

## Chapter 10: A Respectful Knock on the Door

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Mubai said in a low rumble, “Either way, Xinghe is still Lin Lin’s mom. Yes, we are no longer legally married, but we can’t just close our eyes to her suffering.”

Old Mrs. Xi frowned slightly as she retorted, “It’s the woman’s decision to slap our helping hand away. You, yourself, are familiar with her weird and stubborn attitude. It has been nothing but trouble since she came into the Xi Family. She’s unwilling to admit her mistakes and refuses to communicate with the rest of the family, causing all of us to walk on tiptoes around the house. I did the best I could by offering her help once but she refused it. We’re not running a charity here, I’m not going to beg her to accept our aid.”

“Regardless, you should have at least told me...”

“Mubai, your marriage to her was from the beginning a huge mistake. Your father was obviously not thinking straight when he allowed that woman to marry into our family. I know it couldn’t have been easy for you having to live with that horrible woman. It was a blessing that she asked for a divorce so I’m not going to give her any chance to squirm her way back into our family. Plus, she’s a fully-grown woman, she’s not going to die from hunger.”

[True, but she’s not doing much living either...]

When the truth is revealed to Lin Lin in the future, he will definitely be mad at them.]

Without waiting for his breakfast to arrive, Mubai stood up and said, “I’m going to the office.”

“But you haven’t had your breakfast yet.” Old Mrs. Xi called after him but Mubai strode out of the house without even once turning his head.

“See, didn’t I tell you to not hide it from our son? I told you that he’s going to be angry when he finds out,” Mubai’s dad, Xi Jiansan, chided his wife.

Old Mrs. Xi leveled him a sidelong glance. “You’re blaming me now? This is entirely your fault. If you didn’t agree to the marriage in the first place, we wouldn’t have ended up in this hot soup. Now you see, none of the parties involved is happy.”

Jiangsan sighed. “I owe Xinghe’s father my life and that was his dying wish, so how could I have said no? Plus, how could I have known the two of them won’t match. In any case, I’ve learnt my lesson. I’ll stay out of our son’s marriage in the future. He can choose whoever he likes to marry.”

“What nonsense are you spouting this time? That person has been chosen and it is Tianxin. I’ve known this girl since she was a baby and I’ve always treated her as my own daughter. She is perfect for Mubai.” Old Mrs. Xi’s mouth curved into a smile with the mention of Tianxin’s name.

Xinghe woke up with fatigue bearing down on her.

The sudden resurgence of her old memory must have added some pressure to her mental state. The fact that she was run down by a car didn’t help her situation either.

She decided to stay home that day to nurse her health.

It was a school holiday so Xia Zhi also stayed back to help take care of his sister.

“Sis, are you sure you’re feeling well? Shall we go to the hospital?” Xia Zhi enquired worriedly.

Xinghe shook her head, saying, “I’m fine. Doctor’s orders, I’m to stay home for a few days to rest. The injury is not so serious or else they wouldn’t have let me out.”

“But you’re looking frighteningly pale.”

“This is how a recovering patient normally looks...” Xinghe said with forced levity. She didn’t want to go back to the hospital.

Their family couldn’t afford to spend on her medical bill.

Mubai had obviously let the driver who knocked her down go. She didn’t want to owe Mubai so she opted to suffer in silence.

Xia Zhi couldn't bear to see her like this, adding, "Sis, I think it's better we go see the doctor. We still have some money left to spare. Even dad said to bring you to the hospital before he left for work so please listen to us!"

In truth, they barely had enough for a check-up.

Xinghe insisted her injury wasn't serious and refused to leave her room.

Xia Zhi of course knew why she wouldn't go. When he was at his wit's end, someone knocked on their house's door. It sounded slow and deliberate, a great contrast to the rushed ones normally done by their ruffian neighbors.