

# MRS. HUO IS A CRYBABY

## Chapter 13: I Suggest You Relearn Your Values

The man's gaze made Song Jingwan feel as though her every thought was exposed. Her breathing sped up and she quickly explained, "That's not it, old gentleman. I was afraid that she accidentally hurt you. I'm telling the truth. My sister really—"

"You know nothing!"

The old man looked at the gentle and elegant girl and felt even more frustrated. He then yelled at her until she couldn't even raise her head.

"Do I not understand my own body? If this young lady didn't help me, I would already be dead! Education teaches a person how to live. I suggest you go back to school and relearn your values!" After saying this, he turned, looked at Song Yaoyao, and a grin appeared on his serious face. "Young lady, thank you."

Song Yaoyao's legs were originally so numb from crouching that she was about to cry, but the feeling suddenly faded as she looked at the old man and smiled.

Sure enough, ginger got spicier with age. Song Jingwan thought she could fool everyone, but a tricky mind was nothing compared to someone with a lifetime of experience. His eyes were like a magic mirror that exposed all evil.

"Song Yaoyao."

A man's cold and deep voice resounded from above her head.

Song Yaoyao froze and slowly lifted her little head. She was still crouching on the ground like a white and fat radish, rolled up in a ball.

"Ge—" she opened her mouth to call him, but quickly remembered how he disliked her.

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She turned her head with hatred and swallowed the rest of her words.

Huo Yunque lowered his eyes. All he could see was the black crown of her head. Her hair was soft and a dopey strand of hair stuck out at the top.

His throat moved a little and amusement appeared in his narrow phoenix eyes.

“Stand up.”

He slowly stretched out his hand. His palm was thick and the tassel on his prayer beads swung slightly.

Song Yaoyao had always been weak against gentle methods. When others doubted her, she did not feel bad. When Song Jingwan pushed her and forced her to apologize, she didn't care.

She only lived to 19 in her last life and she had been dearly loved by her parents and her older brother. Now that she was alone in this life, she told herself to remain strong.

But, as soon as Huo Yunque treated her in a gentle manner, she no longer wanted to act strong.

She pouted her lips and her eyes turned red as she said in a weak voice, “My legs are numb—” She couldn't stand up.

Huo Yunque furrowed his brows slightly and felt as though something knocked against his heart.

When Song Jingwan heard these words, she quickly approached to help Song Yaoyao up. But as soon as she stretched out her hand, someone blocked her.

The man's skin was fair, and the Chinese-style robe on his body made him appear distinguished and relaxed.

At that moment, he glanced over and Song Jingwan's hairs stood on end. A coldness swept from her feet to her head, so cold that her joints seemed to creak.

Song Yaoyao sniffed and obediently gave Huo Yunque her hand.

Inside the man's big palm, the girl's hand felt soft and boneless. It was small and delicate, and it matched the man's hand perfectly.

Huo Yunque applied a bit of force and pulled Song Yaoyao up.

“Huhu...”

Song Yaoyao's delicate brows immediately furrowed. As she cried, she buried her head into Huo Yunque's embrace and gripped onto his robe as her legs trembled.

“It hurts...I can't take it anymore. My legs are numb...”

Perhaps, most people would have experienced the feeling of crouching for too long and having their nerves compressed due to the obstruction of blood flow, leading to their legs becoming numb and uncomfortable for quite some time.

Song Yaoyao's voice quivered. Her legs were trembling so much that she was leaning against Huo Yunque, unable to stand upright at all.

As soon as she applied strength, her entire leg felt numb like it had been electrocuted.