

The Schoolgirl Secret Agent

Chapter 7: Debt Dunning Loan Sharks

“Xiao Jian, who did you call just now? Why did you hang up right after the call connected?” Unable to hold himself back, Yun Yi asked after paying the telephone fee to the shopkeeper and walked out of the shop with Yun Jian.

During this trip home, he realized that his younger sister had changed a lot.

Last time, Yun Jian would tell him of the things that bothered her no matter how petty. Now, Yun Jian felt like a total stranger. It was as if everything that happens now is just a part of reality.

“I’ll tell you in the future. Don’t ask now, brother,” Yun Jian answered without further elaboration.

She knew that she would not be able to hide the truth forever. Things would be found out sooner or later but she did not know how to convey it to Yun Yi. Could she just tell him “Your biological baby sis is dead and her body is being occupied by a secret agent called Slaying God”?

For reasons unknown, she could not speak those words from her mouth.

“Okay.” Yun Yi did not question her further since she did not wish to explain, but he was vigilant to keep an eye out.

They left the shop and went to the gift shop to pick a present before they headed home.

Yun Yi did not say more throughout the journey, so Yun Jian kept quiet as well.

Twenty minutes later, both of them got home.

The original owner’s house did not take up much land. It was a single-story house, the second level unable to be constructed in time. There was still a piece of vacant land in front of the door. However, other than that there was nothing else.

It was apparent that the family was struggling, in addition to being not doing too well.

This was the truth. That was the reason the second story of this house was not built; there was simply no additional budget to complete the construction.

Yun Yi went ahead and opened the door, calling out brightly, "Mom, we're home!"

Yun Jian entered the house after him.

She was in the top 1 percent of the world in her previous life; although daily living with either life or death, she had still lived in grandiose.

In comparison to the home of her body's owner, her home was simple and plain but it was warm.

"Xiao Yi, Xiao Jian, you guys are back huh! Dinner's ready, wash your hands and get ready!" A woman in her forties urged as she walked around to place a dish on the dining table of the basic kitchen.

This was the mother of Yun Jian's current body, Qin Yirou.

Qin Yirou was forty-something, she was not very old yet looked well defined by age due to over exhaustion.

Yun Jian stared at Qin Yirou without making a move.

Mother and mother's love were concepts she had fathomed upon but had never experienced in her previous life.

"What are you doing still standing there? Wash your hands and get ready for dinner!" Qin Yirou pushed when she saw Yun Jian staying rooted while looking at her.

Yun Jian ran to wash her hands with a sudden rush of joy.

A momentary realization flooded her mind. She had a family now. From now on, she would protect them!

"Mom, where's dad?" Yun Yi asked walking out of the kitchen after washing his hands.

Yun Jian tailed him with hands still dripping wet.

Qin Yirou who was setting up the cutlery halted right after Yun Yi's question.

"He's not back yet," sighed Qin Yirou, "He probably went to Wang's gambling den again!"

Yun Jian squinted.

This was the reason the family of the original owner of her body was rather complicated.

The original Yun Jian's mother was a worker in a textile factory. Her meager salary supported her two children to school. Her father, on the other hand, was an idle man who contributed nothing to the family. He had no job yet he loved gambling.

Once he goes gambling, he would not return for nights on end. When he did come home, it was to steal the money Qin Yirou had saved for the children's schooling so he could continue gambling.

This vicious cycle continued without regard to his family's situation.

Consequentially, Qin Yirou was the sole breadwinner of the family.

The long term toiling took a toll on Qin Yirou, causing her to look like she was in her fifties when she was only a few years past forty.

"Dong, dong, dong!"

The rapping on the door signaled that there was someone outside.

It took Qin Yirou a moment before she wiped her hands and opened the door.

A group of unfamiliar faces stood outside. They seemed to have ganged up as they gathered around with wooden staffs and bars in their hands, appearing the least bit friendly.

"Who are you looking for?" Qin Yirou asked cautiously looking at the group outside.

Yun Jian soundlessly walked to Qin Yirou's side and peered at the crowd outside of her house as well.

The man who stood right in front of the group had a long scar running across his face; he raised the wooden stick and looked grouchily at Qin Yirou. "Is this Yun Gang's house?"

Yun Gang, the father of the original owner of Yun Jian's body, is now also her father. Yun Jian squinted.

Qin Yirou had a sense of foreboding but she replied still, "Yes, and you guys are..."

"Heck, Yun Gang borrowed money from your father and hasn't returned any. He's nowhere to be found now!" The man suddenly waved the wooden bar down toward the floor demonstrating intimidation and glared at Qin Yirou. "You're Yun Gang's wife huh!"