

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

Chapter 7 - 7: Stealing Steamed Buns

Yu Si Niang held out a yellowed cornbread, handing it to Jian Shuangshuang.

One cornbread could immediately fill Jian Shuangshuang's stomach, but she hesitated a bit.

She hadn't forgotten the words of that old hag outside, that Yu Si Niang couldn't eat lunch.

Moreover, Yu Si Niang had just returned from the town, her physical exhaustion probably no less than Shuangshuang's, so she might actually be hungrier now!

"What's wrong, still hurting?"

Seeing her daughter not taking the cornbread, Yu Si Niang thought she was still in pain. She leaned over and gently blew on Jian Shuangshuang's forehead.

"It's not hurting anymore. Shuangshuang, let's first eat the cornbread. Once you're full, your dad will come back. Then we'll ask your grandma to get a doctor and it... won't hurt anymore."

Jian Shuangshuang took a deep breath, extending her hand, ready to share the cornbread with Yu Si Niang.

As soon as she reached out, she saw her own hands, black like chicken claws, with greasy black grime covering her nails.

Jian Shuangshuang suddenly recoiled as if electrocuted, quickly pulling her hand back, refusing to take the cornbread no matter what Yu Si Niang said.

"Mom..."

She had just wanted to tell Yu Si Niang to eat it herself when loud, boisterous voices came from outside, like pigs being slaughtered. They grew closer, seemingly about to step into the house.

At this time, Mrs. Lin's distinct voice reached Jian Shuangshuang's ears.

"Mom, this time we can't let that hen-witted Yu Si Niang get away. Daring to steal from right under our noses."

"Hmph, today this old lady will see if Yu Si Niang has the gall to steal from the Old Mu Family."

As the word 'steal' reached Jian Shuangshuang's ears, she guessed it was the Mu family's little sister's cornbread that had been discovered.

But why blame it on Yu Si Niang?

Without time to think, Jian Shuangshuang grabbed the cornbread from Yu Si Niang's hands, opening her mouth wide to forcefully stuff it inside.

Without chewing, the cornbread slipped straight down her throat, getting lodged there.

Just then, Old Mrs. Mu kicked open the third room's door in the Mu household with a cudgel in hand, unleashing a tirade of verbal abuse.

"Well, Yu Si Niang, you think you're some kind of treasure, huh? That the family has to cater to you?"

"Dare to steal from the kitchen, today if I don't skin you alive, you'll think you can defy the heavens."

Old Mrs. Mu finished cursing, her venomous gaze sweeping over the room, but she did not find the cornbread she demanded as evidence.

She only saw Yu Si Niang and Mu Xiaozhi, along with Jian Shuangshuang sitting on the bed, her face an ashen blue, neck strained, incessantly making retching sounds.

Jian Shuangshuang felt like her whole skeleton was about to fall apart, her chest being pounded by a massive stone hammer.

Her throat felt like it had been slashed, the pain turning her eyes white, drool flowing freely.

"Mom, she must have hidden it. Yu Si Niang is best at hiding things."

Mrs. Lin wished desperately for Old Mrs. Mu to thoroughly punish Yu Si Niang, considering how every sister-in-law in the family coddled her.

Except for this Yu Si Niang, who with some youthful vigor, dared to challenge her. Spits, if she couldn't crush her.

Upon hearing Mrs. Lin's words, Old Mrs. Mu's gaze locked tightly onto Yu Si Niang, making her break into a cold sweat.

"Search the room, that cornbread must be here. If it's found, strip Yu Si Niang and flog her."

Old Mrs. Mu gestured with her cudgel, and the second daughter-in-law Mrs. Lin and the fourth daughter-in-law Liu Jinhua of the Mu family began rummaging through the third room of the Mu household.

The decrepit northern cabinet was the first to suffer, its three-legged frame kicked over by Mrs. Lin.

Clothes scattered across the floor, Mrs. Lin picked them up and threw them around, leaving several footprints.

A thorough search yielded nothing.

"Mom... nothing here!" Liu Jinhua spoke up, only to be slapped by Old Mrs. Mu.

"Useless thing." Old Mrs. Mu cursed.

The sharp slap finally dislodged the cornbread from Jian Shuangshuang's throat.

But just then, her stomach began to churn, on the verge of vomiting.

Thinking quickly, Jian Shuangshuang shifted her position, intentionally brushing against Mrs. Lin, feigning guilt.

Jian Shuangshuang's movements and guilty look caught Mrs. Lin's eye, who jumped and pointed at Jian Shuangshuang's posterior on the bed, shrieking.

"Mom, the cornbread must be under this stinking brat's butt! She just moved it because she's guilty!"

Old Mrs. Mu's gaze turned to focus on where Jian Shuangshuang sat, as if there really were a cornbread hidden there.

"Mom, Shuangshuang is still sick, don't touch her!"

Yu Si Niang finally grasped what Old Mrs. Mu intended and shielded Jian Shuangshuang.

"Get out of the way, you wretched woman! I'll deal with you later. First, let this old lady find the cornbread, and then we'll see who dares protect you."

Old Mrs. Mu was strong and ruthless, and even stalwart Yu Si Niang was sent crashing to the floor with a vicious shove, her abdomen throbbing with pain.

With no obstacles left, Old Mrs. Mu grabbed Jian Shuangshuang's sheets, cursing, "Get lost, you filthy wretch!"

At this point, a gleam flickered in Jian Shuangshuang's eyes. She grabbed Old Mrs. Mu's arm.

With a retching sound, her throat unleashed a torrent, all the foulness landing on Old Mrs. Mu's face and neck.

The black filth reeked with a pungent stench, causing Mrs. Lin and Liu Jinhua to vomit on the floor.

Even Mu Xiaozhi, feeling sick, dashed out of the room.

Only Yu Si Niang stood there, her eyes filled with heartache.

Her hand lingered midair, mouth opening slightly, but no sound came out.

"Ah..." Old Mrs. Mu let out a shrill cry.

Opening her mouth, the filth slipped into her throat.

The sour, stale taste, worse than a dead rat, flooded her stomach instantly.

Old Mrs. Mu flailed her limbs desperately, Jian Shuangshuang took the chance to strike her joints, leaving her helpless, only capable of wailing.

"Shuangshuang."

"Mom!"

Two robust male voices called from the doorway.

Without raising her head, Jian Shuangshuang vomited again, this time with noticeable traces of blood.

As the third son of the Mu household rushed to hold his daughter, Jian Shuangshuang could only make out a long scar on his face before passing out.

Mu Dazhong, who called his mother, saw Old Mrs. Mu lying motionlessly in the filth, and couldn't help but join his wife and Mrs. Lin, vomiting on the floor.