

## The Boss Behind The Game Chapter 420

On Jinxiu mountain in the Dragon Kingdom.

After the heavy rain, the mountain road was covered in fog. On both sides of the wet stairs, the verdant leaves were still dripping with rain. It was a lively scene.

In the Golden Bell temple on the mountain, a handsome man dressed in a martial monk's attire was sitting cross-legged on a futon with his hands pressed together. He was listening to the lecture of an old monk in a Kasaya beside him.

"Yuan Fang, this cultivation is ascetic. I won't give you any money during this period of cultivation down the mountain. The hardships you experience during this period will be a tempering of your Buddhist heart. I hope you can comprehend the great Dao of Buddhism from it!"

"Master, what about my meal?" Yuan Fang raised his head in confusion.

"I'll give you the alms bowl, and you can go alms yourself!"

"What if they don't give us Food?" Yuan Fang continued to ask.

"Then let's change to another patron!" The old monk said calmly.

"Then why don't you go to another restaurant and still refuse?"

At that moment, the old monk's veins bulged on his forehead."

"Ascetic cultivation is to face hunger, cold, and fatigue. If you can't beg for food, you can only endure!"

"Then, master, can I work when I'm hungry?" Yuan Fang continued to ask.

"You ... You're working?" At that moment, the old monk felt his blood pressure rise again. He quickly chanted "Amitabha" to calm his emotions.

"No!"

“Master, then can I not go and cultivate?” Yuan Fang said pitifully.

“You’re already an adult. Ascetic cultivation is a tempering of your state of mind. How can you be unwilling just because you want to? if you return to the temple early or let me find out that you didn’t abide by the rules of ascetic cultivation and broke the precept without permission, I’ll drive you out of the door!” The old monk frowned and scolded.

“Alright then, master. When will we start eating? I’ll eat more first so that I won’t go hungry!”

The old monk was speechless.

After taking in such a disciple, the old monk felt extremely tired. Other than being able to eat and fight, he had nothing else to do.

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In the afternoon, Yuan Fang, who still wanted to stay in the temple no matter what, was finally driven out of the mountain Gate and began a year-long “bitter cultivation.”

At this moment, Yuan Fang was holding the alms bowl in his hand and wearing an ascetic robe. He raised his head and went down the mountain in dejection.

He was very familiar with this mountain road. He often went up and down the mountain with his senior and junior brothers to buy the materials needed for the temple. Usually, there were basically no tourists except for some special festivals.

The path down the mountain was winding, and it took them two hours to reach the foot of the mountain.

There was a small town not far from the foot of the mountain. Although the town was remote, its construction was very modern and its basic construction was also very complete. A road extended from the town to the foot of the mountain.

Looking around, Yuan Fang rubbed his chubby head, not knowing where to go.

In the end, he decided to head towards the town. There were many people there, so he should be able to get some food.

After another few hours of walking, Yuan Fang felt hungry and missed the food in the temple.

However, when he thought of his master's stern gaze before he left, Yuan Fang dispelled the thought of returning.

Although there were also vehicles going back and forth along the way, Yuan Fang did not dare to hitch a ride. After all, his master had instructed him before that he could only walk during the ascetic journey.

Looking at the alms bowl in his hand, Yuan Fang rubbed his stomach and walked into the street of the town.

His appearance immediately attracted the attention of many people, because his dress was too conspicuous, and it was out of place with modern clothing.

Walking along the street, Yuan Fang felt hungry again as he smelled the fragrance from the shops on both sides of the street ...

After some thought, he walked into a restaurant.

Yuan Fang walked to the cashier and placed the alms bowl on the counter. He looked at the owner who was dozing off and said,

"Boss, beg for alms!"

The boss was instantly jolted awake. He opened his eyes and immediately saw Yuan Fang standing in front of him.

"Boss, I'm begging for alms!" Yuan Fang continued.

"You're a real monk?" The boss was stunned.

“Yes, my Buddhist name is Yuan Fang.” Yuan Fang immediately nodded.

“Are you monks so confident in your alms begging nowadays?” Looking at Yuan Fang’s indifferent expression, the boss seemed a little dumbfounded.

“Boss, I want to eat this ... This, and this!” Yuan Fang did not seem to hear the boss’s words. He reached out and pointed at the menu on the wall.

The boss was speechless.

“Brother, I have a small business here, please go to another one.” At this moment, the boss decisively chose to chase the customer away.

Upon hearing this, Yuan Fang could not help but frown.

“Boss, I can actually reduce the number of dishes.”

At this moment, the veins on the boss’s forehead throbbed. He had already expressed his intentions so clearly, so why was this monk still so thick-skinned?

“Little monk, this is really a small business. You’d better go to another one.” After thinking for a while, the boss still said tactfully.

This time, Yuan Fang didn’t say anything more. He picked up the “bowl” on the counter, turned around, and walked out of the restaurant. He suddenly turned around and said to the restaurant owner,”

“The Buddha will bless you!”

Then, he left without looking back.

At this moment, the boss felt like he was being scolded, but he had no evidence.

After leaving the restaurant, Yuan Fang went to another restaurant and started begging for alms.

Regarding alms begging, Yuan Fang's attitude had always been the same.

Boss, beg for alms!

He was bold and confident, neither haughty nor humble.

As a result, all his alms begging failed without exception. No restaurant was willing to give him food.

This made Yuan Fang very distressed. The sky was gradually turning dark, but he was still hungry, not to mention a place to spend the night.

At this moment, Yuan Fang's eyes lit up. He suddenly found a man with unkempt hair and a dirty face sitting in a corner not far away. At this moment, he was eating flatbread, one in his left hand and one in his right hand. He was eating happily, making Yuan Fang even hungrier.

After some thought, Yuan Fang quickly took a few steps forward and walked in front of the unkempt man,

"Almsgiver, beg for alms!"

The man who was eating the cake suddenly opened his eyes wide, as if he had choked. He couldn't help but start coughing. Then he quickly picked up the water bottle on the ground and began to pour it into his mouth.

After regaining his strength, the man stared at the Round Square and said,"

"You're begging me?"

"Yes," Yuan Fang immediately nodded.

"Do you know what I do for a living? I'm a F \* cking beggar, does your conscience not hurt?" The beggar asked in disbelief.

"So what if I'm a beggar? master said that all living beings are equal, so everyone is equal." Yuan Fang said in a serious manner.

At this moment, the beggar was speechless. He felt that the monk's words did make sense.

However, he couldn't hand over the flatbread in his hand, so he quickly said,"

"You're a monk and you're kind. This is my dinner. If I share it with you, I'll go hungry tomorrow. You can't bear to see it, can you?"

"Buddha once cut off his meat to feed Eagles and tigers. Patron, you're just sharing a piece of cake. It's insignificant. If you're hungry tomorrow, it'll be a tempering of your mind and will be of great help to your future!"

At this moment, the beggar really wanted to punch the round bald head and shout "toughen your ass"!

"Get lost, get lost, I was being polite to you, but you're really taking advantage of me, right? don't disturb me while I'm eating. Get lost!" The pauper's expression changed instantly as he cursed.

Upon hearing this, Yuan Fang's expression did not change. He opened his mouth and said,"Buddha, please bless you." Then, he turned and left.

"Bald donkey, I wish you no more descendants!" Thinking that Yuan Fang was scolding him, the beggar stared at Yuan Fang's back and cursed angrily.

At this moment, Yuan Fang suddenly turned around and looked at the beggar with a serious expression. The beggar was startled, thinking that Yuan Fang was about to attack.

"Benefactor, I'm a monk. This statement is very reasonable!" After saying that, Yuan Fang turned around calmly, his expression still as indifferent as ever.

The Pauper, on the other hand, was dumbfounded. He suddenly felt that the monk's words made sense.

After thinking for a while, the Pauper shouted at the distant Yuan Fang again,""I wish you a full house of children and grandchildren!"

But after saying this, the beggar was stunned again. He suddenly felt that something was wrong.

He looked at the pancake in his hand and suddenly lost his appetite.

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At this time, the sky was already dark. Yuan Fang, who had failed to solicit donations again, walked to a stone bridge. He looked up at the stars in the sky and could not help but sigh.

“I’m so hungry!”

Was this the suffering that his master had mentioned? But it’s really too bitter. Master, I can’t take it anymore!

From Yuan Fang’s point of view, the so-called “bitter” and “hungry” were equal.

At this moment, a loud noise suddenly came from afar. Then, a man appeared in the square-shaped line of sight, and a large group of people followed behind him.

“Don’t run! How dare you steal my things and seduce my sister!” The leader of the group pointed at the man running in front of him and shouted.

“I’m not sleeping!” The man hurriedly replied.

“You’re looking for death!” At this moment, the bearded man who was the leader of the group was even more furious.

When the man who was running for his life saw this, he was scared out of his wits. He hastened his steps and just happened to arrive in front of Yuan Fang. When he saw that Yuan Fang was blocking his way, he immediately turned to the side and wanted to pass by him. However, Yuan Fang blocked him again and bumped into him.

Yuan Fang did not take a step back, but the man fell to the ground.

“++!”

The man hurriedly stood up and glared at Yuan Fang, but he did not make a move. He wanted to escape again, but he was once again blocked by Yuan Fang.

“Benefactor, you’ve stolen someone else’s things. It’s better to return them. Master said that if you do something wrong, you have to change!”

“Damn bald donkey, get lost!” The man glared at Yuan Fang and immediately raised his hand to smash Yuan Fang’s chest.

The punch landed squarely on Yuan Fang’s chest, but the latter did not move an inch. The man, however, cried out in pain and fell to the ground again.

At this time, a large group of people arrived from behind and surrounded Yuan Fang and the man.

“Monk, thank you!” The man in the lead said with a smile, then walked to the man on the ground and grabbed his hair.”

“Where’s my glass grass?”

“Boss ... I ... I’m selling soul coins!” The man on the ground said with a sad face.

“Then what about the soul coins?”

“I ... I bought equipment.” The man’s face was filled with despair.

“F \* ck, you knew that I was the one who raised the glazed bead grass there, yet you still stole it. You’re simply courting death!” As he spoke, the man raised his hand and was about to slap her.

However, before this slap could land, it was blocked by Yuan Fang.

“Monk, what are you doing?” The bearded man could not help but frown.

“Benefactor, it’s wrong to hit people!”



“Monk, this is none of your business. Go away. He stole my things, so I naturally have to teach him a lesson!” As he spoke, the bearded man raised his palm again.

However, this time, he was once again blocked by Yuan Fang.

The bearded man was immediately dissatisfied. Just as he was about to speak, he saw Yuan Fang’s indifferent tone,”

“Benefactor, please go easy on him. Don’t kill him. Otherwise, it will be difficult to deal with him.”

At this moment, everyone in the surroundings revealed stunned expressions. They had thought that Yuan Fang wanted to stop them, but they did not expect him to say such words.

“Yes ... You can!” The bearded man could not help but nod.