

## **Peasant 29**

### Chapter 29

#### Call Your Father to the Kitchen

Ye Muyu thought about the people and things twenshe had transmigrated over. She felt that Chu Heng was the hardest to get along with.

The host did not spend much time with Chu Heng. After they got married, Chu Heng had been studying in the county and came back once every three months.

However, Ye Muyu was confident that as long as she spent some time with him, she would be able to understand his personality.

Now, she knew that this person was usually reasonable and had a deep mind. He was disgusted with the original owner because of the stupid things she had done in the past, so his attitude was not very good.

She had to solve the problem at its core.

Ye Muyu felt that since she was here, there was no reason for Chu Heng to hate her, so she was not worried.

The days had to go on. The first thing to do now was to make the shoes.

Ziluo would have to go to the old residence tomorrow, so she had to finish the shoes. Otherwise, Ziluo might be laughed at and it would leave an indelible impact on the child's heart.

Ye Muyu was very serious and did it for four hours.

When she heard Chu Ziluo's voice, she looked up and stood up to stretch her muscles.

She was suddenly exhausted and felt sore all over her body. She had only finished making one shoe and had not even had the time to make the pattern.

Putting away the shoes, Ye Muyu asked, "Ziluo, what time is it?"

"Mother, it's already late."

It was 5.00 PM in the modern world. It was already so late, so she had to go make dinner.

"I'll go make dinner." Ye Muyu walked out of the house. It was uncomfortable to sit for a long time, but it was more comfortable to stand now.

She went into the kitchen and took out the meat that he had soaked in the water in the basin at noon. There was still half a catty left. It should be enough to chop it into meatballs.

She turned her head to look at the beam again. There was a piece of bacon on it. It was lonely and looked really poor.

Since there were vegetables, flour, grains, and staple food at home, there was no problem.

"Mother, little brother is so tired that he is wiping his tears." Chu Ziluo walked in and lowered her voice, afraid that Chu Heng would hear her.

Only then did Ye Muyu remember the child. It made sense. He had been sitting for a long time, making shoes, and felt extremely tired. If he kept writing, he would probably be tired too.

After all, calligraphy in this era required one to sit upright and pay attention to the strength of the brush.

Even adults would feel tired if they kept their hands up, let alone children.

"Go and call your father to the kitchen," Ye Muyu said.

Chu Ziluo looked at her in surprise.

“Yes, go. Don’t worry, your father won’t scold you.” Ye Muyu felt helpless at the child’s cowardice and could only promise.

Although Chu Ziluo was afraid, she still went because she did not dare to disobey Ye Muyu.

Ye Muyu looked around the kitchen and found a small jar of white sugar, a few eggs, and a jar of rice wine.

The only other edible things were ordinary vegetables. He found a few purple sweet potatoes in the corner.

Ye Muyu had an idea.

She washed the pot first and boiled some water. When the water boiled, she added some rice wine and sugar into it.

When it was almost cooked, he added three eggs.

When Chu Heng came in, he saw Ye Muyu cooking in an orderly manner.

Smelling the sweet smell of alcohol in the air, he walked over in two steps and saw what was cooking in the pot. He frowned slightly. “You boiled the eggs in rice wine?”

“Mmm, it tastes pretty good.” When Ye Muyu poured out the rice wine, she noticed that there was a small amount of fermented rice in the rice wine jar. It was different from the fermented rice that she bought in the supermarket in her previous life.