

Switched Marriage: The Coddled Little Wife

Chapter 36: Chapter 36: A Fateful Meeting

The butcher shop owner was already familiar with Lin Chuxia, and he had packed up the meat she needed early.

The streaky pork with fat and lean layers, along with the meat from the pig's buttock tip, were both good cuts for fillings.

Lin Chuxia paid the shop owner and noticed a large basin of pork offal next to her, "How much for this set?"

The shop owner glanced at it and said with a chuckle, "This isn't worth much without the pig's head, but if you want it, take it for one yuan."

A whole set of offal usually includes a pig's head, 4 pig trotters, and the entire pig's internal organs.

Although the pig's head is considered offal, like the internal organs, and is lower-grade meat not presented at formal occasions, the pig's head also has an important function.

In places like Lin Chuxia's hometown, the most important offering is the pig's head with a pig tail in its mouth, symbolizing the entirety of the pig.

Without the pig's head, this set of offal loses much of its value. If not handled properly, those internal organs might exude a fishy smell, and no one is willing to deal with them.

Lin Chuxia gave the shop owner one yuan, asked him to pack the offal properly, and carried it away feeling around five or six jin heavy, thinking she got a good deal.

After shopping and returning home, Lin Chuxia first went to Mrs. Qin's room and took out 30 yuan for her.

During the family division, the famine debts were also divided: they took 60, the eldest brother 80, Mr. Qin and Mrs. Qin 20. Lin Chuxia couldn't bear to see the elders saddled with debt, so 20 yuan was for paying their debt, and the other 10 was for their support.

Mrs. Qin was reluctant to accept the money and kept refusing. In the end, Lin Chuxia had to invoke Qin Yang's name, saying it was Qin Yang's intention, and if she did not accept it, Qin Yang might misunderstand. Reluctantly, Mrs. Qin stopped refusing and took out a banknote from the three she had and gave it back to Lin Chuxia, "Your dad and I can still work; we don't need you kids to support us. You gave us the harvest from

the tomatoes, we don't need the money. When we need money, you can give it to us then."

Lin Chuxia knew that if she continued to refuse, Mrs. Qin would not take the 20 yuan, so she had no choice but to keep the money.

After lunch, the weather outside turned cloudy again, and it looked like rain would come soon. Lin Chuxia made only half the usual number of buns, cooked them early, and headed for the train station.

She thought she was early today, but to her surprise, the old granny who sold buns and whom she had met yesterday was already there, setting up at her usual spot.

Seeing Lin Chuxia come so early as well, she first widened her eyes in disbelief, then puffed up in anger, not even sparing her a glance.

Lin Chuxia didn't mind her and pushed her cart to the opposite side to set up her stand.

Sister Liu came over to Lin Chuxia, a handful of sunflower seeds in her hand, cracking them while speaking softly to Lin Chuxia.

"See that? After you left yesterday, she barely sold any. She came over after midday today, probably hoping to sell more before you arrived. Who would have thought you'd come so early and see how mad she is..."

Lin Chuxia watched Sister Liu laugh without any inhibitions and couldn't help but join in, "I saw the weather wasn't looking good, so I came out earlier to get it over with."

"That's true. I heard from the opera radio yesterday that it would rain today."

Once the bun stand was set up and the windbreak opened on the coal stove, Lin Chuxia also placed a small table out with a thermos and bowls.

After all this, she looked up and saw an old man sitting in the corner, gazing at the train station.

The old man was very thin, with greying hair and a mostly white beard, his eyes indifferently gazing into the distance, as if looking at something, yet as if not seeing anything at all.

This old man was no stranger to her; he was there almost every day, sitting for the better part of the day.

Sister Liu and the others were used to his presence, saying he was a lonely old man with nobody left at home and somewhat mentally unstable.

Lin Chuxia looked at the old man and remembered something from her past life.

Back then, she and Li Guangyuan were no longer selling vegetables, but had opened a snack shop in the county. While people were eating and chatting in their shop, she only caught the gist of it...

The story is about an old man at the train station who suffered a family tragedy; his spouse died, his daughter cut off relations with them, and his only son was taken to a farm for rehabilitation and never heard from again. Later, the old man returned to the city, but his son did not come back.

It was at the train station that the old man's son had taken the train. Day after day, the old man waited at the entrance of the station for his son's return. In the end, probably having lost all hope, he laid himself on the tracks.

It was mealtime, and there were quite a few people eating at the snack bar. Right after the man finished speaking, he immediately encountered disapproval from the table next door. It was Lin Chuxia who stepped forward to mediate and pacify the situation, which is why the incident stayed deeply in her memory.

What she didn't expect was that not long after, she heard what followed in the man's story; the old man's son came back.

Because of his good behavior and the relaxation of policies, he joined the military service and was caught up in the war against Y, so that's why there had been no news.

If the old man from the legend and this one were one and the same...

Lin Chuxia took two pork buns from the steamer and wrapped them in wax paper before walking over.

Old Man He was gazing absent-mindedly at the entrance of the train station when the scent of meat suddenly filled his nostrils. Looking down, he saw two plump pork buns, and when he looked up again, he was met with a beautiful face.

He recognized this girl; she sold pork buns at the entrance of the train station, and people said they were delicious.

Lin Chuxia gave the old man a smile, then raised the buns in her hands a little. Old Man He, his face expressionless, simply turned around and said, "I'm not begging, and I don't need anyone's pity."

Lin Chuxia squatted down, "It's not pity, I just thought you looked agreeable and wanted you to try my pork buns."

"I'm not someone who just tastes others' food willy-nilly."

Lin Chuxia wanted to laugh; the old man looked so haughty, not like someone with mental problems at all.

"Well, I'll leave the pork buns here for you to decide."

Seeing customers in front of her stall, she set the wax-paper-wrapped pork buns next to the elderly man and jogged back to her bun stand.

Before she reached her stall, she heard Granny Sun mumbling softly from the opposite side, "Why are you so stubborn? My stand also sells pork buns, you can buy from me just the same, we're all family here..."

"I'm not family with you," Lin Chuxia interrupted Granny Sun, "I don't even know you."

Caught red-handed trying to poach business, Granny Sun's face reddened with embarrassment, followed by a cold snort.

Lin Chuxia had already put on a smile and was serving customers buns.

A train came into the station shortly after, and she sold several steamer trays of buns before finally taking a break.

Looking back, the pork buns had disappeared from beside the old man, who was now wiping his mouth.

Lin Chuxia let out another soft chuckle.

Sister Liu, having a spare moment from her own busy stall, came over full of gossip, "Why bother with him? Honestly, does he have some mental problems?"

"He's alright," Lin Chuxia replied tactfully before getting back to business.

She had brought fewer buns today and sold out quickly. Still, when she packed up her stall, the sky had started to drizzle.

The weather forecast was indeed accurate this time.

Lin Chuxia hastened her actions, collected her things, and rode the handcart home.

When going down a slope, the rainy weather made the road slippery, the wheels skidded, the handle twisted, and the stacked steamer baskets fell from the cart.

The handcart couldn't be left on the slope, and the fallen steamers had to be picked up. At that moment, a figure appeared, propped the cart with one hand, picked up the baskets from the ground with the other, placed them back on the cart, and helped push the cart along.

Chapter 37: Chapter 37: Are You Very Familiar with Him?

Lin Chuxia didn't delay either, borrowing momentum to ride the cart to a stable spot.

"Brother Su, we meet again. I have to rely on you once more, thank you so much."

Su Wensong waved his hand, "No need to thank me. The rain is getting heavier. Hurry home."

Lin Chuxia also knew it wasn't the time to chat, and after thanking him again, she pedaled the cart.

As soon as she entered the door, she saw her brother-in-law, Qin Han, wearing a raincoat getting ready to go out. Upon seeing her return, he came over, "Your sister-in-law asked me to check on you. It's good that you're back. The rain seems to be getting heavier."

"Yes, I made you all worry," she said.

Lin Chuxia got off the cart, while the Qin family's elders and Zhang Guilan, upon hearing the noise, all came out.

Zhang Guilan pulled a plastic cloth over her head and followed into the house to move things.

Seeing Mr. Qin about to come out too, Lin Chuxia hurriedly gestured with her hands, "You don't have to come out; we're almost done moving everything."

After everything was moved into the side room, the rain started pouring harder.

Mrs. Qin came over under the eaves, saw Lin Chuxia drenched, and handed her a towel, "In the future, if the weather's bad, don't go out. It'll be no good if you catch a cold."

"Okay, I'll listen to Mom."

Lin Chuxia cheerfully complied, thinking that once the Bun Shop opens, she wouldn't have to suffer like this.

Yet, she once again felt the warmth of the Qin family today. Though Qin Yang wasn't at home, the Qin family's elders and her brother and sister-in-law truly cared about her.

After taking a hot shower and changing clothes, Lin Chuxia saw it was still early and started to prepare the offal she had bought in the morning.

Pig's heart and liver were relatively easy to clean, while the hardest to clean were the lungs, large intestines, small intestines, and pig's feet.

Thankfully, her brother helped her fetch water.

When she returned, she had already informed her in-laws and her brother and sister-in-law, and since it was raining and they were all home, they would have dinner together.

Zhang Guilan heated water on the side, watching Lin Chuxia clean the intestines with flour, and couldn't help saying, "This is the first time I've known to clean the offal this way. Before, I wanted to buy some because it was cheap, but wasn't sure how to prepare it."

"This way it's clean, without any stench," Lin Chuxia explained.

The pig's feet were prepared by Mr. Qin, scraped and scalded, very clean.

When everything was washed, she began to stew the meat. Stewing was Lin Chuxia's forte, and she planned to make everyone a stewed delicacy.

Green onions, ginger, star anise went into the pot, followed by half a bottle of fermented tofu sauce, and the secret seasoning she had previously taken from her space. After bringing it to a boil on high heat, she reduced it to a simmer on low heat. Soon, the entire room filled with the aroma of cooking meat.

Little Zhuangzhuang, who had just now frowned upon seeing the pig offal, now was sniffing the air with his small nose, "Mommy, what meat are you stewing in the pot? It smells so good!"

"Don't worry about what meat it is, anything your little auntie stews is delicious, just wait to eat," not wanting to leave any psychological impression on her son, Zhang Guilan didn't tell him.

The fire didn't need tending, so she stood up to wash her hands, "I'll go and make some flaky deep-fried flatbreads, they go well with the stew."

"Make some two-grain flatbreads too, those are good for cutting the greasiness."

"Sure, I'll also make a cold bean dish with plenty of minced garlic, that's tasty too."

The two sisters-in-law discussed and agreed on the plan, while Mrs. Qin, looking on with a constant smile on her face, thought, "It'd be even better if Yangyang were home."

Such a sensible and sweet daughter-in-law will surely become more and more beloved by her son, and she felt justified in insisting on this marriage for him.

The setting sun slowly painted the entire sky a shade of crimson, and the yellow sands of the Gobi were touched with a warm orange hue.

Qin Yang had finished his meal at the canteen and was ready to head back to his dormitory.

The beef sauce and chili paste that Lin Chuxia had brought him were all gone, and he couldn't help but find the cafeteria's food increasingly bland, as if his taste buds had become too particular.

Calculating the time, his family should have received his letter by now. He had intended to send 50 yuan home as usual, keeping only a little over ten for himself. But upon reaching the post office, he suddenly changed his mind, holding back just three yuan for himself and sending the remaining 60 yuan back home.

His father was on medication all year round, and the family had no savings. They had just split the family assets and were immediately in debt due to famine. And yet, Lin Chuxia had brought him so much delicacy, which he knew without asking must have come from her personal savings.

Qin Yang knew that Lin Chuxia was not the favored one at home. She only had one new dress, which was probably all of her savings.

If this had been two months ago, Qin Yang definitely wouldn't have paid any attention to how many new dresses a woman had, even if that woman was his wife.

But now, he wanted to give her the best of everything, to make her life as comfortable as he could within his means, because she was Lin Chuxia.

"Qin Yang!"

A voice interrupted his thoughts, and Qin Yang stopped in his tracks, one hand in his pocket, watching the woman approaching at a quick pace from afar.

Xu Sijin ran all the way there, eyeing the tall man standing against the light, straight in stature, with a cold and stern look that emanated a sheer sense of coolness and detachment.

Even so, she couldn't bring herself to look away from him until she stopped about two steps from him.

"What is it?" Qin Yang asked, slightly frowning when the woman stopped him but said nothing.

Xu Sijin snapped back to reality, "Oh, Mr. Bai was asking me about the quota for family members accompanying the staff, and I was wondering if you're planning to have your

family come along. You see, our department has limited quotas for accompanying family members, and they generally prioritize couples who have been married for many years but live apart. I was thinking that it might not look good if you, having just gotten married, were to apply for one, especially since you are in the rising phase of your career. The leaders think highly of you, and it would be best not to let personal matters affect their perception of you..."

"Am I that familiar with you?" Qin Yang interrupted her endless chatter.

Xu Sijin paused, facing his impatient gaze, feeling as if a needle had pricked her heart.

"I... I just wanted to remind you, considering we've been colleagues for many years, I wouldn't want small matters to affect your career."

"I know how to handle my own affairs," Qin Yang spoke coldly.

He didn't like his matters being poked and prodded by an outsider. He had no intention of applying for his family to accompany him, and his reason for not doing so wasn't for the sake of his career, but because he didn't want Lin Chuxia to suffer here.

Not wanting to entangle any further with her, Qin Yang simply said, "I have no plans to let my family accompany me," and then he walked away briskly.

Xu Sijin was still feeling hurt by Qin Yang's attitude, but her eyes lit up when she heard his response.

Watching the man's chilly departing figure, she suddenly realized that her well-intentioned advice, even if Qin Yang had a cold personality, shouldn't merit such a response—perhaps it was because she had mentioned his wife that he was unhappy.

That's right, Qin Yang had reportedly been forced by his family to go home and get married. How could there be any affection for a wife from an arranged marriage? And why would he bring her along to accompany him?

Judging by Qin Yang's attitude, he probably wasn't too pleased with the wife he had just married.

With this realization, Xu Sijin caught up to him once more, "Qin Yang, I made this chili paste myself and even added white sesame seeds to it. I've heard you like spicy food, so I'm giving it to you."

Qin Yang didn't stop in his tracks and didn't even glance at the bottle of chili paste, "Sorry, I don't accept things from strangers. Please don't follow me; it doesn't look good for me."

He was a married man now and understood the need to keep his distance from other women.

Xu Sijin was incredulous.

Was she a stranger?

Although they were not in the same department, she worked in the union and interacted with all the workers. They had known each other for at least three years, and yet he had called her a stranger?

Besides, she, a woman, didn't mind, so what impact would it have on him, a man?

Chapter 38: Chapter 38: Following You Leads the Way

The rain stopped in the middle of the night, and today is a clear sunny day. Early in the morning, the sun's heat rose rapidly, shining on the damp earth, with a thin layer of mist evaporating in the air.

This season's weather is like that, but it's tough for vegetable farmers, especially crops like eggplant. When faced with such weather, perfectly good eggplants will slowly rot away.

Early in the morning, Brother Su and his wife went to the fields, planning to drain the water from the eggplant furrows, hoping to alleviate the problem.

Lin Chuxia also left her house, bringing along the beef sauce and spicy fried peppers she made the night before, as well as the letters. She first went to the post office, mailed the items, and then headed to the vicinity of the train station.

Firstly, to continue looking for a suitable house and secondly, to try her luck.

Yesterday she had run into Su Wensong there, and figured his home must be nearby.

After several times of receiving his help, Lin Chuxia felt she should properly thank him.

As it turned out, she did catch up with him. As soon as she got near the train station, she saw a man hurrying along from a distance—it was none other than Su Wensong.

"Brother Su," Lin Chuxia called out.

Su Wensong turned at the sound and saw the woman opposite him, his somewhat weathered face broke into a simple smile, "Oh, it's you. Not selling buns today?"

He passed by this area every day and knew that Lin Chuxia sold buns.

He had even considered whether he could also start a small business, but eventually, he dismissed the idea.

Even he didn't like the food he cooked; who else would buy it?

"I'll set up the stall in the afternoon. Where are you off to, Brother Su? I was just looking for you to give my thanks. I really appreciate what you did these last two times."

As she spoke, she handed over the things she had purchased along the way—two cans of food and two pounds of peach crisps.

Lin Chuxia hadn't bought anything too expensive. After dealing with people in her past life, she could partially read faces.

Su Wensong was a genuine person. He had helped her simply because he was upright and of good character. Anything too expensive, and he probably wouldn't accept.

She didn't buy alcohol or tobacco. Although Su Wensong looked worn, he seemed clean and not someone who smoked. It wasn't clear if he drank, but he certainly wasn't obsessed with alcohol.

And there was Granny Su in his family, so it made sense that giving food as a gift would be more acceptable to him than tobacco or alcohol.

Sure enough, Su Wensong hesitantly tried to refuse, "It was but a small effort, you're too polite, my girl. Please keep these things; I can't accept them."

"Brother Su, that small effort of yours really helped me out a lot. Whether it was the day with the robber or yesterday, without your small effort, my loss would have been huge. I already feel like these things aren't sufficient, but if you don't accept them, it's like you're looking down on my small gesture," she said, showing an appropriate amount of embarrassment.

Su Wensong was at a loss for words and didn't know what to say; eventually, he accepted the items from her hands, "I truly didn't mean it like that. Right, my home is here in this alley. Come in for a drink of water. My granny is at home."

The last sentence was to inform Lin Chuxia that he wasn't the only person in the house.

A casual comment showed Su Wensong's character, and Lin Chuxia took it into consideration, nodding her head, "Alright, then I'll trouble Granny Su."

Su Wensong led the way, bringing Lin Chuxia back to his home.

Entering the alley and taking a few steps, he pushed open the gate of the first house.

Lin Chuxia's eyes brightened—just as she thought.

"Granny, I'm back," Su Wensong called into the house as he entered the courtyard.

Quickly, the elderly granny Lin Chuxia had seen before came out of the house.

"Why are you back so soon?" asked Granny Su, halfway through her sentence, she noticed Lin Chuxia behind Su Wensong, and her spirit instantly soared, "Who is this young lady?" She's quite handsome.

"Granny Su, I'm a friend of Brother Su, Lin Chuxia. I came to see you. You can just call me Lin."

Before Su Wensong could speak, Lin Chuxia introduced herself.

Granny Su's smile grew even wider, crinkles gathering together as she pulled Lin Chuxia's hand toward the house, "Oh my, come in, please come inside."

After entering the house, she saw her grandson still foolishly standing at the door, "Go to the train station and buy some peanuts and seeds for Lin. Oh, and if you see a candy vendor, buy some candy too. Girls love sweets. I'm going to heat up some water," she ordered without discussion and headed for the east wing room, her little feet moving quickly.

Seeing his granny so energetic, Su Wensong knew she had gotten the wrong idea. He gave Lin Chuxia an apologetic smile, "My granny's old, she gets muddled sometimes. Don't mind what she says. I'll step outside for a bit and will be back shortly."

Lin Chuxia understood what they both meant and didn't take it to heart; she stopped Su Wensong, "You don't need to go, Brother Su. As it happens, I have something to discuss with you."

On hearing there was an issue, Su Wensong became more earnest, "Tell me, I'll surely help if I can."

Lin Chuxia smiled, "Brother Su, have you always been like this? What if I were a con artist..."

Su Wensong laughed heartily, "You're giving me too much credit. I'm all alone, what could you possibly swindle from me?" And he wasn't like this with everyone.

He had personally seen Lin Chuxia dealing with a robber that day, and as a woman running a business all by herself, Su Wensong admired Lin Chuxia in many ways.

A woman living more vigorously than him, a strong man.

Lin Chuxia didn't beat around the bush this time and directly mentioned her idea of renting his room to open a Bun Shop.

She had taken note when first entering the courtyard: Su Wensong's small yard neighbored the alley, with the back of the east wing room facing the train station. The household was simple, with just Granny Su and Su Wensong, two people. Even if there were tenants in the yard, it wouldn't affect anything much, what's more...

"If I'm not mistaken, Brother Su, you're looking for a job at the moment. What do you think about being self-employed? If the Bun Shop opens, I'll be in need of help. The salary I can offer is 35 yuan, with two days off per month; if you don't take days off, I'll add an extra 2 yuan. Plus, if you do well, this salary could increase."

Upon hearing about renting his place to open a Bun Shop, Su Wensong sat up straight.

He was a sent-down youth, assigned to the harshest places due to certain issues, and after much difficulty returning to the city, he was arranged a job that was snatched away by a cousin.

His parents hadn't made it through those tough times, leaving just him and his granny. No one was willing to help him out, and he was caught in bureaucratic pass-the-buck.

If he could start a Bun Shop with Lin Chuxia, it wasn't a bad idea.

A salary of 35 yuan wasn't low. The job arranged for him in a machinery factory required a year of apprenticeship, with a salary of less than thirty yuan, and beyond apprenticeship, one had to climb up the ranks step by step. A Level 1 worker's salary was only 35 yuan, not to mention the rent.

Right now, he was living on Granny Su's savings. If he worked with Lin Chuxia, Granny Su could enjoy her later years in peace.

It only took a moment for Su Wensong to decide, "I'll work with you, young lady."

Chapter 39: Chapter 39 Not Worthy of Her

Lin Chuxia didn't expect Su Wensong to reply so quickly, "Brother Su, don't you need to think it over?"

"No need to think, you don't have to pay the rent, just pay me a salary."

Lin Chuxia only needed the east wing room, and might occasionally use the courtyard, they would still live in the main house which almost didn't affect their lives.

"That won't work, we have to keep things clear."

Both were headstrong, and finally, the monthly rent that Lin Chuxia offered of ten yuan was reduced to five, each making concessions.

"So when do we start working on the Bun Shop? What should I do now?"

Su Wensong felt full of energy, eager to get the Bun Shop up and running soon.

Lin Chuxia also thought the sooner the better, "First fix up the house, Brother Su, do you have paper and pen? I'll draw a blueprint, see if you can find workers to renovate according to my draft."

"Okay, just wait."

The Su Family originally had a scholarly tradition, so they habitually kept paper and pens at home, and Su Wensong quickly brought them.

Granny Su brought a small kettle of boiling water into the room, seeing Lin Chuxia writing something at the table while her naive grandson sat beside, watching and occasionally giggling stupidly, which was quite irritating.

"Where are the peanuts and seeds you were asked to buy? What about the candy?"

Lin Chuxia looked up, "Granny, it was me who didn't ask Brother Su to buy. We plan to open a Bun Shop at home, using the two rooms on the east side."

Granny Su looked at her grandson, their house opening a Bun Shop? Was it possible for their family to run a Bun Shop?

Su Wensong smiled and said, "Granny, Lin wants to rent those two east wing rooms for the Bun Shop, I've already agreed. I won't look for other jobs. I'm going to work with Lin."

"Good, opening a Bun Shop is good, working with Lin is good," Granny Su said three times good, smiling from ear to ear.

Seeing the two getting busy, she didn't disturb them, poured a glass of water for Lin Chuxia and even added white sugar.

Lin Chuxia simply sketched out the renovations needed for the store and the fixtures needed for the Bun Shop.

It must be said, although Su Wensong looked rugged, he was actually very meticulous, possibly from his upbringing. Lin Chuxia's ideas were based on her experience, but Su Wensong easily grasped key points, and even offered his own feasible suggestions.

The more they talked, the more Lin Chuxia felt she had found a gem - this employee truly met her expectations.

The two finalized the renovation plan in less than an hour, and Lin Chuxia confidently left the task to Su Wensong.

Having a previous experience of urgently needing money, Lin Chuxia kept all her money in her space, but now it wasn't convenient to take it out, so she asked him to meet her at the train station in the afternoon to get the money.

Su Wensong still felt a bit awkward to get money from a girl, but then he thought about being an employee and Lin Chuxia being the boss, and he was relieved.

After she left, he began cleaning up the east wing room, first clearing out the clutter.

Granny Su cheerfully followed him, asking him how he met Lin, how old Lin was, where Lin was from...

Su Wensong straightened up, a face of frustration, "Granny, she's my boss, I'm just going to work for her."

"Ah, I know Lin is your boss, and she looks smart. I wonder if she's single. Seeing her young age, she seems unmarried..."

"Granny," Su Wensong interrupted again, "Please stop, whether Lin Chuxia is single or not, I have no such thoughts towards her, I'm not worthy of her."

Lin Chuxia is like the bright moon in the sky, and he is like the soil on the ground.

Granny Su sighed again, also thinking the girl was indeed good, too good for their circumstances...

"Ah, if only your parents were still alive..."

"Granny, don't think too much, I just want to get the Bun Shop started as soon as possible, and then make money to give you a better life."

Su Wensong was full of inexhaustible energy at this moment, looking at the two east wing rooms filled with hope, and he did not want Granny Su to bring up those sorrowful topics.

Granny Su understood her grandson and did not bring it up again; she just smiled and agreed.

With the Bun Shop up and running, wouldn't her grandson have a proper job, and wouldn't it be a matter of time before he found a wife?

Lin Chuxia left Su Family's home and went straight to the produce market. She still had to continue her stall in the afternoon, so she needed to buy vegetables and meat.

She was now familiar with the people at the produce market and could get discounted prices on vegetables without having to find Li Jian.

"Is Director Li not here today?"

Li Jian's position had been promoted, now overseeing a number of people.

In such an institution, there's this director and that director, the main director, the deputy director; regardless of their rank, all are directors.

"Director Li went to a meeting today."

"Another meeting?" She said he was at a meeting when she came yesterday.

"Exactly, the state of our humble produce market is okay when vegetable prices are good, but now when prices are bad, the higher-ups are anxious, constantly in meetings, and it's unclear what good constant meetings do."

Lin Chuxia simply smiled and did not give an opinion. After paying for the vegetables that were weighed, she said goodbye and left.

She went to the butcher's to pick up the meat she had ordered and returned home to start steaming buns.

Just like the previous days, she steamed five large baskets of buns, both meat and vegetarian, and while sorting the buns, she thought that if the Bun Shop opened, she would need to buy a few more small baskets.

Su Family's home is in the city after all. Burning wood is inconvenient.

When she arrived at the train station, Lin Chuxia first placed two meat buns next to the old man.

One could say this old man was quite punctual; every time Lin Chuxia arrived, she was sure to see him.

A while later, Su Wensong arrived, having already found the workers, which even surprised Lin Chuxia with the speed.

She directly pulled out a small cloth bag, "Here is 200 RMB, use it as you see fit, let me know if it's not enough."

Su Wensong didn't expect Lin Chuxia to trust him so much; 200 RMB was not a small sum, as many households could only save this amount over an entire year.

Holding the small but heavy cloth bag, they were mere acquaintances, yet Lin Chuxia trusted him this much; it made him think of his so-called relatives...

Su Wensong solemnly nodded, "I will keep track of every expenditure and strive to spend the money where it's absolutely necessary."

"I know," people who are suspicious do not employ others, people who employ others are not suspicious, Lin Chuxia trusted Su Wensong's character.

As they were about to part, Lin Chuxia stopped him, quickly picked 6 meat buns and 4 vegetarian buns from the baskets, "Take these buns and have Granny Su try them."

"There's no need for that."

"Take it. If I'm not mistaken, you've been busy ever since I left, right? Health is the capital of revolution, no matter what, eat well first."

Su Wensong showed a simple, honest smile.

Lin Chuxia had guessed right; after cleaning the two east wing rooms, he hurried to find a tile worker, and having found one meant preparing the bricks and cement. He was out of money, so he came to see Lin Chuxia, and truly hadn't eaten lunch.

No more refusals, he took the buns and headed home.

Back home, Granny Su was still waiting for him to have lunch. Seeing him return, she muttered, "Even if you're eager to work, you should eat first. I'll go warm up the dish."

"Granny, don't bother, let's eat the buns," Su Wensong placed the steaming meat buns on the table.

Granny Su looked at the ten or so plump, white buns exuding a meaty aroma, and couldn't help but complain a bit. "You just found a job; you shouldn't be spending money recklessly," the money still needed to be saved for marrying a wife.

Chapter 40: Chapter 40 Met a Benefactor

"Granny, I didn't spend a dime, the buns were given by Lin, and from now on the Bun Shop will sell this kind of meat bun."

Hearing that it was from Lin, Granny Su hurriedly took one and tried it, her eyes widening, "This meat bun is delicious, and the way Lin looks, of course, the buns are as exquisite as her appearance."

Su Wensong didn't take it to heart, Granny liked Lin Chuxia, and she had rose-colored glasses when it came to her. Even if he bought random buns outside and said they were from Lin, Granny would probably still praise them.

He took a meat bun, bit into it, paused for a moment, then took another bite, and after three bites, Su Wensong slapped his thigh and laughed out loud.

"I've really met my benefactor."

With such meat buns, it would be a crime against heaven if the Bun Shop didn't succeed.

With money in hand, Su Wensong was more devoted, and the renovation was quickly done. The tile workers finished in two days, and due to waiting for the dimensions of the windows and doors, the carpenters waited an extra day. By the fourth day, the two rooms had been transformed according to Lin Chuxia's blueprints.

Lin Chuxia could see the bustling scene from the train station entrance, and occasionally she would come to check on things. She was very satisfied with both the progress and the quality of the work.

Once the rooms were renovated, it was time to prepare tables, chairs, benches, and cooking equipment.

The money from last time had not been used up, Lin Chuxia gave Su Wensong another hundred bucks, and even provided him with the contact for the coal depot.

Su Wensong was reliable, and this was the first Bun Shop she opened, with second and third ones to follow...

As a boss, knowing how to use your employees is also an art.

According to this pace, the Bun Shop would be able to open in just a few days.

But for these two days, she still had to run her stall.

She set up her stall, picked three buns as usual, two meat and one vegetarian, and brought them to the elderly.

But before she could even put down the buns, the old man, who had been silent since the first day he refused her, spoke up again.

"Take the vegetarian one back; I like meat."

Lin Chuxia: "..."

This old man, really...

"Coincidentally, today all three buns are vegetarian, if you don't like them, then I'll take them all back."

The old man immediately glared at her, "How dare you switch my meat buns for vegetarian ones?"

Lin Chuxia couldn't help but laugh, "Old sir, since when did these buns become yours?"

The old man, puffing up with anger, watched Lin Chuxia as she pretended to leave, then snatched the buns and took a big bite.

After noticing the meat filling, he gave Lin Chuxia a sidelong glance and snorted coldly, "Liar."

"I didn't lie to you, it's still two meat buns and one vegetarian. You're old; you can't just eat meat all the time. You must eat some vegetables too."

The vegetarian option was an addition she had made yesterday; it wasn't good for the old man to eat meat all the time.

While she was talking with the old man, a clamor arose from the direction of her stall.

Lin Chuxia didn't have time to finish talking with the old man and hurried over.

Across from her bun stall, a crowd had gathered, and some people even stood next to her stall.

At the center, a middle-aged couple was arguing with Granny Sun, who was selling buns across the road.

"I didn't eat anything else yesterday, just the buns from your place, and I started to have diarrhea all evening until today. We just went to the hospital, and the doctor said we ate something unclean, your buns must have a problem."

Granny Sun was not an easy target; she replied calmly, "You're saying my buns have a problem. How come you didn't notice when you ate them? How many buns did you buy? How many people ate them? Did everyone who ate the buns get diarrhea?"

As the woman faltered, betraying her guilt, she refused to back down, "Who knows what happened? My husband said something tasted off when he ate them. I thought I was just unlucky and got buns from a bad cook, little did I know, it wasn't just bad cooking, it was rotten buns."

"I heard there was a place selling tasty buns at the train station, so I came to buy them, not realizing there were actually two places selling buns here. I asked you whether you set up shop here every day, and you said yes, aren't you tricking people?"

Today, she came and saw two bun vendors; she realized she bought from the wrong one because the other vendor seemed to have more customers.

It was bad enough that she went to the wrong place, but she got food poisoning and had to spend several bucks on a doctor.

Granny Sun snorted, "You're the one tricking people. Ask around, am I not here every day setting up shop? You're just spouting nonsense. Perhaps you've been eating on the sly behind your family, got sick, and then blamed it on me. You think I'm an easy target old woman? Let me tell you, my son is a policeman, so don't think you can bully people around without consequences."

The sound of her son being a policeman made the woman shrink back.

At that moment, a woman around sixty pushed through the crowd and threw several buns in front of her, "These buns have a problem, I had diarrhea after eating them yesterday, you have to compensate."

One person complaining about the buns could be a misunderstanding, but with two people now making accusations, the onlookers began their murmurings and pointing fingers.

"I also think these buns have a problem, you can tell by the look of the bun skins, they seem leftover."

"Yeah, they do look that way. Look at the buns from the seller across the street, as soon as she opens the steamer, there's steam and they look freshly made. Hers, on the other hand, are almost cold. While it's alright to eat cold buns in the summer, they just don't seem fresh."

"Not only do they seem un-fresh, but they also taste bad. The last time I bought two from her when that girl across didn't show up, my grandson wouldn't even touch them."

The two were pressuring Granny Sun to compensate, and the surrounding voices were all blaming her, making Granny Sun finally lose her calm, her face showing a flicker of panic.

The next second, she saw Lin Chuxia across the way, and with a quick twist of her eyes, she pointed at her and shouted loudly, "You say my buns have a problem? I saw with my own eyes you bought from across the street. Why don't you go there for compensation, trying to blackmail an old woman?"

The middle-aged woman looked at her with contempt, "Don't try to lie; we know where we bought our buns from."

The old lady nearby chimed in, "We definitely bought them from you, you won't admit it and still tell us to blackmail someone else, your intentions are terrible."

Granny Sun was not backing down, "How come I don't remember you buying from me? I would say you came over from the opposite side to frame me, trying to push me out of the business here, no way."

Her outburst made some bystanders, who were unsure of the truth, also turn their gazes towards Lin Chuxia.

"I remember at first there was only one bun seller at the train station, now there are two, so competition is inevitable."

"Come to think of it, I recall that this spot was the first to sell buns."

"Even if there is competition, using such nasty tactics is not right; it's not easy for someone of her age to come out and do business."

"It's hard to say what the truth is, let's just watch."

Lin Chuxia was originally just a spectator, but who knew that soon the drama would come knocking at her door.