

Folly 63

Chapter 63: Silly Man

Mu Shuangshuang came down the mountain, gathered some firewood, set up a simple frame, and used the hatchet left by Lu Yuanfeng to dig a small stove. She cleaned the pot, set it on the frame, and started a fire to boil water.

Speaking of which, these outdoor skills of Mu Shuangshuang were actually learned back in police school, when a few close classmates arranged to cook outdoors in the mountains, learning from a local guide with experience.

At that time, learning was just for novelty and fun, but now, those skills she didn't pay much attention to have become essentials for her to live a better life.

Finding a sturdy stick, Mu Shuangshuang sharpened one end. A hatchet is indeed better than scissors, not only because it's sharp but also because it doesn't waste much time.

It's just a pity there were no bamboos. Sharpening bamboo is the best for fishing; one stab and it can directly pierce the fish's belly.

"Sister Shuangshuang, are you going to catch fish?" Yuanbao squinted his eyes wide open, looking at Mu Shuangshuang with curiosity. In his impression, people usually caught fish by going into the water themselves, seldom using a fork.

"Yes, sister will catch fish and cook them for you at lunch." Mu Shuangshuang gently said to Yuanbao.

As soon as she finished speaking, Yuanbao tilted his head as if in thought. When Mu Shuangshuang went into the water, Yuanbao followed and jumped in.

"Yuanbao, what are you doing? Get out, it's dangerous in the water." Shuangshuang was startled by Yuanbao's sudden action and quickly urged him to go up, but Yuanbao dove straight to the bottom and disappeared.

"Oh no, Yuanbao..." Mu Shuangshuang threw the long stick in her hand and dove into the river herself. Just as she entered, Yuanbao surfaced with a fish he caught from the stream.

"Wow, Brother Yuanbao is amazing, caught a fish!" On the bank, Little Zhi clapped and shouted upon seeing the fish in Yuanbao's hand, clearly acting like a little fan girl.

Hearing the noise, Mu Shuangshuang surfaced from the water. Knowing Yuanbao could swim, she didn't force him to get out of the water.

The sharpened stick was swiftly reused by her, and within no time, she caught two fishes. She climbed out of the water, cleaned the fish, and put them into the pot where the water was already boiling. Apart from the salt she carried, there were no other seasonings.

It was simple, but better than an empty stomach. Mu Shuangshuang washed and separated the wild vegetables one by one. When the fish began to release a fragrant smell, the mountain people finally returned.

Lu Yuanfeng was soaked in his own sweat, even his hair was wet, enough to show how hot it was up the mountain.

He carried a log half a person's thickness on his shoulder, both ends cleaned, showing he must have exerted some effort in chopping it.

"Just right, the fish is almost cooked. Although there's nothing much added, the original flavor of the fish should be intact."

"Here!" Lu Yuanfeng pulled a small green fruit from his pocket, a small unknown thing.

"What's this?"

"Ai Zi, there's no chili in the military camp, so everyone picks this for the Fire Head Army to add to the food. It tastes much better." After speaking, Lu Yuanfeng looked a bit embarrassedly at Mu Shuangshuang.

"I found it while chopping wood, so I brought it along. It's kind of like chili sauce, don't... don't mind it."

Mu Shuangshuang glanced at Lu Yuanfeng. With just one look, she knew the person in front of her was lying. Clearly, when they went up the mountain, his body and face were fine. Now, there were a few scratches on his face, and his clothes had several slashes.

This silly guy must have deliberately gone to find the Ai Zi.

"I don't mind. Since it's a substitute for chili, it shouldn't be bad. Thank you, Lu Yuanfeng!"

Lu Yuanfeng's face reddened up to his ears from a simple thanks from Mu Shuangshuang. He stood there foolishly, forgetting to put down the log from his shoulder.

It wasn't until Yuanbao called him several times that he came back to his senses.

"Second brother, what's wrong? Why's your face as red as a monkey's butt? Is it because of Sister Shuangshuang?"

"Yuanbao, don't... talk nonsense." Lu Yuanfeng felt guilty, lowered the log from his back to the side, and sneakily glanced at Shuangshuang, who was washing Ai Zi by the stream.

For some reason, he suddenly remembered the last time Shuangshuang came by the stream, and not only did his face blush again, but even his chest burned with heat.

What's wrong with him? Is it a fever?

Next to him, Xiao Han, hearing Yuanbao's words, his formerly smiling face suddenly clouded over. The stick in his hand snapped in half with a crack.

He felt deeply upset, as if something was being taken away from him.

After washing the Ai Zi, Mu Shuangshuang couldn't help but look a few more times at the small green fruit in her hand. She did know that in ancient times, before chilies appeared, there were things that replaced them, but she didn't expect it to be something so unassuming.

But what she thought more of was Lu Yuanfeng's meticulousness; even such a small detail crossed his mind, and he managed to bring it back.

However, she also knew these small things must be hard to pick; otherwise, how to explain him not getting hurt hunting but having scratches on his face because of them?

Returning to the shade, Mu Shuangshuang threw all the Ai Zi into the boiling pot, just as she was thinking the fish should be done, Lu Yuanfeng approached her.

"Shuangshuang, do you... prefer rabbit roasted or boiled?"

The heat hadn't faded from his face, and Lu Yuanfeng dared not look at the person in front of him, just lowered his head, staring at his toes, trying to hide his awkwardness.

"No need, with fish and the wild vegetables, it's enough."

"Not enough, not enough..." Yuanbao interjected in a low voice, "I want to eat fat rabbit, fat rabbit..."

"But you could sell these in town for money." Mu Shuangshuang hesitated, thinking a rabbit could sell for fifty or sixty coins, was this silly guy so willing to share?

"It's okay, I still have Silver left from the last time I sold prey; it's enough to use." Lu Yuanfeng said, heading alone to the stream.

The place where Mu Shuangshuang cooked wasn't even two hundred meters from the creek, and there was a tree shade above. Since it was in a canyon, the occasional breeze kept it from feeling overly hot.

Looking at the boy squatting by the creek handling the rabbit, she felt incredibly odd for some time.

How much has she benefited from this silly guy, she wondered, with the gifts of rabbits, buns, and now, even a rabbit meal again.

"Yuanbao, is your brother always this silly? Giving away his prey freely?"

Busy telling stories to Little Zhi, Yuanbao didn't really hear Mu Shuangshuang's question, just responded with an "Um" simply upon hearing his name.

For a while, Mu Shuangshuang didn't know what to say, only sighing: Gosh, there truly are people in this world who don't treat others as outsiders.