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Ch 114.2

Poisoned

Thinking of the effort it would take to persuade San Er, Shang Jun's head started to hurt again. After thinking about it, Shang Jun simply said, "It takes time to find the famous physician. I will notify him to meet me in Tian Cheng City! If I can arrive one day earlier, then I can heal my injuries one day earlier!"

Knowing that Shang Jun said this deliberately, Xiao Zong Qing could not help but reply, "Alright. Then you should take a good rest."

Sitting on the floor in front of the bed and half leaning against the edge of the bed, Xiao Zong Qing rested his chin and quietly looked at Shang Jun's profile. Shang Jun closed his eyes and said helplessly, "If you stare at me like this, how can I rest?!"

Xiao Zong Qing raised her eyebrows lightly and smiled, "You can't rest, can you? You can treat me as if I don't exist!"

Shang Jun really did not have the energy to laugh at him and quickly turned his head into the bed, not looking at him anymore.

Fearing that he would not be able to rest well, Xiao Zong Qing stood up and helped cover him with the quilt before whispering, "Alright, I'll go out."

The door was gently closed.

On the silk quilt inside the bed, a small pool of dark congestion had penetrated through. The corners of Shang Jun's lips were slowly flowing with dirty blood. He laboriously opened his eyes, while panting heavily, with the blood stains on the corners of his lips. He did not have the strength to wipe it off, but San Er had left at last, otherwise he really could not hold on! There was pain in his chest; it was like a fire for a while, then like an ice cellar, but it was difficult to breathe every time.

He knew that he was poisoned!

Unexpectedly, the black man's weapon was poisoned! He hoped that he could last until his Little Uncle came!

After leaving the room, Xiao Zong Qing's originally relaxed and soft face turned anxious and he said to Liu Yun who was guarding the door, "Liu Yun, starting today, you will be guarding him twenty four hours a day! His life is my life!" He would never allow what happened today to happen again!

His (SJ) life is his (XZQ) life! Liu Yun was startled; what was the meaning of this order? But Liu Yun did not dare to think about what this command meant, so he clasped his fists and replied, "Yes."

As he walked down the stairs, Xiao Zong Qing whispered to Liu Guang who was behind him, "Liu Guang, mobilize the Wu Sheng Men organization's people, and find out what organization the people in black belong to. Also, find out about that man and woman who left the room."

"Yes."

When he walked to the side yard of the inn where Qin Xiu Zhi stayed temporarily, it was already night time. The snow had stopped long ago and the sun was hotter than usual. The body and blood stains of the man in black were already cleaned up, so the small courtyard looked the same as usual. The guests in the inn came and went. The doors and windows of the room Qin Xiu Zhi was living in were still broken and there was nothing inside. Outside the side room, there was a tall black clothed man who was guarding and he should be the one called Xi Mu.

According to the news he had just received, Qin Xiu Zhi is a native of Hai Yu country, whose age and background are unknown, so was it just a coincidence that he met Shang Jun?!

Xiao Zong Qing was in a daze, when a woman who came in a hurry almost ran into him, so Xiao Zong Qing went to the side in a flash. Upon closer inspection, it was Long Liu Li with a bowl full of a thick black concoction in her hands.

Xiao Zong Qing smiled slightly and said, "Madam, please be careful ah. Don't spill the medicine!"

Long Liu Li glanced at Xiao Zong Qing, nodded lightly, and walked towards the room that was guarded by the man in black clothing.

Seeing Long Liu Li's pretty back, Xiao Zong Qing thought for a while, before a playful brilliance flashed in his eyes as a faint smile raised on his face and he left the side courtyard.

South of Yan Cheng City

The snow gradually began to melt and as the breath of spring became more intense, the breeze carried with it a faint fragrance of vegetation, and the early spring sunshine was warm and comfortable. On the top of the towering Nan Shan mountain, the man in black who was half kneeling, did not feel the warmth of the sun at all. He only felt the cold air as he lowered his head and did not dare to look at the person ahead as his voice trembled, "The operation failed!"

The wind on the top of the mountain was still strong, as the robes of his sleeves were making flapping sounds. After a long time, a dull male voice rang out, "Snatch the things first and then that person must die!"

Every word was said in the same tone; there was no intonation, no joy, anger or sorrow could be heard. The sound was as unpleasant as sandpaper and it was creepy. The man in black breathed a sigh of relief, which revealed that he did not have to die today, and he quickly bowed back and said, "Yes. This subordinate will do it right away." The man then immediately turned and ran down the mountain.

Between the mountain peaks, that white figure was dazzling. The person who was standing on the top of the peak was dressed in a satin snow-white gown, with a few black orchids floating on the plain white jacket. It was very elegant and scholarly. In the early spring season, this kind of clothing (made the man) looked somewhat weak. The man's flying black ink hair was untidy, and he wore a mysterious iron mask

that covered half of his face, which made it so one could not see his appearance. One could only see the narrow and thin eyes that were lifted upwards as a bright red paper fan freely played in his hands.

This year spring came a little late... as the breeze was blowing, the white shadow made several movements up and down, before his presence was already long gone from the top of the mountain.

Sian's notes:

Since I already translated the ending part of this book to close out Murong Shu Qing's book, I think I know who this white clothing man is. And he has relation to my favorite guy, Mo Can. 😊😊