Farmhouse 81

Chapter 81 Self-Blame

Thankfully, this time, our own family's newly sprouted rice was spared, while others weren't so fortunate.

The second and third Gu sons quickly helped Gu Feng up from the paddy field and said, "Dad, don't worry. Look, the villagers have gone to put out the fire. Youyou is lucky; nothing will happen to her."

The second Gu son also added, "Yes, Dad, Youyou almost died ten years ago but she didn't, did she? She has a strong fate and won't come to harm. You can't afford to take a fall at your age. Just sit here and wait; the third and I promise to bring Youyou back safely."

Upon hearing this, Gu Feng nodded helplessly.

He was old and his eyes weren't as sharp as they used to be; he could only see the fierce fire burning in the direction of the Jin Zijin's house, under the billowing smoke, numerous figures were busily moving about.

Bucket after bucket of water was hauled up, and the fire seemed to finally be coming under control.

Gu Youyou stood by the side, trembling uncontrollably.

Both of her uncles arrived as well, and seeing that Gu Youyou was unharmed, they, too, joined the firefighting brigade.

Before long, Gu Feng rolled up his trouser-legs and approached, his heart aching at the sight of the dispirited Gu Youyou standing to one side.

He went up to her, gently patted her shoulder, and said, "Youyou, don't be afraid. As long as the people are safe, that's what matters. We can always rebuild the house!"

Wang Shun had already gone into the mountains to look for Jin Zijin, knowing the places Jin usually hunted.

Wang Shun's mother was the only woman in the village who had dealings with Gu Youyou, as others shunned her for bringing bad luck. Thus, as Gu Youyou stood there petrified, pale-faced, watching the raging fire, Wang Shun's aunt stayed by her side to comfort her.

"Youyou, don't be afraid. We can rebuild the house that's been lost; do not take it to heart. Your health isn't good, and it would be a real concern if something happened to you."

Gu Youyou couldn't utter a single word, her clear eyes fixated on the burning house.

How could she have been so foolish? She set out to make a meal, and not only did she not get to eat, but she also set the house on fire.

No matter how shabby that house was, it was their sanctuary, a place where she and Jin Zijin settled and made a life. That straw hut had shielded them from the wind and rain, allowing them to survive this harsh winter.

This was where they met. For all her time in this world, this place bore the marks of all her precious memories. Now it was gone, burnt away by her own hands.

How could she have been so foolish?

Most importantly, this was Jin Zijin's house. He had lived in this small mountain village for five years, and this was his only possession, which she had incinerated with a single fire.

Since she entered this house, she had been nothing but a burden to him. After he had taken care of her for so long and she was nearly well, she could offer nothing in return, and instead, she burned down his only property.

How could she have been so foolish?

No, no, she couldn't accept this. The ever-capable Gu Youyou could not accept that she couldn't even cook without burning down the house.

If this were the modern Gu Youyou, it wouldn't matter if she burned down a straw house or even if she set fire to several of the Gu Family's villas—no one would dare to blame her. But things were different here; this straw hut was the only place she and Jin Zijin could call their own.

What was she to do now? Without a house, she couldn't possibly return to the Gu Family home, could she? Grandma Huangshi would never let her live it down.

Besides, apart from that little dark room, the Gu Family had no place for her to stay.

She never wanted to go back to that little dark room in this lifetime—even with Jin Zijin's company, she would be unwilling to live in such a place.

Gu Feng watched as Gu Youyou remained silent, motionless, despite his attempts at consoling her, and he grew increasingly anxious.