

# Venomous Empress Reborn

## Chapter 22: A Fable

The Su family was a large family that was in charge of the horses and weapons in the military. All the high-ranking officials who were in charge of weapons, food, and horses seemed to be especially superior to others.

The horses managed by the Su family were quite valuable in the army. Ever since the founding of the Ming Qi Kingdoms, they had always been the one providing excellent war horses. The same was true for Su Yu. In his opinion, the Su family would definitely be prosperous for a long time. Perhaps loyal officials all thought that as long as he was loyal, the royal family would definitely not treat them badly.

However, since ancient times, being with a king was like being with a tiger. Who could tell what was going to happen the next second?

Su Yu and his wife were quite loving. Although he had a few concubines, all of them only gave birth to daughters. There were only two sons in total, so they were always strict with their sons.

His eldest son, Su Mingfeng, had already become an official at a young age. Like his father, he was also in charge of the war horses. In the past six months, he had even done better than Su Yu. Some time ago, Su Mingfeng had discussed with the veterinarians at the Imperial Hospital to change some of the things in the stables. The number of war horses that died every year because of the horse plague was reduced by half. This was a great achievement. After the military statistics and feedback from the imperial court next month came out, he would be rewarded handsomely by the emperor.

The reward was secondary. The honor that came with the reward represented was most important. Su Yu was already over the age of 50. Now that Su Mingfeng was at a good age, it was time for him to inherit his father's business and expand the family reputation. If Su Mingfeng was more outstanding, he might become a trusted talent for the next emperor.

Su Yu was naturally happy that his eldest son was so outstanding, but his youngest son gave him a headache. His youngest son, Su Minglang, was probably only born when his wife was quite old. His wife doted on him a lot, so he was spoiled. Not to mention being as outstanding as his brother, he was even a little behind his peers.

Su Minglang was not the eldest son, so he naturally did not have to inherit the family business. However, Su Yu was a stubborn person, and he would not tolerate his son being worse than others. Therefore, every time Su Minglang came back from Guangwen Hall, he would get a good beating while his mother would protect him from the beating, causing a great commotion in the house.

On this day, Su Yu was discussing something with Su Mingfeng in the study. The father and son had endless topics to talk about. Mr. Su was very pleased with his excellent elder son. As they spoke, they talked about the reward that would be given to Su Mingfeng next month.

"In my opinion, His Majesty will definitely promote you this time. I just hope that your career will be more stable. Now that the Xiongnu is on the move, we need to pay more attention to military strength. Mingfeng, as long as you are valued by His Majesty, our Su family will only be better and better in the future. Your brother is young, and the Su family still needs you to carry the burden."

Su Mingfeng nodded in agreement. Because he was in his youth, it was inevitable that he showed some haughtiness upon receiving praise. Encouraged by his father's words, Su Mingfeng was bent on making a name for himself in the court.

The father and son were in a good mood when they heard the servant call from outside the door, "Master, Second Young Master is back."

It was the time when Second Young Master Su Minglang came back from school. Every day, when Su Minglang came back from school, he would be called to Mr. Su's study to be tested. Today was no exception.

Mr. Su felt a headache coming on. He looked at his outstanding eldest son and then at his stupid second son. Every time Su Minglang came to the study, he would only make Su Yu angry.

It was the same today.

Su Minglang slowly entered the study. He curled his lips and called, "Father, Brother."

Su Mingfeng smiled and rubbed his brother's head. "Minglang, how have you been doing in school today?"

Su Minglang pursed his lips and did not speak. Every time he did this, it was an indicator that he didn't do well at school and was reproached by the teacher again.

Mr. Su said to Su Minglang with a straight face, "Put out your hand."

Su Minglang shuddered and reached out his hand aggrievedly. There were a few red marks on his fair and tender palm.

Mr. Su looked like he had expected this. On the other hand, Su Mingfeng felt sorry for his brother and asked, "Why did the teacher hit you so hard? You are just a child."

"You guys are the ones who spoil him all day!" Mr. Su flew into a rage and said angrily, "What went wrong today?"

Su Minglang paused for a moment before saying with shame, "I couldn't write the idiom 'the fox is sad at the death of the hare'."

"What do you want me to say to you!" Mr. Su looked like he was about to faint. "You can't even write that idiom! Look at all the young masters your age. When your brother was your age, he started to learn military tactics. You're embarrassing our Su family!"

Just as Su Mingfeng was about to persuade him, he heard his second brother sob and say, "Although I can't write the idiom 'the fox is sad at the death of the hare', I can write the idiom 'After the cunning hare is killed, the hound will be cooked'. Aren't they the same thing?"

"Nonsense." Mr. Su didn't know what to say. Su Mingfeng smiled and said, "Second Brother, they mean different things."

"What's the difference?" Su Minglang looked up and asked.

"What I mean is that when a hare dies, the fox will feel sad because it feels that it will have the same fate. When a cunning hare dies, the hound will be useless and be cooked." Su Mingfeng was a good brother and answered his brother's question patiently.

Su Minglang shook his head and said in confusion, "Since it is about what happens after the hare dies, shouldn't they be the same? After all, the hare is dead."

Su Mingfeng was about to explain when he saw his father suddenly pause and repeat softly, "The hare is dead?"

"That's right." Su Minglang spread out his hands, his round face still looking innocent and stubborn. "In the end, the hare dies. Doesn't this mean that as long as the hare dies, the fox and the hound will both be in trouble? Since everyone is going to be in trouble, it means the same thing."

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When a cunning hare died, the hound would be cooked. There must be a reason why fables were fables.

When a hare died, a fox was smarter than a dog and could probably see its ending. However, who was the hound? What was the ending of a hound that helped its master hunt a hare?

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Su Yu's expression gradually darkened.