

## Folly 83

Chapter 83: Cooperation with the Fat Chef

"Little girl, making your own money isn't easy. I'm a grown man; I can't let you pay."

"Uncle, aren't you already taking care of my brother's business? Let me treat you as a thank you."

If there's a chance next time, do more business with my brother. He's not great with words and only knows how to foolishly hunt in the mountains, he's clueless about everything else."

Mu Shuangshuang intentionally guided the man back to the previous topic, trying to see if there was any opportunity at the man's restaurant.

"Oh, is it just about that? Don't worry, as long as I run into your brother, I'll buy all my meat from him."

The man patted his chest in assurance, but didn't mention any introductions.

Mu Shuangshuang knew she couldn't rush things, so she carefully catered to this uncle.

She placed the cold noodles on the chopping board, cut them into tofu-like pieces, and deliberately added more chili oil than usual while spooning it.

Finally, she added shredded cucumbers and a little vinegar, mixing it all up in a large bowl.

A bowl of cold mixed noodles was ready.

"Uncle, the cold noodles are ready, please try them."

The man sat upright on the long bench, looking at the colorful and appetizing bowl of noodles in front of him, somehow drooling at the mouth.

With a hunch, the man thought the food in front of him must be particularly delicious.

He picked up a small piece of cold noodles with his chopsticks and put it in his mouth. Before Mu Shuangshuang could ask, he quickly picked up the bowl from the table, stuffing noodles into his mouth rapidly, stirring his tongue as he ate.

Different from others who came to eat, the man didn't even stop or ask for water because of the spiciness, practically finishing the noodles in one go.

After finishing, he licked the bowl clean of any leftovers.

"Little girl, get me another bowl, it's too delicious..."

"Alright, hang on."

Mu Shuangshuang was overjoyed inside; this man's reaction was the strongest. Others just said "delicious" after finishing and left after drinking their juice.

He was the first to eat one bowl and then a second.

After a flurry of noise, Mu Shuangshuang made another bowl, then a third...

The man finally felt full, and Mu Shuangshuang's juice was also finished with him drinking three glasses.

"Little girl, your food is truly authentic. Come, I'll take you to meet our head chef."

While speaking, the man stood up, intending to take Mu Shuangshuang to their restaurant.

"Uncle, I can't. I haven't sold out what's here, and I haven't returned the borrowed items yet."

In fact, after the man ate so many bowls, she only had two bowls of cold noodles and one glass of juice left in her bucket.

"The rest of your noodles, don't sell them. I'll buy them all and later I'll take you to meet the head chef. I just ate three bowls of noodles, and drank three glasses of juice, see how much it is."

"No way, I said it's on me." Shuangshuang quickly shook her head, refusing to accept any money.

Unexpectedly, the man went up to another customer who was still eating, asked for the price, and stubbornly took out thirty wen from his pocket and placed it on Mu Shuangshuang's table.

"Not sure if this is enough. I left in a hurry and only brought this much. If it's not enough, I'll give you more later."

"No need, it's enough, more than enough. Then, uncle, wait a moment, I'll return the tables and chairs and wash the dishes for others."

Fortunately, the restaurant where she borrowed stuff was nearby. After returning everything, Mu Shuangshuang had the man help push her cart to the restaurant where he worked, Jiu Si Xuan.

From the outside, the restaurant looked quite grand. The man led Mu Shuangshuang to the back kitchen with familiarity. After exchanging a few words, the chubby head chef approached Mu Shuangshuang.

"Little girl, Ah Fu says your food is very tasty. Could you make me a portion?"

Mu Shuangshuang didn't hesitate. She picked up the last two pieces of cold noodles in the bucket, borrowed a chopping board and knife, and began preparing the cold noodles just as before.

Since the one tasting next was the head chef, Mu Shuangshuang was more attentive than before, trying to make the cuts the same size.

The cold noodles prepared, Mu Shuangshuang carefully placed the plate in front of the chubby chef.

The chubby chef, clearly someone who had seen the world, glanced at the dish Mu Shuangshuang presented, sniffed it briefly, and spoke.

"This gelatinous, translucent stuff should be made from mung beans. As for the seasoning, it's nothing more than garlic, green onion, and ginger.

Most people only know mung beans can be used to make mung bean cakes and mung bean water, but they don't realize they can be made into this. Little girl, you're quite clever."

Instantly, Mu Shuangshuang felt a newfound respect for the person in front of her. Although it was just simple fare, this chubby chef clearly had real skills.

He took a piece of cold noodles, dipped it in the sauce, and after a while, gave Mu Shuangshuang a thumbs-up.

"Little girl, the taste and texture are good, but it's most wonderful to have in the summer, not only appetizing but also healthy."

"Master Liu, how is it? Isn't the little girl's creation quite good? If we add such a bowl of cool noodles to our menu in the summer, along with a sweet fruit juice, the customers should love it. Also, the stir-fried intestines from last time, she was the one who taught me how to make it, and it was really delicious."

Without mentioning, it's even more evident that Mu Shuangshuang is something special to the chubby chef.

"Little girl, would you like to collaborate with me? Sell me your recipe, and I'll pay you a sum of money."

Mu Shuangshuang gently smiled, "Uncle, I would love to sell the recipe to you, but as you know, for a fisherman, fish can be sold to others, but the net cannot be, or else the fisherman might starve in the future.

You wouldn't want me, a little girl, to lose my livelihood and starve myself, would you?"

In her last sentence, Mu Shuangshuang was pretending to seek sympathy, expressing the idea that as a young girl, she's trying her best.

"So, what you really want, little girl, is to sell me your finished cold noodles?"

The chubby chef somewhat understood, feeling the young girl in front of him was exceptionally clever. Selling her method of making cold noodles could earn her quick money.

But afterward, she'd have no more income.

"Yes, uncle, if you think it's viable, I can teach you more complicated sauce recipes as well.

Furthermore, I'll show you a few other ways to make cold noodles, and as long as you sell them at your restaurant, I won't sell at the market."

Making cold noodles was just the first step for Mu Shuangshuang; she had many more ideas and didn't mind abandoning this one.

The chubby chef remained silent, seemingly pondering Mu Shuangshuang's proposal. Meanwhile, Mu Shuangshuang was anxious as it was her first project for collaboration. If it fell through, she'd have no choice but to continue setting up a street stall.

"Master Liu, I think it could work. Cold noodles are meant for hot weather, once summer's over, there might not be many people eating them. Our arrangement could even save the restaurant money."

Uncle Ah Fu's words enlightened the chubby chef. Indeed, while Mu Shuangshuang's cold noodles were delicious, they were only suitable for summer. When the weather turned cold, people would still prefer hot food.

"Alright, then let's discuss the specifics of the price—"