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Chapter 110.2

Disagreement

Knock knock knock...

In the dead of night, the sounds of tapping on the door seemed extraordinarily harsh and Zi Han's hand that was holding a brush paused, causing a drop of pure black ink to drip and very quickly penetrate the paper.

The sounds gradually subsided, and two guards with their swords quietly appeared beside Zi Han, watching the door vigilantly.

Holding the brush, his hand never stopped, as the tip of the brush smoothly went across the paper, when Zi Han asked impatiently, "Who is it?"

"Shang Jun."

The gentle male voice outside the door caused Zi Han's hand holding the brush to pause again, and the ink soaked through the back of the paper once more. Looking helplessly at the ink-stained calligraphy and the painting, Zi Han simply put down the brush and waved to the guards beside him, before they left as silently as they had come.

Opening the door, Zi Han looked at the smiling man standing outside the door in a white shirt and asked, "Gentleman Shang, is something going on at this late hour?"

Shang Jun smiled, nodded and replied, "There is one thing that I want to ask your opinion on."

It was already a fact that the northern garrison had entered the capital and the victims were everywhere. He wanted to take another opportunity to test whether or not Zi Han would be a worthy future monarch and if he should help him!

The wind was blowing outside the door, and it caused Shang Jun's thin white shirt to billow with it. Zi Han opened the door wider and said, "Come in."

Entering the door, Shang Jun glanced at the table covered with rice paper and a few lines of cursive that were not very smooth on the paper. At this time, he still thought to practice calligraphy, which was not bad at all.

Standing in front of his desk, Shang Jun did not greet him and straightforwardly said, "The northern garrison learned that you were in distress and are approaching Tian Cheng City. At the same time, they were driving the poor peasants to move to the south. Because of the influx of refugees, the grain

merchants arbitrarily collected the rice, and so the prices are soaring now. Needless to say, you must also know how hard people's lives are right now."

"Is it really like this?" Zi Han's face was full of surprise as he did not immediately respond as he frowned and thought for a moment. Zi Han walked back to the desk and said, while picking up the brush which was still dipped in ink, "I will immediately write a letter to the northern garrison high ranking officer and order them to stop marching and to let the people return to their homes."

Shang Jun lightly pressed Zi Han's hand that was holding the brush, and reminded neither lightly nor seriously, "The closer the northern garrison is to Tian Cheng City, the safer Prince Rui will be. If you want to force the Emperor to abdicate, this will be a greater assurance (to succeed), but this will also cause a more chaotic domestic situation. The more chaotic the situation, the more conducive it is to use the troops to force the abdication, so Prince Rui can consider it again."

After saying this, Shang Jun carefully observed every expression and movement of Zi Han. The country will be in chaos, and there must be a monarch who can take charge of Cang Yue. He can't choose the wrong one!

Zi Han sighed, put down his brush and softly said, "Call me Zi Han, Zi Han is my courtesy name." From the very beginning when they first had met, he (ZH) has not deceived him, but he (SJ) has repeatedly provoked and tempted him. Even mocking him! Looking directly into Shang Jun's eyes, Zi Han replied without hesitation, "Although I dare not say that I want to fight for the throne entirely for the people, but I will never put the people's lives on the line due to my own selfish desires! And I, Long Yi Hai want to regain the country of Cang Yue in a way that is justified and perfectly legitimate!"

His frank answer was in line with Shang Jun's wishes, but Shang Jun was still a little curious about what made him so confident, so he asked, "How is it justified and legitimate?"

Looking at Shang Jun's clear and bright eyes, Zi Han replied without reservation, "I just haven't found that thing. As long as I find it, I can prove that I am the master of Cang Yue."

What is the thing that can prove that he is the master of the country? Suddenly the few lines left by his mother swirled in his mind, causing Shang Jun's face to slightly change, as he thought about it to himself for a while before he finally asked in a low voice, "What you just said, is it about the previous Emperor's handwritten edict and the ruler's jade seal?"

Shang Jun knew that right when he asked this question, it meant that he had decided to stand on the same side as Zi Han.

Zi Han was staring at Shang Jun in horror, before asking in a trembling voice, "You...how do you know about this?!" He had learned of this secret from the Historian Minister, Huang Qi only three months ago, and it was precisely because he knew of this secret that Long Qu Mu could not keep him alive! But these were the secrets of the Imperial Court, so how would Shang Jun know!? Did Xiao Zong Qing tell him? Just how much does Wu Sheng Men Organization know about this?!

Shang Jun sneered; how could he not know that just by having the knowledge of these two things, it would cost his family more than a hundred lives!