

The 80s 100

Chapter 100 Jealousy

Hualing returned home and sat on the stool, stifling her frustration. Why? It was all because she had visited Cheng Su's place.

While at Qi Taiguo's home, she took the opportunity to look around inside and out while Cheng Su was busy in the kitchen. She deeply felt that her own home was practically a pigeon coop in comparison.

Qi Taiguo, being of higher rank, was allotted a two-bedroom apartment with a living room and a bathroom. In contrast, all they had was a one-bedroom apartment without a bathroom, requiring them to use a communal one. How was that convenient?

It's human nature to fear comparison. Without it, Hualing might have been content, but now she couldn't keep her calm.

Her anger grew upon seeing the dishes served on the dining table.

Cheng Su was just a country girl from the sticks, yet she was fortunate enough to marry a good husband with a high rank, leading to better living conditions than theirs.

Look at their place—in this sweltering heat, the fan spun, cool and refreshing, instantly lifting spirits, and on the table, the serving of meat—was that roast pork? How expensive must that have been!

Is the bounty for a company commander that substantial?

The more Hualing thought about it, the more envious she became, and coupled with the heat, she felt increasingly irritable.

"Is Chen Shouwang that deadbeat man ever coming back?" She grabbed a book from the table and fanned herself vigorously, glaring at the door.

No sooner had she said this than there was a sound at the door—sure enough, it was Platoon Leader Chen coming home.

"There you are, eating and drinking merrily, all greased up, without a care in the world for me!" Hualing grimaced and chastised him.

Platoon Leader Chen hastily closed the door and replied, "Didn't I just get back?"

"This room is scorching hot." Hualing fanned herself fiercely, her cheeks puffing up with annoyance.

Platoon Leader Chen hurried over, took the book from her, and fanned her, saying in an ingratiating tone, "Why don't you go take a shower first, and I'll tidy up in here?"

"Look at this place, it's as small as a cage and it's unbearably hot." Hualing pointed to the messy room, still frowning, and continued, "Chen Shouwang, if it weren't for you, I wouldn't have dreamt of moving

here. Is this even fit for living? And that bathroom—with no proper ceiling, if someone peeks at me while I'm showering, what then?"

"Nonsense, where do you think we are? We're surrounded by soldiers; who would dare do such a disgraceful act? They'd have to be out of their mind!" Platoon Leader Chen said sternly.

"I don't care, you just have to stand guard outside when I take a shower," Hualing pouted coquettishly.

"Alright, alright, I'll stand guard!"

"Cheng Su's family has a fan; I want a fan too," she added without missing a beat.

Platoon Leader Chen choked for a moment, then with a forced smile said, "Alright, we'll buy one!"

Hualing's mood improved slightly, then she asked, "Old Chen, you're only one rank below. How come they get a two-bedroom apartment with a bathroom and we end up in a place like this?"

"That's all decided by the higher-ups. Isn't it the same with every platoon leader? Look at Liang Shurong and Dahe—they even have smaller single rooms," Platoon Leader Chen soothed her.

"You need to try harder, fight for more merits, and aim to get promoted next time. I'll even have my dad pull some strings," Hualing, her mind set on a larger house, instructed.

"Then I really appreciate it, my dear wife!" Platoon Leader Chen, eager to please, thought to himself that he, too, wished for a promotion. After all these years as a platoon leader, even Taiguo, younger than him, had advanced in rank. He couldn't afford to stagnate.

"It's only because of marrying me that you have such good fortunes," Hualing, flattered by his attention, glanced at him and started again, "Tell me, is Commander Qi's allowance much higher than yours? The food they eat seems so much better than ours, and his wife, isn't she just a country bumpkin? Truly born under a lucky star!"

Chen Shouwang's heart skipped a beat, and he glanced at her evasively, murmuring indecisively, "Who knows? How could I ask someone about that?"

Hualing didn't catch his peculiar reaction and continued to harbor deep jealousy towards Cheng Su's household.