

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 337

The house was quite rundown. It must have been built more than half a century ago.

They went through the front door and up the stairs. There was a bed placed next to the wall and an old man lying on it.

The old man was in his seventies. His face was emaciated and his eyes were tightly shut.

Tang Hao could sense that his qi flow was extremely weak. The old man only had moments to live.

According to Fangfang, Grandpa had late-stage cancer. It was too late for the doctors to do anything when he was diagnosed with it.

Grandpa had been a hard worker when he was younger, and his body was never in good health. The disease had caused him to be bedridden. Within a month, the cancerous cells had already spread throughout his body.

“Grandpa!” Ma Fangfang called out gently as she clutched the old man’s hand.

The old man did not move.

Tears welled up in Ma Fangfang’s eyes. She sat down at the bedside and started to sob quietly.

Very soon, the old man seemed to have perceived something. His eyelids fluttered and he mumbled something.

“It’s me, Grandpa!” Ma Fangfang called out.

However, the old man remained mostly unconscious and could not recognize her.

Ma Fangfang sat down again.

“My Grandpa loved me very much when I was younger. I’ve been living here since I was a baby. I remember that every summer evening, Grandpa would place me on his lap and tell me stories while we enjoyed the breeze by the doorway.”

She started sobbing again as she spoke.

Tang Hao did not say anything.

He was not a stranger to death, which was why he felt sorry for her at the moment.

He walked toward her and patted her shoulder.

Then, he reached out to diagnose Grandpa Shunde’s condition.

He furrowed his brows.

Grandpa Shunde’s condition was dire, even more serious than Old Master He. It was impossible to fully cure the disease. To do so, he needed to make some special pills, which he did not have the ingredients for.

However, his life could be extended, though not by very long. Grandpa Shunde had late-stage cancer, which was different from Old Master He’s condition.

When he treated Old Master He back then, he had not learned how to make pills. If he treated Old Master He now, he could have easily extended his life by ten years or more.

He thought for a while and decided on a plan.

Suddenly, a car horn was heard from outside. Then, there was a commotion.

He looked down from the window and could see that the steel gate was kicked open. A group of people was rushing in urgently.

The four people in the lead were two males and two females. They must be Ma Fangfang's uncles and aunts. A few young men followed them from behind, after whom were several men in business suits and holding briefcases.

Following the group was a crowd of villagers eager to watch the drama unfold.

"Where's Father? How is he now? Did he wake up? I want to ask him myself, how could he be so cruel to write such a will? Are we not his sons?" One of the men in the lead yelled. He had a hostile expression on his face.

"That's right! This is unfair! Why didn't I get anything?" The other man yelled.

"Cai Yourong, you despicable woman, you must have forced Father to write such a will when he was unconscious!" One of the women shrieked. "Let me tell you, the will is invalid if the person is unconscious when writing it. I've brought so many lawyers with me today. I'd like to see how you would argue your way out of this!"

Cai Yourong's face was pale when she saw so many vicious faces as she stood at the doorway.

She suddenly realized that she did not recognize those faces at all.

Their savage gaze was like a sharp sword that pierced her heart.

Those two men were her brothers!

The other people were also her relatives.

She stood there, caught in a daze.

“Don’t you remember that we’re siblings, Yourong? How dare you set us up like that, are you even human?” The man with the hostile expression chided sternly.

“First Brother!” Cai Yourong called out.

“Don’t call me Brother! I don’t have a scheming, cruel sister like you. Let me tell you, I don’t recognize this will. I want Father to write another will,” Cai Youliang, Ma Fangfang’s first uncle, yelled.

“That’s right! Write another will!” The woman standing next to him shrieked. “How can you, a woman, inherit your father’s property? Father’s property should be split among your brothers.”

Cai Yourong was more stunned than ever. She opened her mouth but did not say a word.

“Hah! Are you feeling guilty now? Cat got your tongue?” The woman was unyielding. Her arms were akimbo and she looked like a shrew.

Behind them, the villagers were talking among each other.

“No wonder. I was curious about why Grandpa Shunde left everything to his daughter. She might have forced him.”

“That can’t be? I thought Yourong is a kind person.”

“Pah! You don’t know what money can do to someone. When the mansion gets demolished, they’ll get three million in compensation! Can’t you imagine that she would do anything to get that three million?”

“Right! Three million! She wouldn’t need to work for the rest of her life.”

“Ha, I should’ve known that Cai Yourong isn’t a good person. She’s only a daughter, but why is she so eager to please her old man? So it’s all because of money.”

“That jinx of a woman who caused her husband’s death can’t be a good person.”

Those words were like thorns in Cai Yourong’s ears.

She was merely performing her role as a filial daughter, but they had mistakenly thought she did all that for money. That could not be any farther from the truth.

She closed her eyes in agony.

“You’re still pretending? Stop pretending to play the victim. Step aside, I want to see Father! I want to ask him myself!” The woman shrieked, then stepped forward and pushed Cai Yourong aside.

She deliberately used a lot of force when pushing and Cai Yourong fell on the floor.

The group of people rushed up the stairs.

Ma Fangfang saw all that. She was trembling in anger.

“They’re all animals!” Her fists were clenched tightly.

The group of people stomped up the stairs.

The middle-aged woman looked around the room. “Oh, Fangfang is here too! Who is he? Your boyfriend? Why can’t you be a good girl instead of dressing up like a sl\*t?”

“You...” Ma Fangfang was livid. She glared at the woman.

“Tsk! Do you want to argue with me, little girl? You are still too young for that! Get lost now. I want to see my father.”

Her expression immediately changed. She fell onto the bedside, put on a sorrowful face, and clutched the old man’s hands while wailing loudly.

“Oh, Father! You can’t be so cruel! You must have been deceived by your daughter. She’s not a good person! Our Haijiang married her for a few years and has gone missing. She must have jinxed him again.”

As she wailed, she kept pushing the old man on the bed.