

# MY DEMON HUSBAND IS A SNAKE

## Chapter 4: High Fever

My scalp tightened, and my body stiffened, making it impossible for me to sleep.

Suddenly, my abdomen twitched and contracted.

My fingers involuntarily touched my flat abdomen.

Could it be... fetal movement...?

A cold wind swept through.

A dark shadow appeared beside my bed, casting itself down, sending chills through my body and startling me, "Who? Who is it?"

Someone leaned close to my ear, chuckling softly, "Just a broken box, you think that can trap me?"

"Don't... don't come closer, leave me alone, please spare me." I saw him, reflexively fearful, although his face was quite handsome.

Yet, the man completely ignored me, his tall frame audaciously covering my body, "You ate my substance, bear my offspring, and now you want to deny it? Huh?"

"What... what of yours did I eat?" I was both desperate and frustrated.

I was bearing his offspring, but it wasn't by choice; he had forced me.

As for eating something of his, I had no memory of it at all.

He gave a haughty laugh, pinched my chin, and his icy thin lips kissed me,  
"Do you remember how you learned to talk?"

"I..." In a flash of insight, childhood memories suddenly came flooding back.

In my blurry childhood memories.

The year I turned three, just before he died, my father seemed to have stuffed something round into my mouth.

He seemed to know what I was thinking, his haughty lips kissing my earlobe, his tongue gently touching the tip of my ear, "That was my inner core."

Under his entanglement, I unknowingly drifted into sleep.

The next day, I woke up groggy.

My whole body felt heavy and light, and upon checking,

38.2 degrees.

It seemed like a mild fever.

At breakfast, I couldn't eat anything, and I vomited incessantly.

Seeing me vomit even the bitter bile, my mom patted my back, comforting me continuously, "It's okay, once we get to your uncle's house, everything will get better."

"We are going to uncle's house?" Only then did I know, my mom wanted my uncle's help.

My mom nodded, "Your uncle knows many tricks."

At that moment, the car my mom had called arrived.

The couple who ran an illegal taxi in town came to pick us up; they were really honest and charged only one hundred yuan for a whole day.

Though we were poor, we could afford the fare.

The car stopped near a cliff.

At first, I thought perhaps the couple had lost their way and driven to the wrong place in the mountains.

"Mom, did they go the wrong way? I know where uncle's house is, it's not here." I asked my mom nervously.

My mom picked up the Pagoda Tree Box she had with her and said to me, "No mistake, this is the place."

She got out of the car with the box and walked to the edge of the cliff.

She threw the box straight into the ravine.

Then, she stood there reciting something with her hands together.

Less than half a minute later, she returned to the car.

Watching this unfold through the car window, I was completely shocked.

My mom had actually thrown away the cheongsam that had hung in our home for over a decade!!

After returning to the car, my mom seemed in a good mood, "Wanwan, that Ghost Python Cheongsam has been thrown away by mom, he will never come for you again."

The area was surrounded by mountains on all sides, with scarcely any human or bird activity.

Throwing the Pagoda Tree Box into it was almost equivalent to burying it in the mountains forever.

I felt a burst of joy upon hearing that the dreadful ghost python was rid of, but couldn't help worrying, "But your illness..."

"My illness is fine, Su Wan, if you sacrifice yourself for my illness, even in death I would not rest easy." My mom said sternly, leaving no room for argument.

Though I was willing, I couldn't oppose her and had to keep silent.

The Ghost Python Cheongsam was gone, there was no way to retrieve it, was there?

For some reason, after the Pagoda Tree Box was thrown away, my mild fever turned into a high fever.

My forehead was burning hot, like a branding iron.

Even without a thermometer, just by touch, I could guess it was probably over forty degrees.

While I was feverish and groggy, the man driving suddenly slammed on the brakes, stopping abruptly.

I was jolted awake, though my eyes were slightly unable to open, I heard the man's voice, somewhat irritated, "The village guardian of Ancient Well Village, Wang Erdan, is blocking the way, not letting us in. There is only this one road to the village. If you and your mother want to enter, you'll have to get out and walk yourselves."