Chapter 8 - 8 8 Three Large Boxes of Coarse Cloth

8: Chapter 8: Three Large Boxes of Coarse Cloth 8: Chapter 8: Three Large Boxes of Coarse Cloth Gu Feng, hearing the gossip about his granddaughter from outside, was so angry he could burst.

Gu's second son, who was closest, ended up taking the blame.

"Second, have you died or something?

Didn't you hear those old hags blabbering at the gate?

Go grab a stick and chase them off for me."

"Ah—?" Gu's second son felt wronged as he complained, "How can I, a grown man, have the nerve to chase off those old ladies?"

"Then I'll kick you out instead."

Gu's second son: "..." Why is it always me who gets shot while lying down?

When Gu Feng got angry, no one in the family dared to make a peep, so the second son had to dejectedly take a stick and chase them away.

"Go on, get lost!

If you want to drink wedding wine, come early tomorrow to the hunter Jin's house.

What's the point of blocking the gate now?"

"We wouldn't look even if you didn't chase us away."

"You should be ashamed of yourself, a grown man acting like this."

The old women muttered back and forth, snorting disdainfully, then leisurely walked away.

Soon after, the Gu Family residence erupted into chaos.

The old master of the Gu Family, leaning on his cane, was furious.

He didn't forget to curse, "Is this the dowry you've prepared, huh?"

He used his cane to pick out the pieces of coarse cloth and threw them all over the courtyard.

“You promised me three big chests, more glorious than anyone else’s.

Are you kidding me with this?

Three big chests of coarse cloth?”

“Dad, this, this...

What else do we farm folks wear if not coarse cloth?

We can’t even afford to wear satin,” said Mrs.

Huang from a distance, in a low voice.

Filling all with coarse cloth was her idea.

Just yesterday, she had made a special trip to the town and hauled it back with an ox cart.

Gu Feng was so angry that his chest hurt.

He clutched at his chest, taking deep breaths.

The always perceptive Gu’s third son quickly signaled his six-year-old son with his eyes.

The boy, crafty like his father, immediately understood what Gu’s third son meant.

Busy, the little boy ran into the house and brought Gu Feng a cup of water to drink, “Grandpa, don’t be angry.

Drink some water to calm down.

I’ll be really upset if you make yourself sick.”

In the end, the old man did love his grandson.

He took the cup and drank a couple of sips to cool down.

“The young ones understand better than the old,” he remarked.

Letting out a sigh, he then stated, “Empty out two of these chests of coarse cloth and fill them with the unused satin and new bedding that your older sister-in-law brought as a dowry.

If they aren’t full, go to the town now and buy more.

The money will come from the family funds.”

As these words were spoken, everyone’s countenance changed.

Satin takes up less space than coarse cloth, and filling up those two big chests would cost a hefty sum of silver.

They were all reluctant to do so.

Mrs.

Meng wanted to speak up, but Gu’s third son quickly pulled her back, whispering in her ear, “Someone else will take the lead; there’s no need for us to step in.”

Mrs.

Meng was startled and quickly swallowed back the words that were on the tip of her tongue.

Her husband was right; even if they wanted to oppose, she shouldn’t be the one to stick her neck out.

Mrs.

Huang, however, lacked such tact and immediately wailed, “No, Father, you’re trying to drive us to our deaths, we can’t live like this.

Dabao needs to find a wife after the new year, and Erya also needs her marriage arranged.

If everything goes to Youyou, how is our big family supposed to survive...”

Gu’s second son quickly added, “Yeah, Dad, if we fill these two chests with satin, it won’t even cover our family’s food for three years.

She’s a sickly girl, who knows if she might die just a few days after getting married?

Then all these good things would just be a windfall for strangers...”

These words infuriated the old master Gu once again, “You unfilial son, who did you say is about to die?

Are you hoping for my death too, so all of this will be yours?

Has Youyou taken anything of yours?

All these things were left by her parents.”