

Folly 30

Chapter 30 Daddy Gou Dan, Feeling Good?

In the Mu Family's hall, Old Mrs. Mu was wielding a feather duster, fiercely striking Mrs. Lin's backside while cursing incessantly.

"For deceiving me, for stirring trouble, for speaking out of turn..."

The sound of the feather duster hitting flesh and the wailing of Mrs. Lin echoed throughout the Old Mu Family's vicinity.

Inside the third branch's house, Mu Dashan was tossing and turning, unable to sleep, unsure whether it was due to Mrs. Lin's howling outside or something else. Regardless, there was an unusual frustration in his heart.

The room was pitch black, completely enveloped in darkness, with a clay window by the ceiling. It was installed so high that even the moonlight couldn't seep in.

Luckily, the Mu Family was already accustomed to such dark nights.

"Shuangshuang's dad, what's wrong? Can't sleep?"

Yu Si Niang suddenly spoke. Since Mrs. Lin had been dragged out by Old Mrs. Mu for punishment, her husband's emotions seemed off. At that time, Yu Si Niang didn't pay much attention, thinking he just felt guilty for failing to invite Mr. Mu. Now it seemed he was worried about Mrs. Lin.

"No, you sleep!"

Knowing her husband had a kind heart, Yu Si Niang couldn't say much else but reminded him, "You should sleep early too. We have to harvest rice tomorrow."

"Hmm!" Mu Dashan replied vaguely, his eyes still as wide as bells.

Yu Si Niang was indeed exhausted, having been drenched by cotton water all afternoon, plus the worry for her daughter. She truly needed a good rest.

Thinking of her daughter, Yu Si Niang deliberately glanced at the little body beside her, like a dream. One day Shuangshuang could call her mother and sleep on the same kang. Heaven had been kind to her, so she had to take care of herself more, to earn more silver for her daughter.

Not just Yu Si Niang and Mu Dashan were sleepless; Mu Shuangshuang and Mu Xiaohan were also awake. Previously, Mu Shuangshuang didn't want to get on the kang, refusing even when Yu Si Niang invited her, so although the room smelled bad, at least the bed was clean. But now, for Mu Xiaohan, even the bed felt filthy.

Mu Xiaohan opened his cold eyes, his face full of contempt and... resentment.

This emotion heavily influenced Mu Shuangshuang, whose senses were incredibly sharp, even more so now. If she had to say the only benefit of traveling through time, Mu Shuangshuang would say it was the intrinsic perception of this body, of the surrounding environment and people.

Whether it was a blessing in disguise, Mu Shuangshuang knew if this body was trained using the skills she learned at police academy and a secret base, it'd be possible to walk sideways through this village without issue.

Combat power decides everything! At least, that's how it seems right now.

Mu Xiaohan's resentment greatly annoyed Mu Shuangshuang. She thought for a moment, then reached out to stir her own clothes. Mu Shuangshuang was like a moving cesspit now, even she couldn't stand it, let alone Mu Xiaohan beside her. After a while, Mu Xiaohan began to gag but was stuck inside the bed.

The feeling of wanting to vomit but unable to was the worst. Estimating Mu Xiaohan had suffered enough, Mu Shuangshuang closed her eyes, ready to sleep.

At this moment, Mu Dashan got up and headed outside.

For some reason, Mu Shuangshuang had an intuition he was going to persuade Old Mrs. Mu to stop beating up Mrs. Lin. Sure enough, after a while the sound of thrashing stopped, but Old Mrs. Mu's scolding persisted.

"Don't think just because this old third supports you, the old lady will let you off. Starting tomorrow, you wash all the clothes in the house clean by yourself. If you don't finish, go sleep in the pigsty!"

Pigsty was the term Old Mrs. Mu used most frequently. The Mu Family used to raise pigs, two of them, but Mu Dade's schooling cost too much money. While other families slaughtered pigs and ate a piece themselves first, the Mu Family sold all of theirs, using the silver earned entirely for Mu Dade. Later, when the war broke out, the piglets they raised were taken away for taxes, leaving Old Mrs. Mu heartbroken since then, never willing to raise pigs again.

Mu Dashan went to help Mrs. Lin speak kindly but was scolded fiercely by Old Mrs. Mu. Fortunately, Old Mrs. Mu finally stopped, after a round of scolding Mrs. Lin, she let her go.

Mrs. Lin did not express gratitude to Mu Dashan; instead, she gave a fierce glare to this third brother, until Mu Dashan's face reddened in embarrassment as he returned to his house. Only then did Mrs. Lin, with hair disheveled and face swollen like a pig's head, return to her room. At this time, on her family's kang, Mu Qingqing and Gou Dan were already asleep, leaving only Mu Dazhong sitting at the bedside, waiting for her foot-wash basin.

"Why so slow? Did you fall into a cesspit?" Mu Dazhong asked disdainfully, glancing at the pig-head person.

Mrs. Lin's attitude immediately softened as she hurriedly took the bowl, carefully holding Mu Dazhong's feet, testing the water temperature before placing his feet inside.

"Daddy Gou Dan, when do you think Da Lang can earn a title? If this drags on any longer, the Old Mu Family would have been scraped clean." she said.

"Hmm, you still don't know what Da Lang is like? How many years has he been studying? Mrs. Jin has almost turned into an old lady, and he's still reading." she replied.

Mentioning this elder brother, Mu Dazhong had his frustrations. Back then, the family was poor, and only Da Lang was sent to study, though he also had potential. If he had been sent to study, perhaps today the Old Mu Family would've prospered.

"Mr. Mu was too partial back then, sending Da Lang to study and not you, which can be accepted. But our Da Lang is the eldest grandson, sixteen years old and has never set foot in a school, and still hasn't married anyone. We're all part of the Old Mu Family, so why should the second branch farm while the first branch eats meat?" she pondered.

Mu Dazhong thought it over and indeed found it infuriating. "No, tomorrow I'll go find Granny Sun on the east side of the village, and have her speak for our family. The Fifth's marriage we can't manage, but Da Lang is our hope and mustn't be delayed." she declared.

"Will mother agree?" Mrs. Lin asked, a bit scared.

"She has to agree even if she doesn't want to. Who let her be partial back then? Not to mention that Da Lang hasn't passed the exams yet, even if he really passes later, it won't mean less good days for us. Then the first branch better cough up all the meat they've eaten over these years." she considered.

Mrs. Lin finally relaxed, thinking her husband was impressive, even a casual fart from him was more fragrant than someone else's words.

But Mrs. Lin did not see Mu Dazhong's look of disgust when he saw her swollen pig-head face.

Over the years, Mrs. Lin had grown increasingly ugly, her face marred by more and more yellow spots. Mu Dazhong found it nauseating to look at her for more than a second, while this woman kept thinking she looked as radiant as a flower, that any man would want to take a shot at her.

Almost finished washing, Mu Dazhong abruptly withdrew his foot from the wooden basin, waving it in front of Mrs. Lin. Due to his urgency, the foot almost ended up in Mrs. Lin's mouth, but she remained cheerful, helping Mu Dazhong wipe his feet and massage his shoulders, even forgetting her own pain.

"Daddy Gou Dan, does this feel good?" she asked.