

Rise 246

Chapter 246: Take Them All Away

"Brother Yang has a disability in his leg, that's a fact, and no matter how we decide, it can't be changed. Moreover, if he has trouble walking, how can he be expected to repair the Great Wall? I hope Huang Zandian will reconsider."

Zhu Ping'an slightly shook his head and cupped his hands toward Huang Zandian.

In the eyes of the several officials, Zhu Ping'an's actions made him look like a bookish fool. "We've made our point clear, yet you're still asking him to reconsider? Reconsider what, seriously?"

"How much education did you get? Why waste words? Go aside and don't make things worse," one of the officials waved his hand disdainfully toward Zhu Ping'an, indicating he should stay out of the way.

"Ding Da, mind your language and actions. Don't tarnish the reputation of our county office. We are representatives of the county magistrate and are handling matters according to the rules," Huang Zandian said, stroking his beard, lecturing in a sanctimonious manner.

"I already said, didn't I? Yang Dacheng's leg is just a minor issue. Right now, with the Tartars invading, it's a time when people are needed. Yang Dacheng's small leg problem should be put aside for the state's affairs. He should quickly head north and serve the country by repairing the Great Wall."

Huang Zandian spoke firmly to Zhu Ping'an, then glanced at Yang Dacheng, who was leaning on a shovel, as if considering the other person's situation, before continuing:

"Of course, there's compassion beyond the law. If Brother Yang is truly delicate and can't overcome this small leg problem, he can hire someone to serve in his place. All it takes is 20 taels of silver to be exempted from this labor service. So, what will it be, Brother Yang? Will you pay the money or serve?"

After finishing, Huang Zandian looked at Yang Dacheng with a smile at the corner of his mouth, seemingly in full control of the situation.

"Yellow weasel, you're bullying me just because of your position, I'll fight you to the end!" Yang Dacheng, filled with fury, could no longer hold back. Gripping the shovel with both hands, he limped forward, his every move desperate.

"Dare to call me yellow weasel? Hmph, wait and see, Yang the cripple!" Huang Zandian sneered coldly, unconcerned with Yang Dacheng's desperate charge. Calmly, he stood still, unmoving, because there were five strong and tall officials ahead, already prepared to handle any desperate move from Yang the cripple. Otherwise, why bring five officials?

Sure enough, after only two steps, Yang Dacheng was stopped by two officials using their sticks to block the shovel, and then one of them kicked him in the back. Yang Dacheng, whose legs were already weak, stumbled back two steps, lost his balance, and fell onto the snowy ground. It was snowing at the time, and Yang Dacheng landed in the snow, eating a mouthful of snow, looking quite pitiful.

"Brother Yang!"

Zhu Ping'an couldn't help but shout, rushing forward to help Yang Dacheng up.

These trash dressed as officials need to be thrown into the trash can! Zhu Ping'an's anger toward the officials and Huang Zandian in the yard was overflowing, just waiting for the right moment to explode.

Before Zhu Ping'an could reach Yang Dacheng, he heard the lady of the house crying out "Dacheng," and then saw her rush out of the house, getting to Yang Dacheng before he did and helping him up.

"Cough, cough, I'm fine, don't cry," Yang Dacheng coughed and wiped his snow-covered hand across his wife's face.

"Dad, dad!" A child from inside the house also cried as they ran out and hugged Yang Dacheng's leg, sobbing uncontrollably.

How pitiful.

Zhu Ping'an shook his head, sighed, and turned to look at the bailiffs and Huang Zandian.

How detestable.

These people, who had no sympathy for the Yang family crying in the yard, instead looked like they had accomplished something, and their gazes toward the lady were filled with an impudent, almost obscene impulse.

Especially Huang Zandian, ever since the lady came out, his eyes seemed fixed on her, not even missing a single movement.

"I say, sister-in-law, the king's orders are hard to disobey. It can't be helped. I see your family can't raise the money. Brother Yang should go repair the Great Wall. He'll earn ten copper coins a day. Don't worry, you and your child will be fine. After all, Brother Yang and I have some friendship. Hmm, here's the deal—while Brother Yang is away repairing the Great Wall, I'll often come by to take care of you both."

Huang Zandian looked at the mistress and swallowed, his face showing a lewd smile, comforting her in a way that was unusually disgusting. It was obvious he had ill intentions from just one glance.

"Bah!"

The mistress glared at Huang Zandian and spat forcefully.

"Weasel, if you dare lay a finger on my wife, I'll make sure you suffer, even as a ghost!" Yang Dacheng widened his eyes and swore, pointing at Huang Zandian.

"Scoundrel, I'll beat you to death!"

The child, who had been crying while hugging Yang Dacheng's legs, suddenly released his grip, cursed at Huang Zandian, and then raised his small fist to charge at him.

"Dog, stop!" The mistress, seeing this, screamed in fright.

What could this foolish child do? With his little arms and legs, he couldn't even tickle someone. If he took a punch or a kick, his life would be in danger.

In a critical moment, Zhu Ping'an quickly grabbed the child and pulled him toward him, holding him tightly.

Seeing this, the mistress let out a sigh of relief.

"Let go of me! You're also a bad person, eating our food and helping the bad people, I'll hit you!" The child, annoyed, raised his small fist and swung it at Zhu Ping'an. Despite his full effort, it didn't hurt much.

The snow continued to fall, the yard was in disarray, the mistress was crying while holding Yang Dacheng, and the child was frantically hitting Zhu Ping'an. Meanwhile, the officials and Huang Zandian stood by, looking at this scene with disdain.

"What, Yang the Lame, you're planning to rebel?" one of the officials mocked. Then, pretending to consider Yang Dacheng's family's situation, he spoke earnestly, "Forget it, it's not easy for you, so here's the deal. Our Huang Zandian's family is busy too, and we need a servant girl. How about this: if Yang Dacheng's wife helps out at our Huang Zandian's house for ten days or half a month, we'll help you out and be lenient with you. How does that sound?"

"You're putting me in a difficult position, Xiao Cao." Huang Zandian stroked his mustache, looking troubled.

"We all know you're kind-hearted, Lord Huang Zandian, why don't you just give them a hand?" The official named Xiao Cao pleaded, trying to help Yang Dacheng.

"Uh, this won't happen again, won't happen again," Huang Zandian reluctantly tugged at his mustache.

Zhu Ping'an curled the corner of his mouth, holding the child, quietly watching Huang Zandian and the official put on their little act.

I'm just quietly watching you two show off! Let's see how long you can keep this up.

"To hell with you! I'll fight you all!" Yang Dacheng, his eyes bloodshot, gently pushed his wife aside, then once again rushed toward Huang Zandian and his group with bare hands, full of rage. What did it matter if he was unarmed? Even if he had to bite, he would gnaw these bastards who were abusing their power to death.

"Yang Dacheng, you're attacking official personnel and violently resisting duty, that's an even worse crime."

Huang Zandian smiled, watching Yang Dacheng charge at him again, clearly amused.

"You're asking for trouble. Take him away, lock him up in the jail and wait for the magistrate's decision."

Huang Zandian smirked, waved his hand, and several tall, burly officials quickly bound Yang Dacheng with ropes they carried.

"Wait, take this one too, she's an accomplice. Take her as well."

Huang Zandian glanced at the mistress, then out of the corner of his eye saw Zhu Ping'an, and waved for the officials to take him along as well.

This kid is the mistress's little brother. With both this kid and Yang Dacheng in hand, I don't believe the mistress won't submit. Hehehe, just thinking about how she'll submit excites me.

As he thought about it, Huang Zandian couldn't help but scratch his mustache, feeling a tingle in his heart.