

Three-Time 34

Chapter 34

[Follow me] The door was half-open, allowing the bright moonlight to cast a swath of white inside. As the footsteps approached, the white on the ground trembled and was engulfed by a large, dark shadow. The shadow's outline was that of a person's elongated upper body. Su Liang clenched her iron cone, her eyes fixed on the figure but not seeing it move. A faint and weak female voice said a moment later, "Ning Jing?" Su Liang was a bit confused. Could it be Ning Jing's friend? "Yan Sui wants to kill me...and you...We can only survive if we join forces..." The sound of someone falling to the ground reached her ears as the flat shadow suddenly gained substance. The smell of blood filled the room. Su Liang pressed the iron cone against the person's throat, making sure she was really unconscious before she finally exhaled a sigh of relief. This iron cone had been used to pierce through Yang Feng's neck in this very room. And tonight, its owner, Yan Shiba, had come. Ning Jing's guess wasn't wrong. Yan Shiba wanted to talk about feelings with Yan Sui, and here was the result. To kill or to save, that was the question. Yang Feng's death was of no consequence to Su Liang. He had betrayed Yang Yu's savior for personal gain, which would have indirectly led to Ning Jing's death. Yan Shiba would no longer kill Ning Jing, but Yan Sui still had a high chance of hunting him down. So, it was quite realistic for Yan Shiba to say "we can only survive if we join forces." Su Liang lit a lamp. Yan Shiba was wrapped in a thick cotton quilt, blood seeping through but not dripping onto the ground. Su Liang thought that this was her way of avoiding leaving any traces to throw off pursuers. If Yan Shiba had left a blood trail while coming here, Su Liang would have had to run away immediately. Staying here would be too dangerous. Removing Yan Shiba's mask revealed a deathly pale face. This famous assassin of the past two years seemed to be only eighteen or nineteen years old, with a soft, round face and gentle, dull features. Lying still with her eyes closed, she looked delicate, beautiful, and harmless. Opening Yan Shiba's cotton quilt, the sharp smell of blood intensified. There were four penetrative wounds on her chest that she had hastily staunched herself. The clothes inside were saturated with blood, their original color indistinguishable. Yan Shiba had no weapons like knives or swords on her, only a small hammer. It was a matching set with the iron cone in Su Liang's hand. Su Liang put the hammer and cone aside and fetched a straw mat to lay Yan Shiba on. Now, the leftover medicine and gauze from treating Yang Feng would come in handy. After cleaning and staunching Yan Shiba's wounds, Su Liang was drenched in sweat. These injuries were far more severe than Yang Feng's, yet Yan Shiba had held on to find Ning Jing, while also evading her pursuers. Her determination was astonishing. However, Yan Shiba certainly wasn't Ning Jing's friend. Su Liang guessed that Yan Shiba had chosen to come to this place at her most desperate moment, having witnessed Ning Jing's strength before, betting that he would save her before joining forces to combat Yan Sui. After all, this was an assassin who couldn't even trust her own foster father. How could she have any true friends willing to help her? As dawn approached, Su Liang had done all she could. Exhausted, she sat by the table and drank a cup of leftover cold tea from the night before. There was a knock on the door. Before leaving, she glanced again at Yan Shiba on the floor, whose eyes remained closed. Opening the door, she saw Er Niu, who had once gone pear-picking with Bai Xiaohu. Er Niu's knee was dirty, as if he had fallen, and his eyes were red. Choking on his words, he couldn't even speak. "Don't worry, what happened?" Su Liang asked. "My grandfather... my grandfather is about to die..." Er Niu burst into tears. Su Liang had heard from Bai Xiaohu that both of Er Niu's parents had succumbed to illness, so he had been relying on his grandfather for survival. Perhaps Lei Zheng had gone house to house

telling people they could come to see her for medical treatment? Or maybe Bai Xiaohu had told Er Niu about her medical skills. After asking Er Niu to wait, Su Liang put on an outer layer to cover the bloodstains on her clothes, picked up her silver needle, locked the door from the outside, and ran with Er Niu towards his home. As the door locked shut, Yan Shiba suddenly opened her eyes and looked around. She had thought the person behind the door last night was Ning Jing, but it turned out to be a woman... Er Niu and his grandfather lived in a broken cave halfway up the mountainside, not even having a bed to sleep on. The emaciated old man lay on a pile of dry grass, covered by a worn quilt, with only the occasional sound of coughing proving that he was alive. "Grandpa, Sister Su Liang is here to treat you!" Er Niu knelt beside him, gripping his hand and crying. The old man struggled to lift his head to look at Su Liang and muttered, "The granddaughter of...Distant Voyage..." Er Niu also had the last name Su, and his grandfather was called Su Dakuan. His family had been reduced to poverty due to illness, and they had sold everything they could. Su Liang called him Grandpa Dakuan, took his pulse, and found that he didn't have any serious illness. Long-term exhaustion and hunger had destroyed his health. Erniu is quite robust. It must be because his grandfather works tirelessly and even skimps on his own meals to provide for his grandson. Su Liang applied a silver needle on Su Dakuan, asked Erniu to boil some hot water, and let him drink some. "I'll go home and write a prescription, and ask Little Tiger's father to help get the medicine," Su Liang said. Erniu looked at Su Liang with teary eyes, "Will my grandpa not die?" Su Liang shook her head and went on to persuade Su Dakuan, "If you pass away, Erniu will be left all alone in this world, and there will be no one to care for him when he is bullied. It would be so much better to live, recover, and watch him grow up and get married!" Su Dakuan held Erniu in his arms, crying bitterly. The sun came out, and it was warm and cozy. Su Liang and Erniu moved Su Dakuan outside, and she asked Erniu to watch over him, saying she would come back later. The villagers she met on her way back home asked if Su Liang was indeed able to treat illnesses. Su Liang said she knew a little. After returning home, she first wrote a prescription, then went to Bai Peng and asked him to fetch the medicine from the town. As it happened, Bai Peng was going to get medicine for Zhuzi today; he hurriedly agreed and insisted on refusing the money Su Liang offered for his trouble. Su Liang returned home and saw that Yan Shiba was still asleep, so she started cooking. Xing Yusheng had previously delivered a lot of grain, so Su Liang cooked a pot of white porridge and made some egg pancakes. She ate a pancake, then scooped out half of the porridge, placed a few pancakes in a basket, and went to Erniu's house again. When Erniu saw the golden-brown egg pancakes, his eyes widened, and he couldn't help swallowing. "Give your grandfather some porridge, and let him eat a little less of the pancakes," Su Liang instructed Erniu. Erniu lowered his head awkwardly, "My family has no money..." Su Liang patted his shoulder, "Just write an IOU. Once your grandfather is better, you both can work together to pay me back." "Sure...sure...we'll pay back," Su Dakuan said weakly, but his eyes were full of determination as he looked at Su Liang. Erniu also nodded firmly, "Yes!" Su Liang knew that these two, grandfather and grandson, did not want to take advantage of others. Otherwise, even if they sold their misery, they wouldn't be living in such abject conditions. In this way, it would give them a motivation. It also prevented others in the village from demanding equal treatment when they found out that Su Liang was treating Su Dakuan for free. Su Liang didn't lack money, but it was a separate matter whether she charged for her medical services or not. Later, Bai Peng returned with the medicine and also brought a clay pot. Su Liang taught Erniu how to decoct the medicine before leaving and told him to call her immediately if anything went wrong. When Su Liang returned home and entered the room, Yan Shiba was already awake, looking at her. His appearance was gentle, but his eyes were as sharp as blades. "You're awake?" Su Liang's expression was indifferent. Yan Shiba opened his

mouth to speak, and his voice was hoarse, “Where’s Ning Jing?” “I don’t know.” Su Liang shook her head, “But I know who you are. If you want to find him, just wait here.” “You have medical skills?” Yan Shiba stared intently at Su Liang. “Otherwise, you would have met the Yama King already,” Su Liang said. “Why did you save me?” Yan Shiba asked coldly. “I mentioned this earlier. You’re searching for Ning Jing, but since he’s not home, you’ll have to wait, and for that, you need to be alive. If he comes back and says I shouldn’t save you, then I’ll kill you again,” Su Liang snorted, “If the people hunting you down arrived, I would hand you over to save myself.” “Your medical skills are impressive,” remarked Yan Shiba as the fierceness in his eyes faded a little. Su Liang remained silent. Yan Shiba continued, “Why not come with me?” Su Liang: ...What the hell? “Once my wounds heal, I don’t need to ally with Ning Jing, but I do need a doctor,” Yan Shiba’s eyes were deep and mysterious, “You are a good choice.” Su Liang couldn’t help but roll her eyes. “If you want money, I have plenty. If you like handsome men, aside from the missing Gu Ling, the capital city’s number one beauty, I can capture any other notable beauties for you to play with, as long as you desire,” Yan Shiba said arrogantly, yet somehow, one couldn’t help but believe that she could deliver on her words. A thought struck Su Liang, “Do you know Gu Ling?” “He was a previous target, but I never found him,” Yan Shiba said. “Because you fear Ning Jing and had nowhere to go, you came to him. Thinking that I am easier to control, you’ve decided to choose me instead?” Su Liang saw through Yan Shiba’s thoughts. “Heh, very smart. I like you even more now,” Yan Shiba said in a gloomy tone, “Men in this world are all unreliable. If you follow me, you won’t regret it.” Before Su Liang could say anything, a familiar, cold male voice came from outside the door, “No need to save her, just kill her.”