

PEASANT WOMAN'S DECREED LIFE AS A WIFE

Chapter 7

Big Tile House

Ye Muyu recalled the original host's memories and felt that the reason was more real. Perhaps the original host's thoughts were simple, but Chu Heng, a scholar, had deeper thoughts.

"Mother, I still have some floral cloth left in my room." Seeing that Ye Muyu did not speak, Chu Ziluo tried to probe. She did not see any signs of anger on her mother's face. She did not even feel her mother's anger. This surprised Chu Ziluo, but she was also confused.

However, she subconsciously felt that this kind of mother was really good. It would be great if she was not angry with her.

"Then go get it."

"Alright." Chu Ziluo stood up happily. The little girl looked sallow and thin, but upon closer inspection, she had a pretty face and a pair of beautiful eyebrows. When she smiled, she looked like a quiet crescent moon.

"Go ahead."

After Chu Ziluo left, Ye Muyu tried to recall the original host's memories. After a while, she stood up and walked to the desk.

The desk was placed under the window, and on the left were two black wooden boxes. Those should be Chu Heng's clothes. She could move the top

box, but Chu Heng had instructed her not to move the bottom wooden box. At the same time, it was also locked.

Next to the desk was the room door.

The courtyard of the Chu family was well built. It was a small courtyard with five rooms and one room.

The room she was staying in was the front room of the right wing room. There was a guest room outside the courtyard, and next to the guest room was a woodshed.

Opposite her room was Chu Ziluo, the eldest daughter's room. The room beside Chu Ziluo belonged to Chu Jin.

Beside Chu Jin's room was a shed for mule carts.

Apart from the rooms on both sides.

The resting room on the right side of the main room was used as a warehouse. Chu Heng had eight paddy fields and five pieces of land under his name.

According to the memory, one field was about 60 square feet, and the harvest was about 200 catties of rice. With eight paddy fields, one year, the harvest was 1600 catties. Chu Heng was a scholar, so he had the tax exemption limit, and did not need to pay taxes. However, he needed to give the tenant 40% of the harvest, and he would be left with 960 catties or so.

However, 100 catties of paddy could only be used to harvest about 60 catties of rice. In total, there would be 400 catties of rice.

Usually, Chu Heng was not at home, and only the original host and the two children were at home.

They could not finish it at all.

However, Chu Ziluo's daughter was sallow and thin. It was obvious that she did not eat her fill often.

The reason was simple. The original host had sold half of the grain and exchanged it for silver to buy cloth for Chu Heng.

She had never sent these pieces of cloth to her family. In fact, she had never mentioned it to anyone. She had only quietly given them to Chu Heng every year so that he would not be short of clothes.

Ye Muyu thought about it and opened the wooden box. Sure enough, there were a few pieces of cloth in the box, mostly dark colored.

Chu Heng was a scholar, so he did not wear white. Therefore, it was appropriate for him to wear a green robe or a black and brown robe.

Most of the commoners were wearing grey or white clothes.

Chu Heng did not like to wear green. The original host knew this, so most of the clothes he bought for him were black or brown.

After a moment of hesitation, she took out a black cloth.

She found a pair of scissors, sat by the bed, and began to cut slowly.

Chu Ziluo took the light-colored floral cloth from her room and carried the basket that she usually used for needlework.

“Mother, there isn’t much cloth left. We can only make two pairs of shoes.”

“It’s enough.” Ye Muyu picked up the cloth and looked at it. She felt that the color was not bad. It was light-colored, so it would look even better if she embroidered some patterns on it.

However, when she picked up the needle and was about to embroider according to the original owner’s memory, Ye Muyu felt that it was not smooth.

Even if she knew how to do it in her memory, in reality, she had never done needlework before...

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