

The Blessed - Chapter 4

4. Beating up the Shrew & Educating the Two Buns (1)

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The bowl of flour paste was as diluted as water. Ling Jingxuan could not pick up anything with his chopsticks. This was the supper for the father and his two sons. No, maybe it should be called breakfast? In ancient times, poor families usually had two meals a day. Judging from the appearance of little buns, they had not eaten anything till now today. Otherwise, it would not have been possible to have dinner in the afternoon.

Looking down at a few pieces of sweet potatoes in his bowl, and then at the little buns who ate with relish, Ling Jingxuan inched his heart and picked up a piece and put it in the bowl of the younger boy.

“Thank you, daddy. It’s delicious!”

Ling Wu’s happy eyes narrowed into crescent shapes for just a piece of sweet potato.

“And Xiaowen...”

“Daddy, I’m full. You eat. Grandma says we can’t afford meat for more nutrition but we have to eat our fill.”

When Ling Jingxuan’s chopsticks reached for Ling Wen’s bowl, the little bun covered his bowl with his hands and hid far away, with his sword-shaped eyebrows screwed.

He felt both touched and distressed.

The more mature and sensible the big bun was, the more awful he felt. He could even not wait to take them to eat a big meal. However, the family was now in abject poverty. Even if he hadn’t thought about it carefully, he could guess that bland paste was their daily staple food, and maybe the most decent food.

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“Okay, daddy will eat. Xiaowen. Do we have a well?”

Enduring the rapid upwelling tears, Ling Jingxuan no longer forced the boy but picked up the bowl to eat while asking so.

“How is that possible? You know, it is very expensive to hire someone to dig a well!”

The big bun answered without thinking, then looked at Ling Jingxuan strangely, "Daddy, why don't you even remember if we have a well?"

"Well... Daddy has lost memories when I was a fool those years. So when I came to my senses, I can't remember many things. So, where could we get water?"

If he could not even cope with the buns, Ling Jingxuan really had lived all these years for nothing.

"Oh, grandma or grandpa will get water from the river and send it to us."

After all, Ling Wen was a child of four or five years old. Even if he was smart and mature, he was hard to detect the loophole in Ling Jingxuan's words. After getting the seemingly logical answer, he didn't ask more questions anymore.

"Really?"

It seemed that this family was not only poor, even water was a problem. No wonder the two buns and himself looked so dirty. He planned to take a bath and clean up the house after eating. Now it seemed that he could not do so. His body was too weak, and he had been in a coma for several days. He should thank god if he did not fall into the river let alone come back with water. Thus, the first thing after earning money was to solve the drinking problem. He was a doctor. Although he was not a neat freak, he didn't like dirt all over.

"Come on. Let's eat quickly. Take me to the river after we finish eating."

Since there was no water to bathe at home, they could go to the river, right? There was always way out, he believed. So it wouldn't be a problem.

"Hmm"

Bang~

"Ling Jingxuan, you shameless monster! Get your ass out of here! How dare you hit my boy? I'll kill you! Ling Jingxuan!"

Before the two buns could say anything, there was a heavy kick outside, followed by vulgar curses from a woman. The smile on the face of the buns immediately disappeared. Ling Wu's little body shook and subconsciously leaned against Ling Jingxuan while Ling Wen looked at his dad and his younger brother with embarrassment. After drinking the bowl of food quickly, he got up and went out.

"Don't be afraid, go and see with dad."

Ling Jingxuan's eye filled with warmth suddenly turned cold, he took the little buns' hands and went out.

"Get out of here, you little bastard."

Bang!

Just as Ling Wen pulled open the ramshackle wooden door, he was heavily slapped by a woman in coarse linen and retreated back several steps before his butt hitting on the ground. That woman didn't look at him but rushed toward the other two with a young boy.

Seeing the scene after coming out from the door with Ling Wu, Ling Jingxuan gazed at the woman coldly and strode toward Ling Wen who was trying to choke back tears.

"Ling Jingxuan, you son of a bitch, how dare you beat my son? I'll kill you!"

See Ling Jingxuan, the woman rolled up her sleeves and rushed up, raise her hand to give him a slap. But Ling Jingxuan was already not that Ling Jingxuan before and would not let her do as her willingness. As soon as his left hand was lifted, he grasped her small arm with precision, and his frightful sight focused on her, "Fuck off!"

The woman obviously didn't expect Ling Jingxuan dared to strike back, so she froze on the spot. Ling Jingxuan pushed her with skillful force, making her fall down and roll like an ice bead.

"Ouch! Oh my god!"

Ignoring the woman's crying for help, Ling Jingxuan went over to squat down in front of Ling Wen, grabbed his wrist to feel the pulse, and examined his body carefully. When his eyes swept to his red and swollen cheeks, he suddenly raised the intention of murder. Damn it, the shrew even dared to lay such heavy hands on a 5-year-old child.

"Ge, does it hurt?"

The little bun aside, welling with tears, touched his elder brother's inflamed cheeks with trembling hand, 'gold beans' kept falling down from his face.

"No, dad, I'm fine. She is Dawa's mother, the one you pushed down that day. She came to our door every day these days. Fortunately, grandma will come to protect us when she has time."

Ling Wen's tiny little face was swollen like steamed bread. It was impossible for him not to feel pain. However, he just choked back tears and touched his younger brother's head, telling them the woman's identity lispily. Before he could finish speaking, Ling

Jingxuan drew him close to his arms lovingly, “You can cry if you feel pain. Dad will protect you.”

“Woo... Daddy... Daddy...”

His tiny figure froze, and then the two slender arms rounded his dad’s neck. The boy could no longer help but wail loudly with his head buried in his dad’s neck.

“Dad...”