

Folly 52

Chapter 52: Joyful Return Home (1)

"I'm not the shopkeeper, I'm just a clerk. You should ask Brother Yuan Feng; he knows how much silver it costs." The young man watching the store scratched his head in embarrassment when he heard Mu Shuangshuang's words.

Clearly, he and Lu Yuanfeng knew each other.

No wonder Lu Yuanfeng wanted to bring her here to buy the iron pot. It was to give business to an acquaintance, which was fine; don't let the profits flow to outsiders.

"Hey, Lu Yuanfeng, how much silver is this pot?"

With outsiders around, Mu Shuangshuang didn't call Lu Yuanfeng a silly boy. After all, people care about face. But asking her to call him Brother Yuan Feng was out of the question. Considering she was already twenty-four in the modern age, how could she call a young lad brother? She'd be laughed at.

Without hesitation, Lu Yuanfeng held up three fingers, "Three coppers!"

The boy next to him was about to speak but was stopped by Lu Yuanfeng's glance and had to swallow all the words he wanted to say.

"What?" Mu Shuangshuang gave a jolt, patting her ears, doubting there was something wrong with her hearing. Three coppers, the price of six buns, could buy a small iron pot?

This isn't even how they sell scrap, right?

"Silly boy, you can't be making this up, can you? An iron pot is worth more than six buns?" In a moment of urgency, Mu Shuangshuang couldn't even care about how she addressed him.

Lu Yuanfeng shook his head earnestly, "No, it's just three coppers. Originally, Uncle Da Niu planned to make a big pot, but something went wrong, so he used the leftover iron to make this small pot. It's so small that no one can use it, just sitting in the shop, and Uncle Da Niu said he'd sell it for a single copper if someone wanted it."

Only then did Mu Shuangshuang believe Lu Yuanfeng's words. After all, this ancient age wasn't like modern times; ancient people liked big pots, with large families, who would use such a small pot?

"Here's three coppers, take it." Mu Shuangshuang handed the money to the blacksmith shop clerk but was troubled when she looked at the iron pot. The third branch and the Old Mu Family hadn't split up yet, and everything she brought back would be taken by Old Mrs. Mu. She wasn't afraid of clashing with Old Mrs. Mu. At worst, she'd leave with nothing and take the chance to go big and make a fortune.

But the problem was with Mu Dashan. He respected Old Mrs. Mu so much that he would certainly apologize and kneel, which wasn't an outcome she wanted to see.

Mu Shuangshuang rolled her eyes, thought for a moment, and finally set her plan on Lu Yuanfeng.

"Lu Yuanfeng, can you help me take the pot back? Also, here's four coppers. When you pass the market later, can you buy me two pieces of white sugar cake and four meat-filled buns? I'll meet you in the woods south of the village tonight to get the cake and buns."

The buns and white sugar cakes were naturally for Little Zhi. Of course, Mu Xiaohan might get some too, depending on how he behaved, because that kid still held a grudge against her.

The iron pot was even simpler; she would find a time to place it in the secret base she and Little Zhi had found. Then, at noon, they could use the iron pot to steam, boil, and roast whatever they wanted to eat.

"Where are you going?" Lu Yuanfeng lowered his head, hiding the flicker of disappointment in his eyes.

"I'm going to find my mother. Coming to town today was with her consent."

"Oh, then can you go to Yuanbao's place first? You didn't say goodbye to him, and I'm afraid he might throw a fit later." Actually, Yuanbao would never throw a fit. He was sensible, but inexplicably, Lu Yuanfeng just said this without thinking.

"Alright, anyway, it's not the busiest time right now."

It wasn't lunchtime yet, and Yu Si Niang's kitchen shouldn't be busy, so going to Yuanbao's was no big deal.

Mu Shuangshuang left the blacksmith shop first, and as soon as she left, the boy next to them asked in confusion.

"Brother Yuan Feng, why did you tell her no one wants this iron pot? Many rich families actually like it for cooking hot pot in winter, it's so convenient."

"Little Niu, don't tell anyone. I'll give you the remaining twenty-seven coppers in private. Just pretend this never happened."

The iron pot Mu Shuangshuang bought was not three coppers but thirty. Lu Yuanfeng lied, but he didn't feel anything was wrong.

Shuangshuang was a good girl, and it's what she deserved.

"Alright, alright, I won't say anything. But, Brother Yuan Feng, you haven't been to the shop recently. My dad is asking when you're coming to have dinner at our house. Do you have time today?"

Lu Yuanfeng looked at the distant figure outside the shop, quickly shaking his head. "No, I have something else. Next time when I come, I'll bring Uncle Da Niu some things from the mountains."

With this hurried conversation, Lu Yuanfeng quickly went to find Mu Shuangshuang, who was calculating the silver she spent. She realized she had spent seven coppers in total, plus the previous four, totaling eleven coppers, leaving her with just sixteen.

Money really didn't last; it was gone in the blink of an eye.

"Hey, why did you come out so quickly?" Mu Shuangshuang turned around to find Lu Yuanfeng standing behind her. Who knows how long he had been there.

"There's nothing much. It's just that Uncle Da Niu hasn't seen me in a while and wanted to have a drink with me. I refused because I have something to do this afternoon."

"That's good! Drinking as a minor isn't good." Mu Shuangshuang responded automatically, only realizing after she'd spoken that she wasn't an officer anymore, and it wasn't her business whether minors drank or not.

"Thank you, I got it." Lu Yuanfeng's face lit up, thinking Shuangshuang was concerned about him.

When the two of them arrived at Yuanbao's place, Yuanbao immediately ran over.

"Brother, Sister Shuangshuang, you're finally back! I was afraid you'd gotten lost." Yuanbao, with his milk voice, spoke to Lu Yuanfeng.

"Yuanbao, we're back now. I'm here to say goodbye. I'm leaving, so you and your brother take care!" Mu Shuangshuang said a few words about her departure and was ready to leave.

Yuanbao pouted, seeming unhappy, but it was Lu Yuanfeng who started packing things on the stall, just as Mu Shuangshuang had suggested, planning to try his luck at the tavern.

Mu Shuangshuang noticed he was about to throw away the wild boar skin.

"Hey, silly boy, you're not going to throw away the boar skin, are you?"

Lu Yuanfeng paused, then nodded. "They didn't want the wild boar skin, said it was too rough."

"They" clearly referred to those collecting animal hides. Soft hides like roe deer and deer could be made into fur clothing, but boar skin was too hard and would hurt if made into clothing.

"Then give it to me, but you'll have to bring it back for me." Mu Shuangshuang made a pleading gesture toward Lu Yuanfeng. She knew she was being troublesome, but there was no help for it. At the moment, everything besides herself that could be seen by Old Mrs. Mu couldn't be brought back, or it'd be like sheep entering a tiger's mouth.

"Alright!"