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Chapter 394: We've Got to Fight

Zhang Jisheng scowled at Qi Fenglian and said coldly, "It seems you're itching to pick a fight in the dead of night, huh?" He paused, then continued, "Your family is having an easy time now, your younger brother is successful, and your sister-in-law makes a lot of money from her business, so you look down on the Zhang family, don't you? Fine, I won't stand in the way of your future. You can pack up and go back to your family to enjoy your good life. But, the child has to stay."

Qi Fenglian was taken aback, her eyes suddenly reddening, she said, "Zhang Jisheng, how can you say such a thing? Who looks down on the Zhang family, who wants to argue with you?"

"If not, then why mention all that nonsense? My mother has been longing for a grandson for so many years; would she begrudge him milk powder, hiding and pinching it to give to a grandchild that doesn't even exist yet?" Zhang Jisheng said coldly.

He also felt extremely uncomfortable. Ever since his son was born, Qi Fenglian's attitude had changed; she was no longer as compliant and obedient as before, and had started asserting herself much more, with such a tough attitude that he sometimes felt overwhelmed.

He wasn't sure whether it was because she had a son to back her up, or because her family was doing well, that she had stiffened her backbone.

From another perspective, he was also a bit put off. Which man would like his wife to have the upper hand over him?

So Qi Fenglian's suspicions had also aroused his discontent. And since this matter was baseless, it made his tone even harsher. After all, Zhenzhu hadn't had a child yet, so there was no truth to the claim about his mother hoarding the baby's milk powder, and he was in the right either way.

With these thoughts, Zhang Jisheng's face grew even colder.

Qi Fenglian too felt choked by his tough stance, her heart aching. Was this the husband who loved her and their child, standing by their side and supporting them, or was he only out to protect his own mother?

"Fine, Zhang Jisheng, I won't argue this point with you. Starting tomorrow, I'll feed the child myself," Qi Fenglian said with a cold laugh, cutting him off. "You wouldn't want your son to drink the same watered-down milk powder, right?"

Zhang Jisheng turned his head away and muttered, "I think you're just hoarding food."

Qi Fenglian felt a surge of pain in her heart, took a deep breath, and struggled to contain her anger. "Let's not talk about this anymore. What are your thoughts about what I just said?"

"What thoughts, what thoughts? It's so late, freezing cold outside, let's talk about it tomorrow!" Zhang Jisheng didn't want to talk anymore and lay down again.

"Get up; you're giving me an answer today." Qi Fenglian tugged at his blanket and said, "Flower County is close to home, but look at the people around us working outside; they don't earn much either, and they have to live at the mercy of others. Qing City is different. It's a big city, and if we work for the Taiguo daughter-in-law, we have relatives to look out for us. What do you think?"

Zhang Jisheng, annoyed by her persistence, sat up again. "You're really ruthless, aren't you? As long as you make more money, you're willing to abandon your two kids?"

Qi Fenglian felt a pang in her heart. How could she bear it? Those two kids were her whole life, but she truly did not want to face her mother-in-law at home anymore.

Moreover, what she longed for the most was to someday bring her two children to live in the big city, to attend school in the big city, to assure a future that was bound to be better than growing up in the countryside.

"Of course, I can't bear to leave them, but our family is poor. Don't you want a better future for our kids? As their father, don't you want the best for them, for us? How far can we get just staying in the village? Don't you ever want to be like others, who can buy whatever they want?" Qi Fenglian looked at him, her face full of sorrow. "Jisheng, we must strive harder. Otherwise, this is as good as life will ever get."