

## Rise 263

### Chapter 263: The First Person Who Deserves to Die

So early in the morning, Zhu Ping'an was completely disturbed by this scene.

It was both absurd and disgusting, a complete waste of humanity.

Even though the sedan had already left, Zhu Ping'an's disgust hadn't diminished one bit. Every time he thought of that scene, he felt a shiver down his spine! Damn it, who is this old man, and why does he have such a sick sense of humor? Arrogant and indulgent, can't he have a little taste? Using such a disgusting method is truly a disgrace to the wealthy class! It's a behavior that is guaranteed to attract hatred!

This kind of behavior is on par with the infamous incident of Shi Chong from the Western Jin Dynasty, who would sometimes make beauties serve wine at his banquets, and if a guest refused to drink, he would have the beauty killed. Of course, in the end, he didn't meet a good end and was punished by having his entire family executed. This old guy even has his attendants catch his spit in their mouths; to degrade people like this, his end will likely not be much better than Shi Chong's!

Heavens, does no one escape punishment?

"It's his own fault; he can't blame anyone else," Zhu Ping'an muttered, watching the departing sedan, shaking his head slightly and sighing.

As soon as Zhu Ping'an finished speaking, the kind old man who had pulled him to the side in alarm turned pale and quickly placed a hand over his mouth, making a strong shushing motion.

"Shh, are you looking for death, young man!" The old man tugged at Zhu Ping'an's sleeve, his face tense and serious. He said, "That's Lord Yan, if someone from the Imperial Guard hears you and reports it to Lord Yan, even if you had ten lives, it wouldn't be enough for him to take."

Lord Yan?

That would be Yan Song! The powerful and influential Prime Minister, second only to the emperor!

Upon hearing this, Zhu Ping'an looked in the direction the sedan had gone, no wonder. It was that old man, Yan Song. Now he remembered, this was the infamous "fragrant spittoon," and it was said that his one-eyed son, Yan Shifan, was the one who invented it. What a deep family history!

But thinking about it, this old guy would still be able to call the winds and summon the rain for over ten more years. It's kind of frustrating!

"Sigh, young man, don't think too much."

The old man saw that Zhu Ping'an was still staring at the sedan, thinking that he might have some dangerous ideas. He quickly tugged at Zhu Ping'an's sleeve and softly advised him:

“Just a few days ago, someone tried to assassinate him, and the criminal is still hanging at the city gate. Don’t be reckless. Listen to me, you’re young, and it’s better to live poorly than to die. Don’t let your emotions get the better of you.”

“Oh, so it’s Lord Yan, no wonder he has such an imposing presence.”

Zhu Ping’an turned to look at the old man, a faint smile on his lips. He spoke meaningfully, his voice not quiet.

“You... sigh! The world is going downhill!”

The old man, hearing Zhu Ping’an’s words, looked at him in disbelief, as if he couldn’t believe his own eyes. He was shocked to find out that a member of Yan Song’s faction could actually be a “pure” person. With a heavy sigh, he turned his back and walked north.

Zhu Ping’an watched the old man leave and then noticed the figure of someone who had been approaching him but had now turned and walked away. He let out a sigh of relief.

Yan Song’s entourage couldn’t have been just public guards; there were certainly undercover guards and plainclothes agents. The person who had approached him earlier must have been one of those, receiving a signal from the guards beside Yan Song’s sedan, checking if Zhu Ping’an had any negative opinions about Yan Song. When he heard Zhu Ping’an speak positively, the person had removed his suspicion and left.

Fortunately, that person didn't hear the "self-inflicted punishment" comment. If it hadn't been for Zhu Ping'an thinking quickly and covering up with words, he would probably be facing a difficult situation right now.

Zhu Ping'an slung his backpack over his shoulder, clutching the black wooden board as he continued on his way, turning onto another street.

This street had a commercial atmosphere, with taverns, tea houses, and shops bustling with activity. The sky was just beginning to lighten, and the streets were already crowded with people.

Looking at the black wooden board he was carrying, Zhu Ping'an smiled wryly. It seemed that from now on, he'd have to practice writing in his room.

There are many restaurants and breakfast stalls on this street, and the food tastes great. Walking down the street, one can smell the aroma of various delicious dishes. However, due to the earlier scene with the fragrant sputum jar, Zhu Ping'an had no appetite at all. Everything reminded him of that moment, which made him lose all interest in eating.

Just as he was about to turn back to the inn, Zhu Ping'an overheard a conversation about state affairs, which made him stop in his tracks. He then walked into a breakfast shop.

Upon entering the restaurant, Zhu Ping'an ordered a bowl of porridge and a small dish of appetizers. He sat at the table and paid attention to the conversation of the people at the nearby table.

The people at the nearby table were just two individuals, but their attire was unusual. One of them wore a flying fish robe and held a folding fan, but it didn't look out of place at all. The man looked scholarly, in his forties, and appeared to be well-read. However, for some unknown reason, he wore the flying fish robe, which was typically worn by the imperial guards of the Jinyiwei.

The flying fish robe was not something that ordinary members of the Jinyiwei could wear; it signified a certain rank. It seemed that this man held a significant position within the Jinyiwei.

The man sitting next to him wore a dark blue-black uniform, made of good-quality fabric. At his waist, he carried a rusty spring knife, also indicating he was part of the Jinyiwei.

On their table was a large platter of hand-torn roast chicken, a basket of buns, two refreshing side dishes, and a jar of wine. Both men held a bowl of wine that overflowed and spilled onto the table. They drank while discussing recent events. Especially the middle-aged man in the flying fish robe, who became more passionate after drinking.

"Yesterday, His Majesty issued an imperial decree to punish the traitor Qiu Luan according to the law. This is truly satisfying. How could such a worthless scoundrel be called the Duke of Xian Ning! He was the one who should have been executed in the Gengxu Rebellion. The whole rebellion was caused by him. If he hadn't bribed Orda and requested to spare the attack on Datong, changing the target to another place, how could the capital have suffered the Gengxu Rebellion?"

The man in the dark blue-black Jinyiwei uniform poured a bowl of wine for the man in the flying fish robe, drank it in one go, wiped his mouth, and said regretfully, "It's a pity that this worthless scoundrel died of illness before His Majesty's decree was issued. Otherwise, I could have vented even more of my frustration."

"The person who should have been killed in the Gengxu Rebellion... Heh, I don't think he even ranks."

The middle-aged man in the flying fish robe suddenly laughed upon hearing this. He slammed his wine bowl forcefully on the table, his words filled with emotion.

"Then who do you think it should be?" the other person asked, confused.

"Who else could it be? Besides the respected Elder Yan, who could it be? When Ding Ru Kui, the former Minister of War, asked him how to defend the border, this man actually said that losing a battle on the frontier could be covered up, but losing a battle near the capital could not. Orda was nothing but a bandit, who would leave once he was full. He was too cowardly, not even worthy of a mouse! As a result, all the generals just sat behind their defenses, not firing a single arrow. That's why Orda's army could burn and plunder outside the city for eight days. After looting, they left leisurely! Afterwards, this man killed Ding, blamed someone else, and played with the lives of the people! This is a great shame for the nation! A national traitor!"

The middle-aged man in the flying fish robe pounded the table with his fists as he spoke, his emotions extremely agitated.

"Shen Jingli, speak with caution!" the other man quickly urged.

“What caution? No need for caution! If it comes to that, I’ll bow my head and take it!” The middle-aged man in the flying fish robe, still a bit tipsy, pointed at his own head and then at his robe, sitting cross-legged and laughing proudly, his emotions still intense. “This national traitor sits openly in the high hall. This is our shame! If we don’t deal with this traitor, we are unworthy of this uniform! If he dares to arrest me, I’ll be happy to confront him face to face!”