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Gu Youyou nearly vomited blood when she heard the ridiculous stories the village women were concocting.

Her aunt laughed sheepishly, not believing a word of what the Huang Family had said.

Who did they think they were fooling with that scene this morning?

Yet she feigned a look of sudden realization and said, “Could it be that this is why father suddenly wants to marry her off, to find her a match to celebrate some good fortune?”

“Oh my!” exclaimed the Huang Family, slapping her thigh, “Exactly, it must be so.”

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Word of Gu Youyou’s impending marriage quickly spread throughout the village.

When she had nothing else to do, she would listen in on the gossip of the village women, their astonishment so great that she could imagine eggs fitting into their mouths, even without seeing their shocked faces.

“Even if that hunter is poor, he doesn’t need to marry a sickly girl, does he?

She’s so ill, how could she bear him descendants?

What is he thinking?”

Another woman chimed in, “What else could he be thinking?

He’s a young man in his twenties who has yet to take a wife.

At his age, full of vigor, he must be longing for a woman.”

Another woman clicked her tongue twice, “Has he even seen that ghostly Gu Youyou?

She’s skin and bones, can he even bring himself to touch her?

Even if he could, it would be a joke if she died on their wedding night.”

At this remark, the group of women burst into raucous laughter, the younger ones even covering their faces, feigning embarrassment.

“Of course he hasn’t seen her.

You’re all unaware, but ten years ago, the Great Fairy declared that no man should enter Gu Youyou’s house, for if a man did, it would ruin the house’s Feng Shui.”

While the women at the head of the village were still gossiping about Gu Youyou, she was in for another shock.

No man can enter this house?

Ruin what Feng Shui?

This was the first time she had heard such talk; no wonder Gu Feng, who was normally so affectionate towards her, had not once come to see her since she had arrived six months ago.

She believed somewhat in the Divine Doctor they had mentioned before.

Someone who could prescribe such medicine was no ordinary person and deserved the title of Divine Doctor.

But who was this Great Fairy?

Surely Grandfather Gu hadn’t been fooled by a charlatan masquerading as a sage, had he?

Gu Youyou felt a chill run down her spine, and as she looked around the room she was staying in, it seemed more and more like a tomb, a gloomy residence.

This wouldn’t do; she had to leave as soon as possible, even if it meant facing her wedding night.

She was quite confident in her ghastly appearance; indeed, the wedding night might truly end in death, but she was sure it wouldn’t be hers.

Who knows, the hunter might drop dead from fright the moment he lifted her bridal veil.

Before she knew it, the day before her wedding had arrived, and her dowry was being brought out into the courtyard for inventory.

Gu Feng looked over the three large chests; in Lotus Village, this was considered quite extravagant, especially since the groom's family hadn't given any betrothal gifts yet.

Alright, was she paying them for the marriage?

The old women from outside jostled for a look, astonished to see the three large red lacquered chests filled to the brim.

"Grandfather Gu is playing favorites now, isn't he?

Last year when Erya got married, even with the groom's dowry, they only had two chests," one muttered.

"Hey, you don't understand, I heard it from the Huang Family.

Grandfather Gu originally wanted to keep her at home for life, but recently, with Gu Youyou nearly at death's door, he came up with the idea to marry her off to celebrate good fortune, as a last-ditch effort to cure her like using a dead horse as a live horse doctor.

Maybe her illness will get better."

"As if that would happen—I saw her just a few days ago.

She's so emaciated she barely looks human.

I bet she won't live past New Year's."

"Well, that's not certain.

Hasn't she been emaciated for a long time now?

And yet, she's lived all these years."