Farmhouse 251

Chapter 251 Old Lady Liu Visits the Grand View Garden

Qin Changlin had a mournful look on his face. Against such an old lady, he couldn't out-curse or out-hit her, and since she was Gu Youyou's grandmother, he didn't have the nerve to say much.

"Old Madam, let's talk this out nicely. The neighbors are all watching us on this street. Isn't it a bit inappropriate for you to forcibly take things like this?"

Seeing that Qin Changlin was afraid of her, Old Madam Huang felt a surge of triumph. Why would she think it inappropriate?

Her eyebrows raised high, she huffed, "So, will you attend to patients or not?"

"This..." Qin Changlin became troubled and said, "I didn't set this rule; Sister Youyou did. Whether I can see patients or not, I must ask for Sister Youyou's opinion!"

Hearing this, she realized that this Jisheng Hall was actually controlled by that damn girl.

Old Madam Huang was clearly quite shocked, and at the same time, she felt even more proud.

Ha... Jisheng Hall is under my granddaughter's command. From now on, do I even need to worry about the cost of medical treatments?

It's perfect since my old man and I are getting on in years. Those large ginseng roots and top-grade deer antlers on the counter, we'll have to take them home for nourishment.

While Old Madam Huang was indulging in her wishful thinking, she was interrupted by Gu Youyou's chilly voice from behind.

"Qin Changlin, is this how you behave properly? Squabbling with an old lady in the middle of the street, have you no desire to graduate?"

The words ’graduate’ made Qin Changlin shudder all over. Graduating was a sore point for him—his master had passed away, and whether he could graduate or not was determined by Gu Youyou.

"Sister Youyou, I am innocent," he turned around with a gloomy face, pointing innocently at Old Madam Huang.

Look, your grandmother, I’m the victim here.

Old Madam Huang’s face was full of smiles as she softened her voice to a gentle tone, "Youyou, it’s been a while since you visited home. Grandma has come to see you, I..."

Gu Youyou merely glanced indifferently at Old Madam Huang, not letting her finish her sentence, and interrupted, "Let’s talk back at home."

With that, she turned and went back inside Jisheng Hall.

Old Madam Huang was taken aback and felt she had lost face.

She had planned to use the audience to introduce herself properly while everyone was watching.

The grandmother of Jisheng Hall’s owner—in the future, who in Qingshui Town would dare look down on her or despise her for being a simple rural old lady?

That ungrateful girl was not making things easy for her.

...

In the inner courtyard of Jisheng Hall, Gu Youyou sat leisurely, casually tapping on a teacup, her beautiful brows slightly furrowed as she peered through the window at the old lady outside.

In the yard, Old Madam Huang was like Liu Laolao who entered the Grand View Garden, her shifty gaze glancing here and there, occasionally clicking her tongue and barely suppressing her cackling laughter.

She looked like a crazy old woman!

Gu Youyou had intended to call her in so whatever fuss there was, she could keep an eye on it, which was surely better than causing a scene outside. Then, she would be able to discuss the real reason for coming to Jisheng Hall.

Gu Youyou certainly didn't believe the old lady missed her; she wanted to hear this excuse.

She was, after all, always blaming Youyou for being sick and bringing bad luck, calling her a debt-collecting ghost a bit too smoothly.

But Old Madam Huang had lived her whole life in the village; how could she have seen rooms like those in Doctor Zhou's backyard?

Doctor Zhou used to be an Imperial Physician, and although his family had fallen on hard times, he had been an Imperial Physician all his life. His confidence and taste were something that local families could hardly match, weren't they?

His courtyard was always exquisitely arranged, not small by any means. To a rural old woman, wouldn't this place be like Liu Laolao entering the Grand View Garden?

Fine, let her look her fill first before discussing further.

Chapter 252: Odd Old Grandma

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Qin Changlin, carrying a freshly prepared teapot, came in and asked Gu Youyou, "The old lady has been hurrying on the road, and I saw she was sweating profusely, with her lips so dry they were peeling. I just made some tea to quench her thirst. Sister Youyou, do you think we should let the old lady come in to rest and have some tea first?"

What is this old lady aimlessly wandering around for? Why does she need to open and look into each room? She said she came to see her granddaughter, but isn’t Sister Youyou sitting right here?

Gu Youyou said indifferently, "Let her look if she wants to." Glancing at the tea, she added, "Whether she drinks it or not is up to her. She’s the one who’s thirsty, not me."

Qin Changlin: "..." This granddaughter and grandmother are really something.

In the end, Gu Youyou said, "Just bring a pot of boiled water instead."

Qin Changlin didn’t think it was a good idea to give the old lady just boiled water, sensing she would surely make a fuss, but he didn’t say anything.

He had always followed Gu Youyou’s instructions, and now Jisheng Hall was running better than before. At first, no one accepted Gu Youyou’s strange ideas, but once they truly understood them, everyone felt these methods were better. For instance, the concept of hospital treatment.

If it weren’t for Gu Youyou’s arrival at Jisheng Hall, with his half-baked skills, he would’ve likely lost the foundation his master left behind, possibly even had to close the place. How could it be as it was now!

Qin Changlin nodded and went outside to get the boiled water.

The attendant patiently played the role of guide alongside the Huang Family’s old lady, "This is Doctor Qin’s room."

"Open it, let me have a look," the Huang Family’s old lady demanded with raised eyebrows and without any politeness.

The attendant was somewhat speechless. What was an old woman doing entering a young man’s bedroom? But considering this was Gu Youyou’s grandmother, he still patiently endured.

"This room is Doctor Qin’s private quarters, and only he has the key. It can’t be opened."

Old lady Huang curled her lips and with a sarcastic tone continued to make disparaging remarks, shifting her attention to another target.

This room was secured with a large lock, obviously much more carefully than the others. Her wrinkled forehead twitched, and her eyes shone with a shrewd light as she scrutinized the room before her.

"And what is this room used for?"

"This is the operating room. Sister Youyou said that casual visitors cannot enter, afraid of... of germs," the attendant reasoned, trying to recall if that was indeed what Sister Youyou had said.

Old lady Huang didn't understand, "What kind of thing?"

Actually, the attendant didn't quite grasp it either; it was only that Qin Changlin had explained to them it was about fearing dirtiness and that soiling the room would be problematic.

So he explained truthfully, "Afraid that it'll get the room dirty."

Such a statement was like poking a hornet's nest, creating an explosion. The old lady was about to explode, and even Qin Changlin, watching from a distance, could tell.

Old lady Huang, her eyes bulging, instantly raised her voice, "What did you say? Afraid of making the room dirty? You think I, an old woman, am not clean?"

The attendant had never anticipated such an outcome, and feeling utterly wronged, he hurriedly tried to explain, "No no, old lady, that's not what I meant. Nobody is allowed in this room, only Sister Youyou and Doctor Qin can go inside, we..."

Before the attendant could finish explaining, another blast like a blaring loudspeaker rendered everyone nearly deaf.

"She Gu Youyou dares to look down on others? Doesn’t she know she’s the dirtiest one of all?" Old lady Huang fumed, latching onto the attendant to shou loudly, "Ah, back when she was a child, she fell ill at seven, lay in bed waiting to be served. I took care of her for a decade, dealing with her excrement and urine, everything happened on that bed. I never once complained about her being dirty, and now she despises me?"

Chapter 253: Trouble Caused by Tea

There followed a great wail, and she even dragged the assistant, who was on the verge of tears himself, to lament her grievances.

"Just tell me, does such a person have any conscience left, huh? Is there any justice in this world anymore? Now that she’s recovered from her illness and achieved something, living in such a fine place, she actually starts to scorn me, her own mother-in-law, calling me dirty. If I hadn’t raised her father, or hadn’t raised her, I’d still be a clean and untouched girl. Who have I toiled half my life for, huh? I’ve been here half a day without even a drop of water to drink. Look at how parched my mouth is, so dry I can barely close it! Damn it, such ingratitude deserves to be struck by lightning, don’t you think it’s true? Should Gu Youyou be struck by lightning or not?"

The assistant, completely stunned, thought to himself that he couldn’t possibly answer that, better to ask the god of thunder!

After all, could he really say Sister Youyou deserved to be struck by lightning?

"Oh my goodness, had I known she was such a creature, I should have thrown her into a gully to feed the wolves ten years ago. I’m the one without any justice! Give me the keys; I insist on going in to see what shameful things she’s hiding..."

No longer able to bear it, Gu Youyou carrying a kettle, came out, while the shock Qin Changlin felt inside the room couldn’t even be described.

The first shock was that this white-haired old woman had a voice that could rival a middle-aged man’s, and the second was, despite complaining about her dry mouth, she could still verbally lash out so eloquently?

And the things she was saying... was this really her granddaughter?

Aside from inviting her into the house, Sister Youyou didn’t seem to have said anything, did she?

"Would you like to drink your tea with the kettle, or would you prefer to sit down inside and sip from a cup?"

Gu Youyou remained composed, seemingly unaffected by the Huang Family matriarch’s haranguing.

The assistant observed the bizarre grandparent and grandchild with a mix of amazement and fear, cursing his own bad luck for being dragged into serving the old lady.

"Go ahead with your work," Gu Youyou gestured for the assistant to leave, and the assistant, feeling as if he’d been pardoned, quickly scampered away.

Looking at the kettle in Gu Youyou’s hand, the old Huang Family matriarch’s lips involuntarily twitched.

She really was thirsty.

Recalling Gu Youyou’s words... asking her to drink from a kettle? Does anyone drink tea from a kettle? Who was she trying to irritate?

"Gu Youyou, what do you mean? This is how you treat me?" the old Huang Family matriarch demanded, her eyebrows drawn together.

Gu Youyou smiled lightly, "Didn’t you say earlier that I wouldn’t even offer you water to drink? Now I’ve brought the kettle too, so do you want to drink or not?"

The matriarch’s face turned green with anger at the young woman’s unrelenting and venomous sarcasm.

Helpless and extremely thirsty, her mouth far too parched to argue anymore, she snatched the kettle and huffed into the house.

Just now, when Gu Youyou had come out of that room, the assistant had explained that it was for entertaining guests, and as a guest of Jisheng Hall, she was naturally expected to drink tea there.

After all, a guest deserves hospitality, and Qin Changlin, unlike Gu Youyou, couldn't afford to be so high-handed. Seeing the old Huang Family matriarch enter, he hurriedly took the kettle and respectfully poured a pot of tea.

The matriarch snatched it and gulped it down with a huff.

After finishing one cup, she poured another. Only then did she start to notice the taste.

Tasteless? Plain boiled water?

Gu Youyou had actually given her plain boiled water to drink?

With a snort, she spat the water out and glared with wide, copper bell-like eyes.

"You... you unfilial granddaughter, how dare you give me plain boiled water to drink, where's my tea? I want to drink fine tea."

Qin Changlin's mouth twitched, knowing well that swapping it with plain water would cause trouble.

It's just that Sister Youyou seemed unafraid of complicating matters further.

Chapter 254: Joyous Occasion

Gu Youyou spoke nonchalantly, "Water is the source of all things, the beginning of life. Drinking a sufficient amount of boiled water every day contributes to health and longevity. When catching a cold or suffering from a cough, it also has the effect of suppressing coughs and dissolving phlegm. We run a medical hall, not a teahouse, so naturally, we prioritize the patient's health above all else. That's why our medical hall doesn't receive guests with tea, but with water. If you're not accustomed to drinking this boiled water..." Gu Youyou paused, pointed in the direction of the front courtyard, and continued, "Turn left as you leave, there's a teahouse!"

Qin Changlin and the elder of the Huang Family twitched the corners of their mouths simultaneously.

It’s just a glass of boiled water, right? She made such a big deal out of it! The brat is getting more and more articulate, huh.

And actually, she herself couldn’t stand that fancy-schmancy tea; plain boiled water quenched thirst just fine. It was Gu Youyou’s attitude that irked her, starting from that cold and curt demeanor on the main street. We came here sincerely to seek medical attention, not to face Gu Youyou’s scorn.

Gu Youyou scoffed. If they were sincerely seeking treatment, would they manage to disgrace Jisheng Hall in the streets?

"Forget the tea; I’m busy!" declared the elder Huang.

She couldn’t afford to lose her dignity and maintained her seniority proudly.

Gu Youyou, on the other hand, didn’t say much. You are indeed an elder, but if you behaved like one and didn’t argue nonsensically, I would respect you.

After all, she had always believed in the principle of respecting the elderly and loving the young.

During the harvest season, every farming household was busy, and the elder Huang was indeed very busy.

So, she spoke frankly.

"I came here to ask for a doctor to visit our home. Assign a doctor to come with me," she demanded.

Gu Youyou raised an eyebrow, unable to figure out who among the Gu Family could be sick.

Her thoughts aligned with Qin Changlin's—the two members of the Gu Family who were prone to illness due to age were either sitting here or it was Gu Feng.

Grandfather? He was the one Gu Youyou cared about the most!

"Who's ill?" Gu Youyou couldn't help but become anxious.

She didn't act as rashly as Qin Changlin, but attempted to calmly inquire.

But the elder Huang broke into a smile and said, "It's not an illness; it's a happy affair!"

"A happy affair?" Gu Youyou was slightly surprised.

With a broad grin, the elder Huang proudly announced, "Indeed, a happy affair. Qianqian is pregnant."

Qianqian? Gu Youyou thought for a moment before remembering that Dabao's newly married wife was named Lei Qianqian.

Well, Dabao's wife was pregnant, which was certainly a happy event. But Dabao had only been married for a month—wasn't that a bit too soon?

Of course, some people did show symptoms quickly, and having them after a month wasn't unheard of.

"Has the doctor seen her?" Gu Youyou asked again.

"Not yet, I just came to ask," replied the elder Huang.

So, you rushed all the way here on the street to grab Doctor Qin for an early pregnancy check?

Gu Youyou's mouth twitched. What, do you think the medical hall is run by your family?

And indeed, the elder Huang did seem to think that way.

Gu Youyou: "...How did you determine that Qianqian is pregnant?"

Seeing Gu Youyou's skepticism, the elder Huang confidently declared, "My judgment can't be wrong. I have given birth to eight kids myself; how could I not know whether she's pregnant or not?"

Gu Youyou was speechless. What does this have to do with how many children you've given birth to?

Given that Dabao and Qianqian had only been married a month, it was possible for early pregnancy to occur, but she was more inclined to believe it was a mistake, as apart from a very small number of people, most begin to experience early pregnancy symptoms only after six weeks.

"What symptoms does Qianqian have?" Gu Youyou inquired patiently.

While Gu Youyou kept her patience, the elder Huang was not so good at holding hers.

Chapter 255: I am gifted

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The suspicion toward her great-grandson had already put her in a bad mood. She came to invite a doctor home for a checkup, not to let you ask endless, baseless questions.

"Severe vomiting!" the elder of the Huang Family said in irritation.

Gu Youyou furrowed her brows, then after a moment, the corners of her mouth curved in a sneer.

It was the season of the autumn harvest, a time when the heat and cold alternated, and the most common ailments brought to doctors were various stomach issues. The people in the nearby villages loved to grow melons, especially watermelons. By this month, the watermelons were ripe, and if not eaten soon, they wouldn't be edible; fearing waste, the farmers tended to gorge themselves, leading to widespread stomach problems.

Vomiting could be caused by many things; it wasn’t as if a woman’s vomiting meant pregnancy, and besides, the timing of Qianqian’s entry into the house was so... sensitive!

"How long has the vomiting been going on? How severe is it?" Gu Youyou continued to ask.

The elder of the Huang Family grew even more annoyed with her granddaughter, but knowing Youyou was not someone to be trifled with, she suppressed her anger and continued.

"She has been vomiting for about ten days, maybe eight; I can’t remember exactly. At first, she just said her stomach was uncomfortable, but later, she started vomiting, and these past two days have been the worst."

So many days already? Gu Youyou was somewhat surprised.

Indeed, just beginning to vomit; to say a month might be possible, but twenty-something days could hardly indicate pregnancy, more likely a stomach upset from eating improperly.

"Has she been eating a lot of watermelon?" Gu Youyou asked further.

The elder of the Huang Family was slightly startled. What did pregnancy have to do with eating watermelon? She forgot to answer for a moment.

"Has she been eating quite a bit of watermelon every day?" Seeing no response, Gu Youyou asked again.

The elder of the Huang Family thought Gu Youyou was quite astute, indeed having some skills.

It seemed that the late Doctor Zhou calling Gu Youyou a... Child Prodigy wasn’t without reason; she even knew that Qianqian had eaten a lot of watermelon.

"Yes, Qianqian has been eating quite a lot. She can’t stand the heat and loves eating it!"

"Any diarrhea?"

Whether she had diarrhea or not, the elder didn’t know, but she...

"I often see her running to the latrine!"

So Gu Youyou took it as diarrhea?

Alright, that was more or less understood.

Gu Youyou took out some paper and a pen and began to write something, head down. Even the illiterate elder of the Huang Family could see her writing was beautiful.

The elder of the Huang Family craned her neck, watching her curiously with an indescribable expression.

When did she learn to write?

Heavens, Gu Youyou, who couldn’t even embroider, could write?

She had an expression as if she’d seen a ghost.

Was this really the same sickly Gu Youyou from their family?

"Youyou?" the elder of the Huang Family called out tentatively.

"Hmm?" Gu Youyou, busy writing, responded in a low voice.

The elder’s mind wavered, was this really Youyou?

"You... when did you learn to write?" she couldn't help but ask out of curiosity.

Gu Youyou didn't look up, continuing to write, but she replied, "I learned it recently."

"Recently?" You've only been at Jisheng Hall for a few days, do you think you are a Child Prodigy? the elder scoffed to herself.

While writing, Gu Youyou said casually, "Master says I have a unique talent and that I am a Child Prodigy. Unfortunately, the jealousy of the heavens meant my early years were fraught with hardship. If I could just survive those, the future would hold boundless possibilities!"

The elder of the Huang Family was left speechless as if she had choked on a fly.

Could one be so calm and collected when boasting about oneself?

But now, she could diagnose illnesses, write prescriptions, and her handwriting was exquisite.

In the past, she had always been cloistered in the backyard of her own home, as illiterate as her, unable to recognize a single character. Apart from her claim of being a Child Prodigy, there really seemed to be no other explanation.

Heavens, this...

The expression on the elder of the Huang Family's face was indescribably strange!

Chapter 256 No Possibility

If it were a grandchild from the younger generation, anyone would do, and she would be delighted to the point of madness, but why does it have to be Gu Youyou, the Child Prodigy, with whom she is fundamentally incompatible, like water and fire?

While the Huang Family matriarch's thoughts drifted to the high heavens, Gu Youyou had already finished writing.

She blew on the ink, which was not yet dry, and then said to the Huang Family matriarch, "Grandma, please take this back to Qianqian and ask her to come see me!"

Qianqian's ailment was vomiting. Youyou suspected it might be due to eating watermelon, but there are many reasons for vomiting. Since it wasn't necessarily pregnancy, it certainly wasn't necessarily because of eating watermelon either.

As a doctor with medical ethics, Gu Youyou would not prescribe medicine without seeing the patient first. The paper only contained a preliminary understanding of the symptoms and the reason for asking her to come for a visit.

Gu Youyou knew that Lei Qianqian's father was a Scholar. Since Qianqian could read, that's why she had written it down on paper.

However, the Huang Family matriarch was not pleased with Gu Youyou's arrangement and complained, "What do you mean by 'come here'? Don't you know it's the busy farming season? The whole family is so busy their feet barely touch the ground. Who has the time to come here for a consultation? Hurry up and arrange for a doctor to go back with me. Qin Changlin seems good; let's have him!"

Gu Youyou sneered. Are you eyeing Qin Changlin because he may waive the consultation fee?

The matriarch was indeed thinking that way. The reason she didn't ask Gu Youyou to go back directly was twofold. Firstly, every time Gu Youyou visited the Gu Family, she would return enraged, and the matriarch disliked having her there. Moreover, this impish girl Gu Youyou would most certainly demand a consultation fee.

Qin Changlin was different. Setting aside whether he was easy to talk to, just out of regard for Gu Youyou's face, he would feel embarrassed to ask for a fee. Perhaps she could even swindle some tonics from him to bolster her great-grandson's health.

With this thought, she began to smile from ear to ear.

Gu Youyou put down her pen and sat upright, watching the Huang Family matriarch smirk as she schemed.

Only when the matriarch's daydreams had gone far enough did Youyou begin to slowly explain to this outstanding grandmother, "You said Qianqian's symptoms started ten or eight days ago? Well, let's assume eight days. By my rough calculation, that means she began experiencing morning sickness twenty-three days after marrying Dabao. Grandma, I can state unequivocally that it normally takes around forty days after conception for the early pregnancy symptoms to appear, such as morning sickness, sleepiness, and lethargy. They have only been married for twenty-three days, so it's not possible."

The Huang Family matriarch didn't react at first; she was stunned for a moment before saying, "What... what do you mean by that?"

Youyou replied, "My meaning is very clear. Qianqian is not pregnant. She might have eaten too much watermelon, causing some stomach issues. And since it's been dragged out this long, you should bring her for a consultation as soon as possible."

After another moment of shock, the matriarch shook her head vehemently and said, "No, no. I have given birth to eight children, and I can tell with certainty. Qianqian is absolutely pregnant. What are you blabbering about when you've never given birth to a child yourself?"

Doubting her? That is a great taboo for a doctor.

Most doctors are men, and they certainly haven't given birth to children either.

And Youyou never believed in the so-called theory that having more childbirth experience makes one more knowledgeable, spun by obstinate old ladies spoiling for a fight. She was determined that it was impossible to be pregnant in such a short time.

Moreover, there had been a number of cases of vomiting and diarrhea during that period, which also biased her thinking.

Youyou was getting angry, her patience was wearing thin, and her words were no longer as pleasant.

She raised her volume and said loudly to the matriarch, "Grandma, if you don’t trust me, then find another doctor for a consultation. In any case, none of the doctors from Jisheng Hall will make house calls."

Chapter 257: Could it be pregnancy?

"You’re busy, and so are we. We can’t put everyone else’s medical needs on hold for a minor ailment of yours."

"Do you think you are the Heavenly King? Even the Heavenly King isn’t intimidating to Gu Youyou."

"What kind of attitude is this? I’m your grandmother! If I say Qianqian is pregnant, then she is most definitely pregnant," Old Madame Huang raised her voice too.

Her great-grandson, oh, they’ve been overjoyed for so many days, and you’re saying there’s nothing?

Gu Youyou sneered coldly, "Huh... I’ve always been like this. Are you just realizing that today?"

"Pregnant just because you say so? Do you think you’re some kind of fertility goddess?"

Gu Youyou suddenly laughed again, spreading her hands and speaking in a low voice, "Alright, I’ve made it very clear to you. They haven’t been married long enough for pregnancy, and the symptoms you’re talking about shouldn’t be appearing now. If you don’t believe me, feel free to consult another doctor. If Qianqian is indeed pregnant, it’s definitely not the Gu Family’s child."

Old Madame Huang’s eyes bulged, her nose contorting with rage, "What did you say?"

She dared to say that it’s not the Gu Family’s child if there’s a pregnancy?

Is that something a daughter of the Gu Family should say?

Where do you put the honor of the Gu Family, your brother, and the new bride?

Gu Youyou calmly articulated, "I've said everything clearly, yet you refuse to believe me. Any regular doctor would know this small matter, you can easily ask another one."

With that said, Gu Youyou grew irritable and furious.

This old lady, unseen for many days, had become ever more dreadful. How did Gu Youyou get saddled with such a 'wonderful' grandmother? And then had that 'wonderful' grandmother thrust onto her?

...

Old Madame Huang didn't know how she left Jisheng Hall, nor how she made it home in a daze.

Along the way, her mind was filled with what Gu Youyou had said.

Qianqian might have upset her stomach by eating too much watermelon, but from her experience of giving birth to eight children, that was definitely a pregnancy.

If Qianqian was truly pregnant, it absolutely couldn't be the seed of the Gu Family.

If not the seed of the Gu Family, whose seed is it?

Old Madame Huang recalled the scene before Dabao and Lei Qianqian married—the matchmaker kept stressing that the girl's family was in a hurry, mentioning how she had mourned for her father for three years, which already delayed her enough, and they couldn't afford any more delays. "If you are sincere about the marriage, marry her as soon as possible."

The time from engagement to marriage was just over ten days.

Such urgency for a bride taken in open and proper marriage was unheard of. As soon as the horoscopes matched, they picked a reasonably auspicious day that was not the worst and married them off. She had heard the astrologer's words: the best day for their marriage was three months later.

But the matchmaker insisted the Lei Family couldn’t wait three months.

They had waited three years, but couldn’t wait three more months?

"Huh..."

A vicious look crossed Old Madame Huang’s face, almost grinding her teeth to pieces.

Looking for a fool and they found the Gu Family—well done, Lei Family, well done, that matchmaker.

Old Madame Huang quietly returned to the Gu Family home without alarming anyone.

Besides her, there were only three people in the house.

Gu Xiaoqing was in her room embroidering her dowry, the second daughter-in-law was cleaning the pigsty, and there was Lei Qianqian, leaning against the wall vomiting violently.

Behind a window, Old Madame Huang lurked in the shadows, thinking of going straight out there and skinning this vile creature alive.

But she couldn’t do that—she had to hold on.

She had to consult a doctor first to find out after how long into a pregnancy vomiting was normal.

And Gu Youyou had mentioned, it could be a bad stomach from eating watermelon.

She would wait until these two matters were confirmed.

It better be a bad stomach, because if not, she’d fight to her last breath against her and that rotten Lei Family.

Chapter 258: Are You Moonlighting for Jingshi Room?

Huang Xiangwen, having just finished shoveling pig manure, saw his daughter-in-law gasping for air after vomiting and immediately felt a surge of pity. He dropped the shovel and hurried over to her.

"Oh my child, why are you vomiting so severely? Little ancestor, you're really giving your mother a hard time! If you don't grow up to be a magistrate and honor your mother, how will you ever make it up to her?"

Lei Qianqian raised her pale face, smiled, and said, "Mother, I'm fine!"

Huang Xiangwen's laughter grew even more cheerful, "Look, look, your mother is worrying over you and speaking on your behalf."

The old lady of the Huang Family's triangular eyes nearly shot out flames.

Little ancestor, indeed. It's not even certain whose little ancestor it might be.

...

Gu Youyou was amusing Abao, who had been eating well and was growing fast. In just over a month, Abao had already grown to the size of a medium-sized dog.

Jin Zijin had said that it would grow much larger than an average dog, and she should be careful not to scare people.

Gu Youyou loved big dogs, so majestic!

In her past life, after she discovered her aunt's deceptive ways—smiling on the surface while secretly stabbing you in the back—and her fear of dogs, she kept a house full of dogs. They were all large breeds, each one tended to by someone, with the sole purpose of keeping that aunt from bothering her.

Jin Zijin had been troubled by something for several days, wanting to ask, but had not found the right excuse, or rather, the right way to start the conversation.

Today, seeing Youyou so happy, maybe... it was time to ask?

But how could he broach the subject? Could he really just ask her outright if she'd purified Yuancheng?

If she inadvertently denied it, then he would assume Yue Rujing was just talking nonsense, having seen wrong.

But what if she admitted to it?

My goodness, how could a woman do such a thing? And as her husband, should he not take a principled stand and lecture her on proper conduct?

No, no, that idea was immediately dismissed as soon as it appeared.

Gu Youyou was no ordinary woman; she was a hot-tempered little cat with sharp teeth and a sharp tongue. If you annoyed her, she'd scratch you, and she might even bite you.

While earnestly working, his mind had already taken a dozen twists and turns, but he always maintained his composure, so nobody noticed his inner turmoil.

Gu Youyou, unaware of Jin Zijin's internal struggles, continued to play with Abao.

Jin Zijin turned his head to look at the woman, whose smile was as captivating as a flower, and he couldn't settle the tumult in his heart.

Does she not have the self-awareness of a woman at all? How could she do such a thing? Not even a doctor should.

Gu Youyou, without meaning to, turned her head and caught sight of Jin Zijin’s unfathomable gaze, tinged with grievance and resentment.

Why was Jin Zijin looking at her with such eyes? Gu Youyou was slightly startled.

"Is there something on your mind?" she asked, puzzled.

She took the initiative to ask, but Jin Zijin still couldn’t bring himself to do the same. Mainly because such matters were too awkward to mention. He finally understood Yue Rujing’s reluctant predicament.

It was too embarrassing to say!

This doctor of hers was also taking on the responsibilities of the Jingshi Room.

After much deliberation, he changed the subject.

"I heard from Ajing that grandmother caused a commotion at the clinic today?" Jin Zijin asked casually.

He swerved to a question that was totally unrelated, inwardly scolding himself thoroughly.

Gu Youyou restrained her laughter and cocked her head towards Jin Zijin.

He really couldn’t sit still. Even now, not needing to hunt in the mountains or using hunting as a pretext to meet Jin Ziyuan in the mountains, he still found other tasks to busy himself with, such as the wicker chair he was weaving at the moment.

But why did this wicker chair have no legs? Had he forgotten to make them? She was curious.

Chapter 259: A Man Who Works Hard is Handsome

"Yue Rujing told you about such a trivial matter? He really is a gossip, even worse than women." Gu Youyou accused while staring at the rattan chair.

The person who harbored murderous intentions towards her, Gu Youyou only wanted to slap him dead.

Unfortunately, there was no chance.

Jin Zijin raised an eyebrow, aware of the friction between Gu Youyou and Yue Rujing but not pointing it out.

If Yue Rujing promised not to harbor inappropriate thoughts towards Gu Youyou anymore, he would definitely be able to do it. Jin Zijin was still confident about that.

Only, to make Youyou revert to her initial impression of Yue Rujing seemed difficult now. Otherwise, should he let Yue Rujing pursue Gu Youyou? He deserved it.

Hearing her say that Yue Rujing was a gossiper, worse than women, he suddenly laughed.

He thought: Aren't you a woman yourself? It seems that when you gossip, you leave Yue Rujing half a street behind.

But these words he couldn't say outright to Gu Youyou. With Gu Youyou's temper, she would certainly react like an angered kitten, extending her claws to scratch enough.

"So it's a minor issue for grandma to make a fuss? Why did I hear it became a street brawl? How did you handle it?"

Actually, Jin Zijin wasn't interested in these women's catfights, but he asked more out of casual conversation to get to know Gu Youyou better.

Gu Youyou just grumbled something that he barely understood.

"They are just fighting dregs in front of me!"

Compared to those she faced in her previous life who smiled with hidden daggers and secretly undercut you at any moment, they were far too weak.

The term ’fighting dregs’ was very appropriate.

Leaving Abao aside, Gu Youyou squatted down in front of Jin Zijin with a smile, seriously watching him weave the rattan chair.

It had to be said that he was a person who took his work seriously, his selection of materials very meticulous and delicate.

The chair used quite a lot of rattan, yet each strand was almost the same in thickness, which surely took a lot of effort.

"What are you making?" Gu Youyou also chatted idly; she likewise needed to get to know Jin Zijin better.

"Making a rattan chair," Jin Zijin answered succinctly.

"Why doesn’t it have legs?" Gu Youyou asked her doubt.

Jin Zijin smiled mysteriously and said, "You’ll understand once it’s done!"

When he smiled, it was truly good-looking, comforting to the heart. It was probably like witnessing the melting of ice and snow, the blooming of spring flowers.

In the evening sun, Gu Youyou found herself somewhat entranced.

Jin Zijin’s hands kept moving; he was earnestly weaving the rattan chair.

A man focused on his work always had an inexplicable beauty, irresistibly attractive to women.

Whether it’s a domineering CEO reading documents in a luxurious office or a homemaking man tossing and frying in a kitchen filled with flying grease.

Or, in the fading evening sun, Jin Zijin earnestly weaving a rattan chair.

Gu Youyou remembered Shunzi once said that when Jin Zijin first arrived in Lotus Village, he was a handsome youngster, and the village girls all admired him. She wondered if he looked the same back then.

She pictured her husband rolling up his trouser legs to dig in the fields—even if he was covered in mud on his body and face, would he still look as handsome as a painting?

Perhaps it was the long silence between them, the earnestly working Jin Zijin lifted his head and looked at Gu Youyou.

She was spacing out, having squatted for quite some time now. Her legs must be numb by now, right?

It seemed he needed to quicken his pace.

"What are you thinking about?" his melodious voice asked.

Gu Youyou was taken aback for a moment, then asked with a smile, "When you first came to Lotus Village, did a lot of girls admire you?"

"Who told you that?"

Chapter 260: Pat on the Head

"I love gossip!" Gu Youyou said with justifiable pride.

Uh, well, it’s natural for women to love gossip, and Youyou is no exception.

"Do all women love gossip this much?" he asked.

"How so?" Gu Youyou raised an eyebrow.

Women do love gossip, she can ruin her own image by admitting she loves gossip, but she won't allow others to say it, especially men.

Jin Zijin calmly said, "Women in the village are just like you."

Gu Youyou: "..." When did you get to know the women in the village so well?

But what she was more concerned about was not that, but that Jin Zijin was comparing her to the women of the village.

In Gu Youyou's mind, the women of the village were like Gu Family's aunts and grandmas.

How could she be like those women?

Are you kidding me, Jin Zijin?

Gu Youyou's face darkened, and she said, "Are you saying I'm like a country girl?"

"You are one." Jin Zijin felt it was self-evident, completely unaware that Gu Youyou was starting to get angry.

Of course, he might have noticed but pretended not to.

Did he want to deliberately anger her, to experience the sharp claws of a provoked little cat?

"Nonsense." The little cat was enraged and loudly retorted.

She was not like that at all, Gu Family’s old lady was just unreasonable and insufferable.

Jin Zijin raised an eyebrow and put down the rattan in his hand, "Is that not the case?" A village girl, a girl from the village.

"Of course... I am!" Gu Youyou’s escalated volume suddenly dropped, warily looking at Jin Zijin.

What are you up to now?

She glared at Jin Zijin with a dark face, grinding her teeth, "Talking to you requires utmost caution, you’re always intentionally or unintentionally setting traps for me."

Still not giving up, still want to pry my origins? Too bad you wouldn’t believe my origins even if I told you.

You’re a Taoist, what if you decide to exorcise ghosts... What if you turn me into an actual wandering spirit? The thought made her appear somewhat guilty.

"That’s because you have a guilty conscience." Jin Zijin, seeing her guilty look, was all the more inclined to rile her up.

Gu Youyou was startled for a moment, then suddenly burst into laughter. "As if you don’t have a guilty conscience," she said. "We’re both in the same boat, so let’s not point fingers at each other. But I’m not as petty as you; if you don’t tell, I won’t ask."

Jin Zijin narrowed his eyes. She was smart, had she deflected the blame again? How dull!

After fussing for a while, Jin Zijin finally finished the rattan chair, but it still had no legs.

Gu Youyou was startled, watching how he would turn this legless rattan chair into something miraculous.

Jin Zijin gave her a mysteriously smug smile, then unleashed on her a devastatingly charming hair-ruffle, before turning and going inside.

Watching his suave departure, Gu Youyou subconsciously reached up to touch the top of her head, where the warmth of his large hand lingered, as if it were still there, prompting an irresistible urge to touch and confirm.

Of course, there was no warm hand on her head. Gu Youyou stuck out her tongue and her cheeks flushed slightly red.

Having lived two lives, she was no longer a girl with first love's innocence, yet she harbored a young girl's feelings. She felt she shouldn't be like this—maybe it was this body's maidenly hormonal impact influencing her.

...What sort of jumbled theory is that? She shook her head.

Gu Youyou watched as he brought out some wood and started tinkering away incessantly.

After a while, it began to take shape.

He was making a wooden frame, and the legless rattan chair wasn't meant to be placed on the ground; it was supposed to hang from the frame.