

THE DOCTOR'S THREE-TIME MARRIAGE

Chapter 2

[Living off others] Su Liang pulled out the Jade Hairpin and examined it carefully. It was warm to the touch. The quality of the jade was better than any she had seen in museums in her previous life. The carving was exquisite and was clearly a work of high craftsmanship. Regardless of whether he's a rebel or not, the one who exchanged vows with her was definitely not an ordinary person. The room was clean but simple, lacking any unnecessary decorations. The silk of her wedding dress was of poor quality, and the stitches were rough. Nian Jincheng had said that this place was called "Su Village". Although Su Liang did not know what she now looked like, upon looking at her hands, she could see that they were small and slim, yet they had developed calluses, and the left hand bore a burn scar. All of these signs clearly indicated that she was far from the definition of "wealth and nobility". Su Liang was at a loss as to her current situation and could only take one step at a time. Feeling hungry, she got up and felt dizzy, a sure sign of severely low blood sugar levels. The door opened again, and a thin old man walked in with a plate in his hand. "Where did you get this hairpin?" the old man, with his eyes wide open, impulsively snatched the Jade Hairpin that Su Liang was still holding. Su Liang: ...this old man's hostility towards her was rather obvious. Su Liang focused on the food that the old man had put on the table, walked towards it unsteadily, and said weakly, "It was given to me by General Nian. He said he picked it up." The old man's expression darkened, and holding the pin, he left the room. Su Liang sat down; there was no porridge, no meat, only a plate of four desserts... In her previous life, she had never been a big fan of snacks and sweets, but now, driven by extreme hunger, she took a bite. Luckily, it wasn't too sweet. After she had eaten two pieces, Su Liang picked up the teapot on the table and poured herself a cup of tea. By the time she had finished all four pieces of dessert and drank half a pot of cold tea, Su Liang had only one feeling: she wanted to eat meat even more. Steaming hot meat buns, fried chicken legs, braised pork, stewed pork ribs... Meanwhile, in the neighbouring room. "Young Master, The young Master Nian actually gave that villager the engagement token that the old lady had given to Miss Nian during her lifetime! What is he trying to say?" The old man asked, visibly upset. "It means nothing," Ning Jing, who was transcribing scriptures, did not look up. The graceful characters flowed out from his brush, perfectly imitating

the writing of the Buddhist scripture he was copying. "Miss Nian has deep feelings for the young master and always wears this hairpin... She certainly wouldn't have asked Master Nian to return it!" The old man said sternly. "It doesn't matter," Ning Jing shook his head slightly. "This is the old lady's hairpin, Master. Please take good care of it! Maybe Miss Nian is still waiting for you, and when you see her again..." The old man carefully placed the jade hairpin on a book. Ning Jing put down his brush and looked at the old man with his serene and undisturbed eyes, saying, "Uncle Liang, you should leave now." The old man's expression froze, and he knelt down, "The old lady was kind to this old servant. I swore to protect you with my life!" "By sending me to this place, you have reciprocated her kindness." Ning Jing put down his brush and looked at the transcribed scriptures, "You have your own children and grandchildren. Reunion with them is your priority now. Do not worry about me any longer." "Master, with no one taking care of you, how can this old servant rest assured?" The old man's face turned grim. Ning Jing remained silent and picked up his brush again. The old man had no choice but to stand up and sigh deeply, "This old servant will leave before dawn. I swear I will not reveal your secrets to others. But I have something I need to get off my chest. Master, you have great talent. If you had assisted the Marquis in the first place, the Gu family's rebellion might have had a chance of success and they wouldn't have been eliminated. I really don't understand what you want, Master." Ning Jing replied lightly, "Uncle Liang, how do you know that the downfall of the Gu family is not what I wanted?" The old man was shocked and speechless for a long time. At dawn, carrying a bundle on his back, the old man stood at the door, saying in a deep voice, "This old servant is leaving now, Master, please take care of yourself! Last night's marriage ceremony was just a temporary measure, it doesn't count! Get rid of that villager as soon as possible, don't let her tarnish your reputation!" "Take care, Uncle Liang." The indifferent voice of Ning Jing echoed from the room, the old man sighed deeply, turned and disappeared into the thick morning fog. Su Liang slept until dawn. Sitting up from the bed, she rubbed her face, forcing herself to wake up. To avoid being burnt as a witch, she needed to find out who she was as soon as possible. With no clothes to change into, she was still in her red dress. Pushing the door open, she saw a... rather handsome man standing in front of the neighboring door. His black hair flowed down like a waterfall, and the angles of his side profile looked as if they had been intricately carved. He looked like an immortal descended from a painting. Before Su Liang could figure out how to greet him, Ning Jing looked over. Their eyes met. He looked no more than eighteen or nineteen years old, but his eyes were filled with a cold and mournful light. Fearing that saying too much might lead to mistakes, Su Liang waited for Ning Jing to speak first. As a result, Ning Jing only

glanced at her silently, turned around, and went back into his room... A moist mist hit her face. The courtyard was spacious but empty, only enclosed by towering walls. Four tiled brick houses, Ning Jing and Su Liang respectively lived in the two in the middle last night, the far-left was the firewood room, and the far-right was the kitchen. The bridal sedan in the woodshed had been chopped into firewood by Uncle Liang. After a round, Su Liang found the toilet in the backyard. Fortunately, it was very clean. Although its primitive level made her quite unused to it, she could no longer be picky. The large water vat in the kitchen was full, Su Liang fetched some water with a wooden basin and rolled up her sleeves to wash. The water reflected her small face, painted with patches of red and green, which left Su Liang speechless. She actually slept all night with her face smeared with low-quality paint. Suddenly, she could understand why that old man disliked her. With this "dignified face," marrying that handsome man, she even despised herself. After changing the water twice and washing her face again, Su Liang sighed in relief. Thank God, her true appearance was not bad, though still immature, her facial features were delicate. There were no birthmarks or scars, and she would definitely be a beauty when she grew up. However... Su Liang found some purplish traces around her neck, as if someone had choked her. Could it be that she can time travel because the original owner was choked to death? But the original owner had just gotten married yesterday, who would harm her? The thick fog of early morning had dissipated, but Su Liang was still confused. The wedding dress was too long and had gotten dirty at the hem. She cut off a bit with a knife and rolled up the sleeves, never lowering them again. Her stomach was growling again, but when she opened the jars in the kitchen, all were empty. No rice, no flour, no vegetables, and no traces of cooking. The box on the chopping board still had four desserts that Su Liang ate last night, but she really didn't want to eat these dry things first thing in the morning. Does that handsome man survive by eating the wind and drinking the dew... Su Liang muttered to herself and walked out of the kitchen to knock on Ning Jing's door. "What's the matter?" What a pleasant voice... Su Liang cleared her throat and said, "There is no food in the house, how to eat?" "Mrs. Bai will cook and send it over." Su Liang: ...Hired a cook? Looks like they are quite wealthy. Upon hearing the knock on the door, Su Liang went over. When she opened the door, there stood a simply-dressed elderly woman with a sad face, carrying a basket. As soon as she saw Su Liang, she grabbed her hand and pat it, "Miss Su Liang, now that you're married, live a good life. Give birth to a son for Master Ning as soon as possible, then you will have someone to rely on for your whole life." Hearing this, Su Liang thought her surname was Liang. She didn't pay attention to Mrs. Bai's words. This skinny body, at most fifteen years old, having children was playing with fire. Seeing Su Liang not saying

anything, Mrs. Bai didn't think it was strange and handed over the basket, "This is breakfast." Su Liang took it. Mrs. Bai was embarrassed as she rubbed her hands, "Old Liang said Master Ning should eat the best. I always have my son buy the finest white flour and the best meat from the town, and using a lot of oil and sugar. Last time's money, after deducting labor costs, all was spent." "Mrs. Bai, wait a moment, I will get the money," Su Liang said. "Ah! No rush! No rush!" Mrs. Bai was overjoyed clearly this job was going to be profitable. Su Liang directly pushed open Ning Jing's door and placed the basket on the table, "Mrs. Bai says she has run out of the money she was given last time." Ning Jing slightly shook his head, "I don't have any silver." Su Liang was taken aback, "Wasn't it you who gave the money?" "Uncle Liang gave it," Ning Jing said. "Where is he?" Su Liang asked. She just realized she hadn't seen that old man who had a bad impression of her last night. "He left." Ning Jing's expression was still calm. "Not coming back? And he didn't leave any money for you?" Su Liang was at a loss, was he sure it wasn't a bad servant who ran away with the money? Ning Jing was silent for a moment, then said, "He may have thought I had some." What a wasted opportunity for communication... "So what can we do?" Su Liang thought she at least wouldn't have to worry about food and clothing, but reality was harsh. Ning Jing looked at Su Liang, his beautiful eyebrows slightly frowned, "Where is your dowry?" Su Liang was speechless. Whether she had a dowry or not is one thing, but even though he looks handsome, can he really be so shameless to live off a woman?!