

The Spirited Daughter-in-law and the Mountain Man - Chapter 7 - Chapter 7: 07 You are not allowed to eat

That was all the money he'd saved this month. As for the money earned a month ago, it had been combined with the family's funds to buy his wife. Second Brother was lucky to have hunted good prey, but the money he earned was stolen by his wife. Now, this bit of money was all they had in the family.

Originally, they thought his wife would be a mute, ugly, and peaceful addition to the life of the three brothers, but who would have known that she would be well-behaved in the Zhu Family and then ...

Having listened to his third brother's words, Xiao Yishan's stern face flashed with emotion. He handed the money back, "I've already agreed with Uncle Sun that we'll owe the money for my wife's medicine first and pay it back when we have it."

Xiao Yuchuan did not accept, "You've always been in charge of this house, Second Brother. You keep the money."

Xiao Yishan didn't say anything more, pocketing the money. He secretly thought that since Third Brother was unwilling to spend money on treating his wife's injury, he definitely couldn't touch Third Brother's money. He would find a way to pay for his wife's medical expenses on his own.

He went with Sun Changde to his house and brought back the prepared medicine after a while. He went to the kitchen to fetch the stove and pottery jar they usually used for decocting medicine for Fourth Brother and took them out into the yard.

Under the moonlight, he gathered a small pile of firewood and put a few sticks into the stove. Lighting them with fire strikers, he poured one of the medicine packs from Doctor Sun's house into the pottery jar, added three bowls of water, covered the jar with a pottery lid, and picked up a round fan made of palm leaves to fan the fire and decoct the medicine.

Xiao Yuchuan watched his actions, "Second Brother, you haven't even had dinner yet. Go eat first."

"I'll go once the medicine is ready." Xiao Yishan didn't say that he hadn't eaten lunch either and already felt hungry. Thinking of his wife not being able to eat the stolen steamed bun, she must have missed lunch as well. Doctor Sun said that it's best to take the medicine before a meal for better effectiveness. He'd wait for her to take the medicine before eating his meal.

Xiao Yuchuan's sharp gaze flashed with confusion, "Second Brother, what's going on? I've never seen you treat your wife so well before. Are you really not eating because she hasn't taken

her medicine?” He walked over and took the palm leaf fan from his hand, “Alright, enough! I’ll decoct the medicine. You better go eat your dinner. I’ve left some food for you.”

“Did you and Fourth Brother eat already?”

“I ate, and I’ve brought Fourth Brother’s portion to his room as well.”

“That’s good.” Xiao Yishan entered the kitchen to find a large bowl of brown rice mixed with sweet potato and a plate of pickles on the stove. Not having any farmland, it wasn’t bad to have such food at home. Although he could hunt, the three brothers had large appetites, and the prey had all been exchanged for filling food.

This was his serving size, and Third Brother hadn’t cooked dinner for his wife at all. It seemed he really disliked his wife.

He took some rice from the bowl with chopsticks and put it into an empty bowl, firmly pressing the rice to make room for more. Then, he added a few sticks of pickles to the bowl.

He finished all the rice left in the bowl, but he was only about 70% full. As long as he shared the food from his bowl for his wife, Third Brother shouldn’t have any objections.

“Second Brother, the medicine is ready.” Xiao Yuchuan called from outside.

Xiao Yishan took the bowl of rice he set aside and walked into the room, placing it on a small desk inside. Then, he returned to the kitchen, fetched an empty bowl, filled it with the decocted medicine, and added a spoon. He stood next to the bed with the medicine bowl, calling out softly, “Dear ...”

Su Qingyue was in a deep sleep on the bed and didn’t respond.

Xiao Yuchuan came in, saw the bowl of rice on the desk, and knew that Second Brother must not have had enough to eat. He couldn’t help but furrow his brows.

