

## The Blessed - Chapter 2

### 2. Transmigrated into a Family with Nothing but Four Walls

Translator: Guy Gone Bad

“Kill him, he is a monster! Kill him...”

“Don’t beat my dad, stop! You can’t beat my dad!”

“Ooo... Daddy...”

“Haha...”

On a grassy clearing in the countryside, a group of teenagers was punching and kicking a staggering man. Next to them, two wan and sallow children, only about three or four years old, were crying and trying to stop these people like a mantis trying to halt a chariot. However, these ‘gangsters’ pushed the two kids half a meter away with only a swing of their fist. They shouted as they hit the man, and their punches and kicks all fell right on the man’s tenuous and dusty body.

“Ouch...”

His groans of pain were almost drowned in the shouts of those teenagers. Before Ling Jingxuan could open his eyes, terrible pains spread all over his body, making him feel like he would be falling apart, and the memories that seemed not belong to him were frantically drilling into his mind, swelling his head to explode.

“My mother said he is a monster! Kill him!”

“Kill him!”

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“My daddy is not a monster! Get out of here! Don’t hit my daddy!”

The two little boys were constantly pushed down and climbed up, limping towards these bullies. One of the little boys kept shouting and arguing but failed to resist those crazy young boys with his thin and small body. The more painful the two kids were, the more violent they became. They were even itching to kill the man.

No one noticed that Ling Jingxuan, who was besieged suddenly grabbed one of the teenagers’ ankles with the speed fast as lightning.

Bam~

“Ouch, oh my god!”

The sound of a heavy object falling to the ground suddenly sounded, accompanied by the shrill scream of the young boy. The others were scared to retreat one after another. The little boy pulling them stopped crying and looked at the young boy lying on the ground with his left foot tightly grasped by a dirty hand. Looking down the hand, the owner was the man who had been beaten by them.

“You damn monster!”

“Don’t move, or I’ll cut your neck!”

Only until then, the young boy reacted and stretched out his foot to kick Ling Jingxuan’s thin body. No one saw clearly how they moved and only saw the scene in a blur. And the next second, Ling Jingxuan held a sharp piece of debris, tightly against the young’s neck. If he forced a little bit harder, the young’s artery would be broken.

“You... What do you want?”

The usual turbidity in his elongated almond eyes suddenly disappeared, reflecting terrifying cold light. The young boy was frightened, trembling and stammering, no previous crazy violence. After all, this was his first time to see such a scene.

“Hmm...”

Ling Jingxuan wanted to answer him, but his head ached as if it would explode at any moment. His hand against the young boy’s neck gradually relaxed its strength. The messy memories in his head told him that he should have encountered the so-called transmigration or time travel. As to where and which dynasty he arrived in and what the current situation was, he could not figure it out yet.

“Daddy?”

The wan and sallow boy called, holding another child in his arms about his age. His bright eyes stared at Ling Jingxuan straight. And the other party frowned at him, a few memory fragments slipped through his mind. It seemed that the two, who looked malnourished at the first sight, were his son Ling Wen and Ling Wu. Holy shit, why the god played such a huge joke on him? He was not even 20 years old, was he?

“Hmm...”

Ling Jingxuan felt more painful when he was thinking, so he had to let go of the young and the messy thoughts in his mind, holding the head in pain.

“You silly monster, just wait! I’ll call my mother here. Just wait!”

The freed young man pushed him away and fled with the others, without forgetting to say some harsh words. A moment later, there were only Ling Jingxuan, who was holding his head in pain and groaning, and two thin and weak 'buns'.

"Daddy, is your brain awake?"

Holding his little brother, Ling Wen walked forward and asked tentatively, failing to hide the excitement and fear in his tone. Nesting in his brother's arms, Ling Wu revealed joy in his eyes. The two brothers both looked at their daddy.

"..."

Bang~

"Daddy!"

Before Ling Jingxuan could reply, he passed out with his eyes rolled. When he fell down, he vaguely seemed to see two small 'buns' rushing towards him excitedly. His scarred cheeks could not help but raise an ugly smile.

In the dimly lit thatched cottage, Ling Jingxuan was covered with a layer of dusty rags on his head. He lay weakly on the wooden bed. The earth wall with cracks around him was eroded with a cool wind from time to time. A small square window was opened right on the earth wall above the wooden bed. Two shabby windows hung obliquely on it and could fall off at any time. The house had nothing but a big wooden box at the end of the bed. The family looked so poor! Not that kind of ordinary poor!

"Ge, daddy has been sleeping for several days. When will he wake up?"

"The physician said that he would wake up soon after the fever subsided. I'll go and check his situation."

"Hmm, ge, I want to go with you."

The wooden door left unlocked was pushed open from the outside. The two 'buns' came in one after the other, holding their hands. One of them stretched out his hand to touch Ling Jingxuan's forehead, and then his own. "It's not hot anymore," whispered him. "You stay here and watch over Daddy. I'll heat the flour paste grandma has made this noon. Daddy might wake up hungry later."

"Ge, I'm hungry, too."

Ling Wu nodded lovely. His small hand like chick paws was fondling his stomach. Ling Wen smiled, "Hmm, Xiaowu, be good. You'll soon have food to eat."

Finishing his words, the little boy went out. Ling Wu looked back at his dad lying on the bed and ran to help him tuck up the broken quilt before turning around and picking up a small bench without a leg and sat down obediently.

Lying on the bed, Ling Jingxuan slowly opened his eyes. He woke up as early as when the two buns opened the door. Compared with the mental chaos of a few days ago, now he had almost sorted out the basic condition of his body. The two little buns were indeed his sons. The twins would be five years old at the end of the year although they were thin and small and looked three or four years old at most.

At the thought of that, Ling Jingxuan turned his head and looked around, sighing heavily in his heart. He had nothing but the bare walls in his house plus two buns to feed, 'Can this life be more miserable?' What's more, he seemed to be their biological father. And just because of that, people in the village all said he was a monster. How could a man give birth to babies?

The adults in the village gossiped behind his back while those young children often formed small groups to bully him. They beat and scold him just like the day he had transmigrated here. He was able to withstand and was only beaten to death after five years of torture. This could also be called an achievement, right?