

The Blessed - Chapter 16

16. Family Bond

Translator: Guy Gone Bad

Ling Chenglong came shortly after Lady Wang left. It was nice to say he was a literary man out of a farming family, actually only a plowman having read a few books. Ling Chenglong was the second son in the family, having an elder brother and a little brother. So his status in the family was a bit awkward, plus that his sons were all useless, so the old couple did not favor him at all, almost all the farm work was left to him. He was only 30 years old man, but already looked like 40 or 50 years old, dark-skinned and thin, hunchback a bit.

“Dad, hard for you. After the fish are sold, help me see if there are nets to sell on the market. I found a place where there are a lot of fish, but the water is too deep. I can only catch them with a net.”

Looking at the swarthy and thin man, Ling Jingxuan said with a smile. From his eyes, he saw excitement and love. So far, his parents seemed to be both sincere people, for him such a ‘humiliated’ son, they also tried all they could to help him and felt sorry from the bottom of their hearts. Now, Ling Jingxuan felt much relieved. Ancient people stressed filial piety most. He really didn’t want to meet that kind of unreasonable parents.

For Ling Jingxuan himself, it didn’t matter what kind of person his parents were. If they were good, he would acknowledge them. But if not, he could just take them as strangers. Anyway, he had no reputation to maintain. But now he had to consider for his two sons. When he had money, he would send them to home school to study. If people knew they had an unfilial father, they could also feel ashamed and couldn’t raise their heads in school. So now after knowing that his parents were both good people, he felt much relieved.

“Jingxuan, you...”

Ling Chenglong excitedly nodded. A seven-chi man was with tears in his eyes. Seeing this, Ling Jingxuan had to repeat, “Dad, before it was hard for you and mom. Now I have thought it through. Forget about other things. Xiaowen and Xiaowu are so lovely. What else could I complain? I don’t care whether I am called a monster or having been thrown out of the family. I don’t care. Now I just want to make money and raise my two children, so they can live a good life.”

“That is the spirit. I am so glad you can think it through.”

Five years! His son finally got out of the haze. Ling Chenglong quietly wiped the tears.

“Dad, you rest assured. I am totally normal now.”

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The conversation between men needed neither coaxing nor persuading, simple and clear. He believed that his father would understand.

“Good boy... I will help you sell the fish first, and bring Jinghan and Jingpeng over later.”

In case he would burst into tears before his son, Ling Chenglong bent over to pick up the barrel and walked outside. Ling Jingxuan quickly caught up, “Dad, be careful. No hurry. It’s still early.”

“Hmm, I know.”

Ling Chenglong waved his hand without turning back. In the place where Ling Jingxuan could not see, the honest old peasant had tears all over his face, but also wearing an exciting smile. His excellent son came back. Is there anything more thrilled than that?

“Daddy, daddy, come. Little uncle brought second uncle here, daddy...”

As Ling Jingxuan was about to go to the backyard, the small bun’s excited voice came from behind. As he turned, he saw a dark and tall young man come over pushing an old handcart, which was covered with tattered strips of cloth, with a pale and weak young man on it. The small bun ran in front of the handcart, while the big bun was carefully following behind. Ling Jingxuan slightly frowned, and then strode over.

“Jinghan, Jingpeng, why don’t wait for dad to pick you up? Come in. It’s cold outside.”

Perhaps this was the blood bond. Just one eye, Ling Jingxuan identified them, saying those caring words, with the hands automatically taking over the handrails, helped Ling Jingpeng push the handcart to the door.

“Ahem...I’m, I’m fine, big brother, I...ahem...”

Ling Jingpeng was obviously a little shy. The person talking sitting on the handcart was Ling Jinghan. Just a few words, but already accompanied by a violent cough, with his pale face even paler, making one’s heart feel sorry for him. Ling Jingxuan wanted to carry him into the house, but Ling Jingpeng, one step ahead, half squatted down.

Seeing this, Ling Jingxuan could only assist him from aside, holding him onto the back of Ling Jingpeng, “Jinghan, don’t talk too much. Go inside and drink some water first.”

Even in modern world, if a family had such an invalid, it was a very hard thing, let alone the ancient times? Ling Jingxuan felt sorrier for him, but also more determined to make money as soon as possible.

“Daddy, when I grow up, I will make money to find the best doctor in the world to cure second uncle.”

Standing next to him, big bun looked at the backs of the two uncles, his small hands clenched into fists, and his small lips pressed tightly into a straight line.

“So will I, daddy, and I will also make a lot of money to cure second uncle.”

On the other side, the small bun did not fall after big bun, loudly shouted, face blushing, only afraid that others could not hear him. Ling Jingxuan laughed in spite of himself. Isn't the best doctor standing right in front of them?

“Mm, let's work hard together. Come on. Let's accompany your second uncle.”

However, there were some things they should not say. Ling Jingxuan patted on his head, took the lead to go in. In an angle no one could see, that pair of slender phoenix eyes refracted a firm light. No matter what disease Ling Jinghan had, he would find a way to cure him, and gave him a young and healthy body.