Farmhouse 58

Chapter 58 Jin Zijin, How Old Are You?

It inevitably reminded her of her younger brother in the modern era, the son of her second uncle too.

During times when her second uncle and aunt tried to trip her up, it was often her brother who informed her of their schemes.

Gu Youyou was incredibly astonished; the fates of Gu Youyous from two different time-spaces were too similar, weren't they?

Even the details about her little brother were identical.

At that moment, Jin Zijin came out of the house and said, "We won't go today.

Your sister isn't feeling well and needs her medicine.

It's not easy for her to go out.

Just explain this to Grandpa, and he will understand."

Gu Youyou looked at Jin Zijin with surprise, always feeling like there was some secret between him and Grandfather Gu.

Moreover, it was clear that Grandfather Gu trusted Jin Zijin a lot, an outsider who had neither relatives nor friends here…

"Youyou, it's windy at the door.

Come back inside quickly."

As she was pondering, Jin Zijin authoritatively pulled her back into the house.

Gu Hong seemed stunned for a moment, then left.

He felt quite regretful that his sister couldn't come as it was hard to explain it to Grandpa, but her coming wouldn't be good either.

Although he was an honest person, he was very clear about the situation at home.

In this household, except for Grandpa, he was afraid no one would welcome his sister and her family to come over for dumplings.

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Miss Gu had her first try at starting a fire today, but it was Jin Zijin who ignited it initially.

She took over halfway.

In the stove, two large logs were burning; all she needed to do was adjust their positions appropriately and add some small kindling from time to time to ensure the fire didn't go out.

The main reason, though, was that she was cold and wanted to warm herself by the fire, and also…

to prepare this New Year's Eve dinner with Jin Zijin.

Jin Zijin's knife skills were particularly good.

Watching him slice vegetables and chop meat was like watching an exciting acrobatic show.

Gu Youyou watched him dreamily, chin propped on her hand.

Why did she feel like Jin Zijin was getting better and better?

She giggled like a foolish fan twice and asked, “Jin Zijin, how long have you been practicing your knife skills?”

Jin Zijin was taken aback for a moment, glanced at the knife in his hand, and thought for a bit before replying, “Many years, almost…

twenty years now.”

“Twenty years?” Gu Youyou’s eyes widened in surprise.

Jin Zijin perpetually refrained from shaving, his face becoming even scruffier with his overgrown beard.

Not only did his beard cover his appearance, but also concealed his age.

Having been around him for so long, Gu Youyou suddenly realized she still didn’t know Jin Zijin’s age.

She asked, “How old are you, if I may know?

Uh…

if it’s inconvenient, never mind.”

After spending so much time together, Gu Youyou naturally knew that his beard was deliberately kept, hiding something.

Perhaps his age was a taboo topic for him as well.

Gu Youyou lowered her head to tend the fire, lips curving into a slight smile as if it were an accidental thought.

Illuminated by the light of the fire, her pale face glowed with a faint rosiness, resembling a delicate blush of clouds spreading across her cheeks.

Jin Zijin grabbed a rabbit for chopping.

They planned to eat braised rabbit that day.

Gu Youyou, who hadn't eaten meat for many days, had been longing to save the rabbit for a New Year's feast.

"After the New Year, on the twenty-sixth, I'll be twenty-six.

I started practicing with the knife at six."

Gu Youyou was startled and looked up at him, "Is your family in the cooking business?"

If not a chef, who would have a child start practicing with a knife at only six years old?

Even if one wanted to learn cooking, there was no need to start that early, right?

Upon hearing Gu Youyou's words, Jin Zijin hesitated for a long time without bringing the knife down.

At times she was clever, but then could be so clueless that he didn't know how to handle it.

How was he supposed to explain to her that what he wielded was not a kitchen knife?