

## The Miracle Doctor's Two-Faced Toddler - Chapter 4 - First Feast

### Chapter 4: First Feast

The pheasant was stronger than a chicken, and its flapping forced Yu Wan to find something to tie it up. However, after searching for half a day, Yu Wan still could not find any tools in the basket. In the end, she took out a red headband from her bosom. "I still have this in my pocket." Yu Wan raised her eyebrows and went to tie up the pheasant without another word.

Yu Wan tied a sailors' knot, and the more the pheasant fluttered, the tighter the red headband was wrapped around it. In the morning light, it was a little shocking.

Yu Wan hummed a tune and left the vegetable field with the pheasant.

Along the way, she tried to recall information about this village or the dynasty, but unfortunately, she couldn't recall anything. However, the foot of the mountain was filled with straw huts. There were only twenty to thirty houses altogether. Yu Wan felt that this village was really poor.

The village was situated between two mountains, and there were large plots of farmland. The further west they went, the more deserted it became, and their home was on the westernmost side of the village. In front of the door was a relatively flat open space. Yu Wan remembered that in her previous life, there was also such a place in the old house in the countryside. Everyone called it a training hall. She did not know what this place was called, or perhaps it was nothing.

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When she entered the room, Little Bruiser was already awake and clumsily putting on his clothes. No matter how capable he was, he was still a child who wasn't even six years old. It was hard on him to wear thick winter clothes.

The woman on the bed had yet to wake up. Her breathing was shallow and her pale skin looked even more translucent than yesterday.

Yu Wan put down her basket and entered the house.

Little Bruiser finally put on his last shoe. When he saw Yu Wan, his big watery eyes lit up. "Sis!"

Yu Wan took a look at his bulging little body and went forward to straighten his pants. She tucked his shirt into his cotton pants. Just as she was about to ask him if he slept well, a loud and clear rooster call came from the central room.

Little Bruiser was stunned for a moment before he ran out excitedly. His surprised voice could not wait to be heard. "Sis! Is this chicken? Where did you get the chicken? You went to town? You bought chicken?"

Children were so noisy when they were excited.

"I didn't go to town." Besides, there was no money if she went. Yu Wan tucked the woman on the bed into a blanket and brought the pheasant to the backyard. The backyard was surrounded by a fence. The front was connected to the house while the back was connected to the pigpen and the kitchen. Of course, there were no pigs in the pigpen.

"I caught this on the mountain," Yu Wan said.

"You caught it on the mountain? Sis, you're amazing!" Little Bruiser said in admiration.

Yu Wan took out an empty bowl and cut the chicken.

When Little Bruiser saw this, he was not afraid at all. He obediently squatted on the ground without blinking. "Is it for us?" He asked.

"Of course. Who else would I give it to?" Yu Wan said.

Little Bruiser hesitated.

Yu Wan thought her brother was acting a little strange. She was too busy cooking to take it seriously. She put the chicken in a hot tub and soaked it. She began to pluck the feathers. As she did so, she wondered what kind of side dish she should prepare. It couldn't be a carrot again. She never liked carrots.

Suddenly, she turned her head and her gaze fell on the rows of bamboo behind the kitchen.

The bamboo was green in color, and there were not many obvious grayish-white stripes on the bamboo stem. It should be three to five years old bamboo. Bamboo at this age was most suitable for digging bamboo shoots.

“Sis, what are you looking at?” Little Bruiser asked curiously.

Yu Wan did not say anything. She put down the pheasant that she had plucked and found a shovel before walking towards the bamboo. Little Bruiser didn't know what she wanted to do and followed her eagerly.

Yu Wan walked back and forth in the bamboo field. Suddenly, she squatted down and used a shovel to dig under a bamboo tree. She dug out a sharp, sweet potato-sized thing.

“There really is.” Yu Wan smiled.

“Sis, what's this?” Little Bruiser asked curiously.

Yu Wan said happily, “Winter bamboo shoots.”

“Is it edible?” Little Bruiser asked.

Yu Wan smiled. “Of course.” Not only could it be eaten, but it was also very delicious and had rich nutritional value.

After Yu Wan dug out the bamboo shoots, she gently filled the soil so that it could continue growing next year.

There were not many bamboo trees here, but not every one of them had sprouted shoots. After Yu Wan dug out two of them, she ended the work under Little Bruiser's hungry gurgling.

Yu Wan washed the winter bamboo shoots clean and cut them into slices. She then chopped the pheasant into pieces and placed the internal organs aside. The pheasant and winter bamboo shoots were then stir-fried with a big fire and slowly stewed with a small fire.

Yu Wan rarely cooked. To be honest, her culinary skills were not considered superb, but the ingredients were good. In just a short while, the rich aroma of

chicken meat mixed with the fragrance of fresh bamboo shoots wafted out layer by layer, stimulating Yu Wan and her brother's senses.

Little Bruiser drooled.

Yu Wan opened the pot lid and scooped a piece of chicken to pass to him. He quickly shook his head and swallowed his saliva before saying, "I, I'll wait for Mom and Sis to eat together!"

"Okay." Yu Wan did not refuse. After covering the pot lid, she said to Little Bruiser, "There aren't enough garlic sprouts. I'll go pick some from the fields."

"Then I'll guard the chicken!" Little Bruiser said solemnly.

Yu Wan chuckled. "Alright, you guard the chicken and don't let anyone steal it."

She was only joking with Little Bruiser. Who knew that someone would really think about the chicken in her pot the moment she left?

It was none other than Zhao Heng's birth mother, Zhao Shi.

That day, after Ah Wan had thrown herself into the lake, Zhao Heng had immediately rescued her. To the outside world, he claimed that she had lost her footing and fallen into the water. Even Zhao Shi, his own mother, didn't know the truth.

Ah Wan had been in a coma for a few days and Mrs. Zhao had thought that she wouldn't be able to live. Who knew that when the neighbor said that she had seen Ah Wan, she quickly came over to confirm.

"Ah Wan, are you awake? Seriously! Why didn't you tell me that you were awake? Heng-er needs to pay his tuition fees again. Hurry up and pay—" As Mrs. Zhao spoke, she entered the house. Halfway through, she paused. *What fragrance was this? Why does it smell so good?!*

Mrs. Zhao rushed into the kitchen.

Little Bruiser's face darkened when he saw her.

Mrs. Zhao didn't even look at Little Bruiser. She lifted the lid of the pot. When she saw the golden soup and chicken stew, her eyes immediately lit up!

She could not remember the last time she ate meat. Ten days ago? Half a month ago? Ah Wan, that wretched girl, was useless. She could only let her eat meat once or twice a month, and it was all pitifully little. God knew that she was dying of hunger for meat!

There was a big pot here, a big pot!

Mrs. Zhao excitedly put down the pot lid, pulled open the cupboard, took out a clean earthen jar, and naturally scooped up the chicken in the pot.

Little Bruiser grabbed her hand angrily. "Sis said this is for us! You're not allowed to take it away!"

Mrs. Zhao harrumphed. "Your sister is my daughter-in-law. What's hers is mine! Since when is it your turn to eat?" *Damn girl! She did not even know how to take such a good thing to show her respect. She actually hid it in the house and stewed it! Fortunately, she was here. Otherwise, this big pot of chicken meat would have been finished by these plague-stricken people!*

"Get up!" Mrs. Zhao shouted.

"No!" Little Bruiser refused to let go of Mrs. Zhao.

Mrs. Zhao was furious. She waved her hand forcefully and pulled her arm out. She pinched Little Bruiser's face and said fiercely, "Who do you think you are? How dare you meddle in my business? Do you believe I'll beat you up?!"

Half of Little Bruiser's face turned red. He glared at her with his hands on his hips. "Then you beat! Beat!"

"You, you brat!" Mrs. Zhao raised her palm.

Under normal circumstances, Mrs. Zhao would definitely give this annoying little bastard a good beating. However, the chicken in front of her was simply too delicious. She couldn't wait to bring it back to eat with her son and daughter. Thus, she "mercifully" let go of Little Bruiser and threw him out before turning around to scoop the chicken in the pot.

She scooped up the whole pot of chicken, leaving not even a chicken neck behind.