

Switched Marriage: The Coddled Little Wife

Chapter 26: Chapter 26 She Is Very Good

The ideas that Lin Jiayi instilled in her in the previous life were too deeply rooted.

A husband who does not return home all year round, from the moment Qin Yang boarded the train, was locked in a small dark room in her mind.

The person locked in the small dark room by someone, at this moment, just returned to his office, washed up at the tap, and then went to the cafeteria.

He had arrived yesterday evening, and although he had handed over the work with his colleagues, he naturally had to check on it in person once he was back.

There aren't many people in the cafeteria right now. Qin Yang got a meal for himself, today's dishes are eggplant and tofu, with a bit of minced meat in the eggplant. Even though the minced meat is pitifully little, today's meal is considered quite good.

They are located in a very remote area, and the roads are also difficult to traverse, often resulting in supply shortages.

Taking a canned jar out of his pocket, a touch of warmth flashed through Qin Yang's eyes.

Lin Chuxia brought him five jars of canned beef sauce. Yesterday, when he returned to report the end of his leave, he gave Minister Wang a jar along with some wedding candies, and also gave one jar to his old partner Bai Xiaoming, planning to slowly enjoy the remaining three jars by himself.

As for the two jars of chili paste, he had no intention of sharing them, as they were specially prepared for him by his wife.

Even giving away two jars of beef sauce made him feel quite distressed.

Just as he opened the jar, he heard a familiar voice behind him, "Why are you sitting here alone?"

The lid that had just been opened was silently screwed back on, and he looked expressionlessly at Bai Xiaoming, "It's quieter here."

Qin Yang was a cool and quiet person by nature, and as his old partner, Bai Xiaoming naturally understood him.

What really surprised him was that Qin Yang had taken leave to get married this time.

His old partner had solid theoretical knowledge, strong abilities, and a sharp mind. He was known for his meticulous work, having prevented accidents on multiple occasions. Despite his young age, he had made a name for himself among their engineers and was also very handsome.

Being seen as a good employee and a key training target by the leadership, his personal life naturally also drew everyone's attention.

Yet this man was indifferent and cold, and it seemed that aside from work, there was nothing that could catch his eye.

Many wives of his colleagues asked him about Qin Yang's personal matters, hoping to marry their daughters or nieces to him, asking him to be the matchmaker.

But the responses they got from Qin Yang were almost always the same – he didn't want to delay these girls.

For a while, everyone even suspected there was something wrong with his old partner.

Such a person suddenly went back home to get married.

Honestly, when Qin Yang asked him to help with the marriage certification, Bai Xiaoming thought he was joking.

So many eligible girls he did not consider, and yet he just married a woman from his hometown whom he had never met before. Who could have such an attitude towards marriage?

Indeed, a man who only has eyes for work can't even seem to offer a trace of warmth to his wife.

Bai Xiaoming had felt sorry for that wife from his hometown.

However, when this man returned from his hometown yesterday, Bai Xiaoming felt that something was different about him.

Bai Xiaoming sat directly across Qin Yang, reaching out his hand toward the canned jar.

Qin Yang quickly pressed down on the jar, his sharp eyes looking over.

Bai Xiaoming let out a dry chuckle, "The jar you gave me yesterday, before it could even make it to the table, my two little rascals gobbled up most of it. You know, your sister-in-law's culinary skills are truly exceptional."

Hearing his last sentence, Qin Yang's expression softened somewhat, and he then released his hand.

Bai Xiaoming raised an eyebrow, somewhat surprised to detect a hint of tenderness in the man's eyes.

He had finally gotten hold of the beef sauce, and upon unscrewing the lid, he took a deep whiff. "This flavor is just divine. With such cooking skills, your little sister-in-law can't be wrong. It's no wonder even you, the iron tree, have blossomed at last."

Qin Yang, with his eyes downcast, murmured faintly, "She is indeed very good."

Caught off guard by his words, Bai Xiaoming leaned in with a mischievous smirk, "How about it? It feels great to have a woman, doesn't it? I've always told you, man and woman together, yin and yang in harmony; lacking anything, it's not perfect."

Bai Xiaoming was only three years older than Qin Yang but was already the father of two children, with his eldest son being nine years old.

It was said when he was recommended for university, his family rushed to find him a suitable match, worried he'd fly away after starting school. They even got him married two days before the semester began, just to leave a child behind as a tie to him.

Qin Yang glanced at him; working in their environment, which was predominantly male, he hadn't shied away from raunchy jokes with colleagues. But now hearing Bai Xiaoming's words, his ears slowly turned red as he grunted an acknowledgment, "Hm."

Bai Xiaoming's smile grew broader; no matter what, he was happy for his old partner getting married.

"When are you going to consider bringing your spouse over? I can help you apply for housing."

Their jobs were unstable, hardly allowing them to return home throughout the year. To take care of these technical staff, once reaching a certain level, they could bring their families along, which was considered a job benefit.

Qin Yang had just reached this level.

Hearing about the possibility of bringing his spouse along, Qin Yang's brows quivered slightly, "I have not discussed it with her yet."

He had never thought about living with a woman before, let alone bringing one over, always feeling it would be troublesome and interrupt his work.

But if that person were Lin Chuxia, perhaps it wouldn't be out of the question.

"Alright then, you should discuss it with your sister-in-law quickly. Although our living conditions here are tough, having someone who knows your comforts by your side is much better than living apart."

Bai Xiaoming scooped up another bite of beef sauce, thinking to himself that he must get his wife to learn cooking from his sister-in-law so he could also enjoy some good food.

Qin Yang, upon hearing about the hardships, pondered as well. Although his hometown was a rural area, Ancheng County was more developed than the average county, especially the Qin Family Village, which essentially had solved the problem of food and clothing.

Their location was far worse, situated in the Northwest with dreadful weather and frequent sandstorms. People generally struggled with food and clothing, often relying more on cornmeal and mixed grains throughout the year. Even they were affected sometimes, with supplies unable to keep up. It might be better to wait.

Looking up, he noticed that half of the canned beef sauce was already gone, so he didn't bother with other concerns, "Leave some for me."

Zhang Dawei, carrying a tray, looked for a seat and saw from a distance Qin Yang and Bai Xiaoming vying for something.

If it had been just Qin Yang, he wouldn't have dared to approach, but Bai Xiaoming was famously kind-hearted.

"Mr. Qin, Mr. Bai."

Bai Xiaoming greeted him with a smile, while Qin Yang also gave a nod, noticing Zhang Dawei joining them at the long table without any hint of discretion, which darkened his mood a bit.

Zhang Dawei had no such awareness; in his view, Qin Yang's expression was always like this.

Observing the beef sauce on Bai Xiaoming's meal, he inquired, "Mr. Bai, where did you get this sauce? I didn't see it when I was getting my food."

"It's not from our canteen. It's from Mrs. Qin, who brought it for him," Bai Xiaoming said with a look of amusement as he turned toward Qin Yang.

This Zhang Dawei was somewhat obtuse, and Bai Xiaoming wanted to see how Qin Yang, with his ironclad fairness, would handle his subordinates.

Sure enough, Zhang Dawei grinned, flashing his big white teeth at Qin Yang, "Is that so, Mr. Qin? No kidding, I could smell the scent of the sauce from afar, and it's spot on. I've only ever smelled something similar outside the State-Owned Restaurant, never tasted it though. Just the smell let me know how delicious it was. Who would have thought your wife was such a good cook, Mr. Qin? You're truly lucky."

Chapter 27: Chapter 27 What does a kiss feel like?

Qin Yang expressionlessly pushed the canned bottle filled with beef sauce towards him.

Zhang Dawei's eyes lit up, and his smile grew wider, "Today I'm blessed because of Mr. Qin," he grabbed a chopstick full and put it on his plate, took a bite, and sat up straight, "Mmm, delicious."

At first, Bai Xiaoming just watched for amusement, but as the meat sauce dwindled, he became restless and hurried to scoop some too.

As Zhang Dawei ate, he didn't stop talking, "I've never tasted such delicious meat sauce before, no, I've never eaten sauce made from beef in my whole life, Mr. Qin, isn't your sister-in-law from a State-Owned Restaurant's head chef?"

"Right, Mr. Qin, I heard you went back home recently to get married, is it especially awesome to get a daughter-in-law? What does kissing feel like? They say it's like eating a peach, is that true?"

Bai Xiaoming struggled to hold back his laughter, almost giving Zhang Dalengzi a thumbs up.

The bachelors at the construction site liked to talk about stimulating topics, especially someone who went back home to find a partner and got married, they would definitely show off.

Whether it's boasting or bragging, they aren't picky about topics,

It's fine to chat casually below, but now they even dared to ask Qin Yang, something he himself dared not ask so straightforwardly.

Qin Yang had never kissed Lin Chuxia's lips, only her cheeks, smooth and tender, not just her cheeks, but her entire body was fragrant, soft, smooth, and tender.

Her lips were even more rosy and plump, like a budding flower, presumably the feeling of kissing them wouldn't be bad either.

He suddenly regretted, being too preoccupied with other matters those days, he didn't kiss her.

Looking up to see Zhang Dawei's eager gossip-hungry eyes, he stiffened his face, "Have you finished today's work? If you're not thinking about work, go inspect the engineering route again."

Zhang Dawei, still stuffing meat sauce into his mouth, was dumbfounded, "Huh?"

"What 'huh'? Can't do it?" Qin Yang's gaze swept over, and Zhang Dawei shivered.

Would he dare say he couldn't do it in front of this fierce boss?

"Guaranteed to complete."

After speaking, he quickly picked up his plate and left.

He was wrong; even with Mr. Bai present, he shouldn't have crowded around this fierce boss.

After everyone had left, Qin Yang picked up the canned bottle, seeing only a little meat sauce left at the bottom, he pursed his lips.

Bai Xiaoming didn't dare to provoke him further, quickly saying, "Don't come to the cafeteria tonight, come to my house for dumplings, I'll have my daughter-in-law make you meat fillings."

"No," Qin Yang refused without a second thought.

The meat his daughter-in-law makes always has a gamey taste.

Before, he didn't notice, as long as it was meat, no, anything edible, he could eat it.

But after eating the meat buns made by Lin Chuxia, no type of meat-filled dumplings could attract him anymore.

Scraping out the meat sauce from the canned bottle, Qin Yang then took out a bottle of fried chili from his pocket and poured it onto the food.

The fried dried chili, charred and fragrant, mixed with white sesame seeds, fried in some oil with a hint of sesame aroma.

"Ssss..."

Bai Xiaoming's teeth hurt, it was sour.

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In two days, the cart was completely renewed.

The three wheels of the cart had been repaired and inflated, and the boards on the cart had also been replaced.

Previously, the boards were made of bamboo strips, which were hard to find here, so Brother Qin directly used wood to break and replace the boards, making it look more stable.

Lin Chuxia rode the cart directly to the city; since business was to be done, everything that needed to be purchased should be purchased.

These past few days she had talked with her in-laws, Mr. Qin and Mrs. Qin would help with the farm work for now. The tomatoes were almost ready for pruning, and after that, they would stop planting vegetables and switch to planting wheat when the season came.

She certainly wouldn't be able to farm while running a business, but fortunately, there wasn't much land, and Mr. Qin and Mrs. Qin could manage it.

From now on, she would forgo the money from selling tomatoes and eventually give more money instead.

These were matters she brought up openly. Since the family had already divided up, even if the elders were willing to help them, she couldn't comfortably enjoy the elders' favoritism.

Among the siblings in the family, the most taboo thing was the elders not treating everyone equally.

The brotherly relationship between Qin Han and Qin Yang was harmonious, and she couldn't let her decisions affect the brothers' relationship.

Brother Qin and his wife still planned to continue farming vegetables; Lin Chuxia wasn't disappointed by their decision. After all, doing business was like feeling the stones to cross the river for people at this time, and nobody dared to take risks lightly.

Moreover, Brother Qin and his wife were indeed capable. In her last life, they built a new house just by farming, which made Lin Jiayi complain frequently at home.

Complaining about the in-laws being biased, the division of the family being unfair, the land given to Brother Qin being more abundant which made their life better, even suspecting Qin Yang's salary was in the hands of their mother-in-law, all subsidizing Brother Qin's family.

Through the interactions over this period, Lin Chuxia realized that the parents-in-law considered both children in everything they did, and wouldn't possibly do something like using the younger son's salary to subsidize the eldest son.

No matter how many lifetimes one experiences, a person's character doesn't change; they couldn't do such a thing.

She bought a coal stove, steamers, iron pots, and other kitchenware from the hardware store, some bowls and chopsticks, food bags, and greaseproof paper for food packaging from the department store, then she went to the grain and oil store to buy flour and oil, and to the grocery store for pork, scallions, and spices.

The spices from this era have a richer flavor than those later produced by more fierce technological methods, though the variety was limited.

Lin Chuxia bought some of everything that was available, the rest could be found in the villa.

In her last life, she developed several food recipes, and it was these recipes that Li Guangyuan dared not mistreat her.

No matter how big the food factory, the spices needed all came from her.

She ground the spices into powder and made them into seasoning packets; these finished spice packets piled up a lot in the basement of the villa.

Additionally, for developing new recipes, there were many spices stored in the basement.

Fortunately, after the market opened up, agricultural and sideline products were the first to no longer require coupons, otherwise, buying these items with coupons would have been a problem.

The fifty-kilo bags of flour, Lin Chuxia directly lifted and swung them onto the cart, moving the small iron stove was not a problem either.

Lin Chuxia felt that her strength had indeed increased a lot compared to her last life, probably thanks to the spiritual spring water, and recently she had been outdoors running around in the wind and sun; not only did her skin not get tanned, but it also seemed a bit whiter than before.

She decided that not only would she add some spiritual spring water for her in-laws, but she would also find a way to use some for Qin Yang.

His work environment needed more physical strength and stamina, having a healthy and robust physique was fundamental to completing the job better.

When she was walking home, the cart was packed full of items.

When she arrived home only Mrs. Qin and Zhuangzhuang were there.

Mrs. Qin, seeing the cart full of items Lin Chuxia had brought, hurried over to help, and even little Zhuangzhuang came running over.

"Why didn't you call your dad or your brother when you went out to buy things, with so many items how did you..."

Before Mrs. Qin could finish speaking, she saw her gentle, soft, and frail daughter-in-law lifting the big bag of flour directly from the cart.

She lifted it!!!

Chapter 28: Chapter 28 Look at with New Eyes

The lightness of her demeanor made her think it was a bag of cotton if not for the white flour scattered on the ground around it.

Then, seeing her two hands move the small iron stove down, Mrs. Qin finally realized that her daughter-in-law's strength was indeed considerable.

But no matter what, she was still a girl.

Mrs. Qin convinced herself and while helping her unload things, she continued, "With so much stuff, it's always good to have someone lend a hand when moving it."

"Mom, this isn't a lot. I can handle it myself, and if I couldn't, I would definitely call dad and my older brother," Lin Chuxia knew her mother-in-law was worried about her just having married into the family and too embarrassed to ask for help.

Seeing the pile of big bones on the handcart, Lin Chuxia discussed with Mrs. Qin, "Mom, my basin is sent up for fermentation, could you knead some extra dough at noon? I'll stew some big bone soup, and we can all have noodle soup together?"

Mrs. Qin laughed, "Okay, I'll go knead the dough later."

A daughter-in-law who can openly talk to her shows that she doesn't see her as an outsider.

The elder daughter-in-law was good. They had lived together for four or five years, and while not treating her mother-in-law as a biological mother, she didn't see her as an outsider either.

Mrs. Qin was quite afraid that she would not get along with her younger daughter-in-law who just split the household after getting married.

With her younger son not at home, if she became estranged from her younger daughter-in-law, how could she feel at ease?

Once the goods were unloaded, many things needed to be washed before use.

The dough had been set to rise early in the morning, and now that it wasn't rising well, Lin Chuxia started stewing the purchased bones in the pot.

There wasn't much meat on these bones, and they weren't expensive, only ten cents a pound. When she went to buy meat and saw them piled on the side, ignored by others, Lin Chuxia bought them directly.

It goes to show that rarity increases value. A few years ago, during the planned economy era, it was not easy to buy big bones. Aside from meat coupons, one also needed proof from an orthopedic surgeon to make a purchase, and even then, it cost fifteen cents a pound.

As for pig liver, it also counted as nutritious food.

These rare and hard-to-buy items now lay there, attracting no buyers.

The aroma from the pot first lured in a little glutton.

Zhuangzhuang blinked his big eyes, "Little Auntie, how come you stew bones so fragrantly, even more so than when my mom stews meat."

Lin Chuxia pinched his chubby little face, "Smells good, doesn't it? In a bit, you'll have meat soup noodles with Little Auntie. I'm assigning you a task now, go to the backyard and pluck some baby bok choy."

Zhuangzhuang was originally worried that his mother might not let him eat with Little Auntie again, but hearing that Lin Chuxia had given him a job, he puffed out his chest and saluted like a soldier from the picture paper, "Mission assured."

His mom had said that aside from his own parents, only those who worked earned the right to eat what others provided.

By helping Little Auntie, he would be able to eat her meat soup noodles.

When the Qin Family returned from working in the fields at noon, the courtyard was already filled with the aroma of meat, and various cooking utensils had been cleaned and neatly arranged on the sunlit ground.

Qin Han glanced at his wife, Zhang Guilan, who also looked somewhat surprised.

She thought Lin Chuxia's talk of doing business was just trifling matters.

Not many ventured into business these days, proceeding with trepidation, testing the waters with every step, uncertain of profit or loss. It seemed better to farm the land steadily.

After the land was allotted to them, they decided what to grow each year. Their cucumbers and string beans from earlier this year had made a pretty profit.

So when Qin Han mentioned that his younger sister-in-law wanted them to join her in business, Zhang Guilan was resistant.

Now she began to see things in a new light.

A sister-in-law showing such courage.

"Mom, Grandma said we're eating noodles together today, Auntie also stewed a big bone, she even gave me some of the bone soup earlier, it was so delicious," Zhuangzhuang ran while shouting, his little mouth still greasy.

"Sister-in-law, you've gone to too much trouble again," Zhang Guilan felt a little embarrassed.

"What are you saying, big brother has been helping me a lot these past few days, you won't even let me say thanks, and now you're being a stranger? Mom has already kneaded the dough, you guys wash up first, I'll go boil the noodles, and we'll have a meal soon."

Mrs. Qin wanted to roll the noodles, but Lin Chuxia didn't let her, insisting that hand-pulled noodles were tastier in a hot soup.

She kneaded the dough several times, and it was very well rested.

Once the water boiled in the pot, she started pulling the noodles, and in no time, the thin and chewy noodles were ready.

With blanched greens on top, covered with big bone soup, and a sprinkle of young green onions, the flavor burst forth.

Zhang Guilan also brought out her homemade, refreshing pickled vegetables and Lin Chuxia's fried chili oil, adding a spoonful for those who like spice, making the meal incredibly satisfying.

Qin Han was sweating profusely from eating, exclaiming how good it was.

Mr. Qin also ate half a bowl more than usual, "Good times should be matched with good craftsmanship, and Chuxia's skills, you must admit, would be wasted if she didn't start a business."

"That's true, if I were to make it, I definitely couldn't bring out this flavor," Mrs. Qin also laughed.

"I think it's even better than the meat we eat during the New Year."

Little Zhuangzhuang slurped his noodles and offered his opinion, amusing the whole family to laughter.

Lin Chuxia also felt the bone soup was exquisite; she added spiritual spring water to the soup, along with her secret blend of spices, which was truly phenomenal.

After lunch, the conversation turned idle, mainly focusing on Lin Chuxia's business.

Although they weren't working together, it was only right to offer ideas and watch over each other when needed.

Qin Han actually had some regrets; he didn't want to farm anymore, but his wife said farming was stable and the earnings weren't bad, telling him to be content.

"By the way, big brother, is the coal factory selling coal now? I went out this morning and couldn't find a place selling coal."

Initially, Lin Chuxia was planning to steam buns at home and then divide them into steamer baskets to sell at the train station.

This required bringing a small stove to keep them warm.

"That's easy to handle; I have a classmate working at the coal factory. Whenever you need it, I'll take you to see him, and he should be able to give you a discount."

Lin Chuxia hadn't expected such a pleasant surprise, "Do you have time tomorrow morning, big brother?"

Qin Han was not hesitant at all, "Sure, I'll take you there tomorrow."

In the afternoon, once the dough was ready, Lin Chuxia began steaming meat buns.

She had hand-chopped the meat filling, and luckily, she was strong enough; the fragrance emerged as soon as she mixed in green onion, ginger, salt, and her secret spices.

Mrs. Qin came over to help upon hearing the activity. Lin Chuxia hadn't intended for her to help, but Mrs. Qin wasn't happy with that.

"It's already tough for you to run a business on your own, we must lend a hand. It's only right. If you still consider us family, don't treat me as an outsider."

She then continued, "Don't worry about your brother and sister-in-law; your sister-in-law just told me after lunch that there is more work in the fields these next few days. She can't help you out and is afraid you won't manage, even considering bringing Zhuangzhuang to the fields, she told me to give you a hand."

Lin Chuxia remembered that at lunchtime her sister-in-law had asked Zhuangzhuang if he wanted to play in the fields in the afternoon. The little guy thought it was too hot and didn't want to go; her sister-in-law coaxed him quite a bit.

Thinking about it, Lin Chuxia was unspeakably moved.

Chapter 29: Chapter 29: The First Day in Business

Even when Li Guangyuan was the only son in his previous life, his mother never said she helped her do anything; she even complained that she wasn't good enough and made Li Guangyuan do many things.

The two sisters-in-law were always called over to hang out and drink, but never worked.

Whenever she complained, not only Mrs. Li but also Li Guangyuan would accuse her of not being in unity with the family, saying they were all family and there was no reason for disdain.

Back then, she spent twenty years living in the Lin Family, enduring grievances. Even when she moved to the Li Family, she felt nothing wrong, until Li Guangyuan betrayed her and she finally understood.

Later, she abandoned the Li Family, severed ties with her parental home, and ended up being independent but alone.

It can be said that the first time she felt the warmth of family and kinship in her two lives was given by the Qin Family.

"Thank you, mom and sister-in-law, Zhuangzhuang is still young, don't let sister-in-law take him to the fields. I'm just steaming some buns here, I can watch the child."

"I said the same, Zhuangzhuang is asleep now; let's work more, just the two of us."

The family had a big eight-stamped pot, and Lin Chuxia also bought a steamer tray for the eight-stamped pot, specifically getting five layers, but for today's first stall, she didn't plan to use all, just making three layers of buns.

Her buns were neither too big nor too small, purely meat-filled, a bit smaller than a fist.

Steaming three trays together, turning up the high heat and burning for another twenty minutes would be enough.

Right when the buns were ready, Zhuangzhuang woke up, the little guy running over barefooted.

"Little auntie, why are you making delicious food again?"

This child looked good, robust and burly, and had inherited the Qin family's big, black-browed eyes, his large eyes shiny like two black grapes, and his little face rosy from sleep, just like the children in New Year paintings.

Lin Chuxia did not have children in her previous life and always loved kids but never dared to show it.

Now, looking at sweet and adorable Little Zhuangzhuang, she truly adored him from the bottom of her heart.

She pinched his little face, "Little auntie isn't good at anything else, just making delicious food. Wait, little auntie will get you a meat bun."

She took out two meat buns with tongs, one for Zhuangzhuang, another for Mrs. Qin.

"Mom, could you taste this and see if it can be marketable?"

Mrs. Qin was about to say there was no need to taste, as the last time her son returned to the army, his wife had steamed some meat buns for them to bring along, and they were delicious.

But seeing Lin Chuxia's hopeful eyes, she smiled and took one, "Alright, I'll taste one."

Mrs. Qin took a bite of the meat bun, paused for a moment, then savored it carefully.

This tasted somewhat different from the last time, seemingly more flavorful, it's hard to tell what seasoning it was, it's just... delicious.

"Where are you planning to sell these? I think anyone who tries your meat buns will surely like them, they are too delicious."

Zhuangzhuang inhaled deeply as he ate, "Tasty, really tasty."

Lin Chuxia smiled, the last time she only used regular seasoning, this time she used her secret recipe, sure to taste better.

"I plan to go to the train station, there's heavy foot traffic there, it should sell. If not, I could also try the night market area, just to see."

Mrs. Qin nodded seriously, "I think that will work."

Three trays of buns were divided into ten stacks on the small three-stamped pot's steaming trays.

Stacked five trays high, placed on the cart.

The house still had some coal left from last winter. While steaming the buns earlier, she had also lit the coal stove using charcoal, which was now loaded on the cart.

Lin Chuxia made two cloth bags, one for wrapping paper and bags, and the other for holding money.

Seeing that it was about time, she pedaled the cart to the train station under Mrs. Qin's worried gaze.

Nowadays, there are not as many railway lines as there will be in future generations. Although Ancheng County is a major station, there is only one train in the morning and two in the afternoon that stop here.

The trains move slowly at this period of time; traveling a bit farther could mean staying on the train for a couple of days.

The boxed meals on the train are expensive and require queuing to purchase. Most importantly, they are not tasty, so many people prefer to buy bread and biscuits before boarding the train as provisions. This also made Lin Chuxia see the market potential here.

She arrived just in time; the first afternoon train had not yet arrived, and there were already quite a few people at the station, carrying large and small bags, waiting for the train.

She found a path that everyone had to take to enter the station, opened the vent of the coal stove, hung up the "large meat buns" sign she had written at home, and as soon as steam started to come out from the steamer on the stove, Lin Chuxia started to call out.

"Meat buns, hot large meat buns..."

"Big brother, why not buy some meat buns to eat on the train?"

Selling requires tact; you don't bother asking those who don't even glance at you, as they wouldn't buy anyway.

You only approach them if their gaze falls on your steamer; this indicates an interest in buying or at least curiosity about what you're selling, then you can ask.

Experience from selling vegetables at the market stand in her previous life, although later she didn't need to watch people's faces to make money, had ingrained this experience deep within her.

Sure enough, the man stepped closer and asked, "How much are they?"

Lin Chuxia opened the lid of the steamer, pointed at the plump white meat buns inside, and said, "Ten cents each, pure meat filling."

At the State-Owned Restaurant, each meat bun costs ten cents plus one tael of food tickets; now, you can buy without food tickets by paying an extra cent per bun.

Lin Chuxia's buns were a bit smaller than those at the State-Owned Restaurant; ten cents each made the accounting simple.

Upon hearing the price, the man said it wasn't expensive and ordered five, handing over fifty cents.

"Alright."

Lin Chuxia took out a food bag and picked six buns from the steamer.

"Today is my first day doing business, and you are my first customer, Big Brother. I'll give you one extra for good luck, so you have six for a smooth journey."

"Thank you."

Xu Changping took the buns and glanced at the girl. Regardless of how the buns tasted, with the girl's straightforward manner, the business could not go wrong.

Seeing someone buying, and real large meat buns at that, others quickly gathered around asking about the price.

"Ten cents each, all meat filling."

"You made these buns too small. The ones at the State-Owned Restaurant are bigger than yours; make it cheaper," one woman said.

This prompted others to turn their attention to Lin Chuxia.

Lin Chuxia anticipated such a remark and explained with a smile, "Sister, mine are just slightly smaller than those at the State-Owned Restaurant, where a bun goes from ten to twelve cents each. Moreover, you can't always get hot meat buns right away at the State-Owned Restaurant. Wouldn't it be great to take one from here and eat it warm on the train? And I assure you, the taste of my buns is incomparable to those from the State-Owned Restaurant; you'll know once you try."

A man from the crowd chimed in, "I think they look about the same size as those from the State-Owned Restaurant. Miss, I'll take ten for my trip."

He frequented the State-Owned Restaurant and could tell by the smell they were right.

"Give me six."

"Give me three to try."

The train was almost arriving, and fearing they wouldn't get any, the others hurriedly made purchases. This pressure pushed the initially inquiring woman aside.

"Don't push, don't push; I'm still buying. Give me six."

Lin Chuxia first handed six buns to the woman, then told others not to push and to queue up instead.

But who would line up now? Lin Chuxia could only keep selling buns while trying to remember the order in which people came, attempting to serve on a first-come, first-served basis.

Chapter 30: Chapter 30 The Smile Fades from the Face

As soon as one basket of buns was sold, Lin Chuxia placed the basket to the side and put another loaded with buns from the cart onto the stove, ensuring it was on the bottom layer.

In this way, selling layer by layer, then placing them layer by layer, she ensured that there were always five baskets of buns on the stove, guaranteeing that every customer got a warm bun.

As the train was about to arrive at the station, the area in front of her stall quieted down. Lin Chuxia took the opportunity to organize her stall and checked the fire.

Before long, the train entered the station. Apart from those boarding, there were also a few passengers getting off. Having traveled for days on the train, they were hungry and eager to buy and eat several warm buns, with some sitting right beside the stall to eat.

Lin Chuxia thought about closing the stall and buying two thermos flasks, planning to bring two flasks of hot water and a few bowls the next day.

If customers ate by the stall, she could provide hot water free of charge.

In business, aside from the reputation of the product itself, it's important to keep up with the service.

Fifteen baskets of buns were sold out before the next train even arrived.

The buyers weren't only train passengers but also local residents, whom Lin Chuxia treated more cautiously, as these were potential long-term customers.

She was confident in the taste of her buns, believing that maintaining a long-term business would rely on loyal customers bringing in new ones.

Back home, Mrs. Qin looked at the sun still hanging in the sky and was a bit surprised, "All sold?"

"All sold."

Mrs. Qin laughed, "I knew your buns would sell out, but I didn't expect it to be so quick. You must be tired; go take a rest. If there's anything you need help with, let me know."

Seeing Lin Chuxia about to unload things, Mrs. Qin hurriedly came over.

"There's no need, Mom. Just put it aside for now. I'll take a sip of water and then get to it. I want to drink that corn porridge you make; cook an extra bowl tonight."

Since Mr. Qin wasn't in good health, Mrs. Qin liked to make extra porridge at meal times, almost daily preparing corn or millet porridge.

Mrs. Qin's eyes lit up with joy, "Then I'll go make some porridge."

"Mom, let's also have some meat buns for dinner tonight. I saved a few."

"Alright, I'll make a cold dish to go with it."

Seeing Mrs. Qin head to the kitchen, Lin Chuxia went back to her room.

Her small bag was stuffed with change. Pouring herself a cup of water, she began counting the money while drinking.

The ten-dollar banknotes from selling buns were set aside. The two- and one-dollar bills were sorted and stacked neatly, followed by fifty, twenty, and ten-cent coins, and also five-, two-, and one-cent coins.

She sold each bun for ten cents, not wanting too much loose change, as making change was too cumbersome.

At this point, the five-, two-, and one-cent coins included not only metal coins but also paper notes.

After stacking and counting the money, it totaled 14 dollars and 65 cents.

She brought 15 baskets of buns today, each with 10 buns, priced at ten cents each, which should be 15 dollars.

However, in any business, there are losses. She gave her brother one, and later discovered a few were stuck and sold those cheaply.

Excluding costs like the stove and baskets, she bought four pounds of pork at nine cents per pound, two pounds of green onions at six cents per pound, and mixed about five pounds of white flour at twelve cents per pound. Including ginger and seasonings, the total cost was about five dollars.

Subtracting the cost, her income for the day was about ten dollars, which made Lin Chuxia quite satisfied.

In her previous life, she started doing business by trial and error, making even one or two dollars a day made her very happy.

With experience now, she wouldn't be taking any detours.

After keeping the money safe, Lin Chuxia unloaded the cart. The used baskets needed to be cleaned properly; with the weather being hot, food hygiene had to be prioritized.

Before long, Brother Qin and his wife returned from the fields, and upon seeing Lin Chuxia washing baskets in the yard, Qin Han looked surprised.

"Sister-in-law, back so early from business today?"

"Yes, Brother. I prepared fewer buns today, so I came back early. I still have some buns left, so don't bother cooking dinner, Sister-in-law."

Qin Han laughed without hesitation when he heard this, "That's great! I've been craving buns for days now."

Zhang Guilan chimed in, "That's great. Saved me the trouble."

Once inside, the smiles on their faces faded.

Zhang Guilan glanced out the window and whispered, "I told you, doing business isn't easy. Sister-in-law bought quite a lot for her business. When will she break even?"

"Keep your voice down, don't let anyone outside hear. Also, try to talk less during dinner. Sister-in-law's intentions are good. Money is always hard to earn. Anyway, the second brother has a salary, so he can afford her trying things out. Worst case, we get to eat more buns."

Zhang Guilan snorted, "You wish! Those are meat buns. You ask around from the east to the west side of the village, who else eats meat buns daily?"

Qin Family Village was close to the county and was a farming community. They lived relatively better than ordinary farmers, but it was limited to being well-fed. Having pure white bread at every meal was considered good, let alone meat buns every day.

"Aren't you going with her to buy coal tomorrow? Here, I still have 10 dollars. Use it to cover the coal costs," Zhang Guilan said, taking 10 dollars out from a cabinet beside the bed.

Qin Han didn't take it, "This is our last 10 dollars. Didn't you say you wanted to buy fabric for a new dress, and Zhuangzhuang's clothes are getting small too..."

Zhang Guilan pushed the money into his hand without another word, "A new dress can be made anytime. In a few days when the beans are in, we can sell them for money to make it then. Don't you feel guilty eating their meat buns every day?"

Qin Han thought for a moment, realizing she was right. He had no idea how many meat buns sister-in-law had left, or how many days they'd be eating them.

Lin Chuxia was entirely unaware of the mental gymnastics her brother- and sister-in-law were going through. After washing the baskets, she went to the kitchen to help Mrs. Qin with dinner.

By the time Qin Han and Zhang Guilan finished tidying up, dinner was ready.

A table was set in the yard, and the whole family sat around it, eating together like they hadn't divided the family yet.

Qin Han had regained his cheerful demeanor. He took a meat bun and handed it to Mr. Qin, "These meat buns smell so good, they're making me hungry. Thanks to sister-in-law, we're in for a treat today. I need to eat several."

Zhang Guilan had already taken a bite and couldn't help but widen her eyes, "These are absolutely delicious! I've never tasted any meat buns this good."

Qin Han glanced at his wife and thought to himself, even though she usually acted carefree, she paid attention to details when it mattered.

Her expression and tone were so convincing that if they hadn't discussed it in the room, he would have believed her.

Since his wife was performing so well, he couldn't fall behind.

"Is that so? Let me try," Qin Han also took a bite.

When Qin Yang left, Lin Chuxia had only given a few meat buns to Mr. and Mrs. Qin. This was the first time Qin Han and Zhang Guilan were eating her meat buns.

With the first bite, Qin Han's expression changed, then he took another bite right away.

A meat bun was gone in three bites before he managed to speak, "This is incredible, sister-in-law! How did you make it better than those from the State-Owned Restaurant? Such tasty meat buns are left unsold? People don't know what they're missing."