

Folly 94

Chapter 94: How Much Money Do We Have (Second Update)

Mr. Mu glared at Mrs. Jin, seemingly unable to believe that such absurd words came from the sensible Mrs. Jin.

"Mrs. Jin, do you know what you're saying? Shuangshuang is only thirteen; marrying her off to Wang San is like pushing her into a fire pit.

Do you realize how others will see our Old Mu Family? Selling a granddaughter to a fifty-year-old man for money?"

Mr. Mu himself was only fifty-three this year; although Wang San was three years younger than him, he couldn't, in good conscience, push Old Three's daughter into a fire pit.

Not to mention, Old Three wouldn't agree to it, nor would he.

"Father, Shuangshuang marrying Wang San is not pushing her into a fire pit; she's going to live the life of a young mistress in the Wang Family, which is well-off and will surely provide for Shuangshuang lavishly."

Mrs. Jin was still trying to persuade Mr. Mu but was loudly rebuked by him.

"Are you suggesting our Old Mu Family can't provide for Shuangshuang? Don't bring this up again, as I won't allow Shuangshuang to marry and have others scorn this old man."

Mrs. Jin was left stunned where she stood; she didn't expect the old man, who always held her husband's success in high regard, to refuse her.

Helpless, she could only look towards Old Mrs. Mu, who was most protective of her kids.

But this time, even Old Mrs. Mu was of no use. After all, she was a woman, and men handle the big matters while she only took care of small things; seeing the reason in her husband's words, she kept silent.

Even though she disliked the brat, she had plenty of ways to deal with her without going against her husband and certainly not at the cost of shaming the Old Mu Family.

"What about Da De? Without money, he won't be able to hire a tutor." Mrs. Jin asked the Old Mu Family members in a panic.

"Sister-in-law, Dad has already decided; there's no point in talking further. We should find Shuangshuang someone younger; I've heard that the young man from the Old Lu Family received some silver upon returning from the military camp. Maybe we should consider him."

Mu Dazhong's eyes rolled in thought. Others may be naive, but he wasn't — if the brat married Wang San, the dowry would go into the first branch's pocket, leaving the second branch with nothing.

But should Shuangshuang marry the young man from the Old Lu Family, even if he couldn't get the dowry money, just the young man's skills would ensure the second branch wouldn't go without a meat dish every few days, making life comfortable with the meat.

"What are you saying? How could Shuangshuang match with that young man from the Old Lu Family? In my view, Wang San is perfect for her." Mrs. Lin nudged Mu Dazhong.

Are you crazy? How could you not save such a good man for your daughter, instead of giving him to that brat?

"What? Did I say something wrong, woman? You dare to push your luck?" Mu Dazhong shouted ceaselessly, turning the whole room into a chaotic mess.

"Alright, enough arguing. Let's settle it today; I'll figure out the money issue. Just go about your business and stop chattering every day."

Mr. Mu roared, finally quieting the uproar in the room, but the matter regarding funds for the first branch remained a lingering concern for the Old Mu Family.

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At this time, Mu Shuangshuang had already returned to her room. She still didn't know about the discussions going on in the Old Mu Family, only preoccupied with what she would say to Mu Dashan later.

The door creaked open, and Mu Dashan entered, followed by Little Zhi and Xiao Han, who had cried until their eyes were red. It seemed they had informed Mu Dashan about the rabbit incident.

"Shuangshuang, it's my fault for not being able to protect you and this family."

Mu Dashan pounded his chest mournfully, burdened with the heartache of seeing his daughter suffer such grievances and still be scolded.

"Dad, what are you saying? You should rest well while you're still unwell; let Shuangshuang help you into the room."

Mu Shuangshuang grabbed Mu Dashan's hand, helping him into their room.

With one less person to accommodate, the room seemed much more spacious, but with high windows, unless the door was open, it remained dark inside.

After helping Mu Dashan onto the kang, Mu Shuangshuang poured him a cup of water.

"Dad, there are some things Shuangshuang shouldn't say, but you saw it today; no matter what Shuangshuang says or does, it's always wrong."

Even though it was Aunt Jin who made the mistake, everyone just let it go once Uncle arrived.

Grandma even said I'm just crafty. I think our third branch should separate to avoid blocking their view."

Mu Dashan was no longer as shocked by the idea of splitting up as he once was; he had been pondering his daughter's suggestions over the past days.

He had never expected his elder brother to remember him during good times, just like when he earned the money for his sister's wedding and hadn't expected her to pay him back.

But after making him toil, the worst was how they bullied a child. Yet if they really did split, how could their third branch survive on its own?

"Shuangshuang, separating isn't as simple as you think; your grandparents won't agree. Even if they did, how would we survive afterward?"

With your grandma's temperament, if we left, she wouldn't allot us even a piece of land, and we might lose even this shabby house. Where would we live, what would we eat?"

"Dad, if Shuangshuang could find a way to keep our house and gain grandpa and grandma's consent, and even provide a source of income, would you then agree to separate?"

Mu Shuangshuang looked at Mu Dashan with determination, knowing how deeply the family's struggles affected him; otherwise, he wouldn't have approached her.

"This..." Mu Dashan hesitated, still worried.

"Dad, weren't you concerned about us having no way to earn? Xiao Han, tell Dad how much money we have at home."

Mu Xiaohan counted on fingers, hesitating before replying, "Four hundred and twenty wen."

"No, it's one tael and four hundred and thirty-eight wen."

After the market, she ended with four hundred and twenty-nine wen, with nine remaining from selling wild vegetables.

Plus the one tael extorted from Mrs. Jin, their household income was nearly equivalent to the harvest of three mu of tax-free land.

"Shuangshuang, how did you get so much money?" Mu Dashan was startled; he had never seen one and a half taels. How did his daughter amass so much?

"Earnings from business. Last night, Little Han, our mother, and I made delicious food at Aunt Xiao Yun's house, then took it to town to sell today, returning with such profit."

As for the tael from Mrs. Jin, she didn't bother to explain; Mrs. Jin wouldn't publicize her own humiliation.

"Yes, Dad. Sis didn't sleep last night to make food for sale in town. She said if we keep doing business, we can earn a lot."

Little Zhi, clinging to Mu Dashan's leg, said in a sweet voice.

"Dad, listen to Sis. If we split, Grandma won't meddle in our finances."

Little Zhi's words reminded Mu Shuangshuang of something. After hesitating, she asked Mu Dashan.

"Dad, you're not planning to use the money Little Han, Little Zhi, and I earned to fund my brother's exams, are you?"