

THE SAVIOR IS JUST A 3-YEAR-OLD

Chapter 18

What Do You Think I Look Like?

Jiang Huailu's birthday was indeed a bad day.

She was born on July 15th.

It was mid-July and the entire capital was enveloped in damning energy.

The old lady exhorted Xia repeatedly not to give birth on that day.

And yet, how could one decide when to deliver the baby? That morning, she went into labor.

Old Lord Jiang took his eldest son, Jiang Yubai, into the palace that day.

When she went into labor, she had already asked the old maid to inform the midwife. The midwife was already staying in the Jiang Yubai household, but the old maid still hadn't returned after an hour.

Her personal maid immediately became anxious and went to get someone for help.

In the end, she brought Xia's mother-in-law there.

In front of outsiders, this old lady was classy and elegant, and she pretended to treat her daughter-in-law like her own.

She said honestly that this baby couldn't be born today. If it did, there would be rumors that shamed the Jiang family in the future.

She asked Xia to try her best to hang in there. When July 15th passed, the baby would be welcomed any day.

Xia hated her at that time. She lay on the bed as her belly throbbed. She didn't know if it was her tears or her sweat flowing into her eyes. She was bitter and painful.

In front of outsiders, she was a glamorous Lady of the Jiang family. And now, she was like a puddle of water who couldn't even keep the baby in her womb alive.

Her personal maid grew up with her and came with her from her own family when she got married.

She quickly sneaked out of the Jiang family and asked someone to wait for Old Lord Xia in the Xia family and at the entrance of the palace.

However, the old maid in front of the old lady grabbed Xia's personal maid and accidentally pushed her down the stairs. She died from the fall.

Luckily, Xia was extremely healthy and she had had a childbirth once before. Jiang Huaian was already nine that time and he went to the kitchen with his servants to boil some water and brought it to her in the delivery room.

When Jiang Huailu was born, her cries were already weak.

Her entire body was dark purple in color due to suffocation. She cried softly and quietly like a kitten as she huddled up, looking pitiful. Xia burst into tears that time, hating herself for compromising and making her unborn daughter suffer.

Knowing that the girl was born on July 15th, the old lady flew into a fit of rage in the courtyard.

When Xia heard her breaking the teapot and leaving, she felt a burst of unhappiness in her heart.

When Jiang Yubai came back, she had already delivered the baby. The old lady secretly beat a bunch of servants and the men in the Jiang family had no idea about it.

Xia said naturally sometimes that when she was delivering Huailu, the midwife didn't come even after she sent her a few notices.

Jiang Yubai only smiled and said that the midwife was drunk that day, and that his mother had already punished her. Knowing that she almost made a huge mistake, his mother also felt guilty.

So, Xia never talked about it anymore.

Seeing Yuan in the same situation but receiving different treatment right now, she felt a bit bitter in her heart.

In the last three years, the old lady pretended to adore Huailu on the outside, but was in fact extremely indifferent towards her on the inside.

Children were pure, so Xiao Huailu could certainly feel that her grandmother disliked her. She always came home crying.

Besides, she had never had a grand birthday party in these three years.

Something suddenly came up in Xia's mind and she looked indifferent.

"Mother, hug me." Jiang Huailu came down from her brother's head as she rubbed her eyes with her chubby fists and yawned. Her entire body seemed to be shining.

Xia's heart melted. She hugged her daughter in her arms.

Meanwhile, Jiang Huaiying felt more and more anxious as she listened to her mother's screams and smelled the strong odor of blood in her nose.

She had already poured the prepared water into the pot. Hearing the cries of her mother, Jiang Huaiying tightened her lips and quickly made a fire.

Suddenly, a fair arm came out of the fog and pulled her sleeve.

It seemed a bit nervous and frightened.

“Miss, what do you think I look like?” Its voice was sharp, sounded a bit hoarse and seemed extremely dry.

It swallowed its pride and seemed to be begging.