wanrong meant, but Dong Qiaoqiao's eyes carried some blame, although with her delicate appearance, it had a different meaning.

Lin Wanrong smiled at the father and daughter of the Dong family and said, "If you continue to prevent Qingshan from fighting on the streets, it probably won't be effective. Am I right?"

Dong Qiaoqiao looked at the bruises on her brother's body and a hint of heartache flashed in her eyes. She glanced at Lin Wanrong and nodded lightly.

Lin Wanrong continued, "Prevention is better than cure. Instead of letting Qingshan fight recklessly and cause trouble, it's better to tell him what to do and what not to do, and how to minimize his losses and prevent harm to his loved ones."

Dong Qingshan's face brightened and said, "Yes, that's what I want. Big brother Lin, please teach me."

Dong Qingshan was quite clever and immediately stopped calling "young master Lin" and began calling him "big brother".

Dong Rende couldn't understand the meaning behind his words, but Dong Qiaoqiao showed a thoughtful expression and seemed to understand something.

Lin Wanrong nodded to Dong Rende and said, "Uncle Dong, don't worry. From now on, Qingshan will only fight less and less."

Dong Qiaoqiao looked at Lin Wanrong and said, "The fights may decrease, but the scale may become larger."

"Miss Qiaoqiao is truly clever," Lin Wanrong laughed and said. Although surprised, he could see that Dong Qiaoqiao was exceptionally intelligent and could even guess his thoughts.

Dong Qiaoqiao blushed and quickly said in a soft voice, "Young Master Lin, please don't praise me too much. I just hope you can teach Qingshan well so he won't learn bad habits."

Haha, this little girl is quite interesting. Although she's warning Lin Wanrong not to corrupt Dong Qingshan, she says it so delicately that it makes Lin Wanrong unable to hold back his laughter.

"Certainly, certainly," Lin Wanrong replied with a knowing look, winking at Dong Qiaoqiao.

Dong Qiaoqiao blushed furiously, realizing that Lin Wanrong had completely caught onto her underlying message. She felt that her little bit of cleverness was useless in front of Lin Wanrong.

Lin Wanrong was not there to flirt with the girl. He stopped talking to her and asked Old Dong for a piece of paper, which he carefully cut into four parts, saying: "Uncle Dong, find someone with good handwriting to write down everything you know about Miss Xiao in detail. Leave no detail unmentioned and divide it into different sections. For example, if Miss Xiao likes to eat something, you can list it as a separate section titled 'Miss Xiao and Food.' If she likes a certain type of clothing, you can list it in a section called 'Miss Xiao's Aesthetic Preferences,' and so on. If these four pieces of paper are not enough, you can cut them into smaller pieces and continue adding on. Then, find someone with nimble hands to bind them into a book."

Dong Rende asked in confusion, "Master Lin, why is this necessary? You don't need to find someone else for handwriting and binding. Little Qiaoqiao is more than capable of doing it."

"Oh?" Lin Wanrong looked at Dong Qiaoqiao in surprise, not expecting her to have such a skill.

Dong Qiaoqiao blushed, not knowing what Lin Wanrong and her father were up to, but didn't object.

"I have my eyes on Miss Xiao," Lin Wanrong said with a smile, shocking everyone.

Dong Qiaoqiao blushed and thought to herself, "How could he be so frivolous? How can he say such things so easily?"

Dong Qingshan, on the other hand, was straightforward, "Brother Lin, you want to pursue Miss Xiao? Great, bring her back and let me see what she looks like."

Old Dong had seen Lin Wanrong's methods before and knew he had ulterior motives. However, this Lin guy was a bit of a wild card, and he might actually be interested in Miss Xiao.

Lin Wanrong laughed, "Qingshan, where did you get that idea? I haven't even seen her in person, how could I pursue her? You're underestimating your Brother Lin."

He had some negative feelings towards the Xiao family because Uncle Wei had asked him to become a servant in their household. Before he went to serve those young ladies and madam, he wanted to make a little money off Miss Xiao and soothe his wounded heart.

Dong Qiaoqiao chuckled and looked at him. This Lin guy was different from those literary gentlemen, his skin seemed to have thickened quite a bit.

She heard that Lin Wanrong knew how to read and write, which was good news. It would be easier to work with someone who was on their side. Lin Wanrong instructed Dong Rende to leave some blank space on each page, of varying sizes and positions, so they wouldn't need to write everything down.

Chapter 14 Instigation

Dong Rende didn't know why Lin Wanrong left this blank part, and Lin Wanrong didn't explain it either.

Before Uncle Wei left, he left fifty taels of silver for Lin Wanrong as his living expenses. Lin Wanrong took out every penny and handed it all to Dong Rende. "To gain others' trust, one must first trust others," this was Lin Wanrong's principle in doing business.

Seeing how much Lin Wanrong trusted him, Dong Rende was excited and had Dong Qiaoqiao take out a handful of broken silver from the corner, which amounted to ten taels. "Could this be Miss Qiaoqiao's dowry money?" Lin Wanrong asked with a smile.

Dong Qiaoqiao blushed and Dong Rende awkwardly laughed. "You are mocking me, Young Master Lin."

Lin Wanrong said seriously, "There is nothing to laugh about. Uncle Dong, Miss Qiaoqiao, we are doing business. The capital we invest must return tenfold. If we lose, it is my fault to you and Miss Qiaoqiao."

Dong Qiaoqiao looked at him and quickly shook her head. "Young Master Lin, we trust you."

"Uncle Dong, Miss Qiaoqiao, since you trust me, I promise you that when the business is successful, I will give you fifty percent of the profits, including the capital investment. At that time, we will give Miss Qiaoqiao a generous dowry." Lin Wanrong smiled.

This was a big move. Even if they just broke even, giving fifty percent to Dong Rende was worth twenty taels. This would definitely shock the Dong family.

To be honest, Lin Wanrong didn't care much about money. Before he came to this world, even though he worked for others, his annual salary was over 400,000. Apart from using some money to support his parents and sister's college education, he also supported over ten poor orphans in mountain villages. He spent the rest of his money on dating girls because spending more money made men more motivated to earn more money. This was Lin Wanrong's view.

He wanted to use this opportunity to earn his first pot of gold in this world. Money was only a small reason. The most important thing was that he wanted to prove that he could also be successful in this new world.

Lin Wanrong was so enthusiastic that the Dong family was scared. Dong Rende quickly waved his hand and said, "No, no, I can only earn money by following Young Master Lin. How can I be so greedy? We only need some wages."

Lin Wanrong laughed heartily. "Uncle Dong, we haven't made any money yet. Maybe this time, you won't even get your capital back. Let's not discuss these matters for now. Let's just do what I said."

"No, I believe that young master is fully capable of achieving it." Dong Rende was a discerning person and had complete faith in Lin Wanrong.

Lin Wanrong smiled but didn't say anything. He instructed Old Dong and his daughter to write various scandalous stories about Miss Xiao while he took Dong Qingshan out and headed straight toward the Xiao family.

Dong Qingshan followed Lin Wanrong, excitedly asking, "Brother Lin, teach me. When I fight with others, how can I protect my dad and sister while also beating down those guys?"

Lin Wanrong didn't answer his question but instead asked, "Qingshan, do you always go alone when you fight with others?"

Dong Qingshan paused before answering, "Sometimes I go with Li Beidou and a couple of others, but most of the time, I go alone." It was clear that Li Beidou was one of Dong Qingshan's fighting buddies.

"Are there any friends around you who also can't stand people bullying others?" Lin Wanrong asked.

"Why, of course? In our area, there are several groups of three or four people, and I have good relations with them," Dong Qingshan replied.

"Why?" Lin Wanrong asked.

"Because I am better at fighting," Dong Qingshan said with a sheepish grin.

Lin Wanrong shook his head helplessly. Such scattered individuals would be hard to organize. He needed to organize them into an "organized crime" group.

"Qingshan, do you know the saying 'strength in numbers'?" Lin Wanrong asked.

Dong Qingshan's eyes lit up. "Brother Lin, are you saying that we should fight together?"

Lin Wanrong patted him on the shoulder and said, "Qingshan, as long as you unite these people, become their leader, and you will have tremendous power. Many things can be solved without you having to take action, and fights will naturally become less frequent."

Lin Wanrong didn't say the last sentence about fights growing in scale, but Dong Qiaoqiao, the young lady, understood it. "Become their leader?" Dong Qingshan's eyes sparkled. "But what if some people don't accept me as their leader?"

Lin Wanrong coldly smiled and said, "Don't accept? What do you have fists for?"

"I understand now. If they don't accept me, I'll just beat them until they do," Dong Qingshan yelled and jumped up.

The underworld was formed in this way. "Am I too bad?" Lin Wanrong couldn't help but smile and touch his nose after hearing Dong Qingshan's words. Dong Qingshan was clearly still a child.

"Let's solve the problem in the south of the city first, and then the west, east, and north, one by one. When you become the leader of this Jinling city, no one will dare to bully you again," Lin Wanrong wickedly instigated, as if countless black-clad gangsters were flashing before his eyes, hacking and killing in the city of Jinling.

This is how the underworld works. If Lin Wanrong didn't teach Dong Qingshan to do it today, someone else would someday.

"The leader of Jinling?" Dong Qingshan seemed to see a glimmer of light in the darkness, and a look of excitement flashed in his eyes as he looked at Lin Wanrong with infinite admiration. "Brother Lin, your teachings today will be unforgettable for me for a lifetime. Yes, I want to be the leader of Jinling, but Brother Lin, you are my leader, the leader of the leader in Jinling."

Lin Wanrong laughed heartily. "You brat--"

Dong Qingshan rubbed his head awkwardly. Seeing his expression, Lin Wanrong knew that the boy's heart had been completely inspired by him, and couldn't help but sigh, "Qingshan, it's easy to talk about this, but it will be difficult and dangerous to do it. You must remember that the best weapon is your brain. If you encounter any difficulties, come to me and I will help you solve them."

After coming to this world, Lin Wanrong felt that he had changed a lot. There was always a kind of impulsive force in his heart. Perhaps he had been suppressed for too long in that regulated world. Coming here, he had no burden at all, and his evil side was completely released.

Lin Wanrong's small hint made Dong Qingshan understand many things. He looked at Lin Wanrong and said, "Brother Lin, don't worry, I know what to do now. If I encounter any problems that I can't solve, I will come to you. You are my big brother." This time he directly called him "big brother" and omitted the name "Lin."

The underworld was finally taking shape. Lin Wanrong sighed in his heart. With Dong Qingshan's temperament, he would sooner or later take this step. He was just taking advantage of the situation and guiding him to mature as soon as possible, so that he could suffer less harm. Hopefully, Dong Qiaoqiao, that girl, wouldn't blame him.

Dong Qingshan was an impatient person. After receiving Lin Wanrong's guidance, he became even more impatient and went directly to find Li Beidou and others to discuss. Lin Wanrong went to Xiao's mansion alone.

Xiao family was one of the largest households in Jinling city, and with the road index that Old Dong had given Lin Wanrong, it was easy to find the place.

Before he even arrived at the Xiao mansion, he saw a crowd of people in the distance, noisy and chaotic. There was a tall gatehouse with a wall that was over three meters

high and a meter wide. Two heavy stone lions stood at the gate, and two thick vermilion lacquered doors were tightly closed. A huge gold-plated sign was hung on the door, and the words "Xiao Mansion" shone brightly in the sunlight.

Chapter 15 Madam Xiao

On both sides were two large tables and two grand chairs. The participants who came to apply were divided into two teams and were registered one by one by two men who looked like teachers at the tables. In the middle stood a tall sign that read, "Registration for Xiao Mansion's Household Servants."

Lin Wanrong took a look around and saw that the people in front of him were divided equally between those who were true applicants for the position of a household servant, dressed like Lin Wanrong himself, and those who were literary men with ulterior motives. There were probably more than a thousand people in total. Everyone was competing to sign up, afraid of having their chance stolen by someone else.

It seemed that even for a lowly position as a household servant, there were still many people vying for it. It was a universal problem that existed in every era - employment difficulties.

Thinking about how all these people were going to be his competitors, Lin Wanrong felt a bit overwhelmed. This damn Old man Wei was clearly trying to kill him. He walked around in the crowd a few times and knew that today and tomorrow were just a simple registration procedure. Since Uncle Wei had already registered him, Lin Wanrong didn't have to endure the hassle of lining up and decided to take a stroll around.

Most of the household servant applicants had worried expressions on their faces, obviously concerned about whether or not they would be accepted. It was the same psychological state as the applicants in Lin Wanrong's era.

The literary men who fancied themselves as refined gentlemen obviously looked down upon the uneducated laborers. They gathered in groups of three or five, chatting with each other. Their commonality was that they all had fans in their hands, which they would unconsciously shake while reciting poetry.

It was already deep autumn, and these guys were waving their fans a few times. Were they trying to keep themselves warm? Lin Wanrong found it funny.

When literary men gathered, it was inevitable that they would show off their skills. The guy next to Lin Wanrong saw three others and greeted them with a laugh, "Oh, Brother Wang, Brother Zhao, Brother Li, you guys are here too."

The four guys greeted each other with bows and exchanged pleasantries.

"We haven't signed up yet, and instead of sitting here bored, why don't we compose a poem together?" The guy who made the first suggestion spoke up again, and the other three agreed in unison. In this era, reciting poetry in public was fashionable, just like how in Lin Wanrong's world, public displays of affection were trendy behavior.

The guy who made the first suggestion was unanimously chosen as the leader and took on the responsibility of starting off with a good poem.

The man contemplated for a long time, his eyes shining brightly upon the fallen leaves on the ground. Finally, he shook his head and recited, "One piece, two pieces, three or four pieces--"

"Five pieces, six pieces, seven or eight pieces--" Brother Wang recited.

"Nine pieces, ten pieces, eleven pieces--" Brother Zhao continued.

As the leaves were all counted, Brother Li, the last of the group, turned his eyes and recited loudly, "Fallen in the thicket, all unseen."

"Great poem, great poem!" The four of them exclaimed in unison.

Standing helplessly on the side, Lin Wanrong sighed in admiration. He thought he was shameless enough, but compared to these four young men, his skin was still not thick enough. He felt ashamed.

Suddenly, there was a commotion ahead, with someone loudly exclaiming, "Madam Xiao is coming out, Madam Xiao is coming out!" Lin Wanrong was thrilled. It's about time you showed up.

The crowd ahead was already in chaos, everyone rushing forward. Even those who were conceited about their literary talent and elegance forgot their status and jostled with the commoners. It seemed that if they arrived a moment earlier, they would be the first to win the favor of their future mother-in-law.

The shameless four who were reciting poetry next to Lin Wanrong had already rushed ahead. After hesitating for a moment, Lin Wanrong thought to himself, "Strike while the iron is hot. He who hesitates is lost. There's no room for gentlemanly manners at a time like this."

Lin Wanrong pushed the four aside and exclaimed, "Excuse me, excuse me!"

Wei the old man had given Lin Wanrong an enema - no, wait, an initiation - and as a result, Lin Wanrong's strength had increased tenfold. He easily pushed aside the four men.

The four young men looked at Lin Wanrong's torn clothes and saw that they couldn't push past him. They looked at each other helplessly and shook their heads, "It's purely a matter of character. We won't even bother with you."

Standing among the crowd was a beautiful middle-aged woman, dressed in a palace-style gown. She had delicate eyebrows, phoenix-like eyes, and her skin was smooth and translucent. She didn't look like a mother, but rather like a young woman in her thirties. She had a dignified and elegant demeanor as she greeted her subordinates and future housekeepers.

From the way others addressed her, Lin Wanrong knew she was Madam Xiao, the head of the Xiao family. She had married into the Xiao family at the age of sixteen, had two daughters, and had been teaching and guiding them ever since. She was a virtuous and wise wife to Mr. Xiao.

Unfortunately, Mr. Xiao had passed away at a young age, leaving them to fend for themselves. Thankfully, their eldest daughter had great business sense and had worked hard in recent years to maintain the prosperity of the Xiao family. This young lady was truly admirable.

Lin Wanrong suddenly thought of a very serious issue. What if a bad guy infiltrated the Xiao family and became interested in the younger sister because the eldest daughter was already out of reach? They say a younger sister is like a brother-in-law's little cotton jacket. This guy might take advantage of both sisters and even set his sights on the mother-in-law. Such scandalous and thrilling affairs, what man wouldn't dream of them?

Lin Wanrong's heart skipped a beat, and this was definitely a huge stimulation for him. When he was a sales manager in his previous world, he was not a good person in order to complete his sales tasks. He used every trick in the book, paid a lot of money to deflower virgins, and played a threesome with two foreign girls. Although he was mostly forced to do so, these things were unavoidable when he was out there.

He never thought he would encounter such things in this world. If a certain talented man just chose one of the two sisters, Lin Wanrong could still accept it in his heart, but if he indulged in both and enjoyed the happiness of all, Lin Wanrong felt uncomfortable. He believed that he had already suffered enough, so he was jealous of other people's happiness.

He would never allow a man who was happier than himself to appear in this world. "I'm so shameless, what can you do to me?" Lin Wanrong arrogantly thought to himself. There was no one he was afraid of in this world.

Thinking about it, he laughed at himself. What did it have to do with him if someone married the sisters or played with the mother and daughters? He was just trying to survive in this world.

Speaking of survival, Lin Wanrong had some ideas in his mind. The Xiao family was a wealthy family in Jinling City. Although it was not as prosperous as before, it was still a big tree that did not die. In the current situation where he had no power, no money, and no one, the Xiao family was a big tree that he could rely on. Although he couldn't get the sweet dates, he could enjoy the shade of the big tree, and Lin Wanrong understood this.

From this perspective, it was understandable that Old man Wei had asked him to go to the Xiao family. Lin Wanrong had originally held a somewhat indifferent attitude towards the servant competition, but with this idea in mind, he began to take it seriously. As a former sales manager who accompanied guests to eat, drink, gamble, and visit brothels, he knew the emptiness and loneliness in his heart. If it weren't for supporting his parents and paying for his sister's education, he would have quit long ago.

Now, he had come to this strange world by accident, and no one knew him. He was a lonely person, and he didn't need to set any goals. In this case, it seemed good to be a carefree servant.

Madam Xiao slowly walked up to a large platform and said solemnly, "Thank you for your attention to the Xiao family. Please believe that we will adhere to the principles of openness, fairness, and impartiality in the recruitment of servants. Please line up in order and don't crowd. Everyone has a chance." Her voice was soft and pleasant, although it was not loud, but everyone listened attentively and could hear it clearly.