

## Rise 62

### Chapter 62: Clearing the Father's Wrongs

"Is Zhu Shouyi at home? Today, some of my subordinates hurt you without knowing their limits, so I'm here to apologize, old brother."

Just then, a domineering voice came from outside the door. Though it claimed to be an apology, the tone was filled with a threat. As the words fell, a plump man with a face full of flesh swaggered in, followed by seven or eight men in black outfits.

Upon seeing these people, Fourth Uncle jumped up like a rabbit, pointing at the two men behind the plump man and saying, "They are the ones who led people to hurt my second brother."

As soon as First Uncle saw the incoming people, he quietly slipped into the room.

Hearing that it was these people who injured Zhu Shouyi, Chen, without considering her own strength, got up and was about to rush at them. Just as she made a move, Zhu Shouyi, who was lying on the stretcher, forcefully grabbed her arm. After so many years of marriage, Zhu Shouyi understood Chen too well, which is why he could catch her in time.

Zhu Pingchuan and Zhu Ping'an were also pulled back by Fourth Uncle's quick action.

"You heartless bastards, why did you hit my husband? Just wait! I will report you to the county office!" Chen shouted angrily at the intruders, her eyebrows raised, ready to fight.

Chen's fierceness failed to intimidate the intruders; they were like ancient gangsters, unshaken by a woman.

"Debts must be repaid. Go ahead and report us; no matter how much you scream, that's the way it is," the plump man sneered, his face jiggling with disdain. He looked like the type who would be involved in gangs.

Zhu Ping'an had seen First Uncle slip away earlier and had noticed his strange behavior for a long time. Last time, did that beautiful woman really just come as a friend's gift? Returning her to the friend and getting a few coins? Plus, he had to spend money to please his grandmother and aunt? And they only had four dishes and a soup in the ancestral hall?

These incidents had long seemed off to Zhu Ping'an.

Zhu Ping'an broke free from Fourth Uncle's grasp, running boldly to the front of the plump man's group, not afraid at all, and loudly asked, "You said my father borrowed money from you. Do you have any evidence?"

"Zhi'er..."

"Little Zhi..."

His family called out in concern.

The plump man found it amusing to look at the little kid who had just reached his thigh. Normally, children would be frightened and cry upon seeing him; he had never encountered such a bold child before. Thus, he hesitated for a moment about getting physical.

"What? Can this little kid read?" the plump man asked, his face jiggling.

"I have been studying for almost a hundred days, so don't try to fool me," Zhu Ping'an stood there, calm and composed, extending his little hand.

"Don't think you can tear it up when you get the chance; otherwise, Uncle will hit you."

The plump man found it quite amusing but still turned to indicate to his subordinates to show the debt note to the little brat.

A man in black respectfully nodded to the plump man, took out a debt note from his pocket, and cautiously unfolded it for Zhu Ping'an to see, wary of the child pulling a trick and tearing it up.

Zhu Ping'an glanced at it, a smirk forming on his lips as he looked up at the plump man, decisively saying, "This is not my father's debt note!"

This is not my father's debt note!

"Hey, you little brat, do you dare to act shamelessly in front of me? I don't care whether you're an adult or a child when it comes to hitting people! This is a debt note written by your father himself," the plump man said, getting angrier and threatening after hearing Zhu Ping'an's denial.

"You say it's a debt note written by my dad; are you sure about that?" Zhu Ping'an was not afraid of the plump man's threats and boldly pressed on.

"Of course! I saw your dad write it with my own eyes," the plump man replied confidently.

"Seeing it with your own eyes doesn't necessarily mean it's true," Zhu Ping'an retorted with a sneer on his chubby face.

"What do you mean?!" The plump man seemed to be running out of patience; this little brat actually dared to mock him.

Zhu Ping'an turned and walked in front of Zhu Shouyi, gently pulling Chen aside, then turned with red eyes and angrily shouted at the plump man:

"What do I mean? Come and see for yourself—my father, who supposedly wrote the debt note, is lying right here in front of me!"

The plump man was taken aback by Zhu Ping'an's sudden outburst. What was this little kid yelling about? It was as if he had borrowed money from him!

Unconsciously, the plump man stepped closer to Zhu Ping'an and followed his pointing finger.

"Oh my, who is this? Why is he bleeding?! What happened to his leg?!"

The moment the plump man saw Zhu Shouyi, he was stunned. Who is this? I don't recognize him; what does this little kid want me to look at? Is he trying to frame me for injuring someone?

Then, as the plump man noticed Zhu Ping'an's angry little eyes, he suddenly had a realization. He turned around and slapped one of his subordinates behind him, cursing loudly.

"Damn it, is this the person you all hurt? Where the hell were your eyes?!"

The man who was hit covered his face and didn't dare to retaliate, only saying aggrievedly, "Big Brother, this is Zhu Shouyi! I stepped carefully!"

"Do you think I'm blind? This is not Zhu Shouyi!" The chubby man slapped him again, this time harder, causing the man to bleed from his nose.

What is going on?

The Zhu family members were a bit confused and looked towards Zhu Ping'an for answers.

Zhu Ping'an knew at a glance that the IOU was not written by his father; it definitely belonged to someone else. It was simple: the IOU was handwritten, and Zhu Shouyi's name was not circled; he only stamped it with his handprint.

Generally speaking, if someone can't write, they would have someone else write it for them, draw a circle around it, and then stamp their handprint. Those who can write wouldn't need to circle anything because they could write their name and stamp their handprint directly.

However, on this IOU from the chubby man, Zhu Shouyi's name was not circled, and Zhu's father couldn't write. Therefore, it certainly wasn't borrowed by Zhu Shouyi. Earlier, the fat man said he saw "Zhu Shouyi" write it himself, so the answer became clear.

It must have been the uncle who borrowed the money using his father's name.

"Zhu Shouyi, come out!" After the chubby man finished teaching his younger brother a lesson, he suddenly spotted someone sneaking a look from the main room. He immediately recognized that the person peeking was the one who had borrowed money and wrote the IOU—"Zhu Shouyi."

With the chubby man's shout, everyone was startled, and all eyes turned to the timid First Uncle, Zhu Shouren, who wanted to hide in the room.

"Ahem, you must have mistaken the person!" The uncle said with a shaky voice, clearly frightened.

"I spit! Whoever borrowed money from me, even if they turned to ash, I would recognize them!" The chubby man spat a thick phlegm, then waved his hand, and several younger brothers rushed into the room to drag the uncle out.

Before anyone could react, Chen rushed up, scratching Zhu Shouren's face and crying out angrily, "Is this how you treat your brothers? My man works hard in the mountains and fields to support you, and you do this! How can you justify it to us?"

If it weren't for grandmother and the aunt holding her back, Chen would have definitely turned the uncle into shredded potatoes.

The situation was clear!

Grandfather looked at Zhu Shouren in disbelief, then glanced at his second son lying on the ground in a pool of blood, his hand gripping the stick trembling incessantly...