

# Farming in the Mountains: Max Level Jiaojiao Is Three Years Old

## Chapter 2: Xue Yan

That was why the uncle quickly agreed to take her under his care. After that, when the host's mother died, Jiang's family was ready to sell the little girl.

The broker had been found and the price was settled. Just as Jiang's family was about to send the little girl away happily and bring the money back, the child caught a cold because she wasn't properly taken care of by that family. It was getting worse and worse, and she looked like she was about to die. The buyer was naturally unwilling to spend money to buy her if she was not in good health.

Jiang's family wanted to wait until the host recovered before selling her again, but they couldn't bear to use their own money to get her medicine, so they just let the child fight her own battles.

That was how the little girl left the world. The next time that little girl's eyes opened, it was a different person.

Such a sc\*mbag of a relative, of course, she had to cut off all ties. She only looked small now, but her body's flexibility, strength, and reaction ability had all come together with the apocalypse in her world. It was more than enough to deal with those sc\*mbags.

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The zombie invasion caused an apocalypse, and only the fittest survived. The humans who could survive had all evolved to a certain extent, and she was no exception.

It was just that while her body's functions had evolved, she had also obtained a seed space.

The space was filled with all kinds of seeds. There was even an all-purpose nursery room inside that could help all kinds of seeds germinate in a day and become strong seedlings.

However, at that time, she was in an apocalyptic world where zombies were rampant and anything she planted would be destroyed. She had never had the chance to use this space at that time.

She had originally planned to use it when she was rebuilding her home after dealing with the zombies. It was a pity that she transmigrated.

However, after the apocalypse, there were many strong people, and there were a large number of seeds in reserve just in case. It would not be impossible to rebuild the home just because she was gone.

Jiang Yue looked at the mountain at the end of the field before she went up the field and walked toward the mountain.

She had not seen such beautiful scenery of nature for many years. There had been no greenery at all during the apocalypse, and the forests had been destroyed into a wasteland. She naturally wanted to live in the mountains just for the freshness of it all.

Perhaps she could plant things in the mountains, where she could use her space to grow seedlings. She could also hunt, so she wouldn't starve to death.

As for the future, her body was only three and a half years old. She still had a long way to go. She was not in a hurry to think about it in the future.

Jiang Yue walked up the mountain step by step.

In the fields on both sides of the dam, there were farmers pulling out the barnyard grass. The barnyard grass looked very similar to rice. Perhaps the farmers were too focused on pulling out the barnyard grass, so no one noticed a little girl making her way up the mountain.

When she arrived at the foot of the mountain, she saw a hunchbacked farmer in his forties on the way down, carrying a heavy load of firewood. He was wearing a commoner's outfit.

The original owner had this person in her memory. He was Xue Dafu from the neighboring village. The little girl used to go up the mountain with her mother to gather firewood before and had seen this person many times. This person was very kind and even helped her gather firewood for her family when her mother was sick.

"Xue Yan, have you really decided not to go to town to study?" As Xue Dafu carried the firewood down the mountain, he turned around to talk to his youngest son.

It was also because he had turned around that he had not seen Jiang Yue yet.

Jiang Yue then realized that there was a thin and gentle-looking boy behind Xue Dafu.

The boy carried a small bundle of firewood and he seemed to be struggling. He was not dressed like a farmer's child at all. He wore a white long robe made of badly sewn fabric.

This was Xue Dafu's seven-year-old son, Xue Yan.