

Folly 72

Chapter 72 Got Dazed

Having picked half a basket of rice ears, Mu Shuangshuang easily lifted the bamboo basket and started walking toward the place where the Old Mu Family was stacking rice ears.

She passed through a long field slope and then arrived at the edge of a half-meter-wide ditch.

The sky was impossibly blue. Just one glance made one feel in a paradise on earth. It was the first time Mu Shuangshuang felt what it meant to have clear skies and brilliant sunshine.

The scenery in ancient times was vastly different from modern times: no pollution, no man-made destruction. Hence, the skies were bluer, the water clearer, even a little ditch would reveal shadows of small fish swimming.

The scene in the ditch caught Mu Shuangshuang's eye: a lobster with a hard shell and colorful exterior was nestled in a small hole. The lobster wasn't large but probably had some age, because its pincers were red and thick.

As if noticing Mu Shuangshuang, the lobster moved its old pincers, as if demonstrating to Mu Shuangshuang, signaling her to stay away.

Mu Shuangshuang glared and couldn't help but curse in her heart, "Damn, this lobster has become a spirit! I must eat you today!"

Mu Shuangshuang put the basket aside, squatted down to prepare, just as she was about to grab the lobster, a woman's distorted voice shouted from the field ridge not far away.

"Get lost, you little beast, stop making a mess here!"

On the field ridge, Mu Yingying's face was red, pointing at Little Zhi's nose and scolding angrily. Little Zhi's eyes turned red from crying, body desperately dodging but still couldn't escape the fate of having her nose poked.

"Little beast, you dare to dodge!"

Little Zhi's defiance seemed like a provocation to Mu Yingying, and she swung her hand, slapping Little Zhi into the ridge. The freshly cut straw grazed Little Zhi's face, leaving multiple bloody scratches.

Little Zhi wailed in pain.

Mu Xiaohan wasn't close to Little Zhi, didn't see Mu Yingying's actions, but rushed over as soon as he heard Little Zhi's cries, lifting her from the ground, looking concerned. "What happened to Little Zhi?"

"What happened? Hmph, this little beast blocked my way, so I hit her. What, you third branch want to fight with me, filthy, stinking things?"

Mu Yingying stood with her hands on her hips, spewing venomous words, her face showing a maliciousness beyond her age.

Mu Yingying had never done farm work, didn't know she needed to cover herself up when going out, foolishly wore the floral dress she wore at home, and ended up being roasted like a pig by the sun.

The hot weather, combined with her irritability, and thinking of the peach Old Mrs. Mu threw on the ground, she only wanted to vent. It was just that Little Zhi was closest to her and a third branch child. Even if beaten up, it didn't matter.

"Apologize! You must apologize to Little Zhi!"

Xiao Han's face turned cold. For the first time, his eyes showed hatred. Until now, when people bullied him and the third branch, he just thought it was because the third branch was inferior and deserved to be bullied.

But ever since Shuangshuang told him the reason for their poverty, he felt that the eldest branch was the least qualified to criticize the third branch.

Mu Yingying directly ignored Xiao Han's words and spat toward Xiao Han and Little Zhi. "Pah, you little beast must have your brains caught in the door jamb, thinking our eldest branch would apologize. You better be capable of it first."

"What capability does Sister Yingying aspire to have?" Mu Shuangshuang suddenly appeared behind Mu Yingying, her gaze sharp, frightening Mu Yingying, who was about to curse. Mu Shuangshuang raised her hand, slapped directly toward Mu Yingying's face.

The palm carried a fierce wind, facing Mu Shuangshuang's murderous eyes, Mu Yingying closed her eyes in fear.

For a long time, the expected sound didn't come, nor did the anticipated pain.

Mu Yingying opened her eyes wide, seeing Mu Shuangshuang placing her hand on her cheek, gently caressing.

"Sister Yingying, how come you're sweating so much? Is it because you're not used to manual labor? Right, Sister Yingying is a pampered child, lived a life of luxury since childhood, how could you endure such hardship.

Yet this face, what a pity, just like that, it's so sunburned red, it's probably going to peel off!"

The sensation on her face sent a chill from Mu Yingying's soles to the top of her head; Mu Shuangshuang's gaze was all too familiar to her. Usually, when her mother secretly went to town to weigh meat over the chopping board, that was the gaze while choosing meat.

It was a gaze inspecting food, full of calculation and excitement.

Impossible, this damn girl doesn't have the ability, Mu Yingying shook off Mu Shuangshuang's hand, unexpectedly, Mu Shuangshuang didn't resist but went aside to hold Little Zhi, comforting softly.

"Little Zhi, be good, don't cry, those who bully you, sister will give you justice." Mu Shuangshuang whispered, even Xiao Han nearby didn't hear clearly.

His face still showed astonishment, seemingly not understanding why his sister's slap didn't land.

Mu Family's second daughter, Mu Qingqing, watched the scene for a long time, not seeing what she wanted, cursed lowly, then turned away to do her work.

She seemed unsatisfied with what she saw, continuously muttering. Mu Shuangshuang's hearing could just catch the words she was saying.

[Worthless girl, not even a slap given, making me wait so long, no chance to tattletale.]

Mu Shuangshuang sneered, watching Mu Qingqing's back. How could she not know Mu Qingqing wanted to muddy the waters? Having done so many years of security work, if Mu Qingqing set her up, Mu Shuangshuang wouldn't be able to survive.

Moreover, those people from the Old Mu Family were totally partial. Mu Yingying made such a fuss, no one came to care about Little Zhi.

Hmph, since they're so biased, don't blame me for being rude. Mu Shuangshuang slowed down her rice-picking pace, strained herself waiting for Mu Yingying to throw several rice ears into her casually carried basket.

Mu Yingying was reluctant at this moment. If her mother hadn't instructed her to put on a show before she left the house, she wouldn't have continued.

After dropping a few rice ears, Mu Yingying slowly walked toward the field ridge, with Mu Shuangshuang following behind once she had gone more than halfway.

She sped up her steps, waiting for Mu Yingying to cross the ditch, then suddenly increased speed.

With a forceful stomp, Mu Yingying was kicked fiercely into the ditch by Mu Shuangshuang, splashing water and mud onto her face.

Before Mu Yingying could scream, a slender hand covered her open mouth.

Mu Shuangshuang raised her hand, slapping Mu Yingying's face with a loud smack.

"Smack" - the spot was precisely where Mu Shuangshuang had touched earlier. Mu Yingying was stunned, her ears ringing with a buzzing sound...