

## The 80s 101

### Chapter 101 Commander Qi Is Frustrated

Cheng Su, however, was oblivious to the jealousy she was inspiring in people; she was busy tidying up.

"I've long heard that Platoon Leader Chen's wife comes from a high background, they all say he's quite lucky, but now I see she has quite the temper," Taiguo sat on a stool, looking for a topic of conversation.

Cheng Su, who was wiping the table with a rag, responded, "Everyone is born of a mother and father, who doesn't have a temper? Like you said, she's a college student, so naturally, she's a bit prouder."

"I think her temper isn't as good as yours!" Taiguo blurted out unexpectedly.

Cheng Su paused in her wiping, looked at him sidelong, and said with a half-smile, "Oh my, is our Commander Qi having sweet soup today? Is that why you're so sweet?"

Taiguo was also taken aback by his own outburst, and when he heard Cheng Su's sarcastic comment, he immediately frowned: "You can't be complimented, can you? As soon as someone praises you, you don't let them off the hook and refuse to admit defeat."

Cheng Su giggled and turned back to continue wiping the table.

Taiguo felt very uncomfortable. He wanted to say something as he looked over and saw her bending over, vigorously moving her wrist, her upper body jiggling enticingly.

The alcohol went to his head, making Taiguo feel a heat rising throughout his body.

He averted his eyes, but couldn't help looking back. She was wearing a pretty outfit today—the paler a person, the better they could pull off any color. His eyes followed from her side, down to the glimpse of her shapely calves, and he swallowed hard.

"It's getting hotter every day," he commented.

"It's already July, how could it not be hot? But it's cooler in the mornings and evenings," Cheng Su said, not looking back. "With the hot weather, you guys need to drink more water during training to avoid heatstroke."

"You're not afraid of heatstroke. You have a fan in your room." His room didn't have one yet; the only fan was commandeered by Cheng Su.

Cheng Su turned around, and Taiguo's eyes lit up. His clenched fist at his side tightened slightly in anticipation.

"How about I buy a fan for your room tomorrow?" she offered.

Whoosh!

All of Taiguo's eager anticipation was extinguished in an instant, and his face darkened as he said, "Got money to burn, have you? Who wants you to buy it!"

Who does it like she does, buying a fan just like that as if it's free!

"Oh, if you don't want it, then I won't buy it," Cheng Su shrugged and then something crossed her mind. She looked at him again.

Taiguo's anticipation started to rise again.

"Then let's get a bicycle instead? Do you have a way to get a bicycle ticket? Having a bike would make it more convenient for me to get around," Cheng Su asked, rubbing her hands together.

Taiguo's face had turned as black as the bottom of a pot; he stood up abruptly: "No, I'm going to take a shower."

Bang!

The bathroom door was slammed shut behind him.

Cheng Su blinked, what's with him, a ticking time bomb, exploding without a warning, what did she do to set him off?

Truly baffling!

Cheng Su sniffed and moved the fan back into her room; she needed to finish tidying up and then take a shower, for she had plenty to do tomorrow.

Taiguo drenched himself with bucket after bucket of cold water, feeling a mounting frustration that he wanted to explode.

He had hinted so obviously, yet she just didn't get it; was she really that naïve, or was she pretending to be?

But why even drop hints? Why not just go sleep in her room? They were already married, and sharing a bed was normal, wasn't it?

However, remembering what Cheng Su had said before, he felt a coldness settle in his chest!

Could he really take the initiative?

Wouldn't that mean she had little respect for him, and he couldn't assert his authority as a husband?

Could it be that she was playing these games on purpose, aiming to make him beg and coax her?

Taiguo took a sharp breath of cold air: "This woman, too crafty by half!"

No, he couldn't indulge his wife too much, or who would be in charge at home? He was the head of the household, and a woman should listen to him.

It seems he had been too mild-mannered lately, which is why she was getting above herself!

Hmph!