The Challenge of a Farmhouse Son-in-Law

Chapter 1 - 1 1 Marrying Off the Sick Seedling

1: Chapter 1: Marrying Off the Sick Seedling 1: Chapter 1: Marrying Off the Sick Seedling Gu Youyou, as the Gu Family's primary heir, lost both her parents at a young age, but thankfully managed to grow up safely amidst constant trepidation.

Just when she had finally defeated all the greedy ghosts and gods coveting her position as heir and had triumphantly ascended to the throne of inheritance, she traveled through time...

Lying on the broken bed in a dark room, Gu Youyou sighed, "Life is like a TV series, the scene changes when it says change!

It doesn't care if you are at a loss or utterly confused!"

She had thought that, as a beautiful female CEO, after inheriting the family business she'd find a man to marry into her family, and the two of them would spend their days in leisure until death—but instead, the story took a divine twist right at the beginning, catching her entirely off guard.

Fine, if it's time travel, then time travel it is, she accepted that.

But out of all people, why did she have to travel into the body of a sickly person who was not long for this world?

The taste of waiting for death was unbearable, so she resolved to do everything in her power to live!

Collecting her thoughts, Gu Youyou surveyed the entirely sealed pitch-black room.

A few finger-sized holes by the wall, which served as vents, were the only sources of ventilation and sunlight.

With the strength of nine bulls and two tigers, Gu Youyou managed to turn over and stretched her ears to listen to the noises coming from the front yard.

“Dad, did you really find a marital match for Youyou?” the Gu Family’s second son asked in disbelief.

His eldest niece Gu Youyou was so sick that she could meet the King of Hell at any time, and this fact was known by everyone within miles.

Why would anyone want to marry her?

Were they expecting her to carry on the family line?

Or did the family have so many leftover coffins that they had run out of corpses to fill them?

It was almost impossible to believe.

The old master of the Gu Family looked at his second son with his cloudy eyes, and spoke in a weary, gravelly voice, “Humph, what?

Are you not pleased?”

Gu Family’s second son choked on his words and coughed out a laugh, “No, no, that’s not it at all, we couldn’t be happier.”

The old man slammed his hand down on the table with a bang and angrily said, “You heartless bunch, I knew it!

You’ve been longing for Youyou to get married and be out of here.

Ever since she fell ill, you’ve been wishing her dead day after day.

She’s your elder brother’s only bloodline—how can you be so cruel…”

The second and third sons were so startled by his sudden change of expression they were rendered speechless.

What was he talking about?

It was he who insisted on marrying her off, not us forcing her to marry.

“Dad, that’s nonsense.

Didn’t you previously say we were to support her for a lifetime?

And we didn’t object to that, did we?”

Besides, no matter how it looked, finding a family willing to take Gu Youyou with her ghostly appearance was something of a feat.

But then they remembered how the old master had previously stated he would support Gu Youyou for a lifetime.

Recently, something had got into him, and he was adamant about finding her a husband, insisting on marrying her off at all costs—it was all too strange.

The main question was, had he really found a match without disclosing the fact that Gu Youyou was seriously ill?

The old master of the Gu Family was oblivious to the second son’s complicated thoughts and was just gasping for breath in anger.

Seeing that their father was truly upset, the Gu Family’s third son quickly sat beside him on the heated brick bed and gently patted his back to help him breathe easier.

“Dad, how could we ever wish for Youyou to die?

That’s not what the second brother meant.

He meant Youyou getting married is a good thing; our elder brother could rest in peace knowing this,” he said and then cast a glance at the Gu Family’s second son, signaling, “Right, second brother?”

Naturally, the second son grasped the third son’s intent and quickly scrambled to appease their father with a smile, “Exactly, Dad.

Isn’t raising a daughter all about hoping she marries well?

After the death of our elder brother and sister-in-law, we’ve all treated Youyou as our dear daughter.”