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Chapter 103.3 (Part 1)

The Falling of Cang Yue

The boss put the jade hairpin in a gift box and handed it over into Shang Jun's hand as he shook his head and said, "Cang Yue and Dong Yu are at war. I heard that the general of Dong Yu is very powerful. Cang Yue has already suffered consecutive defeats. I don't know what will happen if they really lose the war. I see that the Gentleman doesn't look like a person from You Cheng City, so it's better that you leave as soon as possible."

Shang Jun cupped his hands slightly in greeting and said with a smile, "Thank you so much for the advice, Boss."

After collecting the bank notes, the boss put several jade pendants into brocade boxes one after another, while he sighed softly, "I dare not accept your thanks. Now this world is just a mess. We are continuously taxed and pushed into forced labor, but now they are fighting again. Don't talk about it, don't talk about it!"

Although it was just a whisper, it also contained endless sadness, so Shang Jun thoughtfully passed the brocade box in his hand to Qin Xiu Zhi and said, "Xiu Zhi, let's go."

Qin Xiu Zhi held the brocade box and froze for a moment as he heard more rapid and loud sounds of horseshoes. Shang Jun had walked out of the store before his eyes suddenly darkened as he rushed forward. Qin Xiu Zhi was shocked and he hurriedly went out, but became blocked by the riders and their horses rushing by. After the team had passed, the streets were full of smoke and dust.

On the other side of the road, Shang Jun slowly squatted down on the ground, half-kneeling. Qin Xiu Zhi ran over and was about to help him, but Shang Jun slowly stood up straight, still holding a seven or eight-year-old boy in his arms.

"Kid, are you okay?!" Shang Jun tapped the boy's face as his whole body was shaking and his face was pale. He was probably scared.

The boy was stunned for a while, before he suddenly jumped up with more fright than before. He pushed Shang Jun's arms away and his eyes were full of panic as he looked for something on the road. Finally, he saw his steamed buns that had been trampled so badly in the middle of the road. His little hand trembled as it went to grab the deformed looking steamed buns, while he stared in the direction where the team of horses were leaving and kept saying, "My steamed buns... my steamed buns... "

The child muttered to himself and sobbed. No one could bear his sobbing at all and so an old lady who passed by kindly persuaded, "Let me tell you kid, you should just go home quickly. You are lucky that they didn't kill you, because these people were doing big things so they didn't care that you are only a kid."

The team was long gone and only the dirty residue was left in his hands. The boy picked it up stupidly and with tears in his eyes, he listened to the woman's words. He raised his head blankly and asked desperately, "Without these buns, my mother and younger sister are going to starve to death. Even if they wanted to do big things, how could they just trample on my steamed buns?"

If they wanted to do big things, could they just trample on his steamed buns?

The child's immature voice and sad eyes that looked like a needle had pierced them, stabbed at Shang Jun's heart. What he wanted to do, would he also trample on many people's steamed buns?! It was so painful that he tried to step forward to help the child, but he could not move.

No one could answer the child's question. Putting away the crushed steamed buns, the boy rushed forward towards his home. The residue of the steamed buns could save his mother.

The passers-by all dispersed one after another, but Shang Jun had remained standing in a daze, so Qin Xiu Zhi anxiously asked, "Shang Jun, what's the matter with you?!"

After a long time, Shang Jun finally came back to his senses and asked a little confused, "What is right in this world? What is wrong? What should be done and what should not be done?"

Qin Xiu Zhi's heart was rather startled; he had never seen this kind of Shang Jun with such a blank look in his eyes, so helpless and uncertain (with everything). Patting Shang Jun on his shoulder, Qin Xiu Zhi calmly replied, "Perhaps there is no right or wrong in the first place, but a man has to do things as long as he has a clear conscience."

A clear conscience! What clear conscience? What is so good with a clear conscience?!

It started snowing again. Pure white snowflakes slowly fell from the sky, gently falling on their shoulders coldly and silently. Qin Xiu Zhi raised the brocade box in his hand to cover the dense snowflakes for Shang Jun, and still accompanied him without talking until he was willing to leave this place.

No one knew how long it took before Liu Yun ran towards them from a distance and Qin Xiu Zhi slowly let go of his hand. Rushing over to Shang Jun, Liu Yun clasped his hands in a bow and hurriedly said, "Gentleman Shang, Master is looking for you everywhere, please go back as soon as possible."

Shang Jun lowered his head slightly to hide the chaotic feelings in his heart, then raised his head and asked, "What happened?"

"Cang Yue has fallen."

Cang Yue has fallen?! How could it fall so fast?! Shang Jun's face changed slightly before he anxiously said, "Let's go back immediately."

Shang Jun and Liu Yun hurriedly walked ahead, while Qin Xiu Zhi slowly followed behind, holding the brocade box with thin ice on his arms because his hands had long lost its feeling.