

## Folly 27

### Chapter 27 Thumb-Sized Meat

When Mu Shuangshuang spoke, her grimy little face was full of confidence. Her eyes, more brilliant than the stars, sparkled with a strange light. Despite having nothing, she talked about repaying him in the future, and Lu Yuanfeng just happened to believe her.

This girl was confident, genuine, and unpretentious, stronger than many people Lu Yuanfeng had seen. He pulled at the corners of his mouth and shook his head.

"No need. Fourth Aunt saved Yuanbao's life, so I'll repay her favor. I'll have Yuanbao deliver the herbs for treating your throat tomorrow. You should focus on recovering."

"Thanks!" Mu Shuangshuang didn't argue with Lu Yuanfeng, since no one could change her decision. Similarly, she didn't want to owe anyone a favor; she had to repay it.

Suddenly, the room became quiet. Lu Yuanfeng felt a bit uneasy, not for any particular reason, just because the little girl kept staring at him. Being stared at was nothing new to Lu Yuanfeng; from the day he returned from the military camp, such gazes had accompanied him in life. Whether old or young, everyone in the village thought he was different, looking at him with envy, fear, or disdain. But the eyes of the person in front of him revealed only clarity and candor.

The little girl before him seemed to be at most ten years old in Lu Chengfeng's eyes, while he himself was seventeen years old this year, making him seven years older than her. According to such calculations, he ought to be the big brother, yet he always felt uneasy.

Mu Shuangshuang stared at Lu Yuanfeng for a while. Based on the gathered information, this man had been in the military camp before; his physique was indeed more robust than average, and his eyes seemed to hold something more than ordinary people. Mu Shuangshuang attributed that to his aura.

Beneath those loose clothes, there should be solid muscles, but he didn't give off a rough impression.

Mu Shuangshuang's favorite build was one with some muscle but without appearing rough. Muscles could store power; having a good physique was a better way to keep oneself undefeated.

In her previous life, she was 165 centimeters tall, not considered tall or short, but she had developed muscle and a six-pack. Ordinary men were no match for her, which was why she said that in modern times, she only bullied others and wasn't bullied herself.

If not for that damn woman hitting her head with a chair, she would surely be living a carefree life in modern times now. Looking at her arms as thin as bamboo, Mu Shuangshuang was filled with inner tears.

Determined to first heal her injuries, then clean herself up, and finally train her body to be like her previous life, punching a man senseless.

"Fourth Aunt has been gone for so long, why hasn't she returned?" Lu Yuanfeng looked toward the door, concern in his eyes. He had entered the Mu Family following Fourth Aunt, and he heard every word of Old Mrs. Mu's vicious remarks. The old woman could indeed be a formidable character, capable of anything.

Mu Shuangshuang's eyes suddenly dimmed. She picked up a piece of wood placed by the edge of the kang and knocked three long times. Little Zhi immediately rushed in from outside.

"Sis, what's up?"

This was her and Little Zhi's secret signal; three long knocks meant to enter, and three short knocks meant to escape. Before her voice recovered, this was their means of communication.

"Watch... Mom... do... what."

Little Zhi understood her meaning, nodded emphatically, and then slipped out of the room like an eel, heading toward the kitchen.

In the kitchen, Old Mrs. Mu was staring at the wife of Fourth House, Mrs. Liu. The meat Lu Yuanfeng brought was now lying on her home's butcher block. Mrs. Liu was staring at that piece of meat, her mouth watering and drenching most of her lips.

This was meat! Not to mention festivals, even during New Year's she hadn't seen this much meat. Normally, Old Mrs. Mu would spend some silver buying meat from the village hunters, but that was all for Uncle Mu. A woman's palm-sized piece of meat had to be split into three or four meals as meat soup for Uncle Mu. How could it be like now, more than a pound of meat just lying there on the chopping block, waiting for her to slice it.

Mrs. Liu raised the knife in her hand. Just as she was about to slice down, Old Mrs. Mu quickly stepped forward and moved the meat on the block, leaving the piece Mrs. Liu sliced only the size of a fingernail.

"You malicious old woman, thinking of chopping off an old lady's hand, weren't you? A crude woman who hasn't eaten meat, well tonight, don't give me your dinner."

Mrs. Liu was startled, the knife in her hand fell to the ground with a thud.

"Mom, I didn't mean to. I didn't know you'd suddenly reach out..." Mrs. Liu tried to explain. With such a piece of meat there, she also wanted to eat, but if Old Mrs. Mu didn't let her eat, she wouldn't get anything.

"Humph, I think you did it on purpose, trying to eat alone quietly, purposefully cutting off my hand, so that no one would urge you to work anymore. You wretched woman, Fourth was blind to marry you."

Having been scolded like this, Mrs. Liu began to cry softly.

"Why cry, all you know is to cry, you useless thing." Saying this, Old Mrs. Mu picked up the larger portion of meat and walked over to Mrs. Liu. "I can't let a wicked woman like you get used to eating alone, so I'll keep this meat in my room for good measure. If you dare make another mistake, I'll have Fourth divorce you."

After scolding, Old Mrs. Mu still felt unsatisfied. She kicked Mrs. Liu, who was still crying, making her fall to the ground, clutching her stomach and rolling back and forth.

When Yu Si Niang entered she saw Mrs. Liu lying on the ground, moaning in pain, while Old Mrs. Mu carried the meat Lu Yuanfeng brought like a victorious hen, waddling towards her room. She seemed in good spirits as she walked, her steps lighter than usual.

Indeed, she gained a pound of meat for nothing and shifted all responsibility onto Mrs. Liu, making Old Mrs. Mu feel exceedingly delighted. Naturally, everything she did seemed rewarding.

"Jinhua, get up quickly." Yu Si Niang stepped forward to help Mrs. Liu. The kitchen had no chairs, so she could only support her to sit on the earth wall in front of the stove.

This was the most common kitchen design in the village: a dirt stove, facing the opening of the stove, where a square frame would be built. Dry grass and firewood or husks might be placed inside the frame. Where there was a frame, there was an earth wall. The earth wall was taller than ordinary stools, but sitting was quite convenient.

"Oh, when did the third family's start minding the fourth family's business? Or are you displeased that Mom hit the fourth's wife?" Mrs. Lin didn't know when she entered the kitchen, but once in, she started provoking and also didn't forget to criticize Mu Shuangshuang.

"This Shuang girl really has a long life, even like this, she still doesn't die. But whatever, anyway, it's her good fortune.

Only now she's hiding a man in her own room, I wonder what others would think if this spreads. So young, yet already learning such shameless acts, she truly belittles herself!"