

# Raising My Children With My Personal Spatial Ability

## *Chapter 3: Selling My Son Out Of Consideration For You?*

An Jiuyue spent all the silver she had and bought a coffin in town. She begged the villagers to help her bury her godfather.

Since then, only a widow and two orphans were left in the household. The Host didn't know how to hunt, so she would split a copper coin into two halves to spend. She also planted some vegetables and grain near the hunting lodge and was prepared to live the rest of her life like that.

However, the Host was a widow with orphans after all. She seemed like a pushover. Needless to say, she attracted people who harbored evil intentions, such as Aunt Wang.

Aunt Wang had sons, daughters, and grandchildren. Yet, she wanted to gain without risking any of her own by selling An Jiuyue's son and taking all the money for herself. Is she not afraid of choking herself after swallowing all that money?

"Jiuyue, how can you say that?"

Aunt Wang felt afraid after she pushed An Jiuyue and caused her to hit her head.

However, now that she saw that she had woken up and could speak, the fear in her disappeared without a trace. When she heard that she was unwilling to sell her son, she almost snatched the boy away at once.

"You agreed earlier! Now that I've made all the arrangements, how can you say that you won't sell him? You little thing, come here! Your mother has already sold you to... Ow! Ouch!"

Aunt Wang's sharp claws reached for Rong'er but An Jiuyue grabbed her arm, causing her to scream in pain.

"Let go! An Jiuyue, you... Let go!"

Her face turned pale. She wanted to use her other hand to slap away An Jiuyue's hand that was grabbing her wrist. However, An Jiuyue used her other hand to slap it away.

"I agreed?"

An Jiuyue's gaze remained indifferent as she looked at Aunt Wang, who was standing close to her, and her lips curled into a sinister smile slowly.

"Aunt Wang, I only call you Aunt Wang because I'm being polite. Did you really think that you're someone important? I've never heard of anyone in the An Clan Village selling their children. Whoever does ought to be struck by lightning for their vicious actions. But you seem to be doing this pretty well!

If you want to do such a thing, no one will stop you from selling your children. But you're targeting me because you can't sell your own grandson?

Is my child someone you can take advantage of?

Don't forget what my father did for a living. Even though he's not around anymore, did you really think that no one inherited his craft? I've been living with my father for so many years. I won't say that I'm capable of conquering this entire mountain, but I can still kill a chicken or a monkey.'

Aunt Wang, would you like to try me and test if the knives my father left behind are still sharp? Hmm?"

With that, she pushed Aunt Wang's hand away.

"You... you..."

Aunt Wang almost peed her pants after hearing what she said. When An Jiuyue pushed her hand away, she lost her balance and almost crashed into the wall.

She did not dare to hurl any insults in return.

She knew that the woman's father, An Tu, was a famous hunter in the An Clan Village. There was nothing in this mountain that he couldn't defeat.

He had grown old in the past few years and could no longer fight as he used to. That was why he was killed by a beast.

Since An Tu was no longer around, Aunt Wang targeted An Jiuyue, who seemed easy to bully, because she was just a young woman with two little children.

However, An Jiuyue's grip was so strong that she almost snapped her wrist.

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#### *Chapter 4: Throw Her Out the Window*

"An Jiuyue, you don't know what's good for you. Aren't I doing this for your sake? If it weren't for the fact that you're a pitiful widow with orphans, do you think I'd be happy to be here?"

Hmph, if you're not willing to sell Rong'er, there are plenty of people who will be willing to! Don't blame me for not giving you a chance!"

After hesitating for a long time, she finally decided to threaten An Jiuyue. She had considered leaving when An Jiuyue suddenly became so terrifying.

However, she was really unwilling after she gave it some thought. She had already received the money but she would have to return it. No one would be happy in this situation!

"In that case, go to the village and ask if anyone is willing to sell their children, Aunt Wang." An Jiuyue grinned sinisterly.

"If you think it's too much of a hassle to ask them one by one, why don't I talk to the Clan Chief and village's Junior Officer and ask them to spread the word for you in the village? What do you think?"

"You—"

Aunt Wang felt her anger caught in her throat and she was scared.

She had set her sights on An Jiuyue's child because she felt that the Chief and Junior Officer would not find out about it since An Jiuyue lived far away from the village.

If they found out that she had sold someone else's son, she would not gain anything from this. The Chief had a stubborn personality and would definitely chase her out of the An Clan Village.

"Alright, alright. An Jiuyue, you little b\*tch. You don't know how to appreciate others' kindness, do you? You promised me back then but you still went back on your word. Do you think I'm easy to bully?"

Do you really think that I don't have anyone else in my household? Just wait and see! I will find someone to drag Rong'er to town... Ah! What are you doing?

An Jiuyue, you... Put me down! "

Before Aunt Wang could finish speaking, An Jiuyue took a few steps forward, lifted her by the collar, and walked to the window.

"You're so noisy!"

With that, she threw her out of the window.

This was a treehouse, and it belonged to her adoptive father. Although it was situated some distance above the ground, should a person fall from the treehouse, they would only incur a few superficial wounds and would not suffer any fractures or deep lacerations.

But she had to know her limits.

"Ah!"

An Jiuyue did not hear the sound of a heavy object hitting the ground after she threw Aunt Wang down. There was only a blood-curdling scream.

A string of curses followed immediately after.

"An Jiuyue, how dare you throw me down? You're trying to kill me! Just you wait! Wait for me to tell the Clan Chief to chase you out of the village, you b\*tch!"

"Go ahead. Let's see if the Chief will believe you or me!"

An Jiuyue stood at the window and looked down. She saw Aunt Wang, who was in a sorry state, looking up towards her.

“Aunt Wang, it’s raining so heavily. Why did you come up the mountain? Look, you fell down. You have to be more careful in the future. You might have only fallen down this time but if you come up the mountain again, you might lose your life.

Maybe you don’t want to live anymore. Although you’re already so old, you still have to serve the elderly and take care of the children at home. But it’s better to live than to die. No matter what, you shouldn’t be committing suicide, right?

You should hurry home now. I’ll talk to the Chief later and ask him to tell your family members not to tire you out—it’ll shorten your lifespan!

You’re already so old. If your lifespan is shortened by a few years, you’ll probably only live for a few more months, right?

You should take it easy!”

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*Chapter 5: The Floor Is So Cold*

“You... you...”

Aunt Wang trembled with anger. Even the finger that was pointing at An Jiuyue started trembling.

“Little b\*tch, just you wait!”

She could not win against An Jiuyue in a war of words. She was going to wait to tell her family about this matter and come up the mountain together to deal with her.

After saying those harsh words, she turned around and hobbled away, teeth clenched as she endured the pain from the wounds.

“Mother, will that bad person come again? She’s very bad. Will she bring people to beat you?”

The other child beside Rong'er had tears in his eyes. He looked at An Jiuyue adorably and spoke softly.

Not only did Granny Wang want to sell his brother, she even hit his mother and did not help her up when she fainted. It was still early spring, and the floor was so cold.

He and his younger brother used all their strength to shake their mother awake.

“She won't, Zheng'er. Be good and stop crying.”

An Jiuyue squatted down and hugged the two children, comforting them gently.

“Be good too, Rong'er. I am very powerful. No matter how many people that granny brings, they are not my match. Did you see what happened just now? I threw her out with one hand.”

The two children must have been scared out of their wits today. She felt sorry for them to go through all this at such a young age.

“Mother, she's not a granny. She's a bad person.”

Zheng'er buried his head in his mother's arms and said gloomily.

“You clearly didn't promise her anything but she insisted that you agreed to sell Rong'er. She's a liar! A big liar!”

“Right, Zheng'er is right. That person is a big liar.”

An Jiuyue echoed the child's words. Aunt Wang was not a good person indeed.

If she was a good person, she would not have tried to take advantage of someone else for money. Moreover, it was true that the Host did not promise to sell Rong'er.

She was waiting for the two children to grow up and take care of her after all.

Unfortunately, she was not that lucky.

“Zheng’er, Rong’er, if mommy isn’t by your side and you see that bad person in the future, you must hide from her. Don’t let her see you, okay?”

She sighed to herself and instructed them gently.

“Okay.”

They nodded seriously.

They were very obedient so An Jiuyue reached out and caressed their faces. She got up and led them to the bed to rest for a while.

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Soon, she calmed them down and got off the bed.

She was a little dizzy after getting off the bed because she had hit her head. She swayed as she walked, and her stomach also felt queasy.

She knew that she was not only dizzy because she had been struck down, but also because she had been underfed and malnourished.

However, she could still hang on.

“Zheng’er, Rong’er, are you hungry? I’ll cook for you.”

She looked at the sky. It was getting dark. It was still noon when Aunt Wang came to look for her. However, she was hounded by Aunt Wang for half a day so she could not even prepare lunch for the two little ones.

“Mother, Zheng’er is not hungry.”

“Mother, Rong’er is not hungry.”

The two little ones said to their mother.

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