

Folly 19

Chapter 19: Second Aunt's Butt Blossomed

Dinner was finally ready amid a string of incessant scolding, but the sky was gradually darkening. To avoid eating by oil lamp, Old Mrs. Mu hurried into the kitchen to stop Mrs. Lin, who was about to run off after finishing cooking.

"Second daughter-in-law, where are you going?"

Mrs. Lin's eyebrow twitched, and she quickly humbled herself. "Mother, I've been busy all afternoon, and I've accumulated some... fertilizer in my stomach, so I'm going to the outhouse."

"What? You need to go again? Tell me, how many times have you run to the outhouse just to make dinner? You're going to trample those boards to pieces, why not just fall into the pit while you're at it?"

Always lazily wasting the family's resources. Did you find the salt from the salt jar? How dare you come out without finding it! If I were you, I'd find a urinal and drown myself."

The rural environment was crude, and the villagers' outhouses were even cruder—a pit with a jar buried, covered by two wooden planks.

The family solved major life issues on this jar, capable of holding fifty to sixty pounds of waste.

The boards had been used for many years and would wobble even when standing. Everyone blamed it on age, not thinking someone had worn them down by staying too long in the outhouse.

Of course, no one dared say such things about Old Mrs. Mu.

She was the queen of the house. If she said it was Mrs. Lin who did it, then it was Mrs. Lin who did it, regardless of truth.

Old Mrs. Mu's scolding hit like a hurricane, leaving Mrs. Lin seeing stars, purple-faced, and almost foaming at the mouth until she wised up and admitted fault.

"Mother, I know I was wrong. I will find the salt eventually! I'm sure it was Yu Si Niang who took it. Just wait; I'll present it and a new salt jar to atone."

Mrs. Lin's flattery managed to quell half of Old Mrs. Mu's fire.

"Mother, it's time for dinner. My father might be on his way back. Let me call Yu Si Niang to set the table so we don't all end up useless.

Otherwise, people will think the Old Mu Family rears nothing but lazy sows, growing them fat."

"Pah, with that good-for-nothing Yu Si Niang trying to fatten herself up? You wait; I'll go flay her."

Old Mrs. Mu hurried to Mu the Third's room, only to be stopped at the door by Little Zhi.

"Grandma, my mom went out this afternoon and hasn't come back yet. Is there anything Little Zhi can do?"

Mu Xiaozhi's entrance was no coincidence. Mu Shuangshuang had nothing to do and kept both ears open for Old Mrs. Mu's moves, knowing all her actions and who she scolded for what.

"You sly little girl, you always know how to sweet-talk."

Old Mrs. Mu cursed softly, remembering Yu Si Niang had indeed been sent to water the cotton fields earlier that afternoon, and Mrs. Lin was there too.

"Grandma, you must take care of yourself. You've done a lot lately and gotten thinner. It's really unfair of them to laze around and put everything on you. Little Zhi really feels bad for you."

This was a line Mu Shuangshuang taught, and Mu Xiaozhi said it with a sigh and a shake of the head, as if genuinely worried for Old Mrs. Mu.

Old Mrs. Mu suddenly felt deceived by Mrs. Lin, but instead of heading to the kitchen, she went straight to the outhouse.

"Pah, that useless second daughter-in-law dared to slack off. I'll beat her to death today."

Mrs. Lin, squatting in the outhouse, wore a face of schadenfreude. Wasn't it just an old hag? She still got her way, having Old Mrs. Mu go after Yu Si Niang.

Just as she thought this, Old Mrs. Mu pulled open the outhouse curtain, and a wave of foul stench rushed out. Mrs. Lin's white, plump behind was exposed to the air, and before she could scream, Old Mrs. Mu began thrashing her with a stick she picked up who knows where.

"Ouch, Mother... It hurts, it hurts so much... my butt's gonna be ruined..."

"I won't let you get away with lying to an old lady like me. I'll beat you until you crap yourself today, and see if you dare slack off and waste the family's resources..."

The loud cracks echoed from the outhouse, sounding louder than gunfire, while Little Zhi, not far behind Old Mrs. Mu, laughed into her hands.

She'd just seen her second aunt's white bum, with a small black mole on the left cheek, and a long black hair. She had to tell her sister quickly.

Little Zhi zipped off, and by the time she opened the door to her house, she saw her sister laughing so hard her eyes had disappeared.

What was going on? She hadn't even reported the situation yet.

"Sis, you're so clever! Grandma really taught second aunt a lesson. Oh, and she even hit her on the butt; I saw it. It's really white, and there's a black mole, with a hair on it."

"What?" A mole too?

Mu Shuangshuang's shoulders shook violently, hurting from the movement, but she had no regrets.

As the saying goes: The more it hurts, the more fun it is. Mrs. Lin usually tattled out of habit, but this time, she'd turned the tables on her. Let's see how she handles it.

Though she taught Little Zhi those words, she hadn't predicted Old Mrs. Mu would grab a stick and go to the outhouse to beat her—it was downright fierce, almost like she recognized no family ties.

Thinking about it was one thing, but it left her gasping for air.

Poor girl, she wasn't beaten to death, nor suffocated by the smell, but laughed to death instead.

"Little... Zhi, don't... go out... just yet!"

Mu Shuangshuang figured Old Mrs. Mu, after beating someone, would call Mu the Fourth's wife to set the table. She told Little Zhi to hide and not go out, in case she got in trouble.

Once most of the family was back, Little Zhi could go out and avoid being accidentally punished!

"Okay, Little Zhi gets it."

Tired of hitting, Old Mrs. Mu left the outhouse and, like Mu Shuangshuang said, rushed to Mu the Fourth's room, giving Liu Jinhua another round of scolding.

"It's evening, and you're still lazing around in bed waiting to give birth to little ones? Are we gonna eat dinner or not?"

Expecting an old lady like me to set the table? All you know is eating without working, planning to fatten up for slaughter by New Year?"

Liu Jinhua had spent the day plowing the garden, and just as she lay down, she was found by Old Mrs. Mu. She quickly went to the kitchen without daring to delay.

Holding her bruised butt out of the outhouse, Mrs. Lin hadn't had time to hide when she ran into Old Mrs. Mu again.

"You're asking for it, clutching your behind like it's a pig's trotter to eat. Now hurry up and see if the men are back. If I see you still holding your butt, I'll slice it off for appetizers."

Mrs. Lin swallowed and inexplicably thought of red-braised pig trotters, shiny with fat, paired with scallions and a baked pancake. What a taste.

The more she thought about it, the more Mrs. Lin craved pig trotters, so she boldly suggested, "Mother, it's almost Gou Dan's birthday. Can we buy a pig trotter at home?"