Farmhouse 1221

Chapter 1221: Beggars Fighting

But today, it seems he does not have his crutch, perhaps his legs have healed.

Lady Fang was getting angrier at the sight of the beggars ignoring her, ranting: "All lazy good-for-nothings who don't want to work, with able hands and feet. If they weren't lazy, how would they have become beggars? I think, they should be driven out of Jinxiu City."

Fights over scraps among the beggars were a common sight on the streets, and the passersby had become accustomed to it, treating it as entertainment before steering clear of the beggars.

Who would want to get their clothes dirtied by getting too close to them?

In the scramble, one of the beggars was kicked by another on the ground and rolled over to Lady Fang's feet.

Lady Fang hopped about in distress, cursing as she moved aside.

"Such bad luck, move along, don't you frighten my grandson."

Cuiya, pulled by Lady Fang, kept looking back while the beggar in the middle was pinned down by seven or eight others, who were trying to rob him of something he was holding on to tightly. Failing to snatch it away, they vented their frustration on him with punches and kicks, having to at least release their anger if they couldn't get the item.

Before long, the beggar vomited blood, causing onlookers to shake their heads in pity, wondering what was so valuable that he clung to it at the risk of his own life.

Jie Yi in Cuiya's arms started crying out loud, his gaze fixed on the beggar on the ground.

"Oh dear, come on Cuiya, move along quickly, look how scared the little master is," Lady Fang hurriedly said.

Cuiya froze for a moment, then hurriedly covered Jie Yi's eyes to shield him from the sight.

But the more she tried to cover his eyes, the harder he cried, reaching out his little hands to grasp at Cuiya's.

His fingernails weren't trimmed properly, and immediately scratched a bloody mark onto the back of Cuiya's hand.

Lady Fang continued to curse: "Such bad luck, went out to buy a dough figurine and stumbled upon a beggars' brawl, even dirtying my shoes. Cuiya, stop dawdling, let's go quickly."

Soon, Cuiya disappeared into the crowd with Lady Fang, and it was only then that the beggar on the ground slowly raised his head, looking in the direction where their figures had vanished.

The other beggars were still venting their anger on him, kicking him repeatedly.

He was as if completely devoid of sensation, motionless, letting them vent, allowing the blood to flow from the corner of his mouth.

The onlookers could no longer bear to watch, someone shouted: "Stop hitting him, or he'll be killed! Everyone stop, or I'll call the officials."

Seeing the official patrol approaching in their direction, the beggars scattered in all directions.

They might not be thrown into jail, but they could be banished from Jinxiu City.

There were so many wealthy people in Jinxiu City, being a beggar here was better than elsewhere; how could they bear to leave?

Yet this new beggar was really odd, always clutching something in his arms that they speculated must be valuable.

However, he was stubborn and endured the beating without ever yielding that supposed treasure.

Some sympathetic onlookers pitied the beggar on the ground and threw him a steamed bun; someone else gave him a broken bowl filled with some water.

He struggled to get up, dragged his injured body to a corner of the street, took the broken bowl, and started to devour the steamed bun hungrily.

Cuiya returned to Manxiu Building with Jie Yi in her arms, but the child kept crying incessantly, and nothing Cuiya did would console him.

Everyone gathered around, asking, "What's wrong with the little master? Why is he crying so hard?"

Cuiya, also driven to tears, said, "Perhaps he was frightened just now."

Chapter 1222: Ran Away Again

"What scared you?"

"It's all those beggars' fault, they were fighting, and it scared the little young master, wuwuwu..." Cuiya started crying as well.

"Quick, take him to find Miss Du, maybe he'll stop crying after being fed milk." Someone hurriedly said.

Having no other choice, Cuiya could only carry Jie Yi upstairs to find Miss Du.

Miss Du was working on a new pattern and had been busy for several days. Hearing the child's heart-wrenching cry, she was frightened and quickly put down her work to take the child into her arms.

"What's wrong, what happened to Yiyi, crying like this?"

With tears in her eyes, Cuiya said, "Miss, it’s all my fault, I took the young master to buy steamed dough figurines, and we ran into beggars fighting, maybe the young master got scared. Miss, please punish me."

"What beggars fighting?" While comforting the child, Miss Du asked.

Cuiya said: "It’s the beggar from last time, the one with a broken arm, you remember him, Miss?"

"Hmm?"

"He was beaten by several other beggars, seemed like they were fighting over something. Honestly, what is more important than one’s life? By now, I’m afraid he might be beaten to death."

Miss Du slightly stunned, feeling an inexplicable sense of sorrow.

Little Jie Yi in her arms had stopped crying, now clinging to Miss Du, greedily drinking milk.

But the tears still hung on his small face, making it heart-wrenching to watch.

After Jie Yi had his fill of milk, he fell soundly asleep, and Miss Du tucked him into his crib, told Cuiya to watch over him, and changed her clothes to go out into the streets.

Following the direction Cuiya had indicated, she saw a beggar in ragged clothing sitting inconspicuously in a corner of the street, tightly holding something in his arms, leaning against the wall as if asleep.

Miss Du walked over gently, and just as she was about to approach him, he opened his eyes alertly.

Miss Du was startled and stopped in her tracks.

Feeling someone watching him, the beggar hastily turned his face away.

Upon seeing the woman who was scrutinizing him from not far away, he suddenly widened his eyes as if seeing a ghost and, dragging his injured body, fled along the wall.

Miss Du was taken aback then hurriedly pursued him, shouting as she ran: "Wait a moment, I'm not going to take your things."

Then, the beggar ran even more desperately.

But having just been beaten, and with his leg not very nimble, how could he outrun the fully able Miss Du.

Miss Du quickly caught up to him, cornering him in an alley.

Seeing escape was impossible, he suddenly crouched down, clutching tightly to something in his arms with his sole remaining arm.

Miss Du exhaled softly, saying in a low voice: "I'm not going to take your things, you don't have to run."

The beggar remained unmoved, burying his face into his messy hair, huddled on the ground.

Approaching him carefully, Miss Du crouched down and said, "You look injured, let me find a doctor to take a look at you. Don't worry, I won't take your things."

The beggar paid her no mind, simply curling up, trembling as though scared.

Seeing no other option, Miss Du stood up and said, "You wait here for me, you must wait for me, I will be back shortly."

Forcing him to go was impossible; all she could hope for was that he...

Miss Du ran out of the alley and suddenly remembered that he had run away last time, and this time...

She abruptly turned her head back, only to discover that the beggar’s figure was no longer in the alley.

He had indeed run away again.

Such a strange beggar.

...

Chapter 1223: Change of Heart

After Lin Qianqing was rescued, she fled to Xining and finally settled down.

Everyone thought she had gone to Lingnan, no one expected her to make a surprise return and run off to Xining instead.

During her escape, Lin Qianqing learned who the person was who had taken her away, and thinking back to the words Gu Youyou once said, she could only give a bitter smile.

It turns out being kidnapped by bandits is really not a good thing.

And she had said that no matter who she took a fancy to, she might be able to lend a hand, except for this one person.

Turns out it’s Jin Ziyuan, a man with no future. Getting involved with such a person could lead to the whole Lin Residence being branded as rebels if word got out.

"You are now in the identity of a rebel. I heard that Xining is the most ruthless in capturing the remains of Prince Five’s followers. Why would you still run to this place?"

Ziyuan replied with a faint smile, "Haven’t you heard that the most dangerous place is often the safest?"

Lin Qianqing looked up at his face, clear and luminous like colored glaze, as if it would shatter upon a single touch. Had she not seen him, she couldn’t imagine that a man could look like this.

As if Ziyuan saw through her thoughts, he said, "Your cousin is very fair as well. People like us are sick."

Lin Qianqing was stunned and she lowered her head, "You know my cousin?"

Ziyuan did not deny it, "I know her, so I saved you along the way."

"Are you very familiar with her?"

"Familiar indeed!" Ziyuan laughed and said, "Didn’t I tell you? We are the same kind of people, suited for living in darkness, the type that sleeps in coffins."

"Sleep in coffins?"

Lin Qianqing was utterly surprised. To be honest, she was not very familiar with Gu Youyou; she knew very little about her past. She only knew her father had a sister, and that aunt had an only daughter who was unwell and couldn’t even leave her house, which is why her father couldn’t bring her to Beijing, but could only have the Qiu official’s family visit her each year.

As for what illness she had, Qianqing did not know. She couldn’t understand it either.

But now, looking at the man before her... she truly felt that they were the same kind of people.

Their skin was whiter than that of ordinary people, a different kind of pale---like treasures buried deep underground that shone dazzlingly for a moment when they emerged into the sunlight from endless darkness.

Just as he said, sleeping in coffins.

"Yes, sleeping in coffins."

He said, "I was sleeping in a coffin then, and she suddenly appeared in my grave, in my coffin. My coffin was large; there was room for one more, and I gladly shared my coffin with her.

But she disliked it, tried all she could to run away, and eventually, she succeeded. She ran. Had she run by herself, it would have been fine, but she destroyed my grave, my coffin, and dragged me out with her..."

Jin Ziyuan kept talking nonstop about things Lin Qianqing found hard to understand.

Like sleeping in coffins? Why would they need to sleep in coffins?

And her cousin’s experiences were all unknown to her.

Through Jin Ziyuan’s words, Lin Qianqing learned about another Gu Youyou, the side of her that she was unaware of.

The Gu Youyou he described was completely different from the one she remembered, just as he said, like a different person.

But from the happy smile in his eyes, she could tell what kind of presence her cousin held in his heart.

She could say that the glimpse from that year had made her heart flutter like a startled deer. But so many years had passed, and that initial spark had long been extinguished by the cold and desolate Prince Jin Residence.

Chapter 1224: The Letter

When she saw him again, all she felt was a sense of surprise.

"Does she know about it?" Lin Qianqing asked in a low voice.

Jin Ziyuan paused for a moment, and the smile in his eyes also froze.

He said, "Whether she knows or not, what does it matter? This is my business, a matter I should handle alone."

Jin Ziyuan had settled Lin Qianqing in Xining. He couldn't stay with her all the time. After he arranged things for her simply, he had to leave.

He still had a lot of things to do, and he couldn't stay in the same place for too long.

Revenge, at last, had a direction.

"This shop belongs to Gu Youyou. You can help out here, and you might also be able to send messages to her through them."

Gu Youyou had long issued orders to her shops everywhere; Lin Qianqing would be very safe here.

"Will you come back then?" Lin Qianqing asked Jin Ziyuan.

"I don't know," Jin Ziyuan replied, "I am such a person, today I am here, where I'll be tomorrow, even I don't know."

"Oh!" Lin Qianqing didn't ask anymore and quietly lowered her head.

"Thank you!" After a while, she said.

Jin Ziyuan smiled and replied, "You're welcome, you are Gu Youyou's cousin. To me, saving your life was just a small effort."

"Oh, okay then!"

...

After settling down, Lin Qianqing tucked her letter inside the accounting book when sending it off, and it reached Gu Youyou in Beijing.

Gu Youyou took a lamp and gently heated the letter paper, and the writing slowly became visible.

It was a total of five pages, all filled to the brim with writing.

After reading it, Gu Youyou took a deep breath and threw all the letter paper into the furnace to burn them.

She lifted her head and told Jin Zijin, "It really was King Jin who sent her away. She doesn't know why King Jin would send her away and asked me to find out if there had been any trouble. Also, the person who rescued her is Jin Ziyuan, she's now in Xining."

Jin Zijin pondered for a moment, saying, "King Jin sent her away because he didn't want her to end up pregnant with someone else's child like the other women in the residence. Since she has run away, let her not come back for the time being. If she comes back, it would only make things difficult for your uncle."

"Alright, I'll visit the Lin Family tomorrow to give them peace of mind. Ever since she ran away, the Lin Family has been almost frantic."

"Don't, you should not go. I'll find a way to pass a message to your uncle," Jin Zijin suggested.

Gu Youyou didn't dwell much on it and began to write her a reply.

It seems King Jin is quite pitiful, for a man to endure to that extent without being stifled to death is truly a miracle.

In the blink of an eye, winter arrived, and in October, snow began to fall.

Jin Xuyao was eight months old now, at the age where he enjoyed crawling around and playing.

To allow him to crawl nimbly without getting cold, they could only keep the fire in the Warm Pavilion burning furiously.

Outside, the rain and snow were flurrying, while inside, it was as warm as the spring sun.

Searcy would come to borrow fire from Gu Youyou's place during the day, and she would occasionally complain that the carriage driver's living conditions were really poor, without even a heated kang, almost freezing her to death.

Gu Youyou thought about the time when she lived in Lotus Village with Jin Zijin. He was the one always warming up the bed for her, and it seemed she had never felt the cold.

Remembering this, she laughed and teased, "Doesn't your coachman warm the bed for you?"

Searcy's face changed, and she pursed her lips, complaining, "It's more likely that I'd warm it for him, he's freezing cold in winter."

Of course, this was all relative.

It was just that Searcy's body was comparatively warmer.

Gu Youyou looked at her sympathetically and said softly, "My husband's body is especially warm. Back then, I liked him because he had the ability to warm the bed."

Chapter 1225: How to Raise a Child

That look on her face was brimming with a boastful glee. Searcy immediately retorted, "Or else what? Did you choose that lover then?"

Gu Youyou’s face darkened with anger as she snapped, "If you keep spouting nonsense, I’ll have someone throw you out. Can you imagine how my ’vinegar jar’ at home would react? You’ve turned a non-issue into an issue with your babbling."

"The innocent fears no slander. What are you afraid of?"

Searcy always managed to rattle Gu Youyou, who angrily countered, "You don’t know squat. This isn’t about fear, this is about avoiding unnecessary trouble. Do you think I’ve got as much free time as you? I need to earn money, raise my son — who has time for creating messes?"

At the moment, her son was crawling around joyfully in the Warm Pavilion. Hearing the word ’son’, it was unclear whether he understood, but he suddenly stopped and stared drooling at Gu Youyou continuously with the cutest expression.

Searcy felt her heart melting with cuteness overload, picked up his little arms, and stood him up, hugging him to her chest.

"Little darling, can you not even bear to listen to your shameless mom anymore?"

Jin Xuyao gurgled back at her, his babbling incomprehensible to anyone.

He seemed particularly interested in her hair, grabbing and scratching at it. Searcy couldn’t stand it anymore and had no choice but to pass him back to Gu Youyou.

"Your son’s hands are too restless. You take him."

Gu Youyou replied without much enthusiasm, "Who asked you to pick him up? He was having a good time playing by himself."

"Is this how you raise a child? I see others always holding their babies who can’t walk in their arms, but you? Just toss him on the floor and leave him to crawl around. What do you think you’re doing, raising a dog?"

Gu Youyou snatched Jin Xuyao back immediately and put him on the ground again, saying, "What does it have to do with you? If you don’t know, then shut it."

That woman, after so many years, hadn’t lost her touch in provoking others — if anything, she’d become even more adept.

In Gu Youyou’s view, anyone who could talk with her for three sentences without an argument had to be a wimp like Gui Yunxi.

The argument hadn’t subsided even when Jin Zijin came back.

The two women argued until their faces were red and their necks thick, while Jin Xuyao sat on the ground, laughing and seeming to clap in encouragement.

That was the scene Jin Zijin walked into.

He sighed, picked up a thick blanket, and took Jin Xuyao to the study.

When women argue, it’s best for neither men nor male infants to be present.

...

During the winter, the wealthy people of Jinxiu City often engaged in charitable works, and Miss Du, being a well-known affluent figure in Jinxiu City, naturally was no exception.

She had a porridge tent set up to provide food for the beggars.

Up ahead, servants were assisting and serving porridge to beggars lined up in a queue, while Miss Du sat at a second-floor window, looking down.

She had assumed that the one-armed beggar would come, but to her surprise, even after the last beggar had eaten their fill, that particular beggar still hadn’t shown up.

She couldn’t help feeling a little disappointed and somewhat worried.

With a mournful sigh, she stood up and moved away from the window.

Seeing this, Cuiya inquired, "Miss, what’s wrong? You seem unhappy."

Miss Du asked, "Everyone in the city knew about our charity today, right?"

"Of course, they all knew. We had people go to where the beggars congregate and make announcements with gongs and drums three days ago," Cuiya responded.

"Then why didn’t he come?" Miss Du asked, puzzled.

"Who?" Cuiya suddenly thought of something and said, "Miss, are you referring to that one-armed beggar?"

Chapter 1226: Find That Beggar

Miss Du nodded and said, "Yes, it’s him."

Cuiya sighed, her face bearing a look of sympathy.

She said, "The winters in the north are cold, and many beggars don’t survive the season. Some starve to death, others freeze to death. Even the healthiest beggars might not make it through, let alone one with disabilities? Missing an arm, with bad legs, and ostracized by other beggars. It’s already been tough for him to survive these few months in the city. Miss, better not to ask, I fear he is probably... Ah, Miss, where are you going..."

Without waiting for Cuiya to finish, Miss Du had already put on a thick cloak and descended from the building.

Is that beggar dead?

Why did she feel inexplicably sad upon hearing this news?

He was a peculiar beggar, timid, always hiding from people.

She had arranged for food to be sent to him regularly, and as the weather grew colder, she also had warm clothes delivered for him.

She didn't dare to approach him, only daring to look at him from afar, to see if he was still alive.

Because if she got close, he would run away, appearing very scared.

Carrying a cloak in her hand, Miss Du left the Manxiu Building, her feet sinking intermittently into the snow as she made her way to a cluster of dilapidated houses.

It was the most secluded corner of the city, housing the poorest among the glittering society, and of course, beggars as well.

For someone like Miss Du to appear here seemed rather abrupt.

Luckily, today the Manxiu Building was distributing porridge, so the poor and beggars had gone for a full meal, making the place unexpectedly quiet, and no one noticed her.

In the ramshackle house, Miss Du saw a person shivering uncontrollably.

He huddled in a corner, his body curled up into itself.

Miss Du breathed a sigh of relief; as long as he was still alive, that was enough. Yet she wondered why he hadn't gone to get his share of the porridge from the Manxiu Building.

She approached him cautiously for fear of startling him.

Perhaps it was the cold and hunger that lessened his vigilance, and he did not notice someone nearing.

Miss Du draped the thick cloak she was carrying over him.

The person trembling against the wall stiffened instantly and raised his head.

A filthy face, with only one eye peering out from between locks of hair.

Upon seeing Miss Du, he was stunned, momentarily forgetting to react.

By the time he came to his senses, he found his leg was in agonizing pain, so much so that he couldn’t stand up.

Miss Du quickly pressed him, saying, "Don’t get up, I mean no harm, I just came to see how you are. Today, Manxiu Building is serving porridge, why didn’t you go?"

"I..." he spoke with difficulty, having not spoken for a long time, his voice was very hoarse.

He said, "My leg pain flared up, and I can’t find my cane, couldn’t make it!"

This was the first time Miss Du had heard him speak; his voice was hoarse but surprisingly clear with each and every word. Within that hoarse voice seemed to be an endless vicissitude of life.

From the first time she saw him, she felt he was not an ordinary beggar.

His calm and steady words confirmed he was no ordinary beggar.

Miss Du sat beside him, patiently asking, "Where are you from? How did you end up this way?"

The beggar glanced at her then quickly lowered his head, "I... I was a soldier, lost my arm in the war, and later hurt my leg, so I could only become a beggar."

Chapter 1227: Distract Her

Miss Du exclaimed in surprise, "Then what about your family? Since your arm was injured during the war, surely someone must have taken care of you?"

The beggar stopped talking and just tugged at the cloak Miss Du had draped over him with his remaining arm.

Miss Du sighed and didn't press him further, saying, "Why don't you come home with me? You won't make it through this winter in your current state."

The beggar hesitated for a moment before vehemently shaking his head.

"It's okay, I will survive," he said.

This time, Miss Du was persistent, asserting, "Now that your leg is also injured and you don't have the strength to walk, how will you survive? You must not have eaten for a long time, right? Come with me, although I don't have delicacies from mountains and seas, I can still provide enough food for you to be full."

"No, I... I will go home for the New Year..."

"If you had a home to return to, why would you be here? Get up, come with me."

As the snow began to fall again, Miss Du reached out to grab his arm.

A brocade box slipped out from his chest, and Miss Du stared at it, lost in thought.

This brocade box belonged to her; she had seen him during Wanqing's funeral and had Cuiya bring him a box of pastries.

So the thing he had been protecting, the thing he had been safeguarding with his life, was this brocade box.

"You..." Miss Du looked shocked, suddenly feeling a twinge of sourness in her nose.

"Is this your treasure?"

She had heard people say that this one-armed beggar had a treasure that no one could take from him, and it turned out to be a brocade box.

The beggar hurriedly picked up the box and said, "I thought it looked pretty, so I kept it."

Miss Du took a deep breath and said, "However pretty it may be, it's just a box. Can it be worth more than your life? When they were beating you, you should have just given it to them. Why did you fight with your life to protect this box?"

Miss Du knelt down again, pulled out a clean handkerchief from her bosom, and began to wipe the dirt off his face.

"Stop, don't wipe it."

The beggar turned aside and pushed Miss Du's hand back.

Miss Du's hand paused in mid-air, and she helplessly lowered it.

"Then get up and come back with me, and I won't wipe your face!"

Miss Du, not minding the dirt on him, continued to tug at his arm.

The beggar crouched on the ground and said, "My leg is injured; I can't walk. You won't be able to support me. You should go back and find someone to help, and I'll wait for you here."

Miss Du froze and said, "Will you really wait for me here? I feel like you're trying to get rid of me and then run away."

The beggar gave a wry smile and said, "You're overthinking it, my leg really can't move, I won't run away."

Miss Du fell silent for a moment, then stood up and said, "Alright, wait here for me, I'll be back soon."

"Okay, go quickly," he urged.

"You must wait, I will be back very soon," Miss Du reiterated.

"Alright," the beggar replied softly.

Miss Du gave him one last look, turned, and walked out of the dilapidated building, soon disappearing around the corner of the street.

Once he saw that she was far away, the beggar gritted his teeth and, using the wall for support, struggled to his feet.

He tucked his disheveled hair behind, revealing his face.

Leaning on the wall, he stepped out of the house and walked towards the other end of the alley.

At the corner, he almost collided with Miss Du, who had appeared unexpectedly.

Miss Du faced him with an angry expression and coldly demanded, "Why did you lie to me? Didn’t you say you would wait for me?"

The beggar, taken aback by the furious Miss Du, temporarily forgot to cover his face.

Chapter 1228: In a Dilemma

Jin Zijin, puzzled, took the letter in her hands to read, and after a while, he burned the letter, saying, “It is naturally necessary to read it, but now is not the time. Let’s wait until after Madam Zuo has given birth, better yet to prove once and for all that the child isn’t King Jin’s.”

Gu Youyou gave him a nonchalant glance and continued to sigh.

The problem she and Jin Zijin saw were not the same at all, she rooted in humanitarianism, truly wanted to help her cousin, and her starting point was to save people.

While what Jin Zijin thought of was finding the right moment to expose King Jin’s infertility to give them a heavy blow.

Jin Zijin said lightly, “This matter… you want to save him, but it’s also harming him. They have already set foot on a path of no return, it’s not as simple as saying curing his illness will save him.”

Gu Youyou nodded lightly and said, “My cousin probably didn’t think so much, she just simply wanted to save King Jin.”

As she spoke, she pulled out another letter, sighing with difficulty, saying, “This is what she wrote to King Jin, asking me to help her pass it to him. Given our hostile relationship with King Jin, how can I deliver this letter to him and be okay?”

Jin Zijin glanced at it and said lightly, “Just burn it together.”

Gu Youyou quickly withdrew her hand, saying, “No way, as a person who upholds righteousness, even if I return the letter to her, I can’t decide to dispose of it for someone else.”

The principled stance of Gu Youyou made Jin Zijin feel speechless, it was just a letter anyway, he could not be bothered.

He just said, “If you have the guts, deliver it to Prince Jin Residence yourself.”

“Pfft~ I’m not that idle.”

See, she understands the reasoning, but she is just stubborn.

At this moment, Gu Youyou heard a rush of footsteps coming from outside the courtyard, and a moment later, she saw Xiang Chun through the window, followed by a frantic Cuiya.

Gu Youyou’s heart skipped a beat, only Miss Du and Jie Yi could make Cuiya this anxious, could something have happened to them?

She quickly lifted her dress and got up, walking towards Cuiya.

“What happened?”

“Doctor Gu, Doctor Gu, Jie… Second Young Master is back…” Cuiya said anxiously with a sobbing tone.

“What?” Gu Youyou thought she had heard wrong, and hurriedly asked, “Are you talking about Jie Zhonglin?”

Cuiya nodded hurriedly, saying, “Yes, he has returned.”

“Wasn’t he dead? Hacked to death and fed to wolves?” Xiang Chun exclaimed in surprise.

Cuiya gasped for breath while shaking her head, saying, “No, he didn’t die, he just lost an arm, and his leg is injured. But now he is nearly dead, my miss has brought him back to Jie Residence, asking me to please ask Doctor Gu to save him.”

Gu Youyou looked at Jin Zijin.

Jin Zijin frowned and said, “It is possible, Jie Zhongsen didn’t find his complete body, only found an arm.”

“Yes, yes!” Cuiya nodded hurriedly.

Oh, so the returned Jie Zhonglin missing an arm matched up.

It’s just unknown what he went through to escape from death.

Gu Youyou glanced at the sleeping Jin Xuyao, then said to Jin Zijin, “Then I’ll go to Jie Residence first, you stay home and take care of the child.”

“Yeah, go ahead.”

“Xiang Chun, go call Searcy.”

Searcy is a good assistant, why not use him when he’s available.

She took her tools and assistants and quickly got on the carriage, she arrived just as Miss Du’s carriage also arrived.

Cuiya had run ahead to inform Gu Youyou, with Miss Du and Jie Zhonglin following behind.

Chapter 1229: Treatment

Master Jie happened to be at home. When he heard the report from the servant, he was stunned for a long time before he could react.

“What did you say? The second young master has come back?” He could hardly believe it.

The old servant also followed with tears streaming down his face: “Yes, Master, it’s the second young master who has come back, brought back by the second young mistress.”

Master Jie’s body stiffened as he staggered with help from the old servant until he reached the courtyard where Jie Zhonglin used to live.

After learning of his death, this courtyard remained as it was before.

There were few people in the family, and since no one was living there, his courtyard was preserved.

Upon seeing the group of servants bustling about the courtyard, Master Jie finally burst into tears.

He’s come back. If he hadn’t come back, there wouldn’t be so many people coming and going in this courtyard.

Every time he came to this courtyard, it was always quieter than the others, with not a single person in sight.

“What are they all doing?” Master Jie asked in a trembling voice, speaking to the old servant supporting him.

The old servant replied: “The second young master is injured. The second young mistress brought him back, and right now Doctor Gu is treating him.”

“He’s injured?” Master Jie thought of the solitary, mangled arm buried in the Jie family’s tomb area.

That was his arm, because his fingers had been cut off by Du Wanqing in those days, and he always wore a small ring on it. The technique of reconnecting severed fingers was something only Gu Youyou knew, so it couldn't be wrong that…

His eyes turned cold, and he hurried towards that room.

But when he reached the doorway, he stopped again.

He dared not enter, afraid that he would see his son's mutilated body, and witness him die before his eyes once more.

In that case, he would rather his son had never come back.

He'd aged, and could no longer bear the grief of an elder sending off one younger for a second time.

"Master!" The servants greeted him and advised: "Doctor Gu is highly skilled in medicine. He's treating the young master now, and everything will certainly be all right."

Master Jie took a step back and said: "I'll still… I'll wait a little longer before visiting."

He left the old servant by his side, saying, "You stay here and wait. If anything happens, let someone inform me immediately."

"Yes, Master!"

He had come stumbling in, and now he left the same way, ultimately not having the courage to look inside.

Inside the room, Gu Youyou and Searcy were desperately trying to save Jie Zhonglin.

His body was robust; he had recovered from many injuries without treatment.

But the wound on his leg kept recurring.

Seeing the ghastly scars on his body, Miss Du stood in the corner and cried her eyes out.

Cuiya stood by her side, also with tears streaming down her face.

Having disliked this son-in-law before, they were now reconciled upon seeing his current miserable state.

He was truly reaping what he had sown, fulfilling the vow he made with Du Wanqing.

Gu Youyou, frowning, administered the anesthetic to him and began to cut away the necrotic flesh.

There was also some misalignment in his leg bones, although not serious. However, after so long, the correction would be very difficult.

Yet, recalling Jie Zhonglin's remarkable perseverance, Gu Youyou felt that maybe his leg really could be restored to its original state.

"Searcy, apply the medicine to him."

The surgery lasted over three hours, and Gu Youyou was drenched in sweat by the end of it.

It was an infection in his leg that caused his high fever.

His leg would need a long treatment.

Miss Du had been standing in the corner watching all along, biting her lip tightly to prevent herself from making any noise.

It was only after seeing that Gu Youyou had finished the treatment that she dared to approach.

“How is he? Will he survive?”

Chapter 1230: Rest Assured

Gu Youyou wiped her sweat and said, “He will survive, but he needs to be well taken care of. That leg… it’s been too long, it must not get infected again; otherwise, I can only amputate his leg to save his life.”

“Thank you!” Miss Du sobbed, “I’m glad you were here to save him.”

Gu Youyou gave a faint smile, glanced towards Searcy, and then said to Miss Du, “Let’s go out first. Searcy is applying medicine and bandaging him, and also needs to put on a splint. It will take some time, let’s not disturb her here.”

Miss Du quickly nodded: “Okay, let’s talk outside.”

Cuiya had some tea brought over, and Gu Youyou sat down with Miss Du for a light conversation.

Gu Youyou first explained to Miss Du some matters regarding patient care, and then asked, “How did you find him?”

Everyone thought he was dead, but it turns out he only lost an arm and injured his leg.

Miss Du said, “He had returned by the time Wanqing was buried, that was the first time I saw him, but I didn’t recognize him, he was avoiding me.”

“That long ago?” Gu Youyou was startled and said, “Several months already.”

Miss Du nodded and said, “Yes, it’s been several months. Later, he came to Jinxiu City. I would see him often, but I didn’t recognize him until this morning…”

Miss Du told Gu Youyou everything that had happened with Jie Zhonglin up until now, leaving Gu Youyou sighing incessantly.

She felt that perhaps Jie Zhonglin's injuries were not just limited to his arm and leg; his mind seemed to be affected too.

Did he really wish to die? Ending up like this, causing his family to worry.

It was also his fate not to die yet; perhaps he had finally repaid the debts he owed to the two Miss Du sisters, which is why he was recognized by Miss Du just before he could have died.

Of course, as for why he did this, we can only know once he wakes up.

When Regent Jie heard from the servants that Jie Zhonglin was no longer in mortal danger, he came to this courtyard.

Searcy was still busy with post-treatment work for Jie Zhonglin, only Gu Youyou and Miss Du were there.

Gu Youyou raised her head and said to the worried Regent Jie, "Regent Jie can rest assured now, the second young master is not in mortal danger."

Regent Jie forced a smile and gently nodded: "Many thanks, Doctor Gu!"

"Don't mention it, I am a doctor!" she said.

"Jie owes Doctor Gu another favor."

Gu Youyou smiled and did not speak further.

Miss Du talked to Regent Jie about Jie Zhonglin's condition, and after Gu Youyou had enough rest, she went inside to help Searcy.

Searcy said indifferently: "He's really lucky to survive such a condition. But once the anesthesia wears off and he wakes up, he's going to be in so much pain he might wish he were dead."

Gu Youyou laughed and said: "You think too much, last time I set his bone without anesthesia, he didn't make a sound."

Searcy looked at the man who looked like a beggar and chuckled, "Huh? He can endure indeed."

Seeing his miserable appearance, she added: "Well, he must endure. From a wealthy young master to a beggar, not everyone could bear that."

He really looked wretched, his clothes were tattered, and touching them felt dirty, his body also emitted a foul smell.

Searcy almost had to hold her nose to work on his leg.

Truly miserable.

After they came out, a maid quickly brought a basin of hot water into the room, and Miss Du used a clean rag to wipe his body a bit at a time, then slowly cut off his torn clothes with scissors and took them off.

Any thoughts of hatred or resentment weren't important at this moment.