

Chapter 75: Jealousy

(吃醋)

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Emperor Zhou'wu thought about Sangyu, who was perhaps also waiting for him to return for dinner. He didn't know how hurt and sad she would be after learning that he went to another palace.

Emperor Zhou'wu's brows wrinkled into a frown and his steps increased in speed - he was truly a man with his heart set on speeding home.¹

The servants followed behind him in a disorderly rush. Only Chang'xi, who knew martial arts, could keep up with his pace, and only with difficulty.

After arriving in front of Bi'xiao Palace's gates, he halted his steps. Suddenly feelings of having a guilty conscience bubbled up in his chest.

If Sangyu heard that he had already summoned Cai'ren Wu for service, would she feel angry? Would she feel jealous? Would she ignore him?

He paced back and forth in front of Bi'xiao Palace's gates with a worried expression.

"Your Majesty, is your honoured self still not going in?" The Emperor's pacing had made Chang'xi dizzy, and he couldn't help but speak up and inquire.

"Let's go in." Emperor Zhou'wu shook his head, unable to hold back a smile. He crossed over the threshold of Bi'xiao Palace.

According to Buddha, love created fear and worry. These words were indeed true. Even he, a magnificent ruler, would also have times when he felt afraid. If he had known this sooner, he wouldn't have gone to Yu'fu Palace, no matter what his original intentions were.

Signalling the eunuchs on duty to keep silent with a wave of his hand, he headed directly for the side palace.

¹ 归心似箭 (guīxīnsìjiàn) Lit. Wanting to return home like an arrow.

Once he got close, he could hear the pealing laughter of Sangyu and Yin'cui. His guilty conscience and anxiety vanished in a flash as his slanted, thick eyebrows firmly pursed into a frown. He unconsciously sped up his pace.

Seeing his master's footsteps become chaotically urgent, Chang'xi shook his head and pondered: *Without His Majesty, her ladyship Virtuous Consort is living quite comfortably! His Majesty's ego must have really suffered a blow.*

He blindly followed.

In Bi'xiao Palace, Er'Bao sat on the small, round table with a bowl of minced meat congee at his feet. Meng Sangyu held a piece of meat with her chopsticks and waved it in front of him, and his little head swayed back and forth as it followed the morsel. His little lacquer-black eyes overflowed with longing. Meng Sangyu brought the piece of meat closer, and he immediately opened his mouth to bite it, but ended up only biting air. He whined with grievance.

Meng Sangyu couldn't help but giggle incessantly. Only then did she put the piece of meat into the crying Er'Bao's bowl.

"Didn't Zhen say before that it was not allowed inside the palace hall?" Emperor Zhou'wu had been standing at the doorway for some time. Seeing that Sangyu hadn't noticed his arrival, he finally couldn't help but open his mouth and shatter the cheerful atmosphere inside.

Meng Sangyu jumped up with fright. She promptly laid down her chopsticks and walked towards the doorway to curtsy in salute. "This concubine greets Your Majesty."

Emperor Zhou'wu's fingers twitched, but he didn't extend a hand to help her up as usual, directly passing by her instead. He strolled over to the round table and stared at Er'Bao with a grim expression.

Er'Bao was very afraid of this man, who exuded might from head to foot. His cowering figure trembled all over.

"Throw it back in the Taming Enclosure!" Emperor Zhou'wu commanded coldly, looking at Chang'xi.

Chang'xi agreed and stepped forward to pick up Er'Bao. Er'Bao was so scared that he shrunk back with watery eyes, looking extremely pitiful.

"Wait! No one is allowed to throw him away!" Meng Sangyu stepped forward and called out in a stern voice for him to stop.

Chang'xi was unable to move, and he hesitantly looked toward the Emperor.

"Zhen said to throw it outside! Did you not hear Us?" Emperor Zhou'wu's voice was low and cold.

Chang'xi nodded and avoided Virtuous Consort's gaze as he walked out of the palace hall.

"I only wanted someone to keep me company for a meal. Am I not even allowed this?" Meng Sangyu knew that the man's orders could not be disobeyed, and her tone of voice immediately softened.

Her highly-contrasting phoenix eyes grew teary as she stared up at him. Anyone looking would have been saddened by the loneliness and pain within them.

Emperor Zhou'wu's heart immediately softened, and he hurried forward to take her into his arms. He lightly patted her back comfortingly as he said sorrowfully, "Alright, Zhen won't drive him away. Zhen simply told Chang'xi to take him outside."

Chang'xi was aware of his intentions and hurriedly handed over Er'Bao to Bi'shui and Yin'cui. The two of them were delighted. They took Er'Bao and hurriedly withdrew for fear that His Majesty would suddenly change his mind again.

Since His Majesty was not fond of Er'Bao, their master had very little chance to be affectionate with him. In fact, they were the ones who cared for Er'Bao more, so naturally they couldn't bear for him to be thrown out.

Meng Sangyu rubbed her cheek against Emperor Zhou'wu's broad and warm chest, and the corners of her mouth raised into a smile, satisfied that she had gotten her way. She knew very well that the man was weak to this kind of behaviour.

Seeing her curled into his embrace like a kitten, with a face that engendered affection and pity, Emperor Zhou'wu couldn't help but tighten his arms and hug her tighter.

He kissed the top of her head while saying warmly, "If you want someone to accompany you, isn't there still Zhen?"

Meng Sangyu's eyes darkened slightly. She shoved against his chest and said, with a smile that was not quite a smile, "With so many women around, can Your Majesty [still] make time to accompany this concubine? This concubine won't trouble Your Majesty anymore!"

Emperor Zhou'wu was stumped for words. He stared blankly for a moment before lowering his head to observe her expression.

Seeing her raised eyebrows, slightly narrowed phoenix eyes, and the displeased expression on her face, he couldn't help but let out a clear and bright laugh and hugged her slim waist even tighter. *Sangyu is jealous! How cute!*

As she smelled the thick fragrance of cosmetics on the man's body, Meng Sangyu's heart lit with an indescribable fire, and she struggled even more to try to get out of his embrace. Her snowy-white, charming face became flushed with anger, and the sinister light in her eyes could have cauterized flesh.

"Let go of me! What is this smell? It's absolutely repulsive!" She pounded her fists against the man's thick chest, as her delicate brows pinched together.

Emperor Zhou'wu lowered his head to sniff his shoulder and laughed even harder. "Zhen didn't do anything but was contaminated by this strange smell. Believe in Zhen." He gave a low chuckle while giving Sangyu a kiss on the cheek.

Seeing Sangyu try to avoid him left and right before finally burying her whole face into his chest, Emperor Zhou'wu erupted in a burst of hearty laughter.

Nurse Feng and Chang'xi watched them out of the corner of their eyes. Just when they were hesitating about whether or not to clear the room, they heard the Emperor instruct loudly, "Prepare the water. Zhen wants to bathe!"

Chang'xi and Nurse Feng promptly agreed and swiftly called over servants to carry a tub of water inside. Emperor Zhou'wu lifted Sangyu into a princess carry and quickly entered the inner chamber.

Once the servants had all withdrawn, he impatiently kissed Sangyu's dark red lips, and his husky laughter finally came to an end.

Today, Sangyu's behaviour had pleased him greatly. Though Sangyu was neither willing to admit it nor face her feelings, he knew that she wasn't entirely unfeeling towards him.

He kissed Meng Sangyu's lips so fiercely that she could hardly breathe. He grasped the back of her head, blocking any oxygen, and her hands groped blindly about in the bath until they touched the bath ladle. She immediately scooped up a ladle of water and splashed it onto him.

The warm water was unable to prevent the man's frantic demands. Only once he was finally satisfied did he release the woman's sweet lips and wipe away the drops of water on his smirking face.

Why does this smile seem so foolish? If there was a tail behind him, it might be wagging back and forth. Meng Sangyu thought imaginatively,² blinking.

Noticing that Sangyu's thoughts were wandering, Emperor Zhou'wu's lips curved into a smile as he picked her up and threw her into the washtub before entering himself. He firmly grasped her thin waist and lowered his head to once more hook their tongues together.

At first, Meng Sangyu still made an effort to struggle, but soon she lost herself in the man's passionate kisses. She pulled herself up using his shoulders and took the initiative to return the favour.

Emperor Zhou'wu's eyes darkened, and he removed her wet clothing, layer by layer, until he found that tight and warm place and could use his fingertips to lightly caress her.

Meng Sangyu moaned in response. Not wanting to be outdone, she stripped the man of his clothes and forcefully scratched at his sturdy back.

What a wild little minx!! The man snickered to himself and slapped her smooth, round, and perky buttocks. Placing her slender body atop himself, he entered her with a thrust.

He began his attack with extremely rapid movements, causing the bathwater to violently spill over incessantly and soak a large area of the inner chamber. The sound of rough gasps for breath, moans of pleasure, and muffled low growls made the servants in attendance outside flush with excitement.

Once the water turned cold, Emperor Zhou'wu carried the woman, weak from head to foot, towards the bed to continue their lustful battle until the moon rose high in the sky and the moans reached their peak.

The couple's hair was dripping wet, the strands intimately intertwined. A strong deer musk scent pervaded the air with no sign of dissipating.

Meng Sangyu lazily lifted her arm and shoved at the man who was still pressing her under his body.

"Your Majesty, I'm hungry!" she softly grumbled. Her tone unconsciously carried a coquettish undertone.

The implication of her words had barely sunk in before a burst of growling noises rang out inside the palace hall. Meng Sangyu's ears quickly turned red.

² 天马行空 (tiānmǎxíngkōng) Lit. like a heavenly steed soaring across the skies; idiom to describe something bold and imaginative or unconstrained in style.

Emperor Zhou'wu raised an eyebrow and pressed his forehead against Meng Sangyu's to smother a hearty laugh, only forcing himself to stop when he saw her indignant face.

"Zhen will help you dress." He pinched the woman's burning earlobe affectionately and attentively made them both presentable.

Noticing that the man only wore thin underclothes, while fussing over her so much so that he personally stooped down to help her slip on her embroidered shoes, Meng Sangyu lowered her eyes to hide the complicated mood she was in.

After straightening their clothes, he hugged Sangyu and kissed along the dubious red traces on her neck.

Emperor Zhou'wu led her outside the palace hall hand-in-hand, feeling perfectly contented. The well-accustomed servants immediately entered to tidy up the bedchamber that was in complete disarray.

"It's so late now, the Imperial Kitchen probably doesn't have any more food. Doesn't Bi'xiao Palace have a small kitchen? Why don't you simmer some soup to drink? Zhen really misses your cooking." Thinking of the days when he was A'Bao, Emperor Zhou'wu's voice was filled with longing.

"Alright, what kind of soup does Your Majesty want to drink?" Meng Sangyu tugged at the man's sleeve with a bright and beautiful smile.

Emperor Zhou'wu lightly caressed the corner of her mouth and attentively traced this familiar smile. He made a satisfied sigh in his heart and softly answered, "Buddha Jumps Over the Wall."

Meng Sangyu nodded.

The ingredients were all readily available and could be immediately simmered on low heat on the kitchen stove.

The pair sat side-by-side in the cozy kitchen, watching the fire attentively on one hand and eating roasted sweet potatoes on the other. They would occasionally chat with each other and their shared erudite, scholarly knowledge and extensive experience made it so that they never ran out of topics to discuss.

Putting aside the identities of a ruling monarch and his pampered consort, they were just like an ordinary young couple. Their intimately close silhouettes made Nurse Feng stare in awe.

She watched the Emperor disregard his status, use the iron tongs to gently push at the ash inside the stove, and pick up a scalding hot sweet potato, blow on it, and carefully peel away its skin to feed it into her master's mouth. The overflowing gentleness surging from his gaze could drown a person with indulgence.

Is this still an act? No one is capable of that! Nuse Feng lowered her eyes and thought to herself.

At first, everyone thought that with His Majesty going to Yu'fu Palace, Virtuous Consort's time of being solely pampered by the Emperor would probably come to an end. They never expected that His Majesty wouldn't even stay long enough to prepare tea before leaving and would still go to Bi'xiao Palace in the end.

Moreover, during this trip, he didn't even return to his own Qian'qing Palace. He had brought all of his work in government affairs over to Bi'xiao Palace, and was living with Virtuous Consort like an ordinary married couple.

All of the imperial concubines in the palace were boiling over, and their jealousy and resentment towards Virtuous Consort reached unprecedented heights.

There was more to come. The Empress Dowager suddenly issued an imperial decree to promote many unremarkable imperial concubines. Not only did she fill out the positions of the four Consorts, but she also promoted Virtuous Consort to Imperial Noble Consort.

In a month, after the conferment ceremonies for the imperial concubines were completed, [Virtuous Consort] could legitimately take command of the Six Palaces.

Above the rank of Imperial Noble Consort was the position of Empress. Once Virtuous Consort became pregnant, it could be said that the position of Empress was waiting for her.

Many people were anxious. They would visit Ci'ning Palace practically every day to perform their filial duty towards the Empress Dowager while hinting that their maiden families were pressuring the Imperial Censors to admonish the Emperor for not spreading favour equally to grow the imperial bloodline.

In Meng Sangyu's study in Bi'xiao Palace, Emperor Zhou'wu picked up a stack of memorials impeaching the Emperor and smiled with interest.

TL Team Thoughts:

Hello dear readers,

We hope you enjoyed this steamier Chapter 75 of Why Harem Intrigue! >w<

Where do you think the story will go next? Sangyu seems to be warming up to Emperor ZW. Will there be more problems with her new promotion?

Please check back in a few days for our monthly goals post for June~ We're also still recruiting for two(2) discord moderators~ If you'd like to help out the TL team, [please contact Nyamachi!](#)

The Nyanovels TL Team

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