

Folly 32

Chapter 32 Becoming Clean (1)

"What did you say?" Old Mrs. Mu shivered, asking again uncertainly. Had this brat really rebelled? How dare she speak to her like that?

"Shuangshuang didn't do anything wrong, it was Grandma who did!" Mu Shuangshuang reiterated her earlier words clearly, looking directly at Old Mrs. Mu with no fear of her intimidation!

The reaction of the Mu Family, however, was different from hers. Mu Dashan gasped as if he couldn't believe such bold words came from his eldest daughter's mouth.

His hands trembled as he was about to speak when Old Mrs. Mu stomped her foot hard and started cursing, pointing at Mu Shuangshuang's nose.

"Well, you've really turned against me, daring to speak to me like this. You ungrateful wretch! Today, I'm going to teach Yu Si Niang a lesson on your behalf, so you know what it means to respect your elders."

Old Mrs. Mu rolled up her sleeves and looked at Mu Shuangshuang fiercely. Meanwhile, Mu Shuangshuang was observing the Mu Family, hoping to see if anyone had a conscience. She noticed the second branch of the family watching her as if to enjoy a show, waiting to see how Old Mrs. Mu would skin her alive.

But they underestimated her.

Mu Shuangshuang slipped to the side and stood next to Mr. Mu. No matter how capable Old Mrs. Mu was, she wouldn't dare to act out in front of Mr. Mu, and even if she did, she'd have to consider whether her fists would comply.

"Grandpa, didn't you once say that fairness and justice are crucial in dealing with people?" Mu Shuangshuang asked Mr. Mu unflinchingly.

No need to question whether Mr. Mu ever actually said this; Mu Shuangshuang wasn't certain. But one thing was sure: anyone, even a fool, would know to nod at that.

Without hesitation, Mr. Mu replied, "Yes, the Old Mu Family's rule is to emphasize fairness and justice."

As soon as Mr. Mu finished speaking, Mu Dazhong inside cursed in his heart.

Bah, fairness my foot. If there were fairness, would Mu Dazhong spend his life farming?

Could Mu Dade still loaf around at home in his thirties, preparing for the scholar exams?

Thinking of Mu Dade, who idled in the east wing, eating without working, Mu Dazhong felt his anger boil over, now almost willing to swallow Mu Dade whole.

"So did Grandma just violate the Old Mu Family's rules against Shuangshuang? All other siblings share one bun, but Shuangshuang only gets half. It's not that Shuangshuang insists on having a whole bun, but being tossed half a bun like a beggar is upsetting."

"Shuangshuang is not a beggar. Though Shuangshuang once didn't know better and made childish mistakes, she is changing now. Shouldn't Grandma change too?"

When it comes to complaining, Mu Shuangshuang ranks second to none.

Besides, she knew that in ancient times, women were told to regard their husband's word as law. As the center of this household, Mr. Mu, no matter how biased, wouldn't pretend to allow Old Mrs. Mu to actually hit her.

"Well, you little brat, how dare you talk back to me in front of my old lady, you're really asking for it today."

Old Mrs. Mu didn't care about fairness or unfairness; she only knew that the brat had covered her in spit, ruined a table full of food, and dared to complain to her face. If she didn't teach her a lesson today, who would listen to her in this household anymore?

"What are you yelling about? Shuang didn't say anything wrong. You, as the grandma, are being unfair. They are all grandchildren, but you need to treat them equally. Otherwise, it will be a joke if rumors spread." Mr. Mu glared at Old Mrs. Mu, his face full of displeasure.

"What? Can't I, as a grandma, discipline my granddaughter? Or is this brat too precious to be touched?"

When Old Mrs. Mu mentioned the preciousness, Gou Dan thought his grandma would give him another bun, so he quickly looked up, eagerly staring at Old Mrs. Mu.

Precious was Gou Dan's full name, so his reaction was understandable. However, just as he lifted his head, Mu Shuangshuang happened to see the long thread of snot hanging from his nose, about to drop into the dirty bun he held with his filthy hands.

Mu Shuangshuang turned her head in disgust.

"Grandma, why are you calling me?" Gou Dan wiped his snot with his hand and asked Old Mrs. Mu.

"Get lost, this is none of your business." Old Mrs. Mu shoved him aside without showing any affection for her eldest grandson.

Gou Dan's lip trembled as if he was about to cry, but Old Mrs. Mu's glance scared him off, and he retreated outside.

"What are you doing? Did the child wrong you? If you want to keep this up, return to your Liu Family."

Hearing this finally quieted Old Mrs. Mu. She glared furiously at Mu Shuangshuang, picked up the bun from the ground, cleaned the outer skin, and put it back in the wooden tub.

Though still fuming, she replaced the half bun with a whole one for Mu Shuangshuang, unblemished this time.

"Bah, eat your fill, you nasty girl!" Old Mrs. Mu muttered under her breath as she grabbed her breakfast and found a stool to sit down.

Mu Shuangshuang had her meal outside, in the cool alley between the main house and the kitchen. Though it was morning, the scorching June sun was already evident; the sultry air made even the breeze feel hot.

Just as she was about to eat her bun, Gou Dan came back out. Although he hadn't finished his bun either, he had set his sights on Mu Shuangshuang's bun. In the past, whenever he saw her, she was so terrified she'd act like a submissive grandson, and whatever he wanted, he got. So this time, he brazenly walked up to her.

"You filthy thing, give me your bun, or I'll beat you to death." And with that, Gou Dan licked his snot-covered nose again, seemingly indifferent to the filth.

Mu Shuangshuang smirked sarcastically, her expression cold as she replied. "Are you daydreaming, or did eating snot damage your brain?"

Mu Shuangshuang suddenly remembered a popular phrase online: zombies opened your brain, but left disappointed, only for passing dung beetles to find delight.

"You wretched girl, how dare you resist? Have you forgotten how your grandpa taught you?" Gou Dan shouted angrily.

Mu Shuangshuang then understood why she felt hunger pangs when she came here.

"Come on, if you approach, I'll give you the bun." Mu Shuangshuang suddenly smiled brightly, gently speaking to Gou Dan.

Gou Dan's face lit up, thinking Mu Shuangshuang would hand him her breakfast as usual, so he eagerly leaned closer.

Seizing the opportunity, Mu Shuangshuang raised her hand and shouted, "I strike!"

With a solid slap, she knocked Gou Dan onto the ground, sending his bun flying into the dusty earth.

Before he could react, Mu Shuangshuang pinned him again and unleashed several slaps, leaving his face swollen like a steamed bun. Only then did she stand and walk towards the stream at the north end of the village...