

## Folly 31

### Chapter 31: Shuangshuang Can Get Out of Bed Now

Mu Dazhong glanced at Mrs. Lin, whose face was swollen like a pig's head, now magnified countless times, as if it could make someone puke up their food from last night.

Especially when Mrs. Lin unexpectedly put on a girlish bashfulness, Mu Dazhong just felt like vomiting.

This woman, already an old cucumber in her thirties, acting like a fifteen or sixteen-year-old girl every day, doesn't even consider how ridiculous she looks.

Without a response from Mu Dazhong, Mrs. Lin stretched out her hand, touched Mu Dazhong's chest, and seemed to want to reach inside, but faced with the pig-headed face, Mu Dazhong just couldn't do it.

"Alright, enough, stop thinking about that nonsense all the time, we have work tomorrow."

After saying this, Mu Dazhong turned over and lay flat on the kang, occupying two-thirds of the space with his sprawled posture, squeezing Mu Qingqing and Gou Dan into the corner by the wall, but Mrs. Lin didn't think anything was wrong.

With her husband as her sky, her man should be like this. Yet not getting it tonight left Mrs. Lin with a wicked fire scratching at her chest. So she thought for a moment, didn't wash her feet or pour water, just climbed next to Mu Dazhong.

"Gou Dan's dad, you see the kid's asleep, we could..." The words were half-spoken before Mu Dazhong's enormous snores filled the room.

Annoyed, Mrs. Lin flopped onto the kang, hitting her head and wincing from the pain.

Finally, the Old Mu Family was quiet!

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A few days passed, and Mu Shuangshuang relied on some herbal medicine and finally pulled through. Although still very weak, her wounds were gradually healing, and she could now get out of bed. As for her voice, after Lu Yuanfeng had Lu Yuanbao deliver medicine for several days, she could speak coherently.

Early in the morning, Mu Shuangshuang used branches from the locust tree to brush her teeth three times, finally cleaning the years of tartar between her teeth. She breathed deeply, sniffed, and it indeed didn't smell bad anymore.

The next task was to clean her body, which even flies avoided.

She combed her hair near her face with her fingers, feeling disgusted, and was about to go out for breakfast when Little Zhi rushed in.

"Sis, Granny is yelling again." Little Zhi's face was flushed, running just a few steps left her breathless from malnutrition. Seeing Little Zhi's skinny face made Mu Shuangshuang's feelings mixed.

"Let her yell, you know what Granny is like."

Mu Shuangshuang understood Old Mrs. Mu's temperament well, if she didn't scold someone daily, she wasn't herself. As long as she wasn't provoked, Mu Shuangshuang didn't mind.

"Granny's complaining about who used so many locust branches, as if they're free."

Regarding the locust branches, Mu Shuangshuang indeed used a lot, brushing her teeth four times a day, each time with at least three or four branches. But so what? She didn't use the Old Mu's branches; she used the ones Mu Dashan specifically picked for her.

The village locust branches were all from a grove in the south of the village, within walking distance, about ten minutes away. It wasn't rare, yet Old Mrs. Mu treated any locust branch like a treasure, not wishing anyone to use it, hoarding it as firewood.

"Ignore her, Sis will go out after breakfast. Want anything to eat? Sister will see if she can bring you some when she's out."

Mu Shuangshuang had noticed that to the north of the village, there is a tall mountain. According to Little Zhi, it's called Niuwei Mountain. The trees there are dense, with various fauna. She planned to wash and head into the mountain, hoping to forage some rare wild veggies to spice things up.

"I want to, but anything you get will be taken by Granny."

Mu Family's rule was for sons and daughter-in-laws to submit their earnings, while grandchildren could keep what they earned. But Old Mrs. Mu, spotting money in your hand, wouldn't hesitate to accuse you of theft.

"True, Granny's worse than a weasel, can't let her see anything nice." Mu Shuangshuang was not afraid of Old Mrs. Mu; she was just concerned about upsetting her compliant father.

"Alright then, come find me by the northern stream at quarter past noon, Sister will prepare some food for you."

At the mention of food, saliva dribbled from Little Zhi's lips.

Life in the Old Mu Family meant hunger for anyone but the men, Old Mrs. Mu and Mr. Mu. Particularly when the harvesting began, Old Mrs. Mu saved lunch for the working men cutting rice to prevent fainting from hunger. Mu Shuangshuang didn't care; she was capable enough to find better meals outside.

"Little Zhi got it, should I call Brother Xiao Han?"

Mentioning Mu Xiaohan brought a change to Mu Shuangshuang's expression; he wasn't straightforward.

"Xiao Han is closer with Gou Dan; second aunt will surely feed him. Don't call him today, Little Zhi."

"Got it!"

In the main room, breakfast consisted of a yellow bun slightly bigger than Mu Shuangshuang's palm, and a bowl of days-old fermented beans, shriveled on the table, plus porridge as thin as water which wasn't for the kids but for the laboring men to stave off hunger.

"After breakfast, clear out. Lunch is off, granny doesn't want anyone begging around. If I see any, no dinner either."

While distributing buns, Old Mrs. Mu babbled incessantly, sending the first few kids away trembling, shoulders hunched in fear.

Mu Shuangshuang led Little Zhi to Old Mrs. Mu, who glared at her and threw half of a yellow bun into her arms. Mu Shuangshuang coldly smiled without catching it, letting the bun hit the dusty floor.

"Well, you wastrel, wasting food. Watch how I deal with you today—third child, bring me the feather duster. I'll whip this stubborn girl and show her granny's prowess."

Yu Si Niang was absent today, having left for town to work early on. Knowing nobody would defend Mu Shuangshuang, Old Mrs. Mu deliberately picked a fight.

"Mom, Shuangshuang's young, she... she didn't mean it." Mu Dashan turned pale, apologizing quickly, pulling Mu Shuangshuang's sleeve. "Shuangshuang, apologize to Granny, ask for forgiveness."

Mu Shuangshuang revealed a discreet grin and suddenly said, "I'm not wrong, it's Granny..."