

Peasant 31

Chapter 31

Can't Be Illiterate

"Is this really written by your mother?" Chu Heng could not help but ask again.

Chu Jin was almost scared to tears. He nodded obediently. "Father, Mother really wrote this according to the book. Mother definitely didn't help me write it."

Seeing that his son had misunderstood him, he realized that he had lost his composure. He restrained the emotions on his face and silently put away the piece of paper that Ye Muyu had written on. "Have some rice wine and eggs first. Don't waste them. We'll have meatballs for dinner. It's a little late, so have a snack first. After eating, you can continue practicing."

"Got it, Father." Chu Jin waited for Chu Heng to leave.

Only then did he dare to sit down on the stool. Looking at the rice wine and egg water in front of him, he smiled and took a sip. When he tasted this delicious taste, he felt that all his hard work was worth it.

He had completely forgotten that he had cursed the characters in his mind.

Chu Heng stepped into the kitchen.

Ye Muyu said, "Take Ziluo's food to the central room and leave. It's too hot. She can't carry it as a child."

"Put it there and come back to help me chop the meat."

Chu Ziluo listened on from the side. She was terrified. Her mother actually ordered her father to work!

It was still kitchen work!

It was really too amazing.

Chu Ziluo's eyes were full of stars as she looked at Ye Muyu with admiration.

Chu Heng looked at Ye Muyu meaningfully and secretly remembered that this was the second time Madam Ye had ordered him around!

Ye Muyu did not know that Chu Heng was so petty.

In fact, if she knew, she would not have to worry so much about being tricked by Chu Heng.

The two of them were too scheming. They could only wait for them to have mutual trust before taking off their protective shells.

Ye Muyu washed some vegetables.

In this season, there were many vegetables growing. Ye Muyu saw that there was still some spinach in the kitchen. She planned on cooking the meatballs after washing the spinach.

Chu Heng walked in once again and stood beside her. A shadow fell on her.

Ye Muyu seemed to have sensed something and moved two steps to the side to give him space. "Just mince the meat."

"Madam Ye, have you heard of the saying, 'A gentleman stays far away from the kitchen' from the 'Mencius' chapter in 'Commentary on Liang Hui Wang'." Chu Heng suddenly spoke up, trying to argue with Ye Muyu.

Ye Muyu was speechless.

She complained silently in her heart. ‘Was this man trying to look down on her for not being educated?’

However, the original host was indeed uneducated.

Therefore, she looked up with a confused expression and looked at Chu Heng. “What do you mean?”

Chu Heng stared at her without blinking, wanting to see through her. Ye Muyu found it even more strange. She looked at him with a frown and did not dodge at all.

Chu Heng did not give up and continued to look at her, trying to see if she was pretending. However, Ye Muyu’s reaction was very natural, as if she really did not understand at all.

“Nevermind.” Chu Heng retracted his gaze and his expression returned to its cold state.

Ye Muyu was speechless.

Ye Muyu ignored him and continued to wash the rice, preparing to cook the rice first.

The room suddenly quieted down. Just when she thought that Chu Heng would not make another sound.

“Lil’ Jin said you wrote a sample font for him to see?” Chu Heng suddenly said.”

Ye Muyu did not expect him to suddenly mention this. To be honest, she did not take this small matter to heart at all. However, Chu Heng’s reaction reminded her of the fact that it was difficult to study in this era.

She pondered over how to deal with this matter.

She did not want to be illiterate, nor did she want her actions to look too abrupt. She had to find an opportunity to learn the words of this dynasty. Only by reading could she know more about this dynasty.

Chapter 32

A Scholar Who Can Cook

“Oh, you mean that? That’s right, I wrote an example for Lil’ Jin to follow. The words he wrote before were too big and too wasteful. It’s not easy to study, so he should cherish it.”

“How do you know how to write?” Chu Heng finally found an opportunity to question this statement.

Ye Muyu looked up at him without any guilt. “You usually leave your books at home, and I watch Lil’ Jin read, so I learned a little.”

“Actually, I don’t know what those words mean, but I can write them according to the book.”

“Is this very difficult?” Ye Muyu asked on purpose.

For the villagers of this era, the number of times they touched a brush could be counted on one hand. The brush was not like the pen in the future. Only after long-term training could they write properly.

That was why Ye Muyu’s Pavilion Style surprised Chu Heng, causing him to keep thinking about it.

Chu Heng felt that it was not that easy to write in the Pavilion Style, nor was it something that a random country woman could write.

He was already suspicious. “Your Pavilion Style is not bad. Since the previous dynasty, the Pavilion Style has been strictly required to be used in the imperial examinations. Other than the imperial examinations, scholars usually practice other styles of writing.”

“Pavilion Style? Are you saying that there are names for the font? It’s really nice.”

“Then can I learn how to read and write with you in the future? Don’t worry, I’ll write with water first, not ink.” Ye Muyu naturally realized that Chu Heng was suspicious of the words she had casually written. She decided to use offense as a defense and take the opportunity to settle her studies.

After Chu Heng's help, she no longer had to worry about being able to write. In the future, she would have to explain to others every time.

After all, this person was the smartest. If he was dealt with, the others would not have to worry.

Chu Heng did not expect Ye Muyu to climb up the ladder. He did not even get to ask what he wanted to ask, but the topic was changed to learning how to read.

It was rare for him to find himself being led by the nose by Ye Muyu, and he was a little unhappy.

"You can use whatever you want as long as you don't waste it."

Ye Muyu thought to herself, 'This man is really weird. He only said a few words and he's angry again. He's not cute at all.'

Having achieved his goal, Ye Muyu was in a good mood and stopped talking.

Seeing that the water in the pot was boiling, she put the washed rice in.

When it was slightly soft, she scooped it up and placed it on the bamboo steamer.

There was a pottery basin under the bamboo steamer, and the rice soup leaked out. The rice soup could be drunk, and it was more delicious than plain water.

This was also because there was white rice at home. If it was coarse rice, even if there was rice soup, it would not taste good.

Ye Muyu had just scooped up the rice.

Chu Heng was already chopping meat.

At first, she had suspected that Chu Heng was a scholar and definitely would not chop meat. However, when she saw him methodically cut the meat into small pieces and then chop it again, she felt that she had underestimated Chu Heng's ability.

This person was not only a scholar but also a worker. No wonder he had such a good reputation in the village.

There was indeed something outstanding about him.

"I'll go get some spring onions." Ye Muyu remembered that the meat stuffing still needed to be seasoned with spring onions, ginger, and other seasonings. Since the meat was not chopped yet, she went to get the seasonings back.

"Mmhm." Chu Heng responded without saying anything else.

Ye Muyu did not find it strange. She wiped his hands and left the kitchen.

Chu Heng raised his head and looked at her back as she left. He suddenly felt that Madam Ye had suddenly become better looking.

Chapter 33

Vegetables or Weeds

After a while, he realized what he was thinking. He gritted his teeth and thought, 'I'm definitely blind. Wasn't it miserable enough to be harmed by Madam Ye in my previous life?'

Ye Muyu was naturally unaware of Chu Heng's internal struggle.

As soon as she came out of the kitchen, Chu Ziluo, who was drinking rice wine and egg water in the living room, ran out. "Mother, where are you going?"

"I'll go pick some spring onions and ginger." Ye Muyu searched through the memories of the two crops and knew that they existed in this era, so she started to use them.

Although she did not have much time to cook, her culinary skills were pretty good. Whenever she had the time, she would try to cook.

Whether it was Chinese food, Western food, or snacks, as long as she was interested, she had basically made them.

"I'll go with you," Chu Ziluo quickly said.

"Are you done eating?" Ye Muyu asked.

"Yes, Mother. I'm very full now. If I don't work, I won't be able to eat for a while."

"Ah, mother, I don't want to eat more. I just... I just want to help you with your work." As soon as she said that, Chu Ziluo realized that she had said something wrong and explained frantically.

Her eyes showed fear again, worried that Ye Muyu would be angry.

Ye Muyu's expression did not change. She said gently, "Yes, mother knows. Coincidentally, I also need your help."

"That rice wine and egg water is originally a dessert before dinner. Even if you don't eat it, you'll be hungry soon." This dish was a dessert from ordinary families in her previous life. Of course, the real ordinary family would not call it dessert. It was purely for those who came back from work to quench their thirst. It was better than tea to fill their stomachs.

Seeing that Ye Muyu was not angry, Chu Ziluo smiled and followed her out of the courtyard.

The land near the Chu family's courtyard was all under Chu Heng's name.

Therefore, it was convenient to plant vegetables around the house.

The villagers were hired to plant the vegetables, but the elder brother of the Chu family, Chu Lin, was the one who carried the water and fertilized the vegetables.

For things like weeding, it was up to Madam Ye to do it herself. However, Madam Ye was not even willing to do housework previously, so the harvest of the vegetables in the fields was not good. There were too many weeds, affecting the harvest.

If it was just a family of four, it would be enough.

Ye Muyu walked to her own vegetable field. Looking at the field overgrown with weeds, she suspected that it was a field of weeds and not a vegetable field.

“Mother, the vegetables are growing well today.”

“There are also spring onions. Look, there’s a huge patch of spring onions here.” Chu Ziluo walked straight in and pulled out a bunch of onions, smiling brightly.

Ye Muyu thought that if it was any other kind of food, it would not even bear fruit.

She walked over and took the spring onions.

Ye Muyu went to the vegetable field next to the spring onion field after looking at it.

It was the middle of April, and there were basically only all kinds of vegetables. Therefore, there were many weeds in the field, but it did not affect the overall situation.

However, starting from May, she had to plant the vegetables that he often ate in summer, such as cucumbers, edamame, eggplants, peppers, carrots, and so on. These could not be overgrown with weeds.

It seemed that she had to clean up this land properly.

She did not want to buy vegetables.

He only had about ten taels of silver at home, so it would not last long.

As for Chu Heng's ability to earn money, she was not sure. She thought that Chu Heng was already very impressive for being able to pay for his own studies.

A scholar would need to spend at least ten taels a year.

Chapter 34

Excessive Attention on Words

Buying books did not count.

Any random book would cost two strings of coins. If he had to buy it all, he would probably have to spend dozens of taels.

One had to know that eggs only cost one coin each, and meat only cost 25 coins per catty.

Chu Heng's spending's could be comparable to a house in the countryside. A house cost a string of coins. Chu Heng's expenses for a year of studying were enough to build a house for a large family.

As for the villagers, who did not build a house once every generation? Some even shared the same house for three generations.

This was enough to show that scholars spent a lot of money.

Ye Muyu felt that, as a newcomer, she should not only cut down on expenses, but also think of ways to increase revenue.

She looked at the surrounding land and confirmed that these lands needed to be turned over before planting vegetables. She was afraid that it would cost her a lot of labor.

After going out for a while, Ye Muyu understood the financial situation of the family. She could not help but feel that the original host was too bad at living. She had to plan well.

In the kitchen, Chu Heng had already chopped up most of the meat.

Ye Muyu could not find ginger, and the original host did not have any memories of ginger. She followed her habit of asking questions if she did not understand and asked Chu Heng directly, "Do you know where I can find ginger?"

"Ginger? Why do you want this?" Chu Heng asked suspiciously.

Ye Muyu felt that she had to be more thorough in order to avoid being tricked by this man again. Considering the fact that ginger could ward off the cold had been recorded a long time ago, he said, "It's been raining these two days. I'm worried that the children will catch a cold from the wind, so I thought of putting some ginger to drive away the cold."

"According to the Compendium of Materia Medica, ginger has the effects of strengthening the spleen, stimulating the appetite, expelling cold, dispelling dampness, sweating, and other health benefits."

"Ginger can indeed ward off the cold and can also be used in dishes, but we don't have any at home. Mother has some, and the medicine shop has some too."

When Ye Muyu heard the man's words, she could not help but sigh at the charm of the ancient scholars. They had to think about the source of their words. Their memory was much better than that of the later generations.

"So?" Ye Muyu felt that it was not a good idea to go to the old residence to get the ginger. After all, they had already moved out. If she went to the old residence to get something, it would make her sister-in-law uncomfortable, right?

She felt that there was no need to offend people over such a small matter.

“Doctor Lu should have some on the stone bridge. I’ll go buy it myself.”

Ye Muyu nodded in satisfaction and said, “Thank you for your hard work.”

Chu Heng glared at her.

He knew that he had worked hard, but he did not see her move at all.

As expected of a hypocrite.

Although he was complaining in his heart, Chu Heng was not a petty person and naturally would let Ye Muyu go. He just felt that Ye Muyu’s reaction was beyond his expectations.

He did not realize that he was also affected by Ye Muyu.

Chu Heng left after chopping the meat.

He only used half a catty of meat to chop up a lot of meat paste.

Ye Muyu first seasoned the minced meat before adding the onions.

Seeing that Chu Heng had not returned, she peeled the sweet potato first. She planned to make sweet potato rice. It was very filling and saved more oil than cooking a sweet potato dish alone.

This time, Ye Muyu finally understood why ordinary farmers in the countryside liked to eat all kinds of vegetables and rice. It was not because they were delicious, but mainly because they wanted to fill their stomachs better and save on seasoning oil.

As for the taste, it only became important after the conditions were better.

Chapter 35

Reading

Ye Muyu felt that her thoughts were becoming more and more simple.

After cutting the sweet potatoes into pieces and washing them, Chu Heng returned with a few pieces of ginger in his hands.

Ye Muyu took it and was about to cut it into pieces.

Chu Heng reminded, "Don't put too much. Every medicine is 30% poisonous. Anything that goes too far is as bad as falling short."

Ye Muyu did not refute. Although ginger had more than just medicinal value, it was impossible to do specific experiments in this era. Naturally, the Compendium of Materia Medica became the only standard.

Moreover, Chu Heng was not wrong, so Ye Muyu naturally listened.

He cut some ginger and put it in to adjust the taste.

Ye Muyu then boiled some water to cook the meatball soup.

Chu Heng did not stay any longer. He left the kitchen and went to the west wing to assess Chu Jin.

"Recite the Thousand Character Script." Chu Heng sat on a stool, took a book, and asked Chu Jin to memorize it.

Chu Jin stumbled as he recited, and Chu Heng instantly frowned.

Perhaps it was because he was afraid, but Chu Jin was able to recite the first half of the book even though his recitation was not smooth.

Chu Heng checked his handwriting again and noticed that he was quite serious at the end. He did not reprimand him anymore. He put away the copied paper and handed it to him. "This is the paper you used."

Chu Jin quickly took it. If it was his previous personality, he would definitely not care.

However, the pain of copying texts today was too deep. He was afraid that he would be punished for copying texts again if he made a mistake, so he quickly found a wooden box and placed the paper inside.

Seeing this, Chu Heng began to explain to him the meaning of paper, ink, brush, and inkstone to scholars.

"If a man is rich and the sky is clever, spring will enter the hair of the paper mulberry."

"This poem was mentioned by the famous poet Su Shi in the 'Book of Broken Branches Painted by King Shu Yanling'."

"Scholars need to rely on brush, ink, paper, and inkstone to achieve their achievements. Naturally, we can't treat them casually. Although you're still young, you have to understand the principle of cherishing brush, ink, paper, and inkstone."

"Father, I will cherish them." Chu Jin had indeed not taken them to heart before. He was at the age where he was playful, and Madam Ye usually doted on him, so he had not thought about this at all.

Now that Chu Heng had specifically mentioned this matter to him, it was hard for him not to know.

Children were still afraid of adults.

Although Chu Jin did not understand the meaning of studying, and he was not at the age where he should consider the big things in life. He did not dare to waste his money or go back on his words with Chu Heng's strict guidance.

After talking to his son for a while, Chu Heng suddenly remembered that Ye Muyu wanted to study.

He turned around and saw Chu Ziluo leaning against the window, listening intently.

He waved his hand and called her in.

"Come and sit."

Chu Ziluo did not dare to resist. She quickly walked over and sat on the stool. She lowered her head and did not dare to look at Chu Heng.

"Ziluo, you want to study too?" Chu Heng asked.

"Study?" Chu Ziluo was stunned. She did not expect that she would be involved in such a costly matter. Thinking of everyone's yearning for education, Chu Ziluo asked nervously, "Father, can I study too?"

"But everyone says that girls don't need to study."

"If my younger brother studies and my father studies and becomes a high official, then my mother and I will be able to live a good life in the future. Actually, I think our lives are already very good now."

Looking at his daughter's sensible appearance, Chu Heng could not help but think of her being implicated by Madam Ye in his previous life.

Chapter 36

Guilt

Chu Ziluo did not have a good marriage in Chu Heng's previous life. Although he had helped her vent her anger in her husband's family, it had affected their relationship. He could not help but feel guilty toward this child.

"If you want to study, Father will teach you." Chu Heng reached out and patted Chu Ziluo's head.

He became gentle, which was rare.

Chu Ziluo looked at him timidly. "Father, I want to ask mother first."

"Your mother wants to learn too." Chu Heng did not know how he had suddenly said this, but he did not regret it after he finished speaking. He even thought about it for a while.

He thought about it. If Madam Ye could read in her previous life, would those stupid things not have happened?

For example, Madam Ye was deceived by a servant and got a loan, but she did not even know what was written on the document. She just put her fingerprint as she was told.

This kind of disaster was really brought about by not being able to read.

Although he had already decided to separate.

However, if Madam Ye could learn how to read, it would make her life easier in the future. At least, she would not be unable to even protect her wealth.

"Really?" Chu Ziluo asked excitedly.

Looking at the smile on his daughter's face, Chu Heng gently nodded his head. "Okay, just learn without worry."

“Thank you, Father!” Chu Ziluo was very happy. She felt that her parents were doing well today. She hoped that her parents would be the same in the future. She would be the happiest child in the village.

Since Chu Heng had decided to teach Chu Ziluo how to read, he would not give up halfway.

Seeing that there’s still a while to go before dinner, he first brought out the ‘Hundred Family Surnames’ and taught Chu Ziluo the words that were closest to life.

“So my surname is Chu, and it’s written like this.” Chu Ziluo looked at it very seriously. After a while, she could write her surname in a crooked manner. Of course, it was ugly and it was almost a mess.

“Not bad, keep working hard.” Chu Heng nodded and praised.

Chu Ziluo was elated to receive such praise.

Chu Jin was extremely envious at the side. Thinking about it carefully, it seemed like his father had never praised him before. Every time he came back, he would scold him.

Chu Jin was a little disappointed. Children loved to compare between themselves. After being discouraged for a while, he regained his spirit and wrote a few words on the paper.

He said it loudly to attract Chu Heng and Chu Ziluo’s attention.

“Sis, I even know how to write your name.”

“Look, look.”

Chu Jin was afraid that the two of them could not see it, so he quickly placed the paper in the middle.

He thought that his father and sister should be able to see it now.

Chu Ziluo only knew Chu Zi now. She pointed at the other two words and read them in order, “Chu, Zi, Luo, little brother, the two words at the back, are the two words Zi and Luo?”

“Yes, look, this word is very simple. It’s just two strokes.”

“But this Luo is more complicated, similar to Chu. However, I’ve already written it out,” Chu Jin said proudly.

“Wow, you’re so good.” Chu Ziluo praised.

Chu Jin straightened his chest in satisfaction and said proudly, “Of course.”

“But I still don’t know how to write or read, so I have to continue learning.” It was rare for Chu Jin to be humble.

“Brother, you’re already very good,” Chu Ziluo said. “I only know two words now. I haven’t memorized the word ‘Luo’ yet.”

“Little brother, study hard. In the future, if I don’t understand anything, I’ll ask you, okay?”

Chu Jin originally felt that reading and writing were not fun at all. It was much better to buy snacks and toys.

However, when he saw the look of admiration in Chu Ziluo’s eyes, he suddenly remembered that every time the elders in the village mentioned his father, they would have the same expression.

Chapter 37

Suspicion

Chu Jin instantly felt extremely happy. It turned out that his father was right. Studying was indeed good. Everyone envied people who studied well.

“Sure, no problem.” From that day onward, Chu Jin had a goal. He had to study hard and know all the words. Only then would he be able to understand when others did not understand. That would be so cool.

Chu Heng did not interrupt the two children. He did not expect that teaching his daughter to study would have such a good effect. At least his son, who did not like studying, did not resist studying anymore.

Chu Heng’s mood also improved with this unexpected gain.

It took Ye Muyu an hour to finish cooking dinner.

She brought the meatball soup to the dining table and scooped rice for everyone.

She was afraid that it would not be enough, so she made some scrambled eggs.

With this, the last three eggs in the house were used up.

“Time to eat.” Ye Muyu walked to the door of the west wing and called out. She saw Chu Heng and the two children inside. Although she was a little surprised, she did not say much.

Chu Heng acknowledged.

“Let’s go, it’s time to eat.”

Since Chu Heng had spoken, Chu Jin and Chu Ziluo did not delay any longer and quickly entered the central room.

Chu Ziluo had wanted to help scoop the rice and hold the chopsticks, but when she realized that her mother had finished everything, she was worried about her mother’s health.

Ye Muyu felt a little uncomfortable sitting at the dining table.

Her body was weak. She had only cooked for a while, but she was actually sweating.

She did not show it on her face. Before Chu Heng and the two children came in, she had wiped her cold sweat clean.

Chu Heng walked in and saw the dishes on the table. He smelled the fragrance of the dishes.

He could not help but take a few more glances at Ye Muyu.

Only after Chu Heng sat down and signaled for them to eat did the family start eating.

Chu Heng picked a meatball and ate it with a spoon. He tasted the fresh fragrance inside and couldn't stop the surprise in his eyes.

Madam Ye's culinary skills had always been average...

Chu Heng suddenly turned to look at Ye Muyu. The shock in his eyes could not be dispelled.

The suspicion in his heart rose again.

Ye Muyu knew that this man would be suspicious, but she could not possibly mistreat herself if she did not make the food taste better even though she had good ingredients.

Besides, she could not keep hiding her true colors. If this continued, she would not be herself anymore.

"What's wrong? Delicious, right?" Ye Muyu smiled, seemingly satisfied.

"It's not bad. I remember that your cooking isn't that good," Chu Heng said.

"It's precisely because it's not good that I deliberately learn cooking. Every time Mother comes over, she will teach me cooking. You're not at home, so you naturally don't know the progress of my cooking." Ye Muyu blamed it on Chu Heng not being home.

They only met once every three months, and the original host did not know Chu Heng very well.

Naturally, Chu Heng's understanding of Madam Ye was also one-sided.

There was a loophole in this, so Ye Muyu boldly did not hide anything.

They only spent three days together in three months, and they did not write to each other. No matter how close their relationship was, their understanding of each other was limited.

Chu Heng did not dispel the doubts in his heart.

He could not help but refute her words. "In the future, I hope that mother-in-law can come over when I return home. Otherwise, as the head of the family, I won't have the chance to entertain mother-in-law."

How could Ye Muyu not know that he was mocking Mrs. Ye for not daring to visit when he was at home?

However, the original host's mother really liked to take her daughter's things to her house. If she did not change this habit, Ye Muyu would not be able to put in a good word for her mother, Madam Wu.

Chapter 38

Let Me Eat Leftovers?

Seeing that she did not refute, Chu Heng's mood improved a little.

Halfway through, Chu Heng saw that Ye Muyu did not eat much, so he scooped some meatball soup for her.

Ye Muyu was eating well, but suddenly, she had a bowl of soup. She had a headache and her appetite was not good. She could not eat anymore, so she frowned subconsciously.

“Your body has always been weak. You should go to Doctor Lu to get medicine. Today’s dishes are well cooked, so eat at least a little.”

Chu Heng saw that she was frowning, which meant that she was unwilling to eat, so he subconsciously spoke up to control her.

Ye Muyu saw that this man was clearly concerned. Although there were other emotions mixed in his concern, they were still kind words. It was just that he had to use a serious tone.

It was impressive that he could make people angry with his kind words.

Ye Muyu cursed in her heart. She thought about drinking it, but as soon as she drank it, she felt a sense of nausea. She quickly covered her mouth and put down the spoon. She would never touch it again.

“Are you alright?” Chu Heng heard the noise and quickly turned his head, only to see Ye Muyu’s pained expression.

Ye Muyu waved her hand and quickly got up to leave the central room. She went into the kitchen to scoop some water and rinse his mouth before returning to the central room to sit down.

“I’m fine,” Ye Muyu answered.

Chu Heng saw that her face was a little tired and pale. Thinking of Madam Ye’s health, he regretted speaking too harshly. After all, in his previous life, Madam Ye’s health was not good either and she did not live past forty.

However, it was true that she was courting death previously.

“Have you brewed the medicine?”

Chu Heng’s words reminded Ye Muyu that she had forgotten to take her medicine.

After thinking about it, it was still the original host’s thinking that influenced her. The original host only took medicine once every three days and often forgot to take it. She had just arrived and did not have the time to pay attention to the problems here.

She could not help but pat her head. No wonder she felt so weak. If she had taken the medicine, it would not have been so serious.

“I’ll go boil the medicine later,” Ye Muyu said.

“However, this bowl of meat soup...” Ye Muyu thought about the fact that she did not have pigs or chickens at home, and she had the habit of not eating leftovers. She subconsciously looked at Chu Heng, the culprit.

Chu Heng did not understand what she meant.

However, after being stared at for a long time, he suddenly understood. His gaze changed instantly. “Don’t tell me you want me to eat your leftovers?”

Ye Muyu did not answer.

She sensed that the man was on the verge of going berserk. He probably had never eaten anyone else’s leftovers before.

However, this broth was originally given to her by Chu Heng. Ye Muyu felt that it was better for him to bear this responsibility.

Ye Muyu deliberately said, “Why don’t I give it a try and drink a little more? I’m just afraid that...”

She did not say anything else that would affect the atmosphere. She believed that Chu Heng would understand.

Not only did Chu Heng understand the latter part of her words, but he also understood her pretentious threat. His entire face darkened.

Ye Muyu was also a little nervous. As the saying goes, a tiger's butt could not be touched. She'd better not...

Before Ye Muyu could finish thinking, the bowl in front of her was taken away by a large hand beside her.

Chu Heng finished the meatball soup with a cold face.

Then, after he finished his own meal, he left with a cold face and went to the study.

Ye Muyu looked at the clean bowl in front of her and raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"Mother." Chu Ziluo carefully tugged at her sleeve.

"I'll wash the dishes later. I'll wash them well and won't break them." Chu Ziluo's eyes lit up.

Ye Muyu knew that Chu Ziluo was used to doing chores and thought that she would learn how to wash dishes and cook, so Ye Muyu did not refuse.

Chapter 39

The Favorable Feelings Brought by Small Details

"Learn from Mother." Ye Muyu carried the bowl and chopsticks in.

Before she entered, she was surprised to see Chu Jin not slacking off. Instead, he took the paper, ink, brush, and inkstone to the study room.

“Why did your brother suddenly like to study?” Ye Muyu asked after entering the kitchen.

“Mother, I don’t know either. Before dinner, father taught little brother and me how to read.”

“Oh right, mother, father asked me to learn how to read from him. He also said that Mother, you want to learn too.” Chu Ziluo raised her head and asked.

Ye Muyu thought to herself, ‘So that’s how it is. Chu Jin must have been motivated when comparing himself with others. This is a blessing in disguise.’

Ye Muyu finally answered Chu Ziluo’s question, “Yes, Mother will also learn from him. In the future, you will learn to read and write every day.”

Ye Muyu had not thought about teaching Ziluo how to read. When she heard that Chu Heng had taken the initiative to bring it up, she felt that other than being stingy, Chu Heng had many redeeming qualities.

“Mother, I will study seriously.” Chu Ziluo quickly expressed her stance and then reached out to wash the dishes.

Ye Muyu did not stop her and just wanted to see her ability to wash dishes.

She walked to the side and started the fire in the medicine stove. Then, she washed the medicine jar and put a new bag of medicine in. She placed it on the medicine stove and started to boil it. It would take at least an hour.

Chu Ziluo was very skilled at washing the dishes. It was obvious that she had washed them countless times.

Ye Muyu once again lamented that this child had suffered in the past, so she could not help but dote on her more.

She went to find a clean cloth and wiped Chu Ziluo's bowl clean before putting it in the cupboard.

"Mother, why do you need to use a cloth to wipe the bowls and chopsticks clean?" Chu Ziluo asked curiously.

"You see," Ye Muyu explained softly, "After washing the dishes, if you put them on top of another bowl, won't it dirty the next bowl?"

"Not only will drying the bowls make them cleaner, but they won't be dirtied for the second time. This way, they'll be very clean and beautiful. Only when others see them will they dare to eat with our family's bowls and chopsticks."

"The people in the city, scholars, and families with status, they never eat at our house, right? Instead, they go to the county restaurant with your father to eat, right?"

"The more noble a person is, the more they care about cleanliness."

"We country bumpkins work in the fields. If we feel that there is soil on our legs, we won't care."

"But won't the girls in the city be unhappy even if there's only a little mud on their shoes?"

"Ziluo, mother wants to teach you the first principle. If you want to be respected by others, you have to learn to respect others."

"The people in the city love cleanliness, so we have to clean up the house before we can entertain others."

"Even if the people from the countryside come to visit, we must eat clean things, which is also a respect for people."

“Mother, I think I understand, but I don’t understand all of it.” Chu Ziluo scratched her head in confusion.

“Then I’ll give you an example.”

Ye Muyu took out two bowls. There was a black stain at the bottom of one bowl.

The other bowl was clean and empty.

Ye Muyu washed the two bowls in front of Chu Ziluo and poured a cup of tea for them.

“Zi Luo, if you were a guest and saw these two bowls, which one would you choose?”

“Mother,” Chu Ziluo suddenly realized, “I will choose the bowl that was clean before.”

“Because I don’t know what’s in the dirty bowl. Even if I wash it clean, it still feels a little dirty.”

Chapter 40

Change in Appearance

“Since this bowl is dirty, will the other food be dirty too?”

Ye Muyu nodded gratefully. Ziluo was a smart child, and she understood immediately. She felt more at ease.

“Ziluo, do you understand why Mother asked you to dry the dishes?”

“Other than wiping, we will also use boiling water to heat the chopsticks and bowls before every meal. This way, it will be cleaner. If customers come and see it, they will feel much better and feel that the food is clean.”

Ye Muyu thought that since she could not use the disinfectant in her previous life, she could only resort to boiling water. It was better than nothing.

“Mother, I understand. I will remember to dry the dishes in the future.”

“I’ll also soak them in boiling water before using it.” Chu Ziluo thought that her mother was really smart. She could even think of such a small matter and even told her in such a good way. “Mother, you know so much. Father said that once you study, you will know a lot. It seems that Mother must have read a lot.”

Yes, after studying, one would gain slowly accumulated knowledge, which led to the current Ye Muyu.

She said, “Good child. I sent you to the old residence this time because I wanted you to learn these little things from your grandmother. Although it’s not in the books, it’s very important to us women.”

Ye Muyu took the opportunity to bring up the old residence and let Ziluo go so that she would learn properly.

Ye Muyu’s mother-in-law, Madam Liu, had a lot of knowledge. If Ziluo went to learn, there would only be benefits and no harm.

Chu Ziluo nodded seriously.

After washing the dishes, Ye Muyu told Chu Ziluo to go rest. She continued to sit in front of the stove and watch the medicine being boiled.

It was early spring, and the weather was getting warmer. However, Ye Muyu still felt cold. It was obvious that her body was weak and needed to be nourished. She did not know if this body was just weak after giving birth or if there was some other reason.

She thought about when she would go to see the doctor and ask more questions.

Ye Muyu sat on a small stool and watched the night fall. The bright moonlight shone in through the window, and the stove beside her was rumbling.

She reached out and looked at her fingers. They were no longer the familiar slender fingers that were well-maintained.

The hands of this body were thin and weak, but the skin was fair. She had looked in the mirror and felt that she looked pretty good. She even vaguely looked like her in her previous life.

It was a pity that the bronze mirror was too unclear, so she could not be sure. After all, she could only see a blurry outline.

By the time the medicine was ready, it was already an hour later.

Ye Muyu drank the medicine and felt warm. She was a little sleepy.

She quickly washed up and returned to the east wing.

She resisted the urge to sleep. She was afraid that when she woke up in the middle of the night, she would have to face a strange man sleeping next to her. That would be very torturous. It would be better if she woke up and he was already gone.

She lit an oil lamp, and slowly made shoes.

According to her speed, it would probably take four to five days to finish.

She decided not to make clothes for Chu Heng this time. Otherwise, she was worried that just making clothes would take three months.

Ye Muyu focused on making shoes.

She did not even notice that Chu Heng had returned.

Chu Heng walked in and saw Ye Muyu making shoes slowly and carefully. Her expression was very serious. It was completely different from the face in his memory that was often ferocious, angry, frowning, and rough.

At this moment, Ye Muyu's expression was calm.

Even if he just watched silently from the side, he felt very comfortable.

It turned out that a change in personality could really affect a person's appearance.

Chu Heng concluded in his heart.