

## Folly 82

### Chapter 82 Setting Up a Stall

Mu Shuangshuang spent some time pushing her things to the intersection of a street on the east side of town.

There were many shops there, but luckily one was closed, and the shop entrance had a big willow tree, making it a perfect shady spot.

Mu Shuangshuang carefully observed and knew the shop had been closed for quite a while, so she simply set up her stall there, ready to start business.

She borrowed tables, bowls, and tea cups from a nearby restaurant; three tables, and a set of cups and bowls totaling twenty pieces.

The rent was five coins, slightly expensive, but she had no choice since she didn't have money to buy them; renting was bound to be a loss.

Mu Shuangshuang set up the stall, poured a cup of raspberry juice, and placed two bowls of cold noodles on the table.

The cold noodles were still in tofu-shaped blocks, which Mu Shuangshuang would cut later when serving.

"Shuangshuang, can you manage by yourself? Maybe we shouldn't sell cold noodles next time."

A daughter is precious, earning money is not important.

"Mom, don't worry about me. Just think of it as me training myself. I promise I won't let myself suffer, okay?"

A mother worries about her child traveling far, and Yu Si Niang always saw her daughter as someone needing care; Mu Shuangshuang didn't get impatient, instead, she greatly enjoyed the rare love.

Yu Si Niang had no choice but to sigh, hoping her family would improve soon, allowing her to use her wages to help support them.

Every few steps, Yu Si Niang would turn back to look at her daughter Shuangshuang.

At this moment, she saw her daughter had already taken out the chopping board and knife, and laid the cucumbers Zhao Yun had picked from the field on the table.

"Mom, go ahead. I'm really fine here."

Yu Si Niang's gaze was intense, and even though Mu Shuangshuang didn't lift her head, she felt it, but still didn't stop her actions.

Cold noodles needed to be cut into strips, cucumbers shredded, and after everything was done, she had to mix the sauce into the cold noodles. When the first bowl was completed, Mu Shuangshuang showed a satisfied look.

She placed the cold noodles on the table and started yelling.

"Come and take a look, the most suitable food for summer, cold noodles and fruit juice, a tongue-dropping delicacy!"

"Fresh and delicious fruit juice, freshly made cold noodles, made and sold now..."

"Women find it beautifying, men find it energizing..."

Mu Shuangshuang shouted with her hands shaped like a megaphone, unafraid of the surrounding eyes, attracting the curious to stop.

The finished cold noodles were placed at the most eye-catching spot on the table; white cold noodles, drizzled with red chili oil, topped with a bit of cucumber shred, paired with a cup of red raspberry juice.

The first to approach was a girl dressed exquisitely, probably a maid from a large household, with two braids and her eyes fixed on Mu Shuangshuang's bowl for a while before speaking.

"Hey, kid, what are these?"

While speaking, the girl couldn't help but swallow as the aroma from the cold noodles' sauce wafted over.

"Cold noodles, in other words, non-hot noodles with more benefits like beautifying and stimulating appetite."

"How much?"

Noticing the well-dressed person in front, Mu Shuangshuang assumed she wasn't lacking money, so she tried quoting the price. "Five coins a bowl."

The girl didn't hesitate and forked over five coins; Mu Shuangshuang originally intended to make another bowl for her, but she insisted on having the freshly made one instead.

The cold noodles, once in the mouth, tasted savory, spicy, sour, and tender, these flavors spread on the taste buds, and after one bite, the girl exclaimed to Mu Shuangshuang.

"So good... so spicy... wow... so spicy..."

Mu Shuangshuang then picked up the raspberry juice she had poured and walked over to the girl, "You should drink this with it. You're my first customer, so I'll give this drink to you."

The girl's face instantly broke into a wide smile. She took a sip of the juice Mu Shuangshuang offered, clenching her fists together. "So delicious..."

With such a good start, others who had been watching quickly crowded over.

"Give me a bowl of cold noodles..."

"I want some too."

"That red drink, I want a cup as well."

Mu Shuangshuang responded to each one, while also naming the price for raspberry juice.

"The red drink is juice, three coins per cup. Just let me know if you want some."

Just like Mu Shuangshuang said, the east side of town was mostly filled with leisurely shoppers, and a few coins meant nothing, so most who ordered cold noodles also got a juice.

With two tables, a maximum of eight people could sit at once, meaning some had to queue.

Mu Shuangshuang calculated while cutting blocks, realizing there were thirty-two bowls in total, about four rounds worth.

But being alone, managing money, making food, and washing dishes, kept her incredibly busy.

After a few rounds, the crowds began to thin.

Just then, a man stopped at Mu Shuangshuang's stall.

"It's you, little girl, I've been looking for you for quite some time."

Mu Shuangshuang looked up to see a man, likely in his forties. She stared at his face for a moment, quickly matching it to the one she taught to handle pig intestines.

"Uncle, turns out it's you! So, did the pig intestines taste especially good when prepared my way last time?"

Mu Shuangshuang liked to establish connections actively, and surely the man's smile deepened hearing her.

"The method you taught me was indeed great, and it got me quite a reward as well."

The man began sharing his experience, coincidentally he used to be a waiter at a tavern in town, helping the shopkeeper run errands.

After buying pig intestines, he fiddled with them in his room until the tavern's head chef noticed.

Upon tasting, the chef found it exceptional and assigned the man to help in the kitchen.

In a tavern, the kitchen is usually where all good food starts, letting the staff get a taste first, and they even get leftovers untouched by customers.

Therefore, he was extremely grateful to Mu Shuangshuang and planned to purchase more meat from her stall until she was gone and her stall wasn't there.

"So, what delicious are you working on now, why not selling meat?"

The man was curious, and Mu Shuangshuang's mind raced. Though she didn't know the scale of the tavern where he worked.

If she could use him as a connection, she might secure a steady supply channel of catches from Lu Yuanfeng, repaying his favor.

"My brother says business is tough now, and the last hunt didn't sell, leaving him with no income.

Hence, I'm out selling snacks, earning small change. Uncle, would you like to try and give me some feedback, that might help me improve?"

Embarrassed, the man scratched his head, "How about this, I'll buy one. How much?"

"Oh no, Uncle, you supported my business last time, this time I'll treat you."