

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

Chapter 4 - 4 Mother

Lu Yuanfeng carried Mu Shuangshuang inside Mu the Third's house, and as soon as he stepped into the room, an acrid stench rushed up to greet him.

Even a man like Lu Yuanfeng felt dizzy for a moment.

Luckily, he quickly steadied himself.

Surveying the surroundings, a hint of pity suddenly appeared in Lu Yuanfeng's eyes.

This earthen house of Mu the Third is indeed quite small; Lu Yuanfeng estimated that just a few steps would take him to the end.

He noticed a large yellowish bed placed by the window on the east side of the room.

On the bed lay a bamboo mat with several holes, and there wasn't even a pillow on it.

The only piece of furniture was a broken wooden cabinet by the north wall, devoid of color.

A leg of the broken wooden cabinet was missing, propped up by a small stool nearby, indicating years of usage.

The entire room was relatively enclosed, apart from a small wooden window over the bed on the east side, there was no other place for ventilation.

He was about to place the emaciated girl, who had become nothing but bones, on the bed.

Lu Yuanfeng suddenly noticed a stack of cotton quilts not far from the foot of the bed.

The outer layer of the cotton quilts had worn through, exposing the blackened cotton inside, showing that someone lived in that area.

Lu Yuanfeng stepped closer, and the same acrid stench from the girl in his arms wafted over.

Startled, he placed the girl on the earthen bed, found a thin quilt cover to place over Mu Shuangshuang, and then walked over to the pile of tattered cotton quilts.

Picking them up, he left Mu the Third's house, placed them under a tree to dry, and then left the Mu Family compound.

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Jian Shuangshuang awoke with a headache, and when she woke up, the bleeding hole on her forehead had clotted and scabbed over, but the pain persisted.

Slowly, she pried open her heavy eyelids and noticed she was not on the bumpy country road, but rather on a large earthen bed.

There was no one in the room, and outside, there wasn't much noise. Jian Shuangshuang tried to move her body to get up.

But before she could fully get up, she collapsed heavily back onto the bed, followed by a loud string of curses.

Mu the Third's wife, Yu Si Niang, had just returned to the village after helping at Wealth Master Zhang's house in town, when she heard her eldest daughter had been so angered by Ma Houhou that she spat blood, and was still lying by the roadside unattended.

By the time Yu Si Niang rushed to the roadside, her daughter was nowhere to be found.

After asking several villagers, she learned that Lu Yuanfeng, the eldest grandson of the Lu Family, had rescued her eldest daughter.

Hurriedly returning home, Old Mrs. Mu, who was drying quilts in the yard, unleashed a tirade on Yu Si Niang.

"It's not even noon yet, why the hell are you back? Did you slack off today and not work?"

You don't want to pay money to this family, do you? Or do you want me, an old woman, to feed your family's big mouths?"

The Old Mu Family was different from other families; because of too many people and too little land, there wasn't enough food, so the women of the family did short-term work to earn money and support the household.

The second daughter-in-law usually embroidered a few handkerchiefs or wove some scraps at home, trading them for a couple of copper coins when the peddler came around.

While the third daughter-in-law, being slightly stronger physically, found a job as a cook helper at the town's Wealth Master's house.

She usually left home early before dawn, walked several miles of mountain road, and returned in the evening after collecting her wage from lunch work.

Normally, the third daughter-in-law returned at sunset, but this time she returned before the noon meal, and Old Mrs. Mu naturally scolded her fiercely.

"Mother, I heard Shuangshuang got hurt, I want to check on her."

As soon as Yu Si Niang finished speaking, Old Mrs. Mu placed her hands on her hips, raised her eyebrows, glared, stomped her foot angrily, and began to curse furiously.

"Are you blind? Can't you see all that rice waiting to be dried in the yard?"

Aren't you aware of lightening the load by doing some work; all you think about is that damn harbinger of bad luck.

Look at that, aside from you, no one in the whole house dares to enter your stinky room. My son is truly unfortunate, having married such a shameful harbinger of doom like you.

Can't do anything right, isn't enough to eat, gave birth to a pig, uglier and smellier than others'."

Old Mrs. Mu cursed more viciously with each sentence, and every time she did, white froth flew from her mouth.

In her rage, streams of froth flew out, like a miniature fountain.

Yu Si Niang, being chastised, did not retort but instead stared hard at her room, knowing her daughter must be inside.

"What's the wage today?"

Despite the cursing, astute as Old Mrs. Mu was, she wouldn't forget the daily wage Yu Si Niang would earn.

"No..." Yu Si Niang originally intended to say there was no wage deduction, but Old Mrs. Mu misheard it as no wage at all.

"What, none?"

She glared with tiger-like eyes and rushed up to Yu Si Niang, pressing her to the ground.

Her hands, like spider webs, started to frisk all over Yu Si Niang's body.

When she felt something hard, Old Mrs. Mu reached into Yu Si Niang's pocket and took out all the copper coins inside.

"You shameless and heartless wretch, always thinking about good food and laziness, now you dare hide money.

You've got guts, huh? Think I, the old woman, am dead, don't you? Tell me, what's up today?"

Feeling even more wronged after being accused, Yu Si Niang was at a loss, and it was at this time that the second daughter-in-law, Mrs. Lin, hopped out.

She approached Old Mrs. Mu ingratiatingly, pointing at the fallen Yu Si Niang, and started to curse.

"Mother, it's this thing that birthed a stinking thing, eating the family's food and daring to hide money.

If you ask me, just have the third child divorce her, let her take that stinking thing and get out."

As soon as Mrs. Lin spoke, Yu Si Niang at once turned into a battle chicken fueled with adrenaline, charging towards Mrs. Lin with cursing.

"You're talking nonsense, who hid money? Your mother did. Why do you say my daughter stinks?"

Just look at your family's Gou Dan, with snot and boogers smeared all over his face; if it's about stink, he's a hundred times worse than my daughter."

Before marriage, Yu Si Niang was known for her fierceness; whoever dared touch her things would meet her ten-mile reputation for street scolding.

But after marrying, she submitted to her father-in-law and mother-in-law, the main figures, so she'd bite her tongue when faced with Old Mrs. Mu's cursing.

Yet this didn't mean Yu Si Niang was scared of Mrs. Lin.

"Mother, you heard her, she insulted the eldest grandson, said your grandson's shameless, worse than that stinky thing."

Even in front of Old Mrs. Mu, Mrs. Lin could exaggerate Yu Si Niang's words, not to mention behind closed doors.

"Alright, you heartless wretch, if I don't teach you a good lesson today, this house might be overturned by you."

Old Mrs. Mu spoke while walking inside, and when she came back out, she had a finger-thick bramble in her hand.

Covered with thorns, one jab would probably remove a layer of skin.

Yet still, Si Niang stiffened her neck, refusing to bow, and said to Old Mrs. Mu, "Mother, I'm not wrong!"