

Folly 51

Chapter 51: Careful Calculation (Bonus Update for Recommendation Votes)

"Afraid everyone isn't clear, let me explain, what's on my palm was left by the silly guy who just grabbed my hand. It's animal grease. He was selling meat at his stall earlier, and hasn't had a chance to wash the grease off his hands, so anywhere he touched would have this kind of mark."

Mu Shuangshuang, fearing people wouldn't believe her, grabbed Lu Yuanfeng's hand and lightly rubbed it on her left sleeve, leaving a clearly visible layer of grease on her sleeve.

And this grease, in the sunlight, is reflective.

"There really is grease! Damn, weren't we all fooled by this woman?"

The quickest person in the crowd to react shouted, and immediately, the people around began to criticize the woman who wrongfully accused Lu Yuanfeng.

The woman, seeing things unraveling, prepared to escape. Mu Shuangshuang tossed the bun in her hand into Lu Yuanfeng's arms, took a step forward, and grabbed the woman's two arms, executing a beautiful shoulder throw.

"Bang," the woman's body slammed onto the ground, especially her prideful chest that was now in intimate contact with the earth.

"Oh my, my boobs... they're smashed, smashed..."

The surrounding crowd burst into laughter, while the women cursed even more—after all, a woman dared to shamelessly say such things in public.

The person on the ground let out wails of pain, while Mu Shuangshuang sneered, took a quick step forward, and delivered a swift kick to the person's behind.

"Ah..." The pig-slaughtering like screams echoed the entire street.

The man who initially argued with Mu Shuangshuang saw her vicious kick, covered his own behind in fear, and bolted away as quickly as he could.

"Shuangshuang, you..." Lu Yuanfeng hadn't yet recovered from the shock, but Mu Shuangshuang was already moving forward.

"What? Think I'm a shrew, too heavy-handed?" Mu Shuangshuang smirked at Lu Yuanfeng, neither warm nor cold.

"No, I think you're amazing."

"Of course, there's even more amazing stuff, but unfortunately, the body is too weak." Mu Shuangshuang whispered, thinking of the grappling and combat skills she learned in police academy,

which all went unused. The original body's feeble frame, starving every day, limited her strength output. If she had Lu Yuanfeng's build...

Mu Shuangshuang suddenly thought of Popeye; if she had Lu Yuanfeng's physique, she could handle three men, but alas, forget becoming a strongman, she'd be content to have the build of a normal person.

Lu Yuanfeng's eyes darkened; the person in front of him was indeed very frail, limbs supported by the skeletal frame. If not for this face, walking out at night could be mistaken for a skeleton, believed by some. Yet this small frame also possessed such strong power.

"Shuangshuang, I originally intended to buy you some sugar cakes, but then things happened, today's incident..."

"Today's incident, you owe me, so I only owe you one favor now."

He saved her twice, she helped him once, so they cancel each other out, leaving her to owe him only once.

But speaking of sugar cakes, Mu Shuangshuang remembered the buns she bought, now still in Lu Yuanfeng's arms. Mu Shuangshuang took back the buns and gave him the one with meat filling wrapped separately.

"Thank you for having Yuanbao send me herbs."

Lu Yuanfeng refused to accept, "You keep it for yourself, I sold a lot of meat in the morning, I can buy some myself."

"Silly guy, you really are silly, am I a pig? Can I eat that much?" Mu Shuangshuang glared, forcefully making Lu Yuanfeng take the bun.

Are you kidding, thinking of herself as Mu Shuangshuang, a proper person, could she really do things like taking advantage without repaying favors?

"Shuangshuang, you..." Lu Yuanfeng initially wanted Mu Shuangshuang to stop calling him silly, but after some thought, he found it wasn't that bad, even though being called that by a girl four years younger was a bit awkward.

"Forget it, I'll go buy you some sugar cakes." This time, Lu Yuanfeng intended to directly hold Mu Shuangshuang's hand, but she dodged.

"Forget the sugar cakes, I'll buy them myself." Promised Little Zhi, naturally must do it herself. "Also, men and women shouldn't touch hands inappropriately, don't casually hold my hand."

Mu Shuangshuang, used to being among men, actually understands Lu Yuanfeng, a man from the army camp. But this isn't police academy, nor a barracks; in ancient times, a man and woman holding hands, isn't it foolish to let others talk?

"Sorry." Lu Yuanfeng blushed heavily, having unconsciously tried to hold Shuangshuang's hand...

"Forget it, by the way, do you know where I can find a place selling pots? I mean small pots, about this big." Mu Shuangshuang drew a circle the size of a watermelon to ask Lu Yuanfeng.

She thought Lu Yuanfeng, staying longer at the market, should know.

"This you have to buy from the blacksmith, the ones at the market are all big iron pots."

"Then do you know where the forge is?" Mu Shuangshuang confirmed this place wasn't at the market.

"It's not far from here, let's buy the sugar cakes first, I'll take you there." Lu Yuanfeng feared Mu Shuangshuang wouldn't agree, adding another sentence. "If you go yourself, you might take a long detour."

"What about your stall? Aren't there things left to sell?" Not sure if the pig trotters were sold out, but the wild chickens and rabbits likely weren't.

"I'll... take them home, probably won't sell anymore."

"You're silly, why take them home, bring them back next time? Why not take them to a bigger tavern in town, sell to them."

By the way, tell them you'll help clean all the animals, people love convenience, might end up cooperating with you in the future, buy your game, and you won't need to set up a stall."

"Oh yeah, I didn't think of that, Shuangshuang you're really smart." Lu Yuanfeng grinned at Mu Shuangshuang, eyes full of admiration.

"That's because you're too silly, I call you silly guy, you still don't believe." Mu Shuangshuang shook her head, thought for a moment, "Don't be too silly, set a bottom line for yourself in business, don't foolishly take losing deals."

"Yes, I got it."

Mu Shuangshuang felt she was like a nagging mom with Lu Yuanfeng, talking nonstop for such a long time, well, no choice, she's owed someone a favor?

It's said that favors can't be owed, otherwise it gets tangly. That's really true.

Under Lu Yuanfeng's guidance, Mu Shuangshuang finally arrived at the forge, which was just a street behind the market, not far, a few minutes through the alley, and the luckiest thing: Mu Shuangshuang successfully saw the iron pot she had been longing for.

The iron pot was just as she measured, the size of a watermelon, and the edges were solid in the middle, resting her hand on it wouldn't worry about cuts, Mu Shuangshuang lifted the pot to test its weight, not heavy, guessed less than half a pound, perfect for cooking.

"Shopkeeper, how much is this iron pot?"