

The Spirited Daughter-in-law and the Mountain Man - Chapter 2 - Chapter 2: 02 Neither relatives nor friends

That knife struck deep and accurately, hitting the mark, piercing her heart that had just been deeply wounded by love.

It was painful.

The pain was now exploding within her.

She should be dead, right?

Why was the pain not only present at her chest, but all over her body?

Before she could figure it out, a cursing male voice came, accompanied by a kick, “You good-for-nothing scoundrel, actually playing dead!”

Someone was kicking at her, she instinctively dodged, trying to punch back, but her right wrist wouldn’t respond. The painful sensation indicated a probable fracture.

“You dare to dodge? Watch me beat you into a meat stew!” Liu Er was furious, his foot again ready to stomp down, only to be stopped by Xiao Yishan, “Do you want to commit murder?”

“Who gave you the right to intervene?” Liu Er was already angry, and the sight of the bear-like figure and firm facial lines of the man did not help. The man’s face was not handsome and was scarred with a few hideous scars on the left side, clearly not someone to mess with.

Liu Er’s wrist was squeezed by the tiger-like strength of the man, almost breaking, and seeing him a head taller than himself, Liu Er’s momentum weakened, “Brother, there is a misunderstanding...”

Xiao Yishan coldly interrupted him, “She’s had enough. More nonsense, and I will beat you into searching for your teeth on the ground.” He let go of Liu Er’s wrist, and Liu Er staggered back a few steps.

Su Qingyue, lying on the ground, looked at her benefactor. He was wearing a rough cloth shirt that was draped diagonally from his shoulder to his waist, the same coarse cloth pants inside his beast skin boots, while a piece of beast skin was wrapped around his waist. His muscular arm and chest were exposed, his physique was burly, his muscles well developed, giving him a mountain-like presence, creating a heavy sense of oppression.

Looking at his attire, he seemed to resemble an ancient hunter. She looked around at her surroundings; she was on a street in front of a steamed bun vendor’s stall, with scattered buns all over the ground, and rows of other vendors beyond. Many people were gathering to watch the excitement.

Everyone was dressed in ancient attire, and the buildings on both sides of the street exuded an antique charm. The town, however, was quite backward.

Was she in some sort of ancient tourism town?

The hunter was saying something to the man who wanted to beat her. Many people were discussing around, and although she could see their mouths moving, she did not hear a word. Could she be deaf?

Su Qingyue struggled to sit up, examining herself, stunned.

The skin on her hand was dark and rough, her bones were thin as sticks, her clothes were dirty, made of ancient coarse cloth, her long hair, reaching her waist, was greasy beyond belief, she hadn't bathed for what seemed like forever and exuded a sour stench...

But that was not the point; the crucial part was that this wasn't her body!

Su Qingyue tried to speak to ask what was happening, and only then realized her throat was sore. She must have been excessively using her voice without drinking water.

Damn it!

She could not help cursing, as the pain throughout her body reminded her that this wasn't some ancient tourism town, but she had died in the modern era, somehow time-traveling to ancient times with a new body, and she was both deaf and mute!

At the same time, her brain was dizzy with pain, it was clear that this body had just been quite beaten up, causing her a concussion.

Xiao Yishan came over, scooped Su Qingyue up, slightly lowering his head, he paused at her confused yet lucid eyes, then strode off without hesitation.

Where was he taking her? Su Qingyue wanted to ask. Although he had just saved her, they had no ties. She did not want to go with him.

