

Folly 21

Chapter 21 Shuangshuang Makes a Scene in the Upper Room (1)

"What's the fuss about? That brat hasn't grown hands or feet? Is she planning to be the lady of the house, expecting everyone to serve her? Do you need me, an old woman, to personally serve that brat her meal?"

"Mom, I'll go myself, there's no need for you." Mu the Third waved his hand awkwardly, indicating to Old Mrs. Mu that he didn't need her help.

"Mom, it seems Shuang has become high and mighty, holding onto her illness all day, refusing to do this or that. Perhaps she really wants you to serve her." Mrs. Lin said, covering her behind, quickly chiming in.

"Pfuh, dreaming on. A lazy sow, deserved to starve to death. Anyone who serves her food today is against me, the old lady. Don't even think of eating food from the Old Mu Family again!"

"Shut up, or I'll send you back to the Liu Family." Mr. Mu glared at Old Mrs. Mu and shouted loudly, after which he addressed Mu the Third, who stood unsure of where to place his hands.

"Third, I'm telling you, go. In this house, I have the final say. First, go to the room and ask Shuangshuang what she wants to eat, then come back and serve her food."

In the upper room, several people glanced at each other, unable to fathom what happened to Mr. Mu today, continuously blaming Old Mrs. Mu, but none dared to ask, knowing that at such times, Old Mrs. Mu would surely throw a tantrum and scapegoat a few innocent souls.

Sure enough, Old Mrs. Mu stomped her foot, slapped her thigh, and began to curse.

"I'm going to die, scaring an old woman like me. Is it going well for you? Just for that rotten thing, he wants to send me back to the Liu Family... there's no justice, can't live on."

In front of so many juniors, having his wife disrespect him like this, Mr. Mu's face immediately darkened.

"Third, what are you doing standing there? Can't your father move you, should I go myself?"

Despite Old Mrs. Mu's fierceness, she was just a woman and could never truly take the helm in front of Mr. Mu. Mu the Third apologized to Old Mrs. Mu and started running towards his own room.

Old Mrs. Mu grew even angrier; her husband had admonished her in front of the juniors, and now even the son dared to defy her openly, leaving her thoroughly embarrassed.

"Mu the Third, stop right there. If you dare walk out of this upper room today, you are no son of mine."

Mu the Third trembled, his feet like they were glued to the ground, not daring to take a step.

At this moment, Mr. Mu urged Mu the Third again, torn between both sides, Mu the Third made up his mind and knelt on the ground. "Mom, Shuangshuang is sick. Let her have a warm meal. Can't I do all the work myself? Mom, I'm begging you..."

"Pfuh, useless thing, ungrateful wretch. For a lazy and rotten thing, you dare defy me. Do you know who raised you from the muck and mire, who you came out of? You only know how to protect the young, why did I have such a thing as you."

Old Mrs. Mu's words were extremely harsh; in the upper room, not just Mu the Third, even Mu the Second, who usually had a thick skin, blushed.

"Do you want any dignity, the juniors are right here." Mr. Mu reprimanded again. "Increasingly flamboyant, can't know their place."

Mr. Mu knew his wife's brashness well but never anticipated that he would voice such words, humiliating himself thoroughly.

"Third, quickly go. Anything happens, your father will cover for you."

With Mr. Mu's assurance, Mu the Third finally got up from the ground, his eyes red though he did not cry, feeling thoroughly aggrieved.

In a few steps, he quickly reached his own room, Mu Shuangshuang was already sitting up, Mu Xiaozhi assisting her.

In truth, Mu Shuangshuang wasn't that weak, at least she could muster a bit of strength briefly if needed.

The human body's potential is limitless; some can exert full force in an instant, known as short explosive power, and Mu Shuangshuang was no exception. She knew how to exert maximum force briefly, at that moment having Mu Xiaozhi help her up, preparing to make a scene in the upper room.

"Shuangshuang, why did you get up? You should lie down, your illness can't be neglected."

Mu the Third rushed forward, grabbing the thin sheet on the edge of the bed, prepared to cover Mu Shuangshuang.

After completing work, Mu the Third donned a tattered cotton shirt, covered in patches, worse than the beggar's garb Mu Shuangshuang had seen. Perhaps because of stepping on the fields, he had some dirt stains, even on his face, with yellow mud spots distributed across it, clearly showing signs of a day's weariness.

The words Old Mrs. Mu cursed in the kitchen, Mu Shuangshuang heard them all. The man before her was the most traditional ancient person, valuing filial piety, loyalty, simplicity, preferring to suffer rather than defy elders.

But as humans, who doesn't want to live well?

Suppressing oneself to benefit others merely encourages other's bullying spirit. To avoid being bullied, you must become strong yourself.

Mu Shuangshuang nudged Mu Xiaozhi's arm, they were very in sync now, she could utter a few words and Mu Xiaozhi would understand, temporarily acting as her mouth.

"Dad, you want to ask sister what she wants to eat?" Mu Xiaozhi moved her mouth, reached out her hand, and dove into Mu the Third's embrace, her small head constantly rubbed, Mu the Third hurried to pick up Mu Xiaozhi, though exhausted from a day's work, he was ready to carry her for his daughter.

Mu Shuangshuang observed the father-daughter affection, feeling both envy and touch.

She had never been held by her father, never before, and won't ever be. This body was already thirteen years old, two more years and she'd be a maiden of ancient times, seemingly ready for marriage after that time although she, Mu Shuangshuang wouldn't resign to fate.

"Shuangshuang, what do you want to eat? I'll get it for you, you lie down and rest."

"Dad, sister shouldn't lie down and rest. Carry sister over there, otherwise grandma won't give her food." Mu Xiaozhi chimed in milky voice.

Mu Shuangshuang originally wanted Mu the Third to assist her to the upper room, those people eagerly desiring to see her, she'd fulfill their wish, though whether they'd still be able to eat would be their problem.

"Go over?" Mu the Third frowned, "Your grandma's temper, seeing you would surely hit you, better I bring you food."

Mu Shuangshuang continued shaking her head.

Mu Xiaozhi quickly spoke, "Dad, don't worry, my sister is very capable, grandma can't hit her, let sister go to the upper room, otherwise sister really won't have food."