

Rise 96

Chapter 96: Buying Medicine

Outside the inn, the sound of the wind was like a cry of alarm, the trees and grass appearing as if they were soldiers ready for battle. When they brought the injured demoness back to the inn in the morning, they had not noticed this. Now that the heavy fog had cleared, officers were seen bustling around the streets, inquiring and investigating everywhere.

Each officer seemed as if they were facing a formidable enemy, carrying swords and knives, turning over every nook and cranny that could possibly hide someone.

Who was this demoness's enemy, and why was there such a commotion?

After returning to the inn, Zhu Ping'an had changed into a clean long robe, clearly dressed like a scholar. Since the officers were searching for a woman, Zhu Ping'an crossed the streets and alleys without attracting any attention.

"Brother, what has happened?" Zhu Ping'an bought some dried fruit and casually asked the shopkeeper.

"You don't know yet? Let me tell you, you asked the right person. Last night, while I was passing by the magistrate's residence to replenish my stock, I heard the sounds of swords clashing inside, and there were screams that could chill the blood..." the shopkeeper seemed quite talkative, animatedly recounting the details, with a rich expression and thoroughness, even describing the techniques used by those fighting inside in great detail.

After listening for a long time, Zhu Ping'an finally understood. It turned out that last night, assassins had entered the residence of Lord Lu. The rumor was that the assassin was a woman, highly skilled and ruthless, who also liked to laugh. The more blood that flowed, the more she laughed. If it hadn't been for Liu Qianhu being a guest at Lord Lu's residence at the time, Lord Lu might have been poisoned. Even so, Lord Lu had his arm stabbed and was bleeding profusely. Several guards accompanying Liu Qianhu were seriously injured as well, but in the end, the assassin managed to escape, though she had also been injured by Liu Qianhu...

It was almost certain that the assassin was the demoness; the only thing unknown was what grudge she held against Lord Lu.

Never mind, it was best to handle things first.

Zhu Ping'an had torn up the paper that the demoness wrote about the medicinal herbs after glancing at it twice, throwing the scraps into the drainage ditch.

Perhaps due to living two lives, his mental fortitude was stronger, and in this life, his memory was remarkably good. While he couldn't remember everything at a glance, he could recall details of two or three pieces for a day or two after seeing them, and if he reviewed them multiple times, he could remember them firmly.

He memorized the traditional Chinese medicinal herbs written by the demoness and recognized two that were not specifically for treating sword wounds. Zhu Ping'an walked into a pharmacy and, after some time, came out with two small bags of herbs, looking somewhat strange.

This damned demoness was making him eat the wind!

Earlier, when he went to buy medicine, he took the opportunity to look at the price list. Aside from a few herbs that were relatively cheap, many of the other herbs written by the demoness were exorbitantly priced.

Since he wasn't well-versed in traditional Chinese medicine and saw that the demoness seemed heavily injured, Zhu Ping'an gritted his teeth and decided to buy everything. No matter how monstrous the demoness was, she was still a living being, and he was just too soft-hearted.

Passing by a bun shop, Zhu Ping'an bought a steamer basket of over ten meat buns and asked the shopkeeper to wrap them in lotus leaves. He casually walked along the street with the lotus leaf-wrapped buns until his eyes lit up, and he slowly walked into a small alley.

After a while, several ragged little beggars, their faces full of joy, split up and walked away from the alley. About half an hour later, a few little beggars returned to the alley with the medicine wrapped in paper.

Then Zhu Ping'an slung his bulging backpack over his shoulder and exited the alley.

Inside the alley, seven or eight little beggars were sitting together, wolfing down the delicious meat buns, with dozens of copper coins neatly placed at their feet...

Returning to the inn, Zhu Ping'an closed the room door, entered the inner chamber, and dumped all the herbs from his backpack onto the table. He glanced at the girl lazily leaning against the head of the bed, trimming her nails with a dagger, and asked,

"Were you plotting this all along?"

The girl paused her nail trimming, looked at Zhu Ping'an with a smile, and asked, "Why are you so angry, my little benefactor? What did I plot? Don't slander me."

"Do you know how much these herbs cost?" Zhu Ping'an asked calmly.

"I wouldn't know; it's not like I bought it," the girl replied with a smile, blowing on her fingers.

"Two hundred and twenty taels of silver and six hundred fifty-seven wen. I'm just missing that ten taels of yours. You did this on purpose, didn't you? You really hold a grudge," Zhu Ping'an said, sitting in a chair and glancing at the enchanting girl on the bed, curling his lips.

"What a coincidence! Tsk, tsk. If I had done it on purpose, I would have included your ten taels too," the girl on the bed said innocently, smiling at Zhu Ping'an.

"Those silver coins are ill-gotten gains. It doesn't matter if they're spent, but are all these herbs necessary for you?" Zhu Ping'an asked, looking intently into the girl's eyes.

"Of course," the girl on the bed nodded with a smile.

"Notoginseng, safflower, burdock, begonias, earth ear grass, and snowgrass—these are the best choices for treating wounds."

"Musk, borneol, frankincense, cinnabar, and catechu—they are great for promoting blood circulation and removing blood stasis."

"Wood fragrance, curcuma, dragon horn, sea wind vine, pig tooth soap, and fragrant skin—these can be made into bone-setting water for treating fractures, dislocations, and injuries."

The girl on the bed counted the herbs on her fingers, recalling their medicinal effects one by one, proving that she wasn't just rambling.

After she finished speaking, Zhu Ping'an calmly pointed to a package of herbs and asked, "What about this mountain ginseng?"

The girl blinked her eyes, looking delicate and pitiful. "I suffered internal injuries too."

"What about this jade butterfly?"

"Beauty and skin care. Look, I have abrasions on my face too."

Hearing this, Zhu Ping'an stared at the girl for several seconds, finally noticing a small grain-sized scar on the side of her nose.

"What's the explanation for this donkey-hide gelatin?"

"I've lost too much blood and need to replenish it," the girl said, pointing to the bandages wrapped around her body, looking weak and pitiful.

"What about this aloe, angelica, and pearl powder?" Zhu Ping'an pointed to the last few packages of herbs.

"When we travel in the world, fighting and killing is unavoidable. If one doesn't control their strength well, blood will splatter all over their face. Plus, some shady characters love using poison; we have to protect our faces..."

Zhu Ping'an looked at the girl on the bed, who was acting delicate, and felt an urge to slap her against the wall, unable to shake off the impulse.

"Don't be angry, my little benefactor. Money is an external thing; you can't take it with you when you're born or when you die. Why bother worrying about it?" the girl on the bed said with a cold smile.

Money is an external thing?

Zhu Ping'an looked at the girl on the bed in silence, finding it oddly amusing coming from a robber's mouth. Money is an external thing, yet you just robbed me of it a few days ago!

"My little benefactor, your complexion doesn't seem good," the girl on the bed said, looking at Zhu Ping'an with a smile, her dark eyes full of mockery.

"Whether it's good or bad is none of your business."

Zhu Ping'an replied flatly.

The girl's charming face darkened, and her laughter stopped.