

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

### **Chapter 2 - 2: Fainted from Hunger**

In front of her was neither the familiar two-story building nor a typical brick house.

Instead, it was a mud house whose walls had weathered countless years.

The mud house was covered with hay, some of which had turned black and caved in.

Jian Shuangshuang swore that even if you rolled back thirty years, there wouldn't be such a house in the township she governed.

"Where is this...?"

Jian Shuangshuang swallowed hard; every time she spoke, she felt as if her throat was on fire, hurting terribly.

Little did she know, this was because the original owner hadn't spoken for five years!

Bowing her head, Jian Shuangshuang looked at the person she had pinned down.

The woman's complexion was sallow, and freckles dotted her cheeks like sunspots from years of working under the sun.

Her forehead was very prominent, cheekbones high, and thin lips betrayed a mean, acerbic nature.

But none of this was the most important; the most crucial point was her hairstyle.

The kind of bun only seen in ancient times, the sort worn by married women; Jian Shuangshuang shook her head and looked down at her own hands...

In front of her was a pair of hands thinner than bamboo sticks, gnarled like chicken feet, grasping the woman beneath her.

These hands were filthy; from wrist to palm, all black, without a patch of white.

Especially the fingernail crevices, where greasy black grime amassed, reeking with a sour stench emanating from her body.

It was indeed worse than those socks of men at the station who hadn't been washed for months; she realized, it was her, or rather this body's stench.

Had she... time traveled?

"Murder! Murder!... Mu Shuangshuang's murdering someone..."

The person beneath her started shrieking like a pig being slaughtered; Mrs. Lin was weak all over, her legs twitching uncontrollably.

Jian Shuangshuang was no better off; having exerted merely a hint of strength, she didn't even have enough to rise. This body... was unbelievably weak!

Struggling up, Jian Shuangshuang kicked the person on the ground again, prompting more screams from Mrs. Lin.

Jian Shuangshuang's head hurt, as did her abdomen, especially her stomach; she had no idea how long it had been since this body last ate, causing her to see stars.

Nevertheless, Jian Shuangshuang forced herself to stay alert, and surveyed the mud houses. The solitary one on the far right looked like a kitchen.

The wall-exposed windows were blackish, clearly from smoke and grease.

Jian Shuangshuang headed into the kitchen, searched through it entirely, but found nothing to fill her stomach.

Grabbing the teapot from the table, she filled her stomach with water, finally gaining some strength.

She picked up the scissors on the table, and returned to the woman who had trampled her before.

"Where's the nearest stream?"

This body was too dirty, not just the body but even the hair; Jian Shuangshuang didn't even have the courage to take a peek.

The hair hung on either side, already matted, glistening with a shiny film under the sun.

More disgusting than the loofah sponge she had seen on the stove earlier.

No matter what, cleaning up first was imperative.

Hungry can be fed, injuries can be healed, but if she continued bearing this filth, she'd surely stink herself to death.

"Where's the nearest stream, somewhere less crowded."

Jian Shuangshuang added another sentence, not waiting for Mrs. Lin to speak, brought the scissors close to Mrs. Lin's face.

The sharp tip was barely half an inch from Mrs. Lin's eye, startling her into answering.

"Village... village... north..."

Jian Shuangshuang nodded in satisfaction; she liked obedient "suspects," but stepping on her chest remained unforgivable.

She took a big step forward, her foot landed squarely on the leg she had struck, then twisted her leg...

Another round of pig-like wailing followed; clutching her leg, Mrs. Lin teared from the pain.

Clearly, once someone touches the nerve, one's strength vanishes completely.

"Mu Shuangshuang, you wretched thing, you damn wench... you... I'll remember you; if you've got the guts, don't ever come back!

... Come back and I'll skin you alive... Ohhh, it hurts so bad..."

Jian Shuangshuang ignored the shrieking behind her; once she exited the courtyard, and reached the road, she found herself too exhausted to breathe.

Her stomach churned, all the water she drank turned into weapons torturing her.

"Yikes, isn't that Old Mu Family's third daughter's eldest, how come she's out again?"

A guy who had just finished his work and was about to head home saw Jian Shuangshuang, covered his nose, and spoke to the people around him.

"Who doesn't know it's that stinking thing, do you really need to point it out?" replied someone beside him bluntly.

"Talking about that stench, Old Mu Family's fate is truly cursed, to have birthed such an ugly, filthy mess!"

"Heard she's one who won't budge, sits in the same spot all day, doesn't move an inch."

"Even if struck by lightning, won't change position; you tell me, how could a girl like this, so dirty, so lazy, ever find someone willing?"

Mu Shuangshuang was Er Gui Village's oddity, aged thirteen but looked like a ten-year-old kid.

Maybe eating so little was to blame; standing there, she looked like a dry twig, easily swept away by the wind.

Moreover, with Mu Shuangshuang always reeking, not greeting anyone, folks in the village naturally disliked her.

Er Gui Village was notoriously poor, with more mountains than fields; harvests were low.

Moreover, after years of warfare and constant upheaval, many men were seized by the army.

With fewer laborers, Er Gui Village grew even poorer.

Most village women chose to marry men from their own village, increasing connections and relationships.

People cared about this, greeting each other and such, yet Mu Shuangshuang's refusal to speak was a grave offense.

"Someone will want her; I heard the baby broker is looking for a wife for Wang San, who at fifty has yet to find one. Might manage to sell this stinking thing to him."

"Even a small mosquito is still meat; as long as one squats to pee, someone will take her."

"Sell her cheap, throw in a few old hens from Old Mu Family, then someone'll want her."

Someone scoffed as they spoke.

"I'd take her if I got a few old hens,"

"Times are tough, we're hardly wealthy folks, can't even eat a chicken all year."

"If this stinking thing dragged a few old hens to my place, I'd marry her,"

"Would toss her in the pigpen, maybe she'd give me a piglet"

The man who spoke first prompted laughter among the nearby crowd.

Listening to them, Jian Shuangshuang snorted coldly, lazily kicked a stone.

The stone hit the man's head, suddenly swelling into a large bump.

"Ow... who's that, who hit me!" the man shouted, clutching his head; no one saw Jian Shuangshuang's action, all deeming him unlucky.

Jian Shuangshuang secretly rejoiced, but her throat suddenly expelled bloody spit.

The forehead wound inflicted by Mrs. Lin began bleeding again.

Dizzy, the world spun, and Jian Shuangshuang fainted directly.

"Something's wrong, Ma Houhou pissed off Old Mu Family's granddaughter to death; she's bleeding..."

Someone shouted loudly, startling everyone around.

What a mess, someone dying is serious business...