

## Folly 107

### Chapter 107: Old Mrs. Mu Makes a Scene

"Oh, you deadbeat, your wings have hardened and now you want to fly..."

Old Mrs. Mu rushed up and slapped Mu Dashan across the face, then clawed at him...

Her dark nails easily scratched Mu Dashan's face. She used both hands and feet, even yanking hair and kicking his lower body—she used all these tricks on Mu Dashan.

The scene became chaotic, and the dust kicked up by Old Mrs. Mu lingered in the air. The nearby villagers quickly backed away to avoid getting a mouthful of dust, let alone having their faces scratched by Old Mrs. Mu's merciless claws.

"For a half-dead money-draining good-for-nothing, you won't even listen to your own mother. Are you really my son, are you..."

Mu Dashan stood still, enduring Old Mrs. Mu's scolding. His hair was disheveled, his face was marked, and he looked extremely miserable.

Old Mrs. Mu angrily said, "Tell the villagers, you don't want this daughter anymore. Whoever wants her can take her! Say it..."

Old Mrs. Mu was used to throwing tantrums, and her family usually complied, letting her have her way. Mu Dashan's statement that their branch would bear the financial burden was a complete slap in the face for her.

With so many villagers, once word got out, she didn't know how people would ridicule her for having no status in the Old Mu Family.

"Shuangshuang is my daughter. I can't possibly give her up..." Mu Dashan looked up, staring sadly at Old Mrs. Mu, but his gaze was firm—he wouldn't give up his daughter.

"Oh, so you want to defy me, your mother! Unfilial son, beast... Why didn't I drown you in the manure pit when you were born!"

Old Mrs. Mu spat heavily on the ground and wanted to hit Mu Dashan again, but was stopped by Lu Yuanfeng.

"Mu Family, Uncle Dashan didn't do anything wrong. He's right; Shuangshuang belongs to the Old Mu Family. If you really abandon Shuangshuang, can you live with your conscience?"

Mu Shuangshuang felt slightly comforted hearing Lu Yuanfeng's words. If she weren't considered an injured person in others' eyes, she would have fought back against the old woman before her.

"Get out of here, you brat. You want to meddle in the Old Mu Family's business? Don't think just because you killed a wild boar that I'll be afraid of you. If you have the guts, hit me, come on, aim at my head!" Old Mrs. Mu's gaze was provocative as she looked at Lu Yuanfeng, knowing he wouldn't dare.

Lu Yuanfeng frowned tightly, having never seen such an unreasonable person.

Mu Shuangshuang struggled to stand up, but Zhang Huai Shu pressed her down with a signal, instructing her not to move. Mu Shuangshuang decided to endure and see how far this Sect Hierarchy of the Five Poison Sect could go with her shamelessness.

"Uncle Zhang, write a prescription. I'll pay for the medicine..."

Hearing Mu Dashan's words, Zhang Huai Shu took out several packets of medicine from his toolbox.

He had brought some medicine with him, but it was only half of what was needed.

"Here are ten packets, and later you can get the remaining ten packets from my house."

"Thank you... thank you..."

Mu Dashan struggled to reach for the medicine, but Old Mrs. Mu was quicker. She slapped the medicine out of Zhang Huai Shu's hand. "You're not taking it! If you take it, you're not my son anymore!"

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When Mr. Mu and Mu Dazhong returned, Old Mrs. Mu was in a standoff with Mu Dashan. She stared intently at Mu Dashan, and several packets of medicine lay scattered in front of them. Fortunately, the medicine hadn't spilled out.

Half of the villagers were gathered at the Old Mu Family's place. Mr. Mu heard their chatter and felt a burning shame on his face.

"What are you doing? Everyone go home, are you not embarrassed enough?"

Mr. Mu was furious. The situation had escalated so much, what if it affected Old Mu's future governmental prospects?

"Embarrassed? It's embarrassing to have a son like this," Old Mrs. Mu vented to Mr. Mu about Mu Dashan, expecting her husband to support her, only to get scolded instead.

"You're always causing trouble, can't you just go back?" After saying this, Mr. Mu instructed Mu Dashan to take Shuangshuang back.

Mu Shuangshuang quietly tugged on Zhang Huai Shu's sleeve, urging him to resolve the matter here.

Zhang Huai Shu's eyes darted around, then he said, "Hold on, you want the medicine too. Who's paying me, the Old Mu Family or Dashan?"

"Silver? What silver?" Mr. Mu asked, puzzled.

"What silver! It's this lunatic third son's doing, medicine costing one piece of silver per packet. He still wants it and says he'll pay back. Hmph, with what? Even if you sold him, he couldn't pay it back." Old Mrs. Mu responded coldly.

"Such a hefty amount of silver. Is this wretched girl here to collect debt? Father, my mother's right—throw her out!" Mu Dazhong chimed in sarcastically.

"Father... please... I'll pay the silver... Let me take Shuangshuang's medicine back..."

Mr. Mu stared at Mu Dashan, finding this son of his unfamiliar, like he had changed into a different person. In the past, he'd never oppose anything Old Mrs. Mu said, but now...

"I tell you, Mr. Mu, your family has spent all the silver for Da De's exams with no objections from Dashan. Now he wants to save his daughter with his own money, and you're still hesitant?"

It's a matter of life and death. Even if you don't save her, you can't stop others from doing so, can you?" Zhao Yun squinted her eyes, expressing her displeasure to Mr. Mu.

"Exactly, Dashan never said the Old Mu Family should pay back. You all shouldn't stop this." Someone chimed in.

"What item in my third brother's house isn't from the Old Mu Family? Even if he claims he'll pay it back, it'll end up being our family's money." Mu Dazhong snapped at Zhao Yun. He knew this woman had a good relationship with his third sister-in-law and would certainly speak up for the wretched girl.

This was also what concerned Old Mrs. Mu and Mr. Mu—who would actually pay the money back?

Even if the family really had money, it was meant for Da De's exam expenses, not for Shuang, the girl.

"We'll... our branch will separate!" Mu Dashan's face paled as he mustered all his courage to say what he wanted to say.

Separating the family would mean the debt belonged to their branch, unrelated to the Old Mu Family.

Mu Shuangshuang felt a tightness in her chest. He said it at last—her father finally said it.

She had done so much, waiting for this very sentence!

"Old third, do you know what you're saying?" Mr. Mu furrowed his brows, disliking what his son said.

"Our branch will come out separately and bear this debt. Even if I have to toil for the rest of my life, I'll pay off the silver. Father... please, grant your son this!"

"You..."

"Family separation is good. This way, third brother's debt will be their branch's and won't concern the Old Mu Family."

"Dazhong, shut up!" Mr. Mu tilted his neck back and shouted, scaring Mu Dazhong into retreating to the side.

If it weren't for all the people watching, Mr. Mu would have long gone over to deal with his third son. With the old woman and him still around, where's the logic in family separation?

But if they didn't separate, who would pay the silver?