

The Blessed - Chapter 31-32

31. Making Wine and Jam; Tiewa (2)

Translator: Guy Gone Bad

“They already made a scene a few days ago. Our parents didn’t let us tell you. They didn’t want you to feel bad about it.”

Head down, Ling Jingpeng sounded a bit sad. Who doesn’t want to divide up the family? Only by that could they live a better life. But...as long as the elders are still alive, dividing up the family is not allowed. Qing Kingdom had always advocated using filial to run the kingdom. And the most unfilial thing was to divide up the family while the elders(usually meaning the generation of grandparents are still alive). Let alone they were a scholar’s family, even those farming common families, they couldn’t divide up the family with no extreme conditions. Plus, their father was a typical filial son. However hard, he would never generate that kind of idea.

“Really? Hum!”

Ling Jingxuan gave a cold snort. He had never seen any parents who were so partial? Isn’t the second child their son? They’d better pray they wouldn’t fall into his hands, otherwise...

“Daddy, it smells good. What are you cooking?”

As the brothers went into silence, small bun excitedly rushed in, followed by the cubs and a skinny little boy who looked of his age.

“You greedy-guts!”

Throwing the stirring stick to Ling Jingpeng, motioning him to continue stirring the jam, Ling Jingxuan squatted down to pet the head of small bun, holding him to look back at the shy little boy, he should be Tiewa little bun often mentioned. It was said that he was the only friend of his two sons.

“Daddy, you always bully me.”

Dear readers,We have updated the next chapter on newnovel.org . Please continue reading on our NEWNOVEL.ORG >Thanks for supporting us

Holding his neck, small bun was acting like a spoiled child. Just a few days, he also slowly restored the naïve nature a five years old child should have.

“Really? Don’t you want to eat it? What to do? I meant to let you have some after it’s done.”

Picking his eyebrow, Ling Jingxuan squinted at him, pretending to look embarrassed. Small bun hurriedly said, "Who said I don't want to eat it, I..."

"Haha..."

Look at his eager appearance, Ling Jingxuan instantly failed to hold it there, holding small bun and laughing, even Ling Jingpeng could not help but laugh out.

"Darn it. Dad's bullying me again."

Knowing himself being teased finally, small bun pouted and pushed him away, both hands holding before his chest, mercilessly staring at him. Isn't that exactly the shape of a bun?

Ling Jingxuan could not help pinching his little face, calmly saying, "Is he Tiewa you often mentioned?"

"Hmm, daddy, his name is Zhao Tiesheng and he lives at the end of the village. Today, Uncle Zhao and his family went to town to deliver iron tools. He was left home alone. So I brought him here."

Already forgetting he was still mad at daddy, small bun pushed the shy little boy before Ling Jingxuan.

"Hi, Uncle Ling."

Zhao Tiesheng took a quick look at Ling Jingxuan, and then hid behind Ling Wu. His sound was like mosquito buzzing. One could barely hear it, but Ling Jingxuan was very happy. He liked kids, besides, that was the only friend of his little buns. Of course, love me love my dog.

"So cute, Xiaowu, you take Tiewa to play with your big brother. I will send you some when the jam is ready."

Stretching out a hand to rub both the child's heads, Ling Jingxuan then patted small bun's bottom. Compared with big bun who did everything seriously, small bun, of course, was much slack. But every morning he would go running, practicing boxing with them, now also started practicing his calligraphy. If possible, he hoped big bun could also be like that, after all, they were only five years old.

"Hmm."

Nodded, small bun bent to hold the cubs that were showing their teeth toward Ling Jingxuan, dragged Tiewa to go. Ling Jingxuan watched them leave before turning back to take over the stirring job, "Zhao family are nonnative, right?"

Not everyone in Ling village was surnamed Ling. According to the memories of the original owner, there seemed to be dozens of outsiders, including Zhao family. As for the others, he did not know much about them.

“Yeah, but they are different from other outsiders, brother Zhao’s parents died early, and his wife also died when giving birth. A few years ago he played both dad and mom to raise the kid alone, life was tough, though he doesn’t have much land, he is a blacksmith, so he could still support the family. But, three years ago, he suddenly got married with Han. Everyone in the village thought it is ridiculous that a man marrying another man. It’d only lose the whole village’s face if the news spreads to other villages. The chief and our second grandma dispensed a new homestead for them. They called it by a good name of exchanging the land, but actually they just drove them out of the village. Like Xiaowen and Xiaowu, Tiewa also got bullied wherever he went these years. Poor little kid!”

Outsiders were already hard enough, plus they were man-man couple, making it even more difficult.

“Hum, it’s only in the countryside, why do they act like they are from big families? Do they really take them ask rich and upper class?”

Ling Jingxuan couldn’t help sneering in the heart. Even the emperor married a man as the empress. Do they have to be like that? Although men marrying men was really rare, commonly seen in large families, and most men were probably concubines, but it wasn’t that there wasn’t any in the countryside. In those families there were too many labors while having too little land would marry out their unfavored sons for money. And some widowers who had kids, since they were too poor to marry a wife, they would marry a man to help them look after the kids and take care of the households. This could be seen in every village.

32. Purse Strings; Poor Ling Jingxuan (1)

Translator: Guy Gone Bad

The rest of the wild grapes just made three jars of jam. Ling Jingxuan kept one jar for the kids, the rest two were soaked in the Crescent Spring water after sealed with some white cloth. He planned to sell them at the fair tomorrow. After bathing for the two buns and watering the wild grape and pear branches in the front courtyard, Ling Jingxuan went into the room.”

“What are you doing? Aren’t you bored counting them every day?”

Two buns, face to face, were sitting cross-legged on the bed, with a string of copper coins in between. The two of them were borrowing the moonlight to count them again and again. Ling Jingxuan helplessly shook his head, totally speechless about them counting it every night.

“Of course not. Those are still too few, OK? I’d like to count them all the time if I could.”

Only at such a time would big bun behave strangely naive, naive enough to see money only in his eyes.

“Er... why don’t you get into the holes of those copper coins?”

Ling Jingxuan touched his forehead. He has never seen anyone who is crazy about money like him!

“I wish I could.”

Totally unaware of his daddy’s sarcasm, big bun, holding the money, looking at him excitedly, “Daddy, guess how many copper coins we saved now?”

Dear readers, We have updated the next chapter on newnovel.org . Please continue reading on our NEWNOVEL.ORG >Thanks for supporting us

“How many?”

Ling Jingxuan lazily lifted his eyes and helped himself to pour a bowl of herbal tea. Could he say that he would shiver all over when heard his son talking about money now?

“We nearly saved nine hundreds of them. You bought a lot of things today, otherwise we’d have over one tael of silver now.”

In the end, big bun even gave his daddy a resentful eye, until now he still had a problem with the money spent on those jars. Who knows whether he could really exchange money with the wine? If no one bought it, their a few hundreds of copper coins would go nothing.

“Ahem...”

Hearing that, Ling Jingxuan who was drinking water almost choked to death, the two buns hurriedly hopped off the bed and patted on his back on both sides.

“Daddy, are you ok?”

Small bun patted his back and looked at him anxiously with his shining caring eyes, while big bun...

“Daddy, you are an adult, how can you still get choked with water?”

If it weren’t for you, would I get choked?

Hearing him nagging like an adult, Ling Jingxuan rolled his eyes, only wishing to find a piece of noodle to hang himself. Who is the daddy?

“Ahem... okay, I’m fine.”

Finally it took him much effort to cast away the ‘psychological shadow’ big bun left him. After wiping his mouth, he looked at big bun and said, “Xiaowen, I’m going to go to the fair in the town tomorrow. We still need a few kinds of herbs for second uncle’s illness. Besides, we need some necessities. And I also want to buy some clothes, so we...”

“Daddy, do you know what you are saying? Why are you always thinking about spending money? Is it so easy for us to save money? How many times have I told you that this money is for emergencies? Why don’t you listen? How can you live like this? Even if we have mountains of gold and silver, we can’t afford you to spend it like this. Daddy, please stop, we...”