

Rebirth of a Village Girl

#Chapter 41 - 41: 040: Excellence is not Without Reason i - Read Rebirth of a Village Girl Chapter 41 - 41: 040: Excellence is not Without Reason i

Chapter 41: 040: Excellence is not Without Reason i

Sun Chunxiang was fuming with anger at Zhu Yonghong.

She picked up a stick lying next to her and went to hit Zhu Yonghong, “You’re a disgrace to our family and dare to talk back! I’ll beat you to death today! Six for one cent, why not give them away for free then? Don’t you treasure the money I earned? Do you know your brother doesn’t even have his living expenses this month! You’re such a waste! I’ll beat you to death!”

In this era, university students were highly valued. If a family had a university student, it was almost like having royalty in the household..

As for daughters?

Daughters were seen as an expense, as they would eventually be married off.

So Zhu Yonghong quit school early, setting up a stall with her mother to earn living expenses for her brother.

“Mom, stop hitting!” Zhu Yonghong grabbed the falling stick, “Tomorrow morning I will earn back the money we lost today! I promise it won’t affect my brother’s living expenses.”

Zhu Yonghong’s mindset had been assimilated. Just like Sun Chunxiang, she treated her university-educated brother as if he was an ancestor, without feeling it was unfair at all.

“That’s easy for you to say, how are you going to earn it?” Sun Chunxiang asked, her face full of anger.

Zhu Yonghong took a deep breath, “Mom, listen to me...” Zhu Yonghong leaned on her mother’s shoulder and whispered her plan.

After hearing Zhu Yonghong’s words, Sun Chunxiang frowned and asked, “Can that really work?”

Sun Chunxiang was a money-loving person, but she was tentative about this plan because she was also timid.

Zhu Yonghong laughed and said, "Why not? It will definitely work as long as nobody gets hurt."

"You're right." Sun Chunxiang nodded, the anger on her face gradually fading away, "Then we will do as you suggested."

"Good, Mom." Zhu Yonghong's eyes gleamed with satisfaction.

Just wait and see, nobody will want to eat her noodles tomorrow!

She will make that little tart experience what desolation feels like.

**

Ni Family

After lunch, Ni Yang went to the river to check the crab trap she had set a few days ago, and also collected some snails along the way.

Not long after she left, Zhou Qingshang showed up at the gate of Ni's courtyard with a basket of vegetables.

Zhou Qingshang had come to thank Ni Yang. After following Ni Yang's advice and drinking the decoction made from the roots Ni Yang had given her, her cold was gone overnight!

When she first took the roots home, people had scoffed, saying such roots couldn't possibly cure a cold. She had also been simply trying when she drank the decoction.

She didn't expect that it would work so well!

The next morning, her headache was gone, she stopped coughing, and her fever had also subsided!

That root was even more effective than the Immortal Pill.

"Is Yangyang at home?"

"Yes, who is it?" Ni Cuihua appeared confusedly from inside, looking at Zhou Qingshang, "May I ask who you are?"

Zhou Qingshang smiled and said, "You must be Yangyang's mother, right? I live nearby, my family name is Zhou."

Through Ni Yang's dietary care for these days, Ni Cuihua's spirits had significantly improved. Even her facial wrinkles had subsided a lot, her complexion had improved a lot too. One could see Ni Yang in her eyes.

It can be seen that Ni Yang's beauty is all thanks to Ni Cuihua's good genes!

Ni Cuihua nodded, "Yes, I am Yangyang's mom. Are you looking for our Yangyang? Please come inside and sit, she just went out."

"Well, I came specifically to thank Yangyang." Zhou Qingshang followed Ni Cuihua into the house, narrating her story of curing her cold as she walked. She boasted about the efficacy of the herbal medicine given by Ni Yang. It sounded as if she wanted to praise Ni Yang to the sky.

Upon hearing someone praising her daughter, the mother was naturally pleased.

Ni Cuihua said, laughing, "Please sit for a while. I will get you a glass of water."

Zhou Qingshang took Ni Cuihua's hand, "No need to keep yourself busy, Yangyang's mom," she said as she put the basket of vegetables on the table. "Yangyang has helped me a lot, but I didn't have anything as a token of gratitude. These vegetables are all grown by me, you guys can have them. If it's finished, we still have some at home, you can take them from my vegetable garden."

Ni Yang and her mother just moved in, so Zhou Qingshang assumed they must not have any vegetables. That's why she brought over some fresh vegetables.

This was indeed a help in urgent need.

The basket was filled with yardlong beans, tomatoes, pak choi, cilantro, bitter melon, celery, spring onions, etc...

"Big sister, you are too polite. Actually, Yangyang didn't do much. We can't accept these vegetables." Ni Cuihua is a straightforward person. She felt like they didn't do enough to deserve such a big advantage.

"Since I have already brought them, there is no reason to take them back! Unless, Yangyang's mom, you are disparaging my vegetables because they are not valuable!" said Zhou Qingshang, feigning an upset face.

Seeing this, Ni Cuihua immediately explained, "That's not what I meant..."

Zhou Qingshang immediately said, "Since that's not what you meant, then accept them. They are not something valuable."

Having no other choice, Ni Cuihua had to accept, “Big sister, wait a moment. I will empty out the basket for you.” With that, Ni Cuihua took the basket of vegetables into the kitchen.

Zhou Qingshang stood in the living room, looking around.

It was evident that Ni Cuihua knew how to manage a home. Everything was neat and orderly, even there was no trace of dust on the tables. Vissit novelbin(.)c.om for updates

All the furniture was arranged neatly.

After awhile, Ni Cuihua came out from the kitchen with the basket. It was not empty – it held two apples.

Reciprocating kindness is a virtue passed down through thousands of years in China. She surely couldn't let someone return with an empty basket.

It's not only a virtue but also a matter of propriety.

Though Ni Cuihua has not received any formal education, she deeply understands the principles of life.

At that time, apples were quite expensive, costing five to six cents a jin, and two apples were about half a kilogram.

Zhou Qingshang insisted on not taking them. She had grown her own vegetables, whereas the apples were bought with money.

Ni Cuihua held the basket tight, not allowing Zhou Qingshang to remove the apples, “Big sister, take them back for your kids to taste. If you refuse to take them, we will have to refuse the vegetables you brought.”

Ni Cuihua was determined. With no other option, Zhou Qingshang reluctantly accepted, thinking to herself, it's no wonder that Ni Yang is so sensible. She has a wise and understanding mother.

**

By the river.

Ni Yang gathered her fishing trap. This time she got quite a few fish and shrimps, one of which was a grass carp weighing about seven or eight jin.

All together, including the snails that Ni Yang had just picked, there were two buckets.

As Ni Yang was resetting the trap in the river, Wang Xiuhong approached her from the other side of the riverbank.

Wang Xiuhong looked at Ni Yang who was busy with her fishing trap in the river, a smirk appeared on her face.

Heh.

Her chance for revenge had come.

Ni Yang naturally noticed Wang Xiuhong. She immediately saw the ill-intention in Wang Xiuhong's eyes. Ni Yang calmly placed the fishing trap, then walked towards the shore.

Seeing Ni Yang approaching, Wang Xiuhong felt vaguely uneasy and hurriedly walked in the other direction.

"Stop." Ni Yang extended her hand and blocked Wang Xiuhong's path.

"Wha...what's the matter?" Whenever Wang Xiuhong saw Ni Yang's face, she felt both hatred and fear.

What she hated was that Ni Yang dared to hit her that day! What's more, she had curried favor with Yang Guobao before her.

What she feared was that Ni Yang hit her once before. Now she was alone and no match for Ni Yang.

Ni Yang cracked a faint smile, "Why do you think I'm stopping you? Don't you have an idea in your mind?"

Chapter 42: 041: Goudan with High EQ.1

Wang Xiuhong swallowed nervously, took a step back, and stammered, "Wha-what do you mean?"

Wang Xiuhong hadn't anticipated that Ni Yang would see through her so easily, or that Ni Yang would proactively confront her. In theory, Ni Yang, being an outsider, should have been acting more low-key. But was she?

Rather than acting submissively, Ni Yang was assertive and intimidating. No one could humiliate her even in the slightest.

Wang Xiuhong looked at Ni Yang, immediately meeting a pair of sharp eyes with a clear division between black and white. The depth of her eyes shimmered with the reflection of light.

This gaze was unlike any of her peers, or even adults, that Wang Xiuhong had encountered before.

It was pure, transparent, confident, and calm...

In short, it wasn't the look one would expect in a teenage girl.

Wang Xiuhong took another silent step back and nervously said, "I don't understand what you're talking about."

Ni Yang slightly curled her lips, "It's okay if you don't understand, I can explain it again." She then leaned in close to Wang Xiuhong's ear and said in a cool tone, "I don't like causing trouble, but I'm not afraid of it either. We can walk our own paths without interfering with each other. That would be fine for both of us. But if you're looking for a fight, then the consequences..."

At this point, Ni Yang squinted slightly and a beautiful curve formed at the corner of her mouth as she said lightly, "You'll have to weigh that for yourself."

The voice was very serene, but it held a dangerous aura that sent chills down one's spine.

The two were quite close to each other, Wang Xiuhong could even smell the faint fragrance emitting from Ni Yang's body.

It was not quite bamboo or orchid, but somewhat like the scent of plum blossoms – fresh, natural, and very pleasant.

Wang Xiuhong had heard that there was a two-hundred-yuan bottle of high-end imported perfume sold at the department store in the city. Surely, the fragrance on Ni Yang must be from such a perfume.

Thinking about how Ni Yang could afford a two-hundred-yuan bottle of perfume added to Wang Xiuhong's envy and resentment.

Although they were of the same age, Ni Yang was able to use a two-hundred-yuan bottle of perfume, while she, Wang Xiuhong, had to haggle with her parents for several months just to get some pocket money, even if it were just a couple of cents.

Wang Xiuhong bit her lip, the glimmer in her eyes filled with discontent. She said, "I don't understand what you're talking about", then lowered her head and scurried away.

Ni Yang watched her receding figure, a slight smile playing at the corner of her lips.

She had overestimated Wang Xiuhong's will to fight...

It was past two in the afternoon, the sun was still scorching. Ni Yang, carrying two buckets of fish, soon developed a thin layer of sweat on her forehead.

"Sister Ni Yang, let me help you." A dark-skinned, shirtless boy came running from the distance.

"Goudan, why are you here? Don't you have school today?" Ni Yang said with a grin.

Goudan was hopping around, "Sister Ni Yang, you're so silly, today is Sunday!" He then took one of the buckets from Ni Yang.

Though Goudan was young and not very tall, he was very strong. He handled the bucket of fish as if it were weightless, "Sister Ni Yang, give me the other one, too."

This was Goudan's second encounter with Ni Yang, but because of their previous interaction, he had grown fond of this beautiful older sister.

Ni Yang was not only beautiful but also very kind.

Unlike Sister Xiuhong who, thinking herself so pretty, looked down on everyone, and loved bossing the children in the village around!

Ni Yang smiled gently, declining Goudan's offer, "Thanks Goudan, but I can carry this myself. You're still young, you shouldn't strain yourself or you might stop growing."

"It's okay, Sister Ni Yang." Goudan didn't seem to mind at all, "I regularly carry water buckets at home that are twice as heavy as this!"

Ni Yang laughed, "Wow! Goudan, you're so strong!"

Goudan lifted his cute little head, boasting proudly, "Of course, apart from my brother, I'm the strongest at home."

Ni Yang giggled, "By the way, Goudan, how old are you?"

"I'm ten this year, but how about you, Sister Ni Yang?" Goudan looked up at Ni Yang.

"I'm seventeen," Ni Yang replied.

Goudan continued, "So you are the same age as my brother. He's also seventeen this year. My brother is going to take his college entrance exams next year. Sister Ni Yang, are you going to take yours?"

Ni Yang answered with a smile, "Of course, I am."

Chatting with Goudan along the way, they soon reached home.

Goudan put the plastic bucket on the ground. "Sister Ni Yang, I'm going home now. Remember to come play when you're free," he said.

Ni Yang nodded slightly, "Sure." Then, as if she just remembered something, she grabbed Goudan's hand, "Wait for me a moment, Goudan."

And with that, she quickly rushed back into the house.

Goudan obediently stood there, curiously looking at everything around him.

Soon, Ni Yang returned, out of breath. She handed a bag of candy to Goudan. "Goudan, this is for you to eat," she said.

"Thank you, Sister Ni Yang, but I can't accept it," Goudan declined.

Although Goudan is young, he understood the principle of not accepting something for nothing. If he just accepted Sister Ni Yang's candy like this, she might think that he approached her with a motive.

Ni Yang laughed and said, "Just take it. It's only a bag of candy, not some valuable item. Besides, we are friends, right? If you don't take it, it means that you do not want to be friends with me."

Goudan quickly said, "I want to be friends with Sister Ni Yang!"

"Then take it," Ni Yang reaffirmed, shoving the candy back into Goudan's hand.

"Thank you, Sister Ni Yang," Goudan continued, "Sister Ni Yang, can I share some of this with my other friends?" Candies were quite a rarity in those days; children usually couldn't eat candies unless it was during the New Year.

Ni Yang nodded with a smile, "Of course, you can. The candy is now yours. You can share it with whoever you want."

Goudan thanked her again, "Thanks, Sister Ni Yang! I'll be going now."

"Off you go," Ni Yang nodded slightly.

"Goodbye, Sister Ni Yang," Goudan waved at Ni Yang and ran off.

Goudan arrived at the usual spot where his friends were playing and gave each of them a piece of candy.

One of his friends curiously asked, “Wow, Goudan, did your family strike it rich?”

Smugly, Goudan replied, “This is given to me by Sister Ni Yang, and she told me to share it with all of you. Do you guys know who Sister Ni Yang is? She’s the best looking lady in our village. I’m now good friends with Sister Ni Yang!”

Goudan is a good boy. He knew that some adults had misunderstandings about Sister Ni Yang and had even defamed her. So he wanted to build up her image in front of his friends.

After all, Sister Ni Yang is genuinely good. He didn’t want those adults to keep misunderstanding her. Gêtt the latest chapters on [no/velbin\(.\)com](http://no/velbin(.)com)

At his words, all his friends looked at Goudan with envy.

“I know that Sister Ni Yang, she’s even prettier than Sister Xiuhong!”

“Wow, Sister Ni Yang is so nice...”

“I like Sister Ni Yang.”

“I like her too...”

Thanks to Goudan’s endorsement, the term “Sister Ni Yang” started to spread among the children.

Sister Ni Yang also became the most popular person among the children.

Everyone knew that the new Sister Ni Yang is gentle and kind. Not only is she beautiful, but also she’s much softer than Sister Xiuhong, by at least ten times..

Chapter 43: 042: The old lady has no appetite recently i

After Goudan left, Ni Yang turned back to the kitchen, processed the free-range chicken she had bought from the market that day, blanched it, and simmered it on low heat in a casserole. After the water came to a boil, Ni Yang added the ginseng she had dug up from the mountain yesterday, followed by a few large jujubes. Soon, the small kitchen was filled with the fragrance of chicken soup.

Looking at the soup simmering in the casserole, Ni Yang poured the fish and shrimp from the bucket into a large basin and kept them in fresh water, planning to kill them later in the evening to make Sour Fish Soup.

Anticipating that she would catch fish from the traps, Ni Yang only bought eighteen fish from the vegetable market this morning.

As Ni Yang was busy in the kitchen, Ni Cuihua came in carrying a child, “Yangyang, these vegetables were sent by Aunt Zhou. She said you cured her cold and wanted to thank you with these.”

In the corner was a pile of fresh vegetables with a bundle of homemade sticky noodles nestled in the middle. Ni Yang said with a smile, “Aunt Zhou is too courteous. Mom, let’s have Sticky Noodle tonight.”

“Sticky Noodle?” Ni Cuihua asked puzzled, “What is Sticky Noodle?”

Ni Yang gave a mysterious smile, “You’ll know by tonight.”

Ni Yang was a person of strong execution. She announced that they would have Sticky Noodle for dinner, and immediately cut off the tail of the snails, cleaned them thoroughly, heated the wok until it was red hot, drizzled it with rapeseed oil, added two spoonfuls of bean paste and fried until the red oil was out. She then put in the chopped green onion, ginger, garlic, star anise, and Sichuan peppercorns and stir-fried them.

After these ingredients were stir-fried to bring out their fragrance, she added the snails and stir-fried them over high heat for five minutes, then added water. After the water boiled, she put in the cut hog bones, simmered it on a low heat for three hours. By then, the broth was ready.

The flavorful and aromatic broth is the essence of the whole Sticky Noodle.

With the broth ready and early in the evening, around five o’clock, the chicken soup that had been simmering was also ready. Ni Yang took the lid off, scooped out a large bowl of chicken soup and chicken meat and handed it to Ni Cuihua.

This ginseng chicken soup was intended to nourish Ni Cuihua’s body.

Ni Cuihua was currently weak and needed more nourishment.

Clear chicken soup with a thick layer of yellow fat floating on top. All the chickens at this time were free-range, revered as ‘free-range chicken’ in later generations. Not only was it nutritious, but it also tasted amazing. Adding a bit of salt made the soup delicious, and the chicken melt in the mouth.

In the beginning, Ni Cuihua refused to drink the chicken soup. Ni Yang tricked her by telling her that she had already had some herself. Only then did Ni Cuihua hesitantly drink it.

Evening came in a blink of an eye, and it was time for Ni Chenggui to return home. Ni Yang boiled a pot of water, blanched the sticky noodles, greens, and black fungus in it, scooped them out into a bowl, then poured the prepared snail broth on top and sprinkled it with spring onions and cilantro. If you liked chili, you could add a spoon of chili sauce and fragrant vinegar, a bowl of fragrantly steaming Sticky Noodle is then ready.

As soon as Ni Yang brought the blanched noodles to the table, Ni Chenggui returned. She smelled the fragrance just as she arrived at the door, “Yangyang, what’s for dinner? It smells so good?”

“Aunt Ni is back home, we’re having Sticky Noodle for dinner.” Ni Yang replied with a radiant smile.

Ni Cuihua laughed and said, “Our Yangyang loves to make these exotic dishes.”

Dishes like Sour Fish, Stewed Carp with Kelp and Pork Feet, Potato Mushroom Soup and so on. She had never heard of these dish names before, but they were created by Ni Yang. These were clearly unconventional cooking methods, yet the taste was superb.

Ni Chenggui hung her bag on the coat rack and asked curiously, “Sticky Noodle, does it have snails in it? I’ve never heard of Sticky Noodles in all these years.”

Sticky Noodle is a signature dish from Guangyu. In fact, it existed as early as the Qing Dynasty. Due to limited transportation and information channels at this time, Sticky Noodles were only popular locally, not being featured in snack shops on every street and alley like in later times.

Ni Yang explained with a grin, “Sticky Noodles is a specialty of Guangyu, I read about it in a book. This is my first time making it, and I’m not sure if it tastes good. Aunt Ni, have a seat and try it.”

“Alright, I’ll try it now.” Ni Chenggui rolled up her sleeves, sat down and eagerly started eating the noodles.

The noodles had absorbed the essence of the snail soup perfectly, and they were soft and chewy, fresh and enjoyable. The soup contained the aroma of coriander and green onions, triggering people’s taste buds, to the point where one would wish to swallow their own tongue. At this point, even if someone offered Ni Chenggui a bowl of bird’s nest and abalone soup to exchange for these noodles, she wouldn’t do it.

“Delicious! It’s really delicious!” Ni Chenggui directly gave a thumbs up and lamented, “Yangyang, whoever marries you in future would have their household’s ancestral graves spewing green smoke!” Sadly, she didn’t have a son, otherwise, she would definitely make Ni Yang her daughter-in-law.

In addition to Sticky Noodles, Ni Yang also made two stir-fried dishes.

Fried Shrimp with Green Peas and Stir-fried Carrots with White Fungus.

Green peas and shrimp had a breast enhancement effect. The combination of carrots and white fungus had the effect of nourishing the skin.

Eating beauty foods every day would make anyone beautiful, even if they didn't want to be.

Last night while bathing, Ni Yang noticed that her bust size had grown an entire size larger since she first arrived in Beijing. Her eyes also looked more vibrant and alive.

It's not just her, the changes to Ni Cuihua and Ni Chenggui were also significant.

Having prepared a large amount of rice noodles and two plates of stir-fry, Ni Yang was initially worried that there might be leftovers. However, it turned out she was overthinking. The large pot of rice noodles and the two plates of stir-fry were consumed thoroughly, even the bottoms of the plates were shining brightly, reflecting the sight of their consumers.

No one would believe the fighting strength of three women if they did not witness it themselves.

Looking at her creations being so welcoming, Ni Yang felt very gratified.

**

On the other side of Beijing.

The Mo Family villa.

The Mo Family's old lady's appetite has not been good lately. Nothing tasted good, partly because she was worried about her granddaughter Mo Hudie, and partly because as she aged, her appetite gradually declined. Everything tasted bland to her.

Was her time drawing to an end?

The old lady of the Mo family sat in the living room with a face full of worry. No, she hasn't seen her granddaughter get better yet... She absolutely must not fall first!

A servant came over at this moment and whispered, "Old lady, you haven't eaten all day. This is the ginseng soup the kitchen has prepared for you. You should at least drink some, or else your body won't be able to hold up."

“Alright.” The old lady of the Mo family nodded. She had just picked up the bowl and took a sip of the ginseng soup when she frowned. After a bout of nausea, she spit out the ginseng soup. “Take it away” she said, waving her hand weakly.

The servant unhappily took the tray and went down.

Just then, a young man in a suit and leather shoes walked in from outside. Seeing the servant, he asked in a mild tone, “What happened to grandmother? Is she not feeling well?”

The servant sighed, “The old lady hasn’t had much of an appetite these past few days. She can’t eat anything. This is the just-served ginseng soup. Young Master, you must think of a solution.”

This man was the son of the Mo family’s second daughter, Song Beicheng.

In this upright and proper family, Song Beicheng was an exception. He was a businessman. Gêtt the latest chapters on [no/velbin\(.\)com](http://no/velbin(.)com)

And a very successful one at that.

In his early twenties, he already had tens of millions in assets and was a bona fide billionaire.

Hearing this, the assistant following Song Beicheng said, “Madam Wu, is the old lady not having a good appetite?”

“Yes.” The servant nodded.

The assistant then said, “Second Master, I remember that the old lady loves noodles. There’s a noodle stall on Yurtist Road that makes very tasty noodles with a unique way of eating. Hundreds of people line up there every morning. How about I buy a portion for the old lady tomorrow morning? Maybe she’ll regain her appetite.”

“It’s a street stall?” Song Beicheng frowned slightly.

Could the old lady who couldn’t even swallow ginseng soup stomach street food?

Additionally, was the food from that stall safe to eat?

Is it hygienic?

The assistant smiled and said, “Second Master, don’t judge that unassuming stall on the basis of its appearance. The prices there are not expensive, but the noodles are really delicious. I’ve never tasted such delicious noodles since I was a child!”

Song Beicheng glanced at his grandmother who was sitting listlessly on the sofa, looking pale. After hesitating for a moment, he said, "Then i'll have to trouble you to buy a portion of noodles for my grandmother to try tomorrow morning.."

Chapter 44: 043: Still overcrowded i

Upon hearing this, the assistant was pleasantly surprised. "It's not difficult, it's what I should do." He didn't expect the second master to take his suggestion seriously.

He was extremely moved for a while.

After all, when had people as high-ranking as Grandma Mo ever tasted street food?

However, the taste of that roadside stall was indeed good. The noodles, the pickles, the fish slices, you would want to eat it a second time, a third time after tasting it once ...

He believed that Grandma would really like it.

If Grandma's appetite improved because of this, he would also be credited with great merit.

As an assistant, he had to share the boss's worries.

Song Beicheng nodded and walked towards Grandma Mo, "Grandma."

"Beicheng is here." Grandma Mo quickly stood up with a face full of smiles. Visit [www.vlssitn0\(v\)eL/b\(i\)\(n\).com](http://www.vlssitn0(v)eL/b(i)(n).com) for the best novel reading experience

Grandma Mo was a kind elder. She got along well with all her grandchildren.

Song Beicheng helped Grandma Mo sit down, "Grandma, I heard from Mom Wu that you're not eating properly again."

Grandma Mo sighed, "All, when you get old, your appetite isn't good. I can't eat."

Song Beicheng smiled and said, "Grandma, you're not old at all. Xiaoli said that the morning market recently introduced a new way of eating noodles, it tastes very good. I'll have him buy it tomorrow morning and bring it to you."

Grandma Mo waved her hand, "No need to trouble him, it would be a waste."

Song Beicheng poured a glass of water for Grandma Mo, "Grandma, for Xiaodie's sake, you should at least try. You can't eat nothing, right?"

Mentioning Mo Hudie, the expression on Grandma Mo's face dimmed a little, she compromised, "Okay, let Xiaoli send it to me tomorrow morning to try. In all these years, I've never heard of any new way to eat noodles."

In fact, Song Beicheng didn't know what kind of magic this noodle had. But he still mysteriously said: "You'll know by tomorrow morning."

Grandma Mo understood Song Beicheng's filial piety and chuckled, "Then I'll look forward to tomorrow morning."

Song Beicheng chatted with Grandma Mo for a while, then went to see Mo Hudie before leaving the Mo Family.

**

Time went by quickly, and it was the next morning before they knew it.

Zhu Yonghong came to the morning market half an hour earlier than usual, she had originally thought that her stall would certainly be crowded this morning, but she didn't expect it to be Ni Yang's place that was actually overcrowded.

Ni Yang hadn't arrived yet, but a queue had already formed there.

Zhu Yonghong gritted her teeth in anger, then put on a smile and shouted, "Meat Buns are cheaper, six for one cent, six for one cent." She had prepared more than three thousand Meat Buns today, surely she would be able to make up for the money lost yesterday.

Contrary to Zhu Yonghong's expectation, these people did not swarm over like yesterday when they heard 'six Meat Buns for one cent'. Only two or three people came over to buy some because it was cheap.

How could this be?

Zhu Yonghong's heart suddenly chilled.

Clearly, her business was very good yesterday.

What kind of magic potion had Ni Yang fed these people?

In fact, these customers were all Ni Yang's regular customers. They were used to eating Sour Fish Noodles. Besides, most of them had tried Buns yesterday. The taste of those Buns was nowhere near half as good as the Sour Fish. Moreover, the Sour Fish Noodles were not very expensive, only three cents a bowl, which included vegetables, noodles, and soup, which was a great deal. Therefore, they came early to line up today, waiting for Ni Yang to start his business.

Before long, Ni Yang rode her bike over to the scene. The crowd's eyes lit up at her arrival, "Little boss, you finally came."

Ni Yang smiled and said, "Sorry to keep you all waiting."

A few minutes later, with the help of several customers, Ni Yang swiftly set up the tables and chairs and struck up the stove.

The first customer of the day was a young man dressed in a respectable white shirt. He handed his thermos to Ni Yang and politely said, "Hello, could I trouble you for two portions – one to eat here and the other packed to go."

Ni Yang nodded with a smile, accepting the thermos, "Hello, that'll be six cents. Please take a seat over there. I will bring you the noodles shortly."

Li Gongcheng handed Ni Yang six cents, then went and sat down at an empty spot.

He had seen Ni Yang more than once, but each time, this young girl would dazzle him anew.

As an assistant to Song Beicheng, Li Gongcheng often frequented high society events following behind Song Beicheng. He had met many prestigious ladies, but he had never seen one as beautiful as Ni Yang.

Even the movie stars couldn't compare to Ni Yang.

If he could marry such a beautiful wife, he wouldn't mind even if it was all just a dream.

Actually, he himself wasn't lacking either. He earned a high salary of 30 yuan per month, owned a house in Beijing, and his appearance was...above average.

People of this era were slightly more innocent. They wouldn't dare express their feelings for the girls they liked openly.

Li Gongcheng wondered: should he seek a matchmaker?

Whether it would work or not, he had to give it a try.

While he was in deep thought, a bowl of fragrant noodles was placed in front of him. A faint voice came from above, "Please enjoy these first. As for the noodles to go, I'll prepare them for you after you finish eating here. Otherwise, the noodles will become mushy over time."

What a considerate girl! Li Gongcheng mused internally before looking up and replying, "Thank you."

“You’re welcome.” Ni Yang replied and headed back to her stall to prepare more noodles.

At this time, most of the customers brought their own bowls and chopsticks. Many people, due to lack of seating, ate while squatting on the ground. Some took their order back home.

Zhu Yonghong saw how Ni Yang’s business was booming and couldn’t help but feel annoyed. He called out loudly, “Meat buns! Freshly cooked meat buns! Six for a cent, six for a cent!”

Despite Zhu Yonghong’s effort, not many were buying.

Li Gongcheng quickly finished his noodles and prepared to approach Ni Yang. But in front of him, a fair, clean hand appeared. It was as delicate as jade, with slender fingers and smooth skin. The round nails were neatly trimmed, like rows of tiny shells. Graceful and beautiful.

It was clearly the hand of a lady of high stature. Looking at this hand, Li Gongcheng felt a sense of inferiority emerging.

Ni Yang placed the thermos on the table, “Here are your noodles. I put the chili separately in a bag. If you like spicy food, you can add some when you eat.”

Coming to his senses, Li Gongcheng blushed slightly and replied, “Thank you. I’ll remember that.”

Ni Yang replied with a soft smile, her lips forming a radiant arch, “Oh, it’s nothing serious.”

The smile outshone everything else. Lost in it, Li Gongcheng didn’t snap back to reality until he noticed Ni Yang had already returned to her stove and started bustling about with her work.

Recalling his task, Li Gongcheng jolted. He picked up the thermos and quickly pedaled away on his bike.

Fortunately, the Mo residence wasn’t far away. In about 10 minutes, Li Gongcheng arrived there.

Lady Mo, always an early riser, was sitting on the couch in the living room, drinking milk. Her expression seemed unpleasant; she seemed to be forcing herself to gulp down the milk.

“Madam, good morning! I’ve brought the noodles,” Li Gongcheng respectfully handed the thermos to Lady Mo..

Chapter 45: 044: Stunning Noodles! _1

Seeing Li Gongcheng arrive, Old Lady Mo put her milk cup on the tea table, and kindly said, "Xiaoli is here, take a seat."

Li Gongcheng responded with a smile, "I won't sit, Old Lady. The Second Master has a flight to Guangguan at 10 o'clock. Today, our driver Mr. Wang is not here, and I have to take him to the airport. Eat your noodles while they are hot, they'll stick together in a bit."

"Guangguan?" Old Lady Mo frowned slightly, "So far! When is he coming back?"

Li Gongcheng continued, "He just has to sign a contract and can come back the same day."

"Oh," Old Lady Mo nodded, sighing, "Transportation is so advanced now! It would have taken three to five days to get to Guangguan ten years ago, but now you can go and return on the same day. It's like a dream."

There's a whole distance of over two thousand and one hundred kilometers between Beijing and Guangguan!

Li Gongcheng scratched his head, "Indeed, our China is becoming more and more powerful, and it will only get better in the future." He continued, "Old Lady, these noodles taste really good. Eat them while they are hot. Oh, there's homemade chili in it too. You can add some if you like spicy food. I have to go now, I'll come and visit you when I have time."

"Sure, go ahead, your work is more important." Old Lady Mo said, waving her hand with a smile.

After Li Gongcheng left, Old Lady Mo sighed slightly and glanced at the insulated box. She used to like eating noodles indeed, but after a lifetime, she was fed up with them. When she considered feeding her noodles to the cat, she remembered that this was her grandson's goodwill, how heartbroken Beicheng would be if she fed it to the cat?

She was a good grandmother, she couldn't do anything to hurt her grandson's feelings.

With these thoughts, Old Lady Mo opened the insulated box. As soon as the cover was lifted, a tempting aroma rushed into her face, instantly whetting the appetite.

Old Lady Mo's face was full of surprise. The bowl of noodles completely exceeded her expectations. On the golden soup noodles were tender white fish slices and pickled

cabbage, sprinkled with white sesame and cilantro. Just smelling it would make you salivate.

Old Lady Mo, who usually had a poor appetite, suddenly felt a great urge to eat. She started slurping the noodles, which fully absorbed the fresh and tangy pickled cabbage fish soup, made them irresistibly delicious. Just one taste and you'll want another, she felt like she could eat her tongue. Updated novels on [no\(v\)el\(.\)bin\(.\)com](http://no(v)el(.)bin(.)com)

Before long, Old Lady Mo was sweating profusely, her face flushed, and the strength that had previously disappeared slowly began to recover. She looked a lot more lively overall.

When the maid came to deliver chicken soup, she was stunned – was this really Old Lady Mo eating?

“Old, Old lady?” The maid looked at Old Lady Mo with a stunned expression. How long has it been since she last saw Old Lady Mo enjoying her food so much?

Old Lady Mo, without raising her head, said, “Just leave the soup there, I'll drink it later.”

“Okay,” The maid put the chicken soup on the table.

When she had finished, Old Lady Mo gulped down the noodle soup from the thermos, looked at the maid, and said with an unsatisfied expression, “Mother Wu, get me another bowl of noodles.”

Old Lady Mo was never a foodie, but she had been conquered by these noodles.

She had never known that a simple bowl of noodles could be so delicious. Despite fish being in it, there wasn't even a hint of fishy taste, the meat was incredibly tender.

Only then did Mother Wu, stunned, say, “Old Lady, should I ask the kitchen to cook you some noodles?”

Only then Old Lady Mo realized that the noodles were bought from outside. She laughed and said, “Never mind, our kitchen can't make them as tasty. I'll just call Beicheng.”

With that, Old Lady Mo made the call. As soon as the call got through, Old Lady Mo couldn't wait to say, “Beicheng, the noodles that Xiaoli delivered are so delicious! Your grandma has lived for so long but has never tasted such delicious noodles! Can you please ask Xiaoli to deliver another bowl to me?”

One bowl was simply not enough.

Old Lady Mo was still hungry, and this bowl was already empty!

On the other end, Beicheng was also slightly startled, then gently said, "Okay, grandma, wait a moment, I'll talk to Xiaoli now."

After hanging up the phone, Beicheng couldn't help wondering, just what kind of noodles would make his picky grandma rave about them?

Could the unlicensed noodles sold at the small stall really taste that good?

Surely, just like children, the elderly love novelty. Perhaps, there was nothing special about these noodles, it was merely the novelty factor. Beicheng touched his temple, the corners of his mouth curled up in a helpless smile.

The sunlight entered through the window, casting a light golden halo on him. Everything seemed unreal, as if in a painting.

A charming gentleman, gentle as jade.

That must certainly refer to the likes of Beicheng.

After hanging up the phone, Old Lady Mo sat on the sofa, eagerly awaiting Li Gongcheng's delivery of the noodles.

Upon seeing this, Mother Wu, with a beaming smile, said, "Old Lady, Master Zhou is truly a considerate and good boy. It's been years since I've seen you enjoy eating so much."

Old Lady Mo also replied with a smile, "Beicheng has always been so thoughtful H

Before she could finish her sentence, the phone rang.

Mother Wu quickly ran over to answer it. But as she listened, her face turned a strange shade.

After hanging up the phone, Old Lady Mo immediately asked, "What's wrong, Mother Wu?"

Mother Wu looked at Old Lady Mo with a complicated expression, then said, "It was Young Master Zhou who called. He said the noodle stall has closed for the day, and we can only ask Xiaoli to bring it to you tomorrow morning."

At this, Old Lady Mo looked disappointed, "Ah... is that so?"

Mother Wu nodded, "That's what Master Zhou said." Then she handed over the chicken soup to Old Lady Mo, "Drink some chicken soup first."

Old Lady Mo, who had tasted the delicious pickled fish noodles, couldn't even drink half a sip of chicken soup. She waved her hand and said, "Forget the chicken soup, go get me some porridge and some pickles."

"Okay," Mother Wu turned around and left.

Soon, Mother Wu came back in with porridge and pickles. Because the pickled fish noodles she had before were appetizing, Old Lady Mo ate the porridge very deliciously. Her appetite was much better than usual, which also brightened up her spirits.

After finishing the meal, the old lady went for a walk in the back garden.

Old Lady Mo's appetite had always been a concern for everyone in the Mo family. After all, to have a healthy body, you need to have a good appetite.

Eat well, and you'll be twice as healthy.

Mother Wu excitedly called everyone in the Mo family to share this news..

Chapter 46: 045: On the Verge I

Ni Yang closed her stall really early today; it was just half past ten, and the noodles were already sold out.

In contrast, Zhu Yonghong not only had not sold half of her buns, but also had a lot of customers coming to question, "Why aren't today's buns as delicious as yesterday's?"

While Zhu Yonghong explained with a smile on her face, she was cursing in her heart, thinking, what a bunch of disgusting poor men, having the audacity to ask why the buns, sold six for a cent, were not as tasty as yesterday's!

Are they brainless?

Can they eat pork with a cent? Don't they calculate how much pork costs per pound!

As for what kind of meat was in today's buns, perhaps only Zhu Yonghong knew best.

Many customers expressed that they would never eat Zhu Yonghong's buns again, and some even brought back buns for refunds.

Customers are not fools. When pork was replaced with something else, anyone could taste the difference.

Damn Ni Yang, the little bitch!

If not for Ni Yang stealing her business, she would not have stooped to such a level!

Now look at the mess! Not only did she not make up for the losses from yesterday, but she also lost more money. Her brother's living expenses were still pending, and her mother definitely wouldn't let her off...

The more Zhu Yonghong thought about it, the angrier she became, so angry she wanted to tear Ni Yang apart.

She walked up to Ni Yang, lifted her chin high, biting her lip, and her eyes seemed poisoned. The fire of jealousy was about to burn Ni Yang to ashes, and she grinded her teeth and said, "Ni Yang! You are something else!"

Upon hearing this, Ni Yang turned around and looked at Zhu Yonghong, giving a faint smile, speak in a calm tone, "Hmm... I know I'm excellent, thanks for the compliment."

"You!" Zhu Yonghong seemed to have punched cotton, so exasperated she couldn't speak, pointing at Ni Yang, "You...you..."

Seeing this, Ni Yang's smile grew bigger. She took two steps forward, speaking with a sage-like tone, "Anger harms the liver, you're still so young, why hurt your own body? You're not young anymore, stop doing things that are not aboveboard. You should know, the gods are watching over your head."

As she said the last sentence, Ni Yang took another two steps forward, looking down at Zhu Yonghong with a hint of a smile at the corner of her mouth.

Her gaze at Zhu Yonghong was like looking at a clown.

"You...you..." Zhu Yonghong was like a mute eating coptis root, having trouble speaking.

She can't possibly admit to her jealousy of Ni Yang, that she had switched the pork in the buns with other meat, resulting in a failed sneaky move that benefitted Ni Yang!

Ni Yang couldn't be bothered to say anything more to Zhu Yonghong, she turned around, pushed her bike and walked away.

Zhu Yonghong looked at Ni Yang's back, her fists clenched tightly. Discover *new* chapters at [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

Wait and see, you bitch!

She would not swallow this bitter pill just like that!

**

Ni Yang took a round at the Vegetable Market, bought some ingredients, and then rode her bike home.

It rained last night. The way back to the village was muddy and tough to walk. Plus, Ni Yang had a cart full of stuff with her, making the journey even harder.

Under the circumstances, Ni Yang had no choice but to stop riding the bike and push it forward instead.

At this moment, a group of children came running from afar.

“It’s Sister Ni Yang, that’s Sister Ni Yang.”

“It’s Sister Ni Yang.”

The children started to cheer.

The cheering startled Ni Yang, when did she became so popular among the villagers?

Beyond a child named Goudan, she didn’t seem familiar with the other kids.

But Goudan went to school today.

What are these kids up to?

Before Ni Yang could react, the children swarmed her, “Sister Ni Yang, we’ve come to help you.”

Some of them helped Ni Yang carry things, and some helped her push the cart.

The saying ‘there is strength in numbers’ held true as the cart was quickly pushed out of the mire.

Ni Yang didn’t even have time to thank them before the children scattered again.

Looking at the well-parked cart and then at the children who had already run off, Ni Yang called out, “Kids, thank you. Whenever you get the chance, come over to my house to play!”

Upon hearing her, one of the slightly older children turned around and smiled, “No problem, Sister Ni Yang!” As soon as he finished speaking, he skipped away to catch up with his friends.

The village children were like that – innocent, kind, and grateful.

Ni Yang cast a soft smile at the retreating figures of the children.

She thought to herself that she must find some time to express her gratitude to these children and let them know that God does not shortchange the kind-hearted.

**

Meanwhile...

Wang Meifeng was boiling traditional medicine in the kitchen.

Just then, the living room door was pushed open, followed by footsteps and Yang Guobao's voice calling "Grandma".

Typically, Zhou Suhua would respond warmly to Yang Guobao, but today was different. Zhou Suhua remained silent.

"Grandma." Yang Guobao followed Zhou Suhua to the kitchen.

Zhou Suhua wore a dark expression on her face, as if a storm was brewing.

"Mom?" Wang Meifeng poured the boiled soup into a bowl and looked at Zhou Suhua with a perplexed expression.

With a serious look on her face, Zhou Suhua said, "I need to talk to you." Once she finished, she turned and walked toward the bedroom.

"Okay." Wang Meifeng left the soup on the stove and followed Zhou Suhua into the bedroom.

"Mom, what do you need?" Wang Meifeng looked at Zhou Suhua's back, asking the question.

"I went to see Doctor Wang today." Zhou Suhua turned around, her face devoid of any expression. She then asked, "Why did you lie to us?"

Wang Meifeng's eyes flashed, "Mom, I don't understand what you're talking about."

Zhou Suhua sternly said, "That medicine can't cure Guobao's illness at all! Comrade Wang Meifeng, what are you trying to do!"

Wang Meifeng exhaled, "I wanted to try, Guobao also wanted to try."

"Try?" Zhou Suhua's face was flushed with anger, "Do you know you're hurting Guobao by doing this? You're aware of what happened with Hudie! Stop giving him that medicine immediately, don't let him take those unidentified drugs again!"

Zhou Suhua was worried about her grandson's health. After consulting Doctor Wang, she found out that the medicine Ni Yang gave had no effect on Yang Guobao's condition, and only had a small nourishing effect.

All medicines have side-effects, especially those that need to be taken for three months. Yang Guobao was still a child, how could his small body withstand that? Wang Meifeng wasn't helping him; she was harming him.

"I am Guobao's mother. I hope more than anyone that Guobao can enjoy a free and happy childhood like other children. Mom, I take your advice on everything, but not this."

Wang Meifeng was firm in her decision. Plus, she couldn't tell if it was just her imagination, but since Yang Guobao started drinking the medicine, his energy seemed to have improved. Although he had only been drinking it for five short days, he hadn't had a single episode during this time.

As a daughter-in-law, Wang Meifeng had never opposed Zhou Suhua. Now Zhou Suhua was furious, her whole body shaking. She said sternly:

"Wang Meifeng, you received a higher education. How could you be so foolish! Doctor Wang is a descendant of a royal doctor.. Ni Yang you mentioned is nothing more than an unlicensed rural doctor, yet you would rather trust her than Doctor Wang! You are playing with Guobao's life! From today, stop feeding my grandson this medicine!"

Chapter 47: 046: One day will come back in tears i

Zhou Suhua's last words had an especially strong tone.

Wang Meifeng had been married into the Yang Family for over seven years, during which she never argued with her mother-in-law. However, this time, both the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law showed some firmness.

"I'm sorry, mom. Please forgive me, I can't listen to you this time." Wang Meifeng bowed slightly towards Zhou Suhua and began to walk towards the door.

Even if there was only a one percent chance of hope, she was determined to keep feeding the medicine to Wang Guobao.

She couldn't let her child's world lose its light.

Ever since he started taking the medicine, Yang Guobao's condition had been really good, he was very positive and optimistic.

So this time, Wang Meifeng chose to believe in Ni Yang and herself.

“Wang Meifeng!” Zhou Suhua roared angrily, with her shoulders shaking.

“Mom.” Wang Meifeng turned around calmly, looking at Zhou Suhua. “If anything does happen to Guobao, I am willing to pay with my life. Is that acceptable?”

Words dropped, Wang Meifeng turned back and walked into the kitchen as if nothing had happened, beckoning Yang Guobao to come take his medicine.

At this stage, Zhou Suhua was at a loss for words, so she picked up an antique vase in anger and smashed it hard onto the floor.

There was a clatter as shards flew everywhere.

Yang Guobao, who was drinking his medicine, was frightened and shivered. He looked helplessly at Wang Meifeng, “Mom, what’s wrong with grandma?”

Wang Meifeng laughed lightly, “Perhaps the grandma is a little upset. You go cheer her up for a bit when you finish your medicine.”

“Ok.” Yang Guobao nodded and said in a very sensible manner. “I will go after finishing my medicine.”

“Alright.” Wang Meifeng nodded with a slight smile.

Just then, Zhou Suhua’s voice echoed in the air, “Wang Meifeng, if anything happens to my grandson, I will never let you off!”

What an outrage, she was completely outrageous! Discover *new* chapters at [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

Wang Meifeng simply was not fit to be a mother.

She had no idea what that barefoot doctor with no reputation had given Wang Meifeng, that she had so much trust in her!

Zhou Suhua was shaking with anger.

Because of Wang Meifeng’s stubbornness, the entire in-laws house isolated Wang Meifeng. Her husband, Yang Changzheng, was also not very willing to talk to her.

Mother-in-law Zhou Suhua even threatened to fast to manipulate Wang Meifeng.

With no other options, Wang Meifeng decided to take Yang Guobao to her mother’s rural house to avoid further escalation of the conflict.

Seeing Wang Meifeng's determination, Yang Changzheng sighed in anxiety, "Meifeng, Doctor Wang is an Imperial Doctor. Why are you so stubborn? Guobao's body is already frail, your going back and forth will only worsen his condition!"

Zhou Suhua angrily said, "Let her go! One day she'll be crying to come back begging us!"

**

On that same day, Wang Meifeng took Yang Guobao back to her mother's house in the countryside.

Yang Guobao liked it there, he and Wang Meifeng said their goodbyes and he headed straight for Ni Yang's house.

Wang Meifeng initially wanted to follow, but remembering that Yang Guobao hadn't had a flare up in several days and that a child also needs his freedom, she decided not to. Besides, Ni Yang's house was not too far away from here.

When Yang Guobao arrived, Ni Yang was concentrating on something she was writing at the stone table under a big tree in the yard.

It was a huge Osmanthus tree, the leaves were very dense, blocking out the intense sun and bringing a cool breeze. In this scorching summer, sitting under the big tree was even more comfortable than sitting in an air-conditioned room.

"Sister." Yang Guobao trotted up to Ni Yang.

At his words, Ni Yang looked up in surprise, "Guobao, how come you're here?"

Yang Guobao replied with a smile, "Because I missed my sister, so I came."

Ni Yang reached out and poked Yang Guobao's head, "You little imp! Look at you, sweating so much. Here, have a drink." Ni Yang poured him a cup of tea.

Yang Guobao picked up the cup and drank all the tea in one go, wiping his mouth with his sleeve. "Thank you, sister." He said before turning his eyes towards the paper on Ni Yang's table. "Sister, what are you drawing?"

Ni Yang smiled slightly, "A blueprint."

"Blueprint?" Yang Guobao stroked his chin, then said, "Sister, are you in the architectural field too? My cousin often has to draw blueprints."

"No," Ni Yang shook her head, "It's a blueprint for an oven."

“An oven?” Yang Guobao kept stroking his chin, “Is it used to bake bread? Sister, I love bread!” His eyes shone enthusiastically with his last sentence.

In 1983, bread was still a novelty. It was not as common and there weren't as many ways to eat it as in later generations, moreover, it was quite expensive.

The common people generally didn't look forward to eating it. Its price was much higher than that of a steamed bun. One bread could buy you ten steamed buns!

Ni Yang gave him a mysterious smile, “You'll know once it's done.”

Yang Guobao asked with a grin, “Can I help sister make it?”

Ni Yang reached out and touched his head, laughing, “Sure.”

Making a bread oven was neither simple nor complicated, the key was to put the heart into it.

The oven had three layers.

Heat conduction layer – Clay and Sand.

Insulation layer – Discarded Glass bottles + Sawdust + Mud.

Structural layer – Rice straw mud ball.

Ni Yang had all the materials prepared.

To build an oven, you first need to pile up bricks and rocks into a tall platform. The platform is usually hollow, to store dry wood underneath. Once the platform is built, you can start making the oven.

The oven is usually semi-circular but can also be shaped like small animals.

This was Yang Guobao's first time engaging in such an activity, he was obviously very excited and was chattering non-stop.

With an efficient little helper, Ni Yang felt much relieved. The platform was quickly set up.

Though Ni Yang was a girl, she was not inferior to a man in physical labor.

Even some men were inferior to her.

Under the sun, she sat concentrating and earnestly striking rocks with a chisel. The warm sunlight dyed her with a dazzling glow, a strand of hair slipped mischievously from

behind her ear, forming a sharp contrast with her fair skin. The collision of black and white was breathtakingly beautiful.

Yang Guobao stood there, watching Ni Yang for a while, before he finally exclaimed, "Sister, you are so beautiful."

Ni Yang smiled lightly, struck the last brick onto the platform, poked Yang Guobao's head and said earnestly, "Actually, your sister is a fairy from the heavens, do you think a fairy could not be beautiful?"

Yang Guobao:He almost believed her!

After the platform was built, they started mixing mud.

Just then, Yang Guobao suddenly smudged a bit of mud onto Ni Yang's face, playfully saying, "The fairy turned into a little kitten!"

Ni Yang was no pushover. As soon as Yang Guobao was not paying attention, she swiftly smeared some mud onto his face, giggling, "Ha ha, Guobao also turned into a little kitten!"

"Then sister is a big cat!"

Chapter 48: 047: Super Delicious Bread!_i

After several busy hours, the bread oven was finally finished.

About half a person high, the oven was quite large, shaped like a teddy bear's head and looking very adorable.

Looking at her own handiwork, Ni Yang nodded with satisfaction, casually picking up a twig and writing 'Summer of 1983' on the soft teddy bear head.

After thinking for a moment, Yang Guobao took the twig and added a line beside it, 'Sister and Guobao', and drew two simple little figures as well.

Compared to Ni Yang's spirited handwriting, Yang Guobao's was clearly more childlike but not ugly at all, it had its own unique beauty.

After the bread oven was completed, the next step was to remove the padding inside and then start testing the oven.

Taking advantage of the gap while lighting the fire, Ni Yang brought out the flour she had prepared to rise in advance, kneaded it into balls and shaped it into loaves.

About an hour later, Ni Yang extinguished the fire in the oven, scooped out the ashes with a shovel, and after cleaning, carefully put the newly made bread in and closed the small door.

Next was the step of baking the bread.

“Sister, will we really be able to eat bread in a while?” Yang Guobao, standing on tiptoe, asked curiously.

“Of course we can.” Ni Yang curled her lips slightly.

In fact, the principle of a bread oven is the same as an oven; it’s even more handy.

“So how much longer do we have to wait before we can eat the bread?” Yang Guobao was still standing on tiptoe, watching the bread oven without blinking, his eyes full of anticipation.

Ni Yang, patting his head with a smile, said “Don’t be in a rush, it’ll probably takes about 40 minutes.”

Upon hearing this, Yang Guobao immediately ran into the house saying, “Then Gêtt the latest chapters on [no/velbin\(.\)com](http://no/velbin(.)com)

1 will go check what time it is now.”

While waiting for the bread to bake, Ni Yang began preparing dinner.

Ni Yang washed two ears of corn, planning to cook corn porridge for dinner to eat with the baked bread.

Although corn doesn’t contain much protein, it has plenty of carbohydrates and dietary fibers that can promote bowel movement, can dilate blood vessels to guard against hypertension and delay aging, and can nourish the skin.

After rinsing the corn and rice, she put both in the casserole with water to boil, and soon a fragrant aroma filled the air.

While the porridge was simmering, Ni Yang prepared three small dishes.

Sliced cucumber, stir-fried egg with chili and fried shrimp with green peas.

Cucumber, known as refreshing vegetable, not only has a delicious taste but also effectively beautifies and helps in losing weight.

Don’t underestimate eggs, they can nourish the skin and blood in addition to their heat-relieving effects.

Chili can eliminate the problem of overnight food, improve appetite, ward off bad luck, and eliminate various fishy smells and poison.

And as for fried shrimp with green peas, there is no need to mention, it helps in breast enhancement.

Breasts.

The second most important part of a woman's body.

In order to make meals more effective, Ni Yang made a special beauty food combination recipe, every meal combined very well.

Ni Yang as usual prepared a medicinal soup for Ni Cuihua, Yang Guobao was watching the fire in the stove while she went to deliver the medicinal soup to Ni Cuihua.

Through half a month of diet therapy and medicinal therapy, Ni Cuihua's condition has significantly improved.

Her originally pale complexion has become lighter, wrinkles around her eyes slowly disappeared and she looks much more energetic.

"Mom, first drink the medicine. When Auntie Ni comes back, we can start the meal." Ni Yang handed the bowl in her hand to Ni Cuihua.

Ni Cuihua took the bowl, curiously asked: "I just heard a lot of noise in the yard, what are you doing?"

Ni Yang mysteriously said, "We made something good, wait till dinner time, then you will know."

Ni Cuihua laughed helplessly, "You..."

After coming out of Ni Cuihua's room, Ni Yan and Yang Guobao went together to fetch bread from the oven.

Yang Guobao, holding a plate and with a face full of excitement, followed behind Ni Yan. He sniffed like a kitten, "Sister, I think I can already smell something delicious."

Ni Yan smiled faintly, "Really?"

Yang Guobao nodded frantically, "Really, really."

Upon reaching the oven, Ni Yan opened its little door. Immediately, a scent of milk pounced upon them. Inside the oven were a dozen golden-baked bread, and the fragrance was emanating from these pieces.

“Wow, so beautiful!” Yang Guobao couldn’t help exclaiming, “Sister, you are really amazing!”

The bread crust was crispy and scrumptious, and the inside was incomparably soft. Taking a bite, it tasted crispy on the outside and tender on the inside, with a lingering milk fragrance in his mouth, as if his entire life had been elevated.

Yang Guobao praised incessantly, “So delicious, really so delicious! I’ve never tasted such delicious bread before.”

“If it’s good, eat more.” Ni Yan handed Yang Guobao another piece.

When it was dinner time, both Ni Chengui and Ni Cuihua were flabbergasted.

None of them could believe that this beautiful bread was made by Ni Yan.

Ni Yan explained with a smile that it was baked in the outdoor bread oven.

Ni Chengui exclaimed in shock, “Bread oven? The strange furnace outside?”

Ni Yan nodded, “Yes, that one.”

Ni Cuihua had a sudden realization, “No wonder I said there was such a commotion in the yard this afternoon. You were fixing that bread oven?”

“Yes.” Ni Yan said with a smile.

Ni Chengui was staggered, quickly grabbed Ni Yan’s hand and asked with amazement, “You made the bread oven by yourself?”

“Yes.” Ni Yan nodded slightly.

Ni Chengui, clutching Ni Yan’s hand, exclaimed, “Yangyang, you are so capable! Tell me, is there anything in this world that you can’t do?” Ni Yan’s hands were delicate and soft, white as jade. No one would believe that the owner of these hands would do all sorts of heavy work, unless they saw it for themselves.

Ni Yan laughed and said, “Aunt Cuihua, there are so many things in this world that I can’t do.” She was just doing what she knew how to.

Eating crispy and soft bread, sipping sweet corn porridge, and having a few delicious side dishes, life seemed to have reached its pinnacle.

Meal times became the most anticipated moments for Ni Cuihua and Ni Chengui each day.

The next day, Ni Yan continued to set up her stall to sell noodles as usual.

It was still Li Gongcheng who was first in line in the morning, “Three bowls of noodles, two to go.”

Ni Yan took the money handed over by Li Gongcheng, glanced at him, she had a deep impression of this customer. Not only was he the first in line every morning, but he also always took two portions to go, come rain or shine.

What Ni Yan didn't know was that the old lady of the Mo Family had been completely obsessed with the pickled fish noodles. She felt uneasy if she didn't have two bowls a day. If the noodles could be kept for a long time, she would've wished to have them for every meal.

The Mo Family was very grateful for the pickled fish noodles.

If it weren't for these pickled fish noodles, who knows what might've happened to the old lady by now.

The morning customers were still plentiful, and the long queue never seemed to shorten.

Zhu Yonghong's buns were still selling at six for a cent, and although the business wasn't doing particularly well, her mood was excellent in the morning. She hummed tunes and sneak peeks towards Ni Yan's direction every now and then.

Wait and see, little bitch, after this morning, no one will compete with her for business ever again!

Thinking of this, a smug smile tugged at the corner of Zhu Yonghong's mouth....

Chapter 49: 048: Ingeniously Solve i

“Here are your noodles.” Ni Yang served the steaming noodles to a tableful of customers with a friendly smile on her face.

Just then, a violent thump echoed from the neighboring table, “Boss! Can you come here?!”

Ni Yang slightly furrowed her brows and turned around in confusion. She smiled and asked, “How may I assist you?”

The table was occupied by two stocky, frowning, and fierce-looking men who seemed to be troublemakers.

Ni Yang could predict how things were going to unfold. Having spent many years in the restaurant industry in her previous life, she had encountered all sorts of people and situations.

“Look at this!” One of the men stood up and slapped the table, glaring at Ni Yang.

Ni Yang looked down to find a fly floating in the golden noodle soup.

That was disgusting.

The other burly man also got up abruptly and loudly shouted out, “Everyone, come look first! This deceitful seller is making money off us, and we even found a fly in our noodles! Suppose we got sick, whose fault would that be?”

On hearing this, the other patrons instantly became restless and gathered around. They started throwing accusations, “Disgusting! There’s a fly!”

“This is incredibly unhygienic! Boss, you need to have a conscience to do business! How could you serve us such food?”

“Refund! We want a refund!”

The customers crowded around Ni Yang, demanding refunds. The anger in the room was palpable. Thankfully, Ni Yang was a young woman, which probably prevented things from escalating to physical violence.

After all, finding a fly in a bowl of noodles was a serious health hazard!

“Everyone, please settle down,” Ni Yang calmly addressed the crowd. Her face was free of stress—a faint smile played around her lips. She looked at everyone calmly, displaying an air of authority that was hard to resist.

Miraculously, the crowd fell silent and turned their attention to her.

Zhu Yonghong folded her arms, watching the unfolding drama with anticipation. She wanted to see how Ni Yang would get herself out of this situation.

There was a fly in the noodles. Even smooth talk wouldn’t quell the crowd’s anger.

As Ni Yang looked at the crowd, she opened her mouth to speak, “Everyone, rest assured. I, Ni Yang, would never dishonor my conscience. I will bring clarity to this matter and provide a satisfactory explanation.”

One of the stocky men, walked out and said sarcastically, “Hm... You’ve never dishonored your conscience? Your words sound even better than singing. But my

brother and I found a fly in our food. What is your explanation? Today, unless you eat that fly yourself, this matter won't be settled!"

"Yes! We insist that this deceitful seller eats the fly herself!" voices from the crowd echoed.

"Eat it up! Eat it up!" others chimed in fervently.

Watching all this, Zhu Yonghong's smirk deepened.

Despicable woman, you're finally getting your dues! You won't be so arrogant now!

Ni Yang seemed unfazed. She casually raised her hands in a manner that exhibited great authority, immediately bringing quiet to the crowd once more.

"If this fly had actually fallen into the noodles due to my negligence, then you are right to ask me to eat it, and I wouldn't object. But it's clear someone dropped it into the soup on purpose, to stir up trouble! I, Ni Yang, am not a pushover!"

Her tone was light but decisive, cutting convincingly into every ear present.

With just one sentence, she captured the heart of the matter.

The crowd exchanged perplexed looks.

Wasn't it strange? They had been eating Ni Yang's noodles for a long time. Nobody had ever found a fly or even a single hair in their bowls. How come only these two men had found a fly?

With that in mind, they all turned their gaze on the two stout men.

The men's eyes flickered with disbelief. They had not expected Ni Yang to respond so calmly and then to bring up such a point.

In their eyes, Ni Yang was just a naive young woman—pretty but not particularly special. They thought she'd get flustered in such a situation. Rather, Ni Yang was more composed than one would expect of an adult.

This was indeed... strange.

They had done similar things to other vendors. Most had chosen to keep the peace, secretly giving them money and begging them not to make a scene. Why hadn't it worked on Ni Yang?

No, they had to tarnish Ni Yang's reputation today, or they would lose face.

Resolute, one of the men angrily glared at Ni Yang, “Are you accusing us of deliberately bringing the fly to frame you?”

“Isn’t it?” Ni Yang replied, her eyebrows twitching defiantly.

This incensed the other man who immediately fumed, “What a load of bullshit! Why the hell would I frame you! If you don’t explain yourself today, I’ll wreck your stall! You won’t be able to conduct business again in your life!”

Ni Yang gently rested her hand on the table. As if by magic, the man wasn’t able to move the table an inch, regardless of how hard he tried.

The burly man glanced at Ni Yang and nervously swallowed, perplexed.

Did such a skinny young woman possess such strength? Visit [novelbin\(.\)co/m](http://novelbin(.)co/m) for the latest updates

Was it an illusion?

Ni Yang stood her ground, one hand resting on the table while the other picked up a pair of chopsticks. She squashed the fly in the broth and addressed the crowd,

“Everyone, watch closely. This is an intact fly. If it had fallen into the noodles while I was cooking, it would have been boiled to mush by now. Its body wouldn’t have remained so intact. Also, the fly’s wings are dry and haven’t touched the soup. This means someone must have recently dropped it into the bowl. If you don’t believe me, you’re welcome to inspect it yourself to see if what I’ve said makes sense.”

Ni Yang spoke logically and convincingly, leaving no room for doubt.

Upon hearing her, the crowd huddled around Ni Yang, murmuring among themselves.

“The boss is right, the back of the fly is indeed dry.”

“She makes sense, she makes sense.”

“I’m sorry boss, my earlier words might’ve been a bit harsh.”

“It’s all because of those two. If they hadn’t caused trouble, we wouldn’t have acted so....”

Chapter 50: 049: She did it! _1

The two hefty men never anticipated things would escalate to this point. They were both beginning to perspire out of fear and after glancing at each other, they saw a mutual understanding. Seizing the opportunity when the crowd wasn't paying attention, they took a few steps back in preparation to sneak away.

Just as they were gearing up to make their escape, they felt a pale delicate hand rest on each of their shoulders. The hand was barely pressing against them, but only these two hefty men knew how much force was actually being applied. "Thinking of running? It's not that easy." Ni Yang raised an eyebrow at the two men, her tone light.

"Don't let them get away! Catch them!" The crowd immediately helped Ni Yang restrain the two hefty men.

Some even unbuckled their belts to aid in tying the men up.

"Bastards, we almost wronged our Little Boss because of you!" someone in the crowd kicked one of the hefty men forcefully.

"Exactly! Thank goodness our Little Boss is so discerning!" Framing the little boss didn't matter, the important thing was they might not get to enjoy such delicious noodles in the future.

"People like these should spend their time reflecting behind bars!"

"I'm going to call the police!"

During this severe crackdown, such deliberate provocations were deemed hooligan behavior and are punishable by law.

Moreover, this disgraceful label would follow them around for a lifetime, directly impacting their families as well.

Hearing this, the two hefty men panicked immediately and pleaded, "Don't call the police, we beg you all not to call the police! We promise we won't do it again! Really, we won't dare! Please give us a second chance to be better people."

The hefty men were nothing like the ferocious individuals they were

"People like these should spend their time reflecting behind bars!"

"I'm going to call the police!"

During this severe crackdown, such deliberate provocations were deemed hooligan behavior and are punishable by law.

Moreover, this disgraceful label would follow them around for a lifetime, directly impacting their families as well.

Hearing this, the two hefty men panicked immediately and pleaded, “Don’t call the police, we beg you all not to call the police! We promise we won’t do it again! Really, we won’t dare! Please give us a second chance to be better people.”

The hefty men were nothing like the ferocious individuals they were men.

Initially, they thought Ni Yang was bound to bite the bullet. No one expected her to fight back so beautifully! It’s fair to say that this incident had completely changed the vendors’ opinion of the delicate young girl.

She accomplished what the adults could not!

Zhu Yonghong never anticipated things would turn out this way, her face turned pale-white on the spot and her legs began to tremble.

What now?

What now?

These two idiots will definitely give her away.

Ni Yang, this little slut, where did she come from? Even this wasn’t enough to take her down!

Hoping that those two idiots wouldn’t rat her out.

Zhu Yonghong was praying in her heart. Cold sweat formed on her forehead and spine.

The police arrived quickly, taking the two hefty men back to the police station. Ni Yang and the other vendors, as victims and witnesses, had to go along as well.

Thankfully, Ni Yang didn’t have much noodle soup left to sell. After hastily packing her stall, she went to the police station along with the others.

At the station, the whole incident was confessed by the two hefty men.

As it turned out, Zhu Yonghong, the bun seller, was the mastermind behind everything.

Learning about the truth, the other vendors couldn’t help but lament, “Who would have thought that young Zhu Yonghong was this kind of person!” “Tsk tsk tsk! She looks decent, but she carries out actions that are inhumane!”

“I knew from the look of that mother and daughter that they were no simple figures”

“How could we have such people on our street.”

Now that the truth surfaced, Zhu Yonghong was destined to pay for her crimes behind bars.

When the police arrived at Zhu’s house, Zhu Yonghong was having dinner. She had held a ray of hope deep down. The moment she saw the police, she was so scared that she dropped her chopsticks.

By the time Ni Yang left the police station, it was already half-past twelve in the afternoon.

Outside, a gentle breeze was blowing, and the sun was just right.

Seeing such dazzling sunlight, Ni Yang’s mood lifted. Shielding her eyes with her hand, she looked up at the sun, a slight curve blooming on her lips.

It feels wonderful to be young.

Just like this, Ni Yang gazed at the sun, feeling a wave of unprecedented ease.

The moment Mo Baichuan stepped into the courtyard of the police station, he was captivated by the scene before him.

The person in the sunlight was smiling faintly, radiant as a summer flower, bathed in golden light. A gentle breeze blew, causing her hair to dance in the air, forming a perfect curve. It was indeed a stunning scene as if depicted in a painting.

The person seemed familiar.

Mo Baichuan slightly narrowed his eyes. His deep phoenix eyes were filled with darkness, his lips almost drawn into a thin line. The aura around him instantly turned cold.

He remembered.

This was Mu Yang!

The same little rural girl who had saved him, and then conveniently stole his watch.

Such a good-looking face, he wouldn’t forget.

The young girl was so pretty, it was puzzling why she had to resort to stealing.

What a waste of a beautiful face.

Furthermore, had she seen him?

If she had seen him, why would she act so indifferent?

Was it a tactic of playing hard to get?

However, according to Li Xianxian's investigation, Mu Yang was already married. Since she was already married, why play hard to get? Couldn't she behave more modestly?

Also, why did she steal his watch?

For a moment, hundreds of thoughts ran through Mo Baichuan's mind. Gêtt the latest chapters on [no/velbin\(.\)com](http://no/velbin(.)com)

Just then, his assistant reminded him, "Mr. Mo, it's time for our meeting with Mr. Lin."

"Hmm," Mo Baichuan replied, still exuding an awe-inspiring demeanor, "let's go in."

At that moment, Ni Yang was also heading towards the door.

The two of them brushed past each other.

Amid the gentle breeze, Mo Baichuan took a soft sniff.

It seemed he detected a pleasant scent.

Faint... a bit like bamboo, yet not like orchids, but with a slight hint of plum.

Mo Baichuan thought that Ni Yang would recognize him when they brushed past each other.

After all, he had once promised Ni Yang that she could come to Beijing to find him when in difficulty.

Therefore, her purpose of coming to Beijing must be because of him.

However, things didn't go quite as Mo Baichuan expected.

Not only did Ni Yang fail to recognize him, but she didn't even spare him an extra glance.

Time flies quickly.

In the blink of an eye, three days had passed.

Ni Yang's business had been thriving for these three days.

Today, it had been raining continuously since morning, after selling off all the noodles, Ni Yang rushed home.

Rainy days were perfect for lounging at home and watching TV while munching on some sunflower seeds. But considering she hadn't yet managed to buy a TV, Ni Yang had to scrap that plan.

Ni Yang went to the kitchen, kneaded some dough, sliced some tomatoes, apples, and bananas, and lit the oven to prepare to bake some bread and dried fruit as snacks.

Just as she finished preparations, Yang Guobao, hand in hand with Goudan, came in from outside with a smile.

“Sister!”

“Sister Ni Yang!”