
Chapter 11: It's just power play

Fang Yuan frowned slightly. Based on intuition and 500 years' worth of life experience, he could smell a conspiracy.

His eyes flashed and he relaxed his brows. "I'm a little hungry right now, you came at the right time. Come in," He said.

Outside the door, while carrying the food box Shen Cui smiled coldly as she heard his reply. But when she pushed open the door, her face was left with a gentle and meek expression.

"Young master Fang Yuan, the food and wine smells really good. I can smell it as I hold the box." Her voice was sweet and had a hint of longing and flattery. She put the food box on a small table and took out the dishes, arranging them nicely. The food was indeed very fragrant and tasty. After that she took out two wine cups and poured the wine.

"Come, young master. Sit down. Your servant mustered her courage today and wants to accompany young master for a drink." She smiled like a flower, walking to Fang Yuan's side. Boldly she took him by the hand and pulled him over to sit at the chair by the table.

Then she sat on his thigh and leaned her gentle body against Fang Yuan's chest, acting like a timid and lovable woman, whispering in his ear. "Young master Fang Yuan, your servant has always liked you. It doesn't matter what grade you are, I will always wish to be beside you, rely on you, and comfort you. Tonight your servant would like to give her body to you."

She really dressed up today.

She put on blusher, her lips like cherry powder. When she whispered in his ear, a delicate and youthful breath teased at Fang Yuan's earlobe. Because she was sitting on his lap, Fang Yuan could feel her well-shaped figure easily. Her elastic thighs, her slender little waist and her soft chest.

"Young master, let me feed you wine myself." Shen Cui picked up the wine cup, raising her head and taking a sip. Then her eyes fixated on Fang Yuan, her small cherry lips a little opened, slowly leaning over to his mouth.

Fang Yuan's expression was indifferent, as if what was on his lap was not a young maiden, but a block of sculpture.

When she saw Fang Yuan's expression, Shen Cui felt a little uneasy at first. But when her lips were just an inch away from his, she was assured, sneering in her heart. You're still pretending, she mused.

Just at this moment Fang Yuan scoffed, his tone disdainful. "So it's just a power play (1)."

Shen Cui's face became stiff and she swallowed the wine in her mouth, trying to pull false flattery. "Young master Fang Yuan, what are you saying..."

Fang Yuan's eyes were emitting cold light. He stared into Shen Cui's eyes, placing his right hand on her snowy white neck at the same time, slowly pressing it with force. Shen Cui's pupils shrank and her voice was full of panic. "Young master, you're hurting me."

Fang Yuan did not answer, but his hold on her neck grew stronger.

“Young master Fang Yuan, your servant is a little scared!” Shen Cui already had difficulty breathing; she was looking flustered. A soft pair of hands subconsciously grasped at Fang Yuan’s hand, trying to pry his hand away. But Fang Yuan’s hand was strong like iron, unable to be pulled away.

“Looks like Uncle and Aunt let you come over to seduce me and frame me? This must mean that there are already people arranged downstairs, huh.” Fang Yuan laughed coldly, adding, “But who do you think you are, coming to use tactics on me, with the two piles of garbage of rotten flesh on your chest?”

As he said this, his left hand climbed up her chest and ruthlessly grabbed her soft breasts, making it incredibly deformed all of a sudden.

Intense pain flared from her chest; Shen Cui’s eyes were round and wide-opened.

The pain was so great that her eyes were full of tears. She wanted to scream, but Fang Yuan gripped her throat so strongly that in the end she could only sob for a few times. Then she started resisting strongly, for she really was going to suffocate!

But at this moment, Fang Yuan slowly relaxed his grip.

Shen Cui immediately opened her mouth and gulped in air greedily. Her breathing was too eager – resulting in a series of violent coughs. Fang Yuan laughed lightly, stretching out his palm. He gently stroked her cheek, his tone carefree as he spoke, “Shen Cui, do you think I can kill you, or not?”

If Fang Yuan roared at her with an evil and loud voice, Shen Cui might actually fiercely retaliate. But when Fang Yuan smiled and spoke in a shallow

manner, his soft voice asking if he could kill her or not, Shen Cui felt a deep fear from the bottom of her heart.

She was scared!

She looked at Fang Yuan with terror on her face, seeing this young man smiling all over his face as he gazed at her.

At this instance, Shen Cui vowed to herself that she would never forget his eyes for the rest of her life. This pair of eyes were not mixed with the slightest emotion, dark and profound, resembling a deep ancient pool that was hiding a horrifying beast.

Under the gaze of these eyes, Shen Cui felt like she was naked in the midst of ice and snow!

The person before me, definitely dares to kill me, is able to kill me...

Oh heavens! Why did I come and provoke this kind of devil?!

Shen Cui's heart was full of remorse. At this moment she longed to turn and flee. But right now she was still on his lap; she did not dare to run away, not even able to pluck the courage to do any action.

The muscles on her entire body were tense, her gentle stature trembling. Her face was as pale as white paper and she could not utter a single word.

"Since you as a personal servant girl, have been serving me for so many years, I won't kill you this time. Since you want to escape from slavery, go

and find my little brother, he's stupid and naïve." Fang Yuan retracted his smile and patted her cheek, his tone plain like water.

With a sigh, he finally said --

"You can leave."

Shen Cui was as dumb as a piece of wood as she walked out obediently. She was afraid out of her wits, and did not know how she managed to leave the side of the devil called Fang Yuan.

The men hidden in the shadows looked confused when they saw Shen Cui come out looking so shaken.

"They actually arranged such a beautiful trap, its even more innovative than my previous life. Hehe, Aunt and Uncle, this kindness of yours I will remember deeply!"

Not long after Shen Cui left, Fang Yuan stood up and left as well. No matter what, he could not stay at this residence anymore. A wise man sees and mitigates foreseen risks, what more to say for a devil? When there is insufficient strength, only a fool would put himself in danger.

"Innkeeper, do you have any rooms available?" Fang Yuan came to the only inn in the village and asked for the price.

"Yes, yes. There is room on the second floor and third floor. Not only is it cheap, the rooms are also tidy and clean. The first floor is the cafeteria; guests of the inn can come here and eat. There is also service for asking the inn workers to bring up food to your room." The innkeeper was full of hospitality as he entertained Fang Yuan.

This inn was the only one in the village, but the business was not very good. In fact it was somewhat deserted. Only when the annual merchant caravan came by to trade on Qing Mao Mountain, the inn would be full of people.

Fang Yuan was a little hungry, so he passed 2 full round pieces of primeval stones to the innkeeper. "Give me a good room for me to stay in, and prepare 2 jars of wine, 3-4 different dishes, return me any excess balance."

"Done." The innkeeper took the 2 pieces of primeval stone and asked, "Would you like to eat in your room, or dine in the hall?"

Fang Yuan looked at the sky. The rain had stopped and it was nearing evening. He could simply eat in the lobby and set out straight for the outskirts of the village when he was done, continuing his search for the treasure of the Flower Wine Monk. Thus he replied, "I'll eat in the hall."

The inn had a dining hall; there were a dozen square tables, four long benches surrounded each table. In between the tables were huge and thick pillars that were supporting the inn. The floor was covered with big tiles of marble, but it was wet; it was hard to conceal the moisture of the mountain.

There were 3 tables seated with people. Seated by the window, an old man was drinking wine, gazing outside at the sunset, being all alone. In the middle of the cafeteria was a table seated with 5-6 hunters. They were discussing about their hunting experiences in loud voices, and at their feet were a pile of different kinds of mountain prey, like pheasants and hares.

In another corner was a table with 2 young people, seemingly discussing in secret. Their figures were hidden in the darkness, it was hard to see them, and harder to know their gender.

Fang Yuan decided to sit by the table nearest to the door. Soon after, the dishes were served on the table.

“With my C grade talent, to refine the Moonlight Gu I would need to borrow primeval stones. If my luck is good and this Moonlight Gu does not have a strong will, I would only need 5 pieces. But if it is stubborn that I’d be in trouble, probably need around at least 8 pieces.”

Gu are living creatures, so it is natural for them to have the will to survive.

Some have a strong will and would always resist the refinement process; some Gu have weak will, all throughout refining they helplessly surrender; once there was no resisting, the refining process would become relaxing.

“Right now I only have 6 primeval stones on me, but I gave 2 to the innkeeper so I’m left with 4 pieces. There’s not enough.”

In this world primeval stones are the local currency, and the buying power is very strong. A normal family of three would spend at most 1 piece of essence stone in a month. But when it came to a Gu Master, the consumption of primeval stones was greater. Take Fang Yuan for example; just by refining Gu alone he would need an average of 7 primeval stones or so. And this is just on a Moonlight Gu, if he really did find the Liquor worm, just to refine it with Fang Yuan’s grade talent, he would need at least a dozen more!

“In other words, right now my situation is – Even if I find the Liquor worm, I don’t necessarily have the primeval stones to refine it. However I still need to search around, because there is a huge possibility that the Flower Wine Monk’s treasure has a huge abundance of primeval stones.”

This was not a difficult deduction. The Flower Wine Monk was a Rank five Gu Master after all. For such a famous strong warrior of the Demonic Faction,

how could he not have primeval stones, which are the must-have item in a Gu Master's cultivation?

(1) Power play – tactics exhibiting or intended to increase a person's power or influence.