

MRS. HUO IS A CRYBABY

Chapter 2: I Am So Pitiful

Song Jingwan stared into the girl's clean and refined face, and a trace of jealousy flashed across her eyes. "Yaoyao? Are you okay?" she asked softly as she held onto Song Yaoyao's hand.

4

Song Yaoyao noticed the look in Song Jingwan's eyes and slightly curled her lower lip. But, a moment later, her expression changed and she grabbed Song Jingwan's hand instead, clinging to it and not letting go.

She said weakly with tears in her eyes, "I'm not okay, I'm about to freeze to death. Sis, can you come with me to change clothes?"

As she pleaded quietly, her nose was red and her eyes were misty.

Song Jingwan sensed that more and more eyes were focused on her. She smiled and gently brushed a loose hair behind Song Yaoyao's ear. "Of course, even if you didn't ask I would have been too worried to let you go back on your own!"

As she spoke, she helped Song Yaoyao up and turned to apologize to the crowd, "I'm sorry, let's end the night here. I need to keep my sister company after what happened."

As the most valued daughter in the Song Family, Song Jingwan was a high class socialite in Feng City, so everyone had to show her some respect.

Thus, the party ended because Song Yaoyao fell in the water.

As the sisters left, they could still hear people praising.

"The Elder Miss Song has such a good personality. She's also beautiful and gentle!"

"She treats her sister so well, but it's a shame that Song Yaoyao is no good."

"I know, right? Jingwan and Young Master Huo are clearly a match made in heaven!"

Amidst the praising, someone scoffed, "Fake," and left.

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Back in Song Yaoyao's room.

Song Yaoyao finished bathing, stood in front of the mirror, and curved her eyes at the person staring back at her. With a smile, she yelled outside, "Sis, I forgot to grab my clothes. Can you help me?"

Just like the usual Song Yaoyao, she completely trusted her older sister.

But, what had her sister done?

Song Jingwan furrowed her brows impatiently. She held back her frustration, casually grabbed a set of clothes from the wardrobe, and brought them into the bathroom.

However, to her surprise, she looked around the bathroom and did not see any trace of Song Yaoyao. She was dumbfounded. "Yaoyao?"

Then, out of nowhere, Song Yaoyao somehow appeared behind her and replied sweetly, "Yes, I'm here."

As soon as she finished speaking, she grabbed onto Song Jingwan's hair ruthlessly and dunked her head into a bathtub of water that she had prepared...

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"Mm! Mmm, help, mmm..."

1

Caught off guard, water entered Song Jingwan's mouth and nose. She started to struggle furiously, but the hand holding her hair was extremely strong; so strong that it felt like her scalp was about to be torn off as well!

3

Slowly, she was deprived of air, and the feeling of suffocation made her lose hope.

She tried, with all her might, to grab Song Yaoyao's hand, but she couldn't grab onto anything.

Just as she was about to fall unconscious, the person holding her hair finally decided to show mercy and pulled her head out of the water.

"Huff..."

Song Jingwan's pupils dilated. But just as she took a breath, her head was dunked back into the water before she could react.

Once, twice, three times...

1

The person behind her was like a demon. There was a smile on her charming face and two deep dimples on her cheeks. She lowered her eyes in a carefree manner and watched as Song Jingwan lingered on the border between life and death.

Her curled eyelashes cast a shadow on her lower eyelid, making her appearance exquisite like a doll in a shop window.

“Are you having fun, Sis? Huh?” Song Yaoyao laughed as she tilted her head and pulled Song Jingwan out.