

# The Comeback of the Charming Farmer's Wife

## Chapter 7: Ms. Liu Looking for Trouble

"Ah, Mom will pour it for you now," said Ms. Wang as she fumbled for a bowl from the table next to her under the moonlight. She soon returned with the water-filled bowl.

Seeing that, Yang Chuxia was about to get up.

"No need to rush up. Let me light the oil lamp first."

"It's fine, I can see under the moonlight."

Ms. Wang assumed her daughter was eager to drink because of her thirst, so she didn't bother with the lamp and prepared to feed Yang Chuxia the water.

"I can drink myself." Yang Chuxia took the bowl from her mother's hand and gulped the water down.

"Do you want more?"

"No, I'm good."

"Alright, go back to sleep now. I'll watch over you," said Ms. Wang. Yang Chuxia frowned. Did she need someone to watch over her while she slept? She wasn't a three-year-old child."

"You should go to bed, Mom. I can take care of myself."

"No worries, I'll be here watching you," insisted Ms. Wang. The day's events had frightened her, and she was adamant about not leaving. She wished she could keep her daughter in her sight at all times.

Seeing that her mother really did not want to leave, Yang Chuxia relented. She usually had no trouble falling asleep, and before long, she was soundly asleep.

When she awoke again, it was already noon the next day. Yang Chuxia took in the decrepit house with its crumbling walls and couldn't help but furrow her brow. Looking at the wooden planks piled on top of the clay bed she was lying on, she could hear a creaking with every movement she made. She immediately froze, fearing the bed would collapse if she moved too much.

Clearly, this was the traditional farmer's house from the olden days. What's more, a rat was seen crawling in broad daylight, and was that a cockroach on the table? Yang

Chuxia stared at the cockroach as it triumphantly crawled across the only broken ceramic bowl on the table.

She suddenly thought of the bowl of water she drank last night and felt nauseous.

"Daughter, what's wrong? Are you feeling sick again?" Hearing the noise inside, Ms. Wang hurriedly pushed the door open.

"It's nothing, just a sore throat from waking up."

"That's good, that's good. You scared me." Ms. Wang patted her chest and let out a deep breath. "You must be hungry now, Xiaxia. Let me get water for you to wash up with, and I'll bring you some cornmeal porridge afterwards."

Upon mentioning hunger, Yang Chuxia did indeed feel her stomach rumble.

Hearing that, Ms. Wang laughed, "Ah, you really are hungry. I'll go get some food for you right away."

With that, Ms. Wang fetched the last bit of cornmeal porridge from the pot and fetched water for Yang Chuxia's face wash.

On her way out, she met Ms. Liu, who was Yang Da'an's wife. Just like Old Lady Hua, she was sarcastic and harsh. She couldn't bear the fact that Yang Da'an had not sold the family's property, which resulted in the household losing a few liangs of silver and even owed some money. As a result, she treated Yang Chuxia and Ms. Wang with disdain.

Seeing Ms. Wang with a bowl of corn porridge in one hand and a basin of water in the other, she guessed that it was for Yang Chuxia.

She immediately yelled, "How dare a lowly girl who hits her own family members drink our corn porridge? What's that water for? Is a shameless girl who even dares to hit her elders worthy of washing her face? It's just a waste of our Yang family's water!"

Saying that, Ms. Liu reached out and knocked the basin of water from Ms. Wang's hands.

"Sister-in-law..." After one night, Ms. Wang had lost her firmness from the day before when she was forced to sell her daughter. She could only utter two words in the face of Ms. Liu's provocation.

Yang Chuxia, who was still in the room, sighed to herself. Her adoptive father, Yang Dachuan, and her mother were such pushovers.