

The Blessed - Chapter 10

10. Petty Little Bun

Translator: Guy Gone Bad

As the sun set, the father and sons went back to their hut on brisk pace. Taking advantage that the buns went to change clothes, Ling Jingxuan carried the barrel into the kitchen, not surprisingly, in addition to a short stove, a big iron pan, a few broken pots on the stove, and some firewood, nothing else. Heaving a light sigh, Ling Jingxuan placed the barrel in the middle of the kitchen, turned to the backyard to hang those clothes up, and then started to deal with the fish.

“Daddy, I’m going to eat a big piece.”

The small bun ran in with great joy, squatting in front of him, eyes beaming at his hands which were peeling off the scales of the big carp.

“Isn’t that big enough for you? Where’s your big brother?”

He was sure the fish was big enough before he caught it.

“He went to the backyard to hang clothes, and bring some firewood by the way. Daddy, will we eat it all tonight?”

“Otherwise? You can’t store it in this weather. And the fish is only good when they’re fresh. They’d stink if left for too long.”

“But...”

His small nose and small eyes wrinkled into a lump, between the eyebrows one could feel his struggling. Before Ling Jingxuan could ask him why, big bun, with a bundle of firewood, came in, “Daddy, how could you eat such good food all once? Such a big fish, we can make it pickled and it could last us for several days.”

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“Huh?”

Ling Jingxuan fell in dumbness, the action of processing the fish made a pause. Do they have to be so frugal?

“Daddy, it’s not that I’m blaming you, you really don’t know how to live a life.”

Maybe still not noticing his darkened face, the big bun was still nagging on and on, and even the little bun squatting in the opposite side kept nodding hard, obviously agreeing with his elder brother's opinion. Ling Jingxuan only felt all sorts of shame. So who on earth is the father and who are the sons? Why is he being taught a lesson by his son? Just a fish. If they like, he could let out the Crescent Spring and let them eat to their hearts' content. Do they need to act like this?

This was not the most tragic. It was not until they began to cook did Ling Jingxuan got to know that how stingy the big bun could be.

"Daddy, we only have that spoonful of oil, how can you use it all?"

"Daddy, I told you not to cook it all."

"Daddy, too much salt, it's expensive!"

"Daddy..."

The last of the last, Ling Jingxuan, as long as he heard the word daddy, could not help feeling frequent micturition, urgent urination and trembling all over. It was really not easy to make a pot of delicious wild vegetable fish soup. As he put it in the big baked clay basin, and was going to do some wild vegetable corn paste, the big bun who was responsible for the fire directly rushed to block in front of him with open arms. Ignoring his wondering eyes, he held the cornmeal pottery with the maize meal and said, "Daddy, there is already so much fish, no more of other food. Grandma secretly sent it to us when you were sick. You can't waste it. Let's eat fish tonight."

The big bun felt his flesh ache, and every word was all heart-rending, as if Ling Jingxuan did something intolerable, making him full of question marks over his face. After quite a while, he asked gingerly, "Well, son, fish is a dish, we need to eat some staple food, right?"

How could one be so stingy?

"Food it food, as long as it can fill the belly, daddy, drop that idea."

With a face of contempt, big bun held the pot with both hands tightly, eyes turning red, only afraid that he would rush to grab it from him.

"Daddy, listen to big brother, we have not much food. It will be rice harvest next month, I'll go to pick some ears of rice for you, then you can eat some steamed brown rice, ok?"

Small bun pulled his clothes, innocently saying so with the head up. Ling Jingxuan only felt sour in his heart. The previous ridicule and complaining in his heart was totally gone now. He put down the pot and squatted down, "No need, daddy will try to make money and let you all eat white rice, today we'll only eat fish."

In the final analysis, poverty is to blame.

“Mm.”

Little bun heavily nodded, and on hearing that he finally gave up and no longer wanted to eat the maize meal, big bun exhaled a long and exaggerating breath, which almost gave Ling Jingxuan a thunderstrike. The all-powerful top killer and doctor, he had never been worried for money, but now eating some wild vegetable corn paste was like having a fight, this gap was too huge!

Wild fish had no such heavy fishy smell like feeding fish. Although they did not have many ingredients, no, it should be said that almost no seasoning, Ling Jingxuan put a lot of houttuynia which completely removed the fishy smell and also added some aroma, and the three people sitting in a room in the middle of the room had a great meal on the table together. Big bun, who had a variety of resentment also ate to his heart's content, till the last drop of the soup.