

FROM FOLLY TO FORTUNE : I REWRITE MY LIFE AFTER REBIRTH!

Chapter 11 - 11: Not Disliking You

Once Old Mrs. Mu left, Mrs. Lin felt she had lost her support and didn't dare to make trouble anymore.

Just thinking about the four hundred big coins spent on treating that wretched girl made Mrs. Lin feel life was unbearable.

She signaled to Mu's second son, and the two hastily left Mu the Third's room.

The main room of the Mu Family hadn't come at all, and with the second room gone, it was just the fourth room left.

Mu the Fourth was tongue-tied, not knowing what to say. After gaping for a long time, he couldn't even let out a fart.

Ultimately, he could only leave the room dejectedly with his wife, who was even more foolish than he was.

Mr. Mu was the last to leave. After all, as the head of the family, he couldn't just stand around like Mu the Fourth, holding back for ages without even releasing a fart; that would be too embarrassing.

"Old Third, Old Third's wife, take good care of Shuang. If she can avoid getting out of bed, don't let her move around.

And when Shuang recovers, tell her not to bear any grudge against the family; we're all one family, and everyone hopes she gets well."

He said such grandiose words, mainly because he was afraid Mu Shuangshuang would die and become a ghost, really coming back to haunt the family. That would truly be chaotic.

After speaking, Mr. Mu finally left.

The room was finally quiet. Yu Si Niang almost collapsed to the ground in relief.

Actually, her whole body had gone weak from fear earlier, terrified that her daughter's life would just end like that. Fortunately...

"Si Niang, go get some water to wipe Shuangshuang. In this heat, not keeping her wounds clean could lead to infections.

Later, I still have to go to the fields to harvest rice. I'll come back at noon, and then I'll decoct some medicine for Shuangshuang."

"Got it!"

Yu Si Niang responded and also left the room, preparing to fetch some water from the kitchen to wipe her daughter's sweat.

It wasn't mealtime yet, and the stove remained cold, so there wasn't any hot water.

Yu Si Niang used a few twigs of fir to light a fire, and once it was burning, added a handful of dry grass to heat the water in the pot a little.

Every item in the house, Old Mrs. Mu had a tight grasp on—cooking salt, firewood—she had precise regulations on how much to use per meal.

Using too much would result in a scolding. Secretly lighting a fire made Yu Si Niang anxious, fearing she couldn't dare use more.

After fetching the water, Yu Si Niang quickly left the kitchen, heading to her house where Mu the Third had already gone out to work.

This year's harvest for the family was decent; everyone was eagerly waiting to bring in the rice to have some filling meals.

At least, when cooking rice, they could add more white rice and less wild vegetables, sweet potatoes, and grains.

Upon entering the room, she found her youngest daughter, Mu Xiaozhi, seated by the eldest daughter's bed.

Her eyes, the size of black grapes, were tightly fixed on the person in bed, with a mix of confusion and fear in them.

"Little Zhi, why are you staring at your sister? Is something wrong?" Yu Si Niang set down the wooden basin, wringing the towel dry.

"Mom, brother said sister is a bad person, a wretched girl, and told me not to talk to her.

But sister clearly saved you. If she hadn't eaten that corn cake, grandma would have certainly beaten you."

Young children don't understand the complexities, but she saw with her own eyes that her sister did a good deed. Sister wasn't a bad person!

"Good Little Zhi, don't listen to brother's nonsense. Sister is not a bad person; she's just... sick. Now that sister is better and can speak, from now on, take care of her and protect her."

Jian Shuangshuang slowly opened her eyes; she had been pretending to be unconscious just to scare the Mu Family and make them realize the seriousness of the situation.

A large family waiting for her to die, then wrapping her in a straw mat to feed the wolves in the mountains—without some measures, they certainly wouldn't stop.

Luckily, in her past life, Jian Shuangshuang dealt with public security, frequently encountering people of such natures, and she knew ghosts and spirits scared them the most; otherwise, all would have been lost!

Initially, she intended to "wake up" once the other peculiar Mu family members left, but Mu the Third was too unfamiliar to her, so she waited for Yu Si Niang to enter before opening her eyes.

Unexpectedly, Yu Si Niang hadn't come in; instead, a little girl had entered, and she overheard everything the little girl said.

It seemed not only did the other rooms of the Mu Family dislike her, but even her brothers in the same house were annoyed by her.

They kept instilling in the little girl that she was no good.

Unfortunately, she had no memory of the original owner!

Otherwise, she could understand the original owner's experiences and each family's character, saving a lot of trouble.

"Shuangshuang, you're awake..." Yu Si Niang, about to wash Jian Shuangshuang's face, was thrilled to see her awake.

"Mom..." Jian Shuangshuang forced a smile, more like a grimace, as a means of comforting Yu Si Niang.

Yu Si Niang was the first person to show her warmth, and she should treat her with the utmost kindness.

But her throat hurt terribly, unsuitable for much talking, so Jian Shuangshuang decided to speak less until her throat healed. She pointed to her throat.

"Hurts!"

Yu Si Niang immediately started to tear up. She never cried in front of outsiders, not just because of her strong nature.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have dared to stand up to Old Mrs. Mu several times. That's why Old Mrs. Mu disliked her the most among all the daughters-in-law in the Old Mu Family.

"Shuangshuang, don't speak. After lunch, I'll make you some medicine."

"Get... up..." Jian Shuangshuang opened her mouth slightly, motioning for Yu Si Niang to help her sit up.

Jian Shuangshuang truly had no strength to get up on her own.

She had already done a preliminary analysis of her body: skin and bones, weak, obviously never having eaten anything good.

Once her head and body injuries healed, she needed to find something to eat and nourish this body back to health.

Besides, she wanted Yu Si Niang's family to live a better life too.

Yu Si Niang hesitated but then helped Jian Shuangshuang sit up, scanning the room. There wasn't even a pillow on the heated brick bed.

"Little Zhi, bring out your dad's big winter coat for your sister to use as a pillow."

"Sure thing!"

Mu Xiaozhi quickly jumped off the brick bed, heading to the broken cabinet in the north corner. Yesterday, Mrs. Lin had kicked it over, spilling all the clothes inside.

The cabinet's three legs couldn't withstand Mrs. Lin's force and finally broke entirely.

Now, the cabinet rested on the floor, making it easier for short Mu Xiaozhi to look for clothes.

Mu the Third's coat was made by Old Mrs. Mu, a rare effort, when he was weak and twenty years old.

Now, ten years later, the coat was cracked, exposing the yellowed cotton inside.

But even so, it was too precious to throw away because it was Mu the Third's warmest clothing, the only "weapon" against the cold winter!

Placing the coat behind Jian Shuangshuang, she finally sat up.

The pungent, sour smell lingered at the tip of her nose, her mouth feeling scabbed, with what seemed like layers of thick dental plaque—Jian Shuangshuang felt nauseated.

"Mom, can sister really talk now? Will she stop talking again later?"

Mu Xiaozhi propped her head with her hands, innocently pointing at Jian Shuangshuang, questioning Yu Si Niang.

Yu Si Niang paused, a hint of uncertainty on her yellowish face.

Just as she was about to speak, Mu Xiaozhi interjected.

"Mom, don't worry! As long as sister keeps talking, even if she's a bit smelly, I won't mind her."

Jian Shuangshuang: "..."