

Rebirth of a Village Girl

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Chapter 61: 060: Our house is not a refugee camp_i

Upon hearing this, Ni Cuihua didn't take the washerwoman's words to heart, instead smiling and saying, "You might be mistaken, I am Ni Dazhu's sister."

The washerwoman didn't say anything more, looking at Ni Cuihua with a complicated expression.

"Mom, let's go knock on the door." Ni Yang looked back towards Ni Cuihua.

"Okay." Ni Cuihua nodded, following Ni Yang forward.

After the mother and daughter left, the yard began buzzing with discussion.

"What do you think that was all about?"

"Who knows! Liu Juan has always been a deep thinker!"

"I think Ni Dazhu is a coward."

"Could he behave so scared of his wife if he wasn't a coward?"

Followed by a round of quiet laughter.

Ni Yang led her mother and sister to the door of room 101 and softly knocked on it.

The door was quickly opened.

"Who is it?" The one who opened the door was a curious-looking girl of about eighteen or nineteen years old, peering at Ni Yang with a smile on her face.

Ni Yang gently smiled, "Cousin Xiangxiang, I am Ni Yang."

Upon hearing this, the smile on Liu Xiangxiang's face immediately disappeared. Her gaze passed over Ni Yang to focus on Ni Cuihua behind her.

Ni Cuihua immediately greeted her with a beaming smile, "Xiangxiang, I'm your aunt!"

Unexpectedly, Liu Xiangxiang not only failed to greet them, but her face suddenly turned cold. She turned around and walked inside impatiently, shouting, "Mom! There are people looking for you!"

Upon seeing this, the smile on Ni Yang's face slowly faded.

It seems, her cousin wasn't particularly welcoming towards them.

Ni Cuihua quickly pulled Ni Yang's hand, whispering, "Xiangxiang is young and doesn't understand, don't mind her, your uncle and aunt will come out in a moment."

Ni Yang nodded slightly, after all, they hadn't come all this way just to see this cousin of hers.

"Who is it?" Liu Juan, who was cutting vegetables in the kitchen, asked.

"Don't know!" Liu Xiangxiang sat down on the sofa to watch TV.

"Didn't you go and open the door? How can you not know?" Liu Juan wiped her hands and walked out of the kitchen.

While eating sunflower seeds, Liu Xiangxiang said, "Why don't you go and see for yourself?" She couldn't be bothered dealing with those poor relatives from the countryside!

Liu Juan walked out with a puzzled expression on her face.

"Sister-in-law! It's me, Culling!" Seeing Liu Juan coming over, Ni Cuihua immediately greeted her with a smile.

"Aunt." Ni Yang followed behind politely saying hello.

Liu Juan was stunned for a moment, then finally reacted and smirked, "Oh, it's you guys! How did you find this place?"

Ni Cuihua said, "I saw my brother on the street, and then asked around until I found this place!"

"Oh." Liu Juan nodded, and then continued, "Well, since you're here, come in and sit for a while."

Ni Yang could tell that Aunt Liu Juan didn't seem very welcoming either, but Ni Cuihua seemed oblivious, following Liu Juan into the house while exclaiming, "Sister-in-law, your home is really beautifully decorated!"

Rural people will always be rural people, look at her behaving like Liu Lao-Lao visiting the Grand View Garden!

Liu Juan glanced at Ni Cuihua, a hint of disdain flashing in her eyes, casually remarking, "Oh, it's nothing, it's a house allocated by the company, we just casually decorated it."

Once they entered the room, Liu Juan looked at Liu Xiangxiang who was cracking melon seeds and yelled, "All you do is crack melon seeds! Go quickly and get the sofa cover I washed yesterday!"

"Such a bother!" Liu Xiangxiang murmured with dissatisfaction, coldly retreating to get the sofa cover.

Liu Juan turned around and looked at Ni Cuihua and her daughter, smiling, "I've been too busy these days, haven't even had time to cover the sofa with a cover. I'm sorry that you two will have to stand for a while."

She covers the sofa when guests come?

This Liu Juan is really interesting.

Ni Yang slightly raised her eyebrows, but didn't say anything. After all, Liu Juan was her elder, and it wouldn't be appropriate for her to say something out of turn.

Ni Cuihua laughed and said, "Not at all tired, just standing here for a while is fine. Don't fuss over me, coming to my brother's house feels just like being at home."

Her own home?

Liu Juan scoffed silently in her mind.

Ni Cuihua really didn't consider herself an outsider.

This was Liu Juan's house. How was it related to Ni Cuihua in the slightest?

She wondered how they even managed to find this place!

Disgusting.

Liu Xiangxiang took out the sofa cover and handed it to Liu Juan, "Here."

Liu Juan quickly covered the sofa and then looked up at Ni Cuihua, smiling, "Please, have a seat."

Ni Cuihua sat down with the child in her arms.

No sooner had Ni Cuihua sat down, Liu Xiangxiang suddenly stood up from the sofa, her eyebrows knitted and her face expressing disgust, "What is this horrible smell? It's unbearable!"

Liu Juan also covered her nose and hinted in a meaningful tone, "Yes! I can smell it, too! How awful! Please open the windows and let some fresh air in."

Ni Cuihua didn't react immediately, instead, surprised she said, "There isn't any smell. I haven't noticed anything." She remembered Liu Juan as a gentle and virtuous woman, so she didn't give it much thought.

When Liu Juan was a "young educated urbanite" sent to work in a small countryside village, she was indeed gentle and virtuous. But now, she was far from the pitiful Liu Juan of those days, no longer feeling the need to suppress her own temperament to please others.

In the words of Feng Shui, fortunes have reversed, and now it's Ni Dazhu's turn to try to win her over!

Liu Juan laughed and said, "The smell is awful, perhaps it's your sense of smell that is off."

Ni Yang knew perfectly well what Liu Juan and her mother were up to, but kept silent to let Ni Cuihua see their true colors and to prevent her from being deceived in the future.

Having gone through so many things, it was about time Ni Cuihua, as a mother, grew up.

"Really?" Ni Cuihua replied, her eyebrows knitted with doubt.

Liu Juan didn't answer directly but instead stood up and said, "Let me pour you a cup of tea."

Ni Cuihua quickly grasped Liu Juan's hand, "I'm not thirsty, sister-in-law, you don't have to trouble yourself."

"Oh." Liu Juan withdrew her hand with a shudder and sat back down on the sofa.

Pouring a cup of tea was really just a casual, offhand suggestion. She hadn't actually planned to do it.

Liu Juan looked at Ni Cuihua and asked, "So when did you three arrive in Beijing? Was it just the three of you? Where are the others? Where's Mu Jinbao? Isn't there an elderly lady at your home too? Did she come with you?"

Concerning this, Ni Cuihua sighed helplessly, "I'm divorced from Mu Jinbao, so Yingzi decided to bring us to Beijing..."

Ni Cuihua was still speaking when Liu Juan stood up in surprise, "Divorced!?"

"Yes." Ni Cuihua nodded.

"So you came to Beijing to rely on us because you divorced Mu Jinbao?" Liu Juan was taken aback, staring at Ni Cuihua in shock.

A divorced woman, with two children in tow. Was she planning to freeload off their family?

Oh God!

The mere thought of it made Liu Juan's scalp crawl. She was now regretting letting them in. She should never have let them step into their house!

What a predicament! Getting rid of them would not be easy!

Ni Cuihua thought that Liu Juan was reprimanding her for not visiting them sooner.

So she quickly explained, "No, sister-in-law, it's a misunderstanding! We didn't know you all lived in Beijing, otherwise Yingzi and I would have come to visit you earlier. Luckily, I bumped into my brother on the street today."

Come visit earlier?

What did she mean by that?

At this moment, Liu Xiangxiang chimed in from the side mockingly, "Our house is not a refugee camp, you know."

Liu Juan immediately turned to Liu Xiangxiang, pretending to scold her, "What kind of language is that, young lady?" She then turned back to Ni Cuihua, smiling, "Xiangxiang's just playing around, don't take it to heart.."

Chapter 62: 061: Do Not Do unto Others What You Do Not Wish for Yourself i

Liu Xiangxiang is her own niece. As an elder relative, how could she possibly feud with her blood-niece?

Ni Cuihua laughed and shook her head, "I don't mind, it's just a child's..." The sentence hanging. She continued, "Sister-in-law, you've been good with my brother for these past years, right?"

Liu Juan nodded, "We're doing alright. But that's mostly thanks to my own younger brother, otherwise, do you think Ni Dazhu could have become a worker just by his own merit? If my brother hadn't pulled some strings for him, he wouldn't have accomplished much of anything!"

Ni Cuihua gave an awkward laugh and changed the subject, "Sister-in-law, are you and my brother both working at the factory now?"

Instead of answering, Liu Juan asked, "Did Yangyang quit school?"

"Yes." Ni Cuihua nodded and confessed with shame, "It's really my failing as a mother. It's been hard on the child..."

Liu Juan continued, "It's really a pity that Yangyang dropped out of school so early. What was her educational background?"

Although Ni Cuihua wasn't sure of Liu Juan's intent, she still answered, "Middle school."

Middle school?

When Liu Xiangxiang heard this, she instantly felt relieved.

Even though she wasn't as pretty as Ni Yang, her educational level was much higher. She was in her senior year of high school, and could take the college entrance exam next year. In the future, she would go to college and marry someone from the city!

No one in the city would want to marry an illiterate like Ni Yang!

By that time, she would rank above Ni Yang, and so would her children and her descendants.

Ni Yang, a bumpkin, was destined only to be a green leaf accentuating the beauty of a flower.

Thinking like this, Liu Xiangxiang felt a great sense of superiority. Her gaze towards Ni Yang became increasingly disdainful.

Liu Juan said with great regret, "All, only middle school! I was thinking of asking my brother to find a way to get Yangyang a job at the factory. But now, the factory only hires those with high school education and above. How did things turn out this way..."

In reality, Liu Juan only wanted to cut Ni Cuihua off.

Ni Yang work in the factory?

Dream on!

Ni Cuihua and her daughter were simply acknowledging their kinship with them because their family had flourished as factory workers!

Such shamelessness.

Want to take advantage of their family?

No chance!

Ni Cuihua laughed and said, "That's alright, sister-in-law. I appreciate your kindness. Actually, I wanted Yangyang to continue studying anyway..." Before Ni Cuihua could finish, the door was opened.

Ni Dazhu, dressed in a worker's uniform, walked in from outside, carrying a slab of meat.

Seeing him, Ni Cuihua got up excitedly, "Brother!"

Ni Dazhu stood there frozen, taking a moment to react. There was no joy that should come from a long-awaited reunion with family on his face, rather, a hint of distaste.

"Cuihua? What... what are you doing here?"

Seeing Ni Dazhu's reaction, Ni Yang knew, this uncle was completely hopeless!

He was no longer the Ni Dazhu from Dam Village.

Ni Cuihua didn't think about it too much and quickly pulled Ni Yang closer, "Yangyang, this is your Uncle, say hello!"

Ni Yang obediently said, "Hello, Uncle."

Ni Dazhu frowned deeply, "Why did you bring the child with you?"

Liu Juan crossed her arms and stood aside, adding a sentence like she was watching a play, "Cuihua divorced Mu Jinbao, so she purposely came to Beijing to seek refuge with you."

Hearing this, Ni Dazhu's face changed instantly, "What?! Divorced?! How could you get divorced? Why did you get divorced? What shameless thing have you done? Mu Jinbao wants to divorce you? How did the Mu family end up with someone like you?"

At these words, Ni Yang frowned slightly, simply observing Ni Dazhu.

As a brother, his first reaction to his sister's divorce was not concern for whether she had been wronged in her married home, but questioning whether she had done something wrong! He even cursed his sister for being a living treasure! Find updated novels on [novelbin\(.\)co/m](http://novelbin(.)co/m)

This brother, he's really too much.

"It's not like that." Ni Cuihua immediately became panicked, crying as she spoke, "Brother, listen to me, it's not like that! I genuinely cannot stay in the Mu family any longer, you don't know, they are simply inhuman, not only wanting to abandon my oldest son, but also planning to marry Yangyang off to a eunuch! To make matters worse, Mu Jinbao brought back an unidentified woman who is carrying his child. How can I continue to live this life when things are like this?"

Ni Dazhu was about to be angered to death by Ni Cuihua!

What, you're not capable enough to keep your own man, and now you've come here to complain to him?

A cast-off shoe, not embarrassed in the slightest.

He had finally started having some good days and he could not let this useless sister drag him down!

Ni Dazhu furiously pointed at Ni Cuihua and shouted, "It's your own fault for being incompetent! Who made you unable to bear a son! You can't bear a son yourself and won't let him find someone else to do so? Do you want to watch the Mu family line die out?"

Ni Cuihua never expected these words to come out of her own brother's mouth. It was different from the sibling recognition she had imagined. With tear-filled eyes she asked, "What about Yangyang? She's still so young, she's only seventeen! Does she deserve to be married off to a eunuch?"

Ni Dazhu coldly replied, "So, what if she gets married? It's the will of the parents and the word of the matchmaker! As a girl, should she not get married and just stay at home living off someone else's earnings?"

"Uncle, you're really good at distorting the truth," Ni Yang spoke with a glowing smile, "I remember correctly, cousin Xiangxiang is a year older than me. The eunuch hasn't taken a wife yet. Since girls are meant to marry sooner or later, why don't you let her marry him?"

“Oh, and,” Ni Yang continued, “Auntie hasn’t given you a son until now either. Are you planning to find another woman to bear you a son? Or have you already found one?”

As she said this, Ni Yang turned her gaze towards Liu Juan.

Ni Yang’s words cut deep. Liu Juan was glaring fiercely at Ni Dazhu, grinding her teeth. She seemed to want to eat Ni Dazhu alive.

No wonder she felt Ni Dazhu had been acting strange recently, it turns out he wanted a son! He was harboring secrets!

The audacity of Ni Dazhu! Wait and see how she dealt with him behind closed doors later!

On the other hand, Ni Dazhu was so angry that his face turned white. It had never occurred to him that Ni Yang would say such things – this disobedient niece, what audacity! She even dared to contradict her own uncle!

But, it was impossible for him to refute any part of her statement.

“Insolent! Insolent! I will beat you to death, you disrespectful wretch!”

Ni Dazhu directly raised his right hand, aiming a slap at Ni Yang’s face.

He was Yangyang’s uncle. Even if he really beat her to death, no one could do anything to him!

This scene scared Liu Xiangxiang into covering her mouth, but her eyes gleamed with a schadenfreude.

Hit her!

I hope he beats this country bumpkin until she becomes disfigured!

Whenever she saw Ni Yang’s beautiful face, she felt nauseous.

How could such a beautiful face be born on Ni Yang? Life is truly unfair.

Whether in terms of background or level of education, she was a hundred times better than Ni Yang. Why was she not even half as beautiful as Ni Yang?

Ni Yang looked at the hand coming towards her with a calm expression on her face. She gently raised her hand, grabbed Ni Dazhu’s wrist and laughed, “Can’t handle it? Didn’t you ever hear the saying, ‘what you don’t wish upon yourself, do not do unto others’.. You can’t even handle this, so what gives you the right to force it onto me and my mother? You really are a great brother, a great uncle!”

Chapter 63: 062: You won't be able to climb high someday! _1

Suddenly, the room was quiet.

So quiet that only breathing could be heard.

All eyes in the room fell on Ni Yang.

No one expected that Ni Yang would easily grab Ni Dazhu's hand, let alone that the country girl would say such words.

She was as composed as if she were not a teenager, let alone a recent arrival from the countryside.

"Let go of me!" Dazhu struggled, but Yang's hand seemed to be an unwavering clamp around his wrist.

If he hadn't experienced it himself, Ni Dazhu wouldn't believe that he was less strong than this little girl.

"Let go of your uncle, you child," Cuihua quickly said as she held her child and walked over to Yang.

Ni Yang gave Ni Cuihua a look, then released his hand.

Ni Dazhu glared at the both of them, pointing to the door and yelled, "Look at the fine daughter you've raised! No wonder the Mu family refused to accept you! Get out of my sight, I don't know you!"

Hearing this, Cuihua panicked and quickly pulled on Yang's arm, "Yangyang, quickly apologize to your uncle. Say sorry." Then she turned to Dazhu saying, "Brother, she didn't do it on purpose, she's still young, don't mind her..."

Cuihua appeared extremely humble.

Her parents were deceased, and all that was left for her was this brother, Dazhu.

As the saying goes, the eldest brother is as one's father.

Whatever Dazhu said, whatever he did, it was for her own good. After all, no brother would harm his own sister.

Liu Xiangxiang held Liu Juan's arm, her gaze filled with disdain, whispered, "Mom, look at her groveling. Do you think she really intends to stay in our house?"

'Cuihua has no shame. Any reputable person would have turned their backs on Dazhu with such treatment, but she goes on to apologize to him. Villagers stay villagers. She has no backbone, for the sake of staying in their house she has abandoned even her dignity.'

"Don't worry," Liu Juan patted Liu Xiangxiang's thigh, "I will absolutely not let this pauper stay in our house."

Liu Xiangxiang nodded, her face full of scornful smile.

"Yang, hurry up and apologize to your uncle!" Seeing Yang says nothing, Cuihua looks like she's about to cry.

Ni Yang looked down at Ni Cuihua, "Mom, can't you see? They don't even want to acknowledge you as a sister, let alone welcome us!"

Upon hearing this, Ni Cuihua quickly interjected, "Yang Yang, don't talk nonsense!" She then turned to Ni Dazhu and Liu Juan, explaining, "Brother, sister-in-law, that's not what Yang Yang meant. Please don't misunderstand..."

Ni Yang had nothing to say.

She never imagined that Cuihua would still not see the true colors of Dazhu's family, even as things had escalated to this point.

Liu Juan stepped forwards with a smile.

"Since we're talking about this now, I have to clarify something. Cuihua, you and Dazhu aren't real siblings. You don't share any blood relationship. You're just an orphan who Dazhu's dad picked up. If you really are his sister, why wouldn't we welcome you? But you are not! And now Dazhu has married into the Liu family, he has even less to do with you. If you have any shame, you should leave our house. Go, before we call the police and things get ugly."

Liu Juan's words were hit like a thunderbolt on a clear day, striking right at Ni Cuihua. Cuihua just stood there, unable to react for a long time.

Ni Yang was taken aback as well. She never expected that her mother and Ni Dazhu did not share any blood relation...

No wonder Ni Dazhu was such a despicable man, while Cuihua had no trace of deceit.

Plus, they did not share any noticeable resemblance.

After learning this, Ni Yang inexplicably felt relieved.

It took a moment for Ni Cuihua to look up at Ni Dazhu, and then, disbelief colored her tone. "Brother..."

Ni Dazhu's expression gradually went calm. "Liu Juan is right, I'm not your brother, you're nothing but an unwanted wild child. Leave now and don't come back pretending to be family!"

"Brother..." Ni Cuihua was reluctant to accept this reality and stared at Ni Dazhu.

"I told you, I'm not your brother! When will you get it?" Ni Dazhu glared at Ni Cuihua. "Don't think I don't know what you're planning. You think you can free-load off my family? Dream on!"

Ni Cuihua clung onto Ni Dazhu's arm, weeping. "Brother, tell me this isn't true. You're my brother, right? You're my brother..." Visit www.v3l.com for new *novels*

Ni Dazhu pushed Ni Cuihua away roughly. "Have you no shame? How could you still insist on this after what I've said? Can't you understand?"

The sound of their quarrel drew a lot of attention, soon, a crowd surrounded them.

"What's going on?"

"Who knows? We just got here."

No matter the era, there will always be rubbernecks.

Seizing the moment, Liu Juan shouted loudly. "Look at her, have you ever seen such a shameless person? Our Dazhu is an only child, his parents died long ago! He doesn't even have a sister. This woman is trying to exploit Dazhu because they grew up in the same village. Now that Dazhu has a job and is making money, she's claiming to be his relative! We can't even get her to leave!"

"Yeah, I thought it was strange too. Dazhu is an only child, yet this woman insists she is his sister. So she's a con artist..."

"I was thinking about it too. She doesn't look like Dazhu at all..."

"My God! How can there be such a shameless person in the world!"

Listening to the murmurs around her, Ni Yang looked at Ni Dazhu and Liu Juan, her red lips parted slightly as she said word by word:

"Remember this, you look down on me now, but one day you won't be able to reach me."

Although her tone was calm, it was imbued with an inexplicable power that resonated deeply.

The crowd looked at each other, their eyes reflecting shock. Though she was just a young girl, she gave off an inexplicable pressure.

With that, Ni Yang held her little sister in one hand and pulled Ni Cuihua with the other. "Mom, let's go!"

Ni Cuihua followed behind Ni Yang, dazed and lost.

Liu Juan laughed at Ni Yang's retreating figure, sneering, "A country bumpkin talking big, aren't you afraid of spraining your waist? If you're really that capable, why did you have to beg us today? You're embarrassing yourself!"

Liu Xiangxiang also giggled, "Exactly, if she's so capable, why did she even come beg us today? 'Too high to reach', huh? She really thinks she's something else, disgusting!"

What would a country bumpkin like Ni Yang be capable of? Maybe she'd only end up cleaning streets in the city!

Maybe she would not even qualify for that!

The lower class will always be the lower class.

*

Ni Yang led Ni Cuihua and her little sister out of the workers' compound. All the way, Ni Cuihua seemed to have lost her soul, Ni Dazhu's icy words echoing in her ears.

She was thirty-six and had just heard about her past from her brother's mouth. For a moment, it was hard to digest this information.

Was she really adopted?

Where are her biological parents now?

Chapter 64: 063: Take Action to Teach a Lesson i

Ni Cuihua was curious about who her real parents were.

So was Ni Yang.

Because in her past life, she remembered foreigners coming to Dam Village in search of their relatives.

They were well-dressed and driving a car, attracting a lot of attention.

But by then, Ni Cuihua had already died, and Ni Yang was confined at home by God. She didn't know much about the outside world and didn't know whether those people looking for relatives were related to Ni Cuihua or not.

Was Ni Cuihua also abandoned because of the preference for boys over girls?

Or was there some other hidden story?

Ni Yang frowned slightly.

The mother and daughter walked together.

When they passed by the guard, he warmly asked, "How come you came out so quickly? Did you find Ni Dazhu?"

Ni Yang smiled and said, "We found the wrong person."

The guard scratched his head, "I was wondering how Ni Dazhu, the only child in his family, had a sister. So you found the wrong person..."

Considering Ni Cuihua's condition, Ni Yang found a restaurant to have a meal while consoling her mother.

After ordering, Ni Yang poured Ni Cuihua a glass of water, "Mom, don't be sad.

Those kinds of people are not worth it! That kind of brother, it's better not to recognize."

Uh-huh." Ni Cuihua nodded with red eyes, but her eyes were filled with sadness.

Ni Yang sighed, continued: "Mom, even if Ni Dazhu doesn't recognize you, you still have me and my sister... Don't worry, one day, I will make them regret what they did today."

As she spoke, Ni Yang's eyes overflowed with self-confidence, surging with radiance.

Ni Cuihua tightly held Ni Yang's hand and nodded, "Yes, mama is not sad, mama is not sad at all."

Ni Yang was right. Ni Dazhu was absolutely ruthless in dealing with things. If she still thought about this brother, then she would be a fool!

In the future, she and Ni Yang will work hard to live a good life together and won't let anyone ridicule them anymore!

Ni Yang continued: "Then you should smile, you know, a smile can shorten ten years of life."

Looking at such a sensible daughter, Ni Cuihua showed a smile.

"That's right," Ni Yang smiled slightly, "Mom, in the future, we don't need to be sad for someone unimportant, just live our lives well. The most important thing is to live in the present, let the past be the past!"

Uh-huh." Ni Cuihua nodded.

After eating, the mother and daughter went to stroll in the department store with the child.

This was Ni Cuihua's first time shopping in such a high-end mall, her eyes full of curiosity.

At this time, the department stores were all state-owned, so the salespeople were quite arrogant, often looking at people with disdain. After all, working in a state-owned company was considered a guaranteed job, which most people couldn't reach.

In the future, the customer is king.

But at this time, it was the salesperson who was king, the customer had to look at their faces.

Seeing Ni Yang and Ni Cuihua dressed in average clothes, and with a child, these salespeople didn't take them seriously. The answers to their questions were dismissive, showing an extreme impatience.

Because these people were obviously country bumpkins from the countryside. Checkk new *novel* chapters at [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

Ni Yang didn't mind, she took Ni Cuihua and chose clothes from one counter to another.

"Mom, I think this one suits you." Ni Yang picked up a matching skirt suit and handed it to Ni Cuihua.

It's a stylish suit, a floral plaid shirt on top and a black skirt below, with a subtle floral pattern on the skirt.

Ni Cuihua quickly waved her hands to refuse, "It's for young girls like you, not suitable for me!"

Ni Yang smiled and said, "Which young girl would wear this? Besides, you're not old, go try it on. This suit really suits you."

Ni Yang pushed Ni Cuihua towards the fitting room.

Just then, a sales assistant who was standing nearby walked up to them, pointing and ordering, "You can't try on this dress! If you try it on, you have to buy it!"

Hearing this, Ni Cuihua immediately put the dress down, scared, "Let's not try it, let's not try it, Yangyang, let's go!"

Ni Yang isn't someone easy to bully — after all, in her previous life, she owned and managed over a hundred restaurants and carried an aura of assertive composure.

Ni Yang smiled at the sales assistant, "Can't try? Can you show me the rule in this store that specifically states this dress cannot be tried on? Also, where is the rule that says if you try on something you must buy it? Or do you mean this department store is owned by your family and you can make up such rules as you like?"

Ni Yang was smiling as she spoke, but the sales assistant couldn't detect any humor in her expression.

How odd!

Although she was just a teenager, her formidable presence felt like a giant ship prevailing against winds and currents.

Ni Yang's lips slightly parted as she said, "Please fetch your supervisor now. I want to know how your supervisor normally trains employees!"

Perspiration broke out in a cold sweat on the sales assistant. She never expected Ni Yang to confront her like this. The usually sharp sales assistant had completely misread Ni Yang.

If their superiors found out about today's incident, she would certainly lose her secure position.

She had thought Ni Yang was just an easy-to-bully hillbilly, but it turned out she was tougher than the spoiled city girls!

"Let's go, Yang Yang, let's leave...." Ni Cuihua stuttered, her voice trembling with fear.

Ni Yang turned to Ni Cuihua, reassuring her softly: "Don't worry, Mom, everyone is equal now."

Ni Cuihua had just arrived from the countryside, carrying an innate sense of insignificance where she felt she was always a step below others, no matter where she was.

Ni Yang secretly made up her mind to help her mother get rid of these obsolete habits and learn to be truly independent and strong.

This is why today's incident definitely needed to be properly resolved, so her mother could face her own worthiness.

Seeing Ni Cuihua so scared, a flicker of contempt ignited in the sales assistant's heart.

Despite Ni Cuihua being an unsophisticated country bumpkin, who could ignore the fact she had such a formidable daughter?

Knowing when to rein in during the troubled times, the sales assistant quickly changed her tune, "Ladies, I apologize for the misunderstanding just now. This dress can indeed be tried on. Please, go ahead."

Ni Yang looked at the sales assistant, her tone even and calm, "I want you to apologize to my mother now."

Her tone was subtle, yet resounding – allowing no room for dispute.

Apologize?

The sales assistant was taken aback, looking at Ni Yang incredulously. She was expected to apologize to a country bumpkin?

How was that possible?

But when she met Ni Yang's clear, icy gaze, she quickly capitulated.

Feigning respect, she turned to Ni Cuihua, "I'm sorry for the misunderstanding, ma'am. Please forgive me." Worried that Ni Yang would not be satisfied, she even gave a deep bow.

Ni Cuihua was dumbfounded to see the sales assistant actually apologizing to her.

She responded somewhat dazedly, "It's... it's okay."

With the apology and the bow given, Ni Yang decided not to stoop to the sales assistant's level.

In the first place, Ni Yang just wanted to peacefully help Ni Cuihua buy some suitable clothes without stirring up trouble. But it was the sales assistant who had ignited the dispute. If she didn't fight back, they might think she was a pushover.

Ni Yang picked up the dress and guided Ni Cuihua to a nearby fitting room.

"Mom, I will wait for you outside."

Ni Cuihua responded helplessly, "You, child..."

The entire scene had been witnessed by a tall and imposing figure.

Going up from the same tall figure, a man in a black suit was revealed. He was wearing a black hat that shrouded his features, making his chiseled jawline the only visible part of his face.

The man exuded an aura of mystery and prestige..

Rebirth of a Village Girl #Chapter 65: 064: Driven by the Times, Directed by the Overall Situation_i - Read Rebirth of a Village Girl Chapter 65: 064: Driven by the Times, Directed by the Overall Situation_i Online - All Page - Novel Bin

Chapter 65: 064: Driven by the Times, Directed by the Overall Situation_i

The man just stood there, the corner of his mouth lifting into a light smile.

Originally, he thought this mother-daughter duo would definitely be at a disadvantage facing the aggressive salesgirl.

To his surprise, a girl who looked only about sixteen or seventeen years old would have such a strong counter-attack. Every word, every sentence, left him dumbfounded and deeply impressed.

Many city-bred girls wouldn't necessarily have her audacity.

Just then, a stocky middle-aged man with a beer belly approached from behind, stood in front of the man, and respectfully said, "This way please."

The man slowly withdrew his gaze and took a step forward.

Although he moved casually, his manner radiating an immense presence. Regardless of where he was, he existed like a king.

As Ni Yang waited by the fitting room for Ni Cuihua, she suddenly noticed a gaze, both measuring and authoritative, looking her way.

Ni Yang glanced back, only to see a tall, imposing figure.

With a stature as towering as a jade tree, even his silhouette was enough to command awe and respect.

Being new to Beijing, she didn't recognize such a high-ranking figure in society. Maybe... she had made a mistake.

Ni Yang casually withdrew her gaze and didn't give it any further thought.

About five minutes later, Ni Cuihua emerged from the fitting room.

Because it was her first time wearing a skirt, she seemed particularly awkward, constantly tugging at the hemline.

Ni Yang looked at her emerging mother and felt a momentary daze.

Indeed, clothes make the man. With this outfit on, Ni Cuihua seemed like a completely different person – her skin was naturally fair, and she had peach blossom eyes that were very similar to Ni Yang's. Added to the dietary and medicinal treatments of the past month which had faded the freckles and wrinkles on her face, she looked like she was in her late twenties. Where did she resemble a thirty-six-year-old woman?

Seeing Ni Yang's stunned expression, Ni Cuihua nervously said, "Yangyang, is it really ugly? I'll take it off right away!" Turning around, Ni Cuihua was about to head back into the fitting room.

"Wait, Mom." Ni Yang immediately stopped her mother.

"What's wrong?" Ni Cuihua looked back, confused.

Ni Yang led Ni Cuihua in front of a mirror, "Take a look yourself."

When Ni Cuihua saw the reflection in the mirror, she was shocked. She had never imagined she could have a day like this.

Everyone has a love for beauty.

Even Ni Cuihua, a married woman, was no exception. At that moment, she found herself overcome by complex emotions.

In all the years of her marriage, this was the first time she wore such a beautiful dress. It truly looked very stunning.

Even more stunning than the red wedding dress she wore on her wedding day.

“Yangyang, is this really me?” Ni Cuihua asked nervously, grasping Ni Yang’s hand.

“Mom, if it’s not you, who could it be?” Ni Yang responded, “You look really stunning in this dress!”

Ni Cuihua stood in front of the mirror, examining her reflection up and down, then said, “It’s beautiful, yes, but it might not be very practical for getting work done.”

Ni Cuihua was a practical woman, always considering the finer details.

Ni Yang laughed and said, “Do you think we’re still in Dam Village? We don’t have to toil in the fields anymore. What heavy work could there possibly be? We’re buying this dress!”

Ni Cuihua looked around the upscale shop with hesitation, “This place is so fancy, the dress must be expensive, right? You’re working hard to earn money. Let’s just forget about it.”

Ni Yang casually replied, “Money is meant to be spent, otherwise it’s just paper. Plus, it’s not that expensive.”

Learning from previous experiences, the salesgirl managed to hide her facial expressions well, even though she still didn’t believe the mother and daughter could afford such a dress. She simply said, “This dress costs 28 yuan.”

28 yuan might just be enough to buy a pound of beef in future.

But in this era, it could cover two months of rent!

A common worker’s monthly wage is only 28 yuan.

Upon hearing this, Ni Cuihua turned pale with fright, “So expensive? Forget it! Forget it!”

The saleswoman knew this would happen. Contempt gradually appeared in her eyes, and she said impatiently, “This is the latest style from Guangguan, of course it’s a bit pricey with such high-quality material. If you don’t want it, I’ll put it away.”

Two paupers!

They can’t afford clothes but still strut around here like big shots.

Disgusting.

Ni Yang gave a faint smile, "We'll take this one, wrap it up."

The saleswoman didn't expect Ni Yang would suddenly say such a thing. The contempt in her eyes quickly turned to astonishment.

Wrap it up?

Is she boasting or serious?

Before the saleswoman could react, Ni Yang casually pointed at a few clothes they had just looked at and said, "We'll also take this one, and this one, wrap them all together."

"You... You want all of them?" The saleswoman nervously swallowed.

Ni Yang nodded slightly, "Yes."

"Yangyang, why are you buying so many?" Ni Cuihua quickly tried to stop Ni Yang.

Ni Yang laughed and said, "We can't have you wearing the same skirt every day, can we?"

Ni Yang had a keen eye for fashion, all the clothes she had just picked out suited Ni Cuihua perfectly.

"But I don't need so many! Besides, these clothes are too expensive. I do have clothes! A single dress costs 28 yuan, so all these clothes must cost nearly a hundred, right? The thought of it alone makes my heart ache," Ni Cuihua remarked.

Ni Yang continued, "It's not that much, it's only four items including this dress."

The clothes they brought from Dam Village were all old and patched up. They were obviously unsuitable for now, so Ni Yang went ahead and bought Ni Cuihua four new outfits.

Besides that dress, the other three were everyday clothes.

"But..." Ni Cuihua was about to say something else but Ni Yang gently pressed her shoulder and said, "Mother! No more buts, we're no longer in Dam Village! Our lives are going to get better, and we can definitely afford a few pieces of clothing."

The saleswoman next to them made a complete attitude flip, asking them very respectfully, "Do you want me to wrap them up for you now?"

Ni Yang glanced at her, "Wrap it." ALL new chapters on [nov\(e\)lbin\(.\)com](http://nov(e)lbin(.)com)

“Alright, please wait a moment.” The saleswoman bowed slightly, smiled sweetly, then turned around to wrap the clothes.

Seeing her like this, Ni Cuihua surprisedly said, “Why did this young lady’s attitude change so fast, just like flipping a book? She was so indifferent just now.”

Ni Yang laughed and said, “Just the way of the world, it’s not her fault.”

“Oh,” Ni Cuihua nodded in a half-understanding way.

The four pieces of clothing cost a total of 108 yuan. Ni Yang willingly took out the money to pay, while Ni Cuihua next to her felt heartache.

She never thought there would be a day when she would spend 100 yuan on clothes...

108 yuan, it’s almost the annual income of the Mu Family!

After buying the clothes, Ni Yang took Ni Cuihua to the lingerie counter.

Bras have existed since 1914, but they just hadn’t been brought to the countryside yet. Ni Yang was already seventeen and still wearing the ancient bellyband, while Ni Cuihua hadn’t even seen a bra before!

Therefore, in the countryside at that time, many women’s breasts began to sag prematurely before they were even thirty years old.

Although Ni Yang had been paying attention to dietary skincare recently, Ni Cuihua’s breasts were already showing signs of sagging. However, with the help of a bra and the dietary skincare, she would definitely have a perfect bust shape!

This was the first time Ni Cuihua had seen a bra and she curiously asked, “Yangyang, what is this?”

Chapter 66: 065: Become stronger, don't hold your daughter back_i

Chapter 66: 065: Become stronger, don't hold your daughter back_i

Seeing Ni Cuihua like this, Ni Yan whispered a few words in her ear.

After Ni Cuihua understood the purpose of these strange clothes, she promptly blushed and felt uncomfortable all over.

“Yangyang, let’s go!” She said.

Ni Yan laughed and said, “Mom, there’s nothing to be embarrassed about.

These days, everyone in the city wears these. Not only can they prevent female diseases, but they also prevent sagging breasts.”

Ni Cuihua still felt a little uncomfortable, “Everyone in the city wears these?”

“Yes.” Ni Yan nodded, pulling Ni Cuihua along, “Mom, you pick a style you like.”

Ni Cuihua’s face turned as red as a boiled shrimp, “Anyway, it’s worn inside, any style will do.”

Seeing Ni Cuihua like this, Ni Yan didn’t make it difficult for her. She picked two styles suitable for young girls and young women, and told the salesperson, “Could we have two pieces each of C and D cup in these styles?”

The C cups were for her and the D cups were for Ni Cuihua.

So, all of Ni Yan’s good genes were inherited from Ni Cuihua. Of course, the dietary therapy she underwent recently also played a role.

Those beauty and health recipes were not consumed for nothing.

As a woman herself, envy couldn’t be hidden in the sales assistant’s eyes when Ni Yan mentioned the sizes.

Who would have thought that such a slender girl had such a full-bodied figure, and she was so pretty, too.

Life is really unfair.

“Four pieces for 98 yuan,” the salesperson continued.

98 yuan?

A small piece of fabric was that expensive!

Ni Cuihua was taken aback, and just as she was about to stop Ni Yan, Ni Yan had already paid.

Ni Yan noticed Ni Cuihua’s concerns and reassured her in a low voice, “Mom, don’t worry. We have money now. We don’t have to be as frugal as before. Our future life will be like flowers blooming, getting better every day.”

Ni Cuihua looked at Ni Yan’s radiant eyes, unconsciously nodding her head.

After buying the underwear, Ni Yan also bought Ni Yun several sets of clothes, and finally shoes; head to toe, inside and out, everything was renewed.

After leaving the department store, Ni Yan took Ni Cuihua to visit some grocery stores, buying some daily necessities.

In the past, Ni Cuihua always stayed in the countryside, with little exposure to the world and a narrow worldview.

Looking at the bustling and prosperous streets of Beijing, Ni Cuihua realized how insignificant she had been. Looking at her excellent daughter beside her, Ni Cuihua secretly decided to be strong in the future and not hold Ni Yan back.

After shopping and returning home, it was already past seven in the evening. There wasn't enough time to cook.

So, Ni Yan cooked a large pot of health porridge. The porridge contained shrimps, greens, lean meat, and diced carrots. It was not only delicious but also had the effect of whitening the skin and enhancing the bust.

While the porridge simmered in the casserole, Ni Yan made several potato pancakes.

After brushing a layer of chili oil on the potato pancake and sprinkling it with sesame and chopped peanuts, the taste of the spicy and fresh pancake paired with the delicious health porridge was simply divine.

Three women effortlessly finished a pot of porridge and more than ten potato pancakes.

The time since Ni Cuihua and her daughter moved here had probably been the happiest for Ni Chenggui since she lost her husband.

In the past, every time she returned from work, she would find cold pots and stoves. So, she didn't want to leave work and didn't want to go home.

Now, the thing she looked forward to the most was getting off work every day.

Ni Cuihua and Ni Yan, although not her relatives, made her feel a sense of home.

After dinner,

Ni Cuihua showed Ni Chenggui the new clothes they bought on the street today.

With such a good daughter as Ni Yang, Ni Cuihua wished to share her happiness with everyone in the world.

Ni Chenggui said with a smile: "These clothes are really beautiful. Not only is your daughter Yangyang a good cook, she also has a great taste in clothes."

Ni Cuihua reproached, "All she knows is to spend money!"

Ni Chenggui patted Ni Cuihua's back, "With such a sensible daughter, all you have to do is hide under the covers and smile."

Hearing this, Ni Cuihua squinted her eyes in amusement.

Yes, in her lifetime, having Ni Yang as her daughter was indeed a blessing.

If it weren't for Ni Yang, she would still be struggling in Dam Village.

**

The next day, Ni Yang was back at her stall selling noodles as usual.

Unlike other days, there wasn't a long queue in front of the stall today; only a few scattered people, including Li Gongcheng, were standing there.

"Xiaoni, you're here." Upon seeing Ni Yang coming, Li Gongcheng greeted her with a smile.

"Good morning, Mr. Li." Ni Yang bowed slightly.

"Good morning," Li Gongcheng continued, "Oh, by the way, Xiaoni, there's something I want to discuss with you."

Ni Yang said while tending to the stove, "Please say, Mr. Li."

After yesterday's incident, Li Gongcheng had completely dispelled his immature thoughts about Ni Yang. ALL new chapters on [nov\(e\)lbin\(.\)com](http://nov(e)lbin(.)com)

He deeply understood that this young girl was not an average person, and not someone a small-timer like him could trifle with.

Li Gongcheng was mentally preparing how to tactfully explain his intention to Ni Yang.

"Well, our family's elderly lady really enjoys your noodles, but as the elderly need a more balanced diet, could you bring some appropriate food for her every morning?"

After saying this, Li Gongcheng continued, "We can negotiate the price; as long as she likes it!"

Ni Yang thought for a moment, then said, "Okay, I'll give it a try. It's too late for today, come earlier tomorrow to collect it."

Li Gongcheng was surprised that Ni Yang agreed so quickly: "Doesn't that mean, Xiaoni, you agree?"

It was just yesterday that she refused to be a cook even when Mr. Song offered her a high salary.

Why did she agree so quickly today?

Li Gongcheng thought that Ni Yang was going to negotiate some conditions with him.

Ni Yang nodded, "Well, I'll give it a try, but I'm not sure if your elderly lady will like what I make."

It's absurd to refuse a chance to make money!

After all, making a dish isn't that difficult.

Moreover, it's different from a regular nine-to-five job.

"Sounds good," Li Gongcheng handed Ni Yang a large union, "here's the deposit. So it's settled then, Xiaoni. I'll come and collect it tomorrow morning! If the elderly lady likes it, Mr. Song said he'll pay you a hundred yuan each month, the main point is to let the elderly lady eat well!"

"Fine." Ni Yang nodded slightly.

Li Gongcheng continued, "Now, can you make three bowls of noodles, as usual." After saying this, Li Gongcheng suddenly realized something was strange and asked, "Did I come too early? Why isn't anyone queuing today?"

Ni Yang was also puzzled.

Just then, a middle-aged woman who came for noodles arrived, "Boss, make me a bowl of noodles."

"Okay." Ni Yang replied.

After Ni Yang responded, the middle-aged woman said, "Boss, can the noodles be cheaper, the pickle fish noodles over there are only two and a half yuan a bowl, while yours are three yuan!"

Chapter 67: 066: Is she playing hard to get? _1

Chapter 67: 066: Is she playing hard to get? _1

Ni Yang had known all along that after her Sour Fish Noodle Soup became popular, imitators would appear. However, she didn't expect them to turn up so quickly.

She was watching the middle-aged woman trying to haggle.

With a smile, Ni Yang said, "I'm sorry, comrade, this is a small business, I can't lower the price any further."

The imitator's Pickled Fish Noodles had just come out and it was also 5 cents cheaper per bowl. Naturally, everyone would choose the newcomer, seeking novelty and cheaper prices.

The appearance of the imitator had its pros and cons for Ni Yang.

The advantage was that the quality difference would be highlighted only in comparison.

Ni Yang was now using a secret recipe for the pickles and the chili, the imitator could never replicate the exact same taste. Ni Yang was still full of confidence in her own skills.

The disadvantage was that they had taken over most of her business this morning.

Hearing this, the middle-aged woman found a place to sit down and continued, "If the queue wasn't so long over there, I would have eaten there. Make me a bowl first!"

Ni Yang smiled and said, "Alright, please wait a moment."

Li Gongcheng was looking at Ni Yang, thinking that this girl was getting more and more interesting. Even when her business was being taken away, she was still so calm and collected.

Wasn't she worried at all?

Though she was just a teenager, she was doing work that many adults couldn't handle.

Ni Yang served up the boiled noodles.

At this time, a few more customers came to eat noodles, "Little boss, three bowls of noodles, please add extra chili and cilantro, no vinegar."

“Alright, please wait a moment.” Ni Yang replied with a smile.

Although there weren't as many customers lined up as before, the five small tables were never left empty.

The customers kept coming and going.

After all, quality was something that couldn't be overlooked, Ni Yang still had many loyal old customers!

Ni Yang was constantly busy in front of her stall. All *newest chapters on*
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She was wearing a light blue shirt on the top, and black wide-legged pants on the bottom. Although her clothes looked 'rustic', she was elegantly radiating a classical beauty.

Light blue is a very picky color and it won't look good on people with slightly dark skin. Worn poorly, it could even create a reverse effect.

Usually, colors compliment people, but in Ni Yang's case, it was the person who complimented the color. The light blue seemed to be born specifically for her, making her already fair skin even more nearly translucent.

The rising steam blurred her face, rendering her jade-like features vague and elusive, which added to her mysterious beauty, as though she were in a fairyland.

A black car was parked not far away, and the man sitting in the car had thin lips tightly pressed, silently watching the scene.

He was holding a file in his hand, and his cold face was almost expressionless.

After a while, he lightly opened his thin lips and spoke in a low voice, “How long has she been setting up a stall here?”

“It's been over a month.” The driver Xiaozhao respectfully answered.

“Over a month?” Mo Baichuan slightly narrowed his eyes and continued asking, “Has she been setting up a stall and selling noodles for this whole month?”

The driver Xiaozhao nodded, “Yes.” After he spoke, he added, “According to my investigation, business seems to be quite good, people are lining up every morning...just don't know what happened this morning.”

Saying this, Xiaozhao strangely scratched his head.

Listening to this, Mo Baichuan didn't say anything. He furrowed his brows tightly, his eyes pitch black, deep as the sea.

He prided himself on being adept at reading people, but he just couldn't figure out this Ni Yang.

According to the investigation, Ni Yang was never married. Instead, she escaped from Dam Village with her wit and arrived at Beijing.

So, did she choose Beijing because of him?

From the first time they met, to the second time, and then the third time, was it all part of her plan?

The fact that she could make herself comfortable in Beijing implied that she was certainly not an ordinary person.

Mo Baichuan's gaze deepened.

"By the way, Master, I also found out that Master Song seems quite interested in her too," Xiaozhao added.

"Speak." Mo Baichuan pulled a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. After lighting one up and holding it at the corner of his mouth, the thin lips lightly clasping the cigarette, his exhale and inhale was inexplicably sexy.

What on earth made Song Beicheng interested in her?

The little girl was young, but she was quite capable.

Mo Baichuan slowly exhaled a beautiful smoke ring.

Xiaozhao carefully chose his words, then continued, "The noodle dish that the old lady recently enjoys the most is bought from Ni Yang."

"Is it her?" Mo Baichuan was taken aback, a flash of doubt in his eyes.

Xiaozhao nodded. "Moreover, Master Song tried everything he could to employ Ni Yang at a high salary, but he didn't succeed. I heard from Xiaoli that he even raised the monthly salary to over 50,000! He even let Ni Yang name a price, but none of these moved her."

This is interesting!

A monthly salary of over 50,000, what does this signify?

It signifies instant wealth!

Generally speaking, no one can resist such magnificent wealth.

Ni Yang must be selling noodles for the money!

So why would she refuse Song Beicheng? Why refuse this enormous wealth?

Unless, she has set her sights even higher.

Isn't there a saying?

The most beautiful things often carry deadly poison.

Mo Baichuan narrowed his eyes, which were as black and deep as a phoenix's. After a moment, he gently moved his gaze from Ni Yang and said, "Let's go, we'll go back."

After all, Ni Yang is just a woman. No matter how she tried, she couldn't move his mountain!

Moreover, Song Beicheng is not a fool. He's experienced in the world of romance, if Ni Yang targeted him, she would only end up empty-handed, losing both her body and heart.

However, Mo Baichuan was looking forward to seeing what Ni Yang would do next.

For now, he just needs to wait and watch.

When the time is right, he will personally strip away her beautiful facade.

The car sped fast, raising a cloud of dust.

**

Mo Family.

Two elderly women with white hair were sitting in Mo Hudie's room.

One was the old lady Mo.

The other one was old lady Mo's old friend, old lady Zheng from the Zheng family.

The two elderly women looked at Mo Hudie lying in bed, their eyes filled with heartache and sadness.

Poor Mo Hudie, such a small child, suffered from illness every day, and she had already become a bag of bones.

Old lady Zheng asked in a low voice, "Aruan, you mentioned earlier that there's a famous doctor in Jiangnan who might be able to cure Xiaodie's illness. How's it going? Has the doctor come to see her?"

Hearing this, old lady Mo sighed, "The famous doctor is too arrogant, refusing to treat anyone from the Mo or Yang families. I've already asked a friend to help, we should have news soon."

The friend that lady Mo mentioned was Li Xianxian.

Li Xianxian also promised her that she would definitely convince the Divine Doctor from Jiangnan.

Now, all of Old lady Mo's hope was on this rumored Divine Doctor.

Hearing this, old lady Zheng nodded.

At that moment, Mo Hudie slowly woke up on the bed.

The first thing she said after opening her eyes was, "Grandma, did Guobao come to see me these days?"

Chapter 68: 067: Filial piety, the daughter who was lost for 33 years

Chapter 68: 067: Filial piety, the daughter who was lost for 33 years

Because of her long-term illness, Mo Hudie only had one good friend, Yang Guobao.

Furthermore, no parent would wish for their child to hang around with a sickly kid.

What if their child caught whatever she had?

Previously, Yang Guobao would come to see her every few days.

But now, if her memory served her, Yang Guobao hadn't come to see her in more than a month.

Could it be that Yang Guobao had already...

At this thought, Mo Hudie's expression darkened.

Grandma Mo continued, "Didn't I tell you? Guobao was taken to the countryside by his mother, and he hasn't returned yet..."

"Will Guobao come back?" Mo Hudie asked again.

This question was a bit difficult for Grandma Mo to answer.

Yang Guobao had been taken away by Wang Meifeng for over a month now, and they had not received any news. Who could be sure about the situation?

Old Lady Zheng interjected, "Haven't the Yang family thought of bringing back Wang Meifeng and her son?"

If the daughter-in-law was wrong, that was her problem, but their grandson was still their descendant. Would they just leave him stranded without a care?

Grandma Mo said, "Guobao's grandma is also very stubborn. She's still waiting for Wang Meifeng to admit her mistake. If Wang Meifeng doesn't acknowledge it, the Yangs won't actively bring them back!"

After saying this, Grandma Mo continued, "But this is really Wang Meifeng's fault. She's a college student, yet she was tricked by a teenager. Isn't it laughable?"

Old Lady Zheng pondered, "Maybe, that young girl has got some skills?"

Grandma Mo replied, "Old sister, we've lived for so many years. Have you seen a teenaged divine doctor? Especially a female one?"

No need to mention several!

Even one, she had not seen.

Moreover, all the historical divine doctors in China were men. When did a little girl become one?

Old Lady Zheng laughed, "You're right."

The two old sisters chatted casually for a while. Mo Hudie lay in her bed, listening. After a while, she fell asleep.

Old Lady Zheng held Mo Hudie's hand, her expression difficult to decipher.

After a half a while, she muttered, "If I hadn't lost Tingting back then, perhaps her child would be as old as Xiaodie by now. It's all my fault. I'm useless..."

Her voice was filled with sadness and regret.

Just then, a figure rushed past the door. ALL new chapters on [nov\(e\)lbin\(.\)com](http://nov(e)lbin(.)com)

The figure didn't go far but hid in a corner, listening to the conversation inside.

Hearing this, Grandma Mo sighed, comforting: "Aqing, it's not your fault about what happened back then. Don't be too hard on yourself! Now you have Lingling, don't you? Lingling is sensible and filial, and she gave you an outstanding granddaughter. It's as if they were your own."

Old Lady Zheng croaked:

"But Tingting is my daughter, who I carried for nine months and gave birth to. She was only three when she went missing. If she's still alive, she'd be thirty-six this year. If I weren't so useless as a mother, she could have enjoyed a happy life. But now, I don't even know whether she's alive..."

Even though Old Lady Zheng had adopted a girl who had children of her own, she couldn't help but miss her biological daughter.

After all, she was her own child she carried for nine months. How could she just forget?

"Don't worry, Aqing," Grandma Mo patted Old Lady Zheng's hand, comforting: "Tingting was a blessed child. She must be living well now. Maybe it won't be long before you can reunite."

Mrs. Zheng was choked up with emotion, her voice barely a whisper.

Thirty-three years had passed, and she had never stopped searching for her daughter, but there had been no sign of her to this day.

In her heart, Mrs. Zheng had a feeling about what might have happened, but she was unwilling to accept the reality.

Mrs. Mo watched Mrs. Zheng, who was drowning in sorrow, without knowing how to comfort her.

Only someone who has lost a daughter can truly understand this pain.

At this moment, they heard slight footsteps at the door.

Then came a knock.

Mrs. Zheng quickly wiped the tears from her face.

"Come in," said Mrs. Mo.

A girl of about seventeen-eighteen walked in with a tray. "Grandma, Grandma Mo."

Mrs. Mo looked up, her face brightening. "Xianjing has come."

"Xianjing." Seeing Zheng Xianjing, a smile crept onto Mrs. Zheng's face.

Even though Xianjing was the child of her adopted daughter Zheng Lingling, Mr. and Mrs. Zheng loved their granddaughter dearly and indulged her in every way. They had even discussed that if they couldn't ever find their biological daughter, they would leave all their legacy to Zheng Xianjing once they passed away.

Even if they did find their biological daughter in the future, she would still give half the inheritance to Zheng Xianjing.

Moreover, Zheng Xianjing was an excellent student. At only eighteen, she'd already been admitted to a prestigious university and was studying finance and management.

"Grandma Mo, I borrowed your kitchen for a bit and made some mung bean soup. This is your bowl, and this is for my grandma." As Xianjing spoke, she handed over the bowls of mung bean soup with both hands to the two elderly women.

Mrs. Mo joked: "Xianjing, you divided these so clearly, I hope you didn't put something extra in your grandma's bowl to make it taste better than mine?" Xianjing, taken aback, replied: "My grandma has a bit of a headache, so I added a little bit of herbal medicine to her mung bean soup."

On hearing this, Mrs. Mo was surprised and said, "Xianjing, did you prepare these two bowls of mung bean soup separately?"

"Hmm." Zheng Xianjing nodded.

"Xianjing, you really are so considerate." Mrs. Mo took Xianjing's hand, nodding in agreement, "Your grandma is so lucky to have a respectful and caring granddaughter like you in this life."

Making two separate bowls of mung bean soup might seem like a small thing, but the thoughtfulness involved was exceptional. The preparation itself was straightforward, but making them separately would have been quite bothersome. Many biological grandchildren perhaps wouldn't have the patience for such a lavish display of affection.

Respectful and caring?

On hearing this, a scoffing smile flickered in Xianjing's eyes.

She was indeed very affectionate.

But all her affection had gone to the dogs.

She treated Mrs. Zheng so well, but Mrs. Zheng was still hung up on her biological daughter who had probably been dead for centuries now.

Naturally, blood is thicker than water!

How could she, a granddaughter borne out of an adopted daughter, ever compare to a biological child?

A mocking smile crossed Zheng Xianjing's heart, but she didn't let it show as she modestly said: "Grandma Mo, I'm not as good as you say I am, this is just what any granddaughter should do."

Mrs. Zheng looked at her excellent and understanding granddaughter and said, "Xianjing is just like her mother, always respectful and loving ever since she was a child."

Upon hearing this, Mrs. Mo nodded in agreement, "Indeed, Lingling is also a respectful child, our Xianjing takes after her mother."

Feeling slightly embarrassed, Xianjing said: "Oh, grandmas, you're teasing me again. Please try the mung bean soup. It's refreshing and helps drive out the heat in the summer, and also helps detoxify.."

Chapter 69: 068: It's not easy for us to have a good life!_i

Chapter 69: 068: It's not easy for us to have a good life!_i

The taste of the mung bean soup was mediocre.

Nevertheless, out of respect for Zheng Xianjing's effort, the two elders gulped down the soup in one go.

"Grandma, let me wipe your mouth." Zheng Xianjing handed over a clean handkerchief in a timely manner.

Elder Lady Mo teased from the side: "Indeed, a biological grandmother is a biological grandmother. Look at her, handing bowls and offering handkerchiefs. Me, a stranger, cannot enjoy such a privilege."

Biological grandmother?

There was a cold sneer in Zheng Xianjing's heart.

Elder Lady Zheng never treated her as a biological granddaughter.

This appellation was truly ironic!

Zheng Xianjing remarked with a smile, "Granny Mo, once Xiaodie is better, she will definitely be even more filial than me."

Of course, Elder Lady Mo liked hearing this comment.

She also firmly believed that Mo Hudie would definitely recover.

It had to be said, Zheng Xianjing was indeed a pleasing person, she knew how to win the favor of the elderly.

In fact, since the day her mother had informed her that she and Elder Lady Zheng did not share any blood relation, she had started being cautious, afraid of offending these two elders with her words or actions.

Therefore, her obedient and considerate behavior over these years was all a facade.

Because she had to please these two elders of the Zheng family, only then would she have the chance to inherit everything from the Zheng family.

However, today, upon hearing Elder Lady Zheng's words, she felt an unprecedented threat.

From Elder Lady Zheng's words, it was not difficult to deduce that all these years they had been searching for that lost biological daughter, it was just that they had never found her.

But what if...

What if one day they did find her?

What would their family do then?

Therefore, she must find a way to make the elderly couple of the Zheng family draft their will sooner than later.

Otherwise, she would never be able to rest easy.

All that the Zheng family owned was hers!

Why should she have to give it all away?

Thinking of this, a faint light flashed in Zheng Xianjing's eyes.

At this moment, the door was pushed open once again.

A kind-faced middle-aged woman walked in from outside the door.

“Mom, Auntie Mo.”

“Lingling is here,” Elder Lady Mo greeted with a broad smile.

The person who came was none other than Elder Lady Zheng’s adopted daughter, Zheng Lingling.

As soon as Zheng Lingling arrived, she stood behind Elder Lady Zheng, massaging her shoulders.

Elder Lady Mo praised her non-stop, saying how filial Zheng Lingling was.

Zheng Xianjing continued, “My mom is massaging grandma. Grandma Mo, let me massage you. I have recently learned a new massage technique.”

As Zheng Xianjing spoke, she began to massage Elder Lady Mo.

Elder Lady Mo was so pleased that her mouth curled up in a smile.

This mother-daughter duo massaged the elders quietly, not disturbing their conversation.

Elder Lady Mo, under Zheng Xianjing’s massage, blissfully closed her eyes.

As if suddenly reminded of something, Elder Lady Zheng asked: “Aruan, how has your sixth child been lately?”

At these words, a glint of light flashed across Zheng Xianjing’s usually tranquil gaze.

Elder Lady Mo closed her eyes and said disappointedly, “Still the same, entirely useless.”

Elder Lady Zheng let out a sigh, “All your children are so talented, it’s just the sixth one who...” who has turned out to be utterly good-for-nothing?

Elder Lady Mo had a total of six children.

Five sons and one daughter.

The ‘sixth one’ mentioned by Elder Lady Zheng, was Elder Lady Mo’s youngest son, and also the son causing her the most worry. ALL new chapters on [nov\(e\)lbin\(.\)com](http://nov(e)lbin(.)com)

Each of the other five children of the Mo family, including grandson Mo Baichuan, were influential figures in Beijing.

This sixth child, he is the least impressive of the Mo Family.

Well, him.

He never went to college.

Never held a job.

Even now, he's still an idle drifter.

He basically just eats and waits for death, wandering around, often not returning home for several months, even a year.

Because of this, he's become a joke among the aristocratic circles in Beijing.

"Ugh, don't even mention him!" Lady Mo sighed irritably. "That boy is such a headache!"

Lady Zheng patted Lady Mo's hand, consoling her, "Don't worry too much about it, everyone grows and develops at their own pace."

"Forget it," muttered Lady Mo scornfully, "I've given up on hoping he'll make anything of himself in my lifetime!"

Mrs. Zheng glanced at her daughter's expressions quietly; she has been observing for a while now. Each time they mentioned this disrespectful sixth child of the Mo Family, her daughter, Zheng Xianjing seems a bit off.

Although this good-for-nothing sixth child of Mo Family doesn't possess much talent, he is indeed blessed with good looks.

It couldn't be, her daughter, has taken a liking to the worthless Sixth of Mo Family?

Zheng Lingling faintly felt worried...

Her daughter should aim to marry someone of Song Beicheng's or Mo Baichuan's status, not end up with the incompetent sixth of Mo Family!

No way!

She had to banish this absurd idea from her daughter's mind immediately.

Therefore, during lunch, Zheng Lingling finally found a chance to talk to her daughter privately.

“Xianjing,” Zheng Lingling called out to Zheng Xianjing.

“What’s the matter, mom?” Zheng Xianjing turned back.

With a hushed voice, Zheng Lingling asked, “Your mom wants to know, have you fallen for the Sixth of Mo Family?”

Zheng Xianjing replied a bit awkwardly, “No.”

“No?” Zheng Lingling narrowed her eyes. “Xianjing, you’re my daughter. I can tell what you’re thinking. Listen to me, you must quit this absurd idea right now! If you have time, put in more efforts towards Song Beicheng or Mo Baichuan! Either one of them would be a thousand times better than that Sixth of Mo Family!”

Finishing her words, Zheng Lingling continued sincerely, “Xianjing, your mother struggled to make a life like this. I hope you can always stay on top of the world. That sixth of Mo Family, all he knows is to ask for money from his family, what can he possibly provide you?”

Zheng Xianjing obediently nodded her head, “Okay, mom. I understand.”

Of course, she wants to stay on top!

In fact, she wants to be at the very top!

It’s just that there are certain things she doesn’t feel comfortable discussing with her mother.

Just when Zheng Lingling was about to say something else, Zheng Xianjing preempted her. “Oh mom, I heard something today.”

“What was it?” Zheng Lingling quickly asked.

Zheng Xianjing continued, “I heard that old woman has been secretly looking for her biological daughter for years. I’m worried...”

Zheng Lingling frowned severely, “Those two troublemakers! I’ve been nothing but good to them, and they still treat us as outsiders. Xianjing, don’t worry. As long as your mom’s here, I won’t let anyone take anything that belongs to us!”

With her mother’s very promise, Zheng Xianjing felt relieved.

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Over on Yurtist Road’s morning market.

Probably because the market was not bustling today, Ni Yang only managed to sell all of her 500 bowls of noodles around noon.

After cleaning up her stall, she rode her bicycle to the Vegetable Market.

On the way, she conveniently passed by the newly opened Sour Fish stall.

It was approaching lunchtime, not only was the place filled with noodle eaters, but there was also a long queue forming.

But what surprised her more was the owner of this stall.

The person wasn't someone else; it was Zhu Yonghong's mother, Sun Chunxiang, who was arrested a month ago.

With Zhu Yonghong still in jail, Sun Chunxiang had a middle-aged man helping her who bore a look similar to Zhu Yonghong. She assumed that this man was Zhu Yonghong's father.

What an interesting family.

The daughter hires thugs to destroy the competition, while the parents directly turn into copiers.

When she noticed that Ni Yang passed by this place, Sun Chunxiang kept her head high and called out with a triumph in her voice, "Come on everybody, delicious Pickled Fish Noodles! Just 0.25 yuan a bowl! Only 0..25 yuan a bowl!"

Chapter 70: 069: Encounter Again (First Subscription, Ten Thousand Words Chapter, Seeking Support) !

Chapter 70: 069: Encounter Again (First Subscription, Ten Thousand Words Chapter, Seeking Support) !

Sun Chunxiang was deliberately flaunting in front of Ni Yang. ALL new chapters on [nov\(e\)lbin\(.\)com](http://nov(e)lbin(.)com)

Isn't it just a bowl of pickled fish noodles?

Who can't make that?

Ni Yang is just a lowly wench!

Previously, not only did she steal their business, she even caused her daughter to get arrested!

It didn't matter that Zhu Yonghong was taken in, what mattered was it affected her son who was in college.

Now, her son has been forced to suspend school and is under investigation at home.

She had no idea when her son could return to campus.

Their family had been farmers for three generations, never producing anyone successful. They finally had a golden phoenix, only to be ruined by Ni Yang, that wench!

If it weren't for Ni Yang, would such a disaster have happened?

For a moment, Sun Chunxiang wished she could bite Ni Yang to death.

However, she has now taken her revenge—successfully taking away all of Ni Yang's customers—it was obvious that Ni Yang hadn't sold a single bowl of noodles this morning.

Ni Yang can still smile now.

But she's probably going to cry tomorrow morning!

Cheap hussy, serves you right!

Thinking about it, Sun Chunxiang became even more self-satisfied.

Ni Yang appeared unaffected, ignoring Sun Chunxiang.

It wasn't pride, but rather that the taste of Sun Chunxiang's pickled fish stank. Even if sold cheaply, it wouldn't keep many customers, except for a few bargain hunters.

Those who truly care about taste won't be returning customers.

After all, whether it's the pickling of the fish, the chilli, or even the sour vegetable in Ni Yang's pickled fish noodles, there's a secret recipe involved.

Sun Chunxiang was simply running out of tricks.

Why should she lower herself to the same level as such people?

As it turns out, she should really be thanking Sun Chunxiang.

After all, only the inferior can highlight the superior.

Isn't there an old saying?

Often imitated, never surpassed!

Ni Yang arrived at the vegetable market, bought some vegetables, meat, fruits, and about a dozen fish, tied them all on the bike, and just as she was about to ride back, she saw some trendy young men and women, each holding a can of Jianlibao energy drink.

Jianlibao is a kind of soft drink unique to this era.

Soft drink?

Ni Yang thought for a moment and suddenly had an idea.

At this time, a bottle of Jianlibao was quite expensive and most families couldn't afford it. However, an iced Jianlibao did have a great effect on beating the heat.

Now, it was summer. Many customers would be sweating and wanting to quench their thirst after eating halfway through a bowl of pickled fish noodles.

Customers who spend thirty cents for a bowl of noodles certainly won't spend over one yuan for Jianlibao or DaBaiShi fruit flavored carbonated drinks to quench their thirst.

So, she could use other beverages instead of a carbonated drink.

As long as it tastes good, sells at a cheap price, and matches well with pickled vegetable noodles, it will surely sell well.

Ni Yang's eyes narrowed, a glint of light sparkling beneath them as she immediately turned her bike around and headed the other way.

On the way, she passed Li Dongliang's shop.

Li Wei was away at school.

The people in the shop today were Li Dongliang and his wife, Qian Jinfeng.

The couple was chatting about something at the shop's entrance.

Seeing Ni Yang riding over, Li Dongliang greeted her with a smile, "Yangyang, how come you're back again?"

He noticed some fresh grass carp hanging on the back of Ni Yang's bike. Could it be that this girl's business was really that good?

That doesn't seem right.

A young girl like her, how can she possibly cook something delicious?

Moreover, it's fish, something everyone dislikes.

Perhaps she was just making it seem like her business was good to avoid being made fun of.

But why...

What's the purpose of her doing this?

Li Dongliang narrowed his eyes as his gaze swept over Ni Yang's face.

Although Ni Yang was illiterate and quite plainly dressed, there was no denying that her face was truly striking. He had seen many people while doing business every day, but he had never seen anyone as beautiful as Ni Yang.

Could it be...

Li Dongliang suddenly thought of his son, Li Wei.

His son was quite good-looking, and not only was he a high school student, he would be a college student in the future, his future was limitless.

Li Dongliang realized it all of a sudden, Ni Yang's ambitions were indeed high, daring to set her sights on his son.

Thinking about it, when Li Dongliang looked at Ni Yang there was caution in his eyes.

His son was so accomplished, he did not have to worry about finding a good wife in the future.

Moreover, it's said that marriages should be matched in social and economic status. Someone like Ni Yang, trying to marry up, was not suitable for his son at all..