

REBIRTH: GENERAL, DON'T MESS AROUND!

Chapter 4: Don't Mess With Me

Under the chilly glint of that sharp pair of scissors, Sun Dongqing stopped her dashing abruptly.

She saw the mercilessness on Ye Jian's face, as well as the chill in her eyes.

Somehow, Sun Dongqing's heart raced, and her arm that was raising the bamboo stick dropped suddenly.

"Aunt, this thing hasn't been investigated thoroughly; and if you dare say anything about it out there and give me a hard time, then I am not afraid to drag your whole family down with me."

Ye Jian said coldly. Her pupils were very dark, even darker than the color of the night; but the expression in her eyes was so bright that they were resplendent like stars.

As she was glaring, the expressions in her eyes were like aurora and experienced myriads of changes...

Gorgeous as they were, they were also intimidating.

"Wicked girl..."

"Let's see for how long your conceit will last! Explain it yourself when your teachers are here." In front of the provoked Ye Jian, Sun Dongqing's heart throbbed and a thought occurred to her: Had Yingying lied?

Sun Dongqing drove this thought out of her mind immediately.

No way! Yingying has always been well-behaved, it's impossible for her to lie.

No, I have to ask Yingying about this.

At the thought of the significance of this issue, Sun Dongqing threw away the bamboo stick and walked outside.

It was not Ye Jian that she was concerned about. Ye Jian was not her daughter anyway, and her mother-in-law hated this granddaughter very much.

However, for unknown reasons, Sun Dongqing was very anxious and felt that something bad was about to happen.

Ye Jian watched her leave with indifference and smiled subtly. In the mirror, she examined her fourteen-year-old face carefully.

Although her facial features were delicate with a tinge of innocence, her smile indicated that she had undergone great changes.

As she concentrated her vision, the extremely bleak and chilly expressions condensed deep into her pupils. She raised her head and saw Sun Dongqing rushing to leave the courtyard. In no time, Sun Dongqing disappeared from her sight.

Coldly, Ye Jian stopped looking at that direction. She found her comb and combed her jet-black hair over and over again.

Ye Ying! This time, just wait and see!

In the old days, I made a mistake by conceding to you once; but now, I swear I will make your life like hell!

Outside the house, Sun Dongqing ordered Ye Ying, who was snapping branches on the peach tree, to get down from the tree. Ye Ying pursed her lips discontentedly, "Mom, you scared me."

Reluctant to be tough to her daughter, Sun Dongqing whispered, "About the issue you said when you came back yesterday, what exactly happened?!"

"What happened?" As Ye Ying lowered her head, her nose tip touched her tender peach-like lips, thus concealing the slightly panicked expression in her eyes. "How am I supposed to know?"

"Come inside the house and talk to me!" Sun Dongqing looked around and saw no one. She dragged her daughter into her bedroom to question her thoroughly.

Ye Jian witnessed the tussle between them as they entered the house. With a gentle smile on her face, she walked out from the other side of Sun Dongqing's house and left.

This was not her house.

Her house was at the very end of the village and close to a bamboo forest. Every brick and tile of her house was laid down by her parents when they were alive.

Her house was a paradise for her until she turned four years old.

The front yard was filled with peach blossoms, and the rustling of bamboo leaves could be heard from the back of the house.

As for herself, she would be sitting under the peach tree, hands rested on her cheeks, looking at her mother who was reading poems, and then when her eyelids became increasingly heavy, she would fall asleep.

Her father, who had returned with the bamboo shoots that he dug up, would be beside them, peeling the bamboo shoots with a smile. Sometimes, he would smile and say, "Jian is just like you. She likes reading, too."

The happiness in paradise came to a halt when she was four years old.

As Ye Jian saw villagers walking towards her, she quickly rubbed the corners of her eyes to clean her nostalgic tears.

Before Ye Jian could greet the villagers who were busy farming in spring, they gathered around her and asked if she was well, "Ah! Jian, you have woken up! Do you still have a headache?"

Although they were sincere and honest, they were unbelievably stubborn at the same time.