

Rise 74

Chapter 74: The Yameitie is a Type of Butterfly

After the young women held Zhu Ping'an in check and he left, the students in the Mountain Temple became resolute, unyielding, and filled with loyalty that would shine through history. Although they lacked the strength to move, they were unwilling to be outdone and began to hurl accusations:

"Where's that scoundrel? If you have guts, don't run away!"

"Demoness, don't leave! Fight me for another three hundred rounds!"

"This woman is truly shameless! She's bringing disgrace to culture and should be put in a pigpen!"

The students in the Mountain Temple had different mindsets. Although each had been stripped of all their possessions, only about half of the more than ten students had their right hands trampled until they bled by that girl. Those who hadn't been stepped on felt a bit smug inside.

As for those whose hands were bloodied:

"Ahem, while I may not be talented, I do have some knowledge of medicine. Judging by the pain in my hand, I boldly speculate that this injury hasn't reached the bone. A little ointment should ensure I recover within ten

days," one of the injured students said, leaning against a pillar. Despite the tears on his face, he spoke with confidence, feeling that he was well-versed in learning.

Zhu Shouren, the uncle of Zhu Ping'an, along with several other injured students, was overjoyed to hear this. "Ten days to heal? The exam is still over a month away!" they exclaimed, turning to the speaker and sighing, "Brother Wang is truly talented! We should follow suit."

"Ahem, knowledge comes in order, and every field has its specialists," the person surnamed Wang wanted to adjust his beard for effect but awkwardly realized he couldn't move his limbs. He could only cough a few times and manage a humble expression on his face.

"Though we have suffered, we are still better off than Zhu Ping'an nephew. That guy has been captured by the demoness and will surely suffer some physical torment," one of the bloodied students suddenly realized that someone was worse off than himself and eagerly shared this.

Thus, both the stepped-on and the unstepped-on students felt a bit more balanced in their hearts, with some even comforting Zhu Shouren.

"It's nothing. That demoness is only after money. Though my nephew will suffer some physical pain, he is absolutely not in danger of losing his life. As Mengzi said: 'When Heaven is about to confer a great responsibility on a person, it must first torment their mind and spirit, labor their muscles and bones, starve their body, and empty their possessions. This tribulation is a trial for my nephew, a blend of misfortune and fortune.'"

Though Zhu Shouren's tears had yet to dry and his nose was still running, he now wore an expression of foresight and wisdom as he sighed.

His words and the broad-mindedness he displayed earned him widespread admiration from the students.

After a while, one student suddenly sighed, "This matter must not be spoken of to outsiders!"

He immediately received responses from everyone, which, put in simple terms, essentially meant: "No one is allowed to tell others about this! We were played by a demoness—how embarrassing! We mustn't speak of it. Come, let's all make a vow: whoever mentions it will be in trouble with all of us. Even if that fool Zhu Ping'an says something, we won't admit it and will claim he's lying!"

Having endured hardship, the bond among the students seemed to deepen. Even though they had lost their money for traveling to the county for the exam, those who were affluent said they could send their household servants home to fetch some money for emergencies, promising to pay them back later.

The atmosphere in the Mountain Temple then became cheerful again, as everyone waited for the softening powder's effects to wear off, preparing to joyfully set off to the county for the exam together.

While laughter and cheerful voices echoed in the Mountain God Temple, Zhu Ping'an was not in the same mood. With his hands bound and carrying a backpack, he was pushed whenever he walked too slowly.

"You fool, why are you still carrying that useless thing? We've taken everything valuable from you..." The man in charge of watching Zhu Ping'an pushed him again for walking too slowly.

Zhu Ping'an stumbled a few steps, turned back to look at him innocently, and replied with a silly grin, "The valuable things on me were taken by you brave men, so I must take care of this. My family is poor; this backpack and bedding were made by my mother after much hard work."

"Don't be so ungrateful! We've already found over ten taels of silver on you, and you dare to say your family is poor!"

As soon as Zhu Ping'an finished speaking, the man slapped him on the head and began cursing.

The girl, however, paid no mind to this. She was simply curious about how Zhu Ping'an had seen through her disguise. Other than that, she didn't care. When they arrived at their destination, she would ask him a few questions. If she was satisfied with the answers, she would let him go; if not, she would beat him up before releasing him. After all, she had no good feelings toward these scholars.

Damn it, I'll remember you this time, Zhu Ping'an thought as he looked back at the man with an innocent expression.

After about half an hour of walking, the girl led Zhu Ping'an to a shanty that seemed to be used by hunters for winter shelter and hunting at the foot of a mountain. The inside of the shanty was well-arranged, with temporary furniture and living supplies. However, winter was nearing its end, and the hunters had temporarily stopped using it.

As soon as he entered, Zhu Ping'an was forcefully shoved by the man responsible for watching him, as if to establish dominance. He fell to the ground, but fortunately, his backpack cushioned his fall, so it wasn't too bad. Still, it was enough for Zhu Ping'an to look at him once more with an innocent expression.

"Now we're all set, young master. We've managed to get so much money this time. When the old master arrives, he will surely praise us," one man said as he transferred the plundered money into a money pouch and handed it to the girl.

The girl received it, tossed it onto the table, and propped her chin on her hand, pondering for a moment. "You three go hunt a few rabbits or mountain chickens to roast. We don't know when my father will arrive. Those scholars in the temple earlier were so sour they turned my stomach, and I didn't eat anything."

"Alright, young master, just wait for us," the three men, delighted at the prospect of roasted meat and recalling the barrel of good wine they had stolen, cheerfully took their leave.

Two men remained in the room to watch Zhu Ping'an, showing that the girl was still quite cautious.

"Little brother, tell your sister how you figured it out," she said, pulling up a chair to sit in front of Zhu Ping'an, her expression cheerful. In her delicate, jade-like hand, a finely crafted dagger danced up and down.

Zhu Ping'an raised his head, revealing his honest face. He seemed somewhat fearful of the dagger in the girl's hand. After swallowing hard, he spoke, "I think yelling for help is not as effective as shouting 'Yamietie Yamietie' instead."

"What is 'Yamietie'?"

The girl furrowed her brow, looking puzzled, her starry eyes glinting with a cold light.

"Oh, 'Yamietie' is a type of butterfly in the mountains. When it flies, it makes a sound that sounds like 'no, no.' A long time ago, in our village, people caught one, and over time, everyone started using 'Yamiedie' to mean 'no.'"

Zhu Ping'an looked at the girl earnestly, speaking with confidence.