

Folly 88

Chapter 88: Troublesome Aunt

The room where the first family lives also has a small kitchen, not big, just a few square meters. Usually, Mrs. Jin used it to make some tonics and herbal teas for Mu Dade.

These are like special meals, but Old Mrs. Mu never minds, as long as the food ends up in Mu Dade's stomach.

Mrs. Jin carried the rabbit she took from Yu Si Niang's room. This rabbit was actually quite small, no bigger than two fists put together, but fortunately, Shuangshuang and Little Zhi had taken care of it for a while, so now it's plump and adorable.

If it weren't the third branch's property, Mrs. Jin would really consider keeping it, but it just happens to be.

Thinking of the third branch, Mrs. Jin gets a bit upset. She reaches out her other hand, pinches the fur at the rabbit's neck, and applies force.

Poor Little Grey squeals miserably, but this only makes Mrs. Jin laugh more triumphantly.

"Little bastard, let you mess with Yingying's face. Just wait, I'll skin you and break your bones, and let you see if the people from the first family can be bullied easily."

Thinking of her daughter's face pinched by lobsters, Mrs. Jin gets angry. She originally thought Shuangshuang, the little brat, was timid and easy to bully. Who knew she was good at hiding, and since that's the case, she won't be polite.

Mrs. Jin carried Little Grey into her daughter's room. Mu Yingying lay on the bed with herbs on her face. It's been a few days, but her cheeks are still swollen, especially the right one, blue, swollen, purple, bloated, as ugly as possible.

"Yingying, what kind of rabbit do you want today, steamed, braised, or roasted?"

Mrs. Jin spoke kindly. In front of her two daughters, she was always the elegant and graceful mother, so Mu Yingying was happy to share her thoughts with Mrs. Jin.

"Mom... I don't want to eat, my face hurts... will there be scars... Yingying doesn't want to be ugly."

As she spoke, Mu Yingying started to cry, the tears salty, stinging her face, making her grimace in pain.

"Darling, Yingying, don't cry. The medicine I gave you is made of herbs that cost a few silver each, absolutely won't leave scars."

"Really?" Mu Yingying looked up, her eyes fixed on Mrs. Jin, wanting further confirmation.

"Hmm, don't you believe what Mom says? Our Yingying is so beautiful, you are going to marry the official and become an official's wife. How could Mom let your face be ruined? Don't worry."

Mrs. Jin's words were firm, making Mu Yingying stop crying.

Seeing her poor daughter, Mrs. Jin sighed. "Have a good rest, I'll go cook the rabbit for you."

Mrs. Jin comforted Mu Yingying's emotions, returned to the kitchen, picked up a kitchen knife, and cut Little Grey, who was still squealing.

With a swift motion, the rabbit's neck was severed, and blood splattered on Mrs. Jin's face. Mrs. Jin wiped the blood off her face with her sleeve, threw Little Grey to the ground, and started pouring water into an iron pot.

As the fire in the stove rose, after a while, the water boiled. Mrs. Jin used the boiling water to clean the rabbit's fur, washed the rabbit thoroughly, and began preparing a rabbit feast.

Mu Shuangshuang rushed to Mu Dade's home, the dazzling sun overhead. Mrs. Jin's rabbit feast was already boiling in the pot, almost ready to be served. At this point, the rabbit and yam aroma had long mixed together, the air filled with their fragrance, tantalizing Mrs. Jin, making her mouth water.

"Remarkable, such a small creature yields quite a bit of meat," Mrs. Jin mumbled to herself.

"Little Grey, where are you?"

Mu Shuangshuang followed the smell and found the kitchen, kicked open the first family's kitchen door. Mrs. Jin held a ladle, ready to taste the soup.

Standing at the door, Mu Shuangshuang saw the rabbit meat in the pot, and the unprocessed rabbit fur, her eyes instantly turned red.

Her Little Grey was really killed?

"Oh, Shuangshuang, you're here. I took your rabbit to nourish your uncle. You know, he's recently at the final stage of his exams."

Mrs. Jin awkwardly smiled, implying she didn't have a choice but to do it, as her husband needs it.

"Who gave you permission to touch Little Grey?" Mu Shuangshuang walked step by step towards Mrs. Jin, her words ice-cold.

"Didn't I just say, I... ah... what are you doing..."

Mrs. Jin's words were cut off halfway, as Mu Shuangshuang grabbed her hand. Pain radiated from her wrist, then she was lifted over the head and slammed to the ground, face-up.

Mrs. Jin let out a muffled groan, Mu Shuangshuang's foot already on Mrs. Jin's wrist.

"Which hand touched Little Grey? Tell me!" Mu Shuangshuang shouted, her mind filled with a single thought.

Her Little Grey, who eats the leaves she picks every day, dead, skinned by that damn Mrs. Jin...

Mrs. Jin now knew fear. She felt her spine was about to break, caused by this brat in front of her, who lifted her and threw her down.

"Shuangshuang, listen, it wasn't me who wanted it eaten, it was your uncle..." Mrs. Jin tried to act calm. Her man was her amulet, relating anything to him; nobody would dare touch her.

"Auntie, do you think I'm a fool?" With that, Mu Shuangshuang stood up, grabbed the knife still stained with rabbit blood from the chopping board, and drove it straight towards Mrs. Jin on the ground.

Mrs. Jin tilted her head in fright. The knife passed by her ear, cutting off a few strands of hair, and slicing through the hair tie Mrs. Jin used. Only now did Mrs. Jin realize the person in front of her was not joking.

"Ah... You've gone mad... brat..."

Mrs. Jin looked utterly pathetic. When Mu Shuangshuang's second strike came down, she was scared out of her wits, starting to call her husband's name.

"Da De... Help... Da De..."

Mrs. Jin's panic-stricken voice reached Mu Dandan's room next door. Mu Dandan came running out, only to see Mrs. Jin lying on the ground, hair disheveled, while Mu Shuangshuang, the brat, wielded a knife, aiming for Mrs. Jin's head.

The knife was covered in blood. Mu Dandan shouted anxiously, "Mom, what's wrong?"

"Dan Dan, quick, go call your dad. The brat's gone crazy, she wants to kill me!"

Mu Dandan froze in place, just as she was about to run, Mu Shuangshuang threw the knife, heavily landing at her feet. In the sunlight, the blood-covered knife emitted a chilling gleam.

Mu Dandan burst into tears.

"Shut up!" Mu Shuangshuang yelled, and Mu Dandan indeed stopped crying but continued to sob quietly.

"Auntie, since you won't tell which hand, then I'll waste both of them."