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Chapter 148 Let Go

After the lunch rush had ended and customers dwindled, Cheng Su cooked two dishes, and the three of them ate together. Ning Ge pushed his bowl away and said, "I'm going out for a bit, I'll just go straight home tonight, you guys head back on your own."

Cheng Su frowned.

As Ning Ge reached the door, he turned back, his face a sweet smile. "Sister-in-law, can you lend me thirty yuan?"

Cheng Su's frown deepened, and she glared at him. "Do you think this is a credit cooperative where you can get as much money as you ask for? I don't have any."

Ning Ge pouted as if aggrieved. He walked over to the cash register, took out a key, and counted out twenty yuan to hand over. "Twenty, take it or leave it. That makes it thirty you've lent me."

"Alright, I'll pay you back double next time." Ning Ge smiled, stuffed the money into his pocket, and waved as he left.

Li Qiulan, biting the end of her chopstick, watched him leave before turning to Cheng Su. "Sister Su, where is Big Brother Ning going? Why is he borrowing money from you?"

Cheng Su casually replied, "Who knows where he's off to, always so secretive." She glanced at Qiulan's thoughtful expression and continued, "That man, he's obviously not serious, unreliable. Whoever marries him in the future is in for trouble. In my opinion, when a woman gets married, she should go for someone like your brother-in-law, caring, honest and reliable, don't you agree?"

Li Qiulan let out an "Ah," and said, "Big Brother Ning is quite alright too." Then she went back to eating her meal.

Seeing this, Cheng Su just shook her head and said no more.

After the meal, they cleaned up inside and out. Cheng Su calculated the day's profits, which were double those of the previous day, and this delighted her greatly.

"Qiulan, let's go to the farmers' market again. I'm planning on making braised beef tomorrow, we need to ask the vendor to set aside some fresh beef for us." Cheng Su called out to Qiulan.

"Okay, Sister Su, just wait a second, I'll hang up this cloth after I wash it," Li Qiulan replied.

Once she had washed and hung the cloth to dry, the two of them headed to the farmers' market to place orders for ingredients.

Cheng Su bought fifty pounds of mung beans, red beans, and soybeans, as well as over thirty pounds of peanuts. They were commonly used for frying peanuts and soybeans, which served as side dishes. Noticing a stall selling fresh papayas, she bought over twenty pounds.

"Sister Su, these papayas aren't ripe yet, how should we eat them?" Li Qiulan asked, examining the obviously unripe green papayas.

"You can't eat this kind of fruit as is, but you can pickle it. Sprinkle it with some chili, pickle it until it's sour and spicy, and you've got a great appetizer, even tastier than pickled radish," Cheng Su said with a smile.

Li Qiulan had an epiphany and praised, "Sister Su, you know so much."

"Haha, don't mention it. When it comes to food, your Sister Su is indeed an experienced foodie. Come on, let's go back and pickle these sour fruits."

They pushed their cart back to the courtyard and started peeling and slicing the papayas. Once they finished cutting them into pieces, they rinsed them in water to remove the astringent taste, making them smoother and more refreshing to the palate.

Li Qiulan watched intently, her eyes not blinking. She had seen pickling before; back in the countryside, everyone would simply wash the vegetables and put them directly into jars with salt and vinegar to pickle, but Cheng Su's process seemed like an intricate project, attention to detail at every step.

After the papaya slices had been rubbed with salt and then rinsed with water to wash away the excess salt, Li Qiulan felt almost distressed watching. In the countryside, who would use salt so lavishly? Yet Cheng Su seemed to use it as if it cost nothing at all.

It was no wonder her dishes tasted so exceptional—perhaps it was precisely because she was willing to be generous? Generous with oil, generous with seasonings!