

## Folly 18

Chapter 18: Old Mrs. Mu Lectures Mrs. Lin

One afternoon, Mu Shuangshuang eagerly awaited the "good show" in the kitchen to begin. Mu Xiaozhi was bored and couldn't find a playmate, so he decided not to go out and stayed home, chatting with Mu Shuangshuang on the bed.

"Little Zhi, does Brother Xiao Han often play with Second Aunt's children?"

"Yeah, Brother not only plays with Second Aunt's children but also with Fourth Aunt's kids. He just doesn't play with Sister. He said Sister embarrasses him..."

The little kid pouted unhappily, complaining about his second brother. The more he talked, the more upset he became, and was on the verge of tears. Mu Shuangshuang helplessly patted the little kid's hand.

Her hands were different from the original Mu Shuangshuang's. They were chubby and round, and although they were also quite dark with some grime under the nails, they were much cleaner compared to the original. This Mu Xiaozhi was much tidier.

Looking at her small face, her sweet and sticky smile appeared on her almond-shaped face. When she spoke, there was a slight lisp because of the gap in her teeth, and her skin, like Yu Si Niang's, was pale yellow, probably due to malnutrition.

With such a physique, it's rare for her to have chubby hands. Mu Shuangshuang once heard people say that those with chubby hands are usually blessed. Hopefully, this Mu Xiaozhi will also be a blessed person in the future.

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Time gradually passed, and it was finally time to make dinner. Mrs. Lin raised her head proudly, sticking out her backside like a hen, and headed into the kitchen. Today was her turn to cook. In the Old Mu Family, among the four daughters-in-law, only the eldest daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jin, was exempt from chores. The rest had to take turns.

She went straight to the corner of the kitchen where earthenware jars were piled, reaching into the jar that wasn't sealed with water, intending to take out the salt jar she had hidden at noon.

"Hmph, nobody can find what this old lady hides. Yu Si Niang, don't even think about challenging me. You can't win."

As usual, she muttered curses while taking out the salt jar from the jar. As soon as she picked it up, Old Mrs. Mu appeared behind Mrs. Lin.

The words Mrs. Lin said, that no one could find the salt jar but her, had completely caught Old Mrs. Mu's attention. She deliberately watched to see how the second daughter-in-law hid things and whether she had hidden any valuable family items.

If she did, Old Mrs. Mu was ready to give her a good beating!

After grabbing the salt jar, Mrs. Lin didn't immediately check if the salt was still inside. Instead, she muttered another curse under her breath. "That dead old woman is so lazy, like a pig. All she knows is to make me work, with so many daughters-in-law to order around, she just has to make trouble."

Old Mrs. Mu's face turned green instantly, and she said menacingly to Mrs. Lin, "Second daughter-in-law, who are you calling a dead old woman? Who's lazy like a pig?"

Old Mrs. Mu was known for her silent footsteps when doing mischief, so Mrs. Lin had no idea someone was behind her. The sudden voice startled her so much that she accidentally dropped the jar from her hand.

With a "bang," the jar shattered on the ground.

"Well, well, you ungrateful woman, how dare you curse me! Have you turned the sky upside down? Is the Old Mu Family lacking you or short of you? Heaven help us."

Saying this, Old Mrs. Mu walked to the stove, picked up the firewood stacked on the ground, and gave Mrs. Lin a fierce beating, making her wail and scream.

"Mother, I've made a mistake. I know I was wrong. For the sake of the two grandsons I've given to the Old Mu Family, forgive me. I won't dare again... I won't dare..."

Inside the house, Mu Shuangshuang listened intently to the drama between the dead old woman and Mrs. Lin, laughing so hard she couldn't close her mouth. Mu Xiaozhi, too, was delighted. Usually, Second Aunt bullied them, and Old Mrs. Mu bullied them, but they'd never seen Old Mrs. Mu bullying Mrs. Lin.

In great joy, Mu Xiaozhi simply rolled back and forth on the bed, soon wearing himself out with a head full of sweat.

Mu Shuangshuang was still focused on the kitchen; Mrs. Lin cursing Old Mrs. Mu as a dead old woman was not the main event, the main event should be about that salt jar.

Sure enough, after beating Mrs. Lin, Old Mrs. Mu noticed that the shattered salt jar on the ground had no trace of white salt. She threw away the stick in her hand and pointed at Mrs. Lin, directly questioning, "Where's the salt in the jar? You dead woman, don't tell me the salt grew legs and ran away. Tell me, where did you hide the salt?"

When Mrs. Lin heard Old Mrs. Mu, she only then realized that the broken salt jar had no salt in it. Forget about salt; even the half piece of ginger she hid in the salt was gone.

Life in the countryside was hard; there wasn't much to eat daily. Many people would put a few pieces of ginger in the salt jar. The ginger soaked in salt would carry a salty flavor, and the salt would offset much of the ginger's spiciness. But this was done without Old Mrs. Mu's knowledge. If she found out she had lost salt and half a piece of ginger, it would mean big trouble for her.

Mrs. Lin's mind raced, and for a moment, she didn't know what to say.

Old Mrs. Mu raised her hand and slapped Mrs. Lin hard across the face.

The sound of the slap echoed, prompting fits of laughter from Mu Shuangshuang inside. No doubt Old Mrs. Mu could be ruthless; when she struck, she struck so loudly.

Mu Xiaozhi stopped rolling around and looked at Mu Shuangshuang, puzzled. "Sister, what was that sound? Did you hear it?"

Mu Shuangshuang, in a great mood, pointed to her face, then made a slapping gesture with her hand. Little did she expect Mu Xiaozhi would laugh so hard he fell off the bed, proving he, like her, didn't like Mrs. Lin either.

"Ungrateful woman, if you don't tell where the salt went today, this old lady will skin you alive." Old Mrs. Mu started cursing loudly again.

"Mother...it must have been stolen." With the salt gone, Mrs. Lin felt someone had stolen it. She thought for a moment and continued, "It must have been Yu Si Niang. At noon, she was in the kitchen looking for salt for that brat to rinse her mouth; it must have been her."

"Pfft, why is your mouth so foul? Who was it at noon who said Yu Si Niang searched and found nothing? And who said only she knew where the salt jar was? You depraved thing, if you don't produce the salt today, I'll skin you alive!"

Old Mrs. Mu glared viciously at Mrs. Lin, speaking while spitting saliva onto Mrs. Lin's face. The spit was foul, but Mrs. Lin didn't dare wipe it off, and her face quickly turned the color of bitter melon.

"Mother, the salt is really gone."

After being beaten, Mrs. Lin didn't want to make up the salt, but Old Mrs. Mu wasn't one to let things slide.

"Whenever you find the salt again, that's when you can come to the table to eat. Otherwise, you can eat by the stove from now on."

"Pfft, worthless wretch, if anything else goes missing in this house in the future, I'll take your worthless life!"

After cursing, Old Mrs. Mu stomped out of the kitchen, repeatedly cursing Mrs. Lin as a waste. Having had her fill, Mu Shuangshuang supported her sides, feeling her insides almost shift from laughter, and spat out a breath of impure air.

This family is getting more and more entertaining.