

Lucky Bride 125

Chapter 125: I'll Weave You a Dream Too (Part 2)

He wanted to have that sweet dream again at night.

But he never dreamed of it again.

People said that one would dream at night what one thought about in the day. Then, why did he not dream again?

Jiang Bing couldn't hear Jiang Sheng reading and it seemed that he couldn't live anymore. He felt hopeless.

Mrs. Jiang fed him impatiently and urged him. "Hurry up and eat. I still have something to do."

Jiang Bing looked at his mother. "Mother, I don't want to live anymore."

When Jiang Bing suddenly spoke up, Mrs. Jiang was so frightened that she knocked over the bowl. Ever since Jiang Bing knew how to speak, he had never spoken. When he suddenly uttered these words, Mrs. Jiang was shocked. She had forgotten that Jiang Bing could actually speak.

Jiang Bing watched as Mrs. Jiang slowly cleaned up the mess.

He said slowly, "Mom, can I beg you for something?"

Jiang Bing rarely said anything. He was only a child, but his voice sounded like an old man in his seventies or eighties.

When Mrs. Jiang heard this, it was especially ear-piercing. After calming down, she looked up at Jiang Bing. "What did you just say? Say it again."

Jiang Bing coughed and said, "Mom, I said I don't want to live anymore."

Jiang Bing knew that this was exactly what his mother wanted to hear. She had been waiting for this.

Someone like him shouldn't be living in this world anymore, but he had lived for ten years. Ten years of his life was equivalent to ten years of torture for Mrs. Jiang.

Mrs. Jiang no longer had any affection for him, but she could not bear to kill him. Her family was waiting for him to give up on himself.

Mrs. Jiang looked at Jiang Bing. "Bing, tell me what your wish is. I'll fulfill it."

Jiang Bing smiled. His smile was ugly and a little scary.

Mrs. Jiang frowned.

Jiang Bing said slowly, "Mom, I want to see Jiang Sheng. Please."

Mrs. Jiang frowned. "Bing, ask for something else. What do you want to eat or what do you want to wear? I'll fulfill your wish."

Mrs. Jiang didn't want to ask why Jiang Bing wanted to see Jiang Sheng, but she knew that Jiang Sheng wouldn't come over.

They were not even relatives. Last time, Jiang Bing scared Jiang Sheng so badly. Why would Jiang Sheng come to see him?

The request made no sense.

Jiang Bing shook his head. "No, I just want to see him. Just once."

He grabbed Mrs. Jiang's clothes. "Mom, please, please."

He just wanted to see Jiang Sheng and take a good look at him.

He couldn't have that dream anymore. He had almost forgotten what Jiang Sheng looked like in his dream. He wanted to see Jiang Sheng to remember his dream again.

Mrs. Jiang shook off Jiang Bing's hand. Jiang Bing's hand hit the edge of the bed and immediately turned purple. However, he didn't seem to feel pain. The veins on his forehead bulged. He grabbed Mrs. Jiang again. "Mother, promise me, okay?"

Mrs. Jiang shook Jiang Bing off again and took a few steps back. She only stopped when Jiang Bing could no longer reach her.

Jiang Bing reached out, trying to grab her, his expression ferocious and terrifying.

Mrs. Jiang felt her hair stand on end. She said patiently, "Bing, it's not that I don't agree with you, but this is too difficult."

Jiang Bing looked at Mrs. Jiang. "After I see Jiang Sheng, I'll stop eating. If you don't let me see him, I'll eat everything in the house and try to outlive all of you."

He knew how to convince Mrs. Jiang. If he ate well and was careful, he wouldn't die. He lived a life worse than death, but he just wouldn't die.

Mrs. Jiang's face darkened. "Okay, okay, I promise you. I'll go and ask him."

Only then did Jiang Bing smile and close his eyes in exhaustion. His body was weak, and he felt extremely tired after saying so much.

His hand hurt so much that it felt like it was about to break.

Mrs. Jiang went out and slammed the door.

Jiang Bing breathed slowly to adjust his breathing.

Now that Jiang Bing was willing to give up, Mrs. Jiang told Mr. Jiang about it.

The two of them went silent for a while before Mrs. Jiang started sobbing.

Mr. Jiang said after a while, "Let's fulfill his wish."

Living like this was a torture for Jiang Bing and them.

No matter what, he had to make the Jiang family agree to send Jiang Sheng over.

Mrs. Jiang went to talk to the Jiang family and told them everything about Jiang Bing. Jiang Sheng's parents sighed, but they didn't want to agree.

Mrs. Jiang and Mr. Jiang both kowtowed and begged. They said that this was Jiang Bing's last wish. Jiang Bing even had to use a walking stick to get out of bed. He would not hurt Jiang Sheng.

After a lot of persuasion, Jiang Sheng's parents finally agreed.

That day, Jiang Sheng's parents brought him over.

It had been a long time since Jiang Bing sat in the main room. The entire family was looking at him, but they also felt like they were looking at a stranger.

Jiang Bing knew that though he was born in this family, he never actually belonged to this family. He couldn't care less about others. He looked at Jiang Sheng greedily as if others didn't exist. Jiang Bing said to Jiang Sheng, "I had a beautiful dream. In the dream, I occupied your body and became you."

Jiang Bing smiled and said excitedly, "With your body, I could walk, eat, and do everything I wanted. Do you know how much I hate my body? I don't dare to speak, eat too much, walk, or do anything."

Jiang Bing looked at Jiang Sheng greedily. "I want to be you so much."

Jiang Sheng looked at Jiang Bing indifferently and said, "But you're not me, and you'll never be me. You're you. You're weak and can't even walk. Moreover, you'll die very early. As for me, I'll be fine. You'll never be able to change your identity. You'll die with this identity."

Jiang Bing's eyes widened in fear. He felt suffocated, but he could not say a word.

No, no, the most terrifying fact was revealed by Jiang Sheng. Jiang Bing could not accept this truth. He struggled, overcome with fear and despair.

What he was most afraid of was never being able to escape this identity. He hated his body, hated being born like this, and was also afraid of dying like this. But now, he was going to die like this.

His consciousness dissipated bit by bit. He was indignant, indignant, so indignant...