

## **Finest Servant**

### **#Chapter 41 - Read Finest Servant Chapter 41**

#### Chapter 41 Breaking Into the Xiao Residence (Part 2)

The two chubby-faced servants had been eyeing Lin Wanrong for a while. As he approached, they immediately blocked his path, saying, "What are you doing? Do you have any sense of propriety? Such an ill-mannered young man."

Lin Wanrong replied, "Propriety? What propriety? I am a newly appointed servant of the Xiao Residence, here to report for duty."

Seeing the newcomer's defiance, the two servants sneered, "Indeed, a truly ill-mannered creature. Today you shall learn our ways. To enter the Xiao Residence, you must follow our rules. All new servants and dogs must enter through the side door."

The two men appeared to take delight in Lin Wanrong's misfortune. They had suffered similar humiliation when they first joined the residence, and ever since then, they had felt inferior in the presence of others. Now, seeing someone else following in their footsteps, they couldn't help but feel a perverse sense of pleasure.

Lin Wanrong coldly laughed, "Every door needs someone to walk through it. Today, I will enter through the main door. Both of you, get out of my way."

"You, you, how dare you!" the two servants fumed. "A lowly servant like you dares to speak to us like that? We'll show you!"

"What are you two, then?" Lin Wanrong challenged.

"Look carefully, we hold intermediate titles!" The two men pulled at the badges on their chests, which indeed bore the words 'Intermediate.' Only then did Lin Wanrong notice that he also had a badge on his chest, inscribed with the words 'Lowly.'

Lin Wanrong couldn't help but laugh bitterly. What on earth was this? Even servants had to have titles, and were there promotions and exams for them too? Old Wei of the Xiao Residence was a senior servant, which presumably meant he held a senior title. As a newcomer, Lin Wanrong was naturally a lowly servant.

Annoyed, Lin Wanrong chuckled, "I don't care about your titles. All I know is that I am not like the others. I am a contract employee."

"Contract employee?" The two men were taken aback, evidently unfamiliar with the term.

Lin Wanrong couldn't be bothered to explain and instead shoved the two aside, striding towards the entrance.

The two men were stunned, having never seen such an arrogant lowly servant daring to barge into the Xiao Residence.

"Unacceptable!" they cried, lunging for Lin Wanrong's arm. "Stop! You cannot enter! Lowly servants and dogs are not allowed—"

"Go to hell!" Lin Wanrong raised his fist, striking one of the men squarely on the nose, and swiftly delivered a kick to the other's abdomen. When it came to fighting, he was never at a disadvantage.

His movements were lightning fast, and the two servants hadn't expected anyone to dare strike them on their own turf. They tumbled down the steps, crying out in pain.

Lin Wanrong spat on the ground before slowly pushing open the vermilion gates.

"I've made it into the Xiao Residence," Lin Wanrong thought, feeling extremely satisfied as he stepped inside.

"A lowly servant is attacking people! A lowly servant is attacking people!" Just as Lin Wanrong set foot inside, the two men who had previously feigned death suddenly darted past him, shouting loudly, "A lowly servant is attacking people! A lowly servant is beating up intermediate servants! A lowly servant is beating up intermediate servants!"

Seeing the two servants slink away like snakes, Lin Wanrong couldn't help but laugh. They really were pathetic.

Being naturally unscrupulous and having nothing to worry about, Lin Wanrong paid no heed to their shouting. He walked leisurely through the main entrance, taking in the beautiful scenery of the luxurious residence.

The Xiao Residence truly lived up to its reputation. The expansive courtyard seemed to stretch on without end, filled with pavilions, towers, and bridges. Lush greenery and fragrant flowers filled the air, making for a picturesque scene. Countless servants and maids bustled about, accompanied by the sounds of music. It was a truly lavish sight.

"How extravagant, how corrupt," Lin Wanrong sighed to himself. Now he truly understood the lifestyle of the wealthy. Although he had been well-off in his previous life and had seen the extravagance of the rich, those so-called villas and swimming pools were nothing compared to the scene before him.

As he strolled and took in the sights, passing servants and maids sized him up. Seeing a lowly servant looking around like a lost goose, the reactions of the servants and maids differed.

Servants: "Hmph, he has a lower title than me, yet he dares to ogle the young ladies' chests. What a country bumpkin! May the gods let him run into the second young lady, so she can teach him a lesson."

Maids: "Oh, is he one of the new servants this year? He has such a nice figure, healthy skin, and a sunny disposition. Hmm, he's new, so those little vixens probably haven't seen him yet. There's a chance to reel him in."

Unaware that he had become both a thorn in the eyes of the male servants and a potential catch for the maids, Lin Wanrong continued to stroll and admire the surroundings. Although he was here to work as a servant, a pleasant environment would allow him to focus better on his job.

"It's that kid! It's that kid!" The two intermediate servants who had been beaten up by Lin Wanrong earlier approached with a group of people.

A plump man with a pale face and bulging eyes led the group, exuding an air of arrogance.

"Chief Steward Wang, it's him, this kid who attacked us," the two intermediate servants snitched with a sycophantic tone.

Hearing their address, Lin Wanrong realized that the man in front of him must be the head of the hundreds of servants in the Xiao Residence. The Deputy Chief Steward Pang he had seen yesterday must be his deputy. However, as Pang was not in the crowd, it seemed that old man Wei's influence might not be useful today.

"You've got some nerve, daring to attack intermediate servants," Chief Steward Wang said coldly. "Tell me, who instructed you to attack the servants of the Xiao family?"

Lin Wanrong hesitated for a moment, then understood. Chief Steward Wang was clearly trying to exploit the situation, casting aspersions on his political opponents. Regardless of whether it was true or not, he wanted to create the impression that Lin Wanrong had been sent by someone else. By leaving the identity of this supposed instigator to the imagination, it was easy to smear others. Indeed, Chief Steward Wang's cunning tactics were what earned him his position.

The other servants were not as astute as Lin Wanrong. Upon hearing Chief Steward Wang's words, they became outraged.

"Speak up, who sent you?"

"Damn it, it must be the Wang family from the east side of the city. They always like to go against us."

"It's not necessarily the Wang family, you know. There are many servants in this courtyard who are jealous of Chief Steward Wang's wise leadership," one shameless servant chimed in.

Lin Wanrong glanced at the speaker, realizing that he was clearly a stooge.

Sure enough, Chief Steward Wang looked at the servant with a smile, a hint of approval flashing across his face.

"Whoever dares to disrupt the harmony and unity of our Xiao family's servants, I'll cut them down," the servants exclaimed, one after another, as they eagerly tried to curry favor with Chief Steward Wang.

Chief Steward Wang looked pleased and smiled at Lin Wanrong. The timing of this young man's arrival couldn't have been better.

Lin Wanrong watched the group with amusement, thinking that with such a bunch of characters, his life as a servant wouldn't be too dull.

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## Chapter 42 The Lady's Affectionate Visit (Part 1)

"Brothers, fellow attendants, we have been beaten by this lad. So, please, concentrate and help me get even with him!" The two attendants who had just been beaten saw that everyone was talking at once. Some wanted to confront the Wang family, while others insisted on investigating who was sabotaging the harmonious and stable situation. They seemed to have forgotten the main culprit and hurriedly reminded them.

"Oh, right, right. You, a lowly attendant, reported for duty on the first day and not only did you not enter through the side door, but you also barged in through the main entrance and assaulted a mid-level attendant. How audacious!" Chief Steward Wang said with an air of false authority.

"Beat him, beat him!" A large group of mid-level attendants joined in the mockery.

The passing attendants and maidservants also stopped in their tracks, watching the commotion unfold. Seeing the new attendant surrounded by Chief Steward Wang and his men, the maidservants couldn't help but worry for him. How did he manage to provoke Chief Steward Wang? He was surely in trouble now.

Lin Wanrong looked at the noisy attendants and shook his head helplessly. Disunited as they were, they wouldn't amount to much.

"What more do you have to say?" Chief Steward Wang asked triumphantly, "These brothers here have sharp eyes. Of course, as long as you confess who's behind you, I can be lenient and ensure that you won't be mistreated."

Lin Wanrong had already prepared an excuse and smiled, "Thank you for your generosity, Chief Steward Wang."

He gave a mysterious smile and whispered, "Actually, it was Uncle Fu who sent me."

"Uncle Fu?" Several attendants were taken aback. Uncle Fu was one of the most respected elders in the Xiao family. Even the lady and the young ladies held him in high esteem, not to mention Chief Steward Wang and his people.

Lin Wanrong was confident in the extraordinary status of those three old attendants, so he dared to be so brazen. With those old attendants backing him, there was no one in Xiao Mansion that he needed to fear.

"What's your name if Uncle Fu sent you?" Chief Steward Wang, who had managed to become the head Chief Steward, was not without his wits. He knew that if Uncle Fu had indeed sent this young man, it would not be easy for him to handle the situation.

"My name is Lin San." A trace of malicious amusement flashed in Lin Wanrong's eyes.

"You're Lin San? The contract worker Lin San?" Chief Steward Wang asked in astonishment.

After Lin Wanrong signed the contract-based agreement yesterday, the news spread quickly throughout the Xiao Mansion. The attendants in the mansion immediately regarded him as a great fool. Working as an attendant in the Xiao Mansion for a lifetime, they were well-fed, well-clothed, and well-treated. Where could they find such a good job? This guy must have something wrong with his brain to sign up as a contract worker, only to be kicked out by the Xiao family after a year. The attendants took a certain delight in his misfortune.

Of course, Chief Steward Wang knew more about the situation than that. Lin San had been personally selected by three esteemed elders of the Xiao family, who praised him highly. It was said that during the interview yesterday, he was half an hour late. Deputy Steward Pang had received instructions from above to pay attention to a guy named Lin San. So when Pang received money from Lin Wanrong, he had to return it after learning he was Lin San.

"It's me, I am Lin San," Lin Wanrong said with a smile, looking at the various expressions of the surrounding attendants, some jeering, some envious, and a few maids blushing while watching him with peach blossom eyes.

"Lin San, although you have a connection with Uncle Fu, assaulting a mid-level attendant like this seems a bit unjustifiable, doesn't it?" Chief Steward Wang said with an awkward smile. Knowing that he had the support of the three esteemed elders, Chief Steward Wang's tone softened significantly. His words were just a face-saving gesture.

"I didn't assault anyone," Lin Wanrong said innocently. "I just entered the door, and these two fellows happened to fall down the steps due to a momentary lapse. Isn't that right, gentlemen?"

As soon as they heard Uncle Fu's name, the two beaten attendants knew they had encountered a tough opponent. Uncle Fu was not someone anyone in the Xiao family dared to provoke easily. Even the arrogant figures like Chief Steward Wang and Deputy Steward Pang had to give way when they saw him. With Uncle Fu's protection, their beating was in vain.

The most infuriating thing was that Lin Wanrong asked with an innocent expression, "Gentlemen, isn't that right?" The two attendants cursed him inwardly but had to put on a smile and say, "It seems there was a misunderstanding, just a misunderstanding."

"If it's a misunderstanding, then that's good," Chief Steward Wang wiped the sweat from his forehead, finally finding a way to save face. He then rolled his eyes at the surrounding maids and attendants, "What are you looking at? Don't you have work to do? Be careful, or I'll report to the lady and deduct your wages."

The maids and attendants scattered like birds and beasts, with a few maids daringly casting several glances at Lin Wanrong, evidently curious about this contract-based attendant.

After this incident, although Lin Wanrong had just arrived at the Xiao Mansion and was a lowly attendant, he had become quite a character in the circle of the mansion's attendants.

Although Chief Steward Wang's pride was somewhat hurt, he was a clever man and arranged for Lin Wanrong to work under Uncle Fu. During yesterday's conversation with the three old men, they all extended enthusiastic invitations for various positions such as chef, craftsman, or gardener. Lin Wanrong had no interest in these jobs; he was here merely to bide his time and then leave after a year.

After considering the three departments, he finally chose Uncle Fu. Working under him, watering and tending to the flowers, seemed quite pleasant. While Lin Wanrong knew nothing about growing flowers, he was skilled at picking them.

After arranging Lin Wanrong's tasks, Chief Steward Wang left with the others.

Lin Wanrong had just escaped the crowd's attention and took a few steps when someone grabbed him. Turning around, he saw it was the bookish Xiao Feng, who had crawled through the dog hole earlier.

Xiao Feng asked with concern, "Brother Lin, I saw you were caught by Chief Steward Wang just now. Are you alright?"

"No problem, there's nothing to worry about," Lin Wanrong said carelessly with a smile, patting Xiao Feng's shoulder. "Brother Xiao Feng, if anyone bullies you in this Xiao Mansion, just say you are my brother, Lin San. I'll see who dares to touch you."

Lin Wanrong had swaggered in through the front door earlier, and it was said that he had used his fists to beat up two mid-level attendants without any consequences. Bookish Xiao Feng admired him greatly and believed that having his protection would be advantageous.

As Xiao Feng had studied for several years and enjoyed using literary language, he was assigned to assist a few scholars. After a few years of training, he might even become a scholar himself, considered white-collar in the Xiao family and enjoying a bit of prestige. Lin Wanrong patted his shoulder and laughed, "There's a promising future ahead. Keep up the good work."

Xiao Feng shyly smiled and replied, "I'll be relying on your guidance in the future, Brother Lin."

After parting ways with Xiao Feng, Lin Wanrong headed directly to the gardening department where Uncle Fu was located. The Xiao Mansion's courtyard was vast, but Uncle Fu resided in a remote corner. Lin Wanrong had to ask five attendants and four maids before finding the place.

It was a quiet little courtyard near the back mountain, filled with various flowers and plants. Gorgeous peonies, vibrant peonies, fragrant chrysanthemums, and elegant orchids all competed for attention in a dazzling display. Lin Wanrong's heart rejoiced, realizing that it was indeed an excellent place for flower-picking.

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## Chapter 43 The Lady's Affectionate Visit (Part 2)

Beyond the fragrant haze of blossoms, there lies a quiet, secluded courtyard, separated from the garden by a circular archway. Stepping through the arch, one's eyes are immediately drawn to two connected cottages with green bricks and red tiles. Inside, there is only a bed, a table, and four chairs. Although the furnishings are quite modest,



they are a significant improvement from the thatched huts one might reside in otherwise.

Lin Wanrong nods in satisfaction, finding the cozy abode rather pleasing. He looks around, hoping to find Uncle Fu, but the old man is nowhere to be seen.

"Is he slacking off on the job?" Lin Wanrong thinks, helplessly scanning the surroundings before calling out loudly, "Uncle Fu, Uncle Fu, where are you?"

A voice emerges from within the flowers, "I'm here, Lin San."

Following the sound, Lin Wanrong spots Uncle Fu squatting among the blossoms, tending to a peony plant. The branches and foliage hide his figure, explaining why Lin Wanrong couldn't locate him earlier.

Lin Wanrong approaches with an embarrassed smile, "Uncle Fu, I've come to report in."

Uncle Fu nods, "I see you. What do you think of my garden?"

Inhaling the floral fragrance deeply, Lin Wanrong exclaims, "The scent of flowers is truly intoxicating. I wish to slumber beneath their blooms."

Uncle Fu laughs heartily, "Just wait, you'll have your fill of fragrances. The cultivation of the Xiao family's flowers and plants will soon rely on you."

"Wait, wait," Lin Wanrong interrupts, alarmed. He is only here to pass the time, not to truly cultivate flowers and plants, "Uncle Fu, you're in your prime. The responsibility of tending to the garden should still fall upon you. As for me, I know nothing. If I were to accidentally mess things up and ruin your reputation, I couldn't bear the consequences. It's better for me to assist you by your side."

Uncle Fu glances at him, "At least you have some self-awareness. Follow me and learn well. With this skill, you won't have to worry about food or clothing for the rest of your life in the Xiao family."

Although Lin Wanrong does not wish to remain in the Xiao family forever, he is a clever man who knows he must spend at least a year here. Uncle Fu could be his protector, and so, flattery is necessary.

Seeing Uncle Fu stand up, Lin Wanrong hastily brings him a stool to sit on, then enters the house to fetch water for Uncle Fu to wash his hands. He follows this with a pot of hot tea, personally presenting it to Uncle Fu. Finally, he produces a folding fan and gently fans Uncle Fu, displaying the utmost attentiveness. This is a stark contrast to the strong demeanor he exhibited upon entering the gates earlier.



"Lin San, it is already late autumn. Isn't that fan a bit too cooling?" Uncle Fu kindly reminds him.

"No problem, no problem. Uncle Fu is still in his prime, full of vitality. These gentle breezes are nothing to you," Lin Wanrong flatters shamelessly.

Uncle Fu says no more, contentedly enjoying Lin Wanrong's service.

During casual conversation with Uncle Fu, Lin Wanrong learns about the situation in the gardener's department where he now belongs. Although there are many servants in the manor, only he and Uncle Fu are responsible for the gardens. It turns out that Uncle Fu has been tending flowers and plants for over thirty years, and having grown accustomed to working alone, has repeatedly declined offers from the lady and the young mistress to provide additional assistance. It is only because of his advanced age and the fact that Lin Wanrong has caught his fancy that he has sought help this time.

It's a bitter realization for Lin Wanrong, who is somewhat disheartened. Uncle Fu stubbornly clings to his pride and suffers as a result. No doubt, the task of tending to the myriad of flowers and plants in the courtyard will fall on Lin Wanrong, much to his chagrin.

Naturally, Uncle Fu is oblivious to Lin Wanrong's thoughts. The two share a similar temperament, and Uncle Fu begins to regale Lin Wanrong with tales of his past glory – how he single-handedly managed the gardens, earning the admiration of the esteemed Minister of Rites, who even granted him numerous silver rewards.

Lin Wanrong has no interest in Uncle Fu's glorious history. He leans against the flowerbed, drowsy and unaware that he has crushed several peony blossoms beneath him.

By the time Uncle Fu finishes speaking, it is already noon. Lin Wanrong learns from the conversation that they do not live in this courtyard. The Xiao family's lady has arranged accommodations for the long-standing staff, like Uncle Fu, allowing them to enjoy their twilight years in peace.

Thus, this little courtyard will soon become Lin Wanrong's sole domain. Among all the news he's heard, this is the only tidbit that brings him a small measure of excitement.

When lunchtime arrives, Lin Wanrong carries a bowl of food towards the servants' dining area.

Uncle Fu had already explained to Lin Wanrong some of the rules for servants, particularly those in prestigious households. The servants can only eat after the masters have eaten, and sleep after the masters have retired for the night. The servants' dining area is essentially a simple canteen, designated for providing meals to the various staff

members. Today, the mealtime was slightly delayed, and Lin Wanrong's stomach had been growling in hunger.

Upon entering the dining area, Lin Wanrong scans the simple setting: a few rows of wooden tables and chairs, and several large pots of food. Two large signs indicate the seating areas for middle-ranking and lower-ranking servants. High-ranking servants would not dine here, as their status sets them apart and they would not deign to share meals with their subordinates.

In the middle-ranking servants' area, about a dozen people are seated, many of them eyeing the newcomers with mocking gazes. They find some long-missed pleasure in the new faces. The lower-ranking area, however, is packed with around thirty to forty people. Considering the thousands who had queued for the servant interviews, only a few dozen were selected. Lin Wanrong feels a sense of injustice for those who didn't make the cut. The whole event was a publicity stunt orchestrated by the Xiao family, undoubtedly the work of the clever and capable Miss Xiao.

Lin Wanrong is somewhat interested in this Miss Xiao. After all, she is a strong, independent woman – the type he would like to pursue, achieve, and then discard, a conquest that would bring a sense of accomplishment. Moreover, he has made a small fortune using her portrait, and he feels he should show some gratitude. With a smug grin, Lin Wanrong fills his bowl with food and is about to dig in when he hears a commotion nearby: "The Lady is here! The Lady has come to visit us, the new servants!"

A mature and beautiful figure enters the room, exuding warmth and elegance – it is Lady Xiao. Lin Wanrong had only caught a glimpse of her previously, but up close, he sees that Lady Xiao is indeed stunningly beautiful. With curved eyebrows, long eyelashes, rosy lips, and smooth, tender skin, she looks nothing like a woman in her forties. Instead, she resembles a woman in her thirties, with a curvaceous figure and an air of mature femininity. A hint of hidden resentment adds to her allure.

Lin Wanrong nods to himself, acknowledging Lady Xiao's beauty. No wonder so many people were eager to join the Xiao household. Accompanied by Chief Steward Wang and Deputy Steward Pang, Lady Xiao's high standing in the Xiao family is evident by the respect they show her. Lin Wanrong reflects on the challenges Lady Xiao must have faced as a widow, raising two young daughters while managing the vast Xiao estate. He holds a certain admiration for her. Indeed, capable individuals always inspire respect.

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## Chapter 44 A Woman and a Dog (Part 1)

Lady Xiao's smile bloomed like a flower as she kindly visited each newly appointed servant, inquiring about their well-being. Lady Xiao was truly experienced in the business world, and although her actions were merely a show, they produced a positive effect. A few emotional servants were already brimming with tears, considering Lady Xiao as their rebirth parents.

Lin Wanrong's stomach had been hungry for a while, and he couldn't wait for Lady Xiao's arrival. He hurriedly grabbed a few bites of food and stuffed them into his mouth. When Lady Xiao arrived in front of him, he swallowed a mouthful of hot food and continued to chew vigorously.

"Milady, this is Lin San," Chief Steward Wang introduced Lin Wanrong to Lady Xiao.

Lady Xiao glanced at Lin San. He had a pleasing appearance, an easy-going personality, and a very approachable demeanor. She smiled and said to Lin Wanrong, "So, you're the contractual employee, Lin San?"

Lin Wanrong stood up and replied, "Yes, milady, I am Lin San." He naturally extended his hand, intending to shake hands with Lady Xiao. In his world, shaking hands with someone was a basic courtesy.

Lady Xiao's expression changed, and she said coldly, "What are you doing?"

It was an old saying that men and women should not have physical contact. Lady Xiao was a virtuous widow who held herself in high regard and took etiquette very seriously. People often said that there were many troubles in front of a widow's door, but Lady Xiao had been a widow for many years and had never been involved in any gossip or rumors, which spoke to her chastity. Therefore, when she saw Lin Wanrong reaching out his hand, she couldn't help but become angry.

Lin Wanrong realized he had made a serious mistake, but he was quick-witted. In an instant, he came up with a plan, and without retracting his hand, he boldly said, "To shake hands with milady."

"Shake hands?" Lady Xiao frowned, not expecting this young man to be so outspoken.

"Yes, in my hometown, when two people meet for the first time, shaking hands is the most basic courtesy," Lin Wanrong said with simple sincerity, a harmless smile on his face. His attractive appearance made it easy for others to trust him.

"How dare you!" Chief Steward Wang and Deputy Steward Pang shouted in unison, angered by this insolent youngster's attempt to take advantage of Lady Xiao.

"It's fine," Lady Xiao said with a smile, stopping the two stewards from scolding Lin Wanrong. Before Miss Xiao took over the Xiao family, it had always been Lady Xiao who managed the family business. Being able to keep the family affairs in good order,

she was no ordinary woman. To be precise, she was a strong woman who was well-acquainted with various types of men and their gazes in order to protect herself. She was confident in her own judgment, and the servant's gaze was natural without any hint of disrespect. It seemed that she had misunderstood him.

Lin Wanrong had only wanted to shake her hand, so his gaze was quite normal. As for disrespect, even if he had the intention, it wouldn't show.

Lin Wanrong was also sizing up Lady Xiao. Upon closer inspection, she was still an extremely remarkable woman with a fair, jade-like complexion and beautiful, captivating eyes. There was not a single wrinkle at the corners of her eyes, though her brows were occasionally furrowed, revealing some hidden worries.

This was a true strong woman, Lin Wanrong thought. She was no less impressive than the various strong women he had met during his time as a marketing manager and even more beautiful.

"Where is your hometown?" Lady Xiao asked, showing some interest in this contractual employee. After all, she had never heard of contractual employees before, but the idea was quite innovative and creative. She was curious about the servant who could propose such a concept.

"My hometown? It's very far away, so far that milady might not know of it," Lin Wanrong said, a hint of desolation flashing in his eyes. He was now like a rootless duckweed, drifting wherever the wind took him.

Seeing that he was unwilling to elaborate, Lady Xiao didn't press him. Since he had signed a one-year work contract with the Xiao family, he could be let go at any time, despite being a servant.

Am I actually worried that a servant will abandon the Xiao family? Lady Xiao couldn't help but find her own baseless concern amusing. However, the Xiao family needed to retain any talent they found, a lesson learned from Lady Xiao's years of struggle in the business world.

Lady Xiao gave Lin Wanrong a friendly smile and turned away, not intending to shake his hand. No matter the customs of his hometown, when here, one had to adapt. If word got out that she shook hands with him, her reputation as a virtuous widow would be completely ruined, especially since he was a lowly servant.

Lady Xiao ascended the stage and delivered an enthusiastic speech to the newly appointed servants. She welcomed their arrival and encouraged them to be loyal, love their posts, and contribute to the Xiao family with their best efforts.

Later, Lin Wanrong saw a scene that was vaguely familiar - a representative speech by the new recruits. Seeing this segment, he couldn't help but laugh and cry at the same

time. He had attended countless opening ceremonies and inaugurations, and every time there was this cliché. He never thought that it would also be present in this world.

The person who went up to represent the new servants in the speech was none other than the bookish Xiao Feng, which made Lin Wanrong almost choke with laughter.

Xiao Feng nervously walked onto the stage, took out a piece of paper with his pre-written speech from his pocket, and began to read while his hands trembled: "Work hard, make progress every day, love our great nation, love the Xiao family."

Lin Wanrong spat out all of his food, attracting the angry glares of many devout servants around him.

Returning to his small courtyard in the garden and tidying up his luggage, Lin Wanrong didn't see Uncle Fu. At this time, the old man should be taking a nap - that's what most elderly people do.

Just as he was about to lie down on the bed, he suddenly heard a lively chatter from the courtyard.

"Ah, this peony flower is so beautiful, it suits me so well."

"I think that foxtail grass would be more fitting for you."

"I've inquired clearly, the new servant assigned today is under Uncle Fu's supervision."

"Yes, yes, I came to see him. I heard he's tall, with big eyes and healthy skin, full of masculinity—"

"Please, just look at yourselves. Let me tell you, I heard that this new servant is quite impressive, not even buying the account of Chief Steward Wang—"

"He may not buy Chief Steward Wang's account, but if I were his steward, he would have to buy my account, right?"

"Tsk—"

"Enough talking, let's pick flowers first, then pick the handsome guy, yay—"

Lin Wanrong tightly covered his mouth. It was as if he had entered the cave of a mythical creature, encountering a group of enchantresses.

He walked out of his room and saw more than a dozen maids in the courtyard, all young and lovely. Although they couldn't be considered beautiful, their youthfulness was captivating. They were busy among the flowers, constantly picking blossoms.

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## Chapter 45 A Woman and a Dog (Part 2)

First, they picked flowers, then handsome men. Lin Wanrong blinked joyfully, for these girls were no ordinary ruffians; they were the epitome of ruffianism.

"Ladies, what brings you here?" Lin Wanrong called out with a loud laugh as he stood at the entrance.

Upon seeing Lin Wanrong, several maidservants let out a collective gasp.

"Oh, he seems to be that impressive servant!" one of them exclaimed. The maidservants immediately began chattering, their gazes fixated on Lin Wanrong as they examined him from head to toe.

A single woman might have been too shy to act so boldly, but with ten women together, their courage knew no bounds. After all, they wouldn't be laughing at one another, so they felt free to look as they pleased.

"Are you Lin San?" asked one particularly attentive young maid, who had even managed to learn his name.

"Indeed, that is me. How may I assist you, miss?" Lin Wanrong replied with a smile. He was unfazed by the presence of ten women; at worst, he would simply strip down and let them have their way with him.

The young maid blushed and asked, "Lin San, did you really enter through the main gate today?" This question was a hot topic among all the maidservants and servants in the mansion, so the young maids were naturally curious, their gazes fixated on him.

Lin Wanrong nodded, "Yes."

Another maid asked curiously, "From what I know, every servant enters through the side door. Aren't you afraid of Chief Steward Wang and the others?"

Lin Wanrong pondered for a moment, then smiled and said, "Everyone has their dignity as a person, and everyone deserves respect. Sometimes, dignity is more important than life itself."

The maidservants were somewhat perplexed. In their understanding, as servants, they had to surrender their lives to their masters, so where was there room for dignity?

Lin Wanrong also felt that his way of thinking was a bit too progressive for them, so he decided not to discuss it further. Smiling, he asked, "By the way, you ladies haven't told me yet, what brings you here? Are you looking for Uncle Fu?"

Although the maidservants didn't quite understand Lin Wanrong's words, they still admired him in their hearts. After all, there weren't many people in the entire Xiao Manor who dared to stand up to Chief Steward Wang and his associates.

"Brother San, we're not here to see Uncle Fu. We want to pick some flowers in this courtyard. Please don't tell Uncle Fu, alright?" Another bolder maid, somewhat blindly worshipping Lin Wanrong, unconsciously addressed him as "Brother San" with a coy expression.

"First, you pick flowers, then you pick handsome men, right?" Lin Wanrong said with a teasing smile.

The maidservants let out a collective gasp, their faces flushing red, knowing that he had overheard their earlier conversation. They felt extremely embarrassed. However, since there were many of them, they weren't afraid of being laughed at by each other. After giggling for a while, one of the maidservants boldly said, "Brother San, you're so bad. I'm not going to talk to you anymore. Sisters, let's pick flowers!"

The maidservants laughed and began to pick flowers, ignoring Lin Wanrong.

"Brother San, look at this peony flower. How does it look on me?"

"Brother San, do you think this bunch of chrysanthemums matches my dress?"

"Brother San, don't you think my figure resembles the mature beauty of this peony?"

The maidservants' sweet voices filled Lin Wanrong's ears. When they were together, their courage seemed to grow, and they all affectionately called him "Brother San," even though they hadn't known him just a moment ago.

Lin Wanrong was somewhat taken aback by the maidservants' warmth and friendliness. Though they weren't stunningly beautiful, they were all young and energetic girls, like a group of butterflies fluttering around him. Their melodious voices and gentle whispers made Lin Wanrong feel a bit disoriented amidst the flowers.

However, his troubles soon arrived. The maidservants were all very interested in Lin Wanrong, constantly pulling him aside to ask various questions about his hometown, family, age, marital status, and which young lady he first liked. Their questions were sharp and spicy, leaving Lin Wanrong struggling to respond.



Lin Wanrong, surrounded by countless "ducks," found it hard to express his suffering. Far from enjoyment, this felt like punishment. If he had known earlier, he would never have come out.

"Brother San, have you never really liked any young lady before?" A mischievous, wide-eyed maid asked, trying to probe his secrets.

"No, no, I've never liked any 'young miss,'" Lin Wanrong replied righteously. In his hometown, everyone knew the meaning of the term "young miss," and Lin Wanrong, of course, would not like "young misses." (A colloquial term for prostitute)

Not liking young misses, does that mean he likes maidservants? The speaker's unintentional words carried a deeper meaning to the listeners. Several maidservants misunderstood his meaning and their faces quickly turned shy. This Lin San, with his good looks and humor, could be considered a charming character if not for his lowly status. The maidservants' cheeks flushed pink, and none of them dared to look at him.

Lin Wanrong was still unaware that his words had caused a stir. Seeing the maidservants lowering their heads quietly, he was about to speak when he faintly heard a crisp barking sound.

"What's that noise?" Lin Wanrong's hearing was excellent, and the sound was familiar, like a dog's bark. Where would anyone keep a dog in the Xiao family's mansion, which was mostly occupied by women? Lin Wanrong was puzzled, thinking he might have misheard.

"What noise? What noise?" The wide-eyed maid who had been inquiring about Lin Wanrong's secrets asked anxiously, her face still blushing.

The sound was getting closer, and Lin Wanrong could now confirm it was indeed the barking of a dog, seemingly heading in their direction. It wasn't unusual for a wealthy family like the Xiao family to keep a few dogs for security. Lin Wanrong reasoned away his confusion.

As the barking grew closer, the maidservants heard it as well, and their expressions changed simultaneously. "Not good!" They cried out in terror, as if they had seen a demon, "Brother San, run! Run! If we don't leave now, it will be too late."

Lin Wanrong was taken aback. Was the barking of a dog really that terrifying? Why were these girls so scared that they even changed color? He laughed it off, saying, "It's okay, I'm not afraid."

The maidservants' faces paled with worry. They glanced at Lin Wanrong, dropped the flowers they had picked, and fled as if they were flying.

Once the maidservants were gone, the world became much quieter, and Lin Wanrong's ears finally got a break. He sighed, shook his head helplessly, and thought gleefully that being handsome could indeed be quite troublesome.

The barking grew louder and closer, as if it was heading straight for the garden. This was Uncle Fu's territory, who would dare to let a dog run loose in the garden? They must be looking for trouble.

"Whose animal is this? Get lost!" Lin Wanrong stood up and yelled casually.

However, as soon as he turned around, he was stunned. This was no ordinary dog; it looked more like a wolf. A large wolfhound, half a man's height, stared at him with its greenish eyes. The viciousness in the dog's eyes was evident to anyone who saw it.

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