

Mythical 85

Chapter 85: This Job Really Isn't Easy!

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Lu Su and the others were drinking tea in the administrative hall, leisurely chatting about random things. It was a habit they had picked up from Chen Xi.

"Ziyang, what do you think would happen if Bernin caught Zichuan wandering around? I'm quite optimistic about Zichuan being caught," Lu Su said with a smile.

"He'll definitely be caught, but he won't be brought back. I believe that once Zichuan leaves, he already has a justified reason in mind," Liu Ye responded, a smile forming on his face as he imagined the scenario. Remembering Chen Xi's cautious nature, he added, "I'm sure he's thought it through."

"I agree," Jian Yong said, sipping his tea. "Bernin might act decisively, but before he brings Zichuan back, Zichuan will have likely already persuaded him."

Sun Qian, noticing everyone's gaze on him, nodded in agreement. "I've heard that Zichuan has already made plans for next summer's harvest. Has anyone seen them?"

"Yes, it's true. Although Zichuan spends his days drinking tea and eating snacks, he's always the first to finish his administrative work," Jian Yong said, a hint of envy in his voice. "When I first arrived, I didn't know about this. We each had enough work to last three months, but Zichuan finished in five days. After that, he just watched Zilong and me work while he drank tea and ate snacks."

As Jian Yong spoke, a look of painful reminiscence crossed his face. It's one thing when everyone is working, but when one person finishes early and leisurely enjoys tea and snacks, it creates a strong urge to throttle them.

"Yes, I discovered this later too. Zichuan never needs to think about his tasks; he seems to have everything figured out. He just writes the plans and delegates the work. We can't compare to him," Lu Su sighed. "But having Zichuan here means our office never lacks tea and snacks, and it's not as rigid as other places."

"That's true," Liu Ye said. "When I was in Luoyang, the elders in the Clan Office made me work as a secretary in the palace for a while. It was... miserable."

"That kind of place is well-known," Lu Su said, comforting Liu Ye. "It's full of people vying for power, and backstabbing is the norm. There's no way around it. In chaotic times, corruption is inevitable."

The four men collectively sighed, their thoughts drifting to the burned-down city of Luoyang, the eunuchs who met untimely ends, and the ongoing chaos caused by Dong Zhuo. The atmosphere grew heavy, and their conversation fell silent.

"Report!" A guard entered, holding a bamboo scroll and a jade pendant.

"Does Zichuan have something urgent? He even sent his jade pendant," Lu Su said, curiously taking the scroll. After a brief glance, his expression became serious. "Zichuan has thought this through. Ziyang, take a look."

Liu Ye quickly read through the scroll, his face darkening. His thoughts aligned with Chen Xi's suspicions: this was not a good situation. However, unlike Chen Xi, Liu Ye favored capturing everyone alive. With such meticulous planning and layout, it would be a waste not to take full advantage of it.

"Zichuan is overly cautious. With the main streets at the four city gates lined with buildings resembling city walls, we essentially have a scaled-down version of a walled city. And since they are inns, shops, and so forth, no one will suspect anything. Blocking both ends will trap even the strongest warriors," Liu Ye marveled at Chen Xi's planning but found his caution excessive.

"Zichuan doesn't want to delve too deeply into this. His plan for the next two years focuses on consolidating our forces and building up resources. Stirring up conflict now would be unwise," Lu Su explained.

"I understand that. I'm not looking to start a war. With our abilities, we can infer who is behind this even if we kill everyone. This would serve as a warning and show that we don't want to escalate the situation," Liu Ye said. "However, if we capture them alive and keep them from sending out any messages, we control the narrative."

"Alright, I'll create some rain to clear the streets and send the townsfolk home. That way, no one will know what happened," Lu Su agreed after some thought, recognizing the merit in Liu Ye's suggestion. Chen Xi's idea of killing everyone was primarily for safety.

Sun Qian and Jian Yong also read the scroll. "I'll draft the orders, and Gongyou can seal them. Leaving the official seal here really is a good habit of Zichuan's. Otherwise, he might have to rush back, which could be too late."

Chen Xi shivered as he felt the cold rainwater on his skin, sneezing. The rain came swiftly and densely, driving people to rush home. Within a minute, the previously bustling street was empty.

[This method is quite effective, if somewhat hasty. But it works. I should have thought of this earlier—it's perfect for clearing the streets and avoiding collateral damage. Damn, it's starting to fog up harmoniously, too.] Chen Xi mused as he sheltered under an eave, fascinated by the sudden weather change.

"Zijing's method is impressive," Liu Ye remarked, watching Lu Su manipulate the rain outside.

"The sky was already cloudy. I just gave it a little push," Lu Su modestly replied, not revealing his full abilities. He wouldn't mention his talent for controlling moisture and mist, which would soon chill those caught in it.

"Haha, so it might rain continuously then," Liu Ye joked, intrigued. "This way, fewer people will pry."

"I pulled over a raincloud. There might even be lightning and thunder," Lu Su said, a hint of a smile on his face.

As if on cue, the sky lit up with a flash, followed by a rumble of thunder.

"Was that your doing?" Liu Ye asked, startled by the sudden storm. He handed the orders to Xu Chu, confident that everything was under control. The thunderstorm was genuinely frightening.

Lu Su was also startled. This was beyond his plan. He had just moved a cloud and stirred it up a bit; the lightning wasn't his doing.

[Well, this does add a nice touch. But pulling clouds is exhausting. This job really isn't easy!] Chen Xi thought, wiping the rainwater from his head, feeling the fatigue from his efforts.