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Ch 141.1

Exposed Identity

In the tightly closed room, the high bed with tables and chairs looked simple, but there was no shortage of anything. It was a pity that the quilts were neatly stacked without a trace of anyone sleeping, while the slanted wooden chairs, short tables and ground were littered with broken bowls and tea stains. As if it was showing the master's anger, a tall figure with his back leaning against the wall, was sitting still with his face dimmed, with chapped lips and reddened eyes that were staring straight in one place, motionless.

There was only a thick iron door leading to the outside of the secret room. The iron door was locked tightly, with seven openings that were locked with a heart. It was extremely delicate yet made of the hardest black iron. Without a key, no one could open it and that key was in the possession of the Xiao family's head.

The old housekeeper of the Xiao family held the food and carefully passed it through the narrow opening under the iron door. Through the small window above the iron door, he saw Xiao Zong Qing's weak appearance, so the old housekeeper said distressingly, "It's been six or seven days since you had eaten as much as you like. How can your body stand this?!"

Without looking at the hot food and vegetables that came in, Xiao Zong Qing was still staring straight ahead as he only repeated this one sentence, "I want... I want to see the second brother!"

The old housekeeper was anxious and heartbroken while he persuaded, "The second young master will not see you, why are you torturing your own body?!" The three masters of the Xiao family were all brought up by him. He knew best what their temperaments were; the third young master was stubborn to his bones and the second young master was also stubborn! They were all stubborn in their hearts! When would these two people stop fighting?

Slowly moving his body, Xiao Zong Qing simply turned his back. If he could not see the second brother, he would rather die and would not even take a bite.

The old housekeeper sighed and had no choice but to leave. When he walked to the exit of the secret room, he saw Xiao Zong Han standing under the sycamore tree. His thin body looked like it could be blown away by a gust of wind. The old housekeeper walked behind him when Xiao Zong Han's low and cold voice sounded out slowly, "He still doesn't eat?"

"Yeah." The old housekeeper nodded and carefully observing the second young master's face, he softly persuaded, "Second Young Master, you should go and see him. If this goes on, Third Young Master won't be able to last for many days. He has a temper, it's not like you don't know, but you still..."

Accompanied by a few depressed coughs, Xiao Zong Han turned around; his pale face was exhausted and the old housekeeper could not bear to say anything anymore as his words were stuck in his throat. The second young master used his frail body to support the Xiao family for so many years. It was not easy, so who would have the right to be more critical?!

He lowered his head as the old housekeeper cupped his hand lightly and stepped back silently.

It was midsummer with the luxuriant branches of the phoenix tree swaying wantonly in the bright night wind. Stroking his panting chest, Xiao Zong Han raised his head to look at the vibrant tall branches, feeling more and more that he was unable to keep up with his ability. With a light sigh, Xiao Zong Han slowly stepped into the secret room.

Silently standing in front of the iron gate, Xiao Zong Han quietly looked at Xiao Zong Qing's back. It had only been a few days later, but he felt a little bit awkward, as if the anger from his body had been taken away.

Feeling a gaze coming from behind him, Xiao Zong Qing turned his head and clearly saw Xiao Zong Han's face. His otherwise spiritless eyes immediately widened as they stared at him angrily as he asked coldly, "Why did you do this?"

Never before had San Er stared at him so hatefully, so Xiao Zong Han's heart faintly ached, but his face was still very calm as he indifferently said, "After you eat these meals, I will tell you why."

Xiao Zong Qing did not move and was still staring at him while his eyes gleamed with total disbelief.

Xiao Zong Han lightly sighed while restraining the pain in his eyes, and as he was about to leave, Xiao Zong Qing's cold voice suddenly said, "Wait a minute."

After that, Xiao Zong Qing wanted to get up and walk toward where the food was. For many days he had not eaten any rice and his hands and feet were so weak. Before he could stand up, he collapsed again, struggling to crawl towards the food. No matter what he held, Xiao Zong Qing only stuffed it into his mouth as if he did not need to chew, while his cold eyes were full of chilliness staring at Xiao Zong Han.

After a little while passed, he turned sideways a little, as if he did not want to meet such a pair of eyes. Xiao Zong Han's flat and tired voice slowly sounded out, "The Xiao family has been in charge of the Cang Yue trade for many years. The Imperial court has long wanted to find an excuse to attack us. The army is not only the umbrella of the Xiao family, but also a reminder that with a little carelessness, we will definitely fall into the hands of others. Don't you care about thousands of lives in the Xiao family?! San Er, the situation is unknown now, between the Emperor and Prince Rui, it's hard to tell who will have victory or defeat, so now is not the time when the Xiao family has to make a move."

The hand that was holding the food stiffened; Xiao Zong Qing's originally hateful eyes gradually dimmed. Leaning his back on the iron gate, Xiao Zong Qing lowered his head and his voice

finally became calmer, "You do not want to help because of the Xiao family, then I, I won't have any complaints, but why are you imprisoning me here?!"

Xiao Zong Han remained silent for a long time.

Holding the iron gate, Xiao Zong Qing finally stood up and whispered to Xiao Zong Han at the outer gate, "Second brother, please let me go out."

"No." Xiao Zong Han resolutely refused, which caused Xiao Zong Qing to go crazy again, as he clutched the iron bar on the small window tightly and shouted, "Why?"