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Chapter 109.1

Bandits (Part 2)

He Cheng's hand that was holding the knife tightened along with his heart; this Shang Jun whose identity was unknown, was extremely doted on by this Master of Wu Sheng Men Organization. The numb feeling that he felt was also reminding him that Shang Jun's martial arts was superior than his own, so if this person wanted to be an enemy of the Master today, what could he do?!

Zi Han and Shang Jun's eyes met, but neither was willing to concede. Everyone looked at Shang Jun, waiting to hear what he would say, but Shang Jun only slowly let go, which allowed the thin ice in his fingertips to easily land on the ground, causing the snow to fly towards the low bushes next to the woods. Turning his back with his hands behind him, he watched the evening clouds that were gradually being swallowed by the red sunset, leaving only his arrogant back to these puzzled people.

Zi Han raised his eyebrows lightly and raised his feet to walk over; He Cheng nervously wanted to follow, but Liu Yun's sword blocked his way.

Only when he stood beside Shang Jun, did Zi Han hear a low sounding male voice that was as light as a string as it questioned, "Why do you have to kill them?"

"Murderers need to pay with their life."

Shang Jun put his hands around his chest and still asked softly, "Whose fault was it that they would actually do something like this?"

"The Imperial Court." Zi Han answered without hesitation.

Shang Jun suddenly squatted down and He Cheng was anxious in the distance. The long sword in his hand was almost out of its sheath when he noticed that Shang Jun was only looking for something in the low bushes. He felt that he was making too much of a fuss, so He Cheng coughed awkwardly, but his eyes remained fixed on Shang Jun.

Shang Jun searched for a little while before he finally caught a small ferret trapped under the bushes among the branches and leaves. As he stroked the ferret's frozen, purple nose, Shang Jun looked like someone who had nothing and did not seem to care very much, when he asked, "But now you insist on killing these people who are forced to commit murder?"

"I don't deny that they embarked on this road because of their own desperation and from the Imperial Court's incompetence, but this should not be a reason for them to kill others." Staring at the gentle side of Shang Jun's face, Zi Han said in a deep voice, "The country has its own laws, so they must follow the law!"

Shang Jun's hand that was petting the ferret halted for a moment, before he quickly put the little ferret into his sleeve to keep it warm. Shang Jun still asked casually, "In your heart, the laws are more important than feelings? What if you become a ruler in the future, will you rule the country only by laws?"

"Yes."

Zi Han's palms were consciously and slowly tightening; he did not know whether it was because of Shang Jun's arrogant attitude or from him trying to express his own determination.

Shang Jun caressed the little ferret with great warmth, but the words from his mouth were indeed aggressive, "You only have cold, hard legal principles in your heart and there is no affection or warmth. How can you know the suffering of the people?"

Perhaps he was finally angered by Shang Jun's attitude, because Zi Han's voice became louder as he pointed to all the corpses littered on the ground and sternly shouted, "What is compassion and what is ruthless?! If I have compassion for these thieves then I will be ruthless to these people who have tragically died! What crime did they commit?! How many people can really benefit from the kindness of the ruler?! How do you govern the country with emotion?! Your so-called cold, hard legal principles are more capable because it is cold and hard and restricts all people, no matter whether they are the common people or high-ranking officials! If everyone abides by the laws and regulations that should be followed, then the people will naturally be able to live and work in peace!"

It was almost a roar in his ears, but Shang Jun remained unaffected. He coldly looked at Zi Han's agitated eyes as his lips curled up ironically. Compared to Zi Han's excited speech just now, he looked extraordinarily cold as he calmly asked word for word, "The 'everyone' that just came out of your mouth, was it including yourself?" Or the ruler's so-called 'everyone' was just for the common people.

"Of course."

Zi Han was wearing a mask of disguise, so Shang Jun could not see his real expression, but he saw carefully those sharp eyes and he could also clearly hear the determination in his firm voice. He squatted down again and let the warm little ferret slowly crawl out of his palm, until it gradually ran away. Shang Jun then got up, patted the bottom of his clothes and walked back to the side of the carriage. It was only when he turned and left, that Zi Han could clearly hear a soft grumble.

"You better remember what you said today."

Four hours later, dozens of new earthen graves were piled up at the bottom of Xiao Jin Mountain.

Yan Cheng City

The carriage shook the whole way and it did not take long before it entered Yan Cheng City. Shang Jun slowly opened his eyes and looked at Xiao Zong Qing beside him. Like him, he was half leaning against the body of the carriage, slightly squinting his eyes. It was just that the carriage was originally not big to begin with, so in order to allow him to lay more comfortably, San Er curled up his tall body close to the wall of the carriage. He looked so pitiful no matter how one looked, but even so, his thin lips still seemed like it was nothing as they were gently hooked up.

Shang Jun did not know if he was asleep or not, so he just sat up as softly as possible. This was the time to start lighting the lantern now, and with the outside of the carriage still a little too quiet, Shang Jun gently lifted the curtain and looked out the window.

On the normally chaotic streets, there was almost no one on them. Even if there were some people, they ran by extremely fast. The shops on the street were basically closed, and some inns only had a small gap open, which made people feel like this town was lifeless.

"What's going on?" The low-pitched male voice sounded like he had just woken up as his breath lightly brushed over his face; it was a little itchy, so Shang Jun stiffened. Turning his head uncomfortably, he put down the curtain and pretended to be relaxed when he said, "It's nothing. I just feel that this Yan Cheng City is a bit weird."

Is his Jun shy?! Xiao Zong Qing raised his eyebrows lightly as he sat side by side with Shang Jun in a good mood and slowly straightened his legs. After curling up for such a long time, he had some numbness in his legs! This small carriage really made people feel uncomfortable to sit and sleep! It was actually much more uncomfortable than riding a horse. However, he had decided that he would often find opportunities to sit here in the future.