

## Folly 33

### Chapter 33 Getting Clean (2)

Mu Shuangshuang walked out of Old Mu Family's courtyard and began to survey Er Gui Village. Compared to the villages she governed in her previous life, Er Gui Village truly could only be described as primitive society.

What she saw were a few households that were similar to the Mu Family, mud made from earth blocks, and thatched roofs on mud-brick houses. Some even looked more dilapidated than Old Mu Family's, with a few scattered thatched huts, seemingly about to collapse, reminiscent of modern abandoned hazard-prone buildings.

Thankfully, the air here is fresh, unlike the air corroded by smog; a deep breath feels as if the air entering the lungs carries a natural freshness.

Following the path she took last time, Mu Shuangshuang saw quite a few farmlands, primarily paddy fields, filled with golden rice. The rice grains were full, and even the weeds seemed sparse.

According to Yu Si Niang, this was the first prosperous year after the war ended. Although most of the rice would end up in the state treasury as taxes after harvest, the villagers' joy remained undiminished.

Now officially into double cropping season, for the next forty days, the villagers would have only a few tasks: harvesting rice and transplanting seedlings.

Looking up north to Niuwei Mountain, a glimmer of expectation appeared in Mu Shuangshuang's eyes. The mountain was densely wooded, with few visitors; she didn't even need to think to know how many treasures were on that mountain.

As it was still early, most villagers were having breakfast; those out now were rushing to water the cotton fields or preparing to bundle the straw for the harvested rice. In short, everyone had their own tasks.

"Hey, Shuang, you're out for a stroll, huh?"

The man who happened to run into Mu Shuangshuang took the initiative to speak to her, but Mu Shuangshuang clearly saw disdain and scorn in his eyes.

She glanced at the man and walked straight towards the creek.

"Wow, this nasty girl is still as rude as ever. I heard last time Ma Houhou almost made her explode with anger," said Aunt Zhao, who was accompanying the man.

"Exactly, I heard Ma Houhou even hid at home for a few days, afraid Old Mu Family would come asking for coffin money. Who would've thought Shuang would come back to life again."

"Indeed, though she came back to life, she still doesn't understand how to respect elders. This Old Mu Family would be ruined by this nasty girl."

A few gossiping women chatted without fear of Mu Shuangshuang overhearing, but Mu Shuangshuang didn't care. After all, she had seen this before; in modern times, managing security, she had handled countless cases where people argued fiercely over trivial matters.

Of course, this was also a kind of village culture. While people argue, when big things happen, they still help.

The water north of the village belongs to Niuwei Mountain, flowing down as a mountain spring, resembling a small waterfall. Bathing there in cold water during summer is a pleasure, but villagers seldom go there.

Mu Shuangshuang observed the surroundings as she walked, noting various exits. By the time she reached the creek, an hour had passed, and the weather had grown hotter. She was already drenched in sweat, with her clothes damply clinging to her body as she lowered her head and saw her toes.

"Alas, no chest, no chest. If I had a chest, I definitely wouldn't be able to see my toes."

Thinking of her large chest in her previous life, Mu Shuangshuang felt a pang of distress. This figure was akin to a washboard, flatter than the Pacific Ocean.

People say losing weight is easy, just don't eat meat and rice for half a year and you'll slim down. But gaining weight for a skinny person is difficult! Given her bony frame, even eating an entire pig wouldn't make much difference, not to mention her chest flatter than a man's. She hoped her small frame hadn't started developing yet, or there wouldn't even be a chance to remedy it.

After a moment of distress, Mu Shuangshuang headed towards the creek. As she neared the water, she heard a splash on the creek's surface, seemingly a large fish diving in. Her eyes lit up, confident there were fish here.

She quickened her pace forward, looking at the creek's surface where spring water kept bubbling down. Mu Shuangshuang decided to clean herself first; perhaps she might even scare a few fish to death, then she wouldn't have to catch them herself.

Scanning the area, she finally fixed her gaze on a spot with lush water plants on the east side of the creek. Mu Shuangshuang walked over, crouched down, pulled a handful of water plants, and found a sunny spot to settle into the cool creek water.

The creek water dispelled Mu Shuangshuang's body odor, allowing her to breathe freely. Although the water wasn't as warm as at noon, it wasn't cold at all. Mu Shuangshuang scooped some water, poured it over her clothes, and began undressing.

Dirty, blackened old shirts floated on the water one by one, soon dyeing the area black, but fortunately, the flowing water quickly diluted it, leaving no trace of black water.

Accidentally touching her oily looking hair, Mu Shuangshuang frowned.

She reached out, rubbing the water plants she had gathered earlier. After a while, foam appeared on her hands, similar to the bubbles from modern shampoo and body wash, which she started applying to her hair.

This type of water plant was taught to her by a few older colleagues in her security team, who said that when they were young, they used these plants to wash their hair. Even as adults, when supply was running low, they would occasionally gather these plants as substitutes for shampoo and body wash.

Mu Shuangshuang was incredibly grateful that in her previous life, she had learned numerous survival skills in the security team, which allowed her to face what she was experiencing now with composure.

Her hair nevertheless remained tangled, despite vigorous scrubbing and rinsing with the creek water, still clumped together. Mu Shuangshuang glanced at the scissors she had brought from Old Mu Family and began cutting with a determined "click-clack," thoroughly clearing any knots. Once she cleaned both her hair and body.

The creek's surface reflected the true visage of this face.

Her face was skinny, cheeks somewhat sunken, but her eyes, nose, and mouth fit ancient beauty standards. Even in modern times, this could be considered a model's face, with high recognizability. Surprisingly, despite years of coverage in blackish substances, the body wasn't dark; it was rather fair.

Mu Shuangshuang spread her lips in a confident smile and said, "This face isn't ugly at all. Maybe if I gain some weight, I could become the village beauty across ten villages one day."

On the water surface, at some point, water splashed again but soon calmed down, as if merely fish playfully jumping.

Mu Shuangshuang rose to her feet...

