

## Switched Marriage: The Coddled Little Wife

### #Chapter 31 Where Does This Arrogance Come From? - Read Switched Marriage: The Coddled Little Wife Chapter 31 Where Does This Arrogance Come From?

#### *Chapter 31: Chapter 31 Where Does This Arrogance Come From?*

Mrs. Qin gave him a displeased look, "What's left to eat? Yangyang's wife steamed three big steamer trays of buns today, over a hundred of them, all sold. She deliberately kept these for us to eat."

Qin Han breathed a sigh of relief, "I was just saying, how can such delicious meat buns not sell out."

"They sold over a hundred in half a day?" Zhang Guilan also asked.

Lin Chuxia didn't hide anything, "Yeah, there's a lot of foot traffic at the train station, many people looking to buy food, so they sell really well."

"That's very good," Zhang Guilan said with a smile.

Lin Chuxia kept a total of 20 meat buns. She ate little for dinner, only one bun and drank a bowl of porridge.

Zhuangzhuang and Mrs. Qin each ate two, Mr. Qin had three, the sister-in-law ate four, and the remaining eight all went into Qin Han's stomach; everyone was satisfied with the meal.

The next morning, Lin Chuxia and Qin Han went to the coal yard.

A friend of Qin Han's, also a classmate, had some authority in the coal factory. It was the off-season for coal use, so he gave Lin Chuxia a very good price.

The 12-hole honeycomb briquettes, usually nine cents each, were offered to Lin Chuxia at eight cents apiece, an internal discount.

But she usually used a large wood-burning stove to steam the buns at home; it steamed more and was faster, overall using wood was cheaper than coal.

The wood at home definitely wouldn't be enough, so Lin Chuxia went to a woodworking factory, where they disposed of the leftover scraps from making furniture; just perfect for use as firewood, and much cheaper.

Lin Chuxia's business was thriving and gradually getting on track. Meanwhile, Qin Yang received his salary for the month.

Upon leaving the finance office, Qin Yang couldn't wait to send the money back to Lin Chuxia. Just as he was heading out, a figure followed him.

"Mr. Qin is also going to send money? Let's go together?"

It was his coworker Li Wei, two years his senior. They usually got along quite well.

"Yeah," Qin Yang responded indifferently, noticing an envelope in Li Wei's hand, "You wrote a letter home too?"

"I did. My wife asked me to write her two letters a month. Can you believe it? We've been married for almost a year now; where am I supposed to find so much to write about?"

Li Wei's words dripped with helplessness, but his face didn't show any trace of dislike.

However, Qin Yang caught the important part of his statement, "Your wife asked you to write?"

"If not her, then who? Didn't your wife ask you to write letters?"

Li Wei sized up his buddy, and couldn't help thinking, with his buddy's temperament, if he were his wife, he probably wouldn't manage to ask for two letters a month either. No, if he were a woman, he wouldn't marry him at all.

To marry him and cuddle a block of ice all day?

"What kind of look is that?" Qin Yang frowned slightly, "Who says my wife didn't ask me to write? My wife wants me to write her three letters a month."

Li Wei???

Something off about him today?

Did he take the wrong meds?

Where did this pride come from?

Curiously gossiping, Li Wei stepped closer, "So what do you write in so many letters to your wife every month? I can't think of anything to say. Just the same old stuff at work every day. I find it so dull. I mean, I say I miss her, but it's just the bed stuff I think about... Speaking of which, I do get quite enthusiastic when writing that, just afraid the letters might get lost and it'd be a real embarrassment."

"You're embarrassing yourself right now," Qin Yang didn't mince words and gave him a sidelong glance.

A grown man obsessing over bed stuff... what a lack of ambition.

Li Wei wasn't having it, "How is this embarrassing? I don't believe you've never thought about it. Other people's wives and kids are keeping their beds warm, doing whatever they please. We, living apart, can't even get a kiss, let alone not even think about it?"

"You can mail it yourself; I'm heading back," Qin Yang said as they reached the crossroads and turned back to his dormitory.

Li Wei looked utterly bewildered. What was bothering Qin Yang now? Before he was married, Qin Yang couldn't stand dirty jokes, but now that he's got a wife, how come he still gets irritated by a few risqué remarks?

Back in the dormitory, Qin Yang pulled out some writing paper.

He had been negligent; he had earlier said he would write to Lin Chuxia, yet now nearly half a month had passed since he started work, and he had not written a single letter, thinking only of sending his salary back home today.

What had she been doing over these half a month? Was she eagerly awaiting his letter?

When Qin Yang thought of those clear, tear-filled apricot eyes, and then of her lips soft as flower petals, he wondered if kissing her would be like biting into a juicy peach.

His Adam's apple bobbed, and his mind filled with images from their wedding night, making him involuntarily curse under his breath.

It was all Li Wei's fault for bringing up bedroom talk while writing a letter, leaving his mind in a state of chaos.

Pushing aside those thoughts, Qin Yang wrote Lin Chuxia's name with deliberate strokes.

After a night of heavy rain, the morning sky cleared up but the roads were still hard to navigate, full of puddles.

Like always, Lin Chuxia rode out on her handcart.

Her life had settled into a regular rhythm: buying groceries in the morning, making steamed buns at noon, selling them in the afternoon. She had grown accustomed to this pace.

Blessed by the spiritual spring water, she didn't find the workload tiring at all, and even Mrs. Qin admired her, often coming over to offer help, concerned that she might overexert herself.

Lin Chuxia headed straight to the vegetable market, where from a distance, she saw Li Jian directing several people to move vegetables at the warehouse.

When Li Jian spotted Lin Chuxia, he waved at the others to keep working and walked over to her.

"Are your tomatoes nearly sold out?" He had not seen her coming to sell tomatoes these days.

"They are almost ready to be uprooted," she replied. It was past the peak season, and after she had picked several batches for baozi sales, Mr. Qin had been the one coming to sell them.

Pointing toward the shade of a nearby tree, the two walked over.

"I'm not here to sell vegetables today. I've started a small business selling steamed buns. I've been selling meat buns before and now I want to make some vegetable buns. I'm looking to buy some veggies and was wondering if Brother Li can do me a favor and give me a discount on the price."

"Going into business, just you?"

Li Jian looked at her slender arms and legs, suddenly remembering the handcart she had taken from the vegetable market, which he assumed was for transporting vegetables. She had other uses for it, it turned out.

Lin Chuxia was displeased with the condescension in his gaze, "Why couldn't I do business? Others can do it, so can I."

Li Jian conceded to his misjudgment with a laugh, "I forgot, you're quite the strong woman."

"Enough of that, just give me a straight answer. Can you give me a discount or not? I heard that Brother Li got a promotion recently; you should have that kind of authority now, right?"

She had only just found out about Li Jian's promotion upon her arrival.

Clearing his throat, Li Jian had to admit that his promotion was, in fact, thanks to this very young lady in front of him.

"Let's go. What vegetables do you want? I'll take you to choose."

Lin Chuxia didn't plan on buying much today. If the price was right, she wanted some chives and celery. When they reached the storeroom, she saw piles of cowpeas.

"How much are you selling the cowpeas for?"

"This is cheap, two cents per pound when we buy them. If you're interested, I'll sell to you at the same price I pay. Can't really go any lower than that."

"Only two cents?"

If she remembered correctly, her elder brother was now growing cowpeas and eggplants at their farm.

*Chapter 32: Chapter 32: The Damn Desire for Men to Win or Lose*

"Who's to say it's not disappointing? We thought the market opening up would make life a bit better for the common people. Indeed, we made a decent profit from growing vegetables in the first half of the year. However, too many people planted in the second half, so now all vegetables are worthless. Even these fine beans are only two cents a pound, and it's not even certain that we can sell them when they get to our hands. The storage unit next door still has half of yesterday's vegetables left."

Li Jian looked helpless.

Their vegetable station needs to make profits too. Now that vegetable prices are low, even if they sell the collected veggies for double the price, they won't make much money.

Not to mention that the farmers have too many vegetables, and they're being sold in heaps at the night market, greatly reducing the vegetable station's sales.

Lin Chuxia didn't continue discussing the current vegetable prices with him. She bought 5 pounds of leeks, 5 pounds of celery, and 10 pounds of spring onions, and gave Li Jian a bag of meat buns before leaving.

Li Jian held the hot meat buns. The cost of 5 pounds of leeks, 5 pounds of celery, and 10 pounds of spring onions wasn't much, especially when he had some tricks up his sleeve.

Lin Chuxia didn't know about his promotion, and he was clear in his heart that giving her a discount on vegetables hardly counted as a favor.

But Lin Chuxia didn't mind, asking him to taste and offer feedback so she could improve further.

With the conversation reaching this point, Li Jian found it hard to refuse, thinking that since they would be working together in the future, he could simply offer her more discounts on vegetables later.

After leaving the vegetable station, Lin Chuxia went to the meat shop and picked up the 5 pounds of meat she had ordered.

This season, without refrigeration, all meat and vegetables had to be sold the same day they were bought, and even leftovers couldn't be kept.

After shopping, she first sorted the vegetables and chopped the meat at home. Mrs. Qin helped her with the vegetables when she was free, and even Little Zhuangzhuang was accustomed to helping her.

Whenever they steamed buns, the little guy was busy helping with the firewood and fetching things, puffing his cheeks while praising how delicious her buns were.

With Little Zhuangzhuang around, Lin Chuxia felt far from lonely, his endearing antics providing her with great emotional value.

Human offspring are indeed the most adorable.

Mrs. Qin looked at her with warm eyes, picking leeks and smiling, "Yangyang has been at his job for half a month now. I don't know if he can come back for New Year's, has he told you to visit him if we're not too busy here? I heard that family members can stay for a few days. If you get pregnant, then Zhuangzhuang will have a companion."

Lin Chuxia hadn't caught on at first, but her face turned red at the end.

So whether Qin Yang comes back or she goes to his workplace, it was just for the sake of sowing seeds.

Although Lin Chuxia liked children, she had never thought about having children with Qin Yang.

In her previous life, she had been diagnosed as infertile after a drowning injury, although she and Li Guangyuan had been married for over a year before that without any pregnancy.

This life, she and Qin Yang had taken no precautions during their honeymoon days, and she had just had her period the day before yesterday. Therefore, regarding having children, her attitude was to let nature take its course.

"Mom, I'm just starting my business. There's no rush for children."

Lin Chuxia reassured Mrs. Qin, who might be anxious.

Mrs. Qin was open-minded, "Business can be done anytime. I'm still able to help while you have children. You can continue your business later, and it won't affect anything. Besides, Yangyang has a salary, even if you don't do business or make money, he can still support you. As a man, it is his responsibility to earn money for the family."

Zhuangzhuang blinked his curious big eyes and asked, "Auntie, do you have a little brother? But I want a little sister. My dad has always said he wants my mom to have a little sister for me, but she hasn't had one yet; she must be too dumb. Auntie, you are so smart, can you have a little sister for me?"

Mrs. Qin chuckled and tapped Zhuangzhuang's little forehead with her finger, "If you want a little sister, have your mom give birth to one. Your auntie might not necessarily want a daughter."

Nowadays, family planning is getting stricter, and since Qin Yang is working, it would be better to have a son if they are only allowed one child.

Lin Chuxia was unaware of the old woman's thoughts, finding Zhuangzhuang's quirky charm adorable.

While they were talking, the crisp and pleasing sound of a bicycle bell rang from outside the courtyard, "Lin Chuxia, you have mail."

"Must be a letter from Yangyang," Mrs. Qin said with a smile.

Every month, Qin Yang would send money home, and the mailman, responsible for delivering mail to this area, recognized the address as the Old Qin Family's and would deliver it directly to their doorstep.

Lin Chuxia quickly washed her hands and went out to get the mail, which included not only the letter but also a remittance slip.

Lin Chuxia glanced at the amount on it – her forehead creased – sixty yuan.

Is this guy not spending any money? Leaving only three yuan for himself and sending the rest to her, she felt a touch of emotion despite herself.

In both her lives, it had always been others demanding money from her, never satisfied no matter how much she gave, like a pack of vampires.

Now, here was someone who always thought of her, preferring to live tightly himself rather than let her suffer.

Even though she now had her bun business and didn't need these sixty yuan, the money felt weighty in her palm.

"Go and read the letter, I'll finish picking these chives shortly, so no need for you to help," Mrs. Qin urged Lin Chuxia to go inside.

Lin Chuxia didn't want to dismiss her kindness. If she showed disinterest in the letter, the elderly might overthink it. She simply said, "Okay, thank you, Mom."

She went inside, placed the remittance slip aside, and opened the letter. It was a thin sheet, half-filled with writing.

Qin Yang's handwriting was beautiful, just like him – strong and powerful, each stroke filled with vigor.

It started with her name, Lin Chuxia.

Lin Chuxia silently smiled and continued reading. The letter shared his basic daily routines at work and the bland meals at the cafeteria. He mentioned how delicious her fried meat sauce and chili oil were, popular among his colleagues, and ended with a hope for her reply.

Lin Chuxia folded the letter, her fingers tapping gently on the table top.

This letter might seem simple, documenting his daily life, but upon closer reflection, it was not that simple.

With a soft chuckle, Lin Chuxia laughed out.

This man, indeed, was somewhat childish.

Overall, the letter conveyed three points:

First, he wanted not only her response but for her to write to him more frequently.

Second, he wanted her to send him food.

Third, if possible, he even hoped she would visit him.

This damned competitive spirit in men, had he been provoked, or was it an attempt to compete with a colleague?

Lin Chuxia found a biscuit box and stored the letter and remittance slip inside.

At noon, the older brother and his wife hadn't returned; the bean pods and eggplants had ripened recently, and the couple had gone to the fields early in the morning to pick vegetables, Mr. Qin had also been helping them these days.



After the first two days of picking vegetables, they went directly to the market; but as the prices were low these past two days, they didn't bother and instead took the vegetables directly to the night market to set up a stall.

After eating lunch, Lin Chuxia started steaming buns – three large steamer racks of meat buns, one each of chive and celery filled buns.

They amounted to twenty-five steamer racks when the large ones were transferred to smaller ones, plus the stove, kettle, and other items, filling a cart.

The road, wet from rain, was difficult to navigate. Lin Chuxia walked carefully, and by the time she reached the train station, she was a bit later than usual, only to find someone had already taken her usual spot for setting up her stall.

### *Chapter 33: Chapter 33 Competitor*

A fifty-something old lady, a bit plumper than the average person, with somewhat dark skin, she looked rather fierce.

A stack of steaming baskets sat on the stool in front of her, and astonishingly, she was also selling steamed buns.

Upon seeing Lin Chuxia coming over, the old lady deliberately turned in another direction, with her back facing her.

Sister Liu, who sold peanuts, sunflower seeds and toilet paper nearby, was already familiar with Lin Chuxia and came over, nodding towards the old lady and whispered, "Why are you so late today? The spot has been taken. I told her that someone else was there but she didn't listen, she even said her son works at the police station and that we can't afford to offend them. I think she deliberately took your spot."

With a smile, Lin Chuxia thanked the older sister, "Let her be, I'll find another place."

Their small businesses could be run by them or by someone else.

There were plenty of vendors near the train station entrance; it wasn't yet to the point where finding somewhere to sell was impossible.

Sister Liu thought she was too naive to understand, feeling anxious for her, "You've been selling at that spot for so long, not to mention the train passengers, even the locals recognize your buns. Giving it up to her just like that, aren't you letting her reap the benefits for nothing?"

Out of so many places, why did the old lady have to take Lin Chuxia's spot if not for this very reason?

Lin Chuxia understood this of course, but "We're essentially squatting on this land to sell our goods without permission, even if I went to argue with her, I wouldn't have a leg to stand on," better to set up shop earlier and sell an extra couple of baskets of buns.

Moreover, the local residents and regular customers knew who to look for, she was right next to them, how could they miss her?

Lin Chuxia didn't dwell on it and located a vacant spot across the way to set up her stall.

Granny Sun initially thought that young miss would come over to fight for the spot and had her excuses ready, but then she saw the other person set up shop opposite her and felt relieved, yet also somewhat miffed.

These past few days, she had been scoping the market and noticed the young girl was making good money selling buns, so she thought of steaming some buns to sell as well.

She had deliberately snagged that spot. Just now, someone came to buy buns and asked if the previous vendor was her daughter, and she claimed it was her daughter-in-law, resulting in that person buying five pork buns without hesitation.

Thinking of using this pretext to sell more, she set up shop right opposite her, making it difficult for her to sell.

Sure enough, after Lin Chuxia set up her stall, passing travelers all gathered around Lin Chuxia's bun stall to make their purchases.

Lin Chuxia's buns were being warmed on a small stove, the steam billowing, emitting bursts of fragrant aroma, much more enticing than the old lady's buns.

No matter the time, people always prefer something warm to eat.

Sister Liu strolled over to Lin Chuxia's side and laughed while she wasn't busy, "You're really something. Ever since you set up your stand, that old lady has not sold a single bun. I can see her face turned green."

Lin Chuxia handed her a chive-filled bun, "Try this vegetarian bun I steamed today, it's filled with chives and egg."

Sister Liu was already very familiar with her, accepted the bun and handed over a handful of sunflower seeds for her to crack and eat in her spare time.

After taking a bite of the bun, she was full of praise, "Your cooking is really incredible, it's the same chive and egg filling, but how come I can't recreate this taste? Do you have a secret recipe?"

Lin Chuxia nodded, "I learned the craft from an old master before, and I heard that his ancestors used to be chefs for the Prince Mansion."

She was speaking with seeming earnestness, partly to make it clear to the other person that her buns indeed had a secret recipe and to avoid further questions about how they were made since a secret recipe certainly can't be shared freely.

Additionally, it served to build a reputation for her craft, as right now she sells buns, but in the future, she would sell other food items as well.

At any rate, advertising is always the most direct way to attract customers.

Sister Liu's face was filled with envy, "How come I don't have your skills? Look at me, selling peanuts and sunflower seeds here all day, but at the end of the day, I earn less than you make from two baskets of buns."

There were more than just her selling peanuts and seeds by the train station. They are just snacks for boredom relief, and usually only those with money to spare would buy a handful before getting on the train, unlike these meat buns which one could buy just to have a meal.

"Miss, do you still have meat buns?"

While they were talking, someone stood in front of the bun stand and asked.

Lin Chuxia looked up and saw that it was the very first customer who bought her buns.

"Yes, how many would you like? Brother, are you back from a business trip? Did everything go well?"

Lin Chuxia had long developed a skill for sizing up people. Initially, this brother's clean outfit and briefcase suggested he was likely away on official business.

Half a month had passed, and since he had returned, it naturally meant that he had been on a business trip.

Xu Changping smiled, "Thanks to your kind words, it went smoothly. Your meat buns taste good, give me 20 of them."

Lin Chuxia quickly served him the buns and casually asked, "Today we also have chive and egg, and celery and egg fillings. The vegetarian buns are six cents each, two for ten cents for the brother—would you like to try them too?"

"Alright, I'll take five of each."

Thirty meat buns decimated three baskets, leaving Granny Sun across the street almost popping her eyeballs, she immediately started to hawk, "Meat buns, big filling meat buns, ten cents each, eleven for one yuan..."

Xu Changping handed Lin Chuxia three yuan, smiling, "You've got competitors now, huh?"

Nowadays, food isn't just about the taste; one extra bun for one yuan is a strong competitive factor, regardless of the taste.

Lin Chuxia gave him fifty cents in change and laughed unconcernedly, "Isn't this what an open market is like? Anyone can be in control, anyone can do business and be the boss. Competition improves product quality, and healthy competition fosters market development. It's a good thing."

Xu Changping couldn't help but take another look at Lin Chuxia—such awareness from someone so young.

His business trip was to the big machinery plant up north to discuss new technology. With the market opening, they were also thinking about reform and innovation at their machinery plant. If they kept to their old ways, self-contained, they would inevitably be eliminated by the market.

Yet, many people fail to see this, especially those in large state-owned plants, who have been spoon-fed by the government for too long and only know to open their mouths to be fed.

"You are quite interesting, miss. I see great potential in you."

Lin Chuxia accepted his compliment frankly.

In her previous life, having run businesses for a lifetime, she had already seen through it all: the market naturally operates on a survival of the fittest basis, and even using some tricks, as long as they don't touch the law, is normal.

The market is not yet regulated, and there are no stall fees around the train station, so no one is intruding on anyone else's territory.

It was perfectly normal for Granny Sun to sell buns and compete for the market. If her buns tasted better and took customers away, Lin Chuxia would accept defeat gracefully.

Conversely, without a good product and unable to compete with peers, one would eventually be eliminated by the market—there was no need for her to worry or take action.

Like today, although she had two more baskets of buns and a new competitor, she didn't close up shop too late.

Mainly because during this period, she had gained quite a few regular customers.

After selling the last basket of buns, Lin Chuxia cleaned up the baskets and the small stove. Seeing Granny Sun on the opposite side guarding her stack of baskets, eagerly watching her, almost as if she couldn't wait for her to leave.

Lin Chuxia loaded her belongings onto her cart, said goodbye to the seed-selling sister, and then pedaled the cart away.

#### *Chapter 34: Chapter 34 Catching a Thief, Getting Robbed*

At the end of summer, the weather was still hot, and there were pairs and groups of pedestrians either hurrying on their way or taking a stroll on the road.

The Qin Family Village was located on the south side of the county, and to get back from the train station, one did not need to pass through the county. When Lin Chuxia was passing through a secluded alley, a figure suddenly darted out.

The other person moved very fast, with a clear target in sight, and in an instant, they were in front of Lin Chuxia. Before she could react, she felt her shoulder tighten, and the pouch of money on her back was snatched away.

Lin Chuxia, due to inertia, was dragged off the tricycle and stumbled a few steps forward, managing to brace herself against a nearby wall to avoid falling.

Seeing the thief running away with her money pouch, Lin Chuxia almost instinctively yelled out, "Catch the thief, I've been robbed, stop him..."

At this time, although there were pedestrians on the road, most of them were just out for a walk after dinner. Seeing such an incident, not only did they not chase after the thief, they even stepped back a few steps, keeping their distance.

Lin Chuxia glanced at the handcart beside her, gritted her teeth, and was about to chase after him when a figure dashed past her and headed straight for the thief.

The person moved very quickly and caught up with the thief in less than a hundred meters, tangling together with him.

Lin Chuxia took this opportunity to catch up and saw that the thief was still clinging onto her money pouch. He even pulled out a knife from his pocket, but Lin Chuxia stepped forward and grabbed his wrist.

"Dare to rob your granny's bag, are you looking for death?"

Her grip kept tightening. The thief had not taken Lin Chuxia seriously at first, but then found himself unable to move his wrist, which was held by the seemingly thin and frail woman. Not only that, his wrist hurt more and more until the knife clattered to the ground.

"Damn woman, let go!"

"I'll let go of your grandpa!"

Lin Chuxia no longer cared about the money pouch and grabbed the thief's arm, performing a shoulder throw and slamming him heavily onto the ground.

The thief was dazed by the fall and hadn't come to his senses before his collar was vigorously lifted, and he was confronted with the enlarged face of a girl.

This girl was really pretty.

Just as the thought flashed through his mind, he took a heavy punch to the stomach.

"Ugh..."

Before he could vomit anything out, he suffered another violent hit to the back, and with a thud, he was face down on the ground.

Before him was a pair of broken floral cloth shoes with thick soles.

Now he finally realized that he had provoked a vengeful spirit today, and a female one at that.

So, the surrounding onlookers, who were indifferent and just wanted to watch the commotion, saw an unbelievable scene.

A slender and seemingly weak girl was punching and kicking a man, while the previously blustering robber was now crying and begging for mercy.

"The public security officers are here!"

A kind-hearted person called over the nearby patrolling officers.

Hearing this, the thief seemed to see a savior, waving his arms frantically toward the approaching uniformed officer.

"Comrade, save me... Please, quickly save me, they're going to beat someone to death..."

The righteous Public Security officer Sun Hao: "..."

Who could tell him what was going on? Wasn't there a report of a robbery?

This was clearly a case of fighting and brawling.

Regardless, Sun Hao still stepped forward to stop the two people, or more precisely, to stop Lin Chuxia from beating the other party unilaterally.

Lin Chuxia smoothed her disheveled hair and pointed at the man on the ground, filled with righteous indignation, "Officer, he committed a robbery. He almost stole my money pouch. Quick, arrest him. People who endanger public safety and property like him should be made to sit in prison for life."

The freshly risen robber on the ground, "..."

Who indeed endangers the safety of the people, just look at his battered face and body.

"Officer, I didn't..."

The robber began to defend himself unconsciously when he was interrupted by a voice.

"I can testify, this man did indeed snatch the lady's purse, we've been chasing him from over there."

Only then did Lin Chuxia clearly see the person who had helped chase the robber.

A man in his 30s, not tall, with an honest face, yet showing a hint of weathered experience from the years.

Sun Hao was originally alerted to a robbery here and came over; now with the victim and witness present, to further verify the facts, it was still necessary to take the person to the police station for a written statement.

Lin Chuxia picked up her purse from the ground, relieved that she had installed a zipper on it, as the money inside hadn't spilled out. After reloading her cart, she followed the officer to the police station.

After giving a clear account and finishing the written statement at the police station, it was already dark outside. Under the streetlight at the entrance, Lin Chuxia solemnly thanked the man.

"Brother Su, I truly can't thank you enough for today."

At the police station, Lin Chuxia learned that the brave man who stepped forward was named Su Wensong.

Su Wensong smiled simply, "No need to be polite, I didn't really help much."

Besides initially stopping the robber, he hadn't retrieved the purse, and the rest was done by the lady herself.

Still, he was impressed that such a gentle and frail-looking lady could beat a big man without allowing him any chance to retaliate.

"How could you say you didn't help? Having Brother Su come forward as a witness was incredibly helpful," she was almost counter-accused by the robber.

Lin Chuxia knew it was wrong to hit someone, but at that moment, she was just too angered.

She also wanted to test her own skills.

In her past life, it was only through the guidance of a professional coach and her daily dedication to practice that she had honed her skills.

Now, reborn, she still remembered her moves in a flash, but her body had not yet been trained. She hadn't personally tested how effective the spiritual spring water was.

She was very satisfied with the outcome of today's experiment.

She wanted to invite Su Wensong for a meal to express her gratitude, but he refused. Lin Chuxia could tell that Su Wensong was indeed an upright and righteous man.

With this delay, it was very late by the time she got home.

Hearing some noise, Mrs. Qin came out of the room, "It's quite late, were the vegetarian buns hard to sell? Steam fewer of them tomorrow."

Lin Chuxia didn't elaborate to avoid worrying the elderly woman. Seeing that her elder brother and sister-in-law's room was still dark, she changed the subject, "Haven't brother and sister-in-law returned from selling vegetables yet?"

Mrs. Qin sighed, "Not yet, they picked a lot of vegetables today, selling them little by little, how can it be easy to sell all?"

Lin Chuxia knew it wasn't that selling the vegetables piece by piece was the issue, rather that this season too many people had planted green beans and eggplants.

As they were talking, Qin Han returned, pushing his bicycle, with Zhang Guilan trailing behind, carrying a basket of vegetables.

"Didn't sell them all, did you?"



Approaching them, Mrs. Qin asked in surprise upon seeing the vegetables still in their baskets.

"We couldn't get a good price today, we'll sell them tomorrow," Qin Han casually remarked.

Zhang Guilan muttered under her breath from behind, "What good price, they wouldn't even buy at two cents a pound. Others selling vegetables have already sold theirs in heaps, can't figure out why there's such an oversupply of green beans and eggplants."

In the first half of the year, green beans and eggplants sold for a good price, and those who planted them made money. So, naturally, many planted the same crops in the second half. Everyone present understood this reasoning, so the conversation didn't linger on this topic.

### *Chapter 35: Chapter 35 Fulfilling a Wife's Duty*

Knowing that several people hadn't eaten yet, Mrs. Qin brought out the buns left by Lin Chuxia for them to eat.

They were all vegetarian buns, which wouldn't go bad in the summer heat, so the group made do with them for dinner.

After dinner, Qin Han brought a half sack of white flour to Lin Chuxia. These days, they were able to have buns steamed by Lin Chuxia quite frequently. Although Lin Chuxia wasn't particular about it, he, as the eldest brother, couldn't just eat and drink at someone's expense for free.

Lin Chuxia did not refuse. She understood the principle of reciprocation in regards to favors.

She was running a bun business, which could offer some convenience to her brother's family. Yet, the two families were after all separated; between siblings, financial matters should be clear.

Qin Han brought the white flour directly to Lin Chuxia's kitchen, turned around to leave, and Lin Chuxia spoke again, "Brother, leave 20 pounds of your eggplants and string beans for me, just calculated at today's market price. I plan to make some buns with eggplant and string bean stuffing tomorrow, so I won't need to go to the market to buy vegetables."

Qin Han knew that his younger sister was helping him out as his vegetables were not selling well, and he agreed quickly.

Back in the house, Qin Han took out a cigarette from the cigarette box and lit it up. This was actually a cigarette given by his sister. He didn't usually smoke much, and this pack was almost gone.

Zhang Guilan came in after washing up and, smelling the cigarette smoke, glanced at her husband, "Hurry up and wash up and go to sleep. You need to get up early tomorrow. You really don't seem tired."

Qin Han didn't reply, and Zhang Guilan continued, "Why don't you just take the vegetables to the station tomorrow? We can't make much by selling them here and it is exhausting having to get up before dawn."

"You know what the station is like. The cheaper the price, the pickier they are. Half of a basket of vegetables can be picked out just because they look a bit flawed. It's the same everywhere," Qin Han took another drag on his cigarette.

Zhang Guilan sighed, "We can't just throw them away, right? Everyone said that after dividing the land and being your own boss, good days would come. But the market changes daily. Before, when did we ever have vegetables that didn't sell? I don't know if this free market is a good or bad thing."

Qin Han finished the last puff of his cigarette, threw the butt on the ground, and crushed it with his foot.

"Have you ever thought about doing business? You see how our little sister sells buns, it seems busy, but have you ever done the math?"

Seeing his wife looking over, Qin Han lowered his voice, "I've calculated when I was free. Our little sister sells a few cages of buns every day, easily making a few dollars. And the buns she makes sell well, never any left over. It's a guaranteed profit, even if it's occasionally rainy and she can't set up her stall, she still makes more a month than a regular salary."

In the factory, workers only made thirty or forty dollars a month.

Zhang Guilan frowned slightly, knowing her husband didn't want to farm. Initially, when her sister-in-law invited them to do business together, her husband was interested, but she was thinking about their small plot of land.

If the harvest was good just as before, that would be fine, but if the market continued like this, they would toil and suffer but the vegetables they grew would sell for little, or even have to be thrown away...

Zhang Guilan, after much consideration, still advised, "We don't have the skill to make buns that delicious. Also, if everyone went into business, what would come of the land?"

Dad's health is passable for looking after half an acre, but leaving all the land for him alone would exhaust him even if the fieldwork is light."

They were farmers generation after generation; not cultivating the land was simply unthinkable.

Hearing this, Qin Han didn't say anything further.

Meanwhile, Lin Chuxia was finishing her washing up and found some stationery to write a reply to Qin Yang.

She hadn't mentioned the business to Qin Yang yet, but now that it was on track, she could share some details with him.

Thinking of the business, Lin Chuxia remembered the old lady selling buns at the train station today. Although she wasn't afraid of market competition, it was time to start making some plans.

Selling buns from a stall was just the beginning; with limited funds, she could only start from setting up a stall. Now, she estimated she had over three hundred yuan, enough to rent two storefronts and open a bun shop.

The original cooking equipment could still be used, and besides the rent for the house, adding some tables and chairs would likely suffice with 300 yuan.

However, she didn't mention these things in the letter as she felt it unnecessary. With Qin Yang's temperament, he probably wouldn't care much about what she was doing.

Moreover, she feared that talking too much might lead him to overthink, so she shifted the topic to Mr. Qin and Mrs. Qin's health.

During this period, every time she had meals with Mr. Qin and Mrs. Qin, she would find opportunities to add some spiritual spring water to their water tank, and indeed, Mr. Qin's complexion seemed to improve.

Today, Mrs. Qin mentioned that Mr. Qin was careless and forgot to buy medicine after finishing it, he did not take his medicine all day, but fortunately, he did not fall ill.

Previously, missing just one dose of medicine would cause him difficulties, but now missing a day's medicine didn't make him sick, indicating that his health was indeed getting better.

After finishing talking about home, the letter was already half full. Lin Chuxia thought for a while, then advised him on several points, fulfilling her responsibility as a wife, before folding the letter properly and putting it in an envelope.

Thinking of the meat sauce and fried chili he mentioned, she planned to buy more tomorrow and make some to send to him.

It was just that the weather was hot which made it inconvenient to make other things, otherwise, she could also make some beef jerky snacks.

But then she thought, Qin Yang wasn't the type to eat snacks, and Lin Chuxia felt relieved.

The next morning, Lin Chuxia went to the post office to withdraw money, then wandered near the train station.

She was already familiar with this neighborhood where all around were residential zones.

They were located in the north, and the winds of economic reform reached here two years later than other places; the shops in the big and small streets were mostly still state-owned.

Lin Chuxia wished if she could rent a small courtyard facing the street, speak to the landlord to either punch a hole in the wall or open a direct pathway, even if it meant paying a bit more rent.

As she was thinking, a figure emerged from the alley—it was Su Wensong whom she had just met yesterday.

Seeing Lin Chuxia, Su Wensong was also taken aback and then nodded slightly as a greeting.

Lin Chuxia nodded back at him and was just about to say something when an elderly lady with white hair caught up from behind Su Wensong.

"Wensong, Wensong... don't go," the old lady grabbed Su Wensong's hand, her face full of distress and pleading, "it's just a job, let's not take it. What if they sue you again and make you go to the countryside to a farm? Grandma only has you."

Su Wensong, paying no attention to anything else, quickly comforted the old lady, "Grandma, I'll listen to you, I won't go to them anymore."

"Really?" The grandma obviously didn't believe it, "Then why do you keep running outside every day?"

"Really, these last few days I've been looking for other jobs. Don't worry, grandma, I won't leave you again."

Lin Chuxia felt it wasn't right to disturb the two of them, quietly turned away and went elsewhere.

After wandering for quite some time, she couldn't find a suitable courtyard; after all, many homes were already tightly packed and had no spare courtyards to rent, plus she wanted one that faced the street.

Not finding one didn't discourage Lin Chuxia. She planned to explore other areas tomorrow, first, she would go buy ingredients for today's buns.