

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

Chapter 8 - 8: The Argument

Jian Shuangshuang had a dream, dreaming of middle-aged men and women with fierce expressions and inexplicable anger on their faces.

They glared at her viciously, striding toward her, as if they wanted to devour her.

She wanted to deal with these people, but saw that her own body had already shrunk, with tiny limbs.

Like a bundle of dry wood, in a moment of daze, she was struck on the chest by someone...

Pain suddenly overtook her, her chest, forehead, and throat all felt as if they had been scraped.

Cold sweat trickled from her forehead down to her cheeks, and suddenly, a pair of warm hands touched her forehead.

Jian Shuangshuang followed the warmth and slowly opened her eyes.

It was still the same kang bed, still the same thin sheet, but this time, there were people in front of her.

The room was full of men and women, all looking to be in their thirties, most importantly, they looked exactly like the "dead faces" from her dream.

Jian Shuangshuang secretly rolled her eyes, but the moment she did, every cell in her body screamed and almost made her cark it.

Thinking of herself, a member of the Public Security Brigade, others would respectfully call her "Sister Shuang," she was used to being the one to hit, not being hit.

That damned woman who struck her head, if her body recovers, she will let that woman witness the might of her thunderous wrist.

Jian Shuangshuang grimaced for a while, yet the quarreling people around her still didn't notice she had woken up.

"Bah, filthy thing still wants to see a doctor, Mother has been made to vomit all day, still using salt water to rinse her mouth, and no one talks about treating her."

The one who spoke first was still Mrs. Lin, no matter big or small matters at home, she always had to chime in first.

Especially now, with Old Mrs. Mu feeling nauseous and lying in her room, Mrs. Lin felt increasingly like she could walk sideways in the family.

"The injury on her forehead isn't very serious, but her body is too weak, her pulse is chaotic..."

On my way here, I heard people say it was Ma Houhou who agitated her, she should be kept calm and maintain a peaceful mindset in the future.

However, her forehead injury wasn't from rage, rather it was struck by something, and it struck hard.

The weather is so hot, it's easy to get inflamed, remember to clean the wound every day...

Also, try to do less work, and make sure to supplement her nutrition, it's best if she stays in bed for a while."

The one speaking was Zhang Huai Shu, Mu Family's third, Mu Dashan, had to kneel all night outside Mr. Mu's room before being allowed to invite the doctor.

He had just finished diagnosing Jian Shuangshuang, and now he revealed her condition in front of everyone.

"What? Rest? And needs nutrition? She really thinks she's the young mistress!

The whole family serves her one, why not just die then!"

Mrs. Lin shrieked sharply, scaring Zhang Huai Shu to almost drop the diagnostic bag in his hand.

Yu Si Niang, standing beside Mrs. Lin, glared at her fiercely upon hearing her words.

"What nonsense are you spewing, why can't our Shuangshuang rest?"

Why can't our Shuangshuang eat something good, haven't you seen how thin she is?"

Yu Si Niang's hand always remained on Jian Shuangshuang's wrist, touching her daughter who was lacking flesh for strength caused her great pain.

Zhang Huai Shu didn't have time to listen to the Old Mu Family quarrel, he had half a pound of venison stewing in the pot before he came.

It was a gift from the Lu Family's boy, and he was eager to return home for the soup, lest his wife drinks it all up.

"Treat or not to treat?" Zhang Huai Shu glanced around at the people in the room.

"Treat!"

"Don't treat!"

Two voices simultaneously spoke again, but this time it was Yu Si Niang and Mrs. Lin, and the men in the family did not move.

Everyone seemed to be observing, standing at the center of the room was Mr. Mu, wearing a gray, old, cloth shirt, and his face showed no expression.

"Dad, look, what a disgrace this filthy thing has brought upon our family?

Who in the village doesn't feel disgusted just taking a glance at our Old Mu Family people?

Now, since this filthy girl is going to die, why waste that money?

The eldest brother still needs to prepare for the imperial exam, and we have a few boys ready to send to school.

I say, once this filthy girl dies, wrap her in a straw mat and throw her in the mountain.

Save on rations, and ultimately, she's going to die anyway."

Mrs. Lin never considered others' feelings when she spoke, and her words made Yu Si Niang furious and nearly took her breath away.

The chest previously hit by Old Mrs. Mu was now unbearably stifling.

Jian Shuangshuang now wanted to tear Mrs. Lin's mouth apart. Damn it, she dared think of disposing of her with a straw mat; unforgivable.

Jian Shuangshuang moved her fingers, scratching viciously on herself, hoping to scrape something off, preferably long-term grime.

Unfortunately, she couldn't cough it up now, or she would have made this black-hearted woman eat the filth she spat out.

Speaking of filth, Jian Shuangshuang noticed that the peculiar stench in the room had largely dissipated.

Although it was still smelly, it wasn't from elsewhere but from herself.

Damn it, it's a pity she doesn't have the original owner's memories, or she would know what hatred, what grudge, could lead a child to be so dirty and smelly.

"Dad, I beg you, save Shuangshuang, in the future... I'll do more chores.

I'll handle all the housework, you... you can rest at home, I'll get up early..."

Mu Dashan suddenly knelt in front of Mr. Mu.

No matter what, Mr. Mu was the head of the household, what he said would weigh the heaviest in deciding his daughter's life.

Mu Dashan had a scar of seven to eight centimeters near his left eye.

Actually, you couldn't call it a knife scar, as it was made by a plowshare while farming, and it happened just last year.

Mu Family's fifth, Mu Danian, used a whip to hit a cow in calf when leading the cow for Mu Dashan.

The cow went mad and ran wild, injuring Mu Dashan who was holding the plow.

At that time, a lot of blood was lost, Old Mrs. Mu insisted he not be treated, and Mu Dashan came through it without seeing a doctor.

But his daughter was different from him, he had tough skin and flesh, getting through it wasn't an issue.

If his daughter isn't treated, she would really lose her life.

Mr. Mu looked at the old third kneeling on the ground, especially at that irregular centipede-like scar.

His lips moved slightly, just about to speak when Old Mrs. Mu suddenly kicked open the door to Mu Dashan's house.

"Yo, why is everyone gathered here? You're all full and idle, not going to the fields to work, wanting to eat the old lady, huh?"

Old Mrs. Mu placed her hands on her waist and launched a round of scolding at the family gathered there.

"Mother, I told you, my third brother and third sister-in-law want to treat that filthy thing, and you didn't believe me."

Mu Family's fifth, Mu Danian, fawned as he reported to Old Mrs. Mu.

"Humph, fifth, you've done a good deed today, the old lady will cook an egg for you tonight."