

Weak B 55

Chapter 55: Stubborn

They also promised Song Ning's parents a job for her younger brother who was about to be sent down to the countryside for re-education, in exchange for their support for Song Ning and Wen Siyuan's divorce.

Sure, a daughter is born of one's own flesh, but so is a son. Moreover, how could a daughter compare to a son? Without much deliberation, Song Ning's parents readily agreed, determined to persuade their daughter to amicably proceed with the divorce with her husband.

With her parents' advice of "it's for your own good" ringing in her ears and her husband's indifferent gaze and silence in her mind, along with the scolding from her mother-in-law, Song Ning, on the brink of an emotional breakdown, finally nodded her head in agreement to the divorce.

At that moment, even though it was difficult for her to let go of her three daughters, she could no longer concern herself with that. She just wanted to escape, to get away far and fast; otherwise, she felt she might go insane!

Song Ning did like, even love, Wen Siyuan. Although they were paired up through an introduction, from the moment she first saw Wen Siyuan, Song Ning's heart had fallen for this man. After marriage, she was wholly devoted to being a traditional wife, tending to her husband and raising their children.

Little did she know, her husband, whom she thought reciprocated her feelings, showed nothing but indifference to her after she bore him three daughters.

Song Ning knew that her mother-in-law would not have brought the divorce agreement to her without her husband Wen Siyuan's consent.

Feeling utterly disheartened, Song Ning didn't take a single thing with her after the divorce proceedings, but followed her parents home, and within three months, she had remarried through a matchmaker to a man in a small city in the South.

Wen Yue, the eldest of the three sisters, might not understand why her parents divorced, but she did know that after her sister Wen Yu was born, her father never again showed a smile to her mother, to her, to her sister Wen Yi, or to her youngest sister.

Only after the stepmother entered the family did she once again see her father as he used to be.

But this version of her father was strange, and Wen Yue didn't like it. She rejected her stepmother Su Man and even hated seeing her with her father. In her opinion, all stepmothers were vixens. Otherwise, why would her dad needlessly divorce her mom?

With this mindset, Wen Yue naturally equated Jiang Li with Su Man, seeing Jiang Li as another vixen, another bad woman. Even though Wen Yue knew that the Luo Family's situation was somewhat different from her own family's—for instance, Xiao Ming Wei's mother didn't divorce her father but died giving birth to Xiao Ming Wei and her brother Ming Han—she still believed that a stepmother was a stepmother, a bad woman intent on breaking up families.

Therefore, she didn't think she had said anything wrong in front of Xiao Ming Wei, but she also didn't want to be admonished by Jiang Li, an adult. Suppressing the unease rising in her heart, she feigned calm and said,

“I didn’t say anything wrong, Vivi’s mother died giving birth to her and brother Hanhan. You’re a stepmother, not her real mother!”

After a brief pause, she heard no response from Jiang Li nor saw the beautiful, fairy-like woman look at her. Biting her lip, with a defiant look in her eyes, she added, “I’m not going to apologize!”

“Mom! Vivi’s mom isn’t a stepmother, she isn’t a bad woman, she isn’t a vixen!”

The Luo Family’s complex had more than just Jiang Li and Su Man as stepmothers. To be more precise, there was a family in the complex that had welcomed a stepmother through their doors ten years ago.

Ever since that stepmother arrived, the children left by the first wife had started to have no good days, yet no one in the complex seemed to notice anything wrong. Instead, they even thought the stepmother was quite kind to the children she inherited.

It wasn’t until one day when several police officers entered the complex and carried out the body of a four- or five-year-old girl from that family that people realized... Ever since the arrival of the stepmother, the little girl and her brother, one year her senior, were almost daily forced to kneel in punishment, had their arms twisted, thighs pinched by the stepmother, and in moments of anger, even lashed with a feather duster.