

Three-Time 17

Chapter 17

[Separation] Hearing the horse neigh in the backyard in the middle of the night, Ning Jing opened her eyes, but she didn't get up. When Su Liang got up early in the morning, he was already gone from the room. There was hot water boiling in the kitchen, and after Su Liang washed up, she still couldn't see Ning Jing. There was also no movement in Yang Yu's room, so she began to make breakfast. Just as the porridge was nearly done, Su Liang turned around and saw Yang Yu standing at the door. The previously optimistic young girl seemed to have all her vitality drained overnight, pale and weak, her eyes badly swollen. As their eyes met, Yang Yu spoke, her voice hoarse, "Su Liang..." Just calling out her name brought tears streaming down her face. Su Liang put down the spoon, and just as she reached out to support Yang Yu's arm, she leaned weakly against her. "I'm sorry..." Yang Yu choked up. "You didn't do anything wrong." Su Liang sighed. However bad Yang Feng may have been, his care and affection for Yang Yu was genuine. Yang Feng had a close brush with death the day before, but Su Liang managed to save him. Yang Yu's anxiety was momentarily relieved, but within a short span of time, she witnessed Yang Feng's gruesome death. For her, this was a bolt from the blue. "My elder brother..." As Yang Yu mentioned Yang Feng, her agony mixed with disappointment. "I was too naive to see the true nature of people, and even my only relative wasn't the person I thought he was." Su Liang, not being good at comforting people, didn't want to say something like "Yang Feng was just confused for a moment." The truth was clear to them both. "What do you plan to do next?" Su Liang changed the subject. As Yang Yu sat on a small stool, the blazing fire in the stove cast a warm hue on her face, yet it could not penetrate her once joyful eyes, which now lacked warmth. "I want to go home." Yang Yu spoke softly. Su Liang was somewhat surprised. "To take my brother back for a proper burial, and to have my own revenge," Yang Yu said. "To take revenge on Yang Wu? What kind of outcome do you want?" Su Liang asked. After a moment of silence, Yang Yu countered, "If he really is my half-brother, my father wronged him first, what do you think I should do?" "Your father made the mistake, not you." Su Liang replied indifferently. "So what if you're siblings? If he's cold-hearted enough to kill you, you'd better take him out if you get the chance. You're bound in a life-and-death relationship, and he chose it. If you're soft-hearted, you'll be the one to die in the end." Yang Yu nodded, "You're right." "Actually, it's not bad if you find a place to live peacefully." Su Liang did not object to Yang Yu's revenge, but it was inevitably accompanied by great danger. Staking her life on it was not worth it. "I know you care about me, thank you." Yang Yu looked at Su Liang, her eyes slightly softening. "If I wanted to stay, you would take me in, right?" Su Liang raised an eyebrow, "Then you, a young lady, can only be my maid, chopping wood, carrying water, cooking, and doing laundry. Are you up for it?" Yang Yu closed her eyes and said softly, "I'd be more than happy. But I still have unfulfilled wishes." Su Liang didn't ask her what her wishes were, but she believed that they were not just about revenge. Just as breakfast was ready, Ning Jing returned from outside, holding a bunch of tender wild vegetables with dewdrops on them. It was the same kind Su Liang had eaten last night at the Bai Family. She had praised it and asked Bai's mother where she had picked it from. "I wanted to eat it, so I went and found some," Ning Jing said. It was the truth. ... Yang Wen was gone. He had ridden off on Ning Jing's horse in the middle of the night, taking Yang Feng's body with him. He was going to the county town to buy funeral clothes and a coffin, then hire escort masters to send it back home. Once everything was arranged, he would come back to pick up Yang Yu and catch up with the escort masters to travel together. After breakfast, when Yang Yu was about to clean up the

blood-soaked bedding on the floor, Su Liang simply carried it to the backyard and burned it. Yang Yu was sitting at the table, with the iron awl that had killed Yang Feng in front of her. She looked up at Su Liang and asked, "Are you planning to leave this place?" Su Liang shook her head, "We have no plans to leave for now." "But..." Yang Yu's gaze fell on the sharp iron awl, her eyebrows slightly furrowed, "Ning Yao knows that the Seventh Prince is here, and he won't let you go." Su Liang was very calm, "We can't avoid it forever." Yang Yu sighed and looked at Su Liang earnestly, "If one day you leave here and go somewhere else, be sure to send me a message so I know how to find you." "Alright." Su Liang agreed. Yang Yu was her second friend in this world. The first one was, of course, the fake husband and swindler, Ning Jing. ... Bai Family's father and son, who had gone to town to sell the wild boar early in the morning, returned as noon approached. Bai's wife brought Bai Xiaohu to give Su Liang the money. "Feiyan Restaurant bought it. It was around 400 kilograms. At fifteen cents per kilogram, it sold for a total of six silver taels." Bai's wife said as she opened the cloth bag, revealing six neatly-stacked taels. Bai Xiaohu grinned, "My grandpa said our family only needs one tael!" Su Liang took three taels, "We agreed last night, half for each family." In the end, Bai's wife left with three taels, and Bai Xiaohu asked Su Liang when they would go hunting for wild boar again. "In a couple of days, if the weather is good," Su Liang looked at the mountain behind the house, feeling more enthusiastic about hunting. However, since there had been heavy rain recently, the mountain was muddy and not suitable for hunting just yet. "You have to bring me!" Bai Xiaohu exclaimed excitedly. "As long as your parents agree," Su Liang said with a smile. Bai Xiaohu ran off as if flying, while Su Liang went into her room and placed the money on the table, sighing softly, "There's no more meat at home, and there won't even be vegetables tomorrow." Ning Jing put down the book in his hand, "Shall I try my luck at the gambling house?" Su Liang replied sarcastically, "You said last time you would copy books for people, and now it's become gambling, Ning Gongzi, you've fallen." "You don't agree?" Ning Jing asked. Su Liang shook her head, "I also want to go." Ning Jing picked up the book again, "Remember to practice your writing." ... After lunch, Su Liang cooked another bowl of medicine for Yang Yu, who fell into a deep sleep after drinking it. Yang Wen, who had left in the middle of the night, returned on horseback at dawn and washed the carriage in the corner of the courtyard. "Ning Qi Gongzi, can I borrow this horse and carriage?" Yang Wen asked somewhat sheepishly. "Take it," Ning Jing nodded. Yang Wen bowed deeply, "I can't thank you enough. If I can help the lady regain her property, I will come back to repay your kindness!" He had some silver on him, but he had already spent a lot of it, and with a long journey ahead, he had to save some money for the expenses, so he couldn't afford to buy another carriage and horse. Furthermore, Ning Jing had no intention of using the carriage, which originally belonged to Yang Feng. In the room, Yang Yu, with tears in her eyes, hugged Su Liang and said goodbye. "Is that Yang Wen trustworthy?" Su Liang asked. "Yes, Brother Wen is an orphan adopted by my mother, and he has treated me like a real sister since we were young," Yang Yu said with a muffled voice. "Anyway, in the future, be more careful with people and things," Su Liang advised. Yang Yu's eyes were filled with determination, "We will definitely meet again!" Soon after, Yang Yu boarded the carriage, still wearing the clothes Su Liang had bought for her. Finally, she took one last deep look at Su Liang and lowered the curtain, "Let's go." "Take care, both of you! We'll meet again!" As Yang Wen finished speaking, he raised his horsewhip and drove the carriage away. After the carriage left the Su Village, Yang Wen said, "Miss, I will send you to a safe place first, then I will deal with Yang Wu, and come back to take you home. Is that alright?" "No," Yang Yu's voice was cold, "I know what I have to do." Yang Wen sighed deeply, "I thought staying here wouldn't be a bad thing for the lady." Yang Yu spoke softly, but with determination, "This place is nice, but I owe Su Liang money and my life. How can I stay

here with a clear conscience, letting her take care of me? I will go back, take back everything from the Yang Family, and give it to her.” Yang Wen was stunned, “Does Lady Ning know about this?” “She doesn’t expect anything from me; this is something I wish for myself,” Yang Yu said, “From now on, Su Liang will be the most important person in my life.”