

Yang Mei quickly handed over the chopsticks, looking at him expectantly.

Liang Yuan took the chopsticks, picked up a bite, his eyebrows slightly raised, and asked, "So plain?"

Yang Mei's face turned white instantly, and she hastily said, "Little brother, in this situation, soy sauce and salt are hard to come by, I didn't dare to put much."

Liang Yuan fell silent for a moment. Sister Mei was indeed a frugal woman.

People can't go long without salt, especially in June and July when he frequently exercises and sweats.

It's as if he's losing salt every day, so the salt intake is definitely low.

He had stockpiled a lot of salt before, and now with the system, he might get more salt at any time.

He looked at Yang Mei and said, "No need to save salt in the future. I bought a lot before, and it's enough for now."

Yang Mei quickly nodded, terrified, and said, "I... I know, little brother, I'll remake it right away."

Liang Yuan waved his hand, "We'll leave it as it is today. Where's the rice?"

"Ah, I'll go get it."

Yang Mei quickly served the rice, a big bowl full, scraping down even the last bit from the pot without wasting a grain.

She placed the bowl in front of Liang Yuan, and coaxed, "Little brother, the rice is here."

Smelling the fragrance of the rice and the aroma from the meat on the table, she couldn't help but salivate.

She swallowed her saliva and said, "Here you go."

Liang Yuan took the bowl and looked at her, "How much do you usually eat?"

Yang Mei hurriedly said, "I eat very little, a piece of bread in the morning is enough, I'm not hungry at all now, you don't need to worry about me."

She was afraid that Liang Yuan would think she ate too much and would drive her away.

Just as she finished speaking, her flat stomach growled loudly.

This made her pale face instantly flush with embarrassment.

Liang Yuan saw this and said plainly, "Go get another bowl."

She was stunned for a moment, not daring to ask more, and quickly found a small bowl.

Handing it over, she said self-reproachfully, "It's my fault, there's so much rice, it could be divided into several meals. I'll put it in the fridge."

As she was about to divide the rice, Liang Yuan reached out and pressed her fair hand.

At this touch, Yang Mei felt like she was electrocuted, and she quickly pulled her hand back with a little scream.

Her pale face blushed, and her eyes were filled with fear.

Liang Yuan took the spoon, divided half the rice into the small bowl, and said, "Eat."

He didn't say much, grabbed his chopsticks, and started eating the shredded pork with potatoes.

Yang Mei couldn't believe her eyes, she looked at Liang Yuan, then at the rice in the small bowl.

She asked in astonishment, "Is this... is this for me?"

At her home, Li Zhiqiang wouldn't even let her have a sip of noodle soup.

For Liang Yuan to suddenly give her a bowl of rice, she could hardly believe her ears.

"Aren't you eating?"

Yang Mei couldn't hold back any longer. She had starved for two days, and the bread she had in the morning was long digested.

She couldn't care less, hurriedly picked up the rice bowl, grabbed the chopsticks, and excitedly said, "I'm eating, I'm eating."

She ate voraciously, mumbling as she ate.

The rice filled her mouth, and she barely had time to chew, the long-missed aroma of rice attacking her taste buds.

She swallowed it down, feeling the deliciousness to the extreme.

Her burning stomach seemed to be filled with food all at once, giving her a comfortable feeling.

As she ate, tears started streaming down her face, and she suddenly began to sob.

Liang Yuan paused, turning to look at her, "Why are you crying?"

"It's so... so delicious. I... I haven't had rice for so long."

"The rice you lent us was finished half a month ago."

"These days, we've been surviving on biscuits, snacks, and instant noodles, one meal a day."

"I... I'm just too emotional. Little brother, thank you... thank you."

She cried while speaking, choking as she recounted her hardships over the past few months.

Finding someone to confide in, she told Liang Yuan all the suffering she endured.

Liang Yuan sighed inwardly after hearing her story.

Li Zhiqiang really was something else, hoarding food while she starved.

Indeed, marriage ties easily break in the face of disaster.

In a survival crisis, marital bonds are unreliable.

Especially in an arranged marriage like this.

Yang Mei was undoubtedly a good woman. If he were Liang Yuan, he would have divorced long ago.

Yang Mei actually endured all that.

And during the meal, she was well-behaved, only eating rice, not touching the shredded pork and potatoes.

Liang Yuan couldn't bear it and said, "Don't just eat rice, have some dishes."

Yang Mei quickly shook her head, "No, it's alright. I'm fine with rice. Little brother, you should eat the dishes. If there's any left, save it for dinner."

Liang Yuan, helpless, forced a large portion of the shredded pork and potatoes onto her plate. Only then did she fearfully thank him.

The meal ended just like that.

Before Liang Yuan could get up, Yang Mei stood up first and said, "I'll do the dishes, little brother, don't move, leave it all to me."

Liang Yuan let her clean up, his gaze falling unconsciously on her gourd-shaped figure, particularly the torn stockings under her short skirt.

Her fair long legs revealed a bit of smooth white skin through the torn stockings.

The slight pressure marks had a weird sort of excitement.

He took a deep breath and walked toward the kitchen.

Yang Mei, hearing footsteps, instinctively wanted to turn around.

However, before she could, a strong male scent surrounded her.

Liang Yuan had already hugged her from behind.

Yang Mei trembled all over, panicking.

"Little brother, you... you..."

She was frightened, holding onto those rough hands, wanting to pry them off but afraid of angering him.

She heard heavy breathing behind her.

"Wash the dishes."

Yang Mei's trembling body felt his head buried in her hair, deeply inhaling her scent.

Goosebumps rose all over, and her legs felt weak.

"Little... little brother... don't..."

She let out a cry, clearly feeling his hands moving down.

She dared not resist at all.

Liang Yuan felt a surge of heat as if he wanted to meld this woman into his chest.

But at that moment, a tear fell on his arm.

He was stunned, slowly turning her around.

Yang Mei was silently crying.

All his desires were instantly extinguished. He withdrew his wandering hand.

Liang Yuan frowned, confusion in his heart.

"How can I force her into something like this?"

"How am I any different from Liu Erlong and the others?"

Regaining his sanity, he took a deep breath, suppressing the beast within, and stepped back, saying, "Wash the dishes."

With that, he turned and walked toward the living room.

Yang Mei stared blankly at his departing figure, collapsing weakly beneath the sink.