

"You don't say! If I wasn't a person, then what would I be?"  
"You're still can't compete against a beauty, then does it matter how many points she gets?"  
"...the only place you'd truly succeed is in hell!"

"Who says that only women suffer?"  
"Don't want to be treated as zero points? Then I'll call you a hundred points, are you satisfied?"  
What is with her giving up points like that?  
"You're too straightforward. Words have to be polished—polished, you understand?"

"You're the one who isn't manly!"  
"I also judge others' beauty and ugliness. What right do I have to say that others are wrong to judge mine?"  
The World's Number One Bastard.

"...What are you afraid of? You're so timid."  
"Yeah, I'm here to raise you."  
"I'm. A. Human."

## DISCLAIMER!

Please take note of the following:

- The following translation of *Romance RPG* is by **Prince Revolution!** and is a “by fans for fans” translation.
- This translation is completely FREE of charge, so if you have paid for this you have been ripped off!
- **Prince Revolution!** does not ask for donations, payment or anything else of the sort. We do not benefit monetarily from our novel translations AT ALL.
- We only ask that you do not steal credit or attempt to profit monetarily from our translation. Please also inform us if you come across individuals or groups stealing credit or profiting monetarily from our translations.

## Copyrights

- Copyrights to *Romance RPG* are held by Yu Wo, the author of the novels.

## One Last Thing

- **Prince Revolution!** has received permission from Yu Wo to translate the novels into English. However this is NOT an official translation of the novels!
- As such, please cease distribution of this PDF (make sure you get your copy from PR! and not another site, if so, report the site to PR!) once an official ENGLISH version of the novels has been published.

HAPPY READING!



## Credits



### Proofreaders

Arcedemius (Part 1, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34)  
elisa (Part 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 20, 24)  
Erro (Part 6, 19, 21, 22)  
EviNabiki (Part 3, 4, 18, 19, 20, 21)  
Faren (Part 2)  
Lala Su (Part 7, 8, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17)  
Rose (Part 2)  
Trespasserby (Part 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 18, 22, 23, 24, 25, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34)

### Chinese/English Editors

Doza (Part 1, 5, 13)  
lucathia (Part 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34)  
raylight (Part 6, 8)

### About Prince Rev!

Prince Revolution! (or PR! for short) was started in late April in 2009 by Erialis for the purpose of translating and sharing the *1/2 Prince* and *The Legend of Sun Knight* novels (and now many others) with other fans (who unfortunately couldn't read Chinese). PR!'s crew has since exploded to include several translators who double as Chinese to English editors and several Proofreaders. They also have sister sites translating the novels into Dutch, Spanish, Indonesian, French, Portuguese and Vietnamese.



### Translators

clrfctn (Part 16)  
Doza (Part 6, 7, 8, 9, 10)  
EviNabiki (Part 24)  
Kii (Part 11, 12)  
lucathia (Part 13)  
Minna (Part 17, 18, 23, 25, 28, 29, 32, 33, 34)  
purplezero (Part 30, 31)  
raylight (Part 1, 2, 3, 4, 5)  
Ryne (Part 14)  
Tentacles (Part 15)  
Tresspasserby (Part 19, 20, 21, 26, 27)  
XianBang (Part 22)

## Romance RPG

Original novel in Chinese by: 御我 (Yu Wo)

- [#1: Part One](#)
- [#2: Part Two](#)
- [#3: Part Three](#)
- [#4: Part Four](#)
- [#5: Part Five](#)
- [#6: Part Six](#)
- [#7: Part Seven](#)
- [#8: Part Eight](#)
- [#9: Part Nine](#)
- [#10: Part Ten](#)
- [#11: Part Eleven](#)
- [#12: Part Twelve](#)
- [#13: Part Thirteen](#)
- [#14: Part Fourteen](#)
- [#15: Part Fifteen](#)
- [#16: Part Sixteen](#)
- [#17: Part Seventeen](#)
- [#18: Part Eighteen](#)
- [#19: Part Nineteen](#)
- [#20: Part Twenty](#)
- [#21: Part Twenty-one](#)
- [#22: Part Twenty-two](#)
- [#23: Part Twenty-three](#)
- [#24: Part Twenty-four](#)
- [#25: Part Twenty-five](#)
- [#26: Part Twenty-six](#)
- [#27: Part Twenty-seven](#)
- [#28: Part Twenty-eight](#)
- [#29: Part Twenty-nine](#)
- [#30: Part Thirty](#)
- [#31: Part Thirty-one](#)
- [#32: Part Thirty-two](#)
- [#33: Part Thirty-three](#)
- [#34: Part Thirty-four \(End\)](#)

## #1: Part One

### Character Introductions:

**Lin Jian Yin (林劍尹):**<sup>1</sup> The male protagonist of this book. His profession is a singer, and he has a violent and hot-tempered personality. When he is angry, he doesn't think before he speaks and is able say all kinds of unpleasant stuff.

**Ye Meng Ling (葉夢凌):** The main female lead of this book. She is the current manager of Lin Jian Yin. She dresses in an odd manner and has a timid personality.

**Bai Xue Chen (白學辰):** Lin Jian Yin's best friend since they were young. He is also the one who recommended the antique shop to Lin Jian Yin and has had previous experience with the antique shop.

**Yue Lan (月嵐):** Said to be someone who walked out of a painting. She is Bai Xue Chen's girlfriend.

**Edward (艾德華):** The prince of the game. He looks exactly the same as Lin Jian Yin, but is good-tempered and is very gentlemanly. He also has a gentle and considerate personality. He can be said to be the most perfect prince ever.

**God Charity, Devil Chaos (神憐, 魔亂):** The two mysterious owners of the antique shop.



*Terrible, terrible, terrible!* Lin Jian Yin has had terrible luck recently!

First of all, his girlfriend had been in a bad temper for some unknown reason. He had only stood her up a few times, but she actually slapped him on the spot. Lin Jian Yin would never raise his hand against a woman, so he only splashed her with a cup of water in retaliation.

No matter how he thought about it, being slapped is worse than being splashed with a cup of water, right? The red claw marks on his face had stayed there for three entire days before fading, causing his manager to look at him with teary eyes for many days, even cancelling all his jobs. In the end, that girlfriend actually ran off crying, never to be seen again. Just like that, his eighth girlfriend was declared missing.

Following that, he also didn't know what the hell his manager was doing! Instead of accepting the passable advertisement job, she accepted a job for a movie. Didn't she know that he was a singer, not a movie star? He had been condemned by movie critics saying that his acting was even worse than a three-year-old's! And then the original advertisement job was given to a singer who just debuted, letting him easily reap the benefits. Heavens knew that so-called singer sang even worse than a three-year-old!

Lin Jian Yin's handsome face was now tense and tight, his bad mood clearly visible on his face. However, Lin Jian Yin still tried to repress his emotions as much as he could. No matter what, the manager in front of him was the sixth one that the company had sent. If she were to run off again, even if it didn't cause trouble for the company, he did not want to have to remember yet another manager's name.

"What the hell are you doing, giving me another script?! Don't you

know that I can't act?"

Lin Jian Yin felt that he had already done his best to suppress his anger and soften his words. It was just that the manager in front of him was still trembling non-stop. No matter how he looked at her, that look of being scared to death was an eyesore. The slow burning anger in his heart was quickly becoming a raging fire.

Faced with Lin Jian Yin's reprimand, which was much "gentler" than ever before, the manager dared to open her mouth to explain for the first time, except she couldn't help the quiver in her voice. "A-Although the movie reviews weren't very good, the tickets to the movie sold pretty well. There are still many directors hoping to cast you in their movies."

His mouth tightened. Only after he took in a few deep breaths did he manage to say, "Hand me the script to look through."

Once the manager heard this after waiting for several minutes without getting a reply, she nearly started to thank the heavens. She thought that Lin Jian Yin would have promptly snatched the script and ripped it to shreds, then thrown it in her face and told her to scram... Usually if things did not fall in line with his wishes, the result would end up as such.

This manager couldn't help but feel that this big-shot in front of her was in a good mood today. She guessed around in her heart, but didn't dare to neglect moving her hands. She presented a neat and tidy stack to him, the papers so smooth and flat that it was as though they had been ironed. The manager would never dare to forget about

Lin Jian Yin's mysophobia, for that was a lesson learned through countless episodes of blood and sweat.

Lin Jian Yin took the script and spent another five minutes holding in a belly full of rage before he was able to flip open the script.

Once the manager saw him start to frown, she felt her heart sink. Then, watching his face turn icier by the moment, and the corner of his mouth start to twitch non-stop as it did once he was angry, the manager knew that this time she was in for it. It was possibly even worse than ever before.

To think that at the start, she had rejoiced at her own good fortune. She had held incomparable hopes as she looked forward to seeing Lin Jian Yin, a singer said to possess a good voice that was rarely found, even in a hundred years. On top of being a skilled singer, he also had a handsome face and a lanky stature. He was a lady-killer, charming almost every female, from teenagers to those in their fifties. In the five years since he had debuted, his fame had risen accordingly, and now he was practically a household name.

She had rejoiced up until the first time they met, and then her dreams were shattered when Lin Jian Yin tore apart his job notice due to a stain on it and threw it into her face.

Lin Jian Yin never raised a hand against anyone, but he was extremely good at smashing things. He smashed anything and everything. For example, if the drink was too sweet, smash! If the microphone didn't fit in his hand, smash! If he wasn't satisfied with the costume, he tore it to pieces, then smash! It was extremely unfortunate that Lin Jian Yin



not only had good fighting abilities, he was even a third level black belt in karate. If the springs in the sofa were sagging, he could lift the sofa up to smash it!

Smashing things wasn't the worst part of it. At the very least, Lin Jian Yin still knew what could be smashed onto other people's faces, and what was too hard and would hurt them, and hence could only be smashed onto the ground. To date, the manager had yet to get injured due to having something smashed against her. However, her heart had been injured quite a few times.

Lin Jian Yin's poisonous tongue was not something that anyone would want to be on the receiving end of. No wonder when she had first started, the managing company had repeatedly told her to never ever accept talk shows and variety shows. In other words, other than conversations that had been pre-planned, never let Lin Jian Yin have any chance to express his views, or else the consequences would simply be unimaginable...

"Hmph, hmph!"

Lin Jian Yin gave two cold laughs, and then slowly tore the pages of the script one by one. *What kind of a lousy drama is this? Although I'm inexperienced with acting, even I can tell how lousy this movie is. If you grab any random person off the street and ask them to spew some nonsense, they would still be able to compose a romance drama a hundred times better than this. This is basically yet another lousy director trying to leech off of my fame!*

Once the manager heard that cold laughter, she was so frightened that

tears rolled down her cheeks. Seeing the slow and terrifying motions of him ripping apart the script, her limbs involuntarily went weak. Her eyes darted to the half-closed door, just hoping for someone to come and save her. However, Lin Jian Yin's rest area was a famous minefield. Other than the people who had no choice but to come and get caught in the explosions, it was generally deserted.

Lin Jian Yin tore the paper up slowly, the reason being that he wanted to completely vent his anger on this poor piece of paper. He thoroughly tore the script into a pile of paper scraps, each scrap no bigger than the size of a fingernail. Only through this arduous process was he able to quench the flames of fury that filled his stomach.

After taking a few deep breaths, he finally managed to calm down and let his rage subside. He was even a little pleased with himself, thinking that he was, as expected, a big-hearted person, to be able to calm down after such an infuriating situation.

He turned his head, intending to discuss the problem regarding the job with the manager... But there was absolutely no one inside the room, only a gust of cold wind blowing in from the half-opened door.

*Where is she?* His eyes flared wide. He couldn't quite believe that his manager had actually... run off yet "again"?

*Damn it!* The rare good mood of his was now completely gone, his teeth clenched so hard that one could hear them grinding. Without thinking, he swept his hand across the table, knocking all the job notices piled up on the table onto the floor. Even after that, Lin Jian Yin still felt that he didn't have any way to vent the anger welling up

inside of him. If he had known earlier that she would still run away, then he would have simply scolded her mercilessly without restraint! Then he wouldn't have made himself this frustrated!

At this point, some sounds came from the door. Lin Jian Yin's mouth was faster than his eyes. Without even seeing who was at the door, he was already scolding, "You still dare to come back? Let's not even talk about you randomly accepting job offers as a manager. You lack confidence. Even the mice in my house have more guts than you do. Even if I repeated something ten times, you still wouldn't understand. Even reminding you several hundred times is like playing a lute to a cow.<sup>2</sup> But even cows will still go 'moo' a few times! How about you? You can't even utter a single sound."

"Say! Am I really that terrible?"

The half-opened door was slowly pushed open, and a man with a lazy aura stood by the door. In his hands he was even carrying two drinks and a plastic bag from which a fragrant smell wafted.

When Lin Jian Yin saw who had arrived, he was stunned. Then, a little weakly, he replied, "Oh it's you, Bai Xue Chen. I thought it was that manager of mine."

Bai Xue Chen shrugged. As he walked over, he emphasized, "You mean 'ex' manager. Just now, when I brushed shoulders with her, she was crying while she declared she was quitting."

Once Lin Jian Yin heard that, his face turned dark. It looked like he would have to make the company find him another manager again. Bai

Xue Chen put down the late night snack as he shook his head, smiling. "What number is she? The seventh or the eighth?"

"The sixth," Lin Jian Yin emphasized, simultaneously opening the plastic bag to forage for food.

"I'm talking about your girlfriend." Bai Xue Chen's smile became even wider.

Hearing this, Lin Jian Yin lowered his head, pretending to concentrate on eating. Feeling a little uneasy, he questioned stiffly, "How did you know that I broke up with her?"

"I just happened to see her on the road, with her arms wrapped around someone else." Bai Xue Chen replied indifferently. He too sat down and casually took his own portion of food. As he picked up food to eat at random, he couldn't help but sigh at his good friend's bad temper.

"You should really change this bad temper of yours. Otherwise, even if you have another hundred girlfriends, a hundred of them will be sent off in anger."

As Lin Jian Yin engrossed himself in eating, he gave a snort from his nose. *Just how is my temper bad?* He had even managed to forcefully suppress it just now.

"You just have a sharp tongue, but you're a softie at heart. Still, before people even see your soft heart, they are all scared away by your sharp tongue." Bai Xue Chen shook his head helplessly. No

matter how he advised him, Lin Jian Yin refused to change. Or perhaps one should say, he was unable to change.

Lin Jian Yin still had his head lowered, not speaking a word. He couldn't help but feel a little tormented. A record of scaring off eight girlfriends and six managers was probably not something that anyone would like. However, he really couldn't control that mouth of his. It was almost as though his mouth was controlled by the medulla part of his brain, just like his heart, instead of being governed by his cerebrum.

"Take this."

Bai Xue Chen casually took out a business card. Lin Jian Yin looked at the business card that had a black base, white clouds lining the sides, and embossed gold characters. He took it, still a little doubtful. He frowned as he looked at the business card that only had three words.

"God n' Devil?"

"An antique store." Bai Xue Chen spread out both his hands in a simple manner, implying that that was all there was to it.

"An antique store?"

Lin Jian Yin's voice went up at the last syllable. *What does my problem have to do with an antique store? What's more...* Lin Jian Yin turned the business card over, but other than the three words "God n' Devil," he didn't find anything else on it.

"You don't think that..." Lin Jian Yin tried to give a reminder to the fellow who had given him the business card.

"Hey, anyway, if you don't try, how will you know?" Bai Xue Chen hurriedly started advising him.

"But..."

"You're already twenty-eight. Even if you're not in a hurry to get married, your mother and father have always wanted grandchildren." Bai Xue Chen didn't even give Lin Jian Yin the chance to object, looking as though he was giving him earnest and well-meant advice.

"But..."

"Enough! Even if you don't believe anyone, you should at least believe me, your best friend whom you have known since elementary school!" Bai Xue Chen had an expression that implied 'If you dare, try and say that you don't believe me!'.  
"

"Bai. Xue. Chen.!" Lin Jian Yin ground out through clenched teeth.

## Footnotes

<sup>1</sup> **“Lin Jian Yin”**: (pinyin: lín jiàn yǐn Chinese: 林劍尹) His surname “Lin” (林) means forest while “Jian” (劍) means sword.

<sup>2</sup> **“Playing the lute to a cow”**: It is a Chinese idiom, meaning to offer a treat to an unappreciative audience. (Like “cast pearls before swine”, “preach to deaf ears”, etc) There’s a story behind this. Basically, in ancient times there was a musician named Gong Mingyi, who played a piece of music for a cow. The cow didn’t appreciate his performance because it didn’t understand his music.

## #2: Part Two

Hearing Lin Jian Yin use his full name, Bai Xue Chen immediately shut his mouth. He knew that when Lin Jian Yin used someone's full name, that always indicated he was about to fly into a rage. It was just that he had done it out of goodwill, so Bai Xue Chen could not help but reveal an expression of one who had been wronged. However, Lin Jian Yin did not fall for it. He shoved the black business card in front of Bai Xue Chen's eyes and then pointed at the three words on it.

"You tell me, what does it say?" Lin Jian Yin's voice was full of anger. Bai Xue Chen scratched his head and then doubtfully asked, "God n' Devil?"

Lin Jian Yin's eyes narrowed. "What else?"

"What else?"

Bai Xue Chen turned the card around. Other than the three embossed words, both sides of the business card were completely black. How was it possible to have a "what else?" Bai Xue Chen looked as though he was facing an idiot as he replied, "There's nothing else."

"You still dare to tell me that there's nothing else?!" Lin Jian Yin jumped to his feet, and then jabbed violently at the business card in his hand. "There's no telephone number, no address, nothing at all. So tell me, how am I going to find that antique shop! Not only is the brain of the person who designed this business card full of shit, even your IQ has dropped!"



“Uh...” Bai Xue Chen seemed to realize his mistake only then. He scratched his head, feeling a little awkward. However, he didn’t know how to explain it to him. Coincidentally, a cell phone rang. Bai Xue Chen quickly picked up his phone and, after glancing at the screen, urgently said, “Yue Lan is looking for me, I’ve got to go.”

“Wait a minute.” Lin Jian Yin simply couldn’t believe it. *Yue Lan?* Since *when did this fellow get a girlfriend? Even I, his best friend, didn’t know about this.*

Bai Xue Chen hurriedly grabbed his jacket and dashed toward the door. Before he closed the door, he only turned back to say, “Anyway, just remember to keep that business card on you.”

Following that was the sound of the door closing. Lin Jian Yin was dazed as he looked at the empty entrance and then lowered his head to look at that strange business card again. He had an urge to rip the business card apart and throw it in the face of his best friend. However, Bai Xue Chen had never tricked him before. Considering his excellent track record, Lin Jian Yin hesitated for a long time. In the end, he gritted his teeth. Fine, since keeping the business card on him wasn’t a big deal, he would just force himself to bring it around... He would just treat it like a safety charm.

After finishing his late night snack and calling the managing company to roar at them to send over a manager who is at least somewhat competent, Lin Jian Yin’s mood finally improved. He intended to go home and sleep. He walked out of his personal lounge and stepped into the elevator. Then, he reached his hand out to press the button for basement two, but the button would not light up no matter what.

“Don’t tell me it’s broken.”

Lin Jian Yin pressed it a few more times impatiently and grumbled in his heart. *It had better not be broken. I’m thirty something floors up. Making me walk down thirty-something flights of stairs is simply asking for my death.* However, that button just wouldn’t light up. Lin Jian Yin pressed the button to open the door, intending to switch to another elevator. However, no matter how hard he pressed it, the elevator doors didn’t move at all.

“What the heck!”

Lin Jian Yin’s sword-like brows furrowed together tightly, his heart full of impatience. He pressed the alarm, intending to severely reprimand the security guard, but there was no sound from the alarm bell either. This time, he really lost his temper.

“Damn it!”

Lin Jian Yin kicked the elevator several times with all his strength, but the elevator doors still didn’t budge an inch. He smacked his palm against the elevator buttons, angrily thinking that he might have to sleep in the elevator today. At that moment, the elevator went “ding” and started going up. Lin Jian Yin was stunned for a moment. Then, he looked at the elevator buttons.

“Fifty-first floor?” The corner of his mouth twitched as he looked at the only button that was lit up. Upon thinking that he would have to walk down from the fifty-first floor to basement level two, his face darkened.

Only the fact that he wouldn't have to sleep in the elevator let him suppress his rage with much difficulty. After all, being angry at the elevator wouldn't be of any use at all. Tomorrow... Tomorrow, he would come and give the security guard a severe scolding.

It felt like only a short moment had passed before the elevator doors opened. The bright lights that greeted him from the front stunned him for quite some time, but what made him even more astonished was that the doors in front of his eyes had a signboard hung on them. There, in simple yet strong brush strokes, were the words "God n' Devil" written on it.

Lin Jian Yin took the business card out from his pocket. After comparing them, he was certain that this business card had definitely come from the shop in front of him, for the three words had the exact same handwriting.

"Bai Xue Chen!" Lin Jian Yin gritted his teeth and complained as he thought about how his best friend had just tossed him a business card that didn't have anything on it. *Wouldn't it have been fine to just say that the store is on the fifty-first floor? If it weren't for how the elevator coincidentally broke down and even stopped at the fifty-first floor, I would never have freakin thought that the antique shop was actually right above my head.*

Thinking about how his best friend, who had always been honest, actually dared to make fun of him like this, Lin Jian Yin had an urge to just turn around and leave. Glaring at the words on the signboard, he suddenly remembered the eight girlfriends and six managers that he had managed to angrily drive off, as well as Bai Xue Chen, his best

friend who had been with him since youth. He once again suppressed his anger and walked toward this strange antique shop.

As he pushed open the door, he muttered, "The number of things I've endured today sure are numerous. Bai Xue Chen, you better not be lying to me, otherwise know that I'll vent all my frustrations on you!"

After he opened the door, he looked around inside the shop. It was different from a regular antique shop's classic design. This store, "God n' Devil," seemed to be unexpectedly bright and simple. The walls were scrubbed so clean that they sparkled, and the furniture was mostly pure white as well. It looked just like an elegant person's living room, with the necessary sofa and television, except for the bookshelves. However, what were on display were not books, but various kinds of items. Some looked pretty old, but there were also brand new ones. There was even a Nintendo among them.

Lin Jian Yin frowned. "This doesn't look like an antique shop at all. Could it be that I have accidentally walked into someone else's home?" When he thought of this, Lin Jian Yin immediately started cursing Bai Xue Chen countless times inside his heart.

"This place is indeed an antique shop. Did someone recommend this place to you?"

A gentle voice rang out. Upon looking up, Lin Jian Yin saw a golden-haired man with blue pupils looking at him. His gaze was gentle and amiable, and his faint smile made people feel at ease just by looking at it. Moreover, his facial features were perfect, and Lin Jian Yin could only feel ashamed of his own imperfection. Any other descriptions

would be redundant.

"I am God Charity. May I ask how to address you?" The man who called himself God Charity walked over elegantly.

"I am Lin Jian Yin. You are the owner of this antique shop?" Lin Jian Yin regained his senses and asked a little suspiciously. Even if one claimed the person in front of his eyes to be an international star or a part of the British royalty and the like, there would probably be people who would believe it. He just didn't look like the owner of an antique shop.

God Charity gave a gentle smile, a smile that was enough to make anyone drop their guard. He gestured for Lin Jian Yin to sit down, and the latter found himself sitting down before he realized it.

God Charity arranged the tea cups on the table slowly, then poured tea for the two of them. Only after taking a few small sips did he open his mouth to ask, "Then, Mister Lin, what kind of item do you wish to buy?"

"Huh?" Lin Jian Yin, who just happened to be drinking his tea, nearly choked. *Buying an item?* He had not thought about it at all.

Several thoughts flashed through his mind, and he was even thinking of randomly buying the cheapest small item to pull his bluff. However, when he lifted his head and saw God Charity's faint smile, he couldn't help but start to narrate about those eight girlfriends and six managers, as well as his interpersonal skills that were so terrible that he never had many friends, since childhood. Throughout his entire tale,

God Charity had a smile on his face as he listened.

“Does this mean that you wish to change your temper for the better?”  
God Charity asked with an expression of curiosity.

“No!” Lin Jian Yin stubbornly replied, “When they ought to be scolded, they should be scolded! If others have made a mistake, why can’t I scold them? Even if I did something wrong, I too have the mental preparation to be scolded!”

Hearing this, God Charity chuckled to himself. The low but gentle laughter continued for a while, and only when Lin Jian Yin had an embarrassed expression did he finally stop laughing. He asked again, “Then, you don’t wish to change yourself, yet you still want to improve on your interpersonal relationships?”

“Something like that...” Lin Jian Yin replied, feeling a little embarrassed. God Charity lifted the teacup to his lips and took a few small sips. Then, he smiled at Lin Jian Yin, replying, “If that is so, do take a look around here. Perhaps you might find something that would be of help.”

Hearing that, Lin Jian Yin stood up without hesitation, for he had already been waiting a long time to see what exactly this strange antique store was selling. He walked toward the bookcase that he thought was the closest, his gaze landing directly on what he thought was the strangest item – the Nintendo. Though this kind of game console, one that uses cartridges, was really kind of old, and probably no one used them anymore, no matter how you justified it, it shouldn’t be qualified to be displayed for sale in an antique store, right?

However, when he thought about it, he himself had played this kind of game console when he was young. He reached his hand out to pick up the Nintendo, feeling a little nostalgic as he stroked the white casing. Suddenly, he remembered that his own Nintendo console, which seemed to have been thrown away by his mother a long time ago, had his signature that he had written in colored pencil on the back. He couldn't help but turn the Nintendo over, though he clearly knew that it was impossible.

"Huh?"

Lin Jian Yin blinked, but that childish scrawl was still there. The three extremely ugly words "Lin Jian Yin" were on the white casing on the back of the Nintendo.

He was stunned for a long time before the words finally escaped his lips. "T-This is my Nintendo!"

"Oh?" God Charity gave a faint smile, as though he had already expected it.

### #3: Part Three

It was already past midnight, and the lady moon hung high up outside the window. Though the weather was rather sweltering, the atmosphere in the room was instead very gloomy. A lone shadow sat in front of the television in a strange manner, just like a child who was addicted to video games. However, what was in front of his eyes was actually a Nintendo game console from more than ten years ago. In that shadow's hands was a cartridge that the owner had claimed he had sold to him at a large discount. He had heard that it was an RPG, commonly referred to as a role-playing game.

*I must be an idiot, and that guy Bai Xue Chen's IQ certainly doesn't even match up to an idiot's!*

"Don't be angry with yourself, even if you drive yourself to your death with your anger, no one would know about it."

Lin Jian Yin took in a deep breath, and then breathed out. This action looped for quite a while before he managed to forcefully suppress the impulse to run to Bai Xue Chen's house to cut him down in the middle of the night. The hand holding the cartridge shook non-stop. He struggled for a long time. *Should I insert the cartridge into the Nintendo?* If he were to load the cartridge, and then have the words "Successful Prank!" or the like come out, he really, seriously would not be able to guarantee that he would not take the only weapons in his house, his kitchen knife set, and then dash to Bai Xue Chen's house.

"I'll believe you one last time!"



Lin Jian Yin gritted his teeth and opened the seal on the cartridge. It was a simple paper box package, and there was also an instruction manual that came enclosed inside. Lin Jian Yin opened the instruction manual impatiently. Inside, there were only a few simple lines.

*How to Play: Raise the game character. How to Complete: Let the game character conduct a wedding ceremony with the person they like. Warning! The trial lasts for two months. Whether you have completed the game or not, one would not be able to continue the game afterwards.*

“Damn! It is even just a trial version. What kind of bargain sale is this supposed to be!”

Lin Jian Yin forcefully inserted the cartridge into the Nintendo in his rage. A vortex slowly appeared on the twenty-four inch television screen, just like any normal television game. Lin Jian Yin stared at the television screen, barely able to take more than a glance before his gaze got caught by the continuously expanding vortex that was becoming clearer. He felt a little dizzy, but not to the point where he felt uncomfortable. It never crossed his mind that he could shift his gaze away, and hence, he stared fixedly at that vortex. Within his two black pupils reflected the vortex that was growing bigger and bigger, spinning faster and faster...

“Ahhh! Jian, Jian... Eyes, eyes.”

A girl’s scream abruptly brought Lin Jian Yin’s senses back. He blinked, exclaiming, “Who’s calling me? Who is calling me?”

“Jian spoke!”

The girl screamed over and over again. After a sudden vertigo, Lin Jian Yin felt himself grow dizzy from spinning, and then he fell heavily to the floor. It hurt him so much that he snarled, and he couldn't help but swear, “Bitch! What the heck are you doing! Why did you push me? Using so much strength, are you a gorilla?”

“Jian, Jian...” The girl repeated this word, flabbergasted.

“Why are you acting so intimately, what right do you have to call me by half of my given name!”

Lin Jian Yin glared at the girl in front of him unhappily. The girl had a head of long curly hair, and the curls were the super curly type that was specially used by aunties over the age of fifty. Furthermore, knots and split ends, you name it, none of that was missing. On her face, she was wearing the black-framed glasses that were the most popular right now, except that this style... belongs to the type you would see in the Detective Conan anime. When a real person wears it, it really did have the effect of turning the person into a nerd. As for the clothes, don't even mention them. On the wide shirt there was even Pikachu printed on it, and under her shorts, what she wore was actually blue and white flip-flops.

“A female taike.”<sup>1</sup> The corner of Lin Jian Yin's mouth twitched as he concluded.

The girl had obviously not heard his comment. She only asked a little shyly, “May I ask Mister Jian, are you here to tell me the rules of the

game?”

*Mister Jian?* Lin Jian Yin couldn't help but frown. *Why does this sound kind of strange?* However, being reminded by the girl, he finally remembered that he was playing a raising simulation game... *Oh my god! Don't tell me I have to raise this classic example of a taiké? Generally speaking, shouldn't the girl featured in raising simulation games be enchanting little girls?*

Once he thought about having to raise the taiké in front of his eyes, Lin Jian Yin's way of speaking became the absolute worst. "Yeah, I'm here to *raise* you."

"Raise me?" The girl showed a weird expression, and then a little doubtfully, she added on, "Jian?"

"Don't shorten my name to Jian, you hear that! We aren't that close yet!"

Lin Jian Yin made a grave declaration and even wanted to move right in front of the girl's face to threaten her. However, once he decided to move, he then discovered that he seemed to be unable to move? He struggled painfully for a bit. Though he did move, he had merely shaken his body a little, and hadn't left the spot he was originally at in the least bit. *Could it be that there is something wrong with my feet?* Lin Jian Yin looked down suspiciously, but he didn't see anything that resembled feet or a body. Underneath, there was only a dazzling and shiny something.

Lin Jian Yin was stunned for a long time. He wanted to stretch his hand

to touch it, wanted to stretch out... *But where's my hand!* He was greatly alarmed. *Why would I not have any hands? I don't have any hands, and I also don't have any feet or a body...* Lin Jian Yin yelled in shock, "Don't tell me that I'm only left with my head?"

"Uh..." The girl seemed to find it a little difficult to say the next few words, "It seems to be a little less than that."

"What! Even less than having only my head?" Lin Jian Yin roared, "Then what exactly am I left with?"

The girl replied honestly, "Two eyes and a mouth." After saying that, she tilted her head to one side and sized him up and down. Then, she added on, "And a sword blade and a sword hilt."

"Eyes, mouth, sword blade, and a sword hilt? What kind of thing is this?" Lin Jian Yin struggled with all his might, and because of the to and fro shaking, his body landed onto the ground with a thunk. He didn't obediently lie there though, but tried to stand up with all his effort. However, without any hands or feet, don't mention standing up. Basically, other than rolling around, he couldn't possibly do anything else.

The girl slowly walked over and hesitated for a moment before she grabbed him. With a helpless expression on her face, she looked at him and said, "I guess, probably a sword that has grown eyes and a mouth?"

*What?* Lin Jian Yin felt a dizzy spell come on. *I'm a sword<sup>2</sup> that has grown eyes and a mouth?*

“Don’t be agitated, at least you have two eyes and a mouth more than other swords.” The girl tried comforting this sword that looked very dismayed.

However, these words pained Lin Jian Yin even more. He gritted his teeth and pronounced word-by-word, “I’m. A. Human.”

The girl received a fright, and fell into silence for a moment. Then, she said, “If you are a human, then you really are missing quite a few things.”

## Footnotes

<sup>1</sup> **“Taike”**: It’s a term that is derogatory, now used to refer to people in Taiwan whose clothing and behavior is very inappropriate and uncouth. For example, wearing blue and white slippers and dressed only in your underwear to walk into a formal event.

<sup>2</sup> **“Jian”**: As mentioned in Part 1, “jian” means sword. Lin Jian Yin thinks she’s calling him by a shortened version of his name, when she is actually just calling him “Sword” because he’s a sword.

## #4: Part Four

“That’s none of your business!” Lin Jian Yin was so furious that he started insulting her. “At least I’m still better than you, you female Taike.”

The girl’s eyes turned wide as she stared. “What did you say?”

As though trying to vent all the frustration that he had endured today, Lin Jian Yin’s sharp tongue was simply at its peak. “Look at this ghastly head of yours. Even the sixty year old granny who sells dumplings next door to my house has better looking hair than yours.”

The girl frantically stroked her hair, wanting to use her fingers to comb it smooth. However, she had only combed it through halfway when her fingers got stuck in a tangled knot of hair.

“Look at those black-framed glasses. Do you think that you are role-playing? If you want to dress up as Conan, then you’ve got to at least wear a suit and a bowtie right?” He said in a cold voice.

The girl immediately took off her glasses, and at the same time, hid the hand holding them behind her back, as though it would hide the fact that she had been wearing them just now.

*When she’s not wearing glasses, her eyes are actually quite pretty.* Lin Jian Yin murmured in his heart. However, with his temper, she would not pass inspection so easily. He coldly commented, “Do you think that by hiding them, everything will be fine? Then, there are quite a few things that you have to hide. What’s up with the Pikachu on your

body? Did you buy that at the night market, three for a hundred yuan<sup>1</sup>, and with a complementary pair of blue and white flip-flops?"

Lin Jian Yin seemed to have hit the bull's eye. The girl's face flushed red, and she was so angry that she stammered a little, "S-So what? I only dress like this in my own house. If I'm going out, I won't dress like this."

"Hahaha, no matter what you wear when you go out, just by that head of yours, anything you put on will still be the same!" Lin Jian Yin's eyes flicked to the girl's head for a moment, before he shook his head, sighing as he looked away. He even purposely blinked with all his might, as though he had seen something that had injured his eyes.

"Don't go overboard." The girl showed true anger, eyes red as she yelled.

"I'm only saying the truth." Lin Jian Yin didn't shrink back in the least. *If you're ugly, you're ugly.* He wasn't going to bother being roundabout.

The girl took in a few deep breaths, and then blinked back the tears in her eyes. She coldly retorted, "Anyways, I'm ugly. No matter how I dress up, I wouldn't become beautiful."

"You're not ugly, just lazy." Lin Jian Yin snorted from his nose.

"Haven't you heard that there are no ugly women in the world, only lazy ones? If ugly women dress up, they would still get a six out of ten."



The girl was silent for a moment. "If a beauty doesn't dress up, she would also get a six out of ten. When she dresses up, then she would get a ten out of ten. For an ugly woman, no matter how she dresses up, she would still only get a six out of ten. Since she still can't compete against a beauty, then does it matter how many points she gets?"

Lin Jian Yin was a little hesitant as he replied, "You can't say it like that..."

"Never mind. Mister Jian, are you going to tell me how this game is played or not?" The girl seemed unwilling to continue this topic anymore, so she steered the conversation back to the most important question.

Lin Jian Yin remembered the instruction booklet, and then straightforwardly replied, "I'll marry you off to whoever you wish to marry, that's all."

"Marry me off?" The girl asked in some surprise.

"Right!" Lin Jian Yin impatiently thought of what he should do first right now. "That's it! I'll give you a name first."

"You'll give me a name? I can't name myself?" The girl was a little suspicious.

Lin Jian Yin ignored the girl. *What kind of logic is it for a game character to name themselves, of course I should be the one doing the naming.* He had a flash of inspiration. "Then, I'll name you Ling." This

name was rather similar to his surname, and has the meaning of starting from the very beginning. *This really can't be more fitting.*

"Ling? Which Ling?" The girl asked. At the same time, she thought inside her heart. *What a coincidence?* In her name, she really did have a character Ling.

"Of course it's Zero, as in zero points." Lin Jian Yin said, looking immensely proud of himself.

If the girl was originally willing to use the name that he had given, now that he had explained as such, Zero as in zero points... The girl would rather die than use that name now. With her fist clenched tight, the girl protested loudly, "I don't want to use Ling<sup>2</sup> as in zero points! I-I want to be called Meng<sup>3</sup>."

"Meng? What a clichéd name!" Lin Jian Yin impatiently retorted, "Use Ling, it's more unique."

"I don't want to be treated as zero points!" Meng clarified word-by-word.

"Don't want to be treated as zero points? Then I'll call you a hundred points, are you satisfied?" Lin Jian Yin roared.

"What! What did you say you'll call me?" Meng was so furious she was red in the face.

"A hundred points, hmph!" Lin Jian Yin had an urge to anger her deliberately.

It was a pity that he had forgotten that at the moment, she had him “in the palm of her hand.” With a burst of strength, Meng threw Lin Jian Yin to the side of the wall, and a clear sound of metal clashing rang out. Lin Jian Yin was in so much pain that he winced twice, and he was about to start cursing her again.

Two loud knocks on the door rang out, accompanied by a polite inquiry, “May I ask if anyone is at home?”

The person and the sword inside were both stunned at the same time. They had just realized at this moment that the two of them were actually inside a house. Surrounding them were all wooden products, and even the house was made of wood. The layout of the house was rather simple. A single bed covered by a quilt, a log table, a wooden chair, and on the table there was even a large bundle. It was just that... Were they really here just now?

“Did the scene change? Were we here just now?” Meng looked blank.

“Just now... I was too busy scolding you, so I didn’t notice.”

Lin Jian Yin too didn’t know what kind of place they had been in just now. Hearing this reply, Meng couldn’t help but roll her eyes at him.

“May I ask if anyone is at home?”

Meng hesitated for a moment, but she still walked to the door and pulled the creaking door open. Standing outside was a young man dressed as an attendant. He politely nodded his head at Meng and

asked, "May I ask if you are Miss A Hundred Points, Hmph?"

"..." Meng's head went blank for an instant, before she asked, "You said Miss what?"

The young attendant repeated it once more, "Miss A Hundred Points, Hmph."

Meng had a sudden feeling that something was not right. She frantically shouted, "I'm not Miss A Hundred Points, Hmph or anything. You got the wrong place!"

Shock was written on the attendant's face, and then he took a step back. He stared at the side of the door doubtfully as he said, "But, this is the Hmph house alright."

Meng poked her head out of the door, and upon looking, saw a big doorplate with "Hmph" written on it hung by the side of the door.

"Hahahaha, who told you to refuse to use Ling. Now it has become... Haha, Miss 'A Hundred Points, Hmph,' pfttt!" Lin Jian Yin lay in the corner, laughing out loud. He was very happy to find out that the girl who had flung him into the corner had her name changed to A Hundred Points.

Meng expressionlessly pulled her head back in. Then, in a monotonous voice, she asked the innocent attendant, "I am A Hundred Points, Hmph. Why are you looking for me?"

The attendant took out a golden piece of paper from a large sack, and

then politely passed it over to Meng's hands. "I am here to deliver your invitation letter. The king at the castle has invited every girl from ages eighteen to twenty-five to attend the ball that was arranged especially for the prince. The date, time, and a map of the castle are all inside the invitation."

"Got it." Meng took the invitation, and then mercilessly slammed the door shut.

Lin Jian Yin was still in bursts of laughter at this point, completely unaware of the disaster that was about to befall him. Meng turned around, showing a faint smile. Only, for some reason, this faint smile seemed to have something dark concealed within it. It looked even scarier than a frown or a glare.

"Since you have already given me a name, then I should also help my cute sword by giving it an awe-inspiring name, right?" Meng walked step-by-step toward Lin Jian Yin, who was in the corner.

"Since I'm not a precious sword, there isn't a need to give me a name, is there?" Lin Jian Yin suddenly felt uneasy. He didn't think in the least bit that the girl who had been named A Hundred Points, Hmph by him would give him a good name.

"Don't worry, I will give you the most awe-inspiring name."

Meng walked right in front of him, smiling radiantly. Her smile was so radiant that it was kind of scary. Lin Jian Yin couldn't help but struggle a bit, wanting to leave this terrifying smile. However, he too knew that he wouldn't be able to escape this one, and could only ask while he trembled, "Y-You, what name are you giving me?"

## Footnotes

<sup>1</sup> **“A hundred yuan”**: This is Taiwanese dollars. It’s about US \$3.40.

<sup>2</sup> **“Lin, Ling, and Ling”**: The Lin in Lin Jian Yin’s name is 林, which means forest. The Ling in the girl’s name is 靈, which means spirit/spiritual. It’s what she thought he was going to name her. The Ling that he wanted to name her is 零, which means Zero. They’re all written with different characters, but the second two are pronounced exactly the same.

<sup>3</sup> **“Meng”**: 夢 means “dream.”

## #5: Part Five

"The!" Meng slowly said the first word.

Lin Jian Yin abruptly felt that his body was a little itchy... *That's not right! What body?* He looked down, only to see that on his bright and shiny sword blade, a golden word "The" had appeared.

"World's!"

"Wait a moment! I'm sorry. Can I apologize?" He immediately shouted. *Stop joking around!* He originally thought that having her give him a random name was okay, but who knew that this name would actually be engraved on his own body? He seriously did not want a messed-up name engraved on his body.

"Number!"

"I didn't do it on purpose. I also didn't know that your name would become A Hundred Points, Hmph."

"One!"

*Eh? Somehow until now, it still seems to be fine?* Lin Jian Yin was somewhat in disbelief. *This woman, could it be that she wants to name me as "The World's Number One Sword?" Though it is a little cliché, at least it would be a hundred times better than A Hundred Points, Hmph.*

"Jian!"

*As expected, it is "The World's Number One Sword."* Lin Jian Yin could not help but heave a sigh of relief, and then he looked at his sword body. The five golden words sparkled as they were imprinted on the shiny sword blade. It sure looked awe-inspiring. Lin Jian Yin focused his eyes on them, and saw that those five words were:

The World's Number One Bastard.<sup>1</sup>

"Ah!"



"I don't want to be called The World's Number One Bastard!"

Lin Jian Yin abruptly jumped up, and then frantically scrubbed his own belly with his two hands, hoping to rub away those five words. After rubbing for a while, he looked at his own hands and was stunned. With his left hand, he touched his right hand, and then with his right hand, he touched his left hand. Filled with disbelief, he said, "I-I have hands?"

Looking down, he saw a body and also legs as he expected. Lin Jian Yin still did not dare to believe it and hurriedly ran to the full-length mirror in his room to look. *What sword with eyes and a mouth? Don't I look just like how I did originally?* A handsome face, a slender and tall body—nothing was missing. Lin Jian Yin smiled at his reflection in the mirror, and the person in the mirror also showed a dazzling smile that could charm tens of thousands of females.

He gave a huge sigh of relief. Upon turning around, he saw that the sun was already shining into the room. When he instinctively looked at the wall clock, the hands indicated that it was ten thirty in the morning.



At this moment, he started to panic a little. He had a meeting with the new manager at eleven o'clock!

He wasn't afraid of meeting the manager. After all, he had already driven off six managers with his fierce words. What was left for him to fear? It was just that Lin Jian Yin had a principle of not being late unless it could not be helped, and playing games until he fell asleep was not in the range of reasons that could not be helped. Lin Jian Yin could not be bothered that much. He quickly went into the bathroom to freshen up and make himself presentable. Then, he grabbed his car keys and dashed outside.

After some time speeding through the streets, he finally reached the parking lot of the building. As he rushed toward the elevator, he looked at his watch. The hands were pointing at 11:05. He could not help but curse under his breath, "Damn!"

Seeing the elevator doors about to close, Lin Jian Yin immediately shouted, "Wait a moment—"

Halfway through his shout, he suddenly stopped and widened his eyes to look at what was inside the elevator. *A female... person?* Her hair looked like it had been burned black, as though she had been electrocuted, and all of her hair then took on this exploding appearance. Moreover, the "woman's" face was as pale as a whitewashed wall, devoid of any color at all. In contrast, her lips were frighteningly red. She was wearing a light and flowing white dress, but her two hands that were placed in front of her skirt had bright red nails.

Lin Jian Yin inhaled sharply. *Why would this kind of thing appear in broad daylight?!*

“Didn’t you want to take the elevator?” The female “person” said, her voice as light as a feather.

Lin Jian Yin swallowed and hurriedly waved his hand. “N-No need. I’ll go up the stairs. Taking the stairs is good for your health.” After saying that, he turned around and dashed toward the stairway. Although he was not timid, he was still not brave enough to ride in the same elevator as something otherworldly.

As he climbed the stairs with all his effort, he glanced at his watch again, panting. Yet another ten minutes had gone by. He could only hasten his pace and climb several steps in one go. At long last, he arrived at his private lounge. However, he could only place both his hands on his knees, catching his breath while wiping away the beads of sweat that dotted his forehead.

When the door of the room was opened, Bai Xue Chen exclaimed in shock, “Why are you panting like this? You couldn’t have climbed up the stairs, right? This is the forty-second floor, after all.”

Lin Jian Yin was so out of breath that he did not even want to speak. With much difficulty, he straightened his posture. Bai Xue Chen, who did not manage to get an interesting response out of him, scratched his face and reminded him, “Your new manager is here.” After saying that, Bai Xue Chen murmured, “However, I bet you’re going to change to another one again.”

"Don't jinx it!" Lin Jian Yin replied vehemently, "As long as he doesn't leave, I wouldn't chase him away."

Bai Xue Chen raised an eyebrow and said, "These are your own words." Lin Jian Yin could not be bothered to speak with him anymore. He pushed aside his buddy and walked into his lounge. However, within the room, there was an unimaginable "person" sitting there. He started to panic. *Why did the female ghost from the basement end up here too? Could it be that I'm being followed?*

The female ghost slowly turned her head, and then unhurriedly stood up. Her words were even slower. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Lin. I am your new manager. I am Ye Meng Ling."

Lin Jian Yin's eyes turned wide. His brain was still unable to process it. *This female ghost is the new manager?*

"Miss Ye is so polite. Jian Yin, you should say something too," Bai Xue Chen said at one side, his tone leaning toward laughing at Lin Jian Yin's misfortune.

With gritted teeth, Lin Jian Yin forcefully said, "I am Lin Jian Yin..."

The female ghost nodded her head, and then took out a pen and notebook from her bag, which was placed at one side. She started to read out some notes. "From the schedule that the last manager left behind, I sorted out your jobs for the remaining half of the year. The company dearly wishes for you to be able to continue to act in more movies..."

Lin Jian Yin's face turned dark, and he seemed to be on the verge of flipping out.

"However, in my personal opinion, though movies can increase your exposure rate, Mr. Lin's acting is... Erm, not very superb, and has received a lot of criticism. This is not very good for long-term development. Therefore, I am more inclined toward accepting more commercials, which would be better than movies. Also, there are a few radio programs that are not too bad. Of course, we will arrange the script dialogue beforehand. Also..."

The female ghost... Ye Meng Ling explained everything in detail in an orderly manner. When she finished, she looked up and asked, "May I ask if you have any problems with such a schedule?"

Ye Meng Ling instead froze, for both of the handsome men in front of her were staring at her blankly. She could not help but start to feel flustered. After all, Lin Jian Yin was not only difficult to work with, he also loved to scold people. His record of having chased away six managers with his fierce words was very well-known within the managing company.

She cautiously asked, "May I ask if Mr. Lin has any dissatisfactions about the jobs?"

Before Lin Jian Yin could even speak, Bai Xue Chen butted in and said with a smile, "How could he be dissatisfied? Meng Ling, you're practically a tapeworm in his stomach. Your schedule is almost exactly the same as what he had kept muttering to me about in the past."

“Is that so?” Ye Meng Ling gave a secret sigh of relief, but she still looked toward Lin Jian Yin with a hint of worry. After all, he was not the one who had spoken just now.

Lin Jian Yin too nodded his head, for he practically could not find any areas he was dissatisfied with... No! There was still one area he was dissatisfied with. *What is with her ghostly appearance?!*

The corner of his mouth twitched, and Lin Jian Yin almost broke into a scolding... but Bai Xue Chen furtively stomped on his foot. It just so happened that Bai Xue Chen was wearing boots with heels today. This put Lin Jian Yin in so much pain that his face started to contort. Bai Xue Chen then put his mouth near his ear and whispered, “Idiot! Don’t talk. Do you want to scare away the seventh manager? It’s rare that there’s a manager who happens to be to your liking. If you were to scare her away, I’d like to see where you can find another one.”

Lin Jian Yin’s expression changed, and he took in several deep breaths. Only then did he manage to swallow the words that he had been about to say. He raised his gaze to look at the female ghost—no, his own manager, and insincerely said, “There’s no problem.”

Ye Meng Ling obviously did not fall for his lousy acting. Full of suspicion, she inquired, “Is there really none? Mr. Lin, if you have any problems, please voice them. It’s only when both sides communicate that we can avoid any problems surfacing in the future.”

Hearing her say that, Lin Jian Yin did not hesitate at all, and the words came tumbling out of his mouth. Even his buddy beside him did not make it in time to cover his mouth.

“There is a problem. Why are you dressed like this? Your face is so pale, and you’re even wearing white. You’re the spitting image of a ghost. Today is not Halloween, so don’t come out and scare people!”

## Footnotes

<sup>1</sup> **"The World's Number One Bastard"**: She uses Jian(賤) which has the same pronunciation as Sword(劍), but means despicable and cheap.

## #6: Part Six

After the string of words left his mouth, Lin Jian Yin realized that he had somehow scolded someone again. He immediately closed his mouth, but the words were already out. Even Bai Xue Chen was shaking his head at the side, in a manner as if it were all over. Moreover, the person who had gotten scolded was fully stunned for several minutes. Finally, she managed to completely digest Lin Jian Yin's poisonous words. With a calm face, she said in a flat tone, "I understand now. I won't dress so inappropriately in the future."

"Don't mind him. Jian Yin's just like that. He scolds even me as regularly as he eats, so don't take his words to heart. He doesn't have any malicious intent." Bai Xue Chen had no choice but to speak up for his best friend, so that Lin Jian Yin would not set a new record by scaring a manager away two days in a row.

"It doesn't matter." He could not tell whether Ye Meng Ling was truly unaffected, though her expression was calm and her tone fairly even. She grabbed her bag and shoved her notebook back inside.

Lin Jian Yin frowned and blurted out, "It's moldy and the color of shit. Why are there such ugly woolen bags?"

"..." Bai Xue Chen looked speechlessly at his best friend, who "couldn't say a single nice word."

Lin Jian Yin also knew that his mouth had caused another disaster. Embarrassment was written all over his face.



Ye Meng Ling froze briefly, but her tone was strangely more upbeat. "Oh, I knitted it myself. My craftsmanship is probably quite bad."

She turned her head to smile at the two handsome men, but this smile only had goose bumps crawling up their backs. With that smile, she said, "I'm sorry, I still have to make song requests from several composers. Mr. Lin, please do not forget that there is a radio show in three days' time. Please arrive two hours early to look through the contents of the script."

After she finished speaking, Ye Meng Ling picked up the bag that had been criticized as ugly, then walked toward the lounge door at an abnormally brisk pace. Just as she opened the door, Lin Jian Yin suddenly thought of something and reminded her, "Hey, in three days' time, don't be late. I detest people who are late the most."

Ye Meng Ling paused. Then she turned around and bowed deeply, saying at the same time, "I understand. I'll definitely be on time." Bai Xue Chen waited until Ye Meng Ling had closed the door to the lounge before he started clapping his hands. Shaking his head, he sighed, "I take my hat off to you. You really are the famous Lin Jian Yin, Mr. Haughty Lin, who has a reputation in show business as a manager killer. It looks like the eighth manager is already imminent."

When he heard that, Lin Jian Yin's face turned ugly. He too admired Ye Meng Ling's ability to handle matters, but when words came out of his mouth, they were always overly critical of others. However much he tried to change, he couldn't get rid of this habit. Lin Jian Yin's expression became vexed, but out of his mouth came the words, "What can I do? Who let her wear that hideous get-up? Don't talk

about me. You couldn't stand it either, right?"

"I couldn't stand it, but I wouldn't say anything." Bai Xue Chen raised an eyebrow and nagged, "You're too straightforward. Words have to be polished—polished, you understand? Even if it's truly ugly, you have to say that white is not this year's fashion trend, and have her change to an outfit with more color. Or you could say, 'Natural beauty is popular this year. You don't have to put on such pale make-up'... In short, you can't call her ugly so directly!"

"Who could be as contrived as you? Ugly is ugly!" Lin Jian Yin exclaimed.

The door to the lounge slowly opened, and the two men turned to look in unison. The ghostly figure of Ye Meng Ling was standing in the doorway. She calmly explained, "I forgot my pen."

The two men had matching looks of discomfort as they watched Ye Meng Ling walk in. She picked up the pen she had placed on the table and then walked toward the door again. As she passed Lin Jian Yin, she turned her head and said with a faint smile, "You're right, ugly is ugly."

Lin Jian Yin's eyes widened. He couldn't tell if she was being sincere or sarcastic.

Ye Meng Ling did not give any explanation, and the door slowly closed behind her lonely silhouette.

The two of them were silent for a long time. Then, Bai Xue Chen

opened his mouth to ask, "Do you want to call the managing company to send another one?"

"You're one to talk!" Lin Jian Yin was so furious that his face and neck were red. "It's all your fault! Earlier, she wasn't that angry yet."

"Hey, hey, speak with good conscience. I had no idea she would suddenly return. However you put it, it's you who hurt her more deeply, right?" Bai Xue Chen argued loudly.

"You think! When she runs off too, you'll owe me late-night snacks for a whole year." When he spoke of late-night snacks, Lin Jian Yin abruptly recalled the events of the previous night and his temper immediately flared up. "That's right! It was you—why didn't you just tell me yesterday that that God 'n Devil's Antique Store is upstairs?"

"Upstairs?" Bai Xue Chen blinked. He looked like he wanted to say something but hesitated.

"Yeah, on the fifty-first floor," Lin Jian Yin answered.

Bai Xue Chen didn't seem to want to stay on that topic. He merely shrugged and said, "I forgot."

Bai Xue Chen's casual reply irritated Lin Jian Yin even more. He jumped up, jabbed his index finger at the tip of Bai Xue Chen's nose and shouted, "It's all your fault! Do you know what I bought at that antique store yesterday? It's the Nintendo I played as a kid! Ridiculous! I actually paid to buy my own things. I paid for it, paid for it..."

*Strange, did I pay for it?* Lin Jian Yin frowned as he pondered, but he did not have any recollection of paying any money. However, hadn't the owner said that the cartridge was sold at a huge discount? Now, how could he explain that?

"What did you pay?" Bai Xue Chen asked nervously, and then he thought of something and added, "Did you meet God Charity?"

"I did. Don't tell me there are others?" Lin Jian Yin responded, confused.

Bai Xue Chen hesitated, and then explained vaguely, "Oh, there's another owner. That other person isn't very nice. It's good that you met God Charity. He won't take advantage of you.

"Let's not talk about this anymore. Since you've gotten something, have you used it yet?" Bai Xue Chen asked curiously.

"The game? I've played it. But I fell asleep while playing. I also can't remember when I fell asleep." Lin Jian Yin was uncertain. Last night, had he really played the game, or was it only a dream?

"Oh." A smile flashed across Bai Xue Chen's face.

But Lin Jian Yin was still thinking. *Does that Miss A Hundred Points, Hmph truly exist or not?*



After Lin Jian Yin used his poisonous tongue to fiercely scold Bai Xue

Chen and extort a meal of sumptuous French cuisine from him, he returned home at three in the afternoon. Just as he stepped into the room, he heard a strange beeping noise coming from the living room.

*Oh no, did I forget to turn off some electrical appliance? As Lin Jian Yin muttered anxiously, he hurriedly removed his shoes and then rushed into the living room to search. The television was off. The sound system was not on. The air conditioner wasn't operating. The coffee maker was also untouched. Then what is it?*

Lin Jian Yin frowned. Then with a flash of intuition, he looked at the floor where he had carelessly left the Nintendo. There was a blue light flashing on the inserted cartridge. Lin Jian Yin listened carefully, and sure enough, the beeping sound was coming from the Nintendo. Lin Jian Yin stared at the Nintendo on the ground. He really couldn't remember. *Had the Nintendo made beeping noises when I played it as a kid?*

"What are you beeping for? Are you telling me to play you?" Lin Jian Yin frowned as he observed the Nintendo, but he was truly immensely curious about everything that had happened the night before. *Was it a dream or was it real? Does Miss A Hundred Points truly exist?*

Lin Jian Yin sat down cross-legged again without further thought. After turning on the television, that same vortex appeared in front of his eyes. It felt strange, and he simply closed his eyes. After an unknown amount of time had passed, he thought, *The vortex should have disappeared by now, right?*

Lin Jian Yin slowly opened his eyes. A green and lush landscape

greeted his eyes. A gentle breeze blew past, and the bobbing heads of the long prairie grass exposed small white flowers underneath. A few clouds slowly floated across the bright azure sky. Everything before his eyes looked like scenery from a fairy tale.

“Beautiful things are always more popular.”

Lin Jian Yin froze. It felt like the sound was coming from behind him, but just when he was thinking of turning back to look, he remembered that he didn't have a head! Looking down, he saw he was now firmly stabbed into the grass. Don't even mention turning his "head"; he couldn't even move his body.

“But I don't have any right to say this either. If the scenery before my eyes was really ugly, would I continue to play this game?”

“I also judge others' beauty and ugliness. What right do I have to say that others are wrong to judge mine?”

Lin Jian Yin listened carefully. This voice seemed to belong to Miss A Hundred Points from yesterday, except that, compared to yesterday when she was timid at first but became bold later, she seemed to be very sad now. Although he knew that eavesdropping on someone's monologue was wrong, he couldn't help but want to hear her feelings.

“Because her boyfriend fell in love with a great beauty and she herself was tossed aside, she did not believe in love anymore, and no longer dressed herself up... Sigh, even the corniest love stories wouldn't be written in this manner anymore, right?”

*Indeed they aren't.* Lin Jian Yin nodded his head. Of course, this so-called nodding was only two large eyes shifting up and down.

For a while, there was silence behind him. Then, Miss A Hundred Points started cursing under her breath, "Stupid sword! Smelly sword! Rotten sword! Why haven't your eyes and mouth grown out yet? Don't tell me I'm supposed to look for the prince and propose to him alone? Like hell I'd succeed!"

"You're right, if you propose to the prince in such a dreadful outfit, the only place you'd truly succeed is in hell!" Lin Jian Yin could not help mocking her.

Silence came from behind him again. Lin Jian Yin felt a faint sense of uneasiness about the silence of the person behind him. As expected, he was pulled up by Miss A Hundred Points, who stared at him with a dark and icy gaze. Her rage index seemed even higher than it had been yesterday when she had given him the name "The World's Number One Bastard."

"How long have you been listening?" Miss A Hundred Points ground out between her teeth.

Lin Jian Yin blinked innocent eyes. "Not long."

Miss A Hundred Points wordlessly carried him away. When Lin Jian Yin noticed that there was a little stream ahead, he was anything but reassured. Sure enough, Miss A Hundred Points held him precariously with two of her fingers, the rapidly flowing stream less than five centimeters below him. Gently, she reiterated her question.

“How long?”

Lin Jian Yin looked at the water flowing beneath him. The stream looked very cold. He replied honestly, “Since the part about the scenery being very beautiful.”

“Oh.” The girl looked very calm. She pulled out a handkerchief from her waist and said with a smile, “You’re a little dirty. I’ll give you a wash.”

*A wash?* Lin Jian Yin didn’t have time to object before his entire person—it should be said the entire sword—was plunged into the stream. Then, a slender hand fiercely scrubbed the sword blade with the handkerchief, not even sparing his eyes and mouth. It was so painful that he had to close them to endure it. However, he then discovered something extremely troubling.

He couldn’t breathe... *My God!* Technically speaking, he was a sword, so why did he still need to breathe? Nevertheless, in this situation, bubbles were continually streaming from his mouth. The pain of suffocation was rapidly increasing, and he couldn’t help but struggle frantically. He wanted Miss A Hundred Points to realize that he needed to breathe, but unfortunately, she was currently fuming and didn’t notice anything wrong with him. The more Lin Jian Yin struggled, the harder and deeper she pushed him into the stream.

Soon, he could no longer blow bubbles out of his mouth and the scene before his eyes gradually grew darker. As his consciousness slowly



faded away, Lin Jian Yin thought despondently, *I'm probably going to become the first sword in history to have drowned.*

## #7: Part Seven

*Strange, why isn't he moving anymore? Did he actually get angry?*  
Miss A Hundred Points, who was also Meng, suddenly felt that the sword in her hand was no longer moving. She couldn't help but frown as she pondered over it.

Feeling embarrassed, Meng lifted the sword out of the river. She was only a bit angry that the sword had come online, but hadn't told her. Also, she was feeling a little self-conscious. Her worries had been overheard by a guy... sword, so she had pushed the sword into the water, merely thinking of reducing her discomfort.

"Sigh! Why am I getting embarrassed by a sword? I'm such an idiot."  
Meng sighed as she glanced at the sword. However, the sword's pair of eyes that grew beneath the hilt was closed tightly, and his pair of lips even further down appeared purple. Meng started panicking and yelled desperately, "Sword? Sword, what's wrong with you? Don't joke around anymore. If you dare to scare me on purpose, you're doomed."  
Meng shook the sword left and right. However, the sword didn't open his eyes. On the contrary, a lot of foam seeped out of his mouth. Meng had a flash of realization and thought, *Don't tell me he was drowning? Drowning, drowning.* Meng frantically placed the sword on the ground and tried hard to recall the treatment for drowning, which she had previously been taught in a military course from either middle school or high school, she wasn't sure which one. *First, open his mouth.* Meng looked at the pair of lips on the sword. When she reached out to pull them apart, she was even a little self-conscious. In any case, the one in front of her was still a guy... sword.

However, the lips really were soft. Meng couldn't help but blush... Goodness! What was she thinking? Meng slapped her cheeks hard, and then looked at the sword. There was a lot of water flowing out from the corner of the latter's mouth.

Meng tried hard to remember that distant military course. It seemed like the next thing to do was to lightly press on the stomach and allow the water accumulated inside to flow out. As she supported the sword, she stretched out her hand to press on his stomach... *Wait a minute! There isn't any stomach!* As she looked at the sharp and hard sword blade, Meng wanted to cry but no tears came out. *Is there any use in pressing this?*

"Ah! I don't care anymore."

Meng promptly picked up the sword and turned it upside-down. Then she shook it forcefully, as if she was shaking pearl milk tea. Sure enough, a stream of water gushed forth ceaselessly from the sword's mouth, and at the end, there was even a faint sour odor. Whether or not he had even vomited out his gastric juices, she didn't know.

After shaking for a while, Meng stopped as she panted. She placed the sword on the ground and observed him. His eyes were still closed tightly, and Meng started worrying. She murmured in her heart, *Next is to measure his breathing, and measure his heart rate, but... there isn't a nose, nor a heart and certainly not a pulse, then... I'll leave out this step.*

*Next is, artificial respiration...* Flustered, Meng lowered her body. Just when she was about to perform artificial respiration, she remembered

that artificial respiration was mouth-to-mouth. Her lips paused a few centimeters above the sword. She hesitated, but when she looked down and saw the sword's tightly shut eyes, Meng didn't hesitate anymore and inhaled deeply. Then, she bent her head and glued her lips onto the sword's lips, slowly passing air into his mouth.

Over and over again, Meng inhaled air into her lungs, then blew this life-saving air into the sword's mouth. At this moment, the two of them seemed to be sharing life.

Consciousness gradually returned to Lin Jian Yin's mind. The first thing he felt was a soft touch on his lips. His eyelids fluttered, and when he opened his eyes, he just happened to see Meng with her eyes closed as she passed the air in her mouth to him. Meng's long eyelashes were right in front of him, and when her eyelids occasionally quivered, they would even brush against Lin Jian Yin's eyelashes.

Logically speaking, he should make a sound to tell her that she did not need to continue. He had already regained consciousness. However, Lin Jian Yin was dumbstruck as he looked at Meng's long eyelashes, and even unthinkingly blinked so as to let both their eyelashes touch. After she finished blowing, Meng left Lin Jian Yin's lips again. However, the latter was a bit unused to his lips becoming cold. She inhaled a few breaths of air again, and just when she was about to lower her head and blow, her slightly opened eyes swept across a pair of large eyes on the sword.

Meng's lips paused a few centimeters above Lin Jian Yin's lips. Her eyes stared frozen at Lin Jian Yin.

This awkward atmosphere continued for a while, until Lin Jian Yin reluctantly broke the impasse. "This- I just woke up... It's true!"

Meng slowly spat out, "Go to hell!"

"Ah!"

A sword glowing with a white radiance streaked across the horizon.

## #8: Part Eight

"Just as I arrived today, the auntie next door, the uncle in the west, and a whole crowd of villagers, told me to set out on my journey at once. Otherwise, I would not be in time for the castle ball. Although I have a sword, it never gave me any suggestions. Consequently, I was forced to pick my bag up from the table, read the map drawn on the invitation card, and set off."

Meng monotonously narrated the reason why a person and a sword had appeared on a prairie. The sword was currently sticking out of Meng's backpack. Even though his eyes and mouth were exposed, having just been sent spinning into the air by Meng, Lin Jian Yin did not dare to open his mouth.

"I took a look at the items inside the pack. There are only some rations, a skirt, and money."

As she had been having this monologue for a while, Meng was feeling rather bored. Her tone softened a bit, and thinking of asking the sword for his opinion, she turned her head back to ask, "Sword, will it be fine if we directly attend the ball?"

When he heard that Meng did not sound as cold as before, a string of words immediately flowed out from Lin Jian Yin, "Of course not. At the very least, you have to dress yourself up. Look at you, your head is like some bird's nest or an old woman's. Don't even mention the prince; you wouldn't even be able to pick up the elderly king.

"It's not that I want to say it, but there's definitely a price to pay for

beauty. The foremost requisite is to diligently maintain your figure. You have to train yourself in the technique of applying make-up. And the final training is the cultivation of good taste in clothes.”

“Being a lady is really hard,” Meng grumbled.

“Who says that only women suffer?” Lin Jian Yin objected loudly, “The six-pack on my abs and my muscular biceps are not naturally like that. In addition to going to the gym, I don’t dare to eat too much. Even for midnight snacks, I can only eat baked konjac. In order to preserve this clean and handsome face, I have to go to the beauty salon twice every month, and finding a male beauty salon is far more difficult than finding a female one. Also... also, for the sake of maintaining my throat, I have to drink Fritillaria Loquat Syrup<sup>1</sup> at all three meals. I don’t even dare to eat my favorite spicy hotpot...”

Just as he was getting into full swing of his protest, Lin Jian Yin noticed Meng’s strange expression. He couldn’t help but stop and ask, “You don’t believe me?”

Meng frowned as she said, “No, I was just wondering where you could put the biceps and six-pack. Also, for something without a face, it’s really hard to imagine what you could do at a beauty salon...”

“...” Lin Jian Yin was speechless for a while. Then, feeling a little flustered, he answered, “I was talking about my previous appearance.”

“Previous? Were you previously human?” Meng asked curiously as she walked.

Lin Jian Yin replied crossly, "You don't say! If I wasn't a person, then what was I?"

"Oh I see, so that means you are a sword spirit that gave up your life to forge a sword by casting yourself into the furnace and making the sword with your own body. Then, after you died, you turned into this sword, right?" Meng nodded her head as if she was correct. She even sighed and had some private thoughts about how people truly did not treasure their lives.

"You have a pretty good imagination..."

"Then, from now on, I'll call you Sword Spirit and you must call me Meng, not One Hundred Points."

"Alright... Hold on a second, did you say Sword Spirit or Bastard Spirit?"

"Is there a difference?"

"There is!"

The two "people" argued back and forth, and before they noticed, the great city gates came into view. There were even warriors, wearing full-body armor, standing on both sides of the gates. Upon seeing the heavy spears in their hands, a speck of timidness arose in Meng's heart. She reached back, took the sword down from behind her, and hung it at her waist. Then, she said, "Sword Spirit, are we going in now?"



Sword Spirit answered matter-of-factly, "Of course, we're going in. What are you afraid of? You're so timid."

Sword Spirit's words galvanized her. Meng's fury flared up, and relying on this wave of rage, she took large strides toward the city gates. As she passed by the tall warriors holding their spears, Meng was truly a little frightened. She inwardly prayed that those spears would not be thrust at her. Luckily, as Meng passed the warriors, they did not even move an inch; otherwise, Meng would have definitely turned tail and fled without looking back.

She furtively turned her head back to peek at the two full-body armored warriors. Both of them were still motionless. Meng finally heaved a sigh of relief.

"Hey!"

Meng jumped in shock. She hurriedly turned back to see whether the warriors were calling her. Sword Spirit, who was in her hands, said grumpily, "I'm the one calling you."

Meng's eyes grew round and wide. She asked him, "Why did you scare me?"

"Who scared you?" Lin Jian Yin rolled his eyes at Meng. This was also the only action he could do. "I wanted to tell you, let's head over to the palace first to see what the prince looks like. If he's an ugly freak, then you might as well give up and find some other person."

As Meng pondered over it, she couldn't think of an idea better than

Sword Spirit's. She nodded and advanced straight toward the obvious target, the imperial palace. Along the way, Sword Spirit was constantly making a big fuss. When they passed an apparel store, his eyes shone upon seeing the clothes in the display window.

"Wow, look at that, the gown on display is really beautiful. Let's go in and take a look, alright?"

Meng's eyes did not deviate from her target. "We'll go to the imperial palace first."

Then, they passed by a jewelry store.

"Over there, over there! Look, that pearl necklace is very elegant. How about we go in and take a look?"

"Find the prince first."

"That pair of pure-white heels is simply too gorgeous..."

"Palace."

After being rejected three times, Sword Spirit's humiliation turned to rage and he swore, "Bitch, you're really boring."

"Crappy Sword, you're really long-winded! It was you who said to head over to the imperial palace first. Now, one moment you want to look at clothes, the next you want to look at shoes. You're even more like a woman than I am." Meng made a direct jibe.

Sword Spirit naturally refused to be outdone. “You’re the one who isn’t lady-like!”

“You’re the one who isn’t manly!”

## Footnotes

- <sup>1</sup> **“Fritillaria Loquat Syrup”**: A traditional Chinese cough medicine.
  
- <sup>2</sup> **“Sword Spirit and Bastard Spirit”**: See Part 5. “Sword” Spirit and “Bastard” Spirit have the same pronunciation in Chinese, jian.

## #9: Part Nine

"Silence before the imperial palace!"

A thunderous roar sounded, and the two of them were greatly startled. With their hearts thumping nervously, they looked toward the source of the voice. Only then did they realize that as they were quarreling, they had arrived at the imperial palace. In front of the imposing and magnificent gates stood two soldiers clad in chainmail, each with a sword hanging at their waist. Both of their faces wore unpleasant expressions. One could even say that they were giving Meng and Sword Spirit unfriendly glares.

Meng immediately backed up several steps and then timidly replied in a whisper, "S-Sorry," without considering whether or not the guards could hear her.

Sword Spirit, on the other hand, was fearless. He even urged Meng, "Hurry up, hurry up. Tell them that you want to go into the palace to meet the prince."

"They won't allow that..." Meng was a little hesitant.

"Scaredy-cat!" Sword Spirit rolled his eyes at her. Seeing that Meng still did not dare to go forward, he simply said, "Never mind, let me say it. Raise me up in front of them."

Meng uttered "Okay," and carried the sword as she stepped forward. At first, when the soldiers saw Meng approaching with a sword in her hands, they gave her looks of disapproval. But when she, looking

cautious and terrified, came within three meters of the soldiers, the disapproval disappeared from their faces and was replaced with looks of apprehension, as if a storm was coming. Both their hands moved to their swords. At that moment, Meng took yet another step forward, and the two soldiers drew their swords in unison.

When she saw the two gleaming swords, Meng's body instantly froze. "Hey! Can you explain to them a bit?" Sword Spirit was also frightened. It looked like the two soldiers had misunderstood and thought that Meng wanted to attack them.

Upon seeing that Meng had no reaction, Sword Spirit wanted to shout and remind her that those two soldiers were already pointing their blades at their faces. However, he suddenly felt his body falling down, and then with a "clang," he came into intimate contact with the ground. Luckily, he had landed with his back on the ground. If he had fallen flat on his face, Sword Spirit had no hands to prevent his mouth and eyes from suffering.

"Sword Spirit, you better quickly explain to them."

From a long distance away—not that he knew how far away she had hidden herself—came Meng's timid shout. Sword Spirit gritted his teeth and cursed a few times. But just as he looked up, he saw those two soldiers frowning as they scrutinized him, as if trying to determine if this strange sword posed a threat.

When he saw the expression on the soldiers' faces, which could definitely be called hostile, Sword Spirit could only force himself to smile. "G-Greetings to you two men. The truth is, the situation is like

this...”

During this time, Meng who was hiding behind a tree, stealthily stuck her head out to see how matters were progressing. If those two decided to do something harmful to Sword Spirit, like... melt him or stab his eyes to blind him, maybe she would summon up her tiny bit of courage and go out to perform the act of the heroine saving her sword.

But it appeared that the present situation was not that dire. The two soldiers stood around Sword Spirit and had their heads lowered to listen to him. Meng tried her best to stretch her ears, wanting to hear what Sword Spirit was saying. Unfortunately, Sword Spirit did not talk very loudly, and Meng could not clearly hear the bits and pieces of speech that floated over. But the gist of it was about a pure-hearted young lady wanting to enter the imperial palace during the ball and meet the prince of her dreams, and therefore, he requested that they be accommodating.

“No.” The soldier replied resolutely and loudly.

“Don’t be like this. A shy young lady wouldn’t cause any problems for the palace’s security.” Sword Spirit tried to put on a flattering smile.

The soldier ignored Sword Spirit’s words and picked him up. Then taking large strides, he approached the tree behind which Meng was hiding and said politely, “Miss, forgive us for not being able to agree to your request. Here is your sword. Please take it.”

Meng nervously stuck part of her head out. When she saw that the soldier had already placed his sword back into its sheath, and was

holding her sword out with both hands, waiting for her to take it away, she finally stretched out her hand and quickly snatched away her sword. At the same time, she uttered quietly, "Thank you."

The soldier smiled, and returned to his post.

"You, you really are a coward from head to toe." Sword Spirit said crossly.

Meng also felt a little embarrassed. It was a little too much to have thrown Sword Spirit like that in front of the two guys carrying swords just now, so she also did not dare to refute his words. She could only change the subject, "We can't go in, so what do we do now?"

"Who says we can't go in?" Sword Spirit smiled slyly, "I have my own brilliant plan!"

"What brilliant plan?" An alarm bell suddenly went off in her head. Sword Spirit said slowly, "Scale the walls."

Meng was so shocked that her mouth dropped open. Then she stuttered, "Sc-Scale the wall?"

"Correct. Hurry up. I scanned the place just now and discovered that other than the gate, there aren't many people patrolling the other areas. Can you see that tree in the distance over there? The one beside the outer walls of the palace? Use that tree to climb up. You'll definitely be able to climb in." As Sword Spirit pointed out the distant tree with his eyes, he relentlessly urged Meng to hurry.



Meng was morose as she obeyed his words and headed over. Since that tree could be seen from afar, naturally it was quite tall. Meng stood under the tree and quietly estimated it to be three to four times her height. If she wasn't careful and fell down... Just thinking of such a horrible situation made her body go weak.

"Can I not climb up?" Meng begged pitifully.

Sword Spirit denied her immediately, "No, hurry and climb. Who asked you to throw me down so heartlessly just now?"

Sure enough, he was avenging his personal grudge in the name of their interests. In her heart, Meng was silently remorseful over her actions of leaving Sword Spirit behind. She stuck her sword back into the bag and cautiously began climbing the tree. Luckily, this tree had a lot of deformities. There were many burls and branches that grew out horizontally that Meng could use to clumsily advance on upwards. However, her climbing speed was truly slow; in particular, the closer she got to the end, the slower she climbed. At the same time, she had an impulse to look downwards, yet she was too afraid to dare to.

"Don't look down. Look up." When Sword Spirit noticed that something was wrong, he immediately gave Meng a warning to stop her constant thoughts of looking down.

Meng swallowed and pulled back her gaze that was just about to glance down. She continued climbing upwards, and during this time, Sword Spirit also kept shouting "almost there," "just one more step" to cheer her on.

All of a sudden, Meng accidentally broke the branch she was stepping on and her entire body slipped down instantly. In this dire situation, Meng was flustered and wildly grabbed around her, looking like a blind person. She caught hold of a large branch, and she finally stopped sliding downward. Even though her two legs were still dangling in the air, overall, she had managed to escape the tragedy of falling back onto the ground. At this moment, Meng's face was covered in sweat, and she felt that her heart was going to jump out of her chest.

"Be careful. Don't step on branches that are too thin." Sword Spirit warned her nervously.

Meng looked left and right, and found a sufficiently large branch by her feet. She stepped onto it, and once more started climbing up one step at a time. Her speed this time was even slower than before, but it was sure-footed, and nothing like falling down happened again. At long last, Meng reached the highest branch. Feeling exhausted, she sat down onto the branch and spent some time catching her breath.

When she raised her eyes, to her surprise, it was already close to nightfall. As the weather had been considerably sunny, the sky was nearly void of pink clouds. There was only the setting sun that looked like half of a giant tangerine. The reddish-orange sunset made it seem as if a container of paint had been overturned, and had splashed all over the entire city.

The evening breeze blew past, and Meng, who had climbed so much that her entire body was covered in perspiration and feeling hot, immediately felt cool and refreshed. Together with the scenery in front of her eyes, she couldn't help but feel intoxicated by the view. "It's

beautiful.”

Sword Spirit said without replying to her comment, “Climbing a tree is like going through life.”

“Going through life?” Meng asked doubtfully, feeling that this simile was rather extreme.

Sword Spirit nodded, and as he gazed at the setting sun, said, “You must always keep looking up. If you keep looking down, and are afraid of falling, you will never dare to climb high. Also, the higher you climb, the more careful every step you take must be. Because if you fall, you’ll fall very, very badly.”

Meng nodded half-understandingly, and Sword Spirit continued, “But then, even though the process of climbing the tree is very hard, after climbing up, you will be able to see the most beautiful scenery.”

When Sword Spirit finished speaking, Meng did not respond. Sword Spirit cast an odd look at her, and saw that although her eyes were looking at the landscape before her, her gaze was very misty and her expression looked dazed. Sword Spirit shook his body, attempting to wake up this woman lost in her thoughts, before said woman was so dazed that she might fall out of the tree.

## #10: Part Ten

Meng's voice sounded very dreamy. "Tell me Sword Spirit. If I'm willing to work as hard as I did while climbing this tree, will I become a girl who is loved by all?"

"Loved by all?" Sword Spirit's lip curled as he continued, "This level of difficulty is too high. Where can you find a girl that perfect? Having eight out of ten people fall in love with you at first sight is already pretty good. I'm Sword Spirit, not Aladdin's wish-granting lamp."

Meng giggled and replied, "You're right. Then, you have to turn me into a girl that will make eight out of ten people fall in love with her at first sight, alright?"

Sword Spirit glanced at Meng's current appearance: an auntie-like hairstyle, Pikachu blouse, and blue and white flip-flops. If he had a face, it would definitely show an extremely troubled expression. However, one could tell from his strained voice that such a feat was very difficult. "Then... How about this: four out of ten people who lay their eyes upon you will fall in love, alright?"

Meng objected loudly, "No way. At least six. It can't be considered passing otherwise!"

"A compromise then, five will do." Sword Spirit attempted to slash it down by one.

"Five and a half!"

"... A half?"

Sword Spirit didn't know whether to laugh or cry, and Meng also felt embarrassed when she saw his expression. She explained, "Sorry, I've haggled so much in the food market that it's become a habit. Alright, five then."

*Even five seems rather hard. Sword Spirit sighed. Raising simulation games are very tough nowadays.*

"Forget it. Let's look for the prince first." Sword Spirit urged her. Meng cast a strange look at Sword Spirit. She muttered, "I keep feeling that you want to see the prince even more than I do..."

"What?" Sword Spirit's sharp ears caught it.

"Nothing..."

*Even though you don't have ears, you can still hear things so clearly.* Meng complained in her heart as she slowly shifted her body, moving toward the side of the wall. Luckily, this tree grew close to the wall; it was only half the length of Meng's arm away. In addition, its horizontal branches crossed over the wall, and extended into the imperial palace. Thus, it was not at all difficult to climb from this tree onto the top of the wall. If it hadn't been like this, she would have never agreed to climb up.

Meng chose a large branch that crossed over the wall and used her hands and legs to crawl across. With some difficulty, she managed to move onto the top of the wall. Meng automatically sat down and took

a moment to survey the situation below. *Excellent, this happens to be at the edge of a large garden. The vegetation is rather dense, so it shouldn't be easy to attract others' attention.*

After Meng had observed the place for a while, a strong gust of wind happened to blow past. Her body swayed, and she nearly slipped down the wall. Meng hurriedly hugged the tree branch beside her firmly. When she saw that her feet were still several meters above the ground, Meng finally realized that there was a big problem. She blurted out, "How do I get down?"

"Uh..." Likewise, Sword Spirit had only just thought of that problem. With some difficulty, he responded in a questioning manner, "It's only one story high. Can't you jump down?"

"Jump down?" Meng's eyes widened. Even if it were only one story high, who would jump down from the second story for no reason? Sword Spirit also knew that it was too much to force Meng to jump down. Even if she was willing to jump, she might sprain her leg during the landing. Furthermore, it was easy to jump down from this side, but it was virtually impossible to climb back up later. They couldn't just scale the wall to enter and then casually exit through the front gates while saying goodbye to the two guards, right?

"If we had a rope, we could tie it around the branch and then climb down." Sword Spirit said, feeling vexed.

"Then, what should I do?" Meng also could not come up with any ideas. Sword Spirit replied callously, "Let's go back first. Tomorrow, we'll bring a rope when we climb up."

"You're so cruel. The one exhausted from scaling the wall is me, not you."

Meng pouted as she slowly moved toward the outside of the wall. Who would have guessed that at that moment, a stern shout of "What are you doing?" would suddenly come from below? Meng didn't expect anyone to be around and was immensely startled. She slipped, and with a shriek, fell out of the tree.

At the moment Meng slipped, Sword Spirit immediately ordered, "Curl your arms in front of your chest, and roll after you hit the ground."

"Careful!" The voice that had startled Meng rang out once more, accompanied by rapid footsteps.

In the midst of falling, Meng was beside herself with panic. It was practically a reflex that she followed Sword Spirit's words. Just as she curled her arms, she collided straight into a warm body which gave out a muffled groan.

Meng's legs weakened, and she sunk to her knees on the ground. A moment passed, yet the pain she had imagined did not arrive, and with her eyes tightly shut, Meng finally realized that something was off. She furtively peeped through a gap in her eyelids. A pair of calves wearing long boots came into view. At that moment, Meng knew that she had actually crashed into someone. Logically speaking, she had been startled by someone's voice, so it was only natural that a person would show up. After all, not every object could speak like Sword Spirit.

However, after sneaking into the imperial palace and being caught by someone, whom she had even crashed into, Meng could not raise her head to face the person.

On the other hand, Sword Spirit had no such qualms. His main mission was to marry Meng off to the person she loved, so wasn't this unexpected meeting perfect? Even if that man should be in a lot of pain from being struck by at least forty to fifty kilograms accelerated through the fall from the second story... He probably would be unable to speak for a while.

Sword Spirit looked at that man. As expected, his expression was one of pain but he was trying hard to bear it. However, this face... was rather familiar. Sword Spirit froze. *I feel like I've seen this face many times before? Particularly thick eyebrows, slightly haughty eyes beneath them, a straight and protruding nose, a pair of thin lips below them, and a somewhat narrow face...*

*I-Isn't this me?!* Sword Spirit was alarmed. That's right—the face currently before his eyes was Lin Jian Yin's. No, not just the face. Sword Spirit took measure of that person's figure. His height was around 178 cm, and he appeared slim and lean. Even the body was identical!

*What is going on?* Sword Spirit was at a loss.



## #11: Part Eleven

At this time, the man finally seemed able to recover from the pain of being “ambushed.” He then looked down at the culprit. Meng was still hiding her face and kneeling on the ground. She inwardly blamed Sword Spirit for not hurrying up and coming up with a solution to the problem in front of them.

“You are hurt,” the man kindly reminded her in a gentle voice.

Hearing this, only then did Meng notice the burst of burning heat coming from her left arm. She turned and saw a long, bloody mark around ten centimeters long there. The wound was probably not deep, as there wasn’t much blood coming out.

Meng casually wiped her arm on her pants and then looked up at the man. His gentle voice made her less scared. But who knew that this one look would actually cause her to stare blankly for quite some time...

When the man saw her wipe her arm so casually, he frowned and said in a displeased tone, “A wound should be properly taken care of. Come with me, I’ll help you wrap it.”

After saying that, he stretched his own hand toward Meng to help her up, posture and expression perfect and elegant.

Faced with such a handsome guy, Meng’s face turned red. When she looked at her own hands that were covered with a mixture of blood and mud, she did not dare to take the hand of the man who was

wearing a white, long-sleeved dress shirt and white gloves. With a strained smile, Meng got up by herself.

The man did not seem to expect that she would not take his hand. Only after staring blankly at her for a while did he calmly guide Meng inside of the beautiful palace.

As they were walking, Meng was panicking. No matter how one looked at it, she was an intruder. So if she just followed this person, it was hard to say that she wouldn't walk right into a prison. She couldn't help but reach for the sword on her back and shake it violently, whispering, "Hey! Why are you keeping silent? What do I do now?"

After being shaken like that, Sword Spirit finally returned to his senses. Seeing Meng's anxious look, Sword Spirit put aside the issue of the man's appearance and started to think of a way to solve the current problem. However, as he saw it, the current situation was actually pretty good. Falling down from a tree was easy, but hitting someone on the way down was comparably harder. On top of that, the person that had been hit just happened to be a pretty handsome guy (Sword Spirit couldn't help but praise himself a bit). The likelihood of something like this happening was even less than the chances of winning the lottery.

"Go with him," Sword Spirit said with some excitement.

Meng shot him a strange look, but she couldn't think of any better ideas, so she could only follow the man in front of her, all the way into the inside of the palace. In front of her was a long corridor lit with several candles on both sides. It was very well illuminated. The stone

floor was polished to a smooth finish, and was so clean that there wasn't even a single speck of dust. She could nearly see her own reflection. It made walking difficult for Meng. She was afraid that her dirty shoes would leave footprints on the corridor floor.

Although she didn't leave any footprints, Meng had overlooked her bleeding arm. A moment of thoughtlessness, and just like that, several drops of blood had fallen. Contrasted with such a snowy white floor, those drops of blood looked even more obvious. Frantic, Meng secretly tried to wipe away those drops of blood by shuffling her feet several times.

But just at that moment, the man turned around and said with a slight smile, "Please come this way."

When she heard that voice, Meng immediately drew her foot back. She looked up at his face, but she didn't see any strange expressions, only the same polite smile. But a whisper came from the sword on Meng's back. "You've really done it now. His impression of you must have gone down by several points."

Hearing Sword Spirit say such words, Meng became nervous again, thinking, *I'm done for, done for! How many points got deducted?*

She walked uneasily into the room the man had indicated. It looked like a reception room. There were a few ornate chairs and a small tea table inside. A few landscape paintings hung on the walls. Meng went in and immediately felt softness beneath her feet. She looked down and found the floor was covered with a thick, blue velvet carpet. This made Meng even more nervous. She immediately clutched her

wounded arm tightly against her chest, afraid of getting a single drop of blood on the carpet.

“Please sit down for a moment. I will bring over the medical supplies.”  
The man smiled and left.

Hearing him say so, Meng then looked for the plainest chair to sit in. However, even the plainest of the chairs was either soft and cushioned or delicately carved, which caused Meng to sit uncomfortably.

“Why are you sitting so close to the edge? Do you have hemorrhoids?”  
Looking at how she was sitting, Sword Spirit really couldn’t stand it.  
*How can she manage to seduce a handsome guy while looking like that?*

Meng gave Sword Spirit a glare, sat a little further back, and said, “I’m just afraid to get this chair dirty. The palace is too gorgeous, so I have to be careful at all times. It’s so troublesome.”

Sword Spirit couldn’t help but roll his eyes at her. He said wryly,  
“Please, this is what you call romantic. Would you rather go to a food market with your loved one, while you carry two bags of vegetables and he clutches a chicken?”

He then glanced again at Meng and sighed, “But speaking of which, your get up with this pair of blue and white slippers is indeed more appropriate for going to the market. In this palace, no matter how you look at it, it just looks weird.”

Before Meng could retort, from the door came two knocks. Then, the

man from earlier came into the room again. In his hands, he carried a small, gilded, sapphire blue box.

*That thing can't be a first-aid kit, right?* Meng narrowed her eyes at the object that looked like a jewelry box.

When the man reached Meng's side, he opened the box and began to disinfect and wrap the injury for Meng. The bandages, potion bottles, and other objects inside it clearly told Meng that it really was a first-aid box. For Meng, the box was more expensive than the most valuable pearl earring in her house.

"What's the point of using such a good box as a first-aid kit? The potions won't be better, and regardless of where a bandage is kept, it's still used to wrap wounds," Meng couldn't help mumbling.

However, Sword Spirit, who was behind her, fought back his urge to scold this woman for her obliviousness to the romantic mood. *Just why is she caring about how a first-aid kit looks like at a time like this? Shouldn't she be thinking about the man who is half-kneeling and helping her bandage her wound, about how he's super handsome, how this is really romantic, or something like that?*

*Wait for him to leave before scolding her. Wait for him to leave before scolding her.* Sword Spirit silently chanted to himself. *I definitely can't break up this two "person" atmosphere right now.* If he didn't speak, he wouldn't count as a person, but if he were to speak, he would count as half a person. Romance is a matter between two people. There couldn't even be a half a person more than that.

"What did you just say?" The man who was originally concentrating on bandaging the wound looked up and asked.

Meng waved her hand hurriedly. "No- Nothing at all!"

He smiled and didn't question any further.

On the other hand, it was Meng who then spoke up, looking at the door with worry in her eyes as she asked, "Hey you, won't we get found if we are here? You know, I did get in by climbing the wall..." Hearing Meng's words, the man asked with slight surprise, "Don't you know that I'm Edward?"

Meng blinked. "Edward? No, I don't know you. Are you famous?" It seemed to be the first time Edward had been asked a question of this nature. He stared blankly for a while, and then answered a little hesitantly, "I think so? I don't go out often, so I don't know if I'm really famous or not."

"What's your job?" Meng became curious.

"My job? Well..." Edward's expression grew somewhat awkward. He didn't know how to reply.

"Is this question really hard to answer?" Meng said to herself out of habit, not knowing what was wrong with her question.

Edward seemed to think that if he didn't answer the lady's question, he would come off as very rude. Even though he was reluctant, he still answered hesitantly, "M-My job is a prince."

“Prince? What kind of occupation is that?” Receiving such an answer, Meng was confused and her brain couldn’t really comprehend it.

“Ah!~~ What a stupid woman!” At last, Sword Spirit couldn’t bear it anymore and shouted angrily, “Prince is not his occupation but his identity!”

Meng was shocked. Her brain seemed to turn around and finally connect to its right place. “A prince.” These two words hit Meng’s mind hard.

*The person in front of me helping wrap my wound is actually a prince?*

Sword Spirit shook his body—the blade—crazily and lamented, “Falling from a tree and hitting a handsome guy is like winning the lottery. It’s worth tens of millions. Falling from a tree and hitting a handsome prince is simply—priceless!”

## #12: Part Twelve

"Y-Your Highness."

Meng suddenly jumped out of the chair. Seeing that Edward was still holding her arm with one hand while the other was pulling on the half-wrapped bandage, she jerked away as if she had been electrocuted. Her face a deep red, she stuttered, "I-I'm really sorry, I didn't know you were the prince himself. But you can't blame me. How could I have known that someone like a prince would go into the deep part of the garden all by himself?"

"Up until now, I've been really rude to you because I didn't know that you're the prince. An ignorant person isn't a guilty one, right?"

Listening to Meng's incoherent explanation, Edward faintly smiled. "Of course it's fine. Women have the right to be impolite to men."

"Err, is that so?" Hearing that, Meng felt a bit awkward. It was a bit like apologizing to someone and discovering that the other person had actually already forgotten all about it.

"Your sword is quite unique."

Edward was observing Sword Spirit on Meng's back with great interest. If he hadn't been strictly observing etiquette, he might have already moved closer to inspect it.

"Are you talking about him? Yes, he's very unique."



Meng casually grabbed Sword Spirit, and then held him out in front of Edward. Curious, Edward stared at Sword Spirit's two eyes and mouth. Meanwhile, Sword Spirit, being stared at by someone who had the same exact face as him, felt that nothing could be stranger than what was happening just now.

Just as Edward looked at Sword Spirit with great interest, the door to the room was suddenly opened by someone. The one who had opened the door was a splendidly dressed but funny-looking man who appeared to share the same physical characteristics as a ball. Behind him were a slim and serious looking man and a very beautiful girl.

The ball-shaped man, while jiggling his countless layers of chins, said in a shrill voice, "My Lord Duke Biggs, please have a seat over here, and I will go request His Royal Highness Prince Edward to come and greet your daughter."

When the serious looking Duke Biggs saw the situation in the room, he was utterly shocked, and the girl, who was timid, let out a small cry. The ball-shaped man had been standing with his back to the room. When he saw the facial expressions of the two, he swiftly turned his head to look. What he saw was a strange person holding a sword, and the sword was pointed at no one else but His Royal Highness Prince Edward. The ball-shaped man also let out a shriek. That cry was far more unpleasant than the girl's scream. It immediately attracted attention.

From the sound of armor clinking, it was apparent that a few warriors were currently rushing over. The duke, who was standing by the door, pulled his daughter aside to make way.

Meng and Edward were both stunned. They didn't understand how the situation had turned out like this. By now, warriors had reached the door, and the ball-shaped man screamed, "There is a thug taking His Royal Highness hostage!"

The warriors heard him. *How could they have let this happen!*

Immediately, they pushed the ball-shaped man out of the way. Seeing that the so-called thug seemed to be rather shocked, these warriors couldn't let such a perfect opportunity go to waste. They all rushed forward at the same time. Seeing the warriors' fists come flying at her, Meng screamed in fear. Edward was snapped out of his daze by the loud cry and immediately extended both of his arms, standing between the warriors and Meng. As he did so, he shouted, "All of you, stop!"

Seeing the prince blocking them, all of the warriors abruptly stopped, and they also clearly saw that the so-called thug was actually only a screaming girl. They looked at each other and understood that this situation was probably a misunderstanding. The warriors straightened up and saluted to their Royal Highness the Prince. Edward gracefully saluted back and then said, "It's a misunderstanding. I am merely observing this lady's sword and am not being held hostage at all. You may all return to your posts."

The warriors obeyed the command and turned to leave. As they passed through the door, they didn't forget to glare at the ball-shaped man for making them look like fools. The ball-shaped man himself had his own unvoiced grievances. *Anyone who saw that kind of situation would naturally think the worst. How can they blame me?* He glared at

Meng with hatred. *It's all this weirdo's fault for going as far as to point a sword at His Royal Highness.*

At this time, Duke Biggs entered the room. He took the initiative to walk to Edward, while saying, "It has been a long time, Prince Edward."

Edward smiled faintly, and while maintaining the dignity of a prince, politely replied, "Indeed it has. The last time was at my mother's birthday party, Duke Biggs."

"His Royal Highness has an excellent memory." Duke Biggs laughed wholeheartedly, and then pretended to glance at his daughter, as if having no choice but to give an introduction. "I present to you my daughter, Marisa."

Duke Biggs introduced his daughter proudly as Marisa shyly stepped forward. She had long, wave-like, curled flaxen locks that shone like gold, a pair of elegant, classic eyebrows, and an oval face to complete the image. She looked like the perfect example of a classic beauty.

"She really is a masterpiece," praised Sword Spirit, and Meng turned her head to glare at him. Sword Spirit made an innocent face. *I'm only saying the truth.*

The prince showed his customary smile, gently lifting and kissing the back of Marisa's petite hand. "Greetings, Lady Marisa. This is the first time we have met. It's a pleasure to meet you."

"Hello, Your Royal Highness," Marisa replied shyly.

Edward smiled, and then he said to Duke Biggs, "I'm very sorry, Duke, but I'm still entertaining my guest. Could I trouble you to wait in another guest room for a moment? I will be there shortly."

Edward called out to the ball-shaped man, "Rohtun, bring His Lord the Duke to the Rose Garden Room."

After Rohtun heard him, he swiftly made a fawning expression. Jumping to the door, he opened it, grinning while he made an "after you" gesture to the duke and Marisa.

The duke's face displayed his dissatisfaction, and he said lightly, "Your Royal Highness, I hope you know that you must carefully choose which guests you entertain."

"Thank you for your reminder, Duke." The prince still smiled politely. His handsome face didn't show any signs of disturbance after hearing the words the duke had just said.

The duke turned and took with him Marisa, who seemed reluctant to leave. As the duke stepped out of the door, he turned his head to look Meng over, his eyes filled with disdain. The beautiful Marisa couldn't help but look back with her father. At first, she looked disapprovingly at Meng, but when she saw Meng's uncouth clothing and grotesque hairstyle, she couldn't help laughing and left like a proud peacock.

After being scrutinized by two people, Meng's heart felt heavy, and her facial expression also became dull. She listlessly said, "Your Royal Highness, I should leave."

### #13: Part Thirteen

Edward had just finished watching the duke leave, and was turning around to apologize to Meng for neglecting her, when he heard her say that she was going to leave. He was taken aback and could only reply, "Then, I will accompany you to the palace's gates."

"Thanks. Otherwise, I probably wouldn't be able to leave," Meng said as she smiled faintly.

She followed His Highness, the Prince the entire way, walking through long corridors and countless halls. Along the way, there were many servants and officials that greeted the prince. Edward maintained a graceful attitude the entire way, leading Meng to the palace's gates. All they had left to traverse was a large garden before they reached the main entrance that Meng had not been allowed through earlier. Only then did Edward smile apologetically at her and say, "I must apologize, I can only accompany you up to here. However, you can relax. The sentries at the gate have already seen that you were accompanied by me. They will open the gates to let you out."

"That's alright. Thank you."

Meng didn't add anything else. As long as she could leave, that was good enough. After she said her goodbyes, she walked openly to the gates, and the two servants on either side indeed opened the gates for her. Only after Meng had stepped through the gates, and the gates had closed behind her, did she finally breathe a sigh of relief. She felt weary to the bone.

"Why'd you leave in such a hurry? You should've at least asked Edward for the chance to meet again. Why not ask him out to tea or whatever?" Sword Spirit began berating her.

Meng lowered her head somewhat gloomily. "I'm incompatible with a place like this. You couldn't see that everyone in there was looking at me with disdain."

Seeing how dispirited Meng was, Sword Spirit immediately began loudly scolding, "Who cares? That's only because you didn't dress up today. From this moment on, with me by your side, I swear that eight out of ten people who see you will fall in love with you!"

Meng blinked, the corner of her lips lifting up slightly. "Wasn't it five?" Sword Spirit yelled indignantly, "Hmph! That spoiled peacock of a girl has infuriated me. At first, I thought she was a masterpiece, but her bearing was terrible. She wasted my favorable evaluation! I've made my decision. I'll make you into a better masterpiece than her. You have to defeat that woman!"

Hearing Sword Spirit speak these lofty words with such assurance, courage abruptly filled Meng's heart to the brim. She put on a determined expression. "Okay! I will definitely become a beauty and defeat her!"

The two of them shouted encouragements in unison. "We'll defeat her!"

"You two again! Making a racket is forbidden before the palace gates!" The two warriors shouted.



*Ring, ring...*

“Ugh...”

Lin Jian Yin covered his ears and rolled over, wanting to go back to sleep. However, the ringtone that disturbed him from his dream kept on ringing. He reached out a hand and groped about. Finally, he found the source of the noise from the sofa behind him. After he pressed the receive button on the cell phone, Lin Jian Yin automatically brought the cell phone to his ear.

A string of words came rushing out of the cell phone. “Lin Jian Yin, what in the world are you doing? I’ve been looking for you all morning.”

“Xue Chen?” Half asleep, Lin Jian Yin recognized his best friend’s voice and yawned widely. He lazily responded, “Why are you looking for me?”

“Why am I looking for you?” Bai Xue Chen was exasperated as he asked, “Have you forgotten your own suggestion that you’d come to my house for a barbecue this Sunday? You even said that you’d take care of the ingredients and that I would only need to provide the location!”

Lin Jian Yin drowsily glanced at the clock on the wall. Unhurried, he said, “It’s only noon. The barbecue isn’t until evening.”

“Mr. Spoiled Rich Guy, the meat for the barbecue needs to be marinated, the vegetables cut, and the soup simmered. Don’t tell me you thought the soup could be roasted? You better hurry and get out

of your house right this moment, buy the ingredients on the shopping list I gave you last time, and bring them to my place.”

“Got it,” Lin Jian Yin replied lazily.

He pressed the “end call” button and rose slowly to his feet. He went to the bathroom and freshened up. He had just finished his shower, and was towel drying his hair while walking out, when he saw that the television was still on. The screen was stopped on the palace’s gates; however, neither Meng with her auntie’s hairstyle, nor Lin Jian Yin himself in the form of a sword, were present.

As Lin Jian Yin turned the television off, he thought to himself, *I’m having a barbecue tonight. I probably won’t be able to play the game.*

He put on an expensive white dress shirt and a pair of jeans. As a finishing touch, he put on articles of disguise, which were essential when going out—a pair of silver sunglasses and a knitted cap. He looked at his reflection in the mirror. *No one should be able to tell that I am Lin Jian Yin, I think?*

Having finished his preparations, he left and drove his car to a nearby supermarket. When he saw that it was mostly housewives inside, and that some had even brought their kids along, while some were even pointing and whispering about him, Lin Jian Yin abruptly felt like he had come to the wrong place. He was incompatible with this place... *Why does the phrase “incompatible with this place” sound so familiar?* Lin Jian Yin thought about it. *That’s right. Yesterday night, Meng kept saying that she was incompatible with the palace. This must be what she had been feeling.*



*No wonder she had run out so fast, it was like she was flying.* Right now, Lin Jian Yin also had an urge to take flight and flee from this place. It was just that the long shopping list in his hands didn't allow him to do so.

Lin Jian Yin sighed and resignedly began his shopping task. As he muttered, "White radish, pork, and mutton," his tall figure wove between a bunch of old ladies, traveling back and forth among the vegetables, meat, poultry, and fish sections. He placed more and more items in his cart.

"Cabbage," mumbled Lin Jian Yin while looking at the shopping list and grabbing the vegetables.

"That's Chinese cabbage, not cabbage, Mr. Lin."

Lin Jian Yin jolted and turned his head to look toward the person who had spoken. It was a strange woman with a head of curly hair like an auntie's, and she was wearing a loose blouse and a pair of jeans. *Did Meng walk out of the game?* Lin Jian Yin asked blankly, "Who are you?"

## #14: Part Fourteen

Ye Meng Ling answered somewhat awkwardly, "I'm your manager." Shocked, Lin Jian Yin blurted out, "Eh?! The female ghost from last time?" The moment he finished speaking, Lin Jian Yin knew that he had put himself in a bad position. Would he have to change managers for the seventh time?

"Uh, that's right. I'm precisely the female ghost from last time." Ye Meng Ling smiled a little awkwardly, but she didn't seem to mind it that much.

Lin Jian Yin observed Ye Meng Ling for a moment. Upon seeing no signs of anger, he asked cautiously, "You're not mad?"

Ye Meng Ling scratched her head and laughed as she replied, "I'm not angry. Just recently, I met someone with an even more poisonous tongue than yours. Um... I'm not saying you have a poisonous tongue. What I meant was..."

Lin Jian Yin shrugged. "It's alright. I know I have a poisonous tongue."

Ye Meng Ling forced a smile onto her face and quickly changed the topic. "Mr. Lin, I never would have thought that you were the type to buy groceries yourself."

"Just call me Jian Yin. Xue Chen told me to buy these. He cooks really well, and he even said that he would make chicken soup for me," Lin Jian Yin bragged. *If only that guy Bai Xue Chen were a girl.* He could stand his poisonous tongue and could even cook well. He really was his

ideal type. It was a pity was that his gender was male.

"Chicken soup?" Ye Meng Ling asked doubtfully, pointing at the item in the cart. "Using this?"

"Yup, it took me a long time before I could find the plumpest one," Lin Jian Yin answered proudly.

Ye Meng Ling gave a wry smile, saying, "But, this isn't a chicken. It's a duck."

Lin Jian Yin stared at the thing she called a duck with wide eyes, and then took the thing he had been the most unsure of out of the cart. He tried asking, "Is this a gherkin?"

Ye Meng Ling answered truthfully, "Nope, that's a cucumber."

*I was wondering if gherkins were this large!* Lin Jian Yin muttered to himself, and then he held another item up, asking, "This is a mackerel pike, right?"

"... That's an eel." Ye Meng Ling's mouth was twitching, and she thought to herself, *Isn't this too much of a difference?*

Lin Jian Yin stared at the shopping list in his hands for quite a while. He questioned with some misgivings, "Then, which of these did I actually get right?"

Ye Meng Ling stuck her head over, her eyes bouncing back and forth between the shopping list and the cart to check. She finally exclaimed,

"This one, you got the pork slices correct."

Lin Jian Yin spoke up after a short moment of silence, saying, "That's because the two words 'Pork Slices' were printed on the wrapping."

After a long period of silence between them, Lin Jian Yin placed one hand on Ye Meng Ling's shoulder and used his other hand to thrust the arm-long shopping list in front of her eyes. He made a grave request. "Help me pick them out, and I'll treat you to tea at the very least."

Looking at the shopping list, which was as smelly and long as a grandma's foot bindings, Ye Meng Ling calmly replied, "It's too long. At least include a slice of cake."

"Deal."

Ye Meng Ling snatched the shopping list from his grasp, gave it a glance, and started expertly sorting out the wrong items from Lin Jian Yin's cart, while adding in the correct ones. She went from the fresh produce section to the general items section, passing by the seafood section, and lastly reaching the cashier, having gone around the supermarket exactly once. Ye Meng Ling looked at the items in the cart full of satisfaction, before handing over the shopping list to Lin Jian Yin. He had followed her around dumbly from start to finish, while staring in amazement at how she had gone around the place with so much familiarity, as if it was her own house. She clearly knew where everything was.

"Already done?" Lin Jian Yin asked, surprised. He had shopped for more than an hour earlier, yet Ye Meng Ling had used less than ten

minutes to finish buying everything.

Ye Meng Lin shrugged, saying, "Yeah, I also finished my shopping alongside yours."

"You sure are efficient," Lin Jian Yin praised. At the same time, he felt lucky that this woman happened to be his manager.

"Thanks for the compliment. It's my first time actually hearing something like that from you." Ye Meng Ling smiled faintly.

Lin Jian Yin simply answered, "That can't be helped. You're too hard to compliment." Right as the words came out of his mouth, Lin Jian Yin wanted to bite off his tongue once and for all.

"Seems like I should really appreciate the compliments this time, then." Ye Meng Ling smiled, but her expression had become colder, and she continued politely, "I'll go to the other register to pay. The line here is too long."

"Okay." Lin Jian Yin didn't dare to say anything more, in case he said something wrong again.

Ye Meng Ling was leaving already, when she suddenly turned around, saying "Oh right, forget about the tea and cake from earlier. I was joking." Without waiting for Lin Jian Yin's answer, she left without another look to queue up in the other line, having said her piece. Lin Jian Yin gazed fixedly at Ye Meng Ling's slightly stiff back. *She is angry, after all, huh.* At least, she hadn't run away sobbing. He didn't want to lose such an excellent manager so quickly.

Having failed his second attempt at getting along with Ye Meng Ling, Lin Jian Yin was growing a bit discouraged. Why couldn't he just control his own tongue? Although the way that woman dressed was full of problems, he could still have pretended not to see.

He finished paying dispiritedly. Bringing with him two large bags of food, he had just stepped away from the registers when he saw his manager, also carrying two large bags, in conversation with a man and woman. When Lin Jian Yin glanced at Ye Meng Ling's face, he noticed she looked uncomfortable. Her smile was also very trying.

*Did she meet someone she dislikes?* Lin Jian Yin guessed. He looked at the man and the woman. The man looked passable, but as he was just a guy, Lin Jian Yin simply made a quick judgment. The woman, however, was quite pretty. The way she dressed was also quite tasteful.

Lin Jian Yin walked slower and slower, drifting closer to the three unconsciously. He kept his ears sharp and caught a few fragments of their conversation.

"Your ex-girlfriend? Oh my, isn't this a bit too..."

"No, she wasn't this sloppy back then."

"Jian Yin!"

Lin Jian Yin suddenly heard his own name, and upon turning his head, saw Ye Meng Ling staring intently at him. Having been caught

eavesdropping, he felt embarrassed and quickly clarified, saying, "I was just leaving."

However, Ye Meng Ling interrupted him, saying, "Weren't you going to treat me to tea?"

Lin Jian Yin blinked. *Didn't she just say to forget about it?*

The beautiful woman next to her laughed out loud, sneering, "You want to ask her out for tea? Her? Haha," while giggling uncontrollably. Ye Meng Ling's expression turned darker, and noting Lin Jian Yin's silence, her heart sank. Putting on a cold front, she said, "I'm sorry, I must have misunderstood you. I still have something going on, so I'll be taking my leave first." As soon as she finished speaking, she left without another glance.

At this moment, hearing Ye Meng Ling's cold voice, Lin Jian Yin glared at the still laughing woman. She suddenly didn't look so pretty. A raging fire lit in his heart and he scolded her sternly, "What are you laughing at? What does my asking her out for tea have to do with you?"

Ye Meng Ling stopped abruptly and turned back, slightly surprised. The woman, however, after a brief moment of shock, fought back, saying, "I just like laughing. Can't I do that?"

Lin Jian Yin shouted, "If you like laughing that much, then go to the side and laugh until you die! Just don't laugh at her."

The woman was startled, but she wasn't satisfied leaving things as they were. She pulled her boyfriend closer for support and snapped

back, "Wearing such a tasteless knitted cap, thinking yourself so handsome by putting on silver sunglasses with it, ending up being neither like this nor that—only useless guys like you are able ask that kind of women out."

"That kind of woman? In my eyes, she is better than you by a hundredfold."

Lin Jian Yin mocked, and as if he felt it wasn't enough, he boldly took off his knitted cap and silver sunglasses, slightly adjusted his hair and displayed a perfect smile. Using a deep and alluring voice, he asked, "Do you recognize me?"

"Don't..." Ye Meng Ling never would have thought that he would take off his disguise in such a public location, so she was a step too late to stop him. She looked at the crowd around them. A lot of people had already had their attention on them because of Lin Jian Yin's shouting, but now those people had all stopped in their tracks and were looking at Lin Jian Yin, who had shed his disguise.

The woman, astounded, nodded and answered in a monotone, "Lin Jian Yin."

Pleased, Lin Jian Yin nodded his head and asked, "Then, I'll be taking her out for tea now. Do you still have a problem with that?"

The woman stared, not knowing what to do. At this moment, Ye Meng Ling rushed to their side and dragged Lin Jian Yin away. Her petite body exerted endless power and pulled Lin Jian Yin, who was a full twenty cm taller than her, running. Lin Jian Yin couldn't react in time



and was almost unable to follow Ye Meng Ling's pace. But when he almost tripped and spied the crowd chasing behind them out of the corner of his eye, the long line of people made Lin Jian Yin realize what he had just done.

Having realized the severity of the situation, Lin Jian Yin immediately starting running in earnest, using his long legs to escape for his life. When that happened, it was Ye Meng Ling who nearly couldn't keep up with his speed. Lin Jian Yin grabbed Ye Meng Ling's hand and half-dragged, half-pulled her along with him.

## #15: Part Fifteen

The two dashed toward the parking lot. Lin Jian Yin spotted his red Ferrari instantly. After dragging Ye Meng Ling to his car, he casually stuffed her into the backseat like an object, and then jumped into the driver seat. The red Ferrari made a beautiful reverse swing and shot out like a rocket.

As Lin Jian Yin exhaled in relief, a faint voice drifted from the backseat, "Why did you drag me into your car? My car is still back in the parking lot."

Lin Jian Yin glanced in the rear-view mirror. The woman in the back sat in a weird position. She was almost completely buried by the two enormous plastic bags on her lap, yet she held onto them tightly, looking worried.

Lin Jian Yin asked strangely, "Why are you holding them so tightly? It's not like I'll take them from you."

Buried under the plastic bags, Ye Meng Ling answered with difficulty, "This is a Ferrari! A FERRARI! I put these plastic bags on the ground not too long ago. If I dirtied your Ferrari, not even selling myself would be enough to pay you back."

"Nonsense. Just put them to the side." Lin Jian Yin said, not caring. At the same time, he nodded toward the seat next to him. "Look, mine are there."

Despite Lin Jian Yin's instructions, Ye Meng Ling still could not help

wiping the bottom of the plastic bags against her pants before putting them down. Simultaneously, she double-checked to ensure no sharp objects were within that could potentially damage the seats.

“Do you have a particular place in mind where you want go for afternoon tea? If not, I will make the choice for us,” Lin Jian Yin asked with ease.

Startled, Ye Meng Ling said carefully, “No, thanks. I just wanted to avoid talking to those two, so I said that on purpose.”

“Eh, you really like babbling. If I say it’s on me, then it is on me. Unfortunately, you’ve just lost your chance at choosing the location.” Lin Jian Yin glanced at the clock in the car just as it hit 3 p.m. Lin Jian Yin full heartedly believed that if the groceries were not brought to Xue Chen soon, Xue Chen would not hesitate to slaughter him.

Seeing Lin Jian Yin being so stubborn on this, Ye Meng Ling could only say, “Okay.”

The car drove to an inconspicuous shop in a small alleyway. Lin Jian Yin put on the knitted cap and sunglasses and signaled Ye Meng Ling to enter the shop. Once she was there, Lin Jian Yin waved at the staff in a blithe manner. The employee present also seemed to know Lin Jian Yin and even rolled his eyes at him while bluntly saying, “And I thought this asshole was standing me up again.”

“I didn’t. I endured a lot to buy this for you,” Lin Jian Yin said with great suffering.

Once Ye Meng Ling saw the individual, she blurted in surprise, “Eh? Mr.

Bai?”

Startled, Bai Xue Chen frowned as he studied her for a long time. Bai Xue Chen asked uncertainly, “You are Jian Yin’s manager?”

Ye Meng Ling nodded.

Bai Xue Chen smiled mildly and said, “Sorry, you look so different from last time, I didn’t recognize you right away.”

“You’re good. I didn’t recognize her at all. Though, these two outfits have one thing in common—they’re both hideous.”

Hearing this, Bai Xue Chen smashed the mug that he was wiping heavily onto the back of Lin Jian Yin’s hand. His victim immediately let out a cry of pain. Bai Xue Chen instantly turned his head toward Ye Meng Ling and explained, “Don’t mind the things he says. Jian Yin has always had a sharp tongue. His words weren’t meant to hurt you.”

Ye Meng Ling smiled self-deprecatingly and said, “It’s okay. I know I look terrible...”

“If you’re already aware, then you should change it. Why let yourself look like something that is neither human nor ghost? You even let people laugh at you,” Lin Jian Yin muttered while rubbing the back of his hand. From the corner of his eye, he saw the bottom of that mug flying toward his innocent hand again. He dodged in the nick of time and then fled from the bar counter.

“Shut up!” Bai Xue Chen shouted, eyes narrowing in warning.

Ye Meng Ling jumped in shock and quickly spoke on behalf of Lin Jian Yin, "It's fine. In fact, I really do need to change. It's just, just... Sigh! I really don't have the ability to dress up."

Ye Meng Ling lowered her head in dismay, and silence settled over the three of them. She thought, *I shouldn't let my troubles affect these two*. Just as she lifted her head to explain the situation, she realized that the two guys were staring right at her with gleaming eyes. Ye Meng Ling panicked. She didn't know what was going on.

Bai Xue Chen was the first to speak. "Straight hair."

"Yup." Lin Jian Yin also agreed, "You're right. Straight hair would be better. She has those classic-looking phoenix eyes, so straight hair would look excellent."

Ye Meng Ling instantly touched her heavy single eyelids that everyone had laughed at continuously throughout her life. She was a bit doubtful. *Are these really phoenix eyes?*

Lin Jian Yin leaned in close to Ye Meng Ling and examined her eyebrows more carefully. Ye Meng Ling quickly covered her eyebrows with both hands because she didn't want him to see her bushy eyebrows that were like caterpillars.

Unfortunately, he had already examined them. With the air of an expert, he said, "Your eyebrows are very thick. With some fixing, you might not even need to draw them."

Examining Ye Meng Ling's figure, Bai Xue Chen said, "Your height is around 155 cm. You are too skinny and short, but the ratio is not too bad. Your body is suited for narrow tops. Loose clothing would make your body appear even smaller, making you resemble a little boy."

"I have already reached 157 cm," Ye Meng Ling refuted a bit seriously.

"A cup." Lin Jian Yin said with certainty as his eyes stared straight at her chest.

Ye Meng Ling retorted, "I am a B cup."

Lin Jian Yin suspiciously asked, "Really?" It was almost as if he didn't believe that his eyes had deceived him.

Confronted with Lin Jian Yin's doubts, Ye Meng Ling answered weakly, "I am... sometimes."

By now, the two guys seemed to have really gotten into it. They began to discuss the clothes that Ye Meng Ling should wear, including the colors of the clothes, and whether she should wear skirts or pants...

"With a small touch of makeup, she will look even better."

A gentle voice of a lady spoke out. The three of them turned to look in the direction of that voice. It originated from a beauty, who made people instinctively want to protect her. Her small oval face had two beautiful inky black eyes and a small nose. Her lips, faintly smiling, were a bit pale, which made her look more delicate. Her soft, shiny hair was draped over her shoulders. The white dress she was wearing

was similar to the white dress that Ye Meng Ling had worn recently but had been told that she looked like a ghost. But when the lady wore it, she looked like an otherworldly flower fairy.

## #16: Part Sixteen

"Yue Lan, why did you come out?" Bai Xue Chen asked, slightly flustered.

*Such a beautiful woman.* Ye Meng Ling looked at herself and couldn't help but feel embarrassed. *No! I can't even compare myself to her...*

"Is this the Yue Lan you told me about? She's such a beauty." Lin Jian Yin let out a deep sigh and couldn't help but add, "How can two people wearing the same clothes produce such different effects?"

*Oh no...* Lin Jian Yin suddenly realized what he had just said. His eyes widened, but he did not dare to turn to look at Ye Meng Ling. Bai Xue Chen looked like he wanted to smash Lin Jian Yin's stupid mouth with his beer mug.

Ye Meng Ling smiled lightly and waved it off. "It's okay, really!"

Even though she said so, Lin Jian Yin could still read a trace of bitterness in her smile and saw how forced it was in her eyes. Ever impulsive and straightforward, this made his temper rise even more. "What's with that awful smile? Makes people mad just from seeing it. Yell at me if you want to! Slap me if you want to! If even *you* don't like the way you are, why don't you do something to change it?!"

Ye Meng Ling was shocked by his tirade and could not produce a response. She could only stare at Lin Jian Yin, frozen.

Yue Lan saw the situation and, being kind-hearted, immediately



wanted to go up and comfort Ye Meng Ling, but she was held back by Bai Xue Chen. She looked at him disapprovingly, but Bai Xue Chen only shook his head. Yue Lan did not understand, so she could only sit by the side and watch. However, if Lin Jian Yin said anything that crossed the line again, she would not sit back and leave it be.

Bai Xue Chen held Yue Lan back for a simple reason: even though Lin Jian Yin's words were hurtful, he was speaking the truth, just in a blunt and tactless way. But, on the other hand, blunt words were a shortcut for people to see the unfortunate truth. Bai Xue Chen knew better than anyone else, because he himself had benefited from a similar situation.

Everything seemed to move in slow motion. Ye Meng Ling faltered under Lin Jian Yin's blatantly accusing gaze and bowed her head in discomfort. She muttered bitterly, "I can't achieve Yue Lan's perfect ten no matter how much effort I put into dressing up. Whether it's an ugly zero or a passing six makes no difference." After she finished speaking, Ye Meng Ling swiftly headed for the shop's door, wanting to hide the wetness in her eyes.

The familiar words and tone suddenly reminded Lin Jian Yin of another girl, or more specifically, a character who was only supposed to appear in a game—Meng. Meng and Ye Meng Ling. Finally, Lin Jian Yin considered both of them together: same hairstyle, same clothing, an almost identical attitude... *But, how is this possible? Can a game character and a real person be one and the same?*

He suddenly realized that Ye Meng Ling had already pulled open the door. He quickly called out, "Stop!"

Ye Meng Ling stopped, but did not turn. Lin Jian Yin realized he didn't know what to do after stopping her. *Ask her if she's a character from the Nintendo game?* He would probably be treated like a lunatic. Lin Jian Yin hesitated for a bit and asked in a more subtle way, "Have...have you been to the 51st floor of the company?"

Ye Meng Ling replied flatly, "Mr. Lin, our company only has fifty floors. Also, please do not forget tomorrow's scheduled radio program." After she finished speaking, she closed the shop's door without lingering.

Ye Meng Ling's words almost knocked Lin Jian Yin off his feet. *Only fifty floors. That's right! The company only has 50 floors!* How could he forget that? But, he did go to a 51st floor that day and bought his Nintendo from that odd antique shop. The Nintendo was even still sitting at home. *There's no way this is all a dream, right?*

An ominous chill made its way up Lin Jian Yin's spine. *I didn't come across something supernatural, did I? But Xue Chen gave me the business card,* Lin Jian Yin suddenly remembered. He immediately turned to ask, "Bai Xue Chen! What's with this? You'd better explain how that antique shop appeared on a nonexistent level."

Bai Xue Chen was hesitant and worded his sentences carefully. "That antique shop is...a little strange. I saw it as a little wooden house by the road, but I never found it again when I went to look for it later. However, the owner did once tell me that if anyone around me was going through trouble, I should pass on the business card. Those who hold the business card can always find the antique shop."

Lin Jian Yin stared at Bai Xue Chen in disbelief and asked stiffly, "Do you know what you've just said? Is something like that even possible?"

In the face of Lin Jian Yin's utter disbelief, Bai Xue Chen's only reply was to look at his beloved Yue Lan with adoration.

"Nothing is impossible."

Confused, Lin Jian Yin looked at the loving pair as he thought more about Bai Xue Chen's words. As he observed Yue Lan's face closely, a sense of familiarity rose from the back of his mind.

*Where have I seen her before?* Lin Jian Yin thought hard. Suddenly, a ridiculous thought flashed through his mind. He did not hesitate despite his doubt, and didn't even bother to say anything before rushing upstairs where Bai Xue Chen lived. As his long-time best friend, Lin Jian Yin made his way straight to the third floor and shoved open the glass door. Inside was a studio. Bai Xue Chen had always loved to paint, and he did have talent. He had held quite a few exhibitions already.

None of that was what Lin Jian Yin had on his mind. He headed straight to the innermost corner of the studio, where he knew hung a painting Bai Xue Chen had shown him before. The painting was that of a woman, a very beautiful woman. Bai Xue Chen had told him before that that was what he thought the love of his life should look like.

Lin Jian Yin only took a glance and could not help but let loose a profanity. "Fuck!"

On the painting's background of a sunflower field was a human-shaped empty space.

Bizarre and eerie.

## #17: Part Seventeen

Lin Jian Yin staggered down the stairs as quickly as he could. Only Bai Xue Chen was left downstairs, while Yue Lan was nowhere in sight.

"Where is she? She couldn't have disappeared, right?" asked Lin Jian Yin, alarmed.

Bai Xue Chen replied truthfully, "I had her go to the kitchen, because I was afraid that you would receive too great of a shock."

Lin Jian Yin opened his mouth to reply, but he didn't know what to say. He continued opening and closing his mouth until at last he forced himself to ask, "Have you thought it through? If she disappears one day, or if she 'goes back,' what are you going to do?"

Bai Xue Chen replied lightly, "I would probably take the painting and search frantically for that antique store."

"What if you can't find her?" Lin Jian Yin asked, slightly stunned.

Bai Xue Chen answered without any hesitation, "I would keep on searching forever."

Lin Jian Yin couldn't believe his ears. "Have you gone mad? Can't you just search for a normal person to love?"

"It's true that I've gone mad, really mad." Bai Xue Chen's eyes drifted to the kitchen entrance. The girl he was crazy for stood by the door with a worried look, secretly watching the two guys talk.

“Real love is essentially madness.”

Lin Jian Yin himself didn't know what came over him as he looked at his best friend's unwavering expression. Watching their lovey-dovey interactions, he was unable to utter a single word of persuasion. After having a night-long barbecue with them, he told them about the issue concerning the Nintendo and Meng, almost forgetting that one of them couldn't even be considered a human. It seemed that his nerves were stronger than he had thought.

“A painting grilling, what should we do if she catches on fire?”

On the way home, Lin Jian Yin mumbled a bunch of nonsense. The evening had been too stimulating, so much that he didn't know what kind of reaction he should have. There was that existent, yet non-existent, weird antique store on the 51st floor, the Nintendo he had thrown away long ago in the past, and Bai Xue Chen's girlfriend who had come out of a painting. There was also Meng and Ye Meng Ling...

By now, it was already close to three in the morning. Lin Jian Yin stood before his apartment door, still in a daze. *Is Meng waiting inside the game? After being hurt so badly by "Lin Jian Yin," she must certainly want to wail to "Sword Spirit?"* Without noticing, he was already considering Meng and Ye Meng Ling as one.

*No way! This can't be true. It's a coincidence, right?* Lin Jian Yin shook his head. Even though Bai Xue Chen's girlfriend had come out of a painting, the case of Ye Meng Ling being Meng was just too crazy. *The Nintendo game isn't an online game. How can there be real people*

*inside?*

*But, could it be any crazier than a painting's character coming to life?*  
Lin Jian Yin just couldn't be certain.

Opening the door in a hurry, Lin Jian Yin stepped through the entrance and immediately heard a regular beeping sound echo inside the apartment. Out of habit, he walked to the Nintendo. The game cartridge was inserted in it like usual and was flashing. It was as if it was urging him to quickly enter the game, because there was someone waiting for him inside.

Lost in thought, Lin Jian Yin stood in front of the Nintendo, his feelings a complete mess. *Should I enter or not?*

After learning that there was something odd with the Nintendo, Lin Jian Yin didn't dare act the same way he had acted before, entering the game without regard. But to be truthful, he couldn't take the Nintendo and throw it into the garbage truck either, which was scheduled to come every day. Yet the reason as to why he couldn't do it, he couldn't say either.

Maybe, he was still very curious about Meng really being Ye Meng Ling.

Maybe, the world inside that game was just too appealing.

Maybe...

Just as Lin Jian Yin's thought began to drift off as he tried to figure out a reason, he heard a disjointed sobbing sound. He listened carefully,

completely unafraid of the sobbing noise. He knew who was crying, and he also knew where the sound was coming from. He even knew that he couldn't leave the crying person alone. After all, he was the one who had made that person cry.

Brusquely sitting down, two vortexes reflected in Lin Jian Yin's eyes... When Sword Spirit opened his eyes, a wide grassland as far as his eyes could see stretched before him. The sounds of the wind and the moving grass were all pushed faraway, covered by the sound of crying. At that moment, he could only hear crying coming from behind—Meng's crying.

When he thought about how he was the very person who had made her cry so much, Sword Spirit had some difficulty speaking up. "Meng..."

The crying stopped suddenly. A voice, barely controlled, drifted to him from behind. "I've been waiting and waiting. Why did you only show up just now?"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry...." Sword Spirit kept apologizing. He was doing more than apologizing for being late, he was apologizing because he had hurt her tonight.

Hearing Sword Spirit apologize over and over without stopping, Meng was both amused and saddened. She wiped away her tears and generously said, "It's okay, I'm in the wrong. You're just late. I shouldn't cry over such small things."

*But, you aren't crying over a small matter like me being late, are you?*



Sword Spirit thought inside his heart. *But, it doesn't matter what you are crying over. In the end, I am still the culprit.*

"Sword Spirit."

"Yeah?"

Meng turned around and pulled the sword out. With her eyes staring at close distance at Sword Spirit's eyes, she said unwaveringly, "I want to change! I don't want other people to laugh at me anymore. I want to become a beauty!"

## #18: Part Eighteen

Sword Spirit, who had already told her to change numerous times, silently cheered when he heard Meng make such a big decision herself.

“But...” Meng felt a little hesitant. “What do I actually have to do to become a beauty?”

Sword Spirit couldn't help but want to use his hand to slap his forehead, but unfortunately such an action would truly be too hard for a handless and headless sword. He could only blink his eyes to express his helplessness. At the same time, he had already decided that he would help Meng. He would help her completely change her image. After all, she was also his capable manager. Besides, Sword Spirit had a tiny, selfish motive. Helping her change her image would also be easier on his own eyes. A beauty would always be more pleasing to look at than a female ghost or an aunty.

“Your hair,” growled Sword Spirit. “Straighten your hair first!”

“Straighten my hair?” Meng blinked. These three words sounded really familiar. *Could it be that straight hair really suits me more?* She touched her curly hair.

Sword Spirit tried hard to urge her, “Hurry, go back to the city. There definitely has to be a beauty parlor there.”

Seeing Sword Spirit's impatience, Meng couldn't help laughing and feeling warm inside at the same time. This sword always helped her without any hesitation, frequently being even more anxious than she

was. Even though Sword Spirit had a really sharp tongue and his words were often like swords stabbing into her heart one after another, he was genuinely worried about her and sincere about helping her change herself.

“Okay okay, aren’t I walking already?” Meng laughed and strode forward.

“Hurry up, you’re walking too slowly. Did you eat or not? It’s like you have no strength to walk!” Sword Spirit continued to yell.

“I’m very quick already. Otherwise, how about you grow some feet and walk by yourself?” retorted Meng furiously.

After her retort, Sword Spirit could only grumble, “If I could grow something, then it should at least be a pair of wings. Who wants to grow feet? A sword with a pair of feet would be downright hideous.”

Meng rolled her eyes and couldn’t help but say, “Do you think a sword having two eyeballs and a mouth looks good? Don’t worry, you can’t be any uglier than you already are.”

“Hey...”

Meng stealthily went to the beauty parlor’s... neighboring tree. As she hid behind the tree and peeked furtively, she could hear girls laughing inside. Once in a while, one or two girls would walk out while discussing how well their hair had been done for the day, or how well their nails had been done.

Meng swallowed and asked, "Do I really have to go in?"

"Duh, just hurry in."

Meng quailed for a moment, but remembering her newfound resolve, she stepped away from the tree in a resolute way, pulled out the sword behind her, and used Sword Spirit to gather up her courage.

"Great, great! That's the spirit," announced Sword Spirit. "A woman entering a beauty parlor is just like a man entering the battlefield. Let's go! Kill 'em!"

As Meng was brimming with confidence, she murderously screamed, "Kill 'em!"

Sword in hand, she rushed toward the beauty parlor, and her feet forcefully kicked open the beauty parlor's door. The door immediately hit the wall with a tremendous bang. All the people inside froze. An apprentice boy who was blow-drying a customer's hair absentmindedly held the blow-dryer in his hand, and kept blow-drying the customer's hair non-stop. The customer, whose hair was being blow-dried, was also out of sorts and didn't notice the excessive heat. An apprentice girl, who was pouring tea for the customers, froze, not realizing that the water was already overflowing. A hairdresser, who had been cutting hair, had gathered a handful of hair and with a few *snip, snip, snips*, cut it more than ten times.

Realizing that the whole store's attention was on her, Meng was shocked to the point of trembling. Even her voice was stuck. She could only shakily explain, "I came to, came to..."

After saying the two words "came to" around ten times, she was still stuck at "came to."

The people inside were scared to death by the two words "came to."  
*What in the world had she come to do?*

"Rob us?" asked the hairdresser while shaking.

Meng forcefully shook her head.

"Take revenge?" The blow-drying boy showed a terrified expression.  
Meng forcefully waved her hand to deny it.

"Then, what in the world did you come here to do?" everyone shouted in unison.

Meng was so intimidated that she even threw the sword to the ground. With both eyes whirling and her shoulders trembling, she whispered, "Get b-beautified."

"..."



*Hahahaha, haha...* Bai Xue Chen laughed so hard that he had to lean on the counter. *How can a trip to beautify oneself turn out to be like a robbery armed with a knife?* He was really going to die laughing because of those two clowns.

Lin Jian Yin, who was next to him, had a dark face. Furious to the point

of having his teeth itch, he glared at Bai Xue Chen, whose laughter never ended.

Bai Xue Chen had noticed that the two eyes filled with killing intent were about to transform into killing actions, so he hurriedly turned his laughter down a notch and asked with suppressed laughter, "What happened after that?"

"After that, I don't know how many times we apologized before the people at the store were willing to do her hair. I waited and waited next to her and fell asleep without noticing. When I woke up, it was already morning." Lin Jian Yin felt a little helpless. Because of this Nintendo, the sofa in the living room had been his bed for several days already.

Bai Xue Chen reminded him, "But if you only helped Meng change inside the game, it doesn't necessarily mean Ye Meng Ling will change in real life, right?"

"No!" Lin Jian Yin shook his head and said with absolute certainty, "She will change. She's not the kind of person who is all talk and no action."

Bai Xue Chen couldn't help but smile, but from Lin Jian Yin's point of view, this smile was very weird. He cautiously asked, "What are you smiling about?"

"Nothing." Bai Xue Chen revealed an innocent expression. "It's just that I felt that you sure understand her well. She actually came to this store before you did... and she had straight hair."

“She came here before I did?” Lin Jian Yin was startled and asked hurriedly, “Why was she here? Didn’t she run away angrily just yesterday?”

“She came to see Yue Lan. They both acted secretly. I don’t know what they talked about, but then they said they wanted to buy clothes and went out.”

Lin Jian Yin felt rather happy. “That’s great to hear. She really changed to straight hair, and she is buying new clothes as well. Sounds like she’s serious about changing.”

## #19: Part Nineteen

"What about you?" Bai Xue Chen asked. Seeing Lin Jian Yin's confused look, he supplied, "Did you complete your initial objective? Didn't you go to find the God 'n Devil antique store because of that impulsive mouth of yours?"

Lin Jian Yin froze. He'd really forgotten the reason he'd gone to find the antique store. He hesitated, then shook his head, remembering that he'd told God Charity that he didn't want to change. So after that, why the hell had he bought the Nintendo? He didn't even remember if he had paid or not.

Bai Xue Chen said vaguely, "Well, it doesn't really matter. Your sharp tongue is one of your defining traits. If you really did change, then I would really have to wonder whether you were actually Lin Jian Yin." Lin Jian Yin rolled his eyes at his best friend.

Bai Xue Chen ignored the eye roll and smiled as he said, "However, your mood has recently gotten less gloomy. Furthermore, although you chased your manager away yesterday, she obviously doesn't intend to resign, and even seems to be in a pretty good mood today. Given the fact that she has already been chased away once and still greeted you in the supermarket as if nothing had happened, this girl is more resilient than a cockroach."

"Don't call her a cockroach," Lin Jian Yin rebuked unhappily.

Bai Xue Chen had suddenly been scolded, but he didn't feel angry in the slightest. On the contrary, his good friend's sudden change piqued



his interest. He was about to poke fun at Lin Jian Yin, but the sudden opening of the shop doors prevented him from doing so. They both turned their heads to look and saw an elegantly dressed Yue Lan walk in.

"Yue Lan? Why are you alone?" Bai Xue Chen looked around but didn't see Ye Meng Ling.

Seeing that Lin Jian Yin was also present, Yue Lan replied somewhat hesitantly, "Meng Ling met an acquaintance and was dragged away to go drink tea. So I came back by myself."

"Who did she meet?"

Lin Jian Yin had a strongly uneasy feeling in his heart. If the person were just an acquaintance, Meng Ling would definitely not have sent Yue Lan back by herself. It was more likely that all three of them would have gone and drunk tea together.

Hearing this reply, Yue Lan was startled. In distress, she looked toward Bai Xue Chen. He held her gently and said softly, "Don't worry. Go ahead and say it."

"Meng Ling said he was her ex-boyfriend. They were only reminiscing! Really!" Yue Lan answered cautiously. At the same time, she carefully observed Lin Jian Yin's reaction. If he looked unhappy, she would defend her new friend to the death.

*Ex-boyfriend?* The memory of that time at the supermarket, when that couple had hurt Meng with their words, suddenly surfaced in Lin Jian

Yin's mind. When Lin Jian Yin had begun arguing with that woman, the man had just stood off to the side, not daring to say a word.

*Why has he searched out Meng?* Lin Jian Yin felt a sense of foreboding surface in his heart. *Maybe that woman is instigating something. Could she be taking revenge?*

At that thought, Lin Jian Yin hurriedly asked, "Do you know where they went?"

Hearing Lin Jian Yin say this, the other two both smiled mysteriously. Yue Lan answered thoroughly, "They only went to the Starbucks two streets away. It's not easy to park there, so you should walk. We walked there to shop just now."

"Got it." Lin Jian Yin threw open the door, not even saying goodbye as he ran off.

Bai Xue Chen blinked and asked mischievously, "Take a guess. This June, do you think we could be having a double wedding?"

Yue Lan blushed and gazed affectionately at her beloved. Then she looked toward the door with some worry. "But Meng Ling is very reserved and timid when it comes to love."

"Don't worry. Lin Jian Yin is the most direct person I've ever seen." The smile on Bai Xue Chen's face grew brighter and brighter.

"The most direct versus the most reserved. I wonder who will win this tug of war." Bai Xue Chen raised his eyebrows. "I'm inclined to bet on

the unwaveringly bad temper of my long-time friend.”



Lin Jian Yin sprinted the whole way, images of Meng’s crying face flashing through his mind. At each one, his footsteps sped up. Reaching the second street, he was just in time to see the back of a familiar figure about to step into someone’s car.

Still running, he roared, “Ye Meng Ling!”

She turned her head to look, clearly shocked. She didn’t know why, but seeing Lin Jian Yin running over made her feel guilty. In her panic, she clambered into the car and urged the man in the driver’s seat to hurry and leave. The man was surprised, but he floored the accelerator, and the car sped away.

Lin Jian Yin never expected that woman to hear him shouting and then run away with someone else, when he had actually come to save her. Anger sprang up in his heart.

“Ye Meng Ling, how dare you run away?” Lin Jian Yin’s eyes narrowed dangerously.

## #20: Twenty

Lin Jian Yin rushed back home. Upon returning, he didn't do anything but sit in front of the Nintendo and wait for the beeping sounds and flashing light. His two eyes were fixed on the game console. Eventually, he lost patience and booted up the game first. He was anxious to catch the woman who had dared to run away from his presence.

When Sword Spirit opened his eyes again, he was lying on a chair in the salon from yesterday. It looked like Meng had also fallen asleep in the middle, so they hadn't left the shop.

His sudden appearance was a clear shock to the people nearby. Eventually, the stylist grew bold enough to attempt to place him properly in a corner to avoid having him scare the other customers. Sword Spirit saw the stylist's distressed look and couldn't resist letting out a shout, which frightened the stylist so badly that he threw the sword away in a panic. The result of Sword Spirit's mocking was for him to go flying miserably into the air. After spinning for several turns, he thudded heavily onto the ground, and nobody checked to see if he was alright.

"Hey! Place me a little more carefully!" Sword Spirit yelled while facedown, extremely unhappy.

Unfortunately, having seen the result of the stylist's previous experience, no one wanted to touch him, so they let Sword Spirit shout and scream to the side. Eventually, tired of shouting, he could only start muttering about that woman abandoning him without a care, making a lone sword like him stay in such a place as he got bullied by

people.

“Sword Spirit, why are you lying there?”

With a gasp of surprise, Meng hurriedly came over and picked Sword Spirit up. Sword Spirit put on an aggrieved expression when he looked at Meng, but was then stunned. No trace remained of the head of auntie-style hair Meng had worn before. In its place was a head of supple, jet-black, shiny, shoulder-length hair. Matched with Meng’s pair of single-lidded phoenix eyes, although she couldn’t be called a great beauty, she had a refreshingly charming appearance.

“Y-You...” Sword Spirit stared dumbfounded, unable to speak for a while.

Meng looked worried. “What is it? I’m really sorry. I logged on a bit late, causing you to be thrown here.”

Sword Spirit originally wanted to continue with that topic and curse at her, but seeing her guilty look, half of his heart softened unintentionally. But his mouth still continued on, “Right, right, you were so slow logging on. I can’t move by myself, so I could only be bullied by people. Where did you go? Did you secretly run off to see your boyfriend?” Sword Spirit couldn’t resist approaching the topic in a roundabout way, and then stretched his ears waiting for the reply.

Meng smiled embarrassedly and replied vaguely, “I was only helping a friend with something.”

“Reeeeeeeeeeeally?” Sword Spirit stretched out the word. He hadn’t

thought that Meng would dare try to trick him.

“Yeah.”

Meng replied naturally, but saw that Sword Spirit looked strangely discontent. She concluded that maybe he was just angry because she had been so late. As such, she hurriedly changed the subject. “Sword Spirit, what should we do now?”

“What do you mean ‘what should we do now?’” Sword Spirit had just been thinking about how she had climbed into someone else’s car and replied back irritably.

Seeing that Sword Spirit didn’t look happy, Meng asking hesitantly, “Didn’t you say you wanted to help me change? Is changing my hairstyle enough?”

Sword Spirit glanced sideways at her. Meng was still wearing a Pikachu shirt and blue and white flip flops. If this could be called passable, then did that mean that just by putting on a dress a woman could be called gorgeous?

Seeing the refreshingly charming Meng reveal an innocent look, the other half of Sword Spirit’s heart softened, and he was unable to maintain his anger. *This woman has to be my weakness!* Sword Spirit muttered in his heart, but couldn’t bring himself to say any of it aloud. He could only ask, “Doesn’t the prince want to hold a ball? When is it exactly?”

When she heard Sword Spirit’s reminder, Meng finally remembered the

original reason they had to come to the city. She hastily rummaged around her bag and pulled out a crumpled invitation from the very bottom. Meng frowned when she saw a countdown on the bizarre invitation. It said, "Time remaining until the ball: One month, fifteen days, twenty-eight hours, thirty-six minutes, and twenty seconds."

"What! One and a half months?" Sword Spirit cried out. *I only have one and a half months to turn the girl in front of me into a beauty fit to be paired with a prince?*

"Quick, quick, quick!" Sword Spirit repeatedly urged.

"Quick what?" Meng was puzzled.

"Go buy clothing! Do you think the prince would like Pokémon?" Sword Spirit shouted.

Meng lowered her head to look at the Pokémon on her clothes, and grumbled a little unhappily that Pokémon were very cute. But she didn't falter in her footsteps. No matter how much she liked Pokémon, she wouldn't dare wear that to attend a ball. She briskly strode out of the salon.

Sword Spirit hastily said, "Go to that shop we passed last time. The white dress they had there looked really nice."

Hearing Sword Spirit's instructions, Meng quickly changed directions and walked toward where Sword Spirit said to go. It wasn't long until they arrived at the clothing store. Facing the white dress that was in the display window, Meng also felt that the design was very elegant. It

was a simple, strapless gown with graceful lines of a mermaid dress.

"Would it really be suitable for me to wear it?" Meng was extremely timid. An elegant gown like this didn't seem to be something she should wear.

Sword Spirit rolled his eyes and shouted, "Enough chitchat. Let's go in!" Meng apprehensively entered the store. As soon as she walked in, she saw a male store clerk yawning behind the counter. She couldn't help freezing in place and staring from the doorway. She didn't know whether to wait for the store clerk to greet them or to casually walk over and take a look. After some time had passed, the store clerk finally noticed there was a girl in the doorway and immediately donned a smile. He politely walked over to Meng.

The store clerk first looked Meng up and down. When he saw the way Meng was dressed, he was stunned momentarily. However, he was likely professionally trained as he recovered in an instant and asked, beaming, "Is there anything I can help you with, miss?"

Meng replied in a tiny voice, "I want to look at dresses."

A look of realization dawned on the store clerk's face. He repeatedly nodded his head. "It's for attending the palace ball, right? You sure are taking your time. Most young ladies already ordered their gowns several months prior. They're all even specially tailored."

"I-Is that so?" Meng was somewhat embarrassed. *Is he saying that I was too slow in looking for clothes?* She already thought spending a month and a half to look for clothes was far too long.



Seeing that Meng had tensed up and appeared not to know what to say, Sword Spirit had by now lost patience. He loudly urged, "Hurry up! We want to look at the dress displayed in the outside window."

## #21: Part Twenty-one

The store clerk had clearly been startled by the sword. He stared, wide-eyed, at Sword Spirit for quite some time. It was only after Sword Spirit urged him once again that he snapped out of it. Looking apologetic, he said, "I am truly sorry. The gown outside has been reserved by the daughter of Duke Biggs, the Lady Marisa."

Sword Spirit and Meng were both stunned. They hadn't expected to hear a familiar name here. *Aren't Duke Biggs and Marisa the father and daughter pair from the palace?*

Sword Spirit never thought that peacock would actually reserve such a plain and simple dress. *Could it be that she doesn't want to be a peacock but rather a dove?*

"Everyone knows that His Highness, Prince Edward, likes white and favors clothing with simple, flowing lines. At this ball, every young lady will be wearing angelic white, and the style of the garments will be simplistic. It's been really difficult on us, having to make a hundred or so. Every dress has to be as simple as possible, and everything the designer sees every day is white. While each dress must be simple, each must also be different. Tears are about to fall from his eyes from making them." The store clerk grimaced.

"A hundred or so?" Sword Spirit perked up his ears as he listened, simultaneously imagining the scene. *Several hundred women all wearing white... It would probably resemble a dance held at a hospital, full of nurses running around everywhere.*

"Sword Spirit, should we look for a white dress too?" Meng asked in a small voice.

"No!" Sword Spirit suddenly shouted. Meng wasn't very eye-catching to begin with. *If she wears the same color as everyone else, won't she fade into the crowd?* He immediately asked, "Store clerk, do you have any other colors? We are in urgent need."

Shocked, the store clerk hastily replied, "Y-yes. Plenty. Recently, every color other than white has had poor sales. I think we have blue, red, orange, green, pink..."

"Pink and blue," Sword Spirit decided in an instant.

The store clerk nodded and immediately opened a wardrobe off to the side. Inside were many gowns. He pulled out a sky blue dress and a pale pink dress. The sky blue dress was the same style as the white one outside. Both of them were a mermaid design, but the blue one was somewhat more complex, with a collar shaped like a flower. The pink gown had a ruffled skirt made with lightweight gauze and a bodice trimmed with many pearls set into the shapes of small flowers. Sword Spirit was still deciding between the stylishness of the blue gown and the adorableness of the pink gown when Meng tugged on Sword Spirit, saying quietly, "I-I like the pink one."

Sword Spirit glanced at Meng in surprise. It was her first time expressing any opinion on fashion. Feeling that it was a good start, Sword Spirit immediately signaled the store clerk to bring the pink dress over. Blushing, Meng took the gown while handing Sword Spirit to the store clerk, and walked into the changing room.

"This girl is really refreshing. She seems to be the type that Prince Edward likes," the store clerk suddenly commented.

Sword Spirit shot a look at the store clerk, and said somewhat dismissively, "How would you know what type Prince Edward likes? You two really close?"

Sword Spirit had only thought to ridicule the store clerk a bit and never expected the store clerk to casually reply, "Naturally. We met ten years ago. Prince Edward didn't like the royal tailor and felt that the clothing he made was too elaborate. He went out to look for clothes on his own and took a liking to our garments right away. Since then, all of the prince's formal wear has been made by us."

Sword Spirit's eyes widened. *What a coincidence!*

The store clerk cast a look at Sword Spirit and explained, "Otherwise, did you think an illustrious duke's family wouldn't have their own exclusive designer, and would deign to visit our clothing store? Don't look down on our business. Almost all of those one hundred-odd girls who ordered tailored gowns belong to the nobility. Everyone knows His Royal Highness's clothes are made by us."

The store clerk suddenly looked left and right, and then secretly told Sword Spirit, "Please don't say that I haven't looked after you. Stay a bit longer. Everyone believes that His Royal Highness has already sent someone to pick up his suit, but that's not actually the case. His Royal Highness always comes in person. To avoid the crowds, he usually comes in very late, and in addition, he has ordered many pieces of

clothing this time. He even had casual wear made this time too. Discussing the design and trying on the clothing and such will probably take several trips.”

Sword Spirit’s eyes gleamed. *This really is excellent news. What better opportunity is there to meet with the prince?*

“Sword Spirit...”

Sword Spirit looked over. Meng timidly poked her head out from behind the curtain, completely unwilling to show anything else.

“Hurry and come out,” Sword Spirit urged.

## #22: Part Twenty-two

Meng walked out somewhat shyly, a pink satin evening gown clinging gently to her body. The graceful satin material made her ordinarily too-slender appearance charmingly gentle. Her puffy dress and long, plain hairstyle, in addition to her shy blush, brought out an endearing air. Although not as gorgeous as Marisa, she had a different kind of attraction that made people involuntarily want to protect her.

"Every woman knows how to transform." Sword Spirit was shocked. He could scarcely believe that she was the same white and blue slipper-wearing woman who had hair like an auntie.

Meng was a little nervous. She tugged at her hem and adjusted the satin of the bodice, then cautiously asked, "Does this look good? Is it a bit too cute?"

Only after Meng repeated her question several times did the intently staring Sword Spirit finally realize she was talking to him. A little embarrassed, he turned his eyes away and carelessly answered, "It's passable. Go with that."

"Oh," said Meng, her head drooping. She returned to the dressing room to take the dress off. When she walked out again, the store clerk hastily took the dress and started packaging it. When he was done, he rubbed his hands while quickly saying, "This dress looks very nice on you. The price is also reasonable. It's a wise choice to buy it."

When she heard the word "price," Meng immediately widened her eyes, cautiously asking, "How... how much does this cost?"

The store clerk smiled. "This item isn't this year's newest fashion. It's not expensive. It's only fifteen gold ducats. I won't ask for the odds and ends."

*Fifteen gold ducats?* Meng was a little anxious. She ran to her bag and dug through it until she found her coin purse. She opened it, then looked a little puzzled.

"How many silver ducats are in a gold ducat?"

The store clerk thought it was strange, but still dutifully answered, "Ten."

Meng's expression became a little bit uneasy. "Then... one silver ducat is worth how many copper ones?"

"Ten."

Meng dug into her purse and then aggressively dumped the contents on the table. Of the many coins that came tumbling out, most were copper, a few were silver, but only three were gold. Meng carefully totaled her assets. They only added up to five gold and eight silver, a deficit of over nine gold, even completely ignoring the fact that Meng and Sword Spirit would still need to buy food.

"Not enough money..." Meng declared the hard truth, depressed. Sword Spirit was shocked, too. He had considered everything except for the big problem of money. Needing cash, what could a sword like him even do? Sell himself? They'd have to find someone willing to buy

him first!

The store clerk revealed an expression of disbelief. He had never imagined that the two people who had confidently walked into the clothing shop to purchase a dress could have merely five gold ducats on them. The pink dress, just as he had stated, couldn't be considered expensive. Compared to the custom dresses ordered by the noblewomen, this one was a complete bargain.

"This... I don't have a solution either. You're short by too much." The store clerk wasn't angry, but he did look troubled.

It was so awkward that Sword Spirit didn't know what to do. They didn't have enough money, but Meng couldn't be without a dress. If she didn't have one, how would she attend the ball?

However, Meng didn't look to Sword Spirit for advice. Instead, she shyly asked the store clerk, "May... may I work here to make up for the price of the dress?"

The store clerk looked a bit awkward. Sword Spirit hesitated for a moment, then realized that Meng's idea was an excellent solution. He immediately followed up, "Yes, yes. Please! You saw how well the dress fits my lady. Our family has financial problems, but you know, chances are, this girl might only have this one ball her entire life. Come on, help us out."

The store clerk frowned even more, hesitating for ages. He finally said, "This... well, I'm not the boss. I can't make this decision. Why don't you come back tomorrow morning and ask the boss?"



"Ah..." Meng showed a slightly disappointed expression, touching the boxed dress next to her wistfully.

The chimes hanging near the door rang as it was opened. Three men wearing hooded cloaks walked in. The foremost one saw Meng, made a surprised noise, and pulled off his hood.

The store clerk's eyes lit up, and he respectfully called out, "Prince Edward, you are here."

*Prince?* Meng's back stiffened. She didn't dare turn around.

Edward, however, walked over and saw the sword with eyes and a mouth, and Meng's familiar outfit. Edward blinked and asked, "Is that you? The miss who climbed over the wall?"

When she heard the prince's question, Meng could only bite the bullet and turn around, smiling stiffly. As she faced Edward, she felt an indescribable sense of embarrassment. She had just gotten away from another person with this face, fleeing like a refugee. However, she couldn't figure out why she had wanted to escape. Didn't she still have to obediently go see him the next day? After all, she was his manager.

"You changed your hairstyle," Edward said in surprise. "It fits you very well."

Hearing Edward's compliment, Meng couldn't help but blush as she asked uncertainly, "R-really?"

“Yes,” Edward said honestly.

Meng’s face became even redder, dropping down toward her chest. The atmosphere became a bit awkward, but Edward appeared oblivious as he chatted. “Are you here to buy formal clothes too? This shop is very good. I quite like it. Have you chosen a dress to your liking yet?”

“We’ve picked one, but we don’t have enough money,” Sword Spirit quickly interjected—after all, the person in front of them was royalty, so money for a single dress was surely a trifle. He decided to make the prince foot the bill. *It’s his fault for using my face and even flirting with my girl... No! What am I thinking?* Sword Spirit shook his head, wanting to get rid the strange thought. Of course, with his headless body, he was really only rolling his eyes around.

## #23: Part Twenty-three

He didn't really seem to care much about the price of the dress. When Edward casually waved his hand, the two people behind him immediately took out a wallet and moved toward the store clerk. When she saw that he really was about to pay for her, Meng shouted loudly, "Wait! What are you doing?"

Surprised, Edward replied after hemming and hawing, "I believe... In my opinion, it's very rude to let a lady pay, so you shouldn't worry about the expenses of the dress. Just take it as compensation for not being able to welcome you appropriately last time."

"You can't do that!" Meng said quickly.

"Meng?" Sword Spirit never thought that Meng would interrupt his carefully planned set-up. The dress was already within grasp, too. But Meng was very determined. "This is my very first dress, so I want to buy it myself. I don't want it to be some sort of small compensation." Sword Spirit was taken aback. "But we don't have any money."

"We'll come here again tomorrow morning and ask the boss to let me work here, so that I can make up for the money. I want to earn it myself." Meng seemed to be very resolute and left no room for discussion.

Sword Spirit, who was used to Meng not having any opinions, was majorly surprised by her determination this time. *Who would have thought that Meng would be so persistent about this kind of thing, that because it would be her first dress, she would want to buy it herself?*

But Sword Spirit wasn't able to scold her. Quite to the contrary, he appreciated this way of thinking.

"Is that so?" Someone refusing his presents also appeared to be a first for Edward. He didn't mind. Rather, it was a novelty for him.

Meng nodded at him.

Edward showed a brilliant smile. "On that note, I wish you a pleasant time at work. I'll be coming again a few more times. I hope to meet you here again."

Seeing Edward's brilliant smile, Meng had long been frozen on the spot and could only nod her head slowly. At the same time she thought to herself, *If only a certain person would smile at me like that...*

The store clerk said in an exaggerated fashion, "If even Your Highness says so, okay, okay, you can work here to earn the money for the dress. I'm sure even the boss wouldn't dare to go against the prince's wishes."

When she heard that she was hired, Meng was so happy that she threw Sword Spirit into the air and shouted joyfully, "That's great!"

"Hey hey hey, you ugly woman, what do you think I am! I'm a sword. Careful, or you'll cut your hand!" Sword Spirit yelled worriedly. In his heart, however, he was happy for Meng.

After the warning, Meng's eyes widened, and she watched the sword fall from midair. She didn't catch him, but shrieked and dodged, letting

Sword Spirit clash onto the floor. A metallic clang sounded through the room. As he yelped in pain, he said through clenched teeth, "You lousy bitch!"

Meng quickly picked him up and apologized endlessly, but Sword Spirit was so angry that he didn't want to forgive her.

By the side, Edward was smiling happily.



Face solemn, Meng held the sword while two men stood beside her with the same serious expression. Their attention was focused on the same thing. Meng breathed in deeply and after she focused her eyes, the sword in her hand glided out in a straight and precise line. A long, ripping sound could be heard, and happy expressions appeared on the faces of the two men by her side.

Beads of sweat dripped down from Meng's face, and the men quickly gave her a towel she could wipe her sweat with. Meng's movements grew quicker. Only the sword's afterimage could be seen, the ripping sounds unending.

At last, she slowly put away her sword, and her mouth drew into a satisfied smile, as the two men gathered to take a look.

"Great! The cloth has been cut cleanly and precisely, even better than being cut with my golden scissors," said the boss with endless praise. The store clerk added on his compliments as well. "Amazing. You cut exactly along the lines the boss drew. Even though I've been doing this for many years, *I* can't necessarily do any better than you."

Meng lowered her head, embarrassed by the many compliments. Sword Spirit also opened his eyes and shouted proudly, "That's because I have such a sharp edge!"

"Ah, I see Prince Edward has arrived," the store clerk announced gleefully. At the same time, he exchanged a knowing glance with the boss.

"This early?" Surprised, Meng turned her head, but there was no one in sight. Turning back, she saw that the boss and the store clerk were suppressing their laughter.

"You foolish woman."

Sword Spirit couldn't refrain from grumbling. He was very annoyed about Meng hurriedly turning her head as soon as the name Edward was mentioned.

"Meng." Edward's voice really came from behind Meng this time. Turning around with some shock, Meng saw Edward's perfect smile right before her eyes. She asked, dumbfounded, "Why are you here so early today?"

Edward's smile became even more radiant. "I finished my work earlier than usual because I wanted to come here as soon as possible."

"Oh." Meng lowered her head in shyness and continued cutting her cloth, but she didn't notice that she was cutting the cloth into shreds. Edward was also looking at the pile of cloth with a happy smile.

Moreover, after the cloth couldn't be cut into any more pieces, he even took another one and laid it down in front of her, so that Meng could continue with her way of shredding the cloth into tatters, without paying attention to what she was actually doing.

"Ugh." A moment of inattention led to her overlooking Sword Spirit's eyes and mouth. He directly banged against the table's surface. However, Meng herself obviously didn't notice Sword Spirit's wail.

"You have to come to the ball," Edward couldn't help reminding Meng.

"Okay..."

Even though Meng grew even shyer with her head lowered, Sword Spirit, who was in her grasp, could see everything very clearly. Actually, he should be delighted that Meng had captured the prince's attention—it was practically a miracle—yet, he was definitely unhappy. Meng being spaced out made him unhappy; her reddening face made him unhappy; every word Meng used to answer Edward made him unhappy!

## #24: Part Twenty-four

Sword Spirit's unhappiness was reflected in the real life version of Lin Jian Yin as well. During the past few days, he had thrown and broken countless microphones for all sorts of bewildering reasons: the sound was inaccurate, the feeling while holding it was off, the smell was disgusting... Unfortunately, his manager was busy arranging his jobs, and he didn't know where she had disappeared to in the past few days. This caused him to throw microphones even more frequently.

At the moment, Lin Jian Yin was sitting in a lounge after having just finished storming about, and no one dared to come inside and seek their own deaths; however, a few people waited outside on standby. If Lin Jian Yin wanted someone and found nobody around, then they would die even more painfully.

When the suffering workers waiting outside spotted Ye Meng Ling coming over, they immediately showed expressions of deep gratitude; nearly everybody in the company was aware that Ye Meng Ling was the only person capable of suppressing Lin Jian Yin, and that so far, she was also the most successful of his managers.

Ye Ming Ling forced a smile on her lips and waved at the people waiting outside, indicating that they could leave. They glowed with appreciative expressions. As they made their quick escapes, they also gave Ye Meng Ling sympathetic looks.

When Ye Meng Ling saw them flee with such speed that it resembled flight, she couldn't help but scratch her face and ask, "Is he really that frightening?"



Just then, as if to answer her, came the sound of something being smashed from inside the lounge. It sounded as if something heavy had been kicked over. However, Ye Meng Ling was slightly taken aback but didn't back down. She already knew that Lin Jian Yin would not hurt her. At most, he would throw and break things. Even if he damaged some things, the company wouldn't say much. In fact, the boss was even pleased that currently, Lin Jian Yin's rate of destruction had gone down by 50%.

Ye Meng Ling had only pondered over this for a bit when the sound of glass shattering came from inside the lounge. She immediately pushed opened the door in order to avoid increasing this month's damage by too many percentage points, causing the boss to decide that he ought to pay more attention to her.

"Hello."

Ye Meng Ling poked her head into the lounge, and completely turning a blind eye to the destruction of the room, looked at Lin Jian Yin, who was sitting on the sofa being angry. She gingerly walked into the room and up to him, but he deliberately turned his head away, pointedly not looking at her.

Ye Meng Ling exposed a shy little smile and took out a box. "This is for you."

Lin Jian Yin hmped, but he couldn't help but glance out of the corner of his eye. It was a black, rectangular wooden box. Lin Jian Yin secretly guessed a few objects from its shape, but there were too

many possibilities, and so his curiosity finally overpowered his unhappiness. He took the case and excitedly opened the box to find that there was actually a microphone inside.

"A microphone?" Lin Jian Yin stared distractedly as he spoke. *This microphone seems to be somewhat familiar?*

"Yeah, I heard that you're not used to using the microphones here, so I returned to the company and investigated a bit. I found the particular brand and type of microphone you were used to using, and bought it for you. In the future, I will carry it with me. This way, you won't have to use microphones you're not used to."

Lin Jian Yin slowly caressed the microphone. *So, even if she wasn't present, she was still aware of my current situation.* Lin Jian Yin's unhappiness abruptly vanished, and instead, from the depths of his heart, he had the urge to smile, but restrained himself, merely answering with an "oh."

Ye Meng Ling smiled, intending to continue with finding him jobs.

"Wait, stop right there!" Lin Jian Yin suddenly halted her, and Ye Meng Ling patiently waited for him to speak. He feigned nonchalance and asked, "Last time, why on earth did you run when you saw me?"

Ye Meng Ling was surprised by his question and hemmed and hawed before answering, "A-actually, it was just that you gave me a fright, so I jumped into the car without thinking. It had nothing to do with you."

Since he had already raised the question, Lin Jian Yin couldn't be

bothered about appearances. Resembling a jealous husband, he interrogated, "Then, what were you doing getting into your ex-boyfriend's car? Have you forgotten how rude he was to you last time at the supermarket?"

Ye Meng Ling didn't take notice of the fact that as his manager, she was not actually obligated to explain private matters like these to him. However, after hearing Lin Jian Yin's question, she quickly answered, "No no, it's because his mother is very fond of me, and she doesn't know that we broke up. His mother was quite ill earlier and was clamoring to see me, so he came to me to ask me to put on an act with him."

"Don't treat that kind of person so well in the future."

Having learned the truth, Lin Jian Yin's mouth still wouldn't let it go, but his frame of mind had already reached cloud nine, and his whole body felt so light with happiness that he could float away like a feather. It was only after he did his utmost to endure it that he was able to prevent his lips from quirking upwards.

"Okay." Ye Meng Ling answered obediently. However, she had already discovered Lin Jian Yin's efforts at restraining himself even as the corners of his lips kept rising, and she couldn't help but inwardly laugh.  
*He is such an awkward guy!*

## #25: Twenty-five

Time passed by quite quickly. In game, Meng and Sword Spirit's work at the dress shop went very smoothly. Even the boss couldn't help making shoes, a hat, and a pair of gloves to reward her for her hard work. Prince Edward often came to the shop as well, speaking with both Meng and Sword Spirit frequently. Although Sword Spirit didn't want to admit this, Prince Edward looked like he had a favorable impression of Meng. *What a miracle!*

Every time Edward came to the dress shop, Ye Meng Ling would be exceptionally busy outside the game the next day because Lin Jian Yin's face would always be twisted beyond human recognition.

Even though he was that way, Ye Meng Ling could still successfully reduce Lin Jian Yin's frequency of smashing objects. Their opinion was very well matched, too, so that Lin Jian Yin almost couldn't find any shows he was dissatisfied about or didn't want to attend among the assignments.

"You can leave early today."

Lin Jian Yin told Ye Meng Ling in a neutral way. In reality, he knew that today was special. Ye Meng Ling couldn't focus today either and looked like she had a heavy load on her mind. If it were a usual day, Lin Jian Yin would have started to scold her, but he forgave her just for today. After all, a ball plus a perfect prince would be enough for any woman to lose focus.

"Can I?" Ye Meng Ling appeared to be very shocked.

Lin Jian Yin shrugged, as if he didn't mind.

"Thank you." Ye Meng Ling smiled and began to pack up. Before leaving, she couldn't help turning her head worriedly, until Lin Jian Yin gave her an OK sign with his hand. Only then did Ye Meng Ling close the door and leave.

Not even a minute after Ye Meng Ling closed the door, Lin Jian Yin impatiently took his car keys, hurriedly opened the door, and almost collided into the person there.

"Bai Xue Chen, did you want to scare me to death?!" Lin Jian Yin said moodily.

"I heard that a certain sword is going to bring his female master to attend a ball today?" Bai Xue Chen evaded his question.

Lin Jian Yin rolled his eyes at him impolitely. "It's none of your business!"

Bai Xue Chen's face fell. He suddenly turned very serious and asked, "Jian Yin, don't tell me that you really plan to take Meng Ling to attend the ball, bringing her and the prince together."

Lin Jian Yin's eyes widened, as he didn't understand why Bai Xue Chen would say that. Confused, he asked, "That's the game's objective. Is there something wrong in doing that?"

It was Bai Xue Chen's turn to widen his eyes now. He pointed his index

finger at Lin Jian Yin's nose. "You can't be serious about pushing the girl you like away, can you?"

Lin Jian Yin shoved away his index finger, answering without a care, "What are you talking about, what girl that I like..."

"Think about it. A handsome prince might hold Meng Ling in his arms while dancing, and he might even lean into her, whispering into her ear. If they're walking among flowers under the moonlight, even a passionate kiss wouldn't be unheard of. Even if it turns out that way, you still wouldn't mind it at all?" Bai Xue Chen had an incredulous expression.

*Meng being in someone else's arms, held close with whispered murmurings spoken into her ear, and even given a passionate kiss...*  
Lin Jian Yin's heart was full of stones, an unhappy expression clearly forming on his face.

*At least this guy isn't a whole block of stone,* Bai Xue Chen could finally heave a sigh of relief. He clapped Lin Jian Yin's shoulder, believing that Lin Jian Yin had come to a realization and wouldn't give Meng to another person just like that anymore.

"Go to Meng quickly. Don't leave her alone."

Hearing that Meng was all by herself, Lin Jian Yin stopped thinking and only wanted to get home sooner to accompany Meng inside the game. Her courage had always been lacking and today was a big day, so she must be worried beyond control.



When Sword Spirit opened his eyes, he immediately saw Meng's back. She had already put on that pink dress and the gloves, shoes, and hat of the same style the boss had made for her. Sword Spirit appreciated Meng's back, her slim silhouette simply fairy-like. From a grocery shopping aunty to a fairy, this heart-wrenching journey in between simply gave Sword Spirit a misconception of "a daughter becoming an adult."

"Meng, turn around and let me see," Sword Spirit shouted out loud. Meng's form froze. She turned around a little bit nervously. In that moment, Sword Spirit discovered that she had put on light make up, making her look even cuter and more refreshing. *If I had hands, I might not be able to hold myself back from hugging her,* were Sword Spirit's thoughts to himself. He then immediately remembered what Bai Xue Chen had said about Meng being the person he liked. *How could that be possible? She's my manager, the girl I helped to transform. For me to fall in love with her? This isn't the Hikaru Genji Plan!*

Meng still appeared to be very worried. She knitted her brows as she asked, "Sword Spirit, maybe it's better if I don't attend the ball at all?"

"Why?" Sword Spirit froze. *Weren't these past days inside the game all for this specific ball?*

Meng showed a somewhat dismayed expression. "Edward is just too perfect."

"Is perfection bad?" It was an even bigger mystery to Sword Spirit

now. *There are actually people who dislike perfection?*

"How to explain..." Meng struggled to say, "Too perfect, too..." Even after struggling, she still couldn't find any faults to voice about Edward. However, not being able to come up with any faults was exactly what made her feel that this was extremely unreal.

"Don't be stupid!" Sword Spirit interrupted her impatiently, "Snatching the prince is our goal. Are you planning to give up?"

Hearing Sword Spirit say it in that way, Meng was a little bit startled, and then asked, "Has me getting the prince also been your goal?"

"Of course." Sword Spirit replied pretty much without thinking, but suddenly, the image of Edward sharing a passionate kiss with Meng popped into Sword Spirit's mind. He knitted his brows. This image made him feel very, very upset.

Meng was silent for a while and replied dully, "I understand. Let's go. It's almost time."

Sword Spirit was thinking about the uncomfortable feeling inside his heart and didn't notice Meng's unenthusiastic response. Meng picked up the sword on her own and set off for the imperial palace.



## #26: Part Twenty-six

Walking to the palace gates, when nearly all of the daughters of noble houses were coming by carriage, Meng looked very strange on foot. In addition, such an elegantly dressed girl carrying a sword on her back made it even more bizarre. However, what was even stranger was that no one was alarmed by the sword. Even the guards at the entrance didn't ask Meng any questions about it and allowed her to enter.

"Walking here? That would make a gown filthy, especially one in Prince Edward's favorite pure white."

That voice sounded slightly familiar. Meng looked in its direction suspiciously. As expected, it was someone they had met previously, Duke Biggs's daughter, Marisa. The dress she was wearing was very familiar too. It was the one Sword Spirit had immediately taken a liking to. The mermaid-style skirt worn on her tall figure emphasized her beautiful curves. Her entire person was gorgeous beyond compare.

"A peacock wearing white is still a peacock," Sword Spirit said offhandedly.

Meng couldn't help letting a laugh escape. This made Marisa very unhappy. She had mocked Meng, but hearing that laugh, she felt like she was the one being mocked instead.

However, as soon as Marisa turned her head, she saw the dazzling, brilliant Prince Edward walking in their direction. She stopped paying attention to Meng next to her and immediately revealed her most classic, refined smile. But she couldn't keep her eyes from gleaming

with desire. *Ah, that shining, perfect prince...*

"Meng, you came." Edward strode over at an elegant pace, but greeted Meng first.

Meng looked Edward up and down. Today, he was wearing a dark blue, military uniform-style outfit, but it had simple lines and no medals. Meng sincerely praised, "This outfit really suits you well. You look very handsome."

Edward grinned. He was able to tell that Meng was sincerely complimenting him and didn't have any other intentions.

"Your Highness, Prince Edward, Marisa is delighted to see you again."

As Marisa gracefully curtsied, her face held a smile that was perfectly flawless no matter the angle it was viewed at.

Edward smiled and returned the courtesy, "I'm honored to have met you again, my lady."

Marisa seemed ecstatic that Edward had responded so politely, but Meng was mentally shaking her head. She knew that regardless of who he was addressing, Edward was always this polite. Earlier, it had taken Edward a full half month to learn to stop adding the word "miss" to Meng's name.

Marisa had an expression of bashfulness, hoping that the prince might invite her to dance, or perhaps to go somewhere among the flowers under the moon...

“May I have the honor of dancing with you?” Edward elegantly bowed, with his hand extended, awaiting the lady’s answer. However, this lady was not Marisa.

Meng smiled while glancing a little worriedly at Marisa’s stiff countenance. But she still placed her hand upon Edward’s palm.

As Edward led Meng to the dance floor, he asked, “Did the guards trouble you? I told them not to bother you about your sword...”

Meng suddenly understood. “So it was like that. I really have to thank you...”

The two of them walked farther until they reached the center of the dance floor. Meng used the dance steps she had managed to learn in just over a month to dance along with Edward. The two people appeared very natural. There wasn’t a trace of forced atmosphere between them.

But there were two people who were very displeased. One of them was Sword Spirit. He had just been persuading Meng to come, but right now, seeing Meng happily dancing with Edward, he was really unhappy. In particular, as they slowly danced, Bai Xue Chen’s predictions were being fulfilled. Edward and Meng dancing close together put Sword Spirit in a bad mood. Edward putting his hand on Meng’s waist put Sword Spirit in a bad mood. Edward whispering close to Meng’s ear put Sword Spirit in a bad mood.

To sum it up in one sentence, he was in an extremely bad mood!

"Could we go to the flower garden for a stroll?" Edward offered.

"Hm?" Meng was somewhat unsure of what to do. Her eyes kept drifting to Sword Spirit.

Sword Spirit had long since been filled with anger, and he said almost harshly, "If you want to go, just go. You better give me to someone else to hold because I don't want to be a third wheel."

Hearing Sword Spirit's reply, Meng's face sank. "Oh. I understand." After she finished speaking, she really did entrust Sword Spirit to a guard off to the side and went with Edward to the flower garden.

*That bitch!* At that moment, Sword Spirit was furious enough to spit fire.

"Give the sword to me." A girl's voice sounded, filled with rage and jealousy.

Sword Spirit turned to look. *Peacock girl?* He frowned. *What does the peacock girl want with me?*

The guard seemed to be in a dilemma. But he also knew that the woman in front of him was the daughter of a duke, and he did not dare to disobey her. The guard cautiously replied, "Lady Marisa, this is a sword someone else entrusted to me. If you would like a sword, you may go to the armory..."

"I want this sword!" Marisa fiercely shouted.

"But..."

"Give the sword to her."

The guard looked back. The person who had spoken was Duke Biggs. This was someone the guard dared not defy. He turned the sword over to Marisa. Sword Spirit was shocked. He cried out, "What do you want... Mmph..." He was unable to finish speaking; his mouth had been covered by Marisa.

Duke Biggs sent away the guard and said to Marisa, "I will later distract the prince. You use the sword to distract the girl. It would be best if you had her locked away in the dungeons. The prince will not go there."

"Mmph... Meng... Mmmmph!" Sword Spirit heard and struggled even more desperately, but with only a mouth and eyes, he was completely powerless.

## #27: Part Twenty-seven

Marisa revealed an excited smile and nodded.

After Duke Biggs finished briefing his daughter, he walked in the direction that the prince and Meng had departed in. And indeed, not too long later, Meng came back first, alone. She appeared to still be somewhat giddy. It wasn't surprising that she was still a bit dazed after she had danced with a prince among the flowers under the moonlight. It simply was a scene that would only happen in a dream.

"Hey!" Marisa coldly greeted Meng.

Meng abruptly came back to her senses and looked at Marisa oddly.

"Is something the matter?"

"Do you want that sword back?" Marisa revealed a malicious smile. *Sword!* Meng immediately looked all around for Sword Spirit, but the guard she had entrusted him to had disappeared. Meng was frantic. At that moment, she guessed that this was something Marisa had done. Suppressing her anger, she asked, "Where's my sword?"

"If you want it back, then come with me." After Marisa finished speaking, she didn't cast Meng another glance and her disinterested, bobbing, graceful figure left.

Although Meng knew Marisa did not have good intentions, she had no option but to follow along. Sword Spirit might really be in her hands, but it was possible Marisa might only be issuing empty threats, which Meng secretly hoped was the case. Being verbally threatened was

unpleasant, but at least it wouldn't lead to dire consequences. Also, she didn't believe the curses from a lady like Marisa would be too horrible. Perhaps they wouldn't even be half as nasty to listen to as Sword Spirit's words.

Meng followed Marisa the entire way. Finally, they arrived in the kitchen. Outside the kitchen stood two guards, but it seemed that there was no one inside. Meng couldn't help feeling a little frightened. However, she was able to make out from the crack of the door that a sword seemed to be lying on the table. Meng clenched a fist. She couldn't abandon Sword Spirit, no matter what.

She had just walked to the doorway when she heard Sword Spirit roar, "Meng! Don't come in! Once you enter, we'll both be dead! Hurry and go! Go find Edward."

Meng gasped. At that moment, Marisa turned around, her face cold and heartless. Meng made a quick decision. What Sword Spirit said was right. Staying would lead to them both dying. Only Edward could save them. Immediately, Meng turned around to leave, but the two guards were planning to seize her. Meng gave a vicious kick to one guard's crotch. Taking advantage of him screaming in pain with his knees crossed, Meng broke into a run.

"Quick! Hurry and capture her! Don't let her find the prince!" Marisa furiously roared. Five or six guards sprang up from the sides and joined the chase.

However, Marisa didn't join them. She steadied her breathing and walked into the kitchen. Sword Spirit was lying on the table. The strip

of cloth that had originally been used to cover his mouth had been bitten through.

“Although you are only a sword, you are quite loyal,” Marisa said softly. Sword Spirit did not assume this was a compliment. In fact, anyone could tell from Marisa’s twisted features what she truly felt. Sword Spirit could only hope that Meng would be able to find Edward in time. If she was caught by this woman, Sword Spirit really did not dare to think of what fate would befall Meng.

Marisa picked up the sword and walked, step by step, to the brightly burning furnace. Sword Spirit also felt that his back was growing hotter and hotter. With a tremor in his voice, he asked, “What are you doing?”

“What am I doing?” Marisa revealed a smile. She innocently said, “Nothing! My hands only slipped carelessly, that’s all.”

Once she finished speaking, she ruthlessly threw Sword Spirit into the furnace. The blazing flames immediately engulfed Sword Spirit...



Lin Jian Yin struggled to stand up, but his head was still foggy.

“Jian Yin, Jian Yin, are you okay?”

Lin Jian Yin opened his eyes to see that the anxiously shouting person in front of him was Bai Xue Chen. Beside him was Yue Lan. On the table were many large and small packages of delicious-smelling food, seemingly brought along as midnight snacks.



Lin Jian Yin didn't even greet Bai Xue Chen. He only quickly turned his head to look at the television where a girl character was hiding inside a flower vase, not daring to move. Not far away were people searching all over for her.

It was as if Lin Jian Yin could see that girl's terrified expression. Even the tears on her face had extraordinary clarity. He shouted over and over again in fear, "Meng. Meng. She's in danger. I have to hurry and go save her. I have to..."

"Jian Yin, calm down!" Bai Xue Chen was shocked. He looked at the image of the game. No matter how he looked at it, it looked like a regular Nintendo game with a pixelated image and chibi Super Mario Brothers-type characters.

After being shouted at like that, Lin Jian Yin looked somewhat dazedly at Bai Xue Chen for several seconds and finally came to his senses. He smacked his head, and after taking several deep breaths, his breathing was even enough for him to say, "That's right. What's wrong with me? It's just a game. At most, it'll be GAME OVER. Meng isn't in any danger."

"B-But..." Yue Lan still had an expression of lingering fear, and continued saying, "B-but" without being able to say anything more. Lin Jian Yin looked strangely at Yue Lan and then at Bai Xue Chen, opening his mouth to ask, "What?"

Bai Xue Chen looked at the image on the television. At some unknown time, the girl character had already been found by the people

searching for her. Several people dragged her in front of a woman wearing a white dress. At this moment, Bai Xue Chen's face abruptly paled. He turned his head to say to Lin Jian Yin, "I think Meng Ling might be in danger."

## #28: Part Twenty-eight

Lin Jian Yin was watching Meng as she was being discovered, his heart tightening with anxiety. He could only reassure himself that this was just a game. *Nothing will happen to Meng.* However, when he heard Bai Xue Chen's words, he immediately had a bad premonition. He eyed Bai Xue Chen suspiciously and asked, "What's that supposed to mean?" Bai Xue Chen cautiously said, "We've been here the whole time but didn't see you. We even thought you'd gone out. But after calling your cell phone, we noticed that you'd left it inside your room and hadn't taken it with you..."

Lin Jian Yin interrupted him impatiently, "What are you talking about? I've been here the whole time, playing the game. I didn't go out at all." After hearing Lin Jian Yin's statement, Bai Xue Chen and Yue Lan looked at each other and then said, "Jian Yin, you weren't here just now. At least, we couldn't see you at all, but we saw that the Nintendo was still on. Furthermore, the game's visuals were constantly changing. Originally, we thought that the Nintendo had been on for too long, so the game screen was moving by itself. That wouldn't have been too weird either.

"But as we watched the game screen, we grew more and more nervous the more we watched. The girl and that sword inside could be none other than your and Meng Ling's clones. The way they spoke was exactly the same."

"That's just me operating the character!" Lin Jian Yin interjected, not understanding why they would say that they couldn't see him.

Bai Xue Chen frowned while reminding him, "Jian Yin, that's not possible. The controls for a Nintendo are only up, down, left, right, jump, and similar buttons. How would it be possible for you to have a conversation inside of it?"

Lin Jian Yin abruptly froze. While he looked down at the controller in his hand, he thought back to how he had talked with Meng. *Every detailed expression and motion, the interactions with each character in the game... How could this simple controller be able to do that? No! It would be impossible even in the newest games, right?* The thought sent cold shivers down Lin Jian Yin's spine.

"Jian Yin..." Bai Xue Chen started very carefully, "Just now, we also watched with growing fear. As soon as we saw the sword, which looked so very like you, being thrown into the furnace, with your life hanging by a thread, we saw no other option but to pull out the cartridge."

After hearing that, Lin Jian Yin looked toward the cartridge by reflex. The cartridge had indeed been pulled out already and was even placed next to the Nintendo... *Then, where is the game image on the television screen coming from?*

"The moment we pulled it out, y-you..." Bai Xue Chen was having trouble explaining, "Jian Yin, you 'fell' out of the television screen."

When the message reached Lin Jian Yin's brain, his eyes were blankly trained on the screen. At the moment, some guards were holding swords toward the small of Meng's back, forcing her forward step-by-step. Sure enough, she hadn't been able to find Edward.

*She's so timid. She must be very scared, right?* It was as if the swords being held against the small of Meng's back were being ruthlessly pierced into his own heart. He was so afraid that he started to tremble, unable to imagine what the peacock girl would do to Meng.

Meng: *Sword Spirit, Sword Spirit...*

A few lines suddenly appeared on the screen.

"Meng!" Lin Jian Yin didn't care about his fear anymore. He snatched the cartridge, intending to insert it back in the Nintendo so that he could return to search for Meng.

"Jian Yin, wait." But Bai Xue Chen grabbed his hand to prevent him from inserting the cartridge.

By this time, the Meng on the screen had already been thrown in jail by the guards, and she had curled up into a ball in the corner. Lin Jian Yin's heart tightened up too. As he fought Bai Xue Chen for the cartridge, he shouted, "Let go! I have to go back to find Meng."

"Don't do it! What if you appear in the furnace?" Bai Xue Chen yelled loudly.

Lin Jian Yin yelled back, "Even if I'll be burned to ashes, I still have to go back for Meng. I can't leave her alone in that place. She'll be so scared."

"Don't be stupid! We just have to search for Meng Ling's house and

pull out the cartridge, right?" Bai Xue Chen snatched the cartridge out of Lin Jian Yin's hand and immediately threw it into the far corner, deeply afraid that Lin Jian Yin would go back into that game again. He didn't want to see his best friend melted into scrap iron.

Only then did Lin Jian Yin clearly see that returning to the game wouldn't be of much help. Bai Xue Chen's suggestion was indeed a good one. He reached for his car keys straightaway and rushed out the door because he didn't want Meng to have to stay in that jail a moment longer.

Bai Xue Chen hurriedly told Yue Lan, "Stay here and watch the game image. If anything happens to Meng, call my cell right away."

Yue Lan nodded her head in understanding. "Okay."

Bai Xue Chen worriedly followed Lin Jian Yin out. They practically sprinted to the car. Lin Jian Yin opened the door, sat inside, and started the car. If Bai Xue Chen hadn't been quick enough, the car would have shot out like an arrow before his other foot was even inside.

"Do you know Meng Ling's address?" Bai Xue Chen asked with trepidation.

Lin Jian Yin didn't answer him. He just drove with one hand and operated his phone with the other. After tapping some keys, the personal information of his manager appeared very clearly. Lin Jian Yin read it once, both to answer Bai Xue Chen and so he could memorize it.

“Er... Drive more slowly, please.”

Bai Xue Chen reminded him while shuddering, but it was obviously no use. The red Ferrari was still speeding, overtaking other cars, weaving through them and everything else. When the car stopped, Bai Xue Chen’s eyes were already full of hot tears. *It’s great to still be alive!*

## #29: Part Twenty-nine

"Jian Yin! Wait for me."

By the time Bai Xue Chen had turned his head, the person in the driver's seat had left the car and was ten meters away already. Bai Xue Chen followed him hurriedly. Seeing the worry plastered all over Lin Jian Yin's face, Bai Xue Chen actually revealed a smile and started to plot what kind of excuse to make to escape after they saved Ye Meng Ling, to give them both some alone time together. Right, the best one would be to take away Lin Jian Yin's car keys altogether. That way he would have an excuse to stay.

Lin Jian Yin didn't even notice that his good friend was busily scheming. He only had to think about how that peacock woman might hurt Meng for his heart to tighten so much that it was difficult to bear, as if someone were firmly holding his heart in their palm right now.

Ye Meng Ling's residence was like many other people's. It was a place with an apartment manager, where you needed to use a card to get into the complex. The two men, who didn't live there, naturally wouldn't be able to get in. Lin Jian Yin was left with no alternative other than to try and ring the doorbell as though his life depended on it, hoping that it would wake Meng up, and that it might even let her escape from the game. But after he rang it for about ten minutes, and there was still no one answering him, Lin Jian Yin anxiously smashed the doorbell, ferocious, and even kicked the metal door a few times.

About that time, Bai Xue Chen led the manager over while talking to him, "...My cousin said she would eat dinner with us, but even after the



time we agreed to meet, she didn't come, and her cell phone is unreachable. She has asthma as well. We're just so worried about her..."

The old manager nodded his head, said that he understood, took one key from a big chain of keys, and opened the door. He led the two youngsters to Ye Meng Ling's residence.

As soon as the manager opened the door to Ye Meng Ling's residence, Lin Jian Yin impatiently rushed inside. The apartment wasn't very big, and the living room appeared to be pretty small, though very clean and tidy. It had some simple and stylish decorations as well and looked very refreshing. The only messy aspect was the Nintendo placed on the floor, where no one could be seen in front of it.

Lin Jian Yin rushed to the television. His eyes stared intently at the screen, where Meng was still being held inside the jail. Lin Jian Yin looked down toward the Nintendo. The cartridge inside was pink. He reached out to pull out the cartridge, but the cartridge seemed to be stuck in the Nintendo. No matter how hard he pulled, he wasn't able to pull it out.

Lin Jian Yin felt very annoyed. Without regard to anything anymore, he just wanted to smash the whole Nintendo, but Bai Xue Chen hurriedly prevented him from doing so. He told Lin Jian Yin, "Look!" Following the direction the finger pointed at, Lin Jian Yin looked down at the Nintendo uncomprehendingly. At first, he didn't feel that anything was strange. But when Bai Xue Chen pointed it out, he unexpectedly spotted a faint black fog surrounding the Nintendo. Lin Jian Yin had never noticed this particular phenomenon on his Nintendo

before.

“What’s happening?” he asked, a little scared. That black air gave off a bad vibe.

Bai Xue Chen’s lips formed a hard line, and he asked, “You found the antique shop above your company, right?”

“Yeah...” After he answered, he also added, “But the fifty-first floor the antique shop is on doesn’t exist.”

Bai Xue Chen took a deep breath and said, “Let’s hope the fifty-first floor will be there later. Let’s go.”



Looking both relaxed and content, God Charity flipped through a book, occasionally sipping black tea, which filled the room with its fragrance.

“You did it on purpose!”

A deep growl dripping with anger destroyed this moment of leisure. Following that, a handsome male with black hair and red eyes, who was brimming with malevolence, stepped into the living room in a rage. Inside the living room, the walls turned gray and the furniture, such as the cupboard filled with various things, the sofa, and the television, turned into a deep black like the night sky. Only the small, round table God Charity was sitting at remained white.

God Charity replied in a calm and unruffled manner, “Do you want a cup of black tea?”

Devil Chaos knocked over the teapot with one swipe, coldly saying, "I do my business, you do yours. We agreed not to interfere with each other."

"I didn't interfere with you, did I?" God Charity revealed an innocent and honest smile. If it were a normal person, he or she would've believed him as soon as they saw him smile like that, but the man brimming with malevolence in front of him wasn't a normal person.

"Why did you sell the other game cartridge to another person? You knew that I had already sold a cartridge shortly before that," Devil Chaos inquired.

God Charity's eyes shone brightly. "The customer chose the Nintendo himself. I couldn't not give him a cartridge, could I? Moreover, if you're allowed to sell cartridges, obviously, I'm also allowed to sell them."

It was true that the customer had chosen it himself. Devil Chaos wasn't able to refute that point, but he still retorted rudely, "What's up with that agreement? The contract between you and him isn't reasonable at all. Your benefits are way less than what you're investing."

"My benefit and my investment are equal. The cartridge is a trial version," God Charity explained indifferently.

"You!" Devil Chaos wanted to stomp his feet in anger. It was true that God Charity hadn't violated any regulations, but he was using

loopholes.

At that moment, the door bell rang clearly. God Charity revealed his innocent look again and said, "I have customers."

Devil Chaos narrowed his eyes and looked to the entrance, as if he could see through that door. After taking a look, he snorted and left the living room, leaving only his words echoing through the air, "Don't be too cheeky! Don't forget, I'm much better at using loopholes and such than you are."

God Charity revealed a rare worried expression on his face, but the moment the door was pushed open, he regained his original smile. He had a smile on as he looked at the two male customers: one an old customer, the other his current one.

As soon as he saw God Charity, Bai Xue Chen's eyes lit up. He looked to his left and right immediately. His surroundings were a mass of white, the walls were white, and the furniture was white. When he saw this scene, Bai Xue Chen visibly relaxed, but still asked to be sure, "He... isn't in?"

Lin Jian Yin was completely confused. He didn't understand who Bai Xue Chen was talking about.

### #30: Part Thirty

God Charity playfully winked. "He just left."

Bai Xue Chen was finally able to relax and rushed to ask, "God Charity, have you sold another Nintendo? For example, to a girl?" At the same time as he asked the question, he couldn't help but pray from the bottom of his heart that it was God Charity who had sold it.

"I'm very sorry." God Charity's response made him despair. "I only sold one to the Mr. Lin behind you."

*This is the worst!* Bai Xue Chen's face suddenly turned white. He didn't know what to do next. He definitely didn't want to find the antique shop's other owner for negotiations, since he knew that the other one would eat them alive.

"Move!" Lin Jian Yin forcefully pushed Bai Xue Chen aside and growled, "Listen, I don't care what kind of strange place this is. I don't care who you all are, either. I only want to know how to get a person out of the game!"

God Charity was indifferent toward his rough attitude and merely poured two cups of tea. He motioned for the two of them to sit down. Bai Xue Chen tried to force Lin Jian Yin to sit down several times, but the latter kept shaking him off and angrily glared at God Charity. In the end, Bai Xue Chen used almost all his energy to force him into the seat. At the same time, he yelled, "Sit down! God Charity is the only person who can help us. If you continue to be rude, you might as well get out of here and let me resolve the problem by myself."

After Lin Jian Yin heard the usually good-natured Bai Xue Chen bellowing, he was finally willing to sit in the chair and stop glaring. He simply turned his head away and sulked.

Seeing him behave like that, Bai Xue Chen sighed and sat down as well. He looked at God Charity with pleading eyes. "We can only rely on you now..."

God Charity smiled slightly and calmly said, "I apologize. There isn't much I can do. That miss isn't my customer."

"Ah, she is the 'other one's' customer?"

Bai Xue Chen lifted the tea cup, as if he were speaking with a friend, but his heart was extremely worried. He knew that the "other one" must have a way of knowing what was happening in this small living room, including everything that was being said. If the contents of the conversation affected this "other one's" interests, that person would not remain a bystander.

God Charity nodded his head without even speaking a single word of affirmation. He instead changed the topic. "Mr. Lin's trial period is almost at an end, right? Be sure to make good use of your time."

Bai Xue Chen's eyes were shifty, and inwardly, he was calculating what should be asked and what shouldn't be asked to avoid a reaction from the "other one." He finally decided to first ask about Lin Jian Yin's situation. "When he was thrown into the furnace earlier, I had to pull out the cartridge to save him. If he returns now..."

God Charity interrupted and said, "Nothing will happen."

Bai Xue Chen nodded to indicate that he understood, and then he asked, "Jian Yin's game is a raising simulation game. If he accomplishes the objective, will the game end?"

"His game would end." God Charity gave a vague answer, but it was sufficient for Bai Xue Chen.

At this time, Lin Jian Yin turned his head and listened while holding back his temper. Although he didn't understand why the two of them weren't openly discussing the matter, he at least trusted Bai Xue Chen after all his years of friendship with him.

"A game usually has a reward, right? If he accomplishes the objective, what kind of reward will Jian Yin receive?" Bai Xue Chen continued to ask about Jian Yin's problem.

"Well..." God Charity was in deep thought about how to answer.

"That will depend on how Mr. Lin achieves the objective. If the girl you raised marries someone else, then there isn't a reward at all. However, if the girl chooses you, you will be able to bring the girl out of the game."

After that was said, Lin Jian Yin's eyes lit up, and Bai Xue Chen's face brightened as they glanced at each other.

"Very interesting, God Charity, and the long-time-no-see lover of a

painting.”

After hearing such a teasing tone and seeing a tall, dark, and slender figure walk out from the door, Bai Xue Chen’s heart sank. Meanwhile, Lin Jian Yin’s face filled with unhappiness, and he asked, “And who are you?”

When he heard Lin Jian Yin’s rude question, Devil Chaos dangerously narrowed his eyes but then stopped. He slowly walked toward the round table and lightly knocked on the table with a finger.

“I am this shop’s other owner.”

Lin Jian Yin’s eyes widened, and he remembered Bai Xue Chen and God Charity’s conversation. He yelled, “You’re the one who sold a Nintendo to Meng?”

Devil Chaos simply acknowledged, “Yes.”

Lin Jian Yin grabbed Devil Chaos’s shirt collar, and with a dark and menacing voice, said, “What exactly have you done? Why can’t she come out of the game?”

Devil Chaos apparently didn’t care very much that his shirt collar had been grabbed, and he wasn’t frightened by Lin Jian Yin’s expression, either. Without a care, he answered, “She herself was the one who didn’t want to come out of the game.”

“Liar!” Lin Jian Yin became angry.



With a wave, Devil Chaos easily brushed Lin Jian Yin's hand away. He had a deceitful smile as he slowly explained, "That's the contract she signed with me. She wanted a thrilling romantic love, a perfect prince, and a happily ever after ending. Besides, I don't do business without gain. I just took her body. In any case, she'll exist in the game and won't need a body. When it all comes down to it, I'm the one who's losing out."

"W-what are you saying?" Lin Jian Yin's head was spinning due to those words. He almost couldn't believe it.

"Perfect, huh..." As God Charity enjoyed his black tea, he thought aloud, "Probably only a game character can be perfect, right? If the girl chooses an imperfect man, the contract would likely be void, yes?"

Devil Chaos's face froze, and he glared at God Charity, but the other party didn't care. Instead, he leisurely reminded, "Mr. Lin, there are only three hours left of your trial period. Don't you need to hurry back and play?"

"What! Three hours?"

### #31: Part Thirty-one

Lin Jian Yin fiercely jumped up. He rushed out so quickly that Bai Xue Chen didn't think he could catch up to his good friend, so he needed to catch a cab home by himself. Bai Xue Chen lifted his head up and was shocked to see a frightening scene—a black shadow rapidly crawled and filled the living room, as if it were alive. Darkness immediately engulfed more than half of the originally plentiful white space. In the blink of an eye, that black shadow was already near the round table.

Just when Bai Xue Chen thought that he would be swallowed by that black shadow, the black shadow was instead held off behind God Charity. By that time, with the exception of the little round table, everything else in the living room had become black.

It was as if God Charity didn't notice the situation. He only kindly reminded Bai Xue Chen, "Mr. Bai, it's getting late. Please go home earlier and rest."

Bai Xue Chen didn't want to stay a moment longer in the first place. He turned around and immediately rushed out the door. He could hear Devil Chaos's laughter behind his back.

"Do you think it will be that easy? You think you can destroy my business? When would humans ever be willing to give up perfection to choose imperfection?"



"Meng! Wait for me."

Lin Jian Yin rushed home and practically busted down the door, startling Yue Lan, who was inside. Not yet fully recovered from the shock, Yue Lan held her chest as she comforted Lin Jian Yin.

“It’s okay. The prince saved Meng.”

Just a moment ago, Lin Jian Yin would certainly have been happy to hear this news, yet now, his heart was sinking. He had associated with Edward for a period of time. Edward looked exactly like him, but he was a prince. Every woman dreams of a prince. Furthermore, Edward also had qualities he didn’t possess: a good temper, the air of a nobleman, gentleness and consideration... *Damn! He’s such a perfect man.*

Lin Jian Yin looked toward the TV screen. With a glance, his heart almost stopped beating. Edward, the prince, was currently proposing to the woman Lin Jian Yin loved.

The current scene was different from before. It was skipping forward like a spinning film.

“It’s very weird. It became like that around twenty minutes ago. The plot is progressing very fast.”

Yue Lan knitted her eyebrows.

“Just now, the prince inside the game realized that Meng was gone. He was extremely worried and led a search with his guards. One of the guards who once held you said Marisa took you away. The prince rushed to question her. Only then did he find out the truth and was

able to rescue Meng.”

*Twenty minutes ago? That’s around the time I left the antique shop...That man wearing black!* Lin Jian Yin had the gut feeling that he was the one behind it.

Just as Lin Jian Yin gritted his teeth, Yue Lan mumbled, “The characters are too small to make out clearly. Just earlier, Meng appeared to have waited a long time near the furnace that almost melted you...”

Yue Lan’s eyes moved toward the screen. She gasped, “Oh no! Meng... Meng... She accepted the prince’s marriage proposal.”

Lin Jian Yin looked toward the screen where the scene still showed the kitchen. Meng just so happened to take the ring offered by the prince, who held it up while on one knee. Her face appeared to be calm. However, she looked sad when she occasionally glanced at the furnace.

Lin Jian Yin didn’t hesitate anymore. He inserted the cartridge into the Nintendo and waited for the two vortexes to roll him into the game, to roll him to his love’s side. He no longer foolishly denied that he cared about this woman who was always very common. He liked this woman whom he had changed. He loved this woman who never got scared off by his nasty mouth even up to the end.



Sword Spirit opened his eyes again, but the situation wasn’t like what God Charity had said with nothing to worry about. He was still inside the furnace with a blazing fire burning him. The fear of melting away

assailed his heart. He yelled dreadfully, hoping that Meng would hear him, or that anyone would hear him and take him away from this place.

But this place no longer had anyone else. Sword Spirit didn't know how much time he had spent here either after entering the game. It was possible that Meng had already gone off to marry the prince. The pain in his heart was far worse than the blazing fire outside.

*Don't be scared. Endure this period of time and you will be able to go find her.*

A breeze of a whisper floated through Sword Spirit's mind. Sword Spirit froze for a moment but gratefully calmed down. Even though he still feared melting, his real fear was of the fact that if he melted away and died, then he would not be able to search for Meng. However, that gentle voice told him that as long as he endured this, he would be able to go find Meng. Therefore, there was nothing to fear anymore. Once the sword melted away into a piece of metal, no longer retaining the shape of a sword, a half transparent human form stepped out of the furnace. He didn't hesitate in choosing a direction, taking off in quick strides.

A handsome man dressed in a black priest gown was standing at the wedding altar to witness the wedding of the kingdom's prince and soon-to-be princess. He looked weird. This handsome man didn't really look one bit like a clergyman or a priest. Down to his very bones, he gave off an evil aura and wore a smile that made it seem like he was mocking the commoners.

But the marriage sermons he read weren't the least bit negligent. He

didn't use much effort to speedily read through the long marriage sermons. After that, he asked the most important question.

"Edward, do you take Meng to be your wedded wife, in..."

Edward, without hesitation, answered, "I do."

The man's sneering smile became even more apparent. He then proceeded to turn and ask the bride, Meng, who was still wearing the pink formal dress. That was what she had requested of Edward. She had only wanted to wear the first formal dress that she had bought from working a job with Sword Spirit, even if the sword was no longer on her back.

"Meng, do you take Edward to be your wedded husband, in sickness and in health, and pledge yourself only to him until death do you part?"

Meng slowly lifted her head and felt that the priest in front of her was rather familiar. However, that wasn't important. Edward was waiting for her response. She turned away. Edward wasn't aggravated by her delayed response, but rather wore an encouraging smile.

This man was simply too perfect. At times, he would make you feel as if... you were faced with the blazing, bright sun and couldn't keep your eyes open. Meng shook her head. What was she thinking? The man in front of her would soon be her husband.

Meng forced herself not to think much about it anymore. She turned and answered the priest, "I do..."

## #32: Part Thirty-two

“Meng!”

A shout interrupted the oath, but this voice was too familiar, and Meng immediately turned her head and shouted loudly, “Sword Spirit?”

What she saw, however, wasn’t a sword at all, but a man who was almost transparent. The sight shocked everyone there—he looked exactly like Prince Edward, and also exactly like Lin Jian Yin.

Meng was confused as well. *Who is this? Is he my Sword Spirit? Or, or is he Lin Jian Yin?*

“Meng, don’t marry someone else.” Lin Jian Yin rushed over worriedly.

“You evil demon, you actually dare to interrupt this wedding!”

The priest dressed in black cried out. Suddenly, Lin Jian Yin found himself unable to move at all. He couldn’t even open his mouth. He tried hard to make “uh, oh” sounds for a long time, but couldn’t make any noise. After a gush of air suddenly cleared his throat, Lin Jian Yin found his voice again. Inside his mind, he made a guess and said, *Thank you, God Charity...*

Lin Jian Yin immediately shouted, “Meng, hurry up and come to my side.”

“Who, who are you?” Meng was startled. She wasn’t able to determine who the person in front of her was, yet.

"It's me, Sword Spirit!" Although Lin Jian Yin found his voice again, his body still couldn't move. At the same time, he noticed that the antique store's other owner was actually the one standing behind the podium as the witness. Lin Jian Yin felt so anxious that his face flushed red.

Meng was still doubtful. "Why does your appearance look exactly like Prince Edward's?"

"What are you saying about me looking like him!" Lin Jian Yin said, flustered and exasperated, "He's the one who looks like me. I'm Lin Jian Yin, and you're my manager, Ye Meng Ling!"

Meng blanked out for a moment, saying with trembling lips, "Lin Jian Yin? You're really Lin Jian Yin?"

"I'm Lin Jian Yin, but also your Sword Spirit." Lin Jian Yin kept his tone as gentle as possible. He didn't want to frighten Meng, and he hadn't wanted to announce the truth at this occasion, but if he didn't say it now, he was afraid that Meng wouldn't come with him.

Meng covered her face and didn't say anything for a long, long time. Yet, you could tell that she was very emotional from the way her chest was heaving.

When he saw no response from Meng, Lin Jian Yin started to feel more anxious. "Meng, listen to me. You can't marry Edward. If you marry him, you won't ever be able to leave this game. You have to choose me to be able to leave this place."



Meng still didn't say anything.

"Leave? Why would she want to leave this place?" Devil Chaos lazily said, "Just by staying here, she will have a perfect husband. As the princess of the kingdom, no one will make fun of her, and she won't have to endure a very successful singer's nonsense, or a sword's malicious words."

Devil Chaos's words made Meng's body start to tremble.

"Don't listen to his nonsense anymore!" Lin Jian Yin bellowed, "Meng, Meng, you don't want to stay in this game forever, right?"

Meng slowly lowered her hands. Her eyes were full of grief and indignation. "What do you want? You already knew that I was Ye Meng Ling but didn't tell me, and you even played the role of Sword Spirit all this time. Did you think it was amusing lying to me like this?"

Hearing Meng's criticism, Lin Jian Yin grew frenetic and didn't know what would be for the best. "No, no, it's not like that. I only wanted to help you change."

"I waited beside the furnace for a very long time and thought you died for real." Meng's tears were swirling in her eyes, but she tried hard to hold them back, stubbornly not letting them roll down.

Seeing Meng putting up a front, keeping her tears back, Lin Jian Yin's heart hurt. He barely squeezed out, "It hasn't actually been that long outside..."

“Do you still remember, how I told you before the ball that I didn’t want to go anymore?”

Meng looked straight at Lin Jian Yin. “At that time, I was very serious about it. I really didn’t want to attend the ball anymore. I was very happy spending the days together with Sword Spirit. If it were possible, I would’ve wanted to always and always be together with Sword Spirit, even if he didn’t have a body and didn’t have a face. The only thing he had, was a mouth, which was also so malicious... yet sincere.”

Lin Jian Yin almost wasn’t able to say anything. When he interrupted Meng back then, what had he told her?

“You told me not to be stupid anymore and to quickly go and catch the prince.” The corner of Meng’s eye glistened, but she immediately swiped it away.

“I...” Never before did Lin Jian Yin want to curse his own mouth as much as now.

“I’ve caught him now. You’re supposed to be happy for me. Why have you come to stop me?” Meng smiled, like she was trying to persuade everyone else and also herself. She said, “Edward is the most perfect man I have ever met. He’s gentle, considerate, has the elegance of a gentleman, and also knows how to value others. With this kind of man, what’s there to be picky about?”

Meng turned around and said to Devil Chaos, “Will you ask me again, please?”

Devil Chaos glanced at the frenetic-looking Lin Jian Yin and said, satisfied, "Of course, no problem. Meng, do you take Edward to be your wedded husband, in sickness and in health, and pledge yourself only to him until death do you part?"

Meng took a deep breath. "I do—"

"But I love you!" Lin Jian Yin yelled, nearly hysterical, "IloveyouIloveyouIloveyou... I'm asking you, I'm begging you, don't get married to someone else. Don't be anywhere I can't reach you. Don't give up on me!"

Meng's back stiffened.

### #33: Part Thirty-three

It took Lin Jian Yin a moment before he recovered his breath and could speak once more. "I know that I'm not perfect.

"I have many flaws. I have a sharp tongue, and I never say anything good. But I'll change half of it. If there's something bad, I'll still say it's bad, but if there's something good, I won't forget to compliment you on it.

"I can't do any housework, and I can't even tell Chinese cabbage apart from other cabbages, but we can buy groceries together. I can certainly take you by car to buy groceries and then help you carry the shopping basket.

"I'm not gentle nor am I considerate enough, but I will learn to respect you more. I know that you like to wear very comfortable clothes. If it's not a formal occasion, you can even wear Pikachu or Minnie Mouse for all I care, even though I think that Hello Kitty is cuter...

"We didn't have any romantic moments, either. The first time, I thought you were a female ghost, and the second time, we were buying groceries at the supermarket..."

Meng still didn't move and only lowered her head.

Lin Jian Yin, whose face was as red as a tomato, finally asked after much hesitation, "You, are you willing to give up the perfect prince behind you and a thrilling romance with lots of excitement, to choose me, who is full of faults—a guy you officially met at a supermarket?"

"Full of faults..." Two streaks of tears rolled down Meng's cheeks. She said, choking with sobs, "Aren't I full of faults, too?"

She turned around and faced Lin Jian Yin. This time, she didn't swipe the tears away. "I'm a coward, I don't like to change, and I won't ever be able to follow current trends.

"I'm discouraged easily. I've only been rejected once and had already given up on myself, letting myself be like an auntie all day."

"You, you weren't that terrible." Noticing her tears, Lin Jian Yin clumsily rushed to cheer her up, but seeing Meng looking straight at him, he unintentionally spoke the truth. "In the beginning, you really were very terrible! Even Ru Hua<sup>1</sup> on television was better than you by far, but now you're much better! Ah!" Lin Jian Yin stopped, realizing he'd put his foot in his mouth again. *How could I take Meng and compare her to Ru Hua? God!*

"Pfft," Meng let laughter escape at Lin Jian Yin's horrified, gaping expression. She then wiped her tears and with a grin, added, "You don't have a sharp tongue. It's simply stupid through and through, you stupid man."

"You stinking woman! If I'm stupid, you aren't any better. One stupid, the other plain, aren't we just the right pair, then?" Lin Jian Yin was a little angry at the beginning, but by the end, he suddenly grew a bit giddy.

"I don't care if you call yourself stupid, but why did you have to call

me plain? Don't you know that calling a woman plain is actually a very severe blow to a woman's confidence? It's no surprise that even though you're as handsome as Edward, you've chased away so many women," Meng retorted without mercy.

"What's this about me looking as handsome as Edward? He's the one who looks as handsome as me, OK!" Lin Jian Yin declared earnestly. He'd had this face for twenty-eight years now. No matter how you looked at it, he had lived longer than a game character, right?

*Lin Jian Yin! You only have three minutes left to propose!*

*This voice sure sounds like Bai Xue Chen's!* Lin Jian Yin couldn't help looking right and left, checking to see if Bai Xue Chen was nearby.

"What's wrong?" Meng couldn't refrain from asking, seeing him like that.

"It's nothing. I thought I heard Xue Chen's voice." Lin Jian Yin looked perplexed. *He's not here.*

"What did he say?"

"He said I only have three minutes left to propose." Only after answering truthfully did Lin Jian Yin realize this sentence's meaning. *Are there only three minutes left of the trial version now?* Lin Jian Yin was in such hurry that he didn't know what to do. *I have to propose to a woman within three minutes?* He... he hadn't mentally prepared himself...

Lin Jian Yin was so distressed that he tousled his hair. In his mind, however, he suddenly felt a couple of numbers counting down right at that moment. Two minutes and thirty seconds, two minutes and twenty-nine seconds...

Sensing his time running out, Lin Jian Yin was so frightened that he blurted out, "This, this... I don't care anymore! Meng, marry me."

Meng stared right at him. Lin Jian Yin had a head of tousled hair, his body was even transparent, he didn't even think of kneeling down, and even his tone was rushed. *You call that a proposal?*

Meng pursed her lips. "You're so unromantic."

"Who cares about being romantic or not at this time?" Lin Jian Yin glared. "Fine, what do you want me to do?"

Meng began to smile sweetly, coughed two times, took her wedding bouquet, walked in front Lin Jian Yin, who was unable to move, and offered her bouquet with both hands. Her tone was both gentle and sweet when she said, "This imperfect man, are you willing to accept me, this imperfect woman, forming a possibly not very perfect, but tolerable marriage?"

## Footnotes

<sup>1</sup> **“Ru Hua”**: 如花 (Rú Hua) was a normal female name, but it also belonged to a very ugly girl, who appeared in the movie “Hail the Judge” (九品芝麻官) directed by Zhou Xing Chi (周星馳). Due to that movie, this term is used as a synonym for an ugly girl (醜女) nowadays.



### #34: Part Thirty-four

Lin Jian Yin's eyes widened. "What? Are you confessing to me?"

"No!" Meng said seriously, "This, of course, is a proposal. Didn't you hear me say 'marriage?'"

"What?" Lin Jian Yin opened his mouth wide. After a while, he finally shouted, "No way! What kind of man lets a woman propose? At least, that man can't be me! This is so humiliating!"

"Didn't you say you would respect me? Can't I even propose to you?" Meng felt wronged.

"This, this..." Lin Jian Yin struggled painfully from the bottom of his heart for a while. In the middle, he accidentally caught a glimpse of Meng's hopeful but also fearful expression. Also, his inner clock had already counted down to twenty-something seconds. He replied hurriedly, "Alright already, if you want to propose, then propose. I'm willing. Are you happy now?"

Meng smiled so radiantly, so sweetly, that her smile could drown a person. Seeing it, Lin Jian Yin couldn't stop himself from revealing an idiotic smile. As if he were falling into that sweet smile, even the sky and the earth started to spin. The scenery, the imperial palace, and the crowd in the surroundings slowly blurred together, like a painting that had water poured over it. The colors began merging together, and you couldn't make anything else out anymore...

A faint sentence drifted over. "Damn! Only needed a few more seconds."

This contract is of no use anymore. My work was for naught!”



“Meng!”

Lin Jian Yin woke up abruptly. His whole body almost jumped up straight, and he looked to his left and right. He had actually returned to his rooms already, but he didn't see Meng. *Could it be that she hadn't come out?* Lin Jian Yin's heart tightened at that thought. *What if she didn't come back....*

Lin Jian Yin got up in a frenzy, falling down from the couch in the process, rushed to the Nintendo placed on the floor, and as soon as he saw the Nintendo's appearance, completely froze. Even though the Nintendo hadn't exactly looked new before, it couldn't compare to the current appearance of it being so dirty that a heap of sand would come off if you wiped it. Spider webs, moss, and even small spiders were crawling on top of it. It looked like it had been in the waste dump for a long time and had been dug out just now.

There wasn't a trace of the cartridge left.

Lin Jian Yin's last resort was to look at the television screen. On it, there was nothing but the blue screen of it being disconnected. He lifelessly looked at the screen, refusing to think of anything, refusing to ponder. He feared that if his brain booted, he would think of the only possible outcome: maybe it wouldn't be anything good, maybe he should have agreed to Meng's proposal sooner. Who cared about his image issues? How much was his image worth? Would it even measure up to Meng's sweet smile?

After who knows how long of spacing out, his nose was the first to wake up. A familiar smell of food breezed through, resembling something like fried eggs. Lin Jian Yin slowly picked himself up and hopefully walked in the direction of the kitchen. Sure enough, there was a girl standing there with her back to him. Lin Jian Yin slowly walked behind that person, reached out his hands, and hugged her. She seemed to be a little surprised. Her body froze, as if she didn't know what reaction would be best.

At that moment, Lin Jian Yin didn't want to talk either. He only wanted to hug Meng and calm down properly from the shock he had just received. What luck! His Meng was still here. He hadn't lost his Meng. "Lin Jian Yin, what are you doing!"

Bai Xue Chen hissed through gritted teeth. Lin Jian Yin turned his head, puzzled. Bai Xue Chen's eyes were almost ready to spit fire. Lin Jian Yin thought it was very strange. His hugging his own Meng shouldn't be any of Bai Xue Chen's concern, so why would he be angry?

But at second glance, Lin Jian Yin saw a familiar silhouette standing behind Bai Xue Chen. She wore blue-white slippers, a very big blouse, wide jeans, and also carried two red-white plastic bags. With this kind of exclusive attire, it could only be one person. He blurted out, "Meng?"

*That's not right. Who am I hugging right now then?* Lin Jian Yin abruptly jerked away, and the owner of that back also turned around with a wry smile. It was Yue Lan, wearing an apron. She held a spatula in her hand, but even so, her touching beauty wasn't affected.

Stunned, he looked at Yue Lan, and at Bai Xue Chen, and then at Meng. He didn't know whom he should apologize to first. He could only stammer, "Wait, I can explain, really..."

"Screw your explanation. You don't mess around with your friend's wife." With a kick, Bai Xue Chen toppled Lin Jian Yin over, and he pretended to pummel and beat up the latter.

Ye Meng Ling watched the two childish men wrestling without a comment.

"Meng! The eggs are ready. Let's go outside to eat." Yue Lan carried two delicious smelling plates.

Meng Ling happily replied, "Alright, I also bought soy milk."

The two women didn't pay any further attention to the men and walked out of the kitchen by themselves, while chatting.

"Let's both hold a wedding in June, alright?"

Yue Lan's gentle voice sounded from the living room, and the two wrestling men stopped simultaneously. One was pulling the other's cheek, and the other was pulling the former's hair, appearing bizarre. They both perked up their ears to eavesdrop on the girls' conversation.

"Well, Jian hasn't proposed to me, yet."

"What? But you proposed to him already, right?"

“That was to leave the game. A game is a game; reality is reality.”

“Then... alright then. Well, it’s not urgent. I’ll wait for you and Jian Yin to marry, and I’ll marry Bai Xue at the same time.”

As soon as he heard that, Bai Xue Chen revealed an aggressive expression, and he tried hard to throttle Lin Jian Yin. “For my happiness, my future, and my beautiful wife, you’re going to propose right now. Propose immediately. Propose to her now...”



Lots of people were gathered inside the church. There were even many media personnel holding cameras and camcorders, taking pictures and recording ferociously without a care for the wasted film. Everyone knew that today was Lin Jian Yin and his manager’s wedding. When the bride, wearing a pink dress, threw her wedding bouquet with a shy smile, the pink tulips suddenly disappeared in mid-air. Despite everybody’s eyes widening, they still couldn’t find the big bouquet that should have been very noticeable.

The beautiful tulips actually reappeared on a far away hillside where a black and a white silhouette were. The bouquet was currently in the white silhouette’s grasp.

“What an unprofitable contract.” The black silhouette said lazily, “You gave him a manager and wife who could endure his rude remarks, yet you only requested the bride’s bouquet in return?”

“To be correct, it’s a bride’s bouquet of true love.” The white silhouette revealed a smile. He looked at and smelled the fully bloomed tulips, as

if he could feel the deep love between the groom and wife through them.

“True love, huh? That sure is rare.”

**[Romance RPG END]**