

Folly 57

Chapter 57: Slapping the Face of the Old Mu Family

Gua sha is a continuous process. Once it starts, the hand movements can't stop. Mu Shuangshuang tightly grips a copper coin, moving from the spine to the lumbar area. With each stroke, she leaves a purple mark, and the more strokes she makes, the more hideous Mu Dashan's back appears.

Gradually, his dark back is covered with long purple-black streaks, each one piercing the hearts of everyone present.

Little Zhi opened his mouth wide and buried his head into Yu Si Niang's embrace.

"Mom, I'm scared..." Little Zhi whispered.

Yu Si Niang had never seen such a scene either, but she gently patted Little Zhi's back while her own face was already streaked with tears.

Xiao Han stood by the bedside, watching the two on the bed with concern. Meanwhile, his fists were tightly clenched under his sleeves, filled with anger as Mu Shuangshuang's words echoed in his head.

Their family truly needed to unite.

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After finishing one side of the back, Mu Shuangshuang exhaled a breath of turbid air. By this time, she was drenched in sweat, unsure if it was from the heat or fear.

"Shuangshuang, do you need my help with anything?" Lu Yuanfeng stepped forward at the right moment, the concern in his eyes no less than any other person in this room.

Mu Shuangshuang originally wanted to refuse but after some thought, she spoke. "Lu Yuanfeng, can you help me smash that earthenware bowl? It can then be used to cut the skin."

In her heart, Mu Shuangshuang wanted a porcelain bowl the most, but in the Old Mu Family, only Uncle Mu Dade had a porcelain bowl for meals and serving dishes. Everyone else used earthenware bowls, and asking Old Mrs. Mu for one was like pulling teeth from a tiger, a waste of time that might not even succeed.

Lu Yuanfeng softly replied "Hmm," then walked over to the table where the earthenware bowls were placed. He picked up a bowl, intending to knock it against the table edge but realized the table was already scarred. He swore that one hit would surely destroy the table.

Lu Yuanfeng simply took the earthenware bowl and, with both hands, broke it into two halves.

The noise startled Mu Shuangshuang, who was in the middle of gua sha. Goodness, is he even human? He just broke the bowl without any leverage. She knew her family's bowls had cracks and were of poor quality, but did it have to be torn apart by bare hands?

Because of Lu Yuanfeng's actions, Mu Shuangshuang felt even weaker. Lu Yuanfeng, a man who hunted in the mountains, possessed such strength. Although he received military training, her exposure to training was no less rigorous than his.

Mu Shuangshuang refocused her mind and continued with her tasks. By this time, Mu Dashan was starting to groan quietly. Mu Shuangshuang knew gua sha was painful and that after scraping a spot once, applying alcohol and continuing would hurt even more. But she had no choice; if she didn't release the sha, he wouldn't get better.

"Dad, bear with it, the pain will pass." As expected, at her words, the person lying down didn't make any more sounds.

Just as Mu Shuangshuang was about to say something comforting, there was a loud "bang," and the door to her house was kicked open...

Old Mrs. Mu led the way, like a rooster ready to fight, with her head held high, her gaze sweeping the room like a searchlight before finally landing on Mu Shuangshuang.

"Ah, you little brat, are you trying to turn the world upside down..." As soon as Old Mrs. Mu saw the purple-black marks on Mu Dashan's back, she lunged towards Mu Shuangshuang. "You little wretch, are you trying to kill someone? Oh, my poor son..."

Before Old Mrs. Mu could reach Mu Shuangshuang, Lu Yuanfeng had already grabbed her hand.

"Grandma Mu, Shuangshuang is saving someone. Don't disturb her."

"Ha, she's saving someone? It would be good enough if she wasn't harming someone. Look at what she's done to my son's back, all purple!"

"Grandma Mu, Shuangshuang is performing gua sha to save Uncle Dashan. The marks on his back are from the gua sha."

"I spit on that. Who are you to tell me that? Get out of my way, or don't blame me for being rude, old woman."

Old Mrs. Mu glared fiercely at Lu Yuanfeng and spat at him, the spittle heading straight for his midsection. But Lu Yuanfeng didn't dodge or move, allowing the thick spit to land on his clothes.

His stance was unwavering; he wasn't going to give way today.

The family members who entered with Old Mrs. Mu had never witnessed such a scene and were left looking at each other.

Finally, Mr. Mu stepped forward, as the person in charge, to speak a few words.

"Lu Family's boy, what are you all up to?"

"Grandpa, I asked him to do it. My father's condition is urgent and must be saved." As Mu Shuangshuang spoke, she lifted Mu Dashan's wrist. Gua sha involves five areas: the back, wrists, and ankles. Each needs to be scraped until there's no dark sha left before it's considered complete.

"So you weren't hitting your father earlier?"

It seemed Mr. Mu somewhat understood. The method Shuang was using, he'd seen before. When he was young, he'd gone to a market, encountered a young man who fainted from heat. A doctor passing by used this method to save the young man.

The method seemed to be called gua sha, but how did Shuang know about it?

"Does Grandpa really think Shuang would do something to harm her own father?"

Mu Shuangshuang didn't answer Mr. Mu's question, instead, she challenged him.

Mr. Mu was taken aback, rendered speechless for a moment.

"Dad, I think just beat this brat to death, and the house will be peaceful," Mrs. Lin added, not wanting to miss the drama.

"Second Aunt, what did Shuang do to offend you? One moment you want to throw me to the wolves, the next you want to kill me. Is your heart truly made of stone? Do you wish for the third branch to be completely wiped out?"

"Hey, how dare you talk like that. What's this nonsense about me wanting you dead?" Mrs. Lin wasn't pleased; this brat had gone mad to dare to defy her.

"Yeah, it's not that you want me dead, you just plan to kill me yourself."

Mu Shuangshuang's face was full of mockery. Coincidentally, at this moment, the last step was complete. Next was to draw blood from Mu Dashan.

For most people, gua sha is sufficient, but Mu Dashan's condition was severe. He had even fainted. To be safe, she had to take an extra step.

Sufferers of heatstroke, gua sha is one way, another is bloodletting from the fingertips. As for the specific reasons, Mu Shuangshuang wasn't clear; these were lessons she'd learned in her past life from colleagues at the institute.

"Mom, look at the nonsense this brat is spouting. She..."

"Enough, you in the second house, get back to your room and reflect. Who in the Old Mu Family acts like you, wishing something bad upon their own brothers?"

Mrs. Lin opened her mouth but was frightened by Mr. Mu's stern face. She glared at Mu Shuangshuang reluctantly as she left the third branch's room.

Just after stepping out, she spat heavily at the third branch's door.

"Ptoo, let you be smug, you'll die without even knowing why!"