

Three-Time 15

Chapter 15

[The Death of Yang Feng] Having caught a cold, Yang Yuran fell into a deep sleep after taking her medication. She had no idea about the confrontation between Su Liang and Yang Feng. After tidying up the contract with Yang Feng's fingerprint, Su Liang asked him a question, "Your Yang Family is one of the four major businesses in Qian Country, why didn't you give some silver to show your gratitude when we saved your sister?" She thought Yang Feng's behaviour was foolish. As the head of the prestigious Yang family, a businessman with such low emotional intelligence, was simply absurd. Yang Feng's face stiffened, and after a moment of silence, he weakly said, "How was I supposed to know...that the only legitimate son of the Ning Family...would be short of money..." Su Liang shook her head, "This has nothing to do with Ning Jing's financial situation. We could refuse, but you should not give nothing." Yang Feng's complexion worsened, "I admit, because of some bad rumors, I had a deep prejudice against Ning Qi, and mistakenly thought he wanted to take advantage of my sister, so..." Su Liang sneered, "A villain's mind." "Yes..." Yang Feng looked bitter, "I apologized to both of my benefactors... the contract has been signed, I will not go back on my word, otherwise my sister would probably disown me..." Su Liang then checked on Yang Yu's condition. Her fever was already subsiding. As they stepped out of the door, a cold wind assaulted them amidst the heavy rain. "We are penniless again." Su Liang sighed lightly. The remaining fifty coppers had all been used to buy eggs from the Bai family. Even if Yang Feng fulfills his promise, they wouldn't know when they could actually use the Yang family's money to achieve financial freedom. The rain was pouring hard. Ning Jing was making a fire and Su Liang hadn't yet finished preparing lunch when they heard a loud knock at the door. The two of them walked out of the kitchen, just to see the front door being forced open and a group of government officials rushing in! "Which one of you is Ning Jing?" The head of the officials was stout, his face covered in flab. "That's me." Ning Jing's face was completely calm. "The county government received a complaint from Yuanwai Huang of Feiyan Town that his eldest son has disappeared without a reason. Someone saw you arguing with Mr. Huang the other day!" the chief interrogator questioned harshly, "Did you harm Mr. Huang? Better confess honestly!" Ning Jing shook his head, "No." The chief police officer snorted coldly and gave a sudden wave, "Search!" Seeing the officials charging into the house, Su Liang subconsciously wanted to stop them but was held back by Ning Jing. "Your treasures..." Su Liang quietly asked. If they were discovered, it would cause big trouble. "It's fine." Ning Jing did not seem worried. Su Liang pondered. For the past two days, she had been living in that room and had not seen the box that Ning Jing used to store his jewels. He must have hidden it well. The search was completed quickly. They found no evidence related to Mr. Huang's son. One of the officials leaned over and whispered, "Boss, the superior instructed us not to disturb Mr. Ning without any proof. But if we return so soon, it will be hard to explain to Yuanwai Huang!" The chief officer glanced towards the mountain behind the house, his eyes slightly narrowed. He raised his voice, "Search the mountain! If he is alive, bring him. If he is dead, bring his corpse!" Thus, the officials in their raincoats rushed out once more, heading for the back mountain. Su Liang looked puzzled, "You didn't bury Yao Wei in the back mountain, did you?" Ning Jing nodded, "If the corpse is dug up, we'll say that Yang Feng killed him and let them take him away." Su Liang coughed lightly, "You don't trust him at all, do you?" Ning Jing counter-questioned, "Do you trust him?" Su Liang shook her head, "No. He's just bending under pressure." After all, the disappearance, and even possible murder of Mr. Huang's son, was the doing of Yang

Feng. It would only be fair to hand him over. They continued to prepare their meal, and after eating, Ning Jing started teaching Su Liang how to write with a calligraphy brush. Su Liang found the brush hard to control, and she struggled to get the hang of it. Ning Jing fetched a calligraphy book for her to copy. "The font is not bad, I like it." Su Liang flipped through the book. The handwriting was quite different from Ning Jing's, elegant and flowing. Su Liang started copying earnestly. After some time, she heard commotion outside. She looked up to see the group of officials descending from the mountain. They didn't come in this time, but left directly. "They didn't find Yao Wei's corpse?" Su Liang was a bit surprised. In truth, she was also a little disappointed. After the contract incident, she disliked Yang Feng even more. She was reluctant to keep him at home and nurse him back to health. However, out of consideration for Yang Yu, she couldn't simply throw Yang Feng out either. She was hoping that if the officials found a corpse on the mountain, they would take Yang Feng away. If Yang Yu was unsatisfied, she could go wherever she liked. "I'll go take a look." Ning Jing stood up. Su Liang put down the brush, "I'll come too." After checking on Yang Yu, Su Liang put on a straw coat borrowed from Mrs. Bai, and Ning Jing held an umbrella. They locked the courtyard door and headed for the back mountain. The path up the mountain was slippery. Ning Jing walked in front, and Su Liang stepped in his footprints. When Ning Jing and Su Liang came around to the other side of the mountain, the rain had finally stopped. They reached midway up the mountain, Ning Jing came to a halt. Su Liang walked to him and found a freshly dug pit beside which lay something that the rain had washed over... a wild boar?! "Did you bury Yao Wei here yesterday?" Su Liang felt astounded. How did Yao Wei's corpse turn into a wild boar?! Ning Jing walked a few steps to the side to examine the faint footprints under the tree. Examining closely, Su Liang realized that the wild boar hadn't been dead for very long as blood was still flowing out. Even though she herself was a transmigrator, Su Liang did not believe that in broad daylight, there could be any true supernatural phenomenon. "Did someone exchange Yao Wei's corpse? Could Uncle Liang still be here, protecting you in secret?" Su Liang proposed a possibility. Ning Jing shook his head, "He left." It wasn't Uncle Liang, but someone had certainly taken away Yao Wei's corpse and replaced it with a wild boar. The wild boar was quite big. Su Liang thought for a while and then suggested, "Madam Bai and her family have been of great help. How about we let them sell this boar and split the money between our two families?" "Okay." Ning Jing nodded, "I'll stay and watch over it. You go and call them." ... After coming down the mountain, Su Liang went straight to the Bai family's house. To avoid raising any suspicion, she simply told them that she and Ning Jing had killed the wild boar. Little Tiger Bai was so surprised that his eyes almost popped out of their sockets, "A big wild boar? It was just raining, and you guys were up in the mountains hunting?" Even Su Liang felt that she and Ning Jing sounded somewhat crazy... "Did the county official come by? Was there any trouble?" Old man Bai asked Su Liang. Su Liang shook her head, "No problems. The son of Huang Yuanwai from the town has gone missing, we had a little conflict with them on the street. They searched for him and even combed the entire mountain, but they found nothing and left." "You guys went to help in the search, encountered a wild boar and killed it?" Little Tiger Bai had eager glints in his eyes, "That's so cool! Even my dad has never managed to hunt a wild boar!" Bai Peng flicked Little Tiger Bai on the back of his head, "I am going to help Ning Jing and Madam Ning to transport the boar down." Su Liang smiled, "I came to ask Uncle Bai to help sell the boar. We'll split the money equally." The Bai family was stunned. Bai Peng immediately declined the offer, but Su Liang insisted and urged them to accept, or else she would seek help from another family. "Go quickly!" Madam Bai nudged her son. After these few days, she knew that Su Liang was straightforward and efficient; if she said she wanted to give something, she would. Old man Bai, together with his two sons, and Little Tiger Bai, who was always keen to join

in on the excitement, grabbed some ropes and sticks and followed Su Liang up the mountain. Ning Jing was still waiting at the original spot, no one else had shown up in the meantime. By the time they carried the wild boar back to the Bai's house, it was already dark. Old man Bai promised to deliver it to a restaurant in town early the next morning. Madam Bai had cooked dinner and insisted that Su Liang and Ning Jing stay and dine with them. She was also planning to bring food over to Yang Feng and his sister. Considering that Yang Yu must still be asleep, and not wanting to deal with Yang Feng anyway, Su Liang agreed to have dinner with Ning Jing at the Bai's house. Little Tiger Bai suggested cutting off a piece of the boar's meat to cook, but was immediately scolded by his mother. The boar needed to be sold as a whole. Su Liang chuckled, "Some other day we'll kill another one and invite Little Tiger for a meaty feast." "You said it!" Little Tiger Bai's face lit up in excitement, which was immediately followed by a joint scolding from his parents... Little Tiger Bai had a sibling who was only six years old, nicknamed Zhuzi, who was always sickly and rarely left the house. The Bai family was poor primarily due to Zhuzi, who required constant medication since birth. The family had even sold off two acres of their land last year to support him. Before dinner was over, Zhuzi had already fallen asleep in Old man Bai's arms. Su Liang planned to find an opportunity to check on Zhuzi another day, as it was already quite late. Neither Ning Jing nor Su Liang minded eating the simple fare at the Bai family or had issues with Little Tiger Bai hanging around them. Su Liang was quite easygoing. Although Ning Jing had a frosty demeanor, he didn't carry any air of arrogance. After they left, Old man Bai sighed in admiration, "That is true nobility." Just as Ning Jing and Su Liang left the Bai's residence to return home, a figure silently leapt into the courtyard, dashed into Ning Jing's room first, and then quickly appeared in the room where Yang Feng and Yang Yu were sleeping. Yang Yu was in deep sleep, but Yang Feng's eyes were wide open, his gaze sinister. The figure advanced towards his side of the bed, kicking Yang Feng. "Who?" Yang Feng's face turned pale with shock. Suddenly, a ghostly mask loomed large in front of Yang Feng's eyes, his gaze filled with horror. The next moment, an awl was being held against his throat! The piercing cold and sharpness of the awl caused Yang Feng to shudder. Accompanied by a clear "ding", a hammer hit the awl. Yang Feng's neck was pierced, blood gushed out, and he drew his last breath within moments! "Su Jia Village, Ning Jing... Mission accomplished," The man in the ghost mask stood up, muttered to himself, and then disappeared without a trace.