Chapter 5 - 5 5 Intentionally Spilling the Rice

5: Chapter 5 Intentionally Spilling the Rice 5: Chapter 5 Intentionally Spilling the Rice Hehe, joyful?

Gu Youyou's smile was only skin-deep, her eyes cold as ice as she gazed at her breakfast, which had spilled over half the bowl.

It was deliberate; even after spilling, they wouldn't let her eat.

She desperately needed more nourishment, but her two aunt-in-laws were certainly no pushovers.

In front of her grandfather, the finest dishes of the house were brought in, but the food that actually made it to her mouth was very little.

Either they ate it themselves, allowing her only a few bites to keep her alive, or they purposely smeared it on her, the sticky mess making her unbearably uncomfortable.

But in her current state, where even sitting up was a struggle, all she could do was stare fiercely to give them a scare!

Right, as the saying goes, "A gentleman's revenge can wait ten years." Now that her chance to escape had come, and once she left this hellish house and stopped drinking that medicine, her illness would heal.

She could then take her time getting back at them!

Huang Family watched Gu Youyou with schadenfreude written all over her face, smirking triumphantly and deliberately yelling to the outside, "Yo, Youyou, what are you doing?

This porridge was cooked early in the morning by your second aunt.

Our family may be well-off in this village, but we are still farming folk, we can't afford such waste!"

The rest of the family was gathered around the table having their meal when they heard Huang Family's complaints from the backyard, their faces displaying quite a spectacle.

Gu's second son knew well that his wife was doing this on purpose and immediately exaggerated with concern, "Oh dear, Father, Youyou has spilled her food again, hasn't she?

I was just in the kitchen, and I heard Xiangwen say that since Youyou is about to be married off, she should eat something good.

And her bowl was indeed filled with nothing but rice porridge."

After saying this, he looked disdainfully at the porridge in his bowl, poking at it with his chopsticks, making a clinking sound, "Look at this, I still have to go dig sweet potatoes later, and all I get is this watery porridge.

How will I have the strength?

She, on the other hand, doesn't lift a finger all day and still demands to be waited on.

When she gets angry, she even spills her porridge."

The old master's face turned very ugly.

He slammed his chopsticks onto the table and said sternly, "Second son, do you think I'm too old to control you?

If you were lying in that room unable to move like Youyou, I wouldn't let you do any work, not even dig sweet potatoes.

I'd take care of you personally and feed you meal by meal."

At his roar, the second son immediately dared not complain, murmuring with dissatisfaction, "I wouldn't dare, Father; I couldn't possibly ask you to take care of me."

Having said that, he wisely took his bowl of thin soup and squatted in the corner to drink.

Recently, the old master was easily ignited with anger.

The second son truly feared provoking the old man and receiving less inheritance for it.

With the third son staying silent, if he offended the old master, it would be to the third son's advantage.

Gu's youngest son stepped in to smooth things over appropriately, "Father, maybe the second sister-in-law mentioned the marriage to Youyou, and Youyou wasn't happy.

I'll have Qiuju go in and comfort her later.

Don't be angry; it's not worth damaging your health."

This Qiuju was Meng Qiuju, the wife of Gu's youngest son from the Meng Family.

The couple understood each other with just a glance, and Meng Qiuju eagerly agreed, "Yes, Father, I'll go and talk to her later."

With someone to console her, the old master's expression eased slightly, he sighed, "You're the sensible ones.

Remember to make something she likes to eat and bring it to her."

After saying this, he didn't even finish his meal but picked up his hoe and walked out the door.

Once he was gone, the table of relatives finally dared to eat freely, polishing off everything on the eldest son's table.

...