

Quick Transmigration: Underdog Turns out to be Untouchable

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Upon hearing the news that Fang Yaoyao had run away, Qin Shuangshuang couldn't care about anything else and sprinted towards Fang Family Village, regretfully thinking she should bash her head against a wall. She should never have left Fang Yaoyao at home; she should have kept her by her side. How could she forget? Just look at her mother's build—how could she stop the determined Fang Yaoyao!

Damn it, how exactly did something happen to Fang Yaoyao in the past life! When exactly did it happen! She knew nothing!

Even though Fang Zhongyi had saved her at that time, every day he seemed lifeless. Qin Shuangshuang didn't dare mention his daughter, fearing it would touch upon Fang Zhongyi's sorrow. If only she had asked back then, she wouldn't be in the dark now, without any information to reference.

The Qin Family Village was close to the Fang Family Village, but running all this way Qin Shuangshuang couldn't see a single villager, normally bustling about the fields, to ask for directions.

There was no one in front, no one behind, not even the sound of bugs or birds, as if the world only had her left! The fields, once full of green sprouts bending in the wind, showed no sign of greenery, only yellow earth and deep, cracked chasms! The desolation stretched as far as the eye could see!

Compared to the Qin Family Village, the atmosphere in Fang Family Village was even more oppressive. Not a single person could be seen in the entire village, though there were people inside every house. Yet, every door was shut tight, and the wind swirled the yellow sand around, making it seem like a deserted village abandoned for many years.

Qin Shuangshuang, familiar with the place, hurried to her master Fang Zhongyi's house. Fang Zhongyi's house was the most well-kept in Fang Family Village; Qin Shuangshuang was extremely familiar with this house because she spent most of the past few years training martial arts here with Fang Zhongyi.

Without bothering to knock, Qin Shuangshuang barged in. Inside, Fang Zhongyi was cooking soup with dried meat, mushrooms, and wood ear fungus. It smelled delicious, but Qin Shuangshuang felt nothing, as she had been eating the same things daily and had no appetite for them anymore.

Qin Shuangshuang's rough entrance made Fang Zhongyi freeze for a moment. Qin Shuangshuang glanced around and immediately spotted Fang Yaoyao carrying a bowl out of the room, unharmed—this allowed Qin Shuangshuang to breathe a huge sigh of relief and slump onto a small stool to the side.

Fang Zhongyi looked at Qin Shuangshuang's state and jokingly blamed Fang Yaoyao, "I told you running over like this would scare Shuangshuang. This girl is too thoughtless."

Fang Yaoyao embarrassedly stuck out her tongue, "Oh, I had no choice! Shuangshuang is always worried I'll get hurt and keeps a close eye on me. You never come to see me, I miss you! So, I sneaked back. I won't do it again next time!"

As it was time for dinner, Qin Shuangshuang decided not to leave, but sat down to eat with Fang Yaoyao and Fang Zhongyi. During the meal, Fang Zhongyi sternly scolded Fang Yaoyao, telling her not to run around by herself, as the world was not a peaceful place.

Fang Yaoyao knew she was wrong, but she felt that since she knew martial arts, even against three or four men, she could handle herself, and no one could harm her.

But outwardly, Fang Yaoyao dared not show this thought. Qin Shuangshuang and Fang Zhongyi, seeing her good attitude, assumed she had listened, unaware of what Fang Yaoyao was really thinking.

After the meal, Fang Yaoyao went back with Qin Shuangshuang. Before leaving, Qin Shuangshuang repeatedly asked her master Fang Zhongyi to visit Fang Yaoyao more often, to prevent her from running off on her own.

In the following days, the atmosphere remained bleak, with no alleviation from the drought. Every village sent people to wait daily at the government office, hoping the court would open the granaries to aid the disaster victims, but they never saw the County Magistrate relent and release grain, only the relocation order announced every day!

Qin Shuangshuang took the opportunity to mention the entire village moving to the border city. Unsurprisingly, everyone was unwilling, causing Qin Shuangshuang to feel frustrated. She couldn't understand why going to the border city was scarier than starving to death. Barbarians, no matter how fearsome, were still people, and anything human could be vanquished.

The Emperor had resolved to move people to the border city, with that bold and ambitious Emperor's strong support and rich prospects, the region held unimaginable potential for development. Qin Shuangshuang knew that the future border city would be such a thriving place that people would hardly be able to get there even if they wanted to!

Yet the common people were like this, fearing the unknown and reluctant to leave their homeland. Sometimes, even if crouching in Hell, they would rather die in a place familiar to them, leaving one feeling powerless and helpless!

The court still hadn't released grain, and many households' food supplies had long been exhausted. Many people had begun relying on tree bark and plant roots for food, but even tree bark and plant roots would run out. Recently, some had started digging up Guanyin soil in the mountains to mix with roots and bark to eat.

Despite reaching this situation, when Qin Shuangshuang again proposed moving to the border city, everyone still hesitated. Qin Shuangshuang could only console herself that at least people were no longer adamantly refusing to leave and were now hesitating—a small step forward, perhaps.

In the coming days, food became increasingly difficult to find. Even the well that had always been a reliable water source dried up twice for an entire day, scaring the villagers, leading to further reduction in water usage by other villages, from three buckets to one bucket!

Just one bucket of water was barely enough to drink, leaving little for anything else. The villagers from outside immediately stirred up a commotion, talking simultaneously and growing more and more agitated. Some even tried to use their numbers to cause trouble.

However, when Qin Shuangshuang picked up a massive grinding stone weighing several hundred jin by the well and easily spun it around, then smashed a deep hole into the ground with it, everyone quieted, each person backing away, no one daring to make a sound!

Qin Shuangshuang said nothing further and, after intimidating the crowd, relinquished control back to the village chief who had been shouting himself hoarse to calm the chaos.

The water issue was resolved. Reducing the number of outsiders fetching water allowed the well's water level to gradually recover, and everyone sighed in relief.

But while the water issue was solved, the biggest problem—food—remained unsolved. Roots and bark were increasingly scarce, nowhere to be seen outside and only found in the mountains. But even the trees in the mountains seemed to have died from drought, shriveled without a hint of edible tender white parts after peeling the bark.

The Qin Family did have food. Several times, Mrs. Bai nearly couldn't bear withholding their food supply from the village people. But Qin Shuangshuang always disagreed.

Although their meat stockpile filled the entire attic, it was nothing compared to the needs of an entire village. This was Qin Shuangshuang's emergency reserve, and she couldn't release it unless they reached dire straits.

But now, with even the wild grass and bark becoming scarce, if Qin Shuangshuang didn't release the food now, people would genuinely starve to death—it was time.

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But this meat can't just be given away freely. Qin Shuangshuang thought about it, and decided to keep a few bags of jerky and dried mushrooms and wild vegetables for her family, while moving the rest to the ancestral hall. Her house was close to the hall, allowing her to move these items discreetly.

When the time comes, she would have the village chief and a few respected elders supervise making one pot of meat soup daily, then gather the villagers and give each person a bowl—adults with big bowls, children with small ones. This method would be fairer than distributing the meat directly.

Having made up her mind, Qin Shuangshuang moved the meat into the ancestral hall. The hall had three rooms in succession; the innermost was for placing ancestral tablets, which she couldn't enter, but she could access the first two rooms. Qin Shuangshuang stacked the meat and dried mushrooms and wild vegetables so high in the second room that it was completely filled!

The village chief had aged significantly during this time, and along with not getting enough to eat, he was gaunt and almost unrecognizable, even walking with a tremor, his once spirited demeanor gone.

However, upon seeing the sacks of jerky piled up by Qin Shuangshuang nearly filling the entire room, a spark of hope instantly lit up in the village chief's lifeless eyes!

Tears welled up in his eyes, and his throat moved with emotion as he said hoarsely to Qin Shuangshuang, "Shuangshuang girl, you are the savior of our whole village. If we can get through this hardship, no one in our village will ever forget your life-saving grace!"

"Don't mention grace and all that. When my mother and I were struggling, wasn't it also thanks to you and the good-hearted folks in the village that we managed to survive? These are the things I hunted and preserved when I went into the mountains.

Last year, the drought affected everyone's harvests, and I worried that the food everyone gathered might not last until this year's harvest, so I kept this jerky aside, who

would have thought it would turn out to be life-saving now with this year's drought again!"

The village chief, excited, rubbed his hands together, saying "good" repeatedly, then hurried out and personally rang the big bell at the entrance of the ancestral hall.

He gathered the villagers and let everyone see the jerky-filled room and several bags of dried mushrooms and wild vegetables. Faces that had been dejected suddenly lit up with vitality as the villagers arrived.

Euphorically, everyone shed tears of joy, relieved at last from the fear of starvation. Then came a series of thank-yous to Qin Shuangshuang, especially from the elderly, who had previously met secretly numerous times, planning mutual fasting to avoid burdening the younger generations in their families.

After praising Qin Shuangshuang, the villagers praised Mrs. Bai, saying she raised a great daughter, understanding gratitude and righteousness, with far-sightedness. Both Qin Shuangshuang and Mrs. Bai blushed at the compliments, feeling a bit embarrassed!

Finally, the village chief waved his arm and ordered a pot to be set up in front of the ancestral hall to cook meat soup. No longer afraid of starving, everyone's spirits lifted—some fetched water, some chopped meat—no instructions needed; despite the abundance of meat, everyone took as little as possible when grabbing meat.

Meat, unlike grain, wouldn't starve you if you only ate a bowl of thin porridge without eating anything else for a day, whereas eating just a bowl of meat stew would sustain you for the day.

Several sturdy men in the village joined forces, chopping the jerky into powder; whole dried wild chickens and rabbits were similarly ground along with their bones. Mushrooms and black fungus were also powdered. Dried wild vegetables, being fewer, were added sparingly and ground into powder.

The three large pots were all set to work, with a basin of meat, mushroom, and wild vegetable powder separately poured into each. Initially, they thought it would just be broth with some meat flavor, but those dry foods that Qin Shuangshuang had sun-dried and powdered turned into three large pots of thick meat stew!

The villagers were delighted yet heartbroken; glad that the stew would help them last longer, possibly until God decides to send rain, but heartbroken that consuming such rich stew seemed lavish, urging them to use less meat.

Several clan elders muttered endlessly about the waste. The village chief had to have two more pots fetched and the broth diluted, yet it remained thick. No further dividing was done; everyone's hunger was unbearable, and the village chief directly announced it was time to eat.

The village chief personally supervised the distribution; adults received two ladles of stew, filling a full bowl, while the children's smaller appetites were satisfied with one ladle. Despite Qin the Third's family's eager approach, they didn't appear starved for long, causing the village chief to frown.

Everyone knew about the Qin family's grain selling, that they stopped selling later and stored a lot of grain at home.

When everyone was starving to death and couldn't buy food, they had no choice but to spend a lot of money to buy it from Mr. Qin's family. Even when the Qin family insisted they had no more grain, no one forced them to share it. But now when their family that isn't lacking grain comes for a share of meat, it's really improper.

The village chief waved them off, not allowing Mr. Qin's family to receive any stew, saying coldly, "Your family can't have any of this meat!"

"Why not? Are you saying our family isn't part of Qin, or is it someone discriminating against us not allowing us to share?" Burst Old Chen, waiting behind Mr. Qin for stew, with a sharp, pointed glance at Qin Shuangshuang.

The village chief highly disliked this mean, selfish, and vicious Old Chen, ignoring her, and directly said to Mr. Qin, "Whether your family lacks grain or not, everyone knows. You refused to sell when we were starving to death, we didn't force you, but this meat, don't even think about getting a share. If you don't like it, you not being part of Qin is no issue."

The village chief said this very sternly; no one in the village objected, everyone agreed. The Qin family's previous behavior could be called turning a blind eye to others' plight. No loss to the clan without them!

With Old Chen's fierce domestic demeanor, she dared to retort against the village chief thinking Qin Shuangshuang had a hand in it. Seeing the entire village glaring angrily at them, Old Chen shrank back and dared not speak up.

Seeing everyone unwelcoming, Mr. Qin had no choice but to lead his family home; as the village chief said, they weren't lacking grain, their greed for meat aside, and didn't want others to know about it.

Once the Qin family returned home, they felt frustrated; the stew smelled so good, and they really craved it. Old Chen's face was somber as she viciously eyed Qin Lao Er, grumbling irritably.

"We should never have kept Mrs. Bai back then! If we went with my idea, buying and quietly selling her at a good price, we could have made a profit. But no, you this useless had to fancy that lowly *****'s flirtatious looks, insisting on keeping them. And what

happened? She didn't even bear a son for you, only a nemesis, especially vexing our family!"

Old Chen referred to selling Mrs. Bai at a good price as selling her to a brothel, where buying people is always lavish as long as they're pretty. Mrs. Bai's looks, judged by her ordinary-looking father Qin Lao Er, and if a brothel madam covets Qin Shuangshuang, then of course she must be stunning!

Qin the Third sat there, his eyes darting around, seeing how angry his mother Old Chen was, he smiled and said, "Mother, no need to be so upset. I've thought of a good plan, just right to vent your frustrations and teach those who gave our family a hard time today a good lesson!"

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Today, everyone in Qin Family Village was extremely excited, having had a good meal. Though they couldn't eat to satiety, the meat, which even in good years wasn't easy to come by, filled their bellies. Thinking about the room full of dried meat, everyone was filled with hope! Groups of three or two laughed and chatted as they headed home, creating a harmonious atmosphere.

The village still looked desolate, but the oppressive, suffocating feeling that had lingered there vanished.

Qin Shuangshuang was in a great mood today. Although Old Chen had disgusted her once again, over the years whenever she encountered Old Chen, she was sure to hear a heap of unpleasant words. Qin Shuangshuang had become accustomed to ignoring her.

After returning home, the family continued talking excitedly for quite a while before going to sleep.

At night, Qin Shuangshuang slept well, but she was startled awake in the middle of the night by shouts and cries from outside. Opening her eyes, she saw flames rising outside, accompanied by the loud clamor of many people.

Qin Shuangshuang was shocked, quickly got up, dressed, and ran outside. Her sudden movements woke Mrs. Bai, Qin Miaomiao, and Fang Yaoyao. Without needing Qin Shuangshuang to explain, one look at the fire outside, and the three knew what was happening.

Qin Miao and Fang Yao were trained in martial arts and brave. They dressed quickly, intending to go out with Qin Shuangshuang, but Qin Shuangshuang stopped them directly, "You two stay in the room with my mother and protect yourselves. I'll go out alone; if there's any trouble, I can handle it by myself. If I can't, you two take my mother and quickly go find my master!"

After saying that, Qin Shuangshuang went out. The scene outside made Qin Shuangshuang's heart leap! Many ragged individuals, armed with clubs, clearly not from Qin Family Village, were setting fires randomly, while others were fighting with the villagers wielding farming tools!

Many people were already injured, both from Qin Family Village and these club-wielding outsiders. An arrow swiftly flew past Qin Shuangshuang's eyes, heading straight for the back of a villager!

Fortunately, Qin Shuangshuang was quick and caught the arrow in her hand just as it flew under her nose! Then she noticed that among the intruding outsiders, besides those with clubs, there were seven or eight carrying bows and arrows!

"Ah!"

A startled scream sounded not far from Qin Shuangshuang. It was a girl's voice, very familiar. Qin Shuangshuang's heart tightened, and she looked over, finding it was Aunt Hao's daughter, Qin Qiao'er!

At that moment, Qin Qiao'er was crawling frantically on the ground. Behind her, an outsider held a large stone high, his face bearing a malicious grin mixed with some indescribable pleasure. He aimed the stone at Qin Qiao'er's head, ready to strike.

Qin Shuangshuang was not just too far to reach Qin Qiao'er in time. Fortunately, she had brought her bow and arrows when she came out, quickly stringing an arrow. Qin Shuangshuang's accuracy with a bow was as good as her master's!

In this emergency, Qin Shuangshuang instinctively used her hunting tactics, aiming the arrow at the man's fatal points and letting it fly. The arrow went straight into the outsider's left eye, powerful enough to exit through the back of his head!

The outsider's body shuddered, his face frozen in a twisted smile of malice and pleasure. The stone in his hand rolled to the ground, creating a small pit. His body fell with the stone, eyes wide open, staring towards Qin Shuangshuang, dead without closure.

"Ah——"

Qin Qiao'er screamed with her eyes closed, her voice filled with terror and despair. Her legs kicked as she tried to crawl backward, tears streaming down her face!

Qin Shuangshuang paused, not intending to kill, but instinctively aiming for the eye in her haste. In hunting, animals' pelts were often valuable, so Qin Shuangshuang had learned from Fang Zhongyi to aim directly at the eyes.

In the pressure of the moment, she instinctively aimed at the eye, with the inevitable result.

Never having killed anyone, Qin Shuangshuang felt uncomfortable and a bit frightened. She had taken a life, even though she had seen many things and witnessed many tragic deaths; this was different from personally killing someone.

The dead person's gaze, staring at her even after falling, instilled a primal fear in Qin Shuangshuang! But there was no time for panic.

Who knows where these outsiders came from, but despite their ragged clothing, their complexions were ruddy, not like starving people, each very strong. The villagers of Qin Family Village had been starving for a long time, having just had a decent meal today, they were no match for these outsiders.

The outsiders with arrows were even more threatening, though their accuracy was far from Qin Shuangshuang's, there were many of them. Qin Shuangshuang saw that three or four villagers had been hit by arrows. Though no one died, it was clear two were severely injured!

In the moment of her shock, several people's farm tools were seized. Compared to clubs, farm tools can kill, and with them in hand, the outsiders aimed for the villagers' vital points without hesitation, clearly intending to take lives!

Suppressing her discomfort from killing, Qin Shuangshuang quickly strung an arrow, shooting at those trying to kill. This time, she aimed for their legs instead of the eyes.

Besides targeting those armed with killing intent, Qin Shuangshuang first disabled the hands of those carrying bows and arrows among the outsiders, ruining their ability to shoot. As for those without bows, she shot at their legs.

Qin Shuangshuang was strong, her bow heavy, and her arrows powerful. Her accuracy was excellent, often piercing the legs of the outsiders, rendering them immobile and easily subdued by the villagers.

With Qin Shuangshuang's intervention, more and more outsiders fell, and the arrows in her quiver quickly depleted. The outsiders soon noticed Qin Shuangshuang, the most troublesome presence.

While she had arrows in hand, they dared not approach. Once her quiver on her back was empty, several outsiders exchanged glances and rushed at Qin Shuangshuang, planning to overpower her with brute force!

Running out of arrows suited Qin Shuangshuang perfectly, turning and punching, kicking, grabbing ankles, and tossing them aside, she quickly subdued several outsiders!

With Qin Shuangshuang's involvement, the outsiders were soon subdued. The villagers, filled with righteous anger, gathered the attackers together, with several red-eyed villagers discussing killing them!

Several houses were burned, and seven or eight people were injured. Emotions were running high; many echoed the suggestion to kill, seeing it about to happen, when one outsider, in desperation, shouted, "Don't kill me, don't kill me, we were called here by people from your village! We didn't come on our own!"

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As soon as the refugee spoke, the atmosphere instantly froze, and everyone fell silent, looking at each other in disbelief! They all thought their ears were deceiving them!

One of the people from Qin Family Village laughed dryly, "What nonsense are you talking about? Someone from our village called you here? Even if you're afraid to die, don't tell such childish lies to deceive us!"

"It's true, it's true! Everything I said is true. We are not lying, it really was someone from your village who called us here, it was Qin the Third. He said there's water and meat in your village, and if we take over this place, the meat and water would be ours. As long as we share a bit of the meat with them, it would be fine. Everything I said is true, if you don't believe it, you can ask!"

When Qin the Third was mentioned, everyone exchanged glances for a moment, and they surprisingly began to believe it. If this refugee had mentioned someone else from the village, they might not have believed it!

The ancestors of the Qin Clan had once held the position of Magistrate, and though they declined later, they never gave up on education. It was only in the last couple of years that several scholars emerged, giving the Qin Family Village a much stronger moral sense than other villages!

Yet in this village, there famously stood out one peculiar family, naturally, it was Mr. Qin's family! If it was said that someone in the village with high morals wouldn't do such a thing, but if it was Mr. Qin's family, whoever it was, everyone would believe it!

Although they believed it in their hearts, they still asked the refugee to explain the matter in detail. This time, not only that refugee, but other refugees also chimed in, and soon the whole story was clear.

These refugees were originally hunters from Qin Family Village in the north of Daqing Mountain. With abundant resources and wildlife, these hunters lived better than farmers dependent on harvests, enjoying relatively affluent lives.

They lived well on weekdays, but during the drought, when wildlife migrated and vegetation withered, as they didn't farm, they had no food reserves and almost immediately fell into a state of food shortage.

Originally, these hunters, though short on food, were not very worried because there was a deep spring in the mountain. According to the old hunters, even during a three-year drought a decade ago, the spring never dried up.

These hunters had planned that when the villages below the mountain ran out of water, they would come to the spring for water, and they would guard the spring, exchanging water for food, which would ensure they had enough to eat.

To their surprise, they waited and waited, but no villagers came for water. Even when someone occasionally came, upon hearing they needed to trade food for water, they left with their buckets empty.

Without the anticipated food, unable to find anything edible in the mountains, they plunged into despair. This desperation peaked when two people starved to death!

The fear of starvation shattered their psychological bottom line. To survive, everyone shared the two dead bodies. After consuming the remains, indeed, everyone survived, but soon, another person starved to death, and to stay alive, they again divided and consumed him.

Those who starved were the physically weak, such as elderly, children, and frail women, but gradually, the weaker people all died off, while the remaining ones, nourished by human flesh, ironically became stronger.

With stronger bodies, they naturally became harder and less prone to die. As no one died for a long time, everyone, having grown accustomed to human flesh, found their hunger harder to bear, and they eyed each other restlessly.

One of the refugees had some sense and realized this couldn't continue, that they couldn't devour their own people. He proposed that they shouldn't target their own; as hunters, their physical prowess was already better than the farming folk.

Now, as outsiders were too afraid to eat fully due to lack of food and were weaker, they, having consumed human flesh, were strong, making it not difficult to capture and eat a few stray individuals!

Eating outsiders was better than eyeing their own people. Having already broken their psychological bottom line due to cannibalism, they agreed to this idea almost without hesitation.

This marks the source of the rumors about refugees eating people. Qin Shuangshuang was also enlightened, no wonder this had not occurred in the past at this time.

In the previous life, Qin Family Village did not have the deep well dug by Qin Shuangshuang, so naturally, they suffered from water shortages earlier. Back then, people from miles around, just as these refugees had planned, brought food in exchange for water.

In this life, with the well pre-dug by Qin Shuangshuang, providing free water, no one was willing to waste food on fetching water. These refugees, with no grains in store and unable to trade water for food, starved people even earlier than before and thus, out of desperation, turned to cannibalism sooner.

Qin Shuangshuang felt discomfort in her heart, but she did not consider these people's cannibalism to be caused by her. After all, in the previous life, they also resorted to cannibalism.

In the latter stages of the calamity, when even tree bark and roots were gone, and no household had food, venturing in groups into the mountains was futile. After two consecutive years of drought, the mountains too were depleted and barren!

At that time, what people considered edible in their eyes were only their kind, as there were no other foods, and those refugees who couldn't acquire money, asked those fetching water to send people instead, and what happened to those sent didn't need to be spelled out.

Some cowardly ones, not daring to kill others, went mad and killed their own family members to eat them; swapping children for food was common. Hesitant to kill their children, they exchanged them with others for consumption—hypocritical and disgusting!

Back then, Qin Family Village was the only village unwilling to engage in cannibalism or send their own to be eaten. Therefore, they had the most deaths from starvation, which is why when Qin Shuangshuang was swapped and eaten by Qin Laoer, the villagers unanimously decided to expel the Qin family!

When the court later sent General Wuwei to escort villagers to the border city, General Wuwei, upon hearing about Qin Family Village's actions, greatly admired them and offered them special care. Without this, their weakened bodies due to starvation would not have survived the journey to the border city.

Qin Shuangshuang subconsciously believed Fang Yaoyao was safer at her home, precisely because of the villagers of Qin Family Village's principled refusal to engage in cannibalism.

One must admit, the county magistrate was a good official. Seeing the villagers resorting to mutual consumption rather than heading to the border city, and unable to bear it in his heart, he directly wrote a memorial to the court, describing the people's miserable conditions.

The magistrate's intention was to prompt the Emperor to show mercy by decreeing the opening of granaries for relief, but who would have thought the people's behavior would anger the Emperor! The Emperor ordered General Wuwei from nearby to escort the people to the border city, dragging them if necessary, determined they should die there if they must!

Qin the Third's acquaintance with these cannibalistic refugees was actually an accident!

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The villagers' thoughts were not off; the Qin Family indeed still had a lot of grain, and unlike the previous life where most of it was stolen by people from outside the village, this time the Qin Family truly still had plenty.

Even though they weren't lacking food, when everyone else was in scarcity, the Qin Family didn't dare to show they weren't hungry. Just like the others in the village, they pretended to go out daily to gather some bark and roots. Of course, they wouldn't eat them after bringing them back.

Every time Qin the Third went out to find bark and roots, he would wander far, find a spot to lazily take a nap, and after waking up, he'd grab some inedible dry grass, cover it with a cloth, and no one would know what he actually brought back.

One day, as Qin the Third found a secluded spot to sleep, he was caught by vagrants wandering around various villages looking for people who were alone. Naturally, Qin the Third's family wasn't short on food, so he had more flesh on him, making the vagrants very excited.

The vagrants discussed that since Qin the Third had a lot of meat, they might as well roast him to eat! Listening to such discussions, Qin the Third was so terrified that he lost control of his bowels on the spot!

The vagrants didn't mind his soiled state, laughing heartily as they carried the tightly bound Qin the Third back, thinking they had plenty of water to wash him well when the time came.

Seeing he was about to be roasted, Qin the Third hurriedly shouted, "No, don't eat me. I have grain. I can give you a lot, a lot of grain. Just don't kill me!"

The vagrants ignored him and continued on. At such times, who would believe there was grain? Eating the meat in front of them was what mattered.

Seeing that they weren't listening, Qin the Third grew desperate, "Trust me; I'm telling the truth. Didn't you say I look plump with meat? If I didn't have grain at home, how could I be raised like this? Trust me, my family once sold grain, but when things looked bad, we stopped selling most of it. As long as you don't kill me, I can sneak and open

the door at night. You can directly move the grain from my house, just don't hurt my family..."

In a bid to save his life, Qin the Third threw caution to the wind, trying hard to persuade the vagrants not to kill him, assuring them his family had grain and promising to guide them and open his house's doors to assist them.

This time, the vagrants believed him. Qin the Third's one credible statement was if his family didn't have grain, he wouldn't be so well-fed and plump, as those without enough food would appear skeletal and emaciated.

At that time, grain was more attractive than silver. If a hundred taels of silver and a hundred pounds of rice were placed before someone, everyone would choose the rice over the silver.

The leader of the vagrants sent two people along with Qin the Third to identify the Qin family's door, setting a time to come fetch the grain at night.

Before leaving, those two vagrants threatened Qin the Third again, scaring him almost to the point of wetting himself once more. Trembling and nodding continuously, he assured them he wouldn't go back on his word, and then was released home.

The vagrants returned and gathered everyone, waiting not far from Qin Family Village for Qin the Third to meet them. However, when Qin the Third showed up, he changed his tune, telling them it wasn't his family that had grain but that there was meat in the village.

Qin the Third swore and swore again that he wasn't lying, saying the dried meat was stored in the village's ancestral hall. As long as they followed him to the hall, they would see a room full of dried meat, enough to last everyone half a year.

Moreover, Qin the Third proposed an enticing idea: after occupying the village, not only could they get a room full of dried meat, but they could also use the entire village's people as reserve food! This way, they wouldn't go hungry for a long, long time!

It must be said, Qin the Third's proposal thoroughly tempted them! The vagrants, who had grown accustomed to eating human flesh, saw nothing wrong with using living humans as reserve food.

With excitement, the vagrants charged into Qin Family Village, initially overwhelming everyone with their attacks, as no one was their match.

But soon, Qin Shuangshuang appeared, and just by herself, she turned the tide against them! At this moment, the vagrants hated Qin the Third to the core, believing he intentionally didn't mention the super-skilled young girl in the village, clearly trying to set them up.

In fact, Qin the Third did not mention Qin Shuangshuang because he feared her reputation was too great, that once the vagrants knew of her, they wouldn't dare come. If they didn't come, he couldn't escape them, so to save his life, he concealed Qin Shuangshuang's existence.

But the vagrants, unaware of Qin the Third's intentions, in an attempt to save themselves, shifted all hatred towards Qin the Third, embellishing everything he had said, with or without truth. This drove the villagers of Qin Family Village into an ever-increasing fury, pulses throbbing on their foreheads!

Everyone was maddened by anger. There was no dissent; all agreed that expulsion from the clan was necessary, to banish the whole family from Qin Family Village!

What Qin the Third did amounted to leading thieves in to harm his own people. If it were other villages or families, burning the entire Qin Family or drowning them would be seen as normal. It's just that the Qin Clan didn't have such harsh rules; the maximum punishment was expulsion.

However, at that time, staying in the village with kin's protection was one thing, but once cast out, death was not far off! The unanimous sentiment in Qin Family Village to expel them somewhat hinted at wanting the Qin Family to perish outside.

Yet, they could not be blamed. That family was too malicious. If they continued living in the same village, everyone would be on edge!

It was said that Qin the Third was foolish, possessing a malicious heart but no brains, always committing foolish acts! He actually thought that by destroying Qin Family Village, the Qin Family could gain benefits from these cannibalistic vagrants!

Once the skin is gone, what can the flesh cleave to? Although the villagers of Qin Family Village were not fond of their family, they genuinely enjoyed the village's protection.

Their family had grain that, in another village, might have long been stolen. Yet in Qin Family Village, they could hold onto their grain, watch others starve, and no one would rob them openly. This was something they should have been grateful for!

Speaking of grain theft, Qin Shuangshuang suddenly remembered that in her past life, the Qin Family's grain being stolen might have been caused by Qin the Third leading this wave of vagrants to rob for his own survival! It's just that in this life, when Qin the Third was released, it happened on the day Qin Shuangshuang handed over the dried meat to the village, leading Qin the Third to shift the misfortune eastward directly! This explains everything.

Qin Shuangshuang found it strange; the villagers of Qin Family Village were known for keeping secrets. Though some liked gossip, it never left the village, so how had

outsiders suddenly learned the Qin Family had grain, and silently came to rob most of it? Turns out there was a traitor inside!