

# THE SAVIOR IS JUST A 3-YEAR-OLD

## Chapter 14

### Slaughter

The old lady had hit a snag twice and she suddenly felt a bit tired.

She even wondered if Jiang Huailu did it on purpose to make her look bad.

However, this was just a three-year-old child in front of her.

She looked so innocent, ignorant and simple.

Jiang Huaiying frowned slightly and the tip of her small, delicate nose scrunched. The Jiang family remained silent, but everyone was paying attention to the grandmother and granddaughter.

“Sister Huailu, what you said made grandma unhappy. Before we were exiled, she always doted on you. She only threw you out back then because she was so anxious that her mind was disturbed. Besides, you’re not injured at all. You’re a respectful, thoughtful kid. We’re all family. Even broken bones are still connected by tendons. When we’re in Desolate City, we have to look after one another. Can you forgive grandma? You also don’t want a gap to appear between grandma and your father, right?” Jiang Huaiying said with a smile, looking like she was broad-minded.

This was a clever question.

If Jiang Huailu still didn’t forgive her grandmother and didn’t take the big picture into consideration, everyone of the Jiang family would despise her instead.

Meanwhile, Xia also looked worse.

Xiao Huailu then asked seriously, "If I don't forgive her, will I be a bad kid? If that's the case, I'll forgive grandma." Xiao Huailu looked extremely worried and what she said almost made people laugh.

And yet, the daughter-in-law of the Fang family laughed out loud directly.

That old lady always schemed against others in her mind, but this kid exposed her casually and made her completely embarrassed.

"That's truly ridiculous. She's a child who's suffered. And yet, she'd become a bad person if she doesn't forgive her grandmother? What's the reason for that?"

Jiang Huaiying blushed with shame because that little girl spoke so bluntly.

"That's easy for you to say."

The members of the Fang family were all soldiers and their daughter-in-law had also practiced Martial Arts since she was small.

What she said didn't save the Jiang family any face.

She just couldn't bear to see the Jiang family bully a child who didn't know anything.

Being mocked by her, Jiang Huaiying's face became hot and her eyes turned red. Some exiled prisoners around them also sized her up secretly.

She immediately covered her face and hid behind Yuan.

Yuan held her belly and heaved a sigh. "This kid is just so kind. She can't bear to see the elders feel bad."

The old lady also had to accept the kindness.

Old Lord Jiang shook his head slightly as he looked at his eldest son's family. Liu had certainly gone too far this time, but the Jiang family was exiled and they couldn't be separated.

“Alright, rest well, everyone. We’ll talk about it when we get to Desolate City. Your mother didn’t mean any harm. Don’t let other people see this joke.” Old Lord Jiang glanced at his eldest son. Jiang Yubai tightened his lips and replied to his father softly.

He then asked his wife to take Jiang Huailu and sit among the Jiang family, as if nothing had happened.

Jiang Huaiying was thinking about what happened in her previous life, in her head.

In her last life, Jiang Huailu’s death drove Xia crazy and there was a rupture between their family.

Jiang Yubai couldn’t blame his old parents and Jiang Huaian left with his mother out of anger.

And yet, he had an accident and injured his legs. Since then, he could only go around in a wheelchair.

After that, her mother gave birth to a son, who replaced Jiang Huaian. Her grandmother then completely gave up on Jiang Huaian.

When they reached Desolate City...

Jiang Huaiying suddenly shivered and fear rose in her eyes, as if the fear in her previous life was still in her heart.

Before she died, there was blood everywhere, which even dyed the entire sky red, and endless bloody water flowed in the river.

That devil slaughtered one city after another.

Nobody knew what exactly happened. When His Majesty was ten years old, he suddenly became unaware, as if unconscious.

When he woke up after three years of sleep, the world had already become a nightmare.

A lingering nightmare.