

THE DOCTOR'S THREE-TIME MARRIAGE

Chapter 7

[Showdown] When Su Liang and Ning Jing, one following the other, crossed a wooden bridge back to this side of the river at the Ning residence, the misfortune of Su Daqiang's family had already spread quickly throughout the village. The words "labor contract" completely overshadowed things like "Ning Jing had a miraculous recovery the day after getting married to Su Liang" and "Su Liang even had no clothes to change after she got married" which would ordinarily have stirred up gossip. Throughout the village, it was known that Su Daming had a penchant for gambling. A fair few villagers, either out of jealousy for the wealth of Su Daqiang's family or disdain for the complacency of their lifestyle, had often muttered remarks like "their family will one day be ruined by Su Daming's gambling" behind their backs. And now, it had come true. By the time Lei Zheng, the village leader, rushed to the scene, Ba Zihu had already tied up the whole family of Su Daqiang, ready to take them away. Lei Zheng dared not offend the powerful Hu Er from the town and only made a symbolic protest. Ba Zihu didn't show any arrogance either, he simply presented the debt note that Su Daming had signed, and the labor contract stained with the blood fingerprints of the Su family. Seeing this, Lei Zheng could only sigh, unable to utter a word. Involvement with gambling and usury invariably led to family ruin and personal catastrophe, sooner or later. Even if they lodged a complaint with the Government Office, the result would still be the same. Lei Zheng merely asked Ba Zihu about his plans for the house of the Su Family; Ba Zihu said he had made arrangements. A heavy rain was approaching. Many villagers returning from the fields personally witnessed the Su Family being whipped by Ba Zihu's men and herded away like pigs. The wails of Mrs. Xun and Su Xiaodie, mother and daughter, could be heard throughout the half of the village. Su Liang just stood on the opposite bank of the river and watched coldly until they were out of sight, then she turned around and left. Bai Xiaohu ran over again, stood in front of Su Liang, and patted his chest, "My grandma asked me to check if you were still here; she was afraid you might have been taken away by Hu Er from the town as well!" Su Liang smiled slightly, "Thanks for your concern, I'm fine." Bai Xiaohu then ran away again in smoke. When Su Liang returned to the courtyard, she saw Ning Jing sitting by the window, holding a book; his side profile was as beautiful as a painting. Just as she was about to head into the kitchen to see

what she could prepare for lunch, she heard Ning Jing calling her. As she sat down, Su Liang already had a guess about what would happen next. "You are not Su Liang." Ning Jing's cold gaze fell onto Su Liang's face, without any beating around the bush. Su Liang countered, "Do you know me that well?" Ning Jing shook his head, "I don't need to. If you had always been like this, there's no way you would have been trapped by that family." Su Liang's delicate eyebrows twitched slightly, unable to refute him. "The original Su Liang is dead," Ning Jing stated firmly. Su Daqiang's family had murdered Su Liang just yesterday. This seemed unbelievable, but the woman in front of him was definitely not the frail and bitter girl who had once sought Ning Jing's help. "Yes," Su Liang didn't deny it. She had no wounds on her head, but had suddenly lost all her memory; perhaps she could come up with a reason to fool other people, but she couldn't fool Ning Jing. "How did you become her?" Ning Jing looked confused. But this question itself took Su Liang by surprise. Ning Jing was sure that her body was Su Liang's, but her core had changed. Such a shocking truth, he had detected it when he was at Su Daqiang's house, but he had never shown any signs of surprise. He seemed to be merely curious now? He didn't even act as if he was seeing a ghost in Su Liang, let alone being surprised. Su Liang fell silent. This man was not simple, and the secret of her transmigration would be best kept away from a second person unless they trusted each other, or had sufficient bargaining chips to hold each other in check. "If you want to know my secret, you'll have to exchange it with your biggest secret," Su Liang said calmly. In fact, most of her secret had already been seen through by Ning Jing, the only things left to tell were who she was and how she had transmigrated here. The latter answer was simply "The will of the heavens, beyond human control". Therefore, refusing to talk wouldn't benefit her, she might as well take this opportunity to probe Ning Jing's secrets. "My biggest secret..." Ning Jing's eyes darkened as he fell silent. Su Liang waited until her stomach started to grumble, "If you don't want to tell me, then don't ask me anymore." "When I said that there is darkness in the center of your brows, and you will face a bloody disaster in the near future, I was telling the truth," Ning Jing began. Su Liang looked baffled, "Are you saying...your biggest secret is that you're a real fortune teller?" Is he kidding? Ning Jing, a slight furrow forming on his good-looking brow, asked, "Fortune...teller...what does this mean?" "It doesn't matter." Su Liang shook her head, "Explain why this is your biggest secret." "I've been able to see a cloud of dark mist on the forehead of certain people fated to die since I was a child," Ning Jing said. Su Liang subconsciously touched the center of her own forehead with her finger, "You're saying, you can see? Real dark mist?" Ning Jing nodded, "Yes. Those whom I see with dark mist on their forehead will die undoubtedly within three days. Unless, I intervene." "Wait, can you see any

dark mist on my forehead right now?" Su Liang found Ning Jing's statement quite startling, even more so than the fact of her transmigration to this world. Ning Jing shook his head, "No. I initially thought it was that family trying to kill you. Later, I realized that the dark mist suddenly appearing on your forehead was a sign of your intention to kill them." Su Liang's gaze hardened. At that moment, Ning Jing had looked at her and said that darkness was looming in front of her. It was right when she was planning revenge for the original master. No wonder, Ning Jing had followed her to Su Daqiang's house. Did he think she was going to be killed by that family? What shocked Su Liang even more was, "Not only can you see those about to die, but also the murderers? Is there a difference in the dark mist for both?" Ning Jing shook his head, "No difference." "Did you see the original Su Liang within those three days?" Suddenly, Su Liang remembered this. If Ning Jing had seen the original master within those three days, had there been no dark mist on her forehead? Ning Jing shook his head again, "I'd only seen her once, five days ago, and noticed nothing at that time." "So you mean, whether I want to kill someone or I am about to die, you can foresee it?" Su Liang mused, "The dark mist on my forehead disappeared because I changed my mind. I didn't want that family to die quickly, and because of your timely reminder." "It's not always observable. A High Monk once declared that the dying people I notice are those who are not supposed to die yet and need to be saved. Those intending to kill, whom I notice, are people who shouldn't stain their hands with blood and need to be stopped," Ning Jing said. "So eerie? Did you resolve all cases where you saw the dark mist? Were there any you couldn't save or stop?" Su Liang asked. Was she supposed not to stain her hands with blood? She would rather believe that heaven intended Su Daqiang's family to live and suffer, not die and be set free. Ning Jing sighed almost inaudibly, "Of course there are." "What's your viewpoint regarding this ability of yours? Are you willing to save those irrelevant people?" Su Liang looked at Ning Jing as she asked. Ning Jing was silent again, but when Su Liang thought he wouldn't answer, he shook his head, "I used to feel that it was a shackle. I have no obligation to do anything for irrelevant people. I covered my eyes with a black cloth, preferring to be blind to rebel against so-called fate. Until, my mother left when I couldn't see." Su Liang frowned. She saw sorrow in Ning Jing's eyes, but it was very restrained. "I never saw my mother one last time and don't know if a dark cloud had appeared on her forehead. She left behind a will, asking me not to see myself as a monster. This is a gift from heaven, I ought to make good use of it to ease my conscience. Otherwise, if I can't see the sufferings of the unrelated, I also won't have the chance to foresee the dangers of those who matter," Ning Jing spoke in a low voice. Su Liang thought that Ning Jing's mother was too kind, but her words were correct. If he doesn't use this special

power, he might lose it someday. If he doesn't save a stranger who isn't supposed to die today, he may not be able to help even when he sees a loved one die tomorrow. All gifts from fate come with a hidden price. Perhaps Ning Jing has to save a hundred unrelated people before he has a chance to use his special ability to save a loved one or friend. The former requires a lot of effort. But the latter is priceless. Su Liang thought Ning Jing would confess whether he was a descendant of the rebellious Gu Family, but instead, she learned of a secret she'd never have thought of. Such a handsome man, a real fortune teller, in a good sense. Maybe others would think Ning Jing was crazy after hearing this, but Su Liang who had experienced transmigration did not doubt the authenticity of his words. Just like how Ning Jing, due to his special ability, wasn't surprised about Su Liang's soul transmigration. Since Ning Jing was so candid, Su Liang temporarily let her guard down, "What do you want to ask me?" Ning Jing glanced at the four desserts in front of him, furrowed his brows, and asked with a slight smile, "Can you cook?"