

I'll Quit Being a God

Chapter 18: An Ugly Widow

What surprised Gong-Shu Jie was not that this girl could have the courage to speak so eloquently in front of him, but that when this girl said these words, there was not even the slightest emotion of resentment and hatred toward those villagers.

Generally speaking, being treated in this way, the girl should hate the village people. When she was chosen by the whole village to be sacrificed to the demon in the mountain, she was frightened. After escaping from the mountain, she was isolated and rejected by the whole village, and now everyone was accursing her as a demon girl.

But now, Gong -Shu Jie could not see such emotions on her face. What he saw, instead, was a kind of open-mindedness, as if no matter how the villagers misunderstand her, she did not care.

To be honest, if this kind of aloofness appeared in an old man who had experienced all kinds of things in life, or in a monk who had went through a calamity, Gong-Shu Jie would not be surprised.

But she was just an uneducated girl from the mountains! She couldn't even read or write, yet she could have such a state of mind.

Gong-Shu Jie felt that he understood the reason why the Mountain God cared for her, such an outstanding little girl did make people look at her differently.

If not for the fact that this girl and the Mountain God already had a relationship, Gong-Shu Jie would even consider bringing her back to the Thousand Needles City to teach and train.

Gong Shu Jie sighed in his heart, once again looked at the old village chief kneeling at his feet and said, "Well, you have heard the conversation between me and this girl. If the Mountain God would really bother with you, why would he wait for now? So you guys can get up, no need to kneel to me."

"What's more, with the power of the white wolf God, if he really gets angry and wants to come down from the mountain to punish you, I can't stop him at all. So there is no need to kneel, I can not help you."

Gong-Shu Jie said these words blandly and calmly, but the villagers were scared by his words.

The old village chief was even more frightened, looked once again in the direction of that Cold Feather Mountain, then asked uneasily, "Master WuZhu, is that Lord..... Lord Mountain God really so powerful?"

In the villagers' simple view, a Wuzhu of a city was already the top of the world. As long as there was a Wuzhu, any mountain monsters and demons would have to flee in despair.

But now even Master Wuzhu claimed to be no match for the white wolf in the mountain? Could that white wolf really be so terrifying?

The old village chief could not imagine what kind of a demon would be more formidable than Master Wuzhu.

Gong-Shu Jie looked at the old man, and decided to tell the truth so that this group of villagers would not continue to do stupid things to offend the white wolf in the future.

So he nodded and said, "Yes, the white wolf in the mountain is so powerful. If you really provoke him, not to mention me, no one in the entire Fire Pass Country will be able to handle the wrath of the God....."

Speaking of which, Gong-Shu Jie couldn't help but sigh.

He thought carefully about what the villagers had done and began to admire that white wolf's good temper.

It was not surprising that ordinary demons tolerate villagers' slanderous rumors for the sake of collecting wish power, as long as the villagers can provide wish power anyway. But the white wolf clearly did not care about the small village's offerings, nor did it care about the wish power.

In this case, the villagers were allowed to maliciously slander the God behind his back, and it took a full eighty years before he decided to give the villagers a little warning. And after the warning, this group of villagers not only did not repent, they even intensified their slander.

But even so, the white wolf God was not angry.

This cultured temperament was rare even among humans, not to mention the divine beasts.

Now Gong-Shu Jie completely put his mind at ease.

As long as the Fire Pass Country treats him sincerely, this divine beast will not be a scourge.

With such thoughts in mind, Gong-Shu Jie asked the village chief once again, "You said that the reason why the Mountain God opened incense here is a rich merchant's deed 80 years ago? Do you know the name of that rich merchant? Where does his family live?"

This rich merchant may be the reason why the white wolf God was willing to stay here.

With the dignity of a divine beast, there must be a hidden reason about why he was willing to be the Mountain God and shelter a place for 80 years.

If Gong-Shu Jie could find the rich merchant, he may be able to know what really happened eighty years ago, and he could also understand more about this mysterious white wolf God.

But the villagers obviously could not answer this question.

Even the village elders on the stage looked at each other with blank stares, let alone the youngsters and kids.

After all, it was already eighty years ago that a temple was built and a shrine was established for the white wolf.

Now the oldest village elder in the village was only two years old at that time, so even the old village chief knew nothing about this matter.

"About this..... we really do not know," said the old village chief awkwardly, "That was long time for me, and now the merchant had already gone to rest in peace. Master Wuzhu, I think it is difficult to find him."

The old village chief's answer was a little disappointing to Gong-Shu Jie. But he also understood that he could only sigh, "That's right, eighty years is too long."

But a voice suddenly rang out from the crowd at that moment.

"I know! I know the name of that rich merchant! Master Wuzhu, I know!"

This voice instantly attracted everyone's attention.

Gong-Shu Jie heard the voice and saw a strong man in the crowd holding up his hand and shouting loudly. The villagers around him, however, hurriedly reached out to pull him and said, "Wang Laoliu! You're talking nonsense again!"

"Yes! Don't you see what kind of occasion this is?"

The villagers were all frightened by this hunter with a big mouth, and tried to pull him and cover his mouth.

Gong-Shu Jie waved his hand and said, "Let go of him and let him talk. Even if he says the wrong thing, there is no harm."

Hearing the Wuzhu's command, the villagers subconsciously looked at the old village chief. And only after seeing the old village chief nod, they silently let go of the strong hunter.

And the hunter named Wang Laoliu said proudly, "a group of dog-eyed guys, when did I lie to you? The rich merchant who built the temple was named Wu Chong-Gu, and he was a native of Fushan. These messages are carved under the altar of the Mountain God, but unfortunately you all can't read and write, so you don't know!"

After Wang Laoliu finished his speech, he looked at the Wuzhu on the clay platform, "Master Wuzhu, what I said is all true. You can go to the Mountain God Temple to check it out, and you will know whether what I said is true or not."

Gong-Shu Jie nodded, looked at him curiously, "Can you read?"

The hunter in front of him was dark-skinned, sturdy and strong, and did not talk like he could read.

Wang Laoliu laughed and said, "I can't read a word. I'm just a rough guy. But there is an ugly widow in our village who can read and write, and I heard from her when she went into the mountain once for a sacrifice."

Gong-Shu Jie was suddenly surprised. In this remote village, it was almost impossible for someone to be literate, let alone a woman.

He asked, "Where is this woman now?"

"She died two years ago, but her daughter is still in the village, here she is," Wang Laoliu said, pointing to Xiao Ai who was not far away.

The Wuzhu was surprised to look at the little girl and saw the lost emotion on the girl's face.

Could This girl's mother read and write?

"Was that woman from your village?" Gong Shu Jie asked again.

This time, all the people shook their heads and spoke in a variety of ways.

"No, that woman is from outside."

"When she was picked up by Ai Changsheng, she later lived in the village"

"Two years ago she suffered from lung disease and died"

"At a young age....."

The villagers' various words allowed Gong-Shu Jie to roughly sketch the image of a woman in distress.

Since she had been educated, this woman's background would not be bad. Her face had a natural birthmark, and looked very ugly. She was somehow stranded in this remote mountain, nearly froze to death in the snow, and was picked up by a kind-hearted young man from the village, after which she married the young man who saved her and settled down here.

But she died two years ago due to illness, and the young man who saved her life suddenly disappeared three years ago. The couple left behind only a daughter named Xiao Ai, who now lived with her father's older brother and his family.

After understanding these things, Gong-Shu Jie stopped the conversation and asked the old village chief to disperse the villagers gathered at the entrance. In the end, only a few village elders and the village chief's son remained.

The old village chief looked at Master Wuzhu, and asked hesitatingly.

"Master Wuzhu, have you found the devil seed?"

The old village chief had not forgotten about this matter.

Although they were most afraid of the white wolf in the mountain, they were also afraid of the devil seed. The old village chief was really worried that Master Wuzhu had forgotten about the devil seed because of the white wolf God.

Gong-Shu Jie obviously did not forget about it. He looked at the cold feather mountain in the distance and said.

"That devil seed is either hidden very deep and has been integrated into the spirit of the person who is possessed by it. Or I have lost it and it is not here at all."

"In short, I will stay here for a while. I will not leave until I confirm that the devil seed is not here, so you do not need to worry."

"The most important thing you should remember is that you should not slander the Mountain God in the future. The wolf God is broad-minded and does not bother with you, but you cannot insult him."

Gong-Shu Jie's words were so severe that the elders nodded their heads, "We understand, we understand."

Only then did Gong-Shu Jie nodded in satisfaction and walked towards the outside of the village, "All right, you guys can disperse and do what you need to do."

After saying that, Gong-Shu Jie disappeared from the sight of the villagers, and did not give the villagers a chance to get close.

The remaining villagers looked at each other. Someone asked, "What should we do next"

The old village chief stomped the walking stick in his hand and had a serious expression, "Naturally, we should listen to the Master Wuzhu! Forbid the villagers from slandering Lord Mountain God again."

"In addition, the Double Ninth Festival is coming up, and we must prepare seriously for this harvest festival. We absolutely can't muddle through like before."

"Since Lord Mountain God is not a demon, we should make offerings sincerely. Go back and tell everyone that from today on, every family should offer incense to Lord Mountain God every day!"

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