

Folly 87

Chapter 87 The Rabbit Was Eaten (First Update)

With Lu Yuanfeng's help pushing the cart, Mu Shuangshuang decides to head back early. She asks the servant of Wealth Master Zhang's household to pass a message to Yu Si Niang, explaining the situation and reassuring her.

Before going back, Mu Shuangshuang decides to treat Lu Yuanfeng to lunch. Since it's their first time dining out, they don't choose a big restaurant; instead, they randomly find a roadside stall and each order a bowl of noodle soup.

One with scallion oil, the other with minced meat, costing a total of nine wen. But the portions are surprisingly large, served in a large bowl enough for about three or four of Mu Shuangshuang's usual meals.

When the noodles arrive, the vendor places the scallion oil noodles in front of Lu Yuanfeng, while the minced meat dish naturally ends up in front of Mu Shuangshuang.

"Ma'am, could you please bring me another bowl?"

The noodle vendor, a kindly looking older woman, receives Mu Shuangshuang's friendly sincerity and smiles as she goes to fetch the bowl.

Soon, the vendor brings over the bowl, but Mu Shuangshuang sets it aside without using it.

"Why aren't you eating the minced meat noodles?"

As Mu Shuangshuang carefully adds a few drops of vinegar to her noodles and mixes them evenly, she looks up and curiously asks Lu Yuanfeng.

"I hunt, eat plenty of meat regularly, and I'm tired of it." Lu Yuanfeng chuckles in response.

"It's the first I've heard of someone getting tired of eating meat." While speaking, Mu Shuangshuang scoops over half the noodles from her bowl into the one she requested, then hands it to Lu Yuanfeng.

"Help me eat, I can't finish this much."

Lu Yuanfeng feels a tinge in his heart; it's the first time anyone has prepared something and handed it to him to eat.

He looks at the person in front of him: fair skin, big eyes, small face—perhaps looking slightly healthier recently, showing a faint blush.

But her thin hands evoke a sense of sudden pity; indeed, she's the one who should eat more.

"I've had enough, Shuangshuang, you should eat more, you're so skinny."

Ignoring Lu Yuanfeng's words, Mu Shuangshuang mumbles to herself, "Seems like it's missing some chili."

Soon as she finishes speaking, she gets up, scoops some chili oil from a small jar on a cart beside the stall—a jar borrowed from Zhao Yun's home. Mu Shuangshuang hasn't decided how to replace it, planning to hold onto it for now and pay rent later.

A spoonful of fragrant, spicy chili oil goes into both noodle bowls, and after mixing, Mu Shuangshuang finally contentedly lifts her own bowl.

Actually, the noodle soup made by this older lady is particularly simple: a handful of thin noodles, a bowl of broth, a small scoop of minced pork, with half a spoon of lard on top—no vegetables cooked, taste is bland and ordinary.

But after Mu Shuangshuang adds flavor, this bowl of noodles undergoes a drastic change.

"Shuangshuang..."

"You don't want to try my cooking?" Mu Shuangshuang grins widely, displaying a radiant smile.

Lu Yuanfeng clearly is enchanted; he actually takes the bowl of noodles Mu Shuangshuang prepared and stuffs a big chopstickful into his mouth.

The fragrant, spicy noodles chew slowly in his mouth, Lu Yuanfeng not minding the heat, finishing the bowl swiftly. Without realizing it, the more he eats, the hungrier he feels.

He starts on his own bowl of scallion oil noodles, finding the taste not nearly the same.

"Want me to mix some chili for you again?"

Lu Yuanfeng hurriedly shakes his head and quickly finishes off the scallion oil noodles in his bowl; after one and a half bowls, he's full, with his stomach slightly uncomfortable, yet still joyous at heart.

"Drink some vinegar then, it aids digestion."

Originally thinking Lu Yuanfeng, being a robust man, would consume a lot, Mu Shuangshuang hadn't considered how filling the noodles would be.

A single bowl actually suffices; nearly two bowls, even a hungry man couldn't finish.

Lu Yuanfeng's mind is often guessed easily; after hesitating briefly, he suddenly speaks.

"Shuangshuang, you've changed..."

"Really? You knew me before?" Mu Shuangshuang becomes intrigued. If Yu Si Niang had said she'd changed, she could understand, but this foolish lad has just returned from the camp, never met her, on what grounds does he say this?

"No, just a feeling..."

Returning to the village, Lu Yuanfeng hears mostly talk about Mu Shuangshuang; she's become the topic of village gossip, whenever bad luck befalls someone, they curse her, saying they saw her and it tainted their vision, causing misfortune.

In short, various inexplicable atrocities blamed on her; thus in Lu Yuanfeng's mind, Shuangshuang is thought to be an especially pitiful and timid girl.

"Your feeling is inaccurate; people, you need to interact to understand. In the villagers' eyes, they see you as capable—able to hunt and venture up Niuwei Mountain, but my interaction..."

"What's your impression?" Lu Yuanfeng eagerly asks, desperate to know the response.

"Nothing much." Mu Shuangshuang displays a reluctant expression, resembling a mischievous little witch.

Lu Yuanfeng appears slightly disheartened but dare not inquire further.

After resting enough, Mu Shuangshuang and Lu Yuanfeng prepare to head back; the weather unbearably hot, yet they both know anytime they return, the sun will continue to scorch them—unless at sunset, but walking at night isn't safe.

At 3:45 PM, they finally reach Er Gui Village; Lu Yuanfeng helps carry some items home, while the rest, except for the food intended for Little Zhi and Xiao Han, is left at Zhao Yun's place.

The sun still blazing, Old Mrs. Mu must be resting in her room; as for Mrs. Lin, hardly needing thought, she won't venture out to render lard.

In swift movements, Mu Shuangshuang rushes into her home, pushing the door open, revealing Little Zhi and Xiao Han squatting on the ground, eyes red and clearly having cried.

"What happened? Why crying? Who bullied you while sister was away?" Mu Shuangshuang's expression grows grim; she steps forward to lift Little Zhi and Xiao Han from the ground.

"Sister, save Little Grey, Auntie took him away, saying she wants Sister Yingying's face healed from being clawed by lobsters."

"How long has she been gone?"

"About two cups of tea time." Little Zhi speaks while still sobbing, Little Grey needs cuddling before sleeping each night, yet now he's gone...

Mu Shuangshuang feels furious. "I spit, just Mu Yingying's ugly face wanting a rabbit for facial treatment, she's as foolish as manure."

"Little Zhi, Xiao Han, here's sugar cake and sesame biscuits from sister; eat or hide them. I'm off to find them now."

Mu Shuangshuang tosses the goodies to Little Zhi and Xiao Han, then storms out.

Mrs. Jin claims to act justly and generously at the Old Mu Family, but everyone knows it's mere facade; Mrs. Jin is truly the tyrant of this household, no one dares touch anything that lands in the first branch's hands.

Not even Mrs. Lin or Old Mrs. Mu's other sons dare to provoke that brow, but Mu Shuangshuang flatly refuses to accept this.

They'll have to cough up everything eaten from her.