

# Finest Servant

## Chapter 46 Fist Fights and Kicks (Part 1)

Could it be that Jinling City had not issued a regulation prohibiting the raising of large dogs? The magistrate of Jinling had truly neglected his duties.

Cold sweat dripped down Lin Wanrong's forehead. This was no joke. If the dog opened its mouth, perhaps half of his head would be gone. Moreover, it was unclear whether there were any rabies vaccines available here. If he were bitten by this beast, it could be fatal. Judging by the expressions of the fleeing maids, they clearly knew of this vicious dog's existence and had all run away, calling out to their brother. These women were truly disloyal.

The vicious dog was sitting at the entrance of the garden, its long, crimson tongue continuously panting. Green light glinted in its eyes as it stared at Lin Wanrong, effectively blocking his escape.

Lin Wanrong's old home was in the countryside, and he had raised dogs during his childhood. Seeing the wolfhound's large size and sharp teeth, he knew it was specifically raised by someone for fighting. Based on his experience, during a confrontation between a human and a dog, as long as the person remained still, the dog generally would not move.

Lin Wanrong's entire body was soaked in sweat. He nervously stood there, his eyes fixed on the vicious dog, not daring to move an inch. He had no idea who raised this dog, but if he ever found out, he would curse their ancestors for eighteen generations. In his frustration, Lin Wanrong cursed maliciously in his heart.

The vicious dog did not seem to have any intention of attacking either, sitting there as if waiting to outlast Lin Wanrong. He knew this was a critical moment, and if things went wrong, he could lose his life. Under high mental tension, cold sweat dripped down from his forehead. He dared not wipe the sweat from his brow, his eyes glued to the vicious dog, ready to run for his life if the dog made a move. Damn it, racing against a dog was like risking his life.

As Lin Wanrong's tension mounted, a crisp, familiar-sounding voice came from outside, "Mighty General, come on—"

Mighty General? The name seemed familiar. Lin Wanrong was still puzzled when the vicious dog, which had been sitting there, suddenly sprang into action and pounced toward him.

"Help!" Lin Wanrong cried out desperately, and his quick reflexes kicked in. He turned on his heels and started running.

"Mighty General, catch him and bite him hard!" The crisp female voice sounded from outside again.

It was then that Lin Wanrong understood that the vicious dog was named Mighty General. Considering the dog's size, the name was indeed a fitting one.

However, he had no time to think about that now. With a vicious dog chasing him from behind, not running would be foolish.

While running, Lin Wanrong desperately called for help, but the garden was unusually quiet today. Even Uncle Fu was nowhere to be found, leaving only the heavy breathing of a man and a dog.

The man and the dog engaged in a frantic chase around the courtyard. Racing against a dog was undoubtedly a losing battle, but thankfully, Lin Wanrong's quick thinking allowed him to abruptly stop and change directions while running. Several times, the dog's claws nearly reached his shoulder, but he narrowly escaped each time.

Panting heavily, Lin Wanrong circled the courtyard, evading the vicious dog's sharp claws. Meanwhile, a peal of crisp laughter came from outside the garden, presumably from the woman who had incited the dog.

At this point, Lin Wanrong was too busy running for his life to care about the woman's appearance. He mentally cursed the woman's mother and sisters but found himself being chased even closer by the vicious dog.

After the failed initiation by Uncle Wei, Lin Wanrong's strength and explosive power had increased considerably, which had helped him avoid the vicious dog initially.

However, as time went on, his stamina began to wane, and the distance between him and the dog grew closer. By the time he reached the wall, he was at the end of his rope. The vicious dog showed no signs of fatigue and took advantage of his slow movement to pounce on him, aiming for his shoulder.

With nowhere left to run, Lin Wanrong gritted his teeth and decided not to dodge. As the dog pounced, he kicked out with all his might, striking the dog's stomach. With a loud thud, the dog's body slammed hard against the wall. He knew that this kick contained all his strength, and if it didn't work, he would be left with half a life at best. So, he put everything he had into this kick.

As the dog's body hit the wall, Lin Wanrong rushed forward, stepping on the vicious dog's stomach, and pinned it against the wall, unable to move. He then raised his fist and started pounding on the dog's head.

"Damn you, vicious dog, I'll kill you!"

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Lin Wanrong's hatred for the vicious dog was not just a little bit, but full of rage. He concentrated all his strength into his blows, cursing and striking the dog's head.

It is said that the potential people can unleash during their most difficult moments is truly terrifying. Lin Wanrong's eyes were bloodshot, and he didn't know where he found the strength to pummel the dog's head relentlessly. He didn't even notice when his fingers were smashed and bloodied.

The wolf-dog had been severely injured upon crashing into the wall, and Lin Wanrong's ferocious blows only worsened its condition. In no time, he had crushed the dog's skull.

With his hands mangled and the vicious dog's head flattened, blood pouring from its mouth, it was unmistakably dead. Lin Wanrong finally took his foot off the dog, which slumped lifelessly against the wall like a pile of mud.

As Lin Wanrong's emotions relaxed, the last shred of belief that had been supporting him also collapsed. He fell to the ground, feeling as if he was drained of all energy. Gasping for breath, the fear in his heart had yet to dissipate.

Killing the wolf-dog with his own hands was an extraordinary feat for an ordinary person, but Lin Wanrong felt no joy. He had barely escaped death at the hands of the vicious dog.

"Mighty General!" A woman's horrified cry rang out, followed by the sound of hurried footsteps approaching.

Lin Wanrong desperately wanted to see the woman who had instigated the vicious dog, but he was so weak that he couldn't even lift his head, let alone his eyes.

Upon seeing the lifeless Mighty General, the woman let out a mournful cry. Her heart filled with hatred for Lin Wanrong, she approached him and viciously kicked him several times, shouting, "You wretched cur! You'll pay for Mighty General's life!"

Lin Wanrong was completely drained, his eyes barely open. Though he found the woman's voice somewhat familiar, he had no energy to react to her kicks.

The woman, wearing small, high-heeled boots, fiercely kicked Lin Wanrong's buttocks. Luckily, when he had fallen, he had protected his head with his hands, guarding his vital areas. A few kicks to his buttocks were not too concerning.

However, there was another crucial part of a man's body left unprotected. If the young woman managed to land a few kicks there, he would likely be left unable to father any children. Lin Wanrong lamented his situation internally but had no strength left to defend himself.

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## Chapter 47 Fist Fights and Kicks (Part 2)

Fortunately, the girl appeared to be quite naive. She only knew to kick Lin Wanrong's thick-skinned and meaty buttocks, seemingly unaware of the importance of certain vital areas for men. Lin Wanrong's heart swelled with relief, and he suddenly felt the girl's kicking force seemed to lessen considerably, eventually becoming as insignificant as tickling. As he enjoyed this gentle "massage," his fatigue and drained spirit overcame him, and he fell into a deep sleep.

The girl was still young and lacked strength. After kicking Lin Wanrong a few times, she herself grew tired. She gently wiped the sweat from her forehead and looked at Lin Wanrong, only to find the young man smiling sweetly in his sleep, drooling all over the ground. Seeing him sleeping so peacefully infuriated her even more. Clenching her teeth and gripping Lin Wanrong's ear, she said, "Lin San, wake up!"

Lin Wanrong groggily opened his eyes but didn't see the girl's face. Unable to bear his weight, the girl's hand slipped, and Lin Wanrong fell back to the ground, reuniting with the god of sleep. The girl glanced at him and furiously said, "You wretched servant, just you wait, I'll make sure you pay for this." Unsatisfied, she kicked Lin Wanrong's body a few more times before storming off, not even bothering with the lifeless Mighty General.

Lin Wanrong's sleep was particularly sweet, as he dreamt of Qiaoqiao, the young girl who tenderly spoke of her affection for him in a bashful, teasing manner. Her girlish charm was irresistible, and he almost didn't want to wake up. He sat up, yawned, and stretched, his body aching all over. Realizing this was all due to the vicious dog, he couldn't help but feel angry. However, he also felt exhilarated, surprised by the strength he had unleashed in his fight against the dog. It seemed true that one shouldn't push a person too far, as a cornered dog would jump over the wall, and even a desperate rabbit would bite.

Thinking of the vicious dog reminded him of the wicked woman who had unleashed it. Her voice seemed somewhat familiar, but he couldn't remember where he had seen her before. Since arriving here, he could count the number of women he had met on one hand.

First, there was Xiao Qingxuan, the woman disguised as a man, who harbored a deep hatred for him. Even though he had killed the vicious dog, he had also fallen. With her capabilities, it would have been easy for her to kill him. From this, it was clear that the wicked woman was definitely not Xiao Qingxuan.

Next was Qiaoqiao, the clever and obedient girl who also had a fondness for him, so it couldn't possibly be her either.

Could it be Lady Xiao? Lin Wanrong's heart skipped a beat. The third woman he had met was Lady Xiao. Could she be the one who set the dog on him? As he pondered this, he found the idea amusing. Lady Xiao was elegant and sophisticated; how could she possibly do such a thing? Besides, they had no grudges against each other, and she had no reason to do so.

Thinking it over, he couldn't remember having any enemies. In the Xiao residence, the only women he knew besides Lady Xiao were a few maidservants.

Lin Wanrong, with a throbbing headache, decided not to dwell on the matter any longer. If an enemy appeared, he would face them head-on; if a flood came, he would deal with it. There was no need to fear her.

Dazed and disoriented, Lin Wanrong had no idea how long he had been lying on the ground. Only after his strength slowly returned did he manage to get up with great effort. The garden was in complete disarray, the result of the fierce battle between him and the dog. Feeling weak and unhappy, Lin Wanrong didn't bother to clean up the mess.

He walked over to the slain vicious dog and scoffed, "You wanted to mess with your grandpa? No chance. So much for the so-called Mighty General, I caught you easily." Lin Wanrong smirked, dragged the Mighty General inside, found two branches to prop up a rack, and firmly tied the vicious dog to it.

Although the room prepared for him by Uncle Fu was simple, it had all the necessary living supplies. Lin Wanrong searched the room and soon found a small knife. He sneered, walked over to the propped-up branches, skinned the vicious dog, chopped its meat into pieces, and thoroughly cleaned it.

The room he stayed in had a stove, firewood, and even seasonings. Delighted, Lin Wanrong put the dog meat into a pot and started to cook it vigorously. He had fought the vicious dog today and, although he had dozed off on the ground, he still felt somewhat fatigued. After finishing everything, he took another nap inside the room.

In a daze, he heard someone outside exclaiming, "What a delicious aroma! This must be top-quality dog meat!" It was Uncle Fu's voice. Lin Wanrong got up and laughed, "Uncle Fu, are you on your way to work or just getting off?" The sun was setting, and Uncle Fu only showed up now, clearly having been slacking off.

Uncle Fu chuckled, "Today is your shift, so with you here, there won't be any problems. Hehe, Lin, you sure know how to enjoy yourself. Did you steal and kill someone's dog for this meat? It's great stuff, I'll have a treat tonight." Uncle Fu had been nowhere to be found when the dog was being beaten and killed, but now that it was time to eat, he was quite enthusiastic. Lin Wanrong despised Uncle Fu from the bottom of his heart, but

Uncle Fu was oblivious to this. Clapping his hands, he said, "Good meat deserves good wine. Hehe, Lin San, you're in for a treat today. I'll fetch a jar from Lady's wine cellar, hehe, but you mustn't tell her."

Lin Wanrong knew Uncle Fu had set his sights on the dog meat, and since he had been scared today, a little wine to calm his nerves wouldn't hurt. He nodded in agreement. Evidently, Uncle Fu was a born glutton. With the delicious dog meat as motivation, he quickly returned, sneaking in an unopened bottle of Shaoxing Daughter's Red.

Compared to the strong alcohol Lin Wanrong had tasted before, Daughter's Red was milder, but due to its long storage, it had a subtle, delicate fragrance. Lin Wanrong found it quite palatable. The two of them ate and drank, and Lin Wanrong suddenly asked with a smile, "Uncle Fu, do you know who in the Xiao mansion loves dogs the most?"

"Ah, loves dogs? Well, that would be the Second—" Uncle Fu, who was gnawing on a dog's leg, suddenly turned pale upon hearing this, as if recalling something. "The dog's fur outside seemed familiar. Could this dog be from our mansion?"

"I'm not sure if it's from our mansion, but this dog seemed to have a rather impressive name, something like Mighty General," Lin Wanrong said nonchalantly.

"What? Mighty General?" Uncle Fu jumped up, his face turning ashen. "Lin San, please enjoy this meal. I have urgent business to attend to. And please, don't tell anyone that I ate this dog meat. I beg you, I beg you." He darted off like the fleeing maidservants, as if staying near Lin Wanrong for another minute would bring him bad luck.

Good riddance, thought Lin Wanrong. He devoured the delicious food and wine, and as the intoxication set in, he fell onto the bed in a daze. He suddenly recalled the plant he had seen in the wild while fighting yesterday. The scent seemed familiar, but he couldn't remember what it was. He pondered for a while but found no clues, so he fell into a deep sleep. That night was exceptionally peaceful.

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## Chapter 48 Bewilderment

At the break of dawn the next day, Lin Wanrong had just risen when he saw Uncle Fu sneak in, casting nervous glances around before saying, "Lin San, are you—have you not encountered any trouble?"

Lin Wanrong shook his head, replying, "Nah, all is well. I slept soundly through the night, and oh, that dog meat was most delectable indeed."



Uncle Fu struggled to swallow his saliva, cautioning, "Lin San, do not blame me for not warning you. Be not careless, for that was the Mighty General. This matter is not so simple."

"Uncle Fu, what do you mean?" inquired Lin Wanrong.

"Oh, it's nothing, it's nothing. I merely lament that I departed too early yesterday, unable to savour those fine delicacies, which is a great pity." Uncle Fu's meaning was clear: he wished to distance himself from the matter.

"Speaking of which, Lin San, from today forth, I shall teach you the art of cultivating flowers and plants," Uncle Fu hastily changed the subject as Lin Wanrong was about to press further, his countenance shifting at the thought of that individual's methods.

Lin Wanrong noticed Uncle Fu's change in demeanour and continued to inquire about the vicious dog and woman several times. However, Uncle Fu always evaded the questions, seemingly fearful of the woman, which only served to deepen Lin Wanrong's confusion.

Seeing that Uncle Fu was unwilling to discuss the matter, Lin Wanrong, at a loss for a better approach, decided to follow Uncle Fu and listen to him speak about the flora within the garden. Uncle Fu had immersed himself in the study of plants for more than thirty years, and his experience was incredibly vast. Within moments, even Lin Wanrong, a layman in the art of horticulture, felt that he had gained much insight.

"Uncle Fu, you are exceedingly familiar with these flowers and plants. Within the Xiao Family, no, even in Jinling City, I daresay few can rival your expertise," Lin Wanrong praised genuinely, not merely offering flattery.

"In this world, there are countless talented individuals," Uncle Fu modestly replied. "I have simply tended to these plants for a longer period, and as the saying goes, practice makes perfect. I cannot claim true mastery. However, in Jinling City, there are but a few well-versed in the ways of plants, and I have visited and exchanged ideas with them." Uncle Fu's face showed a hint of pride, evidently confident in his own skills.

"Then Uncle Fu, have you ever encountered such a tree?" Lin Wanrong recalled the plant he had encountered outside the city when leading Dong Qingshan and the others to fight, and he roughly described its appearance. Uncle Fu, an authority in this field, would likely know it well.

After listening to his description, Uncle Fu pondered for a long while before saying, "Lin San, the tree of which you speak is unfamiliar to me. Perhaps, when time permits, you could take me to see it."

Lin Wanrong pulled a bitter face, replying, "Uncle Fu, you do hold a lofty position within the Xiao Family and are free to come and go as you please. I, however, am but a lowly servant, unable to enjoy such liberty as you do."

"Indeed," Uncle Fu agreed, nodding. "I owe my present status to the trust of the Old Master and the young mistress. Lin San, as long as you work diligently, you too shall one day reach my level. Now, tell me the location in the southern part of the city where you saw that tree. If it is inconvenient for you to go, I shall investigate it myself tomorrow."

Lin Wanrong had intended to use Uncle Fu's influence to gain more freedom for himself. After all, he was a newcomer in the Xiao Family, and it would be quite difficult for him to enter or leave the manor without the chief steward's approval. Given his relationship with Chief Steward Wang, Lin Wanrong would be fortunate if Chief Steward Wang did not make things difficult for him, let alone allowing him to come and go from the manor with ease.

"Uncle Fu, I am naturally destined for a life of toil, and I enjoy traveling far and wide. If I were to stay within the manor all day, I would find it difficult to adapt," Lin Wanrong boldly stated. He dared to be so presumptuous only because he had found favor in Uncle Fu's eyes. Had it been any other servant, they would not have dared to entertain, let alone propose, such an outrageous idea.

Uncle Fu gazed deeply into Lin Wanrong's eyes and asked, "Lin San, do you not wish to serve as a servant in the Xiao Family?"

"Yes, no, I mean, no," Lin Wanrong hastily corrected himself. "Since I have come to the Xiao Family, whether by choice or not, I must fulfill my duties. This is a matter of professional integrity." Lin Wanrong's words were ambiguous, leaving others uncertain as to whether he had come willingly or under duress.

"Professional integrity? I have never heard of such a term. What do you mean?" Uncle Fu inquired, puzzled.

"Oh, it means that since I receive wages from the Xiao Family, I must wholeheartedly serve the household. This is called professional integrity," Lin Wanrong quickly explained.

Uncle Fu sighed and said, "Lin San, even if you didn't speak of it, I can see that you are resourceful and quick-witted. If you hadn't come to the Xiao Family as a servant, you would surely have achieved great things. Perhaps you had come here under dire circumstances, but as you had said, since you receive wages from the mistress and the young lady, you must dutifully serve the Xiao Family. I have spent my entire life in this household, and it is where I shall live out my remaining years. I hope you can truly assist the Xiao Family wholeheartedly."



Uncle Fu's words were heartfelt and sincere, leaving Lin Wanrong somewhat embarrassed. He could only respond with an awkward laugh, "Uncle Fu, you are too kind. I am now a servant of the Xiao Family, and I shall, of course, serve the household wholeheartedly. As for helping the Xiao Family, you do overestimate my abilities. What assistance could I, a mere servant, provide?"

Uncle Fu spoke meaningfully, "Lin San, our Xiao Family may seem prosperous, but this is merely a facade. In truth, the household is currently in dire straits. Alas, you shall come to understand this in time. To be candid, from the moment I first saw you, I felt you could be of great help to the Xiao Family. Despite your lack of formal education, you are eloquent, resourceful, and quick-witted—a truly rare talent."

Upon hearing Uncle Fu's remark that he "lacks formal education but eloquent, resourceful and quick-witted," Lin Wanrong found himself at a loss, unsure whether to laugh or cry. After all, he was a top student from a prestigious university. How could Uncle Fu say that he lacks formal education? However, he readily accepted the latter three compliments, as they accurately described his strengths, and there was no need for false modesty.

"I only hope that the mistress and the young ladies can soon recognize your talents and allow you to employ them to their fullest extent, thus aiding the Xiao Family in overcoming its challenges. This, I daresay, shall be my greatest wish before I depart this world."

As Uncle Fu spoke, his expression grew somber. Having served the Xiao Family for an entire lifetime, his affection for the household ran deep. The Xiao Family was his home, and he could not bear to see it fall into decline. Alas, despite his position within the household, he remained a mere servant, and the matters of the Xiao Family were not within his purview. With his limited abilities, he could only humbly invite Lin Wanrong to serve under him. Recommending Lin Wanrong to the masters of the Xiao Family would ultimately depend on Lin Wanrong's own efforts.

Seeing the elderly man's melancholy, Lin Wanrong understood his thoughts and felt touched by his loyalty. Having served the Xiao Family for a lifetime, and still showing such deep concern for the family in his twilight years, Uncle Fu had truly given his all. Lin Wanrong's previous disdain for the old man lessened, and his respect for him grew.

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## Chapter 49 Mediocrity Does Not Invite Envy

"Ah, Uncle Fu, I just want a bit more freedom. Why does this bring out so many sighs from you?" Lin Wanrong said with a laugh, shifting Uncle Fu's attention. "Rest assured,

as long as the Xiao family needs me, I will do my best to help. This is my way of repaying your kindness."

Seeing his playful smile, there wasn't a hint of sincerity in his words. Uncle Fu laughed and said, "You're as slippery as an eel, boy. I can't tell what's true and what's not."

Lin Wanrong said seriously, "Uncle Fu, don't worry. I may not be perfect, but when it comes to gratitude and repaying kindness, I believe I can do it."

Uncle Fu nodded and said, "Alright, Lin San, these are your words. I hope we haven't misjudged you."

Lin Wanrong laughed and said, "Alright, enough of this. Uncle Fu, why don't you teach me how to identify and care for plants instead? I've grown up just picking flowers, you know."

Uncle Fu shook his head with a bitter smile. The young man seemed to have no sense of propriety. He didn't know if Lin Wanrong could help the Xiao family, but they would have to take it one step at a time.

Over the next few days, Uncle Fu taught Lin Wanrong how to prune branches, cultivate soil, and understand the habits of various plants. Although Lin Wanrong was only interested in picking flowers and not so much in growing them, his memory was quite good. Within a few days, he was familiar with all the plants in the garden and could speak about their individual characteristics. Uncle Fu was quite satisfied with his progress.

During this time, Lin Wanrong stayed in the garden with Uncle Fu, patiently learning from him. He ate his meals regularly and wandered around the courtyard during his free time. As a servant of the gardening department, he was the second in command under Uncle Fu. No one bothered him, and he lived a rather leisurely life.

He occasionally encountered the bookish Xiao Feng in the courtyard. Xiao Feng was very friendly towards him, sharing his daily scoldings from his tutor. Lin Wanrong would give him ideas on how to slack off, and they both enjoyed their carefree days.

The maids who had fled upon hearing the barking dog eventually returned to find Lin Wanrong, striking up conversations with him. Of course, Lin Wanrong didn't really mind their earlier desertion. Whenever he asked about the mysterious woman, however, the maids would change the subject in fear. Over time, the maids became more familiar with Lin Wanrong, and their interactions grew more frequent.

Lin Wanrong was witty and humorous, knowledgeable about many things. A simple phrase in his mouth became interesting. The maids liked to listen to him talk. He knew many interesting things and spoke many unknown dialects. He knew why flowers were red and why the sky was blue. He often recited some amazing and ghostly great

poems, and sang many catchy tunes. The melody was extremely beautiful, but the lyrics always made people blush.

Having been with these maids for a long time, Lin Wanrong inevitably had moments of spring heart. Sometimes, he would accidentally tell a few dirty jokes. Whenever they heard this, these maids would definitely scatter with red faces. But within the time of a meal, they would gather around him again, listening to him tell interesting stories from outside.

In short, as long as he didn't tell dirty jokes, everything was fine. But occasionally, with some hidden jokes, a few bold maids dared to sit down and listen to him finish.

In this way, Lin Wanrong's reputation gradually spread, and all the maids in the Xiao family's courtyard knew about the new and magical gardener: handsome and sunny; knowledgeable in many things, proficient in music, chess, calligraphy and painting; witty and humorous, knowledgeable about everything.

What was even more rare was that it was said that this new servant named Lin San entered through the front door in broad daylight, not like those other servants.

So the word spread, and Lin Wanrong became the most prominent figure among the servants in the Xiao family, even being praised by some as the number one talented and romantic servant in the Xiao family. Of course, these admirers were all female.

As for the other servants, they didn't see it that way. What was so great about this Lin kid? Even if your ass was pointed to the sky, you were still just a lowly servant in the Xiao family.

Lin Wanrong became the most popular person among the maids in the mansion and the most envied person among the other servants. He didn't notice it though. In his eyes, he didn't fight for power or profit, he only sought a carefree and happy life. He shouldn't have offended any of them.

Lin Wanrong was good-looking, knowledgeable, and came in through the front door. He was not like the other servants. His reputation spread quickly.

The maids who were slightly attractive began to find excuses to get close to him, with various ideas and excuses.

"Brother San, this is the chicken soup I stayed up all night to make for you. Drink it while it's hot."

"Brother San, I just made some sweet-soup with snow fungus and rock sugar for you. Taste it quickly."

"Brother San, this is the best official swallow's nest. I specially took it from Madam's bowl for you to try."

For a moment, there were beautiful women and soft-spoken men, plump and thin, soft and fragrant, making it hard for people to focus.

The other servants stretched their necks and widened their eyes. How did this new lowly servant get to enjoy such a privilege?

Seeing the jealous and envious looks of his colleagues, the maids began to worry for him. Lin Wanrong said angrily, "I'm already low-key enough, and they still envy me? Oh well, as the saying goes, if you don't provoke jealousy, you're not talented."

This statement was spread by the well-intentioned, and the result was that the entire Xiao family's servant community launched an angry campaign against Lin, while the maid community spontaneously formed a forest protection army. The two sides often had heated debates and arguments.

Lin Wanrong didn't have the mind to join in. Watching the maids and servants argue with each other, he acted like he had nothing to do with it, eating when he needed to eat, sleeping when he needed to sleep, and playing when he wanted to play.

The maids admired him even more for his carefree attitude, and ran to the garden more frequently.

Lin Wanrong felt a little uncomfortable, as some of the maids with ulterior motives found him easy to talk to and began to make bolder moves.

"Brother San, what kind of flower is this?" A plump maid rubbed a gorgeous peony gently against her chest, her face showing a pink blush as she asked in a coquettish voice.

"Brother San, this rose is very pretty. Can you help me put it on?" Another pretty maid handed him a freshly picked rose, her face blushing, her body leaning against him, waiting for him to become her personal hairstylist.

"Brother San, this chrysanthemum is about to bloom. I want to transplant it to my room. Can you help me bring it over?"

Lin Wanrong was taken aback. Several maids with ulterior motives pretended to seek his advice on flowers and plants, intentionally or unintentionally getting closer to him. The faint scent of watercolor rouge on them made his previously dormant heart start to beat again.

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## Chapter 50 Visiting (Part 1)

Lin Wanrong couldn't help but sigh at the boldness of the girls of this era when it came to romance. This one in particular was a typical case of being promiscuous without any effort. These young girls, though not necessarily beautiful, were like tempting apples that made it hard for him to resist looking but not touching.

Fortunately, he often thought of Dong Qiaoqiao who was working hard to decorate the restaurant outside. Although she hadn't expressed her feelings directly, her true affection for him was already evident. Thinking of her obedient and well-behaved demeanor, Lin Wanrong made a firm decision to suppress his lustful desires.

He had been in the mansion for a few days now, and although everything had been easy and comfortable, he also missed the father and daughter of the Dong family and had long wanted to visit them. However, as a servant, he had to ask for permission from the chief steward to leave the mansion, and the Xiao Mansion had strict control over their servants leaving. In addition, there was some conflict between him and Chief Steward Wang, so it was not easy for him to leave.

One day, Lin Wanrong managed to persuade Uncle Fu, and with the help of his connections, he was able to obtain a half-day holiday. He went directly to Xuanwu Lake to see how the restaurant was being decorated. The renovation plans had all been predetermined by Lin Wanrong himself, and he wanted to run the restaurant according to his own vision.

"Brother Lin," Dong Qiaoqiao's eyes turned red as soon as she saw him and she hurried over to him.

Lin Wanrong had been in the Xiao Mansion for several tens of days, during which time he had not sent any news. Naturally, Dong Qiaoqiao was extremely anxious.

"Qiaoqiao, you've lost weight," Lin Wanrong said, looking at her.

"Brother, you seem to have lost some weight too." Dong Qiaoqiao's nose was sour as she looked at Lin Wanrong's face.

Have I lost weight? Even though I've been drinking chicken soup and bird's nest every day?

"Qiaoqiao, how's the renovation of our restaurant coming along?" Lin Wanrong saw the affectionate gaze of the girl and quickly changed the subject.

"The progress is going smoothly. Everything is proceeding according to your arrangements, Brother Lin," she said, holding Lin Wanrong's hand and observing the

scene. "As you envisaged, the first floor is for the public restaurant, the second floor is for private dining rooms, and the third floor is for VIP rooms. But Brother, you haven't said what the fourth and fifth floors are going to be used for?"

Lin Wanrong smiled mysteriously. "The fourth and fifth floors will be called 'Wealth and Talent'."

"Wealth and Talent?" Dong Qiaoqiao frowned. "What does that mean?"

"These fourth and fifth floors must have a sense of mystery and grandeur in their decorations. They must become the most high-end banquet venue in Jinling City. We need some gimmicks, such as 'Golden Banquet' and 'Shark Fin Banquet', the higher the specifications, the better. Of course, the prices should also be higher. We need to raise our reputation so that everyone thinks that dining on the fourth and fifth floors is the most glorious thing."

Dong Qiaoqiao began to understand. This is the advertising effect, right? "So, who can go to the fourth and fifth floors?"

"Wealth and talent, as the name suggests, not only requires wealth but also power. Only those who are both wealthy and powerful can go to the fourth and fifth floors. As for who goes to the fourth floor and who goes to the fifth floor, it naturally depends on who is wealthier and more powerful."

"Then, what does talent mean?" Dong Qiaoqiao asked, wrinkling her delicate nose.

"Talent is even simpler. Don't we have many talented scholars in Jiangnan? I will hang two couplets there. As long as a family's scholars can match the couplets, we will invite them to the fourth and fifth floors for free. The higher the floor they go to for free, the more talented they are considered to be. In this way, our reputation will grow, and all scholars will be proud to dine on the fourth and fifth floors. However, not everyone can go up there, so we must also take care of our business on the lower floors. This is called taking care of both ends and not neglecting either."

"Brother, you must write difficult couplets, don't let everyone go up," Dong Qiaoqiao giggled, covering her small mouth.

"Of course, I have plenty of ink in my belly," Lin Wanrong boasted shamelessly.

"By the way, Qiaoqiao, how are those promotional coupons you prepared for me last time?"

"They are all done according to your instructions. Our seal is stamped on every coupon, so they can only be used if the seal is there. But Brother, does this promotion really have the big effect you said it would?"



"Qiaoqiao, don't underestimate this promotion, it's a very successful marketing tactic. Take the promotional coupons that I had you handle, for example. A bowl of Yangchun noodles costs three copper coins, and a braised egg also costs three copper coins. Together, they cost six copper coins. But if the customer uses our discount coupon and buys both items together, they only need to pay five copper coins. At first glance, it seems like we're making less profit. But actually, it's not the case. Originally, the customer only wanted to buy Yangchun noodles, but now they also have to buy the braised egg. And originally, the customer only wanted to buy the braised egg, but now they also have to buy Yangchun noodles. In other words, they originally only wanted to spend three copper coins, but now they have to spend five copper coins. It appears that our unit price has decreased, but our sales have increased, and we will earn more than before. Each customer thinks they are getting a bargain, but in reality, we are the ones benefiting."

Lin Wanrong explained this typical case of promotion in detail to Dong Qiaoqiao. In the future, she would be the boss here, so it was necessary to understand these principles.

"Qiaoqiao understands, big brother, you really know a lot," Dong Qiaoqiao nodded her head, her eyes shining brightly. She unconsciously grabbed Lin Wanrong's hand and said with deep affection on her face.

"These are the tricks of the trade used by business people in my hometown. I will teach you slowly in the future, and you will gradually understand," Lin Wanrong smiled.

"Okay. Big brother, have you been doing well at the Xiao family these past few days?" Dong Qiaoqiao asked softly.

"Not bad, there's food, drink, and entertainment. I almost forgot to go home," Lin Wanrong joked.

"Really?" Dong Qiaoqiao's face was a bit gloomy. She bit her bright red lips with her white teeth and asked softly, "Have you seen Miss Xiao? Is she very beautiful?"

Lin Wanrong was stunned. He had been at the Xiao family for dozens of days, but he had only seen Madam Xiao once. He had forgotten that there were also two young misses in the Xiao family. He failed.

"If I tell you that I haven't seen this Miss Xiao at all, would you believe me or not?" Lin Wanrong smiled bitterly.

"I believe you," Dong Qiaoqiao looked deeply into his eyes, her cheeks turning slightly red, and a hint of disappointment flickered in her eyes. "Whatever you say, big brother, I believe you. You are the most capable person in the world, and I will always support you."

Seeing Qiaoqiao's sad expression, Lin Wanrong shook his head helplessly and said with a smile, "I'm telling the truth. I've been in the mansion for more than ten days, but I haven't seen Miss Xiao. Besides, even if I did see her, what would I say? I'm just a servant in the Xiao family, and she's a wealthy young lady. Even if I saw her, I wouldn't have anything to say. You, this girl, always let your imagination run wild."

Qiaoqiao's expression immediately brightened, and she looked at Lin Wanrong affectionately. "Big brother, actually, I, I really miss you."

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