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## Chapter 109.2

### Bandit (Part 2)

The carriage slowly stopped and Xiao Zong Qing lifted the curtain and jumped out of the carriage. As he stretched out his hand to Shang Jun, Xiao Zong Qing said with a smile, "We're here, get out of the carriage and we can talk about it."

He slapped Xiao Zong Qing hard on the palm of his hand and Shang Jun gave him an innocent look. He was not that weak yet that he had to be helped to get out of the carriage! Shang Jun stepped out of the carriage easily and saw Qin Xiu Zhi standing by the carriage, waiting for Long Liu Li to get off the carriage.

Long Liu Li's eyes flashed when she saw Shang Jun standing not too far away. She was about to step off the carriage when she slipped and cried out. Qin Xiu Zhi's eyes were quick and sharp-sighted, so he hurriedly supported her arm, but Long Liu Li took advantage to fall into his arms.

The nephrite jade was warmly scented in his arms, while her body had a faint orchid like scent. Qin Xiu Zhi was stunned for a moment, but because he did not really feel it, he did not have any rapid heartbeat nor was his face red or hot, let alone feeling any rapid pulse. It was completely different from how Shang Jun held him last time. Why does he have no feeling for women at all? Could it be that he has never understood himself? So as it turns out, he actually likes men?!

Qin Xiu Zhi did not push her away, so Long Liu Li was happy. Slowly standing up straight, she was somewhat disappointed when she inadvertently glanced at Shang Jun. His face looked as usual as it always does, as if he had not paid any attention to them. However, Long Liu Li believed that Shang Jun had seen the scene just now, so this should be enough.

Of course Shang Jun saw it, and he saw it very clearly. He knew that he had not missed the calculation in Long Liu Li's eyes. In fact, why did she bother to do this? He and Xiu Zhi will eventually become strangers, so why should she bother to compete with a 'man' and try to make him jealous?

Although Shang Jun bowed his head to tidy up his clothes, he felt a group of people rushing towards him. Shang Jun raised his head to see that San Er had already vigilantly stopped in front of him. Although there were not many people in this group, they were all experts. Even though they did not rush forward, they stood together tightly and looked at the person behind them. Liu Yun's hand was tightly holding the long sword on his waist.

Shang Jun tilted his head slightly and saw the person who had come and flatly patted San Er on his shoulder, while he smilingly said, "Liu Yun, they are my people."

Hearing Shang Jun's voice, Wei Xi and Qi Ling stepped forward and cupped their hands to call out, "Master."

"Wei Xi, Qi Ling. Thank you for your hard work."

Wei Xi took out a dark black envelope from his sleeve and handed it to Shang Jun respectfully, saying, "As soon as we received your messenger pigeon, we rushed to Yan Cheng City and waited here. This is a letter from Uncle Zhong to you. "

Shang Jun unfolded the letterhead and looked at it for a while; his eyebrows were filled with smiles and the joy was self-evident. Xiao Zong Qing rarely saw Shang Jun smiling so happily and wondered, "What makes you so happy?"

Shaking the letter in his hand, Shang Jun smiled and said, "Shu Qing has been rescued and is now studying etiquette in the palace; she will marry Xuanyuan Yi on the fifteenth of next month." To him, Shu Qing is his best friend, and a relative who is as close as Xiao Er. She is about to get married with the one she loves, so Shang Jun can't tell how he feels in his heart. He is both emotional and a little excited.

After thinking about it, Shang Jun suddenly asked, "By the way, what month is it today?"

Seeing his joyful appearance, Xiao Zong Qing shook his head with a laugh, and replied, "The twenty-ninth of the first month." Jun does not care about him like this, so who exactly is this Murong Shu Qing?!

"It's already the twenty-ninth." Shang Jun frowned slightly and whispered in distress, "Then there are only ten more days, so I don't know if I will have time to prepare the present." Why is Shu Qing so anxious? Is there anything hidden in this marriage?

The night was getting darker and the wind chill was getting stronger as everyone entered the inn. Xiao Zong Qing was just about to ask Shang Jun to enter the inn, when a wailing sound pierced into the night sky. Within the desolate night, the sound was especially mournful.

"Someone snatched the rice ah! Come quickly people ah! Catch him!!!"

Shang Jun looked up and saw that in a small alley ahead, a short and thin man in his early thirties carried a large bag of things and was running towards their side. Behind him, an old woman more than fifty years old was staggering and chasing after him. While chasing, she shouted, "Don't run! Return my rice..."

Shang Jun frowned and said softly, "Catch him!"

As soon as Shang Jun's voice fell, Qi Ling greeted him in one big stride. A pair of iron fists grabbed the man's back, and the man was dragged to the ground. Seeing Qi Ling's awe-inspiring appearance, the man could not do anything except smash the bag that was on his shoulders towards Qi Ling. Qi Ling stepped back, while holding the end of the bag with one hand, so the man took the opportunity to take off his outer garment and slipped out of it just like a loach before desperately running into the alley.

Qi Ling put down the bag and was about to catch up with him, but Shang Jun gently raised his hand to signal that he did not need to chase. When he walked over to the bag, Shang Jun lightly touched the edge of the bag and found it was indeed rice.

At this time, the old woman also stumbled over and Shang Jun smilingly said, "Auntie, this is your rice."

"It's mine, it's mine." The old woman actually threw herself on the rice bag, wrapped the rice bag in her arms, while she kept thanking him, "Thank you, thank you, gentleman, thank you."

Shang Jun was slightly startled; it was just a bag of rice. How cold it would be on the ground this winter night! Shang Jun carefully helped the woman up and persuaded, "Auntie, you get up first."

With Shang Jun's help, the old woman slowly stood up. She looked at the robust Qi Ling behind Shang Jun and then looked at Shang Jun's gentle and friendly face. The old woman then knelt on the ground again, begging him, "Gentleman, I'm begging you, can you let this good person take me home?! I bought this rice for ten taels of silver after our family saved the money. If someone robs the rice, me and my old man can't live anymore."

Shang Jun was surprised, "Ten taels of silver?! Aunt, let's talk about it after you get up." Holding the elbow of the old woman, Shang Jun gently pulled the old woman up. Grabbing the end of the bag, Shang Jun asked puzzlingly, "This is only 30 catties of rice (1 catty equals about 500 gram), why is it so expensive?"

The old woman sighed and replied, "Aiya... We don't know why either, but the price of rice has been rising in the past few months. In these past ten days, the price of rice went up like crazy ah. Two days ago, it was six taels a bag, but today it was sold at twelve taels. If you don't buy it, I'm afraid we can't eat rice anymore." With that said, the old woman was grieving and she actually started to weep.

The price of a bag of rice had actually increased more than ten times?! What the heck was going on?! Shang Jun helped the old woman and asked softly, "Does the government not care about this at all?"

The old woman rubbed the corners of her eyes with her sleeve, shook her head and replied, "How do we ordinary people know about government affairs? I am old and don't understand anything. I just live day by day."

Holding the rice sack, the woman first carried the rice on her back. After walking two steps, she seemed that she did not position it properly, because she put it down and held it tightly in her arms. After all, it was 30 catties of rice, so the old woman had to hold it slowly. While she was moving forward, the cold wind raged against her thin old cotton-padded clothes and her hair dancing with snowflakes.

"Qi Ling, take the old lady back home."

"Yes."

Shang Jun's complexion was cold while he gazed in the direction the old woman had departed in for a long time without words, allowing the cold wind to slash across his body.

Xiao Zong Qing walked to him and patted him on the shoulder. Shang Jun slowly turned around, staring straight at Xiao Zong Qing, with his sharp and penetrating eyes...