

Folly 17

Chapter 17: Yuan Feng Giving Medicine (New Chapter)

"Fifth brother, don't talk about Second Brother like that. He must have a stomach issue and will be back soon. Hurry up and pick up the sickle. Let's work together to harvest all the rice!" Mu Dashan didn't believe it; his Second Brother wasn't that kind of person.

"Pfft, what kind of person is Second Brother? Even if he has to, he'd rather get his pants dirty than take them off. You expect him to come back? I'm just waiting to see if he'll return by sunset or after you all finish the work. As for me, I'm not moving."

Mu Danian's words were resolute, steadfast in his decision not to move regardless.

"You beast, you..." Mr. Mu gave Mu Danian a fierce glare and raised his hand, ready to hit him.

Mu Dashan quickly held Mr. Mu back. "Dad, after working for so long, Fifth Brother is tired too. Let him rest for a bit. Worst case, I'll work with Fourth Brother. Isn't that right, Fourth Brother?"

With Mu Dashan's prompting, the usually reticent Fourth in the Mu Family, Mu Dajiang, quickly lifted his head. He wiped the sweat off his forehead, gave a small laugh, and continued to work.

Mu Dajiang wasn't fast, but at least he wasn't lazy. He might be a bit simple-minded, but give him work, and he'd bury his head in it.

At this point, only Mr. Mu, Mu Dashan, and Mu Dajiang were left working in the fields. Mu Danian stretched out his legs, sitting on the harvested grain stacks, playing with the mud in his hands like a child. In no time, he had crafted a bunch of mud figures, yet the figures were just as lazy as him, lacking arms or legs with only a stubby body, looking quite ugly.

"Just like Mom said, laziness ruins everything. That Second Brother must have found a shady spot to rest. If I'd known, I would've also claimed to have a stomachache and taken a dump."

Mu Danian muttered to himself, casting a glance at the field slopes not far away to see if he could spot Mu Dazhong.

Unfortunately, Mu Dazhong had already found a spot with trees by the riverbank to lie down and rest, far from Mu Danian's sight.

"Pfft, kidding me? There's a fool at home who works, and a mule to grind things over slow work, so why should we suffer?"

Looking towards the mountain, which wasn't exactly imposing but still took three to five days to traverse, Mu Dazhong considered the possibilities. If they threw Shuang into the mountain, maybe she'd get snatched by wild animals, saving them the cost of raising a freeloader, and he could return the medicine for 400-some coins.

Mu Dazhong hadn't seen what those 400-some coins looked like because Old Mrs. Mu guarded the family's money as if it were as precious as Mu Family's first son preparing for the imperial exam, not something a neglected second son could see.

"Oh, isn't that Dazhong? What's the deal, Mr. Mu's working in the field, and you're here dodging work?"

Unbeknownst to when, a few men appeared at Mu Dazhong's resting spot, each carrying a hoe or shoulder pole. They looked like they were heading to water the cotton fields or hoe some grass.

"You're the one lazing around. I'm here resting because of a heatstroke, got it?"

"Oh please, we know what you, Mu Dazhong, are like. Don't try to put on a show for us.

By the way, I heard Ma Houhou enraged your Third Brother's daughter, Shuang, to the point of spitting blood, and she was carried back by the oldest boy from the Lu Family. How come your family hasn't demanded damages for defamation?

I heard the Lu Family's boy made some achievements in the army, and the court rewarded him with a large sum of silver. Aren't you tempted to take that silver and then go to the Drunken Red House in town for a girl to...?"

Someone sidled over, whispering mysteriously to Mu Dazhong. As he spoke, saliva began to trickle from his mouth, the epitome of sleaze.

"What nonsense are you spewing? Your daughter may not have dignity, but that's called saving someone, understand? Unlike you, who gets restless at the sight of a woman, and silver, thinking it's theirs, get lost, get lost!"

Though Mu Dazhong's words were harsh, inside, he was weighing the man's words.

Should he throw the stinky girl into the mountains to be snatched by wild beasts or force her onto the Lu Family's boy? That was indeed a question.

As he pondered, they saw someone coming down from Niuwei Mountain, accompanied by a short and stout youngster. The hefty youngster looked like he'd been well-fed on heavy oils, visible at a glance.

"Isn't that the Lu Family's eldest grandson, Lu Yuanfeng? And the fat squash next to him must be his brother, Lu Yuanbao? They really have the nerve to venture into Niuwei Mountain."

However, the crowd was more interested in the large deer Lu Yuanfeng carried on his back, which seemed to weigh at least fifty to sixty pounds and stayed motionless on Lu Yuanfeng's back, unheard of.

"Ah, those who've been to the battlefield and killed are different. A live deer on his back, neither bound nor tied, yet it dares not move. If we had that skill, we'd go up the mountain too, if not to hunt deer, at least grab some wild vegetables."

Another chimed in, but this time, after the words left his mouth, the crowd began to disperse. Such talk was just talk; it couldn't really delay work, or else they wouldn't even have wind to drink in the Northwest.

Once they'd gone, Mu Dazhong quickly stood up, edging up to Lu Yuanfeng. "You must be the Lu Family's eldest grandson, Lu Yuanfeng? I'm Shuang's Second Uncle, and I heard you saved our Shuang. What's that on your back?"

"Can't you see? Need someone to tell you what it is?" Lu Yuanbao spoke up, having a distaste for anyone from the Mu family, let alone the Second Uncle.

But Lu Yuanfeng appeared puzzled, seemingly not recognizing the person in front of him until Yuanbao reminded him, but he did remember Shuang.

"Yuanbao, give the freshly gathered medicinal herbs to Mu's Second Uncle."

"Oh!" Yuanbao, unwillingly, took out a fresh medicinal herb from his pocket and tossed it in front of Mu Dazhong, then wrapped his arm around his brother's and walked away.

"Hey, giving me herbs instead of venison meat? What's with that?" Mu Dazhong angrily shouted at the departing figures, stomping hard on the herbs on the ground.

"Might as well crush it, that stinky girl doesn't deserve it. Better she falls sick!"