

## THE DOCTOR'S THREE-TIME MARRIAGE

### Chapter 13

[Finding the Pig] After watching the carriage cross the bridge towards the village entrance, Master Hu Er, who had been hiding outside the door without showing his face, finally breathed a sigh of relief. "Mrs. Ning?" The courtyard gate was open, and it was only after Hu Er had called three times that he saw the room door open. "Come in." Su Liang stood under the eaves, looking at the gloomy sky overhead; heavy rain was about to come. With an awkward smile, Hu Er brushed the mud and grass off his body and walked up. "What's the real story behind that young master just now?" "You let him in?" Su Liang looked at Hu Er's embarrassed expression and guessed the gist of the matter. Hu Er was somewhat awkward. "That young master was polite enough, but his servants were like evil spirits..." "It doesn't matter." Su Liang shook her head. "Regardless of who he is, we probably won't see him again." Hu Er breathed a sigh of relief. He had been worried that Su Liang would be annoyed with him for leading Yang Feng here and wouldn't want to treat him anymore. She moved a chair under the eaves for Hu Er to sit on, then gave him a pulse diagnosis, asking him about the frequency and symptoms of his illness and his usual diet. Observing the thoughtful frown on Su Liang's face, Hu Er asked worriedly, "This disease... can it really be eradicated?" Su Liang didn't respond, but turned and went back into the room. She recited, and Ning Jing wrote down a medicinal prescription. There were also two medicinal diet recipes beneficial for epilepsy. The ingredients weren't expensive, and having a meal once in a while wouldn't cost much. When Hu Er received the prescription and saw the delicate and vigorous writing on it, he asked Su Liang uncertainly, "This... you're giving it to me?" "Your disease must be treated slowly, and there's no use in rushing. Follow this prescription to take the medicine. Even if your seizures decrease, continue to take it. This may take three to five years. If you stop, you might relapse." Su Liang said seriously, "Those two medicinal diet recipes, have them occasionally, they're good for your health. Remember, you must give up alcohol." "Three to five years is nothing. I've been living with this disease for thirty or forty years!" Hu Er's face lit up with joy. "And there are even medicinal diet recipes. Aren't you afraid that I might sell them?" Su Liang shook her head. "I promised to treat you, and the prescription is yours. What you do with it is up to you." Hu Er looked at the young girl, who despite her youthful appearance, was calm, composed, and had an exceptional temperament, and he bowed deeply to her. "Thank you, Mrs. Ning!" Over the years, he had seen many doctors and

taken many medicines, all to no avail. Mysteriously, he had a strong faith in Su Liang. In the eyes of outsiders, Lord Hu Er of Feiyan Town was not a good person; he was a shrewd businessman. He was polite to Su Liang first because he had seen her skills and courage and felt a little apprehensive; second, he learned that Ning Jing came from a distinguished family, which made him even more cautious. Most importantly, he needed Su Liang's medical skills. Hu Er took out the prescriptions and pulled two pieces of paper out of his bosom, handing them to Su Liang. "Although I actually had gifts for you today, unfortunately I ran into trouble on the way. This is my gift of gratitude to Mrs. Ning!" When Su Liang looked at the papers, she saw that they were the title deeds of Su Daqiang's house and land. Although she detested that family so much that she wouldn't live there, Su Liang still accepted the papers. "Is the mine far from here?" Su Liang asked. Hu Er paused. "Mrs. Ning, do you want to 'pay a visit' to that family?" Su Liang nodded; it was indeed her intention. "The mine is run by the government, heavily guarded. While I've sent many gamblers in, I've never had the chance to take a look inside myself." Hu Er shook his head. "Then forget it," Su Liang resolved. As long as she knew Su Daqiang's family couldn't come out, she would feel relieved. As Hu Er took his leave, he ran into Lei Zheng from Su Village halfway, and informed him about the deed of Su Daqiang's house being transferred to Su Liang's name from that day onwards. Lei Zheng, the village representative, was completely puzzled and couldn't understand why Hu Er would start treating Su Liang with such respect. Hu Er offered no explanation. When he arrived at the entrance to the village, he noticed his follower driving a carriage over. "Which bastard dared to disrespect our master? We'll go wipe him out!" shouted one of the followers. Hu Er kicked him away. "Get lost! Whoever dares to blab about what happened today should worry for their life!" ... After they got into the carriage, Yang Yu was silent and did not speak to Yang Feng. She was grateful to Su Liang and Ning Jing and liked them both. She thought they were the most interesting people she had ever met. However, she had not expected that her brother, whom she had been eagerly awaiting, would be so rude when he arrived. "Little sister, you are too kind-hearted, which led to this catastrophe. Fortunately, it was not fatal. Convincing everyone that you just went to stay in another courtyard was indeed lucky. Forget about these things and these people." Yang Feng said earnestly. Yang Yu glared at Yang Feng. "Brother, you say it so lightly. How can I forget? And I don't want to. When we go home, I want to bring generous gifts, and I will personally return to express my gratitude to Master Ning and Su Liang!" Yang Feng's face darkened slightly. "Little sister, don't be willful. Master Ning is ill, and the person in power now is Ning Qi's eldest brother, Ning Yao, who is born out of wedlock. His birth mother was once a brothel girl,

and many old people in the Ning Family want to find Ning Qi and bring him back.” Yang Yu frowned. “Brother, what do you mean? Wouldn’t it be a good thing if Master Ning Qi could return to his family?” “You’re thinking too simply. Ning Qi’s fall into this situation was entirely orchestrated by Ning Yao! Even if he doesn’t want to return to fight for power, Ning Yao will never tolerate his living!” Yang Feng predicted seriously. Yang Yu was even more confused, “Brother, if we help Master Ning Qi, if he becomes the head of the Ning Family in the future, it will benefit us!” “Ning Yao’s sister got married and went to the capital city last month. Ning Qi has nothing and is no match for Ning Yao. There’s no need for us to meddle in their affairs.” Yang Feng shook his head. “Brother, you were so rude to Master Ning Qi just to make it clear that you want nothing to do with him? Do you plan to continue doing business with Ning Yao?” Yang Yu asked with a disappointed look. “Of course we should do business with the Ning family. I still suspect that Ning Qi saved you with ulterior motives to gain control over the Yang family and counter Ning Yao. You’ve already been fooled by his outward appearance.” Yang Feng’s face was serious, “Little sister, trust me, everything I say is for your benefit. He is impure from the start, don’t involve yourself with him, or give him a chance to take advantage.” Yang Yu was so angry that her face turned red, “Brother, you are so suspicious!” Yang Feng frowned, “Little sister, what sort of magic soup has Ning Qi poured you? If you are attracted to his appearance, you should kill your affection now!” “I do not fancy Master Ning Qi, I fancy his lady!” Yang Yu was irritated, “I’m not going home with you!” Yang Feng looked intrigued, “Just a common village girl, I suppose Ning Qi only got her to serve as his maid, he is just desperate, his ‘lady’...” The carriage suddenly stopped. “Master, there’s a fallen tree ahead, we can’t get through.” The driver was a black-clad guard. Yang Feng got up and drew the curtain to look outside, only to find that they were not on the route they originally took, but in a dense forest. While Yang Feng was pondering, he suddenly felt a pain in his heart! He lowered his head and found fresh blood flowing out from a sharp dagger... “You!” Yang Feng looked as if he had been struck by lightning, unable to believe what he was seeing. His guard, Yang Wu, who had grown up with him like a shadow, was before him. Yang Wu pushed the dagger deeper, his always respectful face suddenly became arrogant, he sneered, “Do you know, you should call me big brother! Your father disgraced my mother while he was drunk, and I was the result. He knowingly denied me the legitimate name, thinking I knew nothing, and even arranged for me to serve you as a servant! You should thank me, kindly waiting for you sibling reunion, then sending you to your destination!” Yang Wu pulled out the dagger, Yang Feng coughed up blood uncontrollably, and fell off the carriage! Screams from Yang Yu came out from the carriage, but quickly subsided... It was pouring rain. Yang Wu

stood in the rain, looking indifferently at Yang Feng and Yang Yu who were laying side by side on the ground. Yang Yu's eyes were tightly shut. Yang Feng was covered in blood, his eyes wide open, staring hard at Yang Wu. Yang Wu bent down, pat Yang Feng's face, and whispered in his ear, "That village girl has some skills, you should have trusted her." After taking all the valuables from Yang Feng, Yang Wu unhitched the horse pulling the carriage, whipped it and disappeared into the rain. Yao Wei, who had been knocked unconscious and tied up in the carriage, had a bloody hole in his neck. His blood dripped from the carriage, forming a dark line. ... As noon approached, Su Liang went into the kitchen and saw the laundered clothes of Yang Yu still in the basin, so she took them back to the room and hung them up to dry. When Bai Xiaohu called for her outside, Su Liang stepped out to see him looking distressed, "Our pigsty collapsed, and the pigs ran away. Have you seen them?" Su Liang shook her head, "No." Bai Xiaohu stomped his foot in frustration and ran back into the storm. Su Liang knew how crucial a pig, raised for half a year, was to a poor farming family, but she didn't know the area well enough to help, especially with the strong wind and pouring rain. When she poured the lump soup she made for Ning Jing into the bowl, he raised his eyebrows slightly, "What is this?" While eating, Su Liang watched the scenery outside, wondering if Bai Xiaohu had found his pigs. Ning Jing scooped a spoonful into his bowl and tasted it. The noodle was chewy, vegetables and lean meats were finely shredded and perfectly cooked. The steaming hot soup, with the sour taste of rice vinegar and tingling sensation of black pepper, was delicious and comforting, especially suitable for a cold rainy day. When Su Liang put down her spoon, Ning Jing served the last bit into his bowl. Then Bai Xiaohu appeared at the courtyard gate. "Little Tiger, did you find your pig?" Su Liang raised her voice to ask. "Found it! Ning Sister-in-law, your relatives got into trouble!" Bai Xiaohu shouted, and the villagers behind him appeared, carrying planks and poured into the courtyard. Su Liang's face paled. She quickly stepped out and saw the blood-covered siblings of the Yang family were laid down by the villagers under the eaves. Bai Xiaohu had seen Yang Yu yesterday, and at that time, Su Liang casually mentioned that she was a relative of Ning Jing. Su Liang didn't doubt Ning Jing's caution that Yang Feng might face a bloody disaster. However, Su Liang and Ning Jing both guessed that Yang Feng would not die, but kill someone. He would probably kill the young Master Huang who had almost assaulted Yang Yu. That wouldn't be difficult. Therefore, Su Liang only lightly mentioned it to him. But she did not expect that the siblings would run into trouble so soon. Seeing that there were no wounds on Yang Yu, Su Liang stooped down to check, and noticed her reddened neck, her heart sank! "Is she dead?" Bai Xiaohu turned pale. Before his words fell, Yang Yu's body shook slightly and she started to

cough. Su Liang breathed a sigh of relief. No wonder Ning Jing had only seen the black mist on Yang Feng's brow and not Yang Yu's. This disaster was meant for Yang Feng. His condition was critical, but there was still a faint breath. "Could you please help me carry him into the house?" Su Liang pointed to her room. Although Yang Feng was somewhat annoying, she couldn't just watch him die.