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Chapter 69

Meeting

As the moon progressed in the clear sky, its light shone within the thick forest.

The midsummer night was short and it started to cool slightly.

The bright, fine hair looked like flying feathers.

No feeling was neither big nor small, as it strongly changed.

The thorn flowers were already withering and they no longer held red, fiery colors anymore and only looked like ordinary shrubs now. A century old tree stood among the thorny bushes; a single, towering tree that had lush branches with leaves that made it look like a huge umbrella that light could not penetrate even in the brightest night. Near the top of the tree, one could see a faint white shadow laying on a tall branch amongst these branches and leaves.

Was it already another summer?

With his hands behind his head, Shang Jun looked at the stars above; they were still shining brightly. Three years seemed to have gone by very quickly and he almost forgot how he passed those years. Three years also seemed to be very long as he could not forget the suffering that he had experienced day and night. How much longer did he have to go through these kinds of days?! Shang Jun closed his eyes in pain.

"Gentleman?" The sound of a clear female voice called out and interrupted Shang Jun's sadness.

Shang Jun slowly opened his eyes and looked down below the tree. There stood a woman among the green bushes wearing a light lilac dress.

Her long hair had been messed up by the fierce night wind and just as she was about to walk around the tree, she had raised her head to look up towards the top of the tree to see the white figure among the branches and leaves.

Seeing that gentle and pretty face looking up with a simple and elegant smile, Shang Jun became absent-minded for a split second. He still remembered the embarrassing and tragic situation when she was tied to the city gate as well as the panic and despair after she woke up. It would be better to die than live in pain with that kind of life; that was the first time that he broke the promise he had made to Shu Qing to not to pay attention to politics. He stole the secret letter between Cang Yue and Huang Shi Jie and gave it to the garrison leader of Dong Yu, General Zhang. The criminal charges of having secret ties with the enemy country was enough to wipe out Huang Shi Jie's whole family, but he was very crafty, as the secret letter disappeared the next day and he had already packed his bags in preparation to run to Cang Yue. How could he let him do as he wished, so Huang Shi Jie died under the chaos from the

thieves at Long Xia Gu canyon and his corpse was used to feed the hungry wolves down the mountain. Naturally, he had been the one who had instructed this.

When he looked at Lang Yue after she told him about Huang Shi Jie's tragic death and saw the surprise on her face, Shang Jun could understand her fulfilled wish clearly. Helping Lang Yue was just an excuse for him, because he wanted to feel a big shock at the right time, one that would give him a feeling of shock even if this was not his hatred.

Long Qu Mu, how long would he still have to wait to pierce his soft sword into that chest? It seemed he could not wait anymore.

"Gentleman?" Lang Yue's neck became sore from looking up and since she did not see Shang Jun's shadow, she could only ask with a loud voice again, "Gentleman, are you here or not?"

"I am here." A low and gentle voice along with a graceful figure in white clothing came down.

Handing over the letter from her hand, Lang Yue smiled and said, "It is Miss Shu Qing's letter."

"Thank you." Shang Jun took it in a good mood as he glanced at Lang Yue's thin purple clothing before he faintly said, "Lang Yue, even though it is already summer, your body is not good, so when you come out during the night you still need to wear more clothing. Go back and take an early rest."

"Shang Jun, you are here." Ruan Ting Feng heard the housekeeper say that Shang Jun had arrived, so he hurriedly came over. He only saw him (SJ) standing with his hands behind his back as his back faced him (RTF). He was standing in front of the ink lotus painting, looking at it

closely and Ruan Ting Feng could not help but secretly sigh. Even with only his back, this kind of man could make people feel intoxicated, so no wonder Ting Yu...

Shang Jun turned around, smiled and then nodded, so Ruan Ting Feng greeted to say, "Sit down."

"Alright." Shang Jun sat down confidently and then asked, "Are you satisfied with those medicinal ingredients?"

Ruan Ting Feng nodded repeatedly and answered, "It is very good. Many thanks to you, because if it were not for you, I really do not know how I would find these medicinal ingredients. I will settle the bill for the ingredients and the shipping fees with Uncle Zhong tomorrow."

"I am here because of this matter. You guys want medicinal ingredients frequently, so it will be inconvenient if you have to settle the bills each and every time, so why don't you settle it every half year instead. Is this good or not?" He would help Ruan Ting Feng with selling medicinal ingredients, primarily because he admired the Ruan family's lifetime-honored name and its family tradition. So, since he did business with them, he would not cheat any money from them. If they had to settle bills every time, it would be inconvenience to both sides.

"This..." Ruan Ting Feng looked distracted for a moment, but then immediately thanked sincerely, "Thank you, Shang Jun." Although the Ruan family had been practicing medicine for over a hundred years, they were actually poor because they frequently gave out free examinations and medicine. This way, if Shang Jun allowed them to settle the bills every half year, it would help them out a lot.

"You do not need to be polite Ting Feng, it is nothing." Shang Jun took out a packet of tea from inside his sleeve as he smiled and said, "Oh right, I just got this new long dan tea a few days ago, so I will give some to you to taste." These were the top-notch teas that Shu Qing was talking about; it was said that the selected top teas might not be available even if one was rich and had a lot of money. If one were to buy them at the market, the price had already exceeded 200 liang of silver per 50 grams. Shang Jun really admired that this price was indeed higher than the price of gold.

Ruan Ting Feng continued to smile and say, "Shang Jun, you are too polite. Since you have free time to come over today, I want to share this good tea with a good friend. I do not have anything to do today either."

Shang Jun generously answered, "Alright."