

## **Simplified Chinese Print Book 4 Extra: No Boundaries between the Jing and Wei.**

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*Content Warning:*

*(The Chinese print main story ends with [chapter 268](#), followed by this extra. This extra is technically the canon ending of the JWWJ Chinese print books. It would have a better effect to read this chapter after reading [chapter 268](#).)*

Time flies and years have passed since we last met.

In the north of Luo today, grasslands and castle cities coexist. The few remaining people of the Jing kingdom and the common folks who had migrated from the Wei kingdom live and work in peace and contentment on this land.

I wonder if Nangong Rang had ever imagined this scene back then?

I wonder if all of this was what the current Female Emperor imagined?

In the beginning, this was not the case.

The common folks of the Jing and Wei have experienced so much.

The Bei'An noble and the newly appointed Governor of the northern nine provinces have put in countless efforts, implemented numerous policies, and quelled many chaos, to finally achieve the current situation.

The relationship between the Bei'An noble Qiyang Agula and the Governor of the northern nine provinces Nagsi Jiya, was not always like this peaceful coexistence at the beginning.

Between the Bei'An Noble and the Governor of the northern provinces, who was the true ruler of the north of Luo? The imperial court has never given a clear answer.

Jiya holds the military power of the northern nine provinces and holds a third-rank official position.

On the other hand, Agula belongs to the Qiyang clan, the most noble bloodline of the Jing Kingdom, holding the rank of a noble. In addition to her past status... It seems that the court is also on her side.

From the Prince of the Jing Kingdom to the Wei Kingdom Fuma, and then to the Imperial Husband living in the Back Palace, and now to the Bei'An Noble, Agula felt as if she had lived several lifetimes. She knew best what the outcome would be if her mind was clouded by hatred. She never intended to compete with Jiya over anything, but ah.... Whenever she saw Jiya sharpening her weapons and feeding her horses, Agula would let out a deep sigh.

(TN: 厉兵秣马 to sharpen the weapons and feed the horses—make preparations for war; prepare for battle.)

In the flames of war, the common folks are the first to suffer. Agula has decided to let go of this hatred and bring peace to the world. In order to prevent the flames of war from breaking out, the Bei'An noble was left with no choice but to confront the Governor of the northern nine provinces.

In the beginning, the situation was very disadvantageous. After all, Jiya held the military tally and controlled the life and death of the northern nine provinces. As for Agula, she had exhausted too much of her energy over the past few years. Facing the collision, Agula's side retreated in defeat again and again.

If it weren't for consideration of her identity as the Bei'An Noble and the former Imperial Husband, Jiya might have already planned to take action against Agula.

But Jiya had overlooked an extremely important issue: public opinion.

Perhaps, the hatred between the lands of Jing and Wei still burns in the hearts of some to this day, but the common folks have long been overwhelmed and yearned for peace, hence an ironic scene unfolded.

Qiyang Agula, who was of the most noble bloodline of Jing Kingdom, was abandoned by the grass plains again, but gained broader support from the Wei people living in the northern nine provinces.

After fighting for who knows how many years, the Bei'An Noble finally had the confidence to stand on equal footing with the Governor of the nine provinces, welcoming true peace.

The orphan of the grass plains, Qiyang Agula, has grown up into a young man.

Occasionally, Agula would also receive letters from Qiyang Nomin. Sometimes the letters would describe their travel experiences, other times they would mention trivial matters of their daily lives, sometimes they would update Agula on Qi Yuxiao's recent activities, and sometimes... They would also talk about the Female Emperor.

Agula would always write back to Qiyang Nomin, urging her to live a good life and see more of the beautiful mountains and rivers.

Agula felt a deep sense of guilt for this meimei and even considered bringing her back to the north of Luo. After much deliberation, she decided against it.

No matter what, in the eyes of outsiders, Qiyang Nomin was a hostage left in the Wei Kingdom by the Bei'An Noble. As long as this Bei'An Noble still holds value, his sister will definitely be safe.

Furthermore, Agula was also worried that once Qiyang Nomin returned to the north of Luo, she would be reminded of the unpleasant memories by the sights. Agula never wanted her sister, who had finally regained her vitality with great difficulty, to suffer even the smallest harm again.

When she left the grass plains back then, Nomin was still a little kid nestled in her arms. She didn't have any deep memories or feelings about the grass plains.

Agula would often run widely with his horse, as if he wanted to reach the horizon where heaven and earth meet between the green grass and the blue sky,

listening to the wind whistling past his ears, looking exceptionally dashing and heroic to others. (TN: 英姿飒爽 valiant and heroic in bearing; bold and brave)

Everyone sighs in admiration at the carefree life of the Bei'An Noble, but only she knows that to *that* place... There is no going back.

...

The Wei Kingdom, the capital city.

The Female Emperor came out of the imperial study, walking along the corridor of the palace with a somewhat tired expression. Qiuju and Chen Chuansi were following behind her. There were no luxurious ceremonial guards. Ever since the Female Emperor ascended to the throne, she had been diligent in politics and benevolent to the people. The Wei Kingdom has begun to show signs of prosperity.

These two were old companions of the Female Emperor. It was said that they had followed her since she was still a princess. Aunt Qiuju and Chief Steward Chen had even left the palace to practice Buddhism on behalf of the Female Emperor in a temple for a few years.

A gust of cold wind blew by, Qiuju moved lightly toward the Female Emperor and whispered: "Your Majesty, it's cold and dewy, shall we call for a sedan?"

The Female Emperor's cold voice rang out: "I am tired, I want to take a walk."

Wouldn't it be more appropriate to call for a sedan when you're tired?

But Qiuju did not ask, she merely returned quietly to her original position, holding a lantern to light the path for the Female Emperor.

Not knowing how long she had been walking, the Female Emperor suddenly came to a stop. The palace in front of her was dark. Although it was not far from the central axis of the imperial palace, it was extremely desolate.

The Female Emperor stood there silently, facing the wind, which caused the lanterns in Chen Chuansi and Qiuju's hands to sway. The palace in front of them was originally the Eastern Palace of the Crown Prince. Later, it was given by the late Emperor to the Female Emperor, who was still a princess, as a sleeping quarters. It was renamed the Weiming Palace. After experiencing a great fire and turning into rubble, it was rebuilt after several years of reconstruction and was restored to its original appearance and renamed the Chengchao Palace. It has been vacant for many years now...

The Female Emperor stared blankly at the pitch-black palace as if she was looking for something. After a long while, she finally spoke, "Qiuju."

"This maid is here."

"How long has the Chengchao Palace been empty?"

"Answering Your Majesty, it has been seven years." Qiuju replied without hesitation.

The Female Emperor was stunned for a moment, a wisp of white smoke floated out of her mouth and was blown away by the wind, and only a very light voice was heard, murmuring: "It's been so long."

This time, no one answered the Female Emperor's question.

All that could be heard was the humming sound left by the cold wind passing through the palace path.

Ever since that person left, the Female Emperor sealed off this place, dismissed all the palace servants, and did not allow anyone to go in to clean. I guess the weeds in Chengchao Palace must have grown very tall, right?

The Female Emperor wanted to go in and take a look but was blocked by the glaring, mottled, blurry seal on the door. This seal was personally inscribed by the Female Emperor herself seven years ago, and one could still faintly see the immaturity of the strokes.

“This palace is sealed forever. Anyone who enters without permission shall die.” The Female Emperor recognized the words on the seal and read them out in a low voice, then tugged at the corner of her mouth.

The Female Emperor still vaguely remembered how she felt when she wrote these eight characters, but some things have become as blurry as this seal.

“Return to the Ganquan Palace.” The Female Emperor’s voice rang out, still as clear and charming as before.

“Understood.”

These past seven years, the Female Emperor did not have an easy time. For a woman to be an emperor, how could it be easy? She needed to work harder than ordinary emperors in order to gain the court officials’ approval. Besides, the court situation was not stable at that time.

On one hand, the Female emperor was left to deal with the corrupt policies left behind by her father and uproot the forces of the previous Dynasty lurking in the shadows. On the other hand, she had to deal with the constant remonstrations from court officials urging her to appoint a new Imperial Husband.

Until a few years ago when the Female Emperor crowned her Eldest sister the Qionghua Princess’ son as the Crown Prince, only then did the voices of the court officials stop.

Shangguan Fu's parents both passed away, but he is of royal blood after all. He has already been renamed to Nangong Fu and is firmly seated in the East Palace.

Actually, the Female Emperor knew what the court officials were worried about. They could support their reasonably performing Female Emperor, but they did not wish for the future emperors of the Great Wei Dynasty to all be women. As for the bloodline... It was fine as long as it made sense according to the rites and laws.

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The Female Emperor returned to the Ganquan Palace to rest for the night. She was extremely tired and fell asleep quickly. However, after only a brief hour of light sleep, she suddenly opened her eyes, lifted the bright yellow curtains, and got out of bed barefoot, startling Qiuju who was on night duty.

“Your Majesty?”

The Female Emperor remained silent. She walked straight to the hall and pushed the door open.

Qiuju stopped at the door for a moment, seeing that the Female Emperor had lit the candles herself, she closed the door of the hall and stood guard at the entrance.

This place was another restricted area by the Female Emperor. In the past seven, no one except her was allowed to set foot here.

The furnishings in this hall were very simple. It can even be said that it was somewhat empty. Other than a desk and a chair, there were merely a few items displayed on an antique shelf.

Several long boxes, likely containing scroll-like items inside. A long sandalwood box, a palm sized box, and a pair of boxes, one large and one small.

The Female Emperor casually picked up the palm-sized box closest to her and opened it...

Inside was a stick of old ink that had been used a bit. It must be a few years old and had long lost its ink fragrance.

The Female Emperor stared at the old ink stick for a moment, then closed the box and put it back in its place.

She opened the long sandalwood box again, and inside quietly lay a white jade flute.

She opened the pair of large and small boxes, inside of them were various adorable wooden pig carvings. One of the carvings had burrs on it, and the pig's eyes were not painted. It was clearly unfinished.

And in that small wooden box, there were some letters and scrolls.

The Female Emperor held the box, sat down behind the desk and opened the slightly yellowed rice paper. The beginnings and the signatures of the letters were different

Most of them begin with "Your Highness" and end with "This subject".

There are also seven letters beginning with "Your Majesty" and ending with "This subject".

And... One letter that begins with "Jingnu" and ends with "Yuanjun".

When the Female Emperor ascended to the throne, in order to make things more convenient for the common folks, she changed her originally more common name "Jingnu" to the two characters "Zhenzhen", and no one ever called her by this name anymore.

"No water's wide enough when you have crossed the sea, no cloud is beautiful but that which crowns the peak. I pass by flowers that fail to attract me, half for your sake and half for Taoism I seek." (TN: 半缘修道|半缘君| = half for your sake / lit. half – fate/reason – you/gentleman, 缘君 Yuanjun itself also sounds like 'fated gentleman')

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Chengqi, twelfth Year, winter.

Daxue.

(TN: 大雪 - Daxue / Great snow - the day marking the beginning of 21st term of the Chinese lunisolar calendar 7th-21st December)

Outside the Bei'An Noble's tent, Qiyang Agula.

The Bei'An Noble lifted the tent curtain and said to the guards standing at the entrance: "The snowstorm is too heavy today, you don't have to stand guard anymore. Find a warm place to rest. I will call you if there is anything else."

The two guards insisted: "We wouldn't dare, the safety of the Noble is of utmost importance."

The Bei'An Noble chuckled and said, "This one is a high ranking literary Noble personally appointed by the imperial court. Even if Jiya comes, she will be knocked off her horse outside my big tent with one arrow. Such thick snow makes it difficult to walk on foot, so just look for a tent where you can catch sight of my tent and keep warm. If you hear the sound of horse hooves or see someone charging on horseback, it won't be too late to come back and protect me."

The two guards pondered for a long time. Seeing the Bei'An Noble's determined attitude, they expressed their gratitude and left.

After who knows how long, the wind and snow outside the tent gradually stopped. Inside the tent, the Bei'An Noble was wrapped in a cloak, watching the fireplace and feeling drowsy.

Suddenly, a loud snorting of a horse dispelled all of the Bei'An Noble's drowsiness.

Who dares not to dismount outside the Bei'An Noble's big tent?

The Bei'An Noble rose quickly and rushed out of the big tent.

A row of troops and horses stretched out in the distance, disappearing into the horizon.

Before her eyes, stood a person and a horse.

They were silent.

They were staring.

The Bei'An Noble suddenly curled his lips, raised his arms in a proper salute, saying: "This subject, Qiyan Agula greets Your Majesty."



[END]

### **JWQS Main Story:**

[gdrive link](#) | [carrd link](#)

### **Author's other works:**

女将军和长公主 Female General and Eldest Princess

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我的游魂小姐 My Wandering Spirit Lady

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女仵作 Female Coroner

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**Other info:**

Can this be re-translated to other languages? Yes, but please support PDL by purchasing the official books as well.

Can I post reaction screenshots or quotes: Yes.