

Golden 31

Chapter Thirty-One: Breakfast

"Wooden head, wooden head, wake up!

Zhuang Rui, half asleep, was dreaming that he was sitting on Emperor Wu of Han's dragon throne, having just rinsed his mouth with shark fin soup served in Emperor Kangxi's exquisite porcelain vessel, and was drooling over a table full of rare dishes when he suddenly felt his body jolted violently. He was pulled out of the magnificent palace by a pair of large hands. When he opened his eyes, he saw Liu Chuan shaking him vigorously by his shoulders.

Wiping the drool from the corner of his mouth and pushing Liu Chuan's hand away, Zhuang Rui glanced at the alarm clock on the bedside table and couldn't help but feel angry. It wasn't even 7:30 yet, and he had already woken him up. These past few days, with his energetic niece, Zhuang Rui had been getting up early and going to bed late. Zhuang Min had just brought Nannan home last night, and on this cold day, he was finally able to sleep in, but Liu Chuan had ruined it again.

"Turn right after you leave this room. The main door is three meters away. Remember to close the door behind you when you leave..."

After speaking, Zhuang Rui turned over in bed and pulled the blanket over his head, preparing to continue his deep sleep. He hadn't even had a chance to enjoy the delicious food on the table yet.

"Hey buddy, are you a pig? Get up already! You made plans with Old Man Lü and the others today, they'll be upset if you're late." Liu Chuan relentlessly pulled back the covers, making Zhuang Rui shiver from the cold. He quickly snatched the covers back.

"Hey kid, are you being a pervert? Damn it, we grew up naked together, what's so interesting about that? What's going on? Tell me quickly, I'm supposed to meet Manager Lü and the others at 10 o'clock, why are you bothering me now?"

Zhuang Rui knew Liu Chuan all too well. If this guy could get up so early, there must be something going on. It seemed like Zhuang Rui was the one who used to pull back his blankets.

"It's nothing. I just wanted to know the value of that manuscript. I was a little anxious and couldn't sleep, so I came to you," Liu Chuan said with a serious expression.

"Really, it's nothing. Get up quickly. I'll treat you to breakfast at Lianglaifeng. Hurry up, I'm going to check on my godmother..."

Seeing Zhuang Rui's disbelieving expression, Liu Chuan's voice immediately lowered, and he avoided Zhuang Rui's gaze before slinking out of the room.

Zhuang Rui couldn't help but chuckle. This brother of his had always been like this since he was a child. He couldn't lie, and everything he thought was written all over his face. He remembered that when they were young, after watching the movie "Little Soldier Zhang Ga," they were deeply inspired and climbed onto the roof of their neighbor's old house and blocked the kitchen chimney, almost causing a fire in the neighbor's house. The neighbor's uncle then carried a fire hook and searched the whole yard for the culprit.

After the two slipped out of the house, Zhuang Rui, being meticulous, washed his hands and face thoroughly by the river before going home, completely eliminating any evidence. Little did he know that Liu Chuan's father was at home frowning over a case that day. When Zhuang Rui returned home and saw his father's tense face, he assumed he'd been caught. Before his father could even speak, he spilled the beans, confessing all the heroic deeds he'd accomplished by imitating Brother Ga Zi.

Well, after the two of them got a spanking, Liu's father dragged them to apologize to the other party, which made Zhuang Rui too embarrassed to go to the old house to catch crickets for a long time.

Zhuang Rui initially thought that Liu's father, a policeman, had discovered the matter using his professional skills. Later, he learned that it was Liu Chuan who had confessed on his own initiative. He was so angry that he wanted to grind his teeth. You know, Liu Chuan was stuck with a policeman father. Why didn't the son understand the principle of "confess and you'll be treated leniently, you'll spend your life in jail, and if you resist, you'll be punished severely and go home for the New Year"?

After washing up, Zhuang Rui opened the wooden box left by his grandfather and took out the manuscript. However, the manuscript was badly damaged, so he couldn't just carry it around. After thinking for a moment, Zhuang Rui found a piece of clothing in the wardrobe. It was a satin sleeveless shirt that he had made when he was in high school. Back then, it was popular to practice Tai Chi, and Zhuang Rui had pestered his mother to make him a practice shirt. However, he couldn't wear it anymore, so he decided to make good use of it.

Zhuang Rui cut open the entire back of his clothes with scissors, wrapped the manuscript inside, and stuffed it into his leather jacket. The jacket had a waistband, so it was safe to put the manuscript inside. After putting the manuscript away, he put on the glasses he had gotten yesterday from the bedside table before leaving the room.

Liu Chuan had been waiting impatiently for a while. He was chatting idly with Zhuang's mother in the living room, his eyes constantly glancing towards Zhuang Rui's room. When he saw Zhuang Rui come out, he jumped up and said, "Godmother, my mom is calling you to come over for dinner. Don't cook tonight!"

"You brat, drive slower!" Mrs. Zhuang called out from behind, thinking to herself, "He has a girlfriend now, how come he's still so irresponsible?"

After getting in the car, they sped off. Liu Chuan parked the car in front of Lianglaifeng, pulled Zhuang Rui into the store, and shouted, "Boss, give me a pound of pan-fried buns, two bowls of soup with eggs, hurry up!"

Those of you who are looking up words in the dictionary below don't need to look for it. You won't find the character because this character was created by the people of Pengcheng themselves. Legend has it that soup originated from Peng Zu's "pheasant soup". It is delicious, spicy and fragrant, and is loved by the people of Pengcheng. Many people feel listless all day if they don't have a bowl of it in the morning.

There is also an interesting story about soup. Legend has it that when Emperor Qianlong traveled incognito to the south of the Yangtze River seven times, he passed through Pengcheng. Knowing that the people of Pengcheng were fierce and everyone practiced martial arts, making it a famous martial arts town, Emperor Qianlong would go out for a stroll early in the morning to avoid trouble.

Emperor Qianlong was a long-lived emperor who paid great attention to health and rarely ate at night. After a night of fasting, he suddenly felt hungry! Seeing the steaming aroma of a food stall ahead, he hurried over to take a closer look. It was a pot of soup that didn't look very appealing, but smelled incredibly tempting. Even Emperor Qianlong, who had tasted delicacies from all over the country, had no idea what this dish was.

So Emperor Qianlong ordered a bowl and slowly drank it. Hmm? This soup is truly delicious! After a bowl of hot soup, he felt completely comfortable. Qianlong called over the old man selling the soup and

asked, "What kind of soup is this? Why does it taste so rich and tempting? After drinking it, I feel warm all over and very comfortable!"

In his delight, Emperor Qianlong forgot that he was traveling incognito. The old man selling soup was also a shrewd man. After hearing this, the old man's heart skipped a beat and he understood. This man actually referred to himself as (Zhen, the imperial "I"). In the whole world, the only person who would dare to refer to himself like this was probably our Emperor Qianlong, who liked to travel incognito!

The old man selling soup immediately knelt down: "Thank you, Your Majesty, for bestowing a name upon this soup. It shall be called Shita (Sha) Soup!"

After returning to the capital, our Emperor still fondly remembered the taste of this soup, and later bestowed upon it the title of "The Best Soup Under Heaven." Although this is just a legend, it shows how much the people of Pengcheng loved this soup.

"Hey scoundrel, why did you call me out so early? What's the matter? You can tell me now, right? I promised to go to Tibet with you yesterday."

Sipping the hot soup and biting into a juicy fried bun, Zhuang Rui asked indistinctly.

"Actually, it's nothing much. It's just that Lei Lei and Qin Xuanbing also want to participate in your tea tasting and treasure appraisal today. I'll take you there first, since I still need to pick them up." Liu Chuan's appetite was clearly not very good today, and he avoided Zhuang Rui's gaze, speaking hesitantly.

What?! They're going too?!

Zhuang Rui's voice suddenly rose eight octaves, drawing the attention of everyone eating breakfast in the shop who turned to look at the two of them.