

Finest Servant

Chapter 6 Pushing the Beauty into the River (Part 1)

This world was vastly different from the time of Lin Wanrong. In Lin Wanrong's world, it was common for men to wear earrings, nose rings, and ear cuffs. However, in this world, the customs were simple and conservative, and such practices were considered bizarre and anyone who dared to do so would be deemed a monster and punished accordingly.

Therefore, no man dared to wear earrings in this world, not even the transvestites.

The girl, Xiao Qingxuan, had red ears from anxiety earlier, and Lin Wanrong only just noticed the two delicate ear piercings. No wonder she looked so beautiful and elegant; she was truly a stunning young woman.

Lin Wanrong silently congratulated himself, realizing that his sexual orientation was still very normal. However, the girl was not afraid of his shabby appearance and engaged him in conversation, displaying her intelligence.

When Lin Wanrong exposed the identity of Xiao Qingxuan, the arrogant phrase "little girl" touched a nerve and instantly destroyed the good impression she had of him.

Xiao Qingxuan glared at Lin Wanrong with rage in her eyes, her face turning red with anger. "You shameless liar!" she shouted.

Lin Wanrong did not like Young Master Xiao earlier because he suspected him to be a Thai good. Now, he could see that Xiao Qingxuan was slender and had tight, toned legs. Without even touching her, he could feel the heat emanating from her body. Her delicate features were enhanced by her angry expression, making her even more charming.

In terms of looks and physique, she was the most beautiful woman Lin Wanrong had ever seen. Unfortunately, based on the flatness of her chest, she had some sort of binding around her chest, concealing part of her curves. He couldn't see her true appearance and felt a bit regretful.

Lin Wanrong stared at her chest, nodding and shaking his head, lost in thought. His expression was that of a typical pervert in the eyes of an outsider.

Xiao Qingxuan turned pale and suddenly shouted, "I will kill you, you shameless liar!"

She threw her fan aside, and her slender hand emitted a faint blue glow. With a powerful force, she struck Lin Wanrong's chest like a lightning bolt.

Lin Wanrong was taken aback. What was this mess? Martial arts? Magic?

He didn't have time to think. Xiao Qingxuan's movements were too fast. Although he considered himself to be agile, even when fighting against two people in university, he was completely unable to dodge her attack.

As he watched that hand about to imprint on his chest in the blink of an eye, Lin Wanrong had only one thought: I'm a goner, and I'm going to die in the hands of an incredibly beautiful girl.

Suddenly, he thought of his parents far away at home. If it weren't for the unit's organized trip to climb Mount Tai over a month ago, he wouldn't have come here. If it weren't for that annoying girl who forced him to carry almost everyone's luggage, he wouldn't have slipped and fallen into the valley. He wouldn't have inexplicably been transported to this ghostly place, let alone be hanging in this girl's hands.

Lin Wanrong suddenly became resentful. Since he was brought here, why did they have to kill him so quickly? This was clearly God playing a trick on him, and he wasn't willing to accept it.

In a struggle, Lin Wanrong fiercely grabbed the girl's waist with both arms, even as her palm touched his chest. Whether it was an illusion or not, the moment Lin Wanrong touched her waist, her eyes seemed to show a hint of reluctance, and the strength in her hand correspondingly decreased.

Even so, Lin Wanrong felt a sharp pain in his chest, and blood sprayed from his mouth like a fountain. With bloodshot eyes, he tightly clasped the girl's waist with his hands like iron pincers. The delicate and smooth feeling made Lin Wanrong's mind sway, but his life was in someone else's hands, and the sense of beauty quickly vanished. Lin Wanrong fiercely held her, preventing her from exerting any force with the second palm, while his feet suddenly stepped back.

The two of them were already close to the lake shore, and Xiao Qingxuan, caught off guard, never expected Lin Wanrong to suddenly erupt. He grabbed her waist, and she angrily scolded him, her face red with rage, "You shameless person, I'll kill you!"

This was the second time she had called Lin Wanrong shameless, and this time she really had murderous intent. The palm wind was even stronger than before, leaving no room for mercy.

Even in severe pain, Lin Wanrong still had some clarity in his mind, having anticipated that this girl would not let him off easily. He tightly hugged her waist, not giving her any room to exert force.

Their bodies were close together, and Lin Wanrong lightly stroked her underarm with his hand. With his experience, this method of tickling had never failed, whether it was a skilled martial artist or a wealthy emperor, they would all succumb to it.

Sure enough, the formidable girl shook all over, her arms tightening, and quickly suppressing her laughter. The force gathering in her palm completely dissipated.

If he couldn't seize this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, Lin Wanrong would be a fool. "Lin Wanrong" could be written upside down three times over.

Lin Wanrong held onto her body with all his might, not allowing her to struggle in the slightest. With a sudden kick, the two of them fell from the shore into the water, creating a spray of water as they landed.

As Xiao Qingxuan let out a scream of shock, the handsome servant on the shore was taken aback by the sudden kidnapping of his mistress. He could only watch in despair as Lin Wanrong and Xiao Qingxuan plunged into the water together.

Knowing well the cunning nature of this young woman, Lin Wanrong did not let go of her but instead held onto her slender waist with all his strength, squeezing her tightly against his body. He was not taking any chances - this woman was dangerous and had nearly killed him moments before. "Damn it," he thought, "I won't let you get the best of me now."

As they sank to the bottom of the lake, the woman struggled fiercely against Lin Wanrong's grip, leaving bruises all over his body. But he held on, ignoring the pain and refusing to release her.

In Lin Wanrong's current time, it was rare for women to be skilled swimmers, especially during an era where the importance of following proper etiquette was emphasized above all else. Thus, it came as no surprise that Xiao Qingxuan, who had grown up in luxury and privilege, was completely helpless in the water while Lin Wanrong, who had grown up in a small village by the Han River, was like a fish in the water.

Lin Wanrong held her close, not allowing her to move an inch. At first, her struggles were strong, but soon she grew weaker and weaker, gulping down water in the process.

Feeling triumphant, Lin Wanrong opened his eyes to see Xiao Qingxuan's hair and clothes floating in the water. Her shoes and stockings were nowhere to be seen, and her delicate feet kicked and struggled against the water. Her long dress had become undone, revealing a gray-white undergarment.

Despite the pain all over his body, Lin Wanrong felt anger boiling inside of him. He had suffered greatly at this woman's hand and nearly lost his life. Without hesitation, he grabbed the waistband of her undergarment and pulled it forcefully.

Xiao Qingxuan realized what was happening and tried to scream, but she only managed to swallow more water. As the lake's crystal clear water settled, Lin Wanrong saw her breasts freed from their bindings. Two soft, luscious mounds trembled in the water, their

pert nipples teasingly visible. In Lin Wanrong's eyes, they were at least a D-cup, and her figure was on par with that of a beauty pageant contestant.

Chapter 7 Pushing the Beauty into the River (Part 2)

Lin Wanrong was no stranger to women, so when he saw the woman's ample bosom, he couldn't help but swallow hard. "Damn, this girl has wrapped herself up so tightly that her breasts look like they could be an airport. If it were me, I definitely wouldn't have the heart to do it."

Xiao Qingxuan drank a few sips of water and, with her chest exposed by Lin Wanrong, became even more anxious. Under the panic and confusion, she struggled incessantly, her face turning pale as the water flowed into her throat. Her beautiful eyes were filled with fear as she desperately looked at Lin Wanrong.

Although this woman was a stunning beauty, she didn't act like one. They had just been having a pleasant conversation, but she suddenly became so vicious when she fought back. Lin Wanrong was not about to fall for her beauty trap.

To be honest, Lin Wanrong had been feeling quite miserable since he arrived in this world. Compared to his previous life as a well-mannered white-collar worker, he had become more indulgent. He had always been a bit wild at heart, and knowing that he might never be able to go back to his old life, he didn't want to restrain himself. He lived life on his own terms, wild and free.

However, he still had his own principles and would never take advantage of someone, especially a woman in distress.

He only wanted to tease this woman a little, but he would never allow such a beautiful thing to be destroyed by his own hands. Seeing the woman's eyes grow weaker and her struggles grow weaker, Lin Wanrong raised his fist in front of her, pretending to be fierce.

The woman twisted her body and looked terrified. She understood that in the water, Lin Wanrong was her master.

Lin Wanrong used his ferocious gaze to signal her not to move, then slowly wrapped the undergarment around her chest, concealing her beauty. Feeling protected, the woman relaxed slightly, but then felt a lightness beneath her. It turned out that Lin Wanrong had slipped under her and lifted her small buttocks with his shoulders.

Even in the water, Lin Wanrong could still feel the smoothness and warmth of her buttocks, but unfortunately, this was not the time to enjoy it. He had to lift her out of the water and then escape underwater.

This woman was like a hot potato that Lin Wanrong couldn't handle at the moment, so he had to flee. Xiao Qingxuan seemed to misunderstand Lin Wanrong's intentions and thought he was about to take advantage of her again. She couldn't help but become anxious and kept twisting and resisting Lin Wanrong's actions.

Ignoring her struggles, Lin Wanrong pushed her up forcefully by stomping on the water with his feet.

As soon as Xiao Qingxuan's head surfaced, Lin Wanrong felt a sharp pain in his shoulder, as if a sharp object had sliced through his skin and blood gushed out.

Just as Xiao Qingxuan took a breath of fresh air and looked around in confusion, she heard a desperate cry in the distance, "Miss--"

A close maid dressed in men's clothing was paddling a small boat in the distance and rushing towards them.

Lin Wanrong and Xiao Qingxuan fell into the water together with lightning speed. Before Xiao Qingxuan's personal maid had a chance to realize what was happening, the two figures had disappeared from sight. It was easy to imagine the terror that the beautiful maid must have felt upon seeing her mistress and the young man fall into the water in an instant.

Xiao Qingxuan gasped for several breaths in a row and then realized that she was now more than ten feet away from the shore due to her struggle just now.

Suddenly, Xiao Qingxuan thought of something, and her face changed. She looked around on the water and said through gritted teeth, "You, come out quickly."

The water surface remained calm, and no one responded.

Xiao Qingxuan snorted coldly, her face even colder, and shouted loudly at the water, "Lin Wanrong, you, come out quickly. I, I didn't know you were trying to save me just now. You come out quickly. My arrow was poisoned, if you don't come out now, you will die."

The lake was still silent, and there was no movement to be seen.

Xiao Qingxuan felt a little uneasy, but forced herself to calm down and shouted, "Lin Wanrong, come out quickly. I...I didn't know you were trying to save me just now. My arrow was poisoned. If you don't come out now, you will die."

The lake surface was still silent, and a few startled water birds flew over flapping their wings.

Xiao Qingxuan searched the water surface carefully but didn't find the despicable figure. However, there were a few faint red marks scattered on the water surface. Xiao Qingxuan gritted her teeth tightly, didn't say a word, and didn't know what she was thinking.

"Miss, miss, are you okay!" The close maid approached Xiao Qingxuan and pulled her onto the small boat, covering her with a clean garment. She cried and asked anxiously.

Xiao Qingxuan's wet hair stuck to her body, and her clothes were soaked by the lake water, revealing her infinitely beautiful figure. Even her breasts, which were normally held in check, were towering majestically due to the hasty binding. Her face was that of an angel, while her figure was that of a devil.

Xiao Qingxuan bit her bright red lips and gave a stern order, "Xiuhe, pass on my orders. Send skilled swimmers to find Young Mast - this young man. No matter how much time and effort it takes, he must be found. I want to see him alive or dead!"

Xiuhe looked at her, puzzled as to why he would still save this detestable shameless person. Xiao Qingxuan's face flashed with a hint of complex emotion, then she tightly clenched her fists and angrily said, "I cannot let him off so easily. Once I find him, I will personally kill him."

After saying these words, she took a few quick breaths, turned her head without a word, and her gaze wandered aimlessly, not knowing where it fell.

Lin Wanrong held his breath underwater and occasionally surfaced near the water grass to catch his breath. He did not hear Xiao Qingxuan's shouts at all. Even if he had heard them, he would not have gone out. Are you kidding me? You've already played me like this, and you think I'll let you have your way with me again?

The pain in his chest came and went in waves, and the weapon in his shoulder dug deep into his flesh, causing an excruciating pain.

"This little vixen is ruthless. I did her a favor, but got nothing in return." Lin Wanrong cursed angrily.

Lin Wanrong knew that Xiao Qingxuan's last attack on him was completely instinctual. She must have thought that he was taking advantage of her again, so she gave him this painful blow. After all, a proud and conceited girl like her would not allow anyone to touch her precious butt, which was more valuable than gold.

Damn it, it turns out this girl was always leaving herself a way out, holding a weapon in her hand. It seems that she really didn't want to kill me, otherwise, with this hidden weapon in her wrist, she could have taken my life at any time. Lin Wanrong felt lucky.

But why did she have to attack me again in the end? Was it because my final move was too much like a pervert, and this girl gave me a harsh blow? Lin Wanrong wondered to himself.

Thinking of this, Lin Wanrong felt bitter in his heart. Did this little vixen think he looked like a pervert? He always thought he was very trustworthy.

His whole body was almost numb, and Lin Wanrong didn't even know how he managed to climb ashore. He was gasping for breath in a secluded thicket.

A long golden arrow had penetrated his left shoulder, and the wound had stopped bleeding. The skin around it had turned dark, and although Lin Wanrong was not well-versed in medicine, he could tell that it was poisoned.

This little vixen had actually smeared poison on the arrow. Lin Wanrong was furious. He didn't know if this poison would take his life.

At this time, more and more boats appeared on the lake, most of them filled with strong men in military attire, jumping into the lake to search for something.

Lin Wanrong knew that these must be the people Xiao Qingxuan sent to find him. He didn't expect this girl to be so vengeful. If he had known earlier, he wouldn't have let her go in the lake.

Although Lin Wanrong was somewhat annoyed, he did not regret what he had done earlier. Killing a beautiful woman was obviously not a pleasant thing, but if it was just a quicky, he might have considered it. Lin Wanrong fully indulged in his fantasies about Xiao Qingxuan, comforting his injured soul with his vivid imagination.

However, his body was now damp and feverish, and he was both seriously injured and poisoned. Even if he wanted to do her, he was afraid he only had the desire but not the strength to do so.

Fortunately, the place where he came ashore was not far from his temporary residence, and it was getting dark, so he didn't have to worry about anyone discovering his whereabouts.

After observing his surroundings and finding nothing unusual, Lin Wanrong gritted his teeth and continued to avoid others as he made his way to his residence. No one paid attention to him along the way, and that girl named Xiao seemed to have no intention of searching for him in the city. Only then did Lin Wanrong let out a sigh of relief.

Just as he arrived at his doorstep, he collapsed on the ground, unable to hold on any longer, gasping for breath.

An old black figure slowly approached Lin Wanrong and said hoarsely, "You're back."

His pupils were empty, as if they had been gouged out, revealing two empty holes, which looked somewhat terrifying.

Lin Wanrong had been with him for nearly a month, and he was no longer as afraid of him as he was at first. He nodded and said, "Yes, Uncle Wei, I just went out for a walk and almost lost my life."

He and Uncle Wei had always spoken frankly to each other, except for his true identity, which was too difficult to accept or imagine.

Uncle Wei didn't say anything and slowly squatted down, placing two fingers on Lin Wanrong's pulse. After a moment of frowning, he withdrew his hand and said, "You've been poisoned by a chronic soft-tendon powder. Although it won't kill you, you'll turn purple all over and be weak and powerless for two hours. It will take twelve hours to recover."

Upon hearing that the poison was not fatal, Lin Wanrong let out a long sigh of relief, thinking that the girl hadn't gone too far. But thinking back to the situation in the water just now, if the poison had taken effect then, he might have died. Thinking of this, he felt a little scared.

"As for your internal and external injuries, you just need to rest for a few days to recover," Uncle Wei continued. Although he couldn't see, he touched Lin Wanrong a few times and knew about his external injuries.

Hearing that he could keep his life, Lin Wanrong's mood improved a lot, and the pain seemed to decrease slightly. Of course, this was likely a psychological effect.

Uncle Wei held Lin Wanrong down and said, "Bear with me, I'll pull out the little arrows from your body."

Lin Wanrong paused for a moment, frowning as he said, "Uncle Wei, don't you have any anesthesia? This rough method doesn't suit us civilized people."

Uncle Wei was taken aback and asked, "What is anesthesia?"

Lin Wanrong was surprised at how backward the technology was in this world. Had the great masters like Li Shizhen and Hua Tuo not appeared yet? It seemed that he was going to have to endure this pain. He reluctantly asked, "It's a drug that temporarily numbs the area around my shoulder, so that you can remove the arrow without me feeling any pain."

Uncle Wei shook his head and said, "I've never heard of such a drug. We do have knockout drugs though. Do you want to try that?"

Lin Wanrong quickly shook his head. "No, thank you. I don't want to take knockout drugs. Who knows what kind of side effects they might have."

Uncle Wei then handed him his stinky shoe and said, "Bite down on this."

Lin Wanrong quickly refused. He looked around and found two paperback books to bite on instead. He mumbled, "Alright, go ahead."

Uncle Wei was about to proceed when Lin Wanrong suddenly exclaimed, "Wait a minute!" He saw the look of confusion on Uncle Wei's face and sheepishly said, "Please be gentle when you remove the arrow. It's my flesh and blood after all."

Uncle Wei nodded in agreement. Lin Wanrong thought of the little girl who had caused him this trouble and felt a surge of anger. He had already cursed her ancestors eighteen generations in his heart.

At this point, there was no point in being afraid. Lin Wanrong's face showed a resolute expression. Uncle Wei gently grasped the golden arrow with both hands and with a slight pull, the arrow came out. Lin Wanrong clenched his teeth and bit down on the books, his face turning pale and sweat pouring down, but he didn't make a sound.

Uncle Wei nodded in approval, his face full of admiration. He hadn't expected Lin Wanrong to have such a strong willpower.

Lin Wanrong grew up in a mountain village on the banks of the Han River, and his character had some of the toughness and perseverance of a rural child. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to enter Peking University as the top scorer in the city. He couldn't endure the pain of bone scraping, but he was able to grit his teeth and endure the pain of removing an arrow.

Uncle Wei handed the golden arrow over to Lin Wanrong, who examined it carefully. This small arrow was made of pure gold, beautifully crafted, and engraved with the elegant seal script character "Xuan".

Thinking of the girl who had called herself Xiao Qingxuan earlier, Lin Wanrong understood. Her name was Qingxuan, and Qingxuan was just a homophone for Qingxuan (Different characters but with similar pronunciation). "Xiao Qingxuan, Xiao Qingxuan..." Lin Wanrong murmured the name softly. It was indeed a very elegant name, and just hearing it gave him a glimpse of the person.

The girl made me see blood, so I must make her see blood too. An eye for an eye, and being meticulous in revenge, that's how it has to be with this girl. A cold smile appeared on Lin Wanrong's lips.

Upon hearing Lin Wanrong mention this name, Uncle Wei's face showed a hint of surprise. "Xiao Qingxuan? Are you sure that's her surname?"

Lin Wanrong couldn't confirm what her surname was, but Qingxuan was definitely her name and it shouldn't be fake.

Uncle Wei asked, "Wanrong, tell me about your encounter with her today, from beginning to end."

Uncle Wei was the first person Lin Wanrong met in this world. He had rescued Lin Wanrong from Xuanwu Lake himself, and Lin Wanrong was extremely grateful. So he recounted the events of the day and his conversation with Xiao Qingxuan to Uncle Wei in detail.

As Uncle Wei listened, he looked increasingly surprised and impressed by Lin Wanrong's ideas.

When Lin Wanrong recited his poem, Uncle Wei's face showed even greater astonishment. "Wanrong, did you really write this poem?"

That day, during his annual vacation, Lin Wanrong had climbed Mount Tai with his colleagues. The annoying girl had forced him to carry the luggage of three or four people. It was raining and Lin Wanrong slipped, fell into the clouds, and was inexplicably sent to this completely different world, landing in Xuanwu Lake. If it weren't for Uncle Wei happening to pass by and save him, Lin Wanrong would probably have already died. Therefore, Lin Wanrong had deep gratitude and respect for Uncle Wei, and it was not right to deceive him about this matter.

However, Lin Wanrong knew that the people in this place were almost crazily obsessed with ancient poetry and literature. In order to avoid any unwanted trouble, Lin Wanrong had to brace himself and say, "Yes, Uncle Wei. This is something I happened to come across while taking a stroll around the lake. It's nothing worth mentioning."

Uncle Wei let out a sigh and said, "Wanrong, I've been with you for a month now. During this time, all you talk about are things like traveling and the company, and I've never seen you read a book of poetry until just recently. I thought you didn't like poetry, but it turns out that you have a deep understanding of it. With just these few lines, none of the so-called talented scholars and beautiful ladies in the world today can compare to you."

Lin Wanrong's face turned red, as Xiao Qingxuan had mentioned something similar to him before. At the time, he had accepted it calmly, but now facing the praise from his benefactor, he felt a bit embarrassed.

However, Lin Wanrong did not feel ashamed at all. After all, he had been mysteriously transported to this place and needed to have something to rely on. He saw it as compensation from God.

If anyone was truly shameless, it was that wretched daughter of the chairman who had caused Lin Wanrong so much misery.

Thinking of that hateful girl, Lin Wanrong felt a surge of anger. He quickly controlled his emotions, tightened his abdomen and buttocks, and calmed down. Compared to that despicable girl, Xiao Qingxuan seemed quite lovely.

Chapter 9 "The Three No's Products" (Part 2)

Uncle Wei suddenly said, "Wanrong, what do you think about the thing I mentioned to you a few days ago?"

"Are you talking about the thing where you wanted me to pretend to be someone else's son?" Lin Wanrong was taken aback for a moment, but soon understood and asked.

A few days ago, Uncle Wei had mentioned this to Lin Wanrong. The gist was that he wanted Lin Wanrong to pretend to be the son of a wealthy family. Lin Wanrong had firmly refused, and he didn't know what Uncle Wei meant by bringing it up again today.

Uncle Wei apparently thought Lin Wanrong was hesitating and hastily said, "Wanrong, this family is not an ordinary wealthy family. Their power is beyond your imagination. If you really go that far, you will understand what I mean."

"Beyond my imagination? Is he the emperor or something?" Lin Wanrong coldly laughed.

Uncle Wei "swept" Lin Wanrong with his empty eye sockets and said nothing, but his expression was unclear to Lin Wanrong.

"Pretending to be someone else's son, do you think people wouldn't be able to tell? Don't treat others like idiots." Lin Wanrong advised Uncle Wei, hoping he would give up on this idea.

"You're right, no one is an idiot. I can tell you that this old master will never have a son. He knows it himself, but he must find a son." Uncle Wei said.

"Oh?" This was somewhat interesting. Knowing that the child was not his own, but still pretending to recognize him as his flesh and blood, that was indeed intriguing.

Lin Wanrong couldn't help but gossip, "Why? Are there really people who like to be someone else's cheap dad?"

Uncle Wei looked at Lin Wanrong meaningfully and said, "In the vast world, how many things can be achieved according to one's own wishes? Even members of the royal family have their own unspoken difficulties, let alone ordinary people."

"Then why did he choose me?" Lin Wanrong smiled and discovered that he had the potential to work for a gossip magazine.

"Because you are bold, meticulous, have unique insights, thick-skinned, and," Uncle Wei gave Lin Wanrong a mysterious smile, "because you are shameless enough!"

Damn, I take back the question I just asked. This old Wei is totally setting me up. Lin Wanrong was annoyed, but could only shake his head and smile bitterly. The heavens played with him like this, being shameless was not his fault.

Not wanting to gossip anymore, Lin Wanrong spoke firmly, "Filial piety is the foundation of all virtues. Our bodies, hair and skin, are all gifts from our parents. This blood relationship is innate and cannot be changed by anything. If Lin Wanrong were to recognize someone else as his parents, where would that leave my biological parents who raised and cared for me? Such behavior is no different from that of a beast."

Uncle Wei pondered for a moment, then nodded and said, "I can tell, you also have a proud spirit. Well, let's not talk about this for now. Wanrong, I will be leaving tomorrow. It's been good to meet you today, and who knows when we will meet again."

"What?" Lin Wanrong was shocked. Uncle Wei was the first person he had met in this world, and he could even be considered Lin Wanrong's only relative in this world. How could he just leave like that?

"If you leave, who will I eat and drink with?" Lin Wanrong thought to himself.

Uncle Wei smiled and said, "I'm almost eighty years old this year and I've been in Jinling City for ten years. It's time to go somewhere else."

Almost eighty years old? How come he doesn't look it at all? This old man really knows how to take care of himself.

"Uncle Wei, where are you going?" Lin Wanrong had spent so much time with this old man that he really felt a little reluctant to see him go. Although he had been demanding that Lin Wanrong cook and clean for him all month long under the guise of being a disabled person, it couldn't be denied that there was still some affection between them. Imagine, in this vast world, only one person you know, this kind of scene is so tragic.

Uncle Wei did not answer Lin Wanrong's question, but just smiled and said, "Maybe I have to go back to my hometown first. After all, I'm old and the leaves must return to their roots."

He gave Lin Wanrong a meaningful glance and said, "Wanrong, the world is changing like white clouds and grey dogs. Maybe when we meet again, you might have the urge to kill me." Although Uncle Wei was smiling, there was a hint of melancholy in his expression that was hard to conceal.

Lin Wanrong naturally thought that this old man was just being strange and didn't bother to pay attention to his words.

"Uncle Wei, where is your hometown? Do you have any family there? Are your children and grandchildren all in your hometown?" During the month that they had spent together, Uncle Wei rarely talked about his family with Lin Wanrong. Apart from knowing that he was a senior housekeeper for the wealthy Xiao family in Jinling, Lin Wanrong knew nothing about him.

"Children and grandchildren?" Uncle Wei gave a bitter smile and looked at Lin Wanrong. "Wanrong, maybe you will come to understand my situation later. Let's not talk about this for now. Since we have met, I'll give you a little gift."

He furtively pulled out an ancient, thin, colored sketchbook from his pocket and handed it to Lin Wanrong. Lin Wanrong casually flipped through a few pages and saw intricate depictions of various sexual positions: dragons wrestling, tigers leaping, leopards pouncing, cicadas hiding, and many other poses, totaling over a hundred. The characters were realistic, the actions clear, and the expressions of pleasure on the faces of both men and women were vividly captured on paper.

Lin Wanrong's eyes lit up. This was much better than anything he had seen before, such as playboys, men's clubs, or even animal erotica. He had watched countless Japanese AV and Western films and had practiced with numerous girlfriends in the past. He believed he had already mastered the aesthetics of sex from ancient to modern times. But now, upon seeing this sketchbook, he realized he was only a frog at the bottom of a well. Our ancestors had already explored the boundless sea of debauchery, and compared to the diligent predecessors who had studied these subjects, Lin Wanrong felt a bit ashamed of his lack of knowledge.

Wei, the old man, grinned at Lin Wanrong and said, "So, have you figured out what it is?"

Lin Wanrong flipped through a few more pages, carefully feeling the aura of each sketch and reflecting on his own shortcomings in previous experiences. He laughed and said, "Hehe, Uncle Wei, do you have any other good stuff? Show me what you've got. By the way, do you have the illustrated versions of 'Jin Ping Mei', 'The Plum in the Golden Vase', or 'The Carnal Prayer Mat'?"

"What are 'Jin Ping Mei', 'The Plum in the Golden Vase', or 'The Carnal Prayer Mat'?" Uncle Wei looked at Lin Wanrong in confusion.

Only then did Lin Wanrong realize that such great books did not exist in this world. He couldn't help but feel a little sorry for Uncle Wei, but he just chuckled a few times and didn't answer. Although Uncle Wei did not understand what those books were, he could guess from Lin Wanrong's lecherous expression.

He 'glanced' at Lin Wanrong, gave a dry laugh, and a strange and complex emotion appeared on his face. After a while, he said, 'Sigh, being a man is really great!'"

"What? Did this 80-year-old man just make a pass at me?" Lin Wanrong couldn't help but shudder.

The thought made Lin Wanrong break out in a cold sweat. Although people in his time were very open-minded, if he really had to share a room with an old man like Uncle Wei for a month, how could he face others in the future?

Uncle Wei let out another sigh and said slowly, "Don't let those seductive techniques blind you. Take a closer look at the red lines on their bodies."

With Uncle Wei's reminder, Lin Wanrong noticed that the little people on the colorful pages all had thin red lines that looked like blood vessels on their bodies. Could this be the legendary map of meridians?

"I discovered this when I was yet blind many years ago. I sneaked into the palace library and found it in a remote corner. Its origins are unknown due to its age, and no one has verified its effectiveness. But I thought this booklet was still interesting, so I've kept it until now," Uncle Wei said simply.

Damn, it's a useless product. No wonder he's so willing to sell it to me. Lin Wanrong smirked and was about to ask why the old man didn't try it himself.

Uncle Wei seemed to see through his thoughts and hesitated before saying, "Due to personal health reasons, I can't practice it myself, but I believe no one is more suitable for this technique than you."

Is he praising me or insulting me? Lin Wanrong wondered.

Chapter 10 Initiation or Enema? (Part 1)

Since that was the case, Lin Wanrong didn't bother to be polite with him and put the album away.

"Although this skill is superior to the art of gathering and supplementing, if practiced improperly, it can easily fall into vulgarity. When having intercourse with a woman, remember to exchange yin and yang, especially with a virgin," Uncle Wei advised.

What superiority to the art of gathering and supplementing? That was complete nonsense. This technique was specifically designed for lewd thieves to practice. Uncle Wei's words were vague, perhaps because he had not personally experimented with it, which was understandable.

However, Lin Wanrong had only been in this world for a month and hadn't had the chance to fall in love yet. Where would he find a woman to exchange yin and yang with? First of all, let it be known that with his standards, he would never look at a streetwalker.

Seeing Lin Wanrong's perplexed expression, Uncle Wei shook his head helplessly. "Well, I'll give you another helping hand," he said.

He lightly placed his palm on Lin Wanrong's crown, and a hot stream flowed into his body, from his head to his toes, making him feel comfortably warm all over. The sensation was like roasted meat in a microwave.

It was unclear how much time had passed, but Uncle Wei finally withdrew his palm. His forehead was covered in sweat, and his face was pale as if he had aged twenty years.

He finally looked like an eighty-year-old man. Lin Wanrong thought to himself that even if he applied cucumber slices to his face, it would be useless.

Lin Wanrong moved his arms around, feeling a power flow through his limbs and joints, which was much stronger than before.

After a long period of adjustment, Uncle Wei opened his eyes and said, "Although your bones are good, because you are over eighteen years old, your body parts have already settled. The initiation technique I used on you had a poor effect. I inputted seventy percent of my power into your body, but you absorbed less than ten percent."

He shook his head while speaking, and it was unclear whether he was lamenting Lin Wanrong's missed opportunities or his own loss of power.

Only absorbing less than ten percent of what was inputted? That efficiency was too low. Lin Wanrong felt a bit embarrassed.

To be honest, Lin Wanrong was twenty-four or twenty-five years old, having graduated from university with a bachelor's degree. He had worked hard in a medium-sized company for four years and had been promoted to the position of department manager. In reality, he was not the eighteen-year-old that Uncle Wei had spoken of, but rather twenty-four or twenty-five.

When Lin Wanrong fell from Mount Tai, not only did space distort, but time distorted as well. Upon arriving in this world, Lin Wanrong's body unexpectedly reverted to its state when he was eighteen or nineteen years old. Therefore, Lin Wanrong now has the appearance of an eighteen or nineteen year old, but the heart of a twenty-five year old.

Naturally, Lin Wanrong did not explain any of this to Uncle Wei, the selfless elder who had saved his life. Lin Wanrong was grateful beyond words for him.

Looking at Uncle Wei's pale cheeks, Lin Wanrong thought seriously for the first time that even if he was made of glass, Uncle We would still be his Uncle We.

"Uncle We, thank you. Everything is beyond my control, and with the progress I've made now, I am very satisfied," said Lin Wanrong calmly. He already knew this was the case. After all, his body had been distorted by time and space, but he had still managed to survive and arrive here. That was already a great gift. What more could he ask for?

Uncle Wei gave Lin Wanrong a thumbs up and said, "You can pick things up and let them go. That's the mark of a true hero. Well done, Lin Wanrong. You can rest assured that even though the initiation failed, if you study the mental technique in the painting, you will surely become powerful."

The name "Initiation" sounded strange to Lin Wanrong. He only knew of "Enema" as a technique.

Since the initiation failed, Lin Wanrong's interest in martial arts gradually waned. As for the painting, he might as well treat it as a pornographic book to enhance communication and intimacy with his wife. Lin Wanrong chuckled to himself, and his mood became even more cheerful.

"Lin Wanrong, since we met, how do you feel about me?" Uncle Wei suddenly asked.

"It goes without saying, you saved my life, and I owe you a great debt," Lin Wanrong replied without hesitation.

Uncle Wei's face showed a strange smile. "If I asked you to do me a favor, would you be willing to help?" he asked.

Lin Wanrong worried that he would be asked to impersonate someone's son again, so he quickly replied, "As long as it's not impersonating someone and within my abilities, I will definitely do it."

Uncle Wei nodded and said, "That's good. Actually, it's a simple task. I want you to go to the Xiao family and become a servant."

"A ser-vant?" Lin Wanrong almost bit his tongue in surprise.

He knew about the Xiao family. They were one of the wealthiest households in Jinling City, and Uncle Wei was even working for them as a senior servant. Of course, Lin Wanrong knew that this was just a way for Uncle We to conceal his true identity.

"This old man wants me to become a servant? To serve others?" Lin Wanrong stared fiercely at Uncle Wei. If he hadn't already spoken big words earlier, he would have already beaten Uncle Wei half to death.

Seeing the smug smile on Uncle Wei's face, Lin Wanrong understood that he had fallen into Uncle Wei's trap. This old bastard not only wanted himself to become a servant, but also wanted to drag him down with him. His conscience was truly rotten.

Lin Wanrong could almost see himself dressed in a small blue shirt and a small hat on his head, being ordered around by his master. He had always loved a carefree life since he was a child, but now he had fallen into the trap of this old man. He had to become someone else's servant. The hatred in his heart was like the continuous flow of the Yangtze River.

Uncle Wei didn't even need to look at his face to know what expression he had on now. He pretended to sigh and said, "Forget it, since you're not interested, I won't--"

"Hold on--" Lin Wanrong interrupted him. He knew that this old man was deliberately trying to provoke him, but he had already spoken big words earlier, so he had to bite the bullet and say, "Fine, I promise you. I'll go to the Xiao family and become a...servant!"

"However," Lin Wanrong's tone changed, "it's only for a year. That means I'll only be a servant for a year at the Xiao family. After a year, we'll be even."

"A year?" Uncle Wei nodded, "A year should be enough time. Wanrong, I hope you can enter the Xiao family and make something of yourself. This is not only for the Xiao family, but also for yourself."

A servant? Make something of himself? For the Xiao family? For himself? This old man was really good at sweet-talking. Lin Wanrong was itching to hate him. How could a servant make something of himself? This old man really had some nerve.

Uncle Wei naturally understood what was on Lin Wanrong's mind. A mysterious smile appeared on his face as he said, "Remember, heaven only favors those who work hard. Opportunities only come once, and it's up to you to seize them. Perhaps what you'll get is something you never dared to imagine before."

Lin Wanrong had a feeling that Uncle Wei was leading him back to the troublesome issue he had before. He wanted to ask more, but he saw that Uncle Wei had already crossed his knees on the bed and started to meditate. Obviously, he didn't want to talk anymore.

Lin Wanrong had to swallow his words. He was injured and extremely tired today. He cursed the cunning old man in his heart for a while and then fell asleep.

A rustling sound woke Lin Wanrong up. When he opened his eyes, it was already dawn. Uncle Wei was packing up his things, preparing to leave.

Seeing that he was awake, Uncle Wei leaped up from the bed and stood in front of Lin Wanrong, shouting loudly, "All good things must come to an end. Take care, Wanrong."

Lin Wanrong quickly got up, ignoring the pain in his shoulder, and respectfully kowtowed to Uncle Wei three times.

Although Uncle Wei had betrayed him and made him a servant for someone else, he had saved Lin Wanrong's life. That was the truth, and nothing could change that. As a man, he had to repay his debts. Three kowtows were nothing.

Uncle Wei quickly stopped Lin Wanrong and suddenly remembered something. "Oh, I almost forgot. Wanrong, tomorrow is the selection contest for the Xiao family's servants. I have already registered you as my distant nephew named Lin San. Remember, if anyone calls Lin San, it's you. Be sure to go on time."