

The Blessed - Chapter 3

3. The Two Little Buns

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“Daddy, you awake?”

Ling Wu prone on the bed and his big gleaming eyes like peeled longan, staring at Ling Jingxuan. The man’s eyes flickered but he said nothing and pretended to be drowsy with no shame.

“Daddy, wake up. Wake up. I heard that Wen told grandma you are no longer a fool. Will you be able to make a lot of money like Tiewa’s dad? Daddy, don’t worry, I will help you make money. I can dig wild vegetables now. When I grow a little bigger, I can go catch fish with Tiewa and others. I’ll catch the biggest and fattest fish for you. No, for us. I have never eaten fish yet.”

Ling Wu babbled at his father’s bedside. Occasionally, he spoke with a lisp, but it didn’t prevent him from picturing a bright future for his dad. Ling Jingxuan seemed to have heard the voice of swallowing saliva when the boy was talking about ‘fish’. Not knowing whether it was the original owner’s own emotion or whether he was infected by what the little boy said, Ling Jingxuan felt his eyes sour and his heart stuffy. The child under five years old was already so sensible, and he hadn’t even eaten fish yet. Wasn’t it sad? It was simply unimaginable in the 21st century.

“Xiaowu...”

“Daddy, are you awake? Get up and eat something. I’ve already heated up the flour paste grandma made for us.”

Ling Wen came in with a rough bowl dotted with gaps. Seeing Ling Jingxuan awake, his dirty little face look a little unnatural. He put the bowl on the big wooden box at the bed end and ran out then. A moment later, he came back with another rough bowl of the same size carefully. Ling Jingxuan lying on the bed vaguely saw that besides the dark paste, there seemed to be some white stuff in the bowl. Should it be sweet potatoes? The little bun must have thought he still hadn’t awakened, so he put his share in the kitchen and brought it to him when he woke up.

“Daddy, get up and eat something. You’ve been asleep for several days.”

When he came back for the third time, Ling Wen had a few more pairs of chopsticks in his hand, and he was a little breathless after several trips back and forth, but he did not rest a bit. Instead, he carried a bowl of sweet potatoes to the bed. His big round eyes were filled with restrained curiosity and excitement. He vaguely knew that his dad was

no longer silly, but he couldn't say for sure what kind of status his dad would become. Anyway, it would be better than before.

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The two children, one was an adorable little chatterbox, while the other was mentally-matured beyond his age. But they were both skinny and small with patchy clothes hung on them. Apart from their sparkling eyes, their whole body was sallow especially the pair of 'chicken claws'. Ling Jingxuan did not move cause he felt pain in his heart. It turned out they were not really sallow-skinned but with dirt all over their body. He didn't know how long they hadn't bathed, but he realized that he was a total failure as a father.

Perhaps, it wouldn't be a bad thing to have two such sons?

"Put it over there. I'll get up and eat with you."

Ling Jingxuan finally spoke. His voice was as hoarse as a broken gong. After hearing what he said, the two little buns immediately straightened their stiff body with their eyes filling with tears. Ling Jingxuan, who was struggling to sit up, couldn't help wondering 'what happened?'

"Whoa... Daddy, you can speak finally! Dad is awesome!"

Compared with Ling Wen's forbearance and stubbornness, Ling Wu was more outward. He ran over excitedly to hold his dad's hands while crying. Ling Jingxuan was stunned. Some memories seemed to crowd his head, making him remember vaguely that the original owner of his body seemed to have been in an unconscious status since being driven away after being pregnant with the two boys. In recent years, his memory was basically blank. He looked up at Ling Wen, who pursed his lips tightly, and his long and charming phoenix eye narrowed slightly. Ling Jingxuan stretched out his hands and took the initiative to hug Ling Wen and gently said, "Daddy always can talk, but daddy just forgot it for some time. The big illness this time seems to have cured daddy. Daddy promises you I would never forget it in the future, so stop crying, my little buns."

His vocal cords that had not been used for too long were still hoarse and sounded unpleasant, but it did not hinder Ling Jingxuan's gentleness. Since he had taken over this body and the two little buns were so adorable, from today on, they would be his own son. He would make every effort to cultivate them into good boys and feed them well.

"Daddy! Don't call me bun. I'm Xiaowu."

Hearing him being called 'little bun', Ling Wu pursed his mouth in protest. Ling Jingxuan couldn't help laughing and reached out his hand to pinch the boy's face. But the boy was too thin and could only be pinched up a layer of skin. Sadness surged in Ling

Jingxuan's heart again. He then touched the boy's little face and said, "Isn't 'little bun' good? Dad likes 'buns' best, especially the white and fat meat stuffed buns."

"Really? But I'm neither white nor fat."

The little fellow beamed with adorable eyes, making the smile on Ling Jingxuan's face even brighter, "I'll take care of you. Don't worry. Dad will try his best to make money and make you both super meat stuffed buns!"

"Mm-hmm."

Ling Jingxuan didn't know whether the boy really understood or pretend to understand, and Ling Wu just smiled with his round eyes flashing excitedly. How adorable the kid was!

"Daddy..."

Ling Wen, who had been neglected by the other two presented, moved his trembling lips. The same black eyes didn't have the naïve and lively feeling a five-year-old child was supposed to own, but naked worry, fear, expectation, and excitement. Ling Jingxuan knew he was not so easy to coax like Ling Wu, so he didn't say anything, but got up and took Xiaowen to his side, and took him with the other hand naturally.

"Daddy, have you really recovered?"

The father and his sons squatted down around the old big wooden box. Ling Wen struggled for a moment and finally asked the question he was afraid the most in his heart. After all, he was still a kid less than 5 years old. Even if he was more mature than most children of the same age, he could not hide the mood in his face.

When Ling Jingxuan looked into his eyes, he only felt a twinge of heartache. After quite a while, he smiled softly, "Emm, daddy will support our family and protect you."

The cute little bun made him want to tease, while the mature big bun needed a serious guarantee.

"Daddy..."

"Hmm?"

The next second, the big bun rushed into his father's arms excitedly, making Ling Jingxuan couldn't help but scream aloud because of pain. Feeling the moist in his chest, he just ignored the ache and raised his hands to gently pat the boy on the back. On the other side, the little bun blinked at them, pursed his lips, threatening to cry out. Ling Jingxuan hurriedly raised his hand to pull him into his arms.

“Whining...”

The two boys buried in his arms, crying out loud, causing Ling Jingxuan to feel even sadder. At this moment, he realized that regardless of whether they were premature or adorable, they were just children under the age of five.