

## The Boss Behind The Game Chapter 423

After the troublemakers left, Wang Long looked at the square with disbelief.

After all, in this materialistic era, the monk's ability was a little unscientific.

However, in this era of information explosion, people's ability to accept special things was still very strong. At this moment, Wang Long had already regarded Yuan Fang as a hidden master in the real world.

"Monk, what kind of Kung Fu is this?" At this moment, Wang Long's heart suddenly itched.

"It's not Kung Fu. According to master, this is a divine ability!" Yuan Fang explained in all seriousness.

"Divine ability? Hey, no matter what it is, can I practice it?" Wang Long asked eagerly.

"Master and my fellow disciples have already studied what you've just said. We can 't!"

"Then how did you master it?" Wang Long's eyes widened.

"I'm only eating!" Yuan Fang answered honestly.

Wang Long was stunned and couldn't help but think of the way the monk had devoured the food.

"Alright, benefactor, our fate has come to an end. Let's part ways here. This little monk will also continue to cultivate." At this moment, Yuan Fang smiled, turned around, and walked away.

Seeing this, Wang Long quickly stopped Yuan Fang,"

"Monk, do you have a place to stay at night? Why don't you stay at my place?"

"Almsgiver, you're too polite. This little monk doesn't need it. Master said that asceticism is to travel all over the world without a fixed residence, and the four Seas are your homes. There are still many days where the sky is my back and the earth is my bed, one more night won't make a difference!" Yuan Fang said without turning his head, and then walked away from the sight of Wang Long and the others.

Looking at Yuan Fang's back, Wang Long was very surprised at this moment.

In fact, he had a good impression of this monk at the beginning. Not everyone was willing to yell at someone when they saw injustice. However, when they were in the restaurant, he felt that the monk's image had collapsed. He had actually stolen meat and was simply a fake monk.

But after that, he felt that the monk was indeed very capable.

When he said that he wanted to resolve the grudges, he also wanted to teach that person a lesson and warn him. He didn't really want to take revenge. Wang Long could see this.

After all, with the monk's ability, it was too easy for him to take revenge.

What made Wang Long feel the most interesting was that the monk was always calm. In addition to the occasional Black-bellied appearance, he did have the attitude of a master.

However, since the monk was unwilling, he did not force him. He waved his hand and left with his brothers.

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It was already late at night, but the town was still brightly lit. Yuan Fang once again walked to the stone bridge he had walked on before, then followed the stairs to the stone bridge.

At the bottom of the dried-up River, there was a nest of puppies huddled together, trying to keep warm.

Yuan Fang's arrival immediately alarmed them, and they immediately raised their heads and began to howl.

Yuan Fang smiled and walked up to him. With a wave of his sleeve, several pieces of meat fell to the ground.

Smelling the fragrance of the meat, these hungry puppies immediately pounced on the meat and began to fight for food.

He looked at them until he finished eating. Then, Yuan Fang muttered, "Oh, Amitabha. Buddha may bless you." He turned and left.

"One good deed a day, three thousand merits." While walking, Yuan Fang couldn't help but smile.

Although he had a huge appetite, he never broke his precepts, even if he really wanted to eat.

Killing, stealing, lasciviousness, delusion, wine, greed, lust, foolishness, greed, and foolishness-among these ten great commandments, eating meat was linked to "killing." However, Yuan Fang's obsession with eating was too deep, and it was also the only taboo that he needed to restrain with all his might.

However, no matter how much he wanted to eat meat, Yuan Fang had never broken his precept.

Although he had almost eaten meat a few years ago, he had almost caused his master's death at that time. The reason was that he had fainted from exhaustion when he had beaten him up. He had been in a coma for a day before he woke up.

From then on, Yuan Fang was afraid that his master would do it again one day and his body would not be able to take it, so he restrained himself and never touched meat again.

Although he was in the outside world, Yuan Fang still restrained himself. It was not that he did not want to, but he was showing respect to his master.

When Wang Long treated him to a meal, although he ordered a lot of meat, he didn't eat it at all. He just wanted to look at it. At the same time, he took some and fed it to the puppies under the stone bridge.

The lights in the town gradually went out, and the surroundings became dark. Except for the bright moonlight and the stars in the sky, the surroundings gradually fell into silence. Occasionally, there were the barks of dogs and the neighs of wild cats.

At this moment, Yuan Fang casually found a place and sat down cross-legged.

With the "Moke golden body", for Yuan Fang, the so-called hot summer and cold did not exist. It was the same no matter where he slept, at most, it was for psychological comfort.

Gradually, her thoughts drifted, and she didn't speak for the entire night ...

The next morning, the rising sun shone on his face, waking up Yuan Fang from his deep sleep.

When he opened his eyes, the first thought that came to his mind was,"

"I'm so hungry, I'm going to starve to death!"

Master, ascetic cultivation is really so bitter. I'm about to starve to death. The temple should have started eating by now. I miss the food in the fast Hall!

He had not felt this kind of hunger for a long time. As for the reason, Yuan Fang suspected that it was because he had eaten too little last night. It was not like in the temple, where he had three meals a day on time and could always be full.

"I can't, I can't, I have to beg for alms!" The hungry Yuan Fang immediately stood up, crossed the stone bridge, and walked towards the crowded area.

He had only taken a few steps when he suddenly stopped in his tracks. This was because he saw the familiar beggar again, who was eating a pancake.

I really want to eat it!

After thinking for a while, Yuan Fang couldn't help but take a few steps forward,"Benefactor ..."

"Bald donkey, get lost! I won't give you any!" The beggar's eyes widened when he realized it was the monk again. At the same time, he clenched his pancake tightly.

"Alright, the Buddha will bless you!" Yuan Fang turned around decisively and walked towards the next target.

The beggar was speechless.

From Yuan Fang's point of view, begging for alms also depended on fate. Moreover, all living beings were equal, and his attitude had always been neither overbearing nor submissive. So, just like yesterday, after several hours, he still did not manage to beg for a portion of food.

At this moment, Yuan Fang really felt like he was going to die.

Although he wanted to be strong, this huge threat did not come from the outside world, but from the inside. Even with the Moke golden body, he could not resist it. This was the punishment of hunger.

I'm probably dying ...

This thought emerged in Yuan Fang's mind.

Yuan Fang, who felt that he was getting weaker and weaker, could not help but find a corner and sit down cross-legged. He began to meditate in an attempt to suppress his fluctuating emotions.

However, his mind couldn't help but think of the vegetarian dishes in the temple.

Golden-rimmed Chinese cabbage, Chinese cedar tofu, fragrant dried tofu, stir-fried eggplant with preserved vegetables, stir-fried potatoes with mushrooms ...

Hiss~!

The more he thought about it, the hungrier he became. At this moment, Yuan Fang felt that this asceticism was too terrifying. He couldn't imagine how his senior brothers had survived. Wouldn't they starve to death?

"Monk, what are you doing here?" At this time, a voice rang in his ear. Yuan Fang immediately opened his eyes and found Wang Long standing in front of him.

"Almsgiver, I'm here to ask for a favor!" Yuan Fang raised his bowl with trembling hands.

Looking at the weak-looking monk, Wang Long was stunned,"

"You're hungry again?"

“Benefactor, this little monk hasn’t had breakfast, so of course I’m hungry.” Yuan Fang continued to speak weakly.

“Don’t you monks often go days without food when you’re cultivating? You haven’t had breakfast yet. Why do you look like you’re about to die?” Wang Long couldn’t help but laugh.

“Benefactor, don’t speak nonsense. How can a person not eat for a day?” Yuan Fang was stunned.

“Alright, monk, I’ll take you to breakfast. There’s a breakfast shop next door that has good pork dumplings. I’ll Take You There to try them.” Wang Long said with a smile.

“Benefactor, this little monk doesn’t eat meat!” Yuan Fang’s eyes were filled with desire, but his voice trembled as he refused.

“Monk, this is boring. You can eat whenever you want, but you’re always putting on a show. This is too much!” Hearing Yuan Fang’s words again, Wang Long couldn’t help but stare.

“Benefactor, give me some vegetarian food ...” Yuan Fang’s eyes were filled with fervent desire at this moment, but the words he said were still the same.

“Al...Alright...Alright!” Wang Long nodded helplessly.

Wang Long walked with Yuan Fang for a while. During this time, Yuan Fang’s swaying appearance made Wang Long dumbfounded. He couldn’t understand why this invincible Vajra monk was so overindulged today that he couldn’t even stand properly.

After coming to the breakfast shop, Wang Long ordered some breakfast and then found a place to sit with Yuan Fang.

“Monk, I know you can eat a lot, so I ordered a lot. Just eat as you see fit. Don’t worry about me. By the way, I also ordered two pork dumplings!” Wang Long could not help but remind him.

“Almsgiver, the Lord Buddha has blessed you!” Yuan Fang said gratefully.

Soon, breakfast was served one by one, and Yuan Fang started his sweeping mode.

Although Wang Long had seen this Hungry Ghost look yesterday, he was still shocked to see it again.

It really had the aura of a wind sweeping away the clouds and swallowing the mountains and rivers.

But this time, Wang Long was surprised to find that the monk really didn't touch his breakfast with meat.

After thinking for a while, he thought that the monk was embarrassed. Wang Long silently pushed the dumplings forward and waited for the monk to eat.

However, what he didn't expect was that although the monk was looking at the dumplings with desire, he didn't eat them.

Wang Long could only push forward again.

"Almsgiver, if you continue to push, you'll push it right in front of me!" Yuan Fang said with a hint of resentment.

"Ahem ... You really don't want to eat?"

"I don't eat meat!" Yuan Fang immediately nodded.

Wang Long was speechless.

This breakfast lasted for an hour. Yuan Fang's appetite scared Wang Long. He felt that even an elephant couldn't eat as much as this monk.

When Yuan Fang was almost done eating, Wang Long finally opened his mouth,"

"Monk, you eat so much. If you really rely on alms to make a living, you'll probably starve to death. Who can afford to support you? we're all businessmen. If you eat once, others 'hard work will be in vain!"

“How about this? why don’t you work at my fitness club? I’ll pay for your food and drink every day, but you won’t get paid!” After thinking for a while, Wang Long couldn’t help but say. After all, the monk had helped him.

“Monks don’t work!” When Yuan Fang heard this, he said seriously because this was what his master had reminded him many times before he left.

Wang Long was speechless.

“You’ll really starve to death if you don’t work!”

“Master said, even if I starve to death, I’m not allowed to work!”

At this moment, Wang Long suddenly felt very tired.

If it was an ordinary ascetic monk, it would be fine. A few steamed buns could cover a day’s worth of begging. However, with Yuan Fang’s appetite, it was simply unrealistic to want to eat for free. He would probably eat others until they went bankrupt.

Therefore, for other monks, ascetic cultivation was only of normal difficulty, but for the “Taotie” Yuan Fang, ascetic cultivation was definitely of hell difficulty.

That was because his begging was not called begging. It was more like robbing a food storage.