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## Chapter 96.2

### Traces of Secret

After he finished speaking the man strode away, and a little while later, a thin 50 or 60-year-old man walked out of the tavern. That horse worker whose face had been burned by fire as a child never appeared again.

Qin Xiu Zhi never interrupted Shang Jun because he believed there must be a reason for what Shang Jun did. After that man left, Qin Xiu Zhi asked incomprehensibly, "Shang Jun, why did you save him?"

"I touched the tablet of the man in black and they were members of the Imperial Court. This man named Yu Han, don't you think that although he tried to hide it, he could hardly conceal his nobility? I think if he does not die, he must have an interesting story to tell." Shang Jun himself knew that this might be only part of the reason why he wanted to save him at first, but because he also had a bitter journey like that man that he would never forget. Those days when he was constantly chased by people who wanted to kill him but was lucky enough to have met a woman who changed his life; but now, Qing, where the heck are you?!

"Then why are you still letting him go?" Qin Xiu Zhi also felt the noble aura of Yu Han, but he still wouldn't be able to escape from being chased even after he went out like that.

Shang Jun shook his head and replied deeply, "Our main purpose now is to look for Qing. As for him, if he is not able to escape from being chased again and again, then he is not worth looking forward to." Things within this world, no matter how many people helped you, you must still rely on yourself in the end.

Holding his forehead, Shang Jun frowned as he silently stared outside into the dark snowy night and endured the cold wind on his face. There has been no news of Shu Qing, so his heart is always uneasy.

Doesn't he know that his face is as white as paper? Qin Xiu Zhi got up helplessly, closed the carved wooden window in order to block the cold from coming inside the room, and softly sighed to say, "After running around for two days, you must also be tired. Take a rest first. When the food arrives, I will wake you up to eat dinner."

"Xi Mu, does Qi Ling have any news?" It had been four days since Shu Qing was kidnapped, so how could he not be anxious?!

"He is coming over, it is estimated that he will be here at midnight."

He also hopes there will be news this time, and since he is indeed a little tired, Shang Jun smiled and said to Xiu Zhi, "En, you have worked hard too, so you should go and rest also." These days, he (QXZ) had been taking care of him and he (SJ) should be grateful to him.

Qin Xiu Zhi stood still in front of him and did not leave, so Shang Jun thought that he was worried about him, so he smiled and said, "My injury is not that serious, so I can take care of myself."

Qin Xiu Zhi awkwardly replied, "There are only three rooms left in this tavern."

The implication of this sentence was that Shang Jun was looking at the only bed in the room, and his face turned red in surprise.

Qin Xiu Zhi couldn't laugh or cry; what kind of face did Shang Jun make just now?! Was it so scary to stay with him?! Sitting on the soft couch directly opposite the bed, Qin Xiu Zhi smiled and said, "You are injured, so you should sleep more comfortably. Rest assured, I will sleep on the recliner tonight."

Feeling that his expression was too exposed, Shang Jun gave a light cough, concealed his embarrassment and as he looked at the small recliner, he frowned to say, "This..." He could only say one word and didn't know how to say it. Looking at that short recliner, how could Xiu Zhi's tall body sleep well in such a small recliner? But he couldn't just let Xiu Zhi sleep on the same bed with him either?!

Qin Xiu Zhi laid down on the recliner and with a very comfortable expression, he looked towards Shang Jun and smiled before he softly said, "Listen to me this time, okay?" This question was said in a pampered voice and it caused Shang Jun to freeze. There was nothing else he could do; he is a big man and has to sleep on the recliner!

Across the curtain in front of the bed, Shang Jun was lying on his arms, but he couldn't sleep. Through the thin curtain, he could vaguely see Qin Xiu Zhi who was lying on the soft couch holding a book in his hand. He did not know what the book title was, and as he looked at it intently, he actually stared at that perfectly profiled face which was more beautiful under the candlelight. The corners of his lips were slightly raised in beautiful arcs. Even his hands that were holding the book, were white and slender. If there was anyone who was perfect, it should be this person.

It was the first time Shang Jun looked at him unscrupulously, or rather, it was the first time he saw a man unscrupulously. It turned out that there was a person who did not need to stand very close. Needless to say, he was just watching him silently and his (SJ) heart felt warmth.

Staying in the same room with Xiu Zhi, he thought he was destined to hardly get any sleep tonight, but who would have thought, just as he lightly closed his eyes, he soon quietly fell asleep.

Qin Xiu Zhi put down the book with a wry smile as he listened to the gradual sounds of breathing in the inner room. He could not read any words in the book at all. The inner room was dark through the light gauze curtain. He could not see the person inside, but even after just hearing his shallow breathing, his heart had become unstable like this. Just now, he almost held his breath thinking he was afraid that his chaotic breathing would disturb him.

He has experienced the taste of love for the first time in his life. Perhaps, this is the best way for him to love him, not being too far from him... and always there to guard him.