

Folly 22

Chapter 22: Shuangshuang Causes a Big Commotion on the Roof (2)

Mu Xiaozhi did an excellent job as a messenger; Mu Shuangshuang was very satisfied. She gave Little Zhi a praising smile and then closely watched Mu the Third, hoping he would soon relent. Mu Xiaozhi cooperated by shrugging Mu the Third's shoulders.

"Dad, just let sister go. Sister is still sick and can't go hungry. At worst, when Grandma hits her, Dad can help."

One with eyes, the other with words and actions, Mu the Third Mu Dashan was finally persuaded. He sighed to himself, wiped the mud off the back of his hand, put down Little Zhi, and prepared to carry Mu Shuangshuang.

Something she thought would never happen in a lifetime suddenly came; Mu Shuangshuang was somewhat uneasy, but more worried.

As soon as she moved her body, Mu Shuangshuang clearly felt that sour smell on her, almost enough to knock someone out. Yesterday she was unconscious, didn't feel it, but today she truly felt its presence. She really began to wonder why Little Zhi and Yu Si Niang could bear the smell on her.

And Mu Dashan, too, seemed not the least bit disdainful. Alas, she couldn't exercise for long right now, or she would definitely go to the river Mrs. Lin mentioned to clean herself.

The upper room was equivalent to a modern restaurant, and the ancients had a special belief in kitchens. Generally, they would prepare a separate place for dining, or partition off a space in the kitchen for meals.

Because the Mu Family had many people, when building the house, they prepared a room as a restaurant-like upper room, only about eight or nine meters from the kitchen. It took Shuangshuang less than two minutes to get from her house to the legendary upper room outside.

The upper room was no different from other houses, all being mud-walled rooms, with yellow mud wrapped around the walls faintly visible. The roof was made of various barks and dry grass, but it seemed better than the room Mu the Third used for living.

Mu Shuangshuang's eyes instantly darkened a bit.

Upon entering the upper room, it just so happened that Old Mrs. Mu was distributing food to a few people in the room. Old Mrs. Mu always boasted of being the head madam of the Mu Family; she decided everything, and such an important matter as meals. She would never let go of such power; even Mrs. Lin couldn't partake in dividing the food.

First was the old man; she stirred in the large wooden basin with a shovel, and most of the wild vegetables and sweet potatoes fell off. Most of the white rice went into Mr. Mu's bowl.

Then came the sons' meals. With a quick glance, Mu Shuangshuang knew how biased Old Mrs. Mu was. The men were numerous, the sons were okay, but the daughters-in-law's food was pitifully little. Yet one person was an exception.

Mu Family's eldest, Mu Dade's wife, Mrs. Jin. Because she had a man who was a scholar, she benefited from the Mu Family quite a lot. The daughters-in-law took turns cooking and washing dishes, but she leisurely lived like a wealthy lady, did nothing, and didn't even need to transplant rice, which was the busiest.

"Oh, the stinky girl can get out of bed now. I see her hands aren't disabled, nor are her feet, so why does she need Mu the Third to carry her?" Mrs. Lin saw Mu Shuangshuang enter the house, and her face showed unabashed hostility toward her. Her words were both sarcastic and mocking.

"Humph, who doesn't know she's precious? To cure sickness and spend half a liang of silver, really don't know whose stomach she upsets. She's so smelly, how can anyone eat?"

A sharp and acrid young voice reached Mu Shuangshuang's ears; she smirked and saw, before her, a pretty teenage girl in floral cotton clothes glaring at her.

Mu Shuangshuang's mind quickly scanned the information Yu Si Niang had told her and identified this person's identity.

Mu Qingqing, the elder daughter of Mu Family's second house, born only three days apart from Mu Shuangshuang, the fifth child of Mu Family. She was usually arrogant, relying on Mrs. Lin's few words in front of Old Mrs. Mu. Of course, this wasn't what Yu Si Niang said, Little Zhi had.

Mu Shuangshuang gathered clues, never only listening to one person. Gathering information from multiple sources ensures accuracy.

Mu Shuangshuang didn't pay any attention to Mu Qingqing. She didn't want the Mu Family to know she had changed so early. The game had to be played slowly to be fun; shooting down a tiger wasn't as interesting as killing it with a knife slice by slice.

According to the residual consciousness before her transmigration, Mu Shuangshuang showed a timid look, then shrunk her neck, looking terrified.

"Mom... Shuangshuang came to eat, could you...?" Mu Dashan called out awkwardly to Old Mrs. Mu, hoping she'd give his daughter some food.

"Old woman, hurry up, do as Mu the Third says. Shuang, you sit at our table; no need to squeeze with the kids."

The Mu Family always ate at two tables, one for the children and one for adults. Once the adults' meals were divided, they ate at the adjacent Eight Immortals table with no dishes on it.

Old Mrs. Mu said as there were too many children, they might fight. If food was placed, they'd probably fight to the extreme. Yet truthfully, everyone knew Old Mrs. Mu just didn't want to waste food or do extra dishwashing, which wasted firewood and water. Old Mrs. Mu was quite savvy.

Old Mrs. Mu coldly snorted, stirred the ladle in the big wooden basin pouring food. The unwanted wild vegetables ended up in Mu Shuangshuang's bowl, not even rice or sweet potatoes.

"Eat, eat, keep growing some fat, see if by New Year's we can have a pig!"

The bowl clanged heavily in front of Mu Shuangshuang. Mu Dashan awkwardly smiled, then put down his daughter. After asking if his daughter needed help and ensuring no assistance was needed, Mu the Third held his bowl ready to scoop some meals into Mu Shuangshuang's bowl. The piercing sound of Old Mrs. Mu's voice like a pig being slaughtered immediately rang out.

"Oh wow, right in front of me, you dare protect your child. Today, if you give your food to that stinky girl, you won't eat anymore."

A dark shade flashed in Mu Shuangshuang's eyes. Under the table, her foot moved, quickly slipping off her shoes.

The shoes beneath her feet had been with her for some time now. Apart from the flattened sole, even the color of the shoe surface was indistinguishable, only vaguely seen were the mud shining with oil.

After taking off her shoes, Mu Shuangshuang moved her toes, causing Mrs. Jin nearby to immediately cover her mouth in disgust, her stomach churning sourly. Mrs. Jin hurriedly stood up.

"Mom, I just remembered Da De has been reading all day without a sip of tea; I'll make him a pot. I won't worry about dinner."

Mentioning her precious son, Old Mrs. Mu's eyes lit up, quickly urging. "Go on, go on. Don't let my son get thirsty; the county exams are about to start. Running his health down is no good."

Mrs. Jin curtsied in farewell, and Mu Shuangshuang shot a glance at Mrs. Jin's departing figure, just caught by Old Mrs. Mu's sight. She opened her mouth and started cursing. "What are you looking at? Looking to ride the good fortune? Let me tell you, stinky girl, don't even think about it. You're only fit to stay in the pigsty with the pigs! Hurry up and eat, then die back into your pigpen!"