

Chapter 66: Attending to the Emperor

(侍寝)

Translator: **Nyamachi**

TL assistants: **247Reader** & **Lazilily**

English proofreaders: **247Reader** & **JimmyfromIT**

Getting rid of Er'Bao, Emperor Zhou'wu looked at Sangyu's outstretched hands and held them in his, entwining their fingers together. He said indifferently, "Let's go and return to dine."

Meng Sangyu agreed, purposefully falling behind by a step. She secretly stole a glance at him, but unexpectedly, the man suddenly turned his head and directly faced her round phoenix eyes.

"What's with your expression? Hmm?" He raised his long, slanted eyebrows and his smile had a hint of wickedness. He grasped her chin and tilted it upwards, and she felt his scorching hot breath on her cheek. The dense male hormones flooded the atmosphere, causing one to feel suffocated.

It seemed as if a cat had bitten Meng Sangyu's tongue. She only stared fixedly at the man's especially deep, shining eyes and remained in a daze for a good while. Regardless of whether it was his appearance or his temperament, this man possessed the best of these traits, particularly when he intentionally displayed his own charm.

"Hehe~" Finding her dazed expression cute, the man bit her soft, rosy lips and chuckled delightedly. He didn't expect that teasing Sangyu could be so amusing. He had become somewhat addicted to it.

Pulling on Sangyu's hand, he continued to walk forward. Meng Sangyu snapped back to alertness and blindly followed at his side, unobtrusively taking a measure of his handsome side profile.

When all was said and done, what was this man's attitude towards her? It seemed like he was awfully indulgent of her and treasured her quite a lot, as if he were addicted to pampering her. This gave her the feeling of being loved dearly by someone.

Being loved dearly? This must be an illusion. She inwardly shook her head. Meng Sangyu was nearly led astray, but she locked her heart back into a deeper black box.

In a side hall of Bi'xiao Palace, Nurse Feng was in the middle of directing the servants to arrange the meal. Returning to the residence where he had lived for five months, Emperor Zhou'wu inhaled deeply, taking in the light fragrance of plants in the air. The corners of his mouth couldn't help but curl upwards. He felt a sense of belonging, a feeling as if he had finally returned.¹ Living alone in such a big place like Qian'qing Palace without Sangyu's company, he tossed about in bed every night, finding it difficult to sleep.

Strolling into the bedchamber and catching sight of the small willow basket set up beside Sangyu's bed, the raised corners of his mouth immediately pursed into a straight line. Why was it so close? Had A'Bao's position been supplanted so quickly?

"Take this thing away!" He pointed at the willow basket and spoke to the servants behind him. Seeing the sand tray and water bowl placed in the corner, his expression became even darker. "Take this and this away, too!"

Saying this, he looked towards the woman whose elegant eyebrows were slightly furrowed and whose face was full of unwillingness and sternly commanded, "In the future, Er'Bao is forbidden to enter your bedroom. It is prohibited from climbing onto your bed and you are not allowed to hug it to sleep. When Zhen is present, make sure it does not show its face. Do you understand?"

"Understood." Meng Sangyu agreed in a frank and straightforward manner, but she truly minded in her heart.²

Emperor Zhou'wu raised his eyebrows and smiled lightly. Grasping her chin, he enunciated his words in warning, "If Zhen discovers that you have a single dog hair on you, Zhen will immediately throw it away. Zhen isn't kidding!"

"This concubine understands!" Meng Sangyu ground her teeth as she agreed. Her face cracked into a beaming smile, but she silently cursed in her heart: *Damn you! Are you actually competing with Er'Bao over territory? Do you have to be so childish?*

"How obedient!" the man murmured. He lowered his head and kissed the woman's slightly pouting lips. His deep eyes were drowning in love. He surmised with amusement: *This little minx is certainly cursing at Zhen in her mind!*

¹ Took some artistic license here to make the sentence fit better in English.

² This sentence might be mistranslated. The raw says: 孟桑榆口里答应的爽快, 心里却不以为意。不以为意 means not to mind something or be unconcerned about something, but it doesn't fit the context...Thoughts?

"Your Majesty, Your Ladyship, your honored selves can dine now." Nurse Feng entered and reminded them of the meal. Seeing the pair so inseparably close together, her expression was extremely awkward. She swiftly retreated and pondered, feeling puzzled: *Her Ladyship said that His Majesty's favour for her was all fake. Why does this servant see otherwise?*

The two of them entered the side hall hand in hand. The small dining table that Meng Sangyu originally used by herself had been carried away and replaced with a very large, long table. All kinds of piping hot dishes were spread over the table. Giving a rough estimate, there were no less than twenty or thirty dishes. Originally, this was the most common allotment. However, after sitting at the table, Emperor Zhou'wu felt unaccustomed to the number of dishes.

When he was still A'Bao, there would only be four dishes for him and Sangyu to eat at every meal: two meat dishes, one vegetarian dish, and one soup. The dining table they used was very small. Sangyu sat while he crouched, face to face. So long as they bowed their heads, they could nearly touch each other's foreheads. It had been that kind of intimate setting. The warm feeling of their breath mingling was still carved into his heart and he often returned to it in his dreams.

Thinking of the past and looking again at Sangyu, who was an arm's length away from him, Emperor Zhou'wu felt slightly bitter. Since he had changed back into a human, the distance between him and Sangyu had grown further and further.

"Take away all these dishes. Bestow them to Bi'xiao Palace's servants. Exchange them with two meat dishes, one vegetarian dish, and one soup, and set them up on that small, round table," he solemnly ordered, putting down his chopsticks.

"Your Majesty, could it be that these dishes do not suit your taste?" Meng Sangyu inquired softly.

"No, there are too many of them. The two of us can't eat them all. In the future, when Zhen visits, just serve food in accordance with this arrangement. There is no need for so much extravagance and waste." He smiled weakly and pulled Sangyu up, permitting the servants to remove the table.

He also remembered that Sangyu had once fiercely criticised him for his excessive extravagance and wastefulness. Her righteously indignant appearance was extremely cute. His Sangyu was really a good woman. Even though she was still very young, she still stood for her own views. Moreover, she had many refreshing thoughts and ideas. If he hadn't turned into A'Bao, he would have never discovered that this kind of treasure was hidden by his side.

Meng Sangyu nodded and shot a glance at the man with a slightly astonished expression. She didn't know why he had suddenly reached this enlightenment.

The small round table was moved over, and the two of them sat close together. Eating these four ordinary dishes, they resembled a common married couple, exchanging bites of food and sips of soup. The atmosphere was indescribably warm and moving.

Once the meal was over, Meng Sangyu was about to suggest that they go to the Imperial Garden for a walk to aid digestion when the man held her hand and directly led her towards the bedchamber. His pace was somewhat urgent.

“Your Majesty, why don’t we go for a walk? At the same time, it’ll help with digestion.” She pulled on the man’s sleeve and spoke in a spoiled manner.

“Zhen has a better idea to help with digestion,” Emperor Zhou’wu turned around and pinched her straight nose. His voice was slightly hoarse. Storing five or six months of pent up desire, today he finally would be able to get what he longed for. He had waited long enough. When he was eating, he could barely taste the food.

“But Your Majesty, this concubine still hasn’t bathed or put on perfumed incense,” Meng Sangyu said embarrassedly. According to the established custom, when the Emperor flipped someone’s green nameplate, the Imperial Concubine would bathe and put on perfumed incense in preparation for His Majesty’s arrival. Today she had not prepared anything, but was suddenly attacked.

“Chang’xi, prepare the water,” Emperor Zhou’wu ordered hoarsely. Outside the room, Chang’xi responded and ordered several eunuchs to quickly carry water inside. Having restrained himself for close to six months, the Emperor was definitely in a rush.

“All of you leave,” The man waved his hand and dismissed all of the maids and eunuchs in the room. Finally, he looked at Sangyu. His pitch black eyes were as bright as two balls of flame. “You and Zhen will bathe together.”

As she met the man’s scorching gaze, blood rapidly rushed to Meng Sangyu’s ears. The man gave a low chuckle. The rough sound of his voice implied that he was feeling extremely aroused. He knew that Sangyu had a characteristic trait. Her face would immediately turn red with simply a casual touch, but when she was genuinely shy, her ears would turn red.

“This concubine will help your honoured self undress,” The tip of Meng Sangyu’s heart shivered, trying to resist the man’s masculine charm at all costs.

“Let Zhen help you undress instead,” said Emperor Zhou’wu hoarsely. One hand pinched her scorching earlobe, while the other opened her lapel. With two or three movements, he had taken off her outer robe.

While Meng Sangyu was momentarily dazed, she had already been stripped naked and carried into the warm washtub. Switching to a more comfortable sitting position, she scooped the water while narrowing her eyes to admire the sight of the man as he undressed. She silently cursed: *He was indeed a womanizing Emperor! Truly a wolf in sheep's clothing!*

The man's shoulder injury had already healed, leaving a faint scar. It looked very fierce. After resting for one month, his body had fully regained its strength. His broad shoulders, narrow waist, and chiseled muscles were very pleasing to the eyes. Furthermore, his six-pack abs made one desire to stretch out one's hand and caress them. This was undoubtedly a perfect male body, enough to seduce all women under heaven. Not to mention his erect member: its deep violet vastness was hard to grasp in one hand.

Since entering the palace three years ago, every embrace had always been half-hearted. When had Meng Sangyu ever earnestly looked at the man's body? She drooled enough that a bit of saliva splashed against her faintly red hot cheeks, and she sheepishly turned away.

Observing her reaction closely from the corner of his eyes, Emperor Zhou'wu snickered to himself. Stepping over the edge of the washtub, he embraced her from behind. His hands slid down her shoulders and wandered about her body. The satiny touch of her skin caused him to release a deep sigh of satisfaction. He could finally hug Sangyu properly!

"Your Majesty, this concubine will help your honoured self wash your back." Feeling the hardness of his thick member between her buttocks, Meng Sangyu's body somewhat stiffened.

"No need, Zhen will help you wash instead." The man gave her snow-white neck a peck; his large hands covered her perfectly round mounds and softly massaged them. His lower body's member enlarged and his breathing became even rougher.

His scorching breath ever so gently tickled her back, causing the skin all over her body to heat up.

The man's slender fingertips slid down her smooth abdomen to her verdant and lush valley. Seizing the opportunity they entered her flower and moved to and fro. Meng Sangyu softly collapsed against the man's sturdy chest; her entire body shivered as if she had been electrified. A dense layer of mist covered her sharply contrasting phoenix eyes as they stared hazily into the void. Her sandalwood-scented lips incessantly let out tender moans; apart from gasping the two words 'Your Majesty,' she was unable to speak in full sentences. Without a doubt, this was the first time she had succumbed to passion since she had entered the palace three years ago.

"Sangyu, Zhen has really missed you..." The man kissed and licked her back while pouring out all of his longing from the bottom of his heart. Seeing her passionate, hazy expression, he couldn't refrain from letting out a satisfied chuckle. He had lost three years with Sangyu. Now he could only do his best to try to please her and make her happy.

Lifting the woman out of the washtub, he walked over to the bed with large strides and placed her on it. He leaned over her, and with his lips and tongue, he worshipped every part of her body: her full forehead, her tender lips, her elegant collarbone, her delicately slender fingertips, her perfectly round mounds, her smooth abdomen - he didn't even spare her round and cute toes.

He licked and kissed while inquiring roughly, "Sangyu, do you like it when Zhen treats you like this? Mm?"

His only reply was Meng Sangyu's faint panting. He gave a wolfish chuckle. He had long since buried his head into her moist flower and used all of his skills to please the woman below him. Sangyu was extremely passionate. Her reactions were both natural and innocent, completely following her instincts; there wasn't any trace of pretense. This only caused him to sink further into passion, left unable to disentangle himself.

Meng Sangyu's brain was completely fried, with fireworks exploding over and over inside of it. Sparks of passion tantalized her entire body. This intense trembling feeling couldn't be compared at all to the previously half-hearted sex, so much so that she only wanted to drown herself in it.

"Look at Zhen and tell Us whether you like it?" Emperor Zhou'wu captured Sangyu's chin and hoarsely inquired, softly nibbling on her dark red lips. It was hard to endure the swelling of his lower body. His large, stiff member rubbed against her flower, teasing it without entering.

"I like it! I like it! Can't you hurry up?!" Meng Sangyu's eyes turned red at the man's provocation. Embracing his neck, she wrapped both of her legs around his strong, energetic waist and lifted her hips, taking the initiative to let his huge member enter her, and moved around without regard to his feelings.

This little minx is really wild! Emperor Zhou'wu suppressed a groan, having almost finished because of her surprise attack. He vengefully bit her earlobe, blocked her lips, and started moving vigorously. When a couple who were in love made love, the wonderful feeling was simply impossible to describe with words. Emperor Zhou'wu had only just realized what his previous self had missed out on.

The sound of their bodies intertwining with each other continued deep into the night. Chang'xi, who was stationed outside their chamber, stooped over and used his horsetail whisk to cover his lower body, thinking with grief and indignation: *Commander, when are you going to dispatch someone to replace this subordinate? This subordinate can't handle the job of a eunuch any longer!*

TL Team Thoughts:

Nyamachi: Poor guy, this fake Chang'xi has it rough.

247reader: My exact thoughts, lol

JimmyfromIT: Yup...

Lazilily: I hope our puppy boss continues to please sweet Sangyu! *w*

Thank you for reading!

[Head back to Nyanovels](#) to continue Why Harem Intrigue.

Please leave a like or comment for this chapter if you enjoyed it!