

The 80s 114

Chapter 114: Contempt

After retrieving the labels from the printing factory, Cheng Su delivered them to the Huaiji Supply and Marketing Cooperative, only to be greeted with good news upon her arrival.

The pineapple jam had already sold thirty bottles, all one-pound jars; among the customers, someone bought ten in one go, intending them as gifts.

Cheng Su was also somewhat surprised. She had predicted that the pineapple jam would sell, but not that so many would sell so quickly. To her further astonishment, Chairman Li ordered another hundred bottles from her, also one-pound jars, saying that this size was easier to sell and perfect for gifting, while the three-pound jars were more suitable for family consumption.

After taking the order, Cheng Su immediately went back to the glass factory to buy more one-pound jars and slowly busied herself behind the food market. Today, without Taiguo's help, she could only rely on herself, and it was exhausting. Luckily, Qiulan was willing to stay and help her after finishing her own work in order to earn a little extra money, effectively working double shifts.

"My elder sister also said this jam is delicious!" Qiulan said to Cheng Su while working.

Cheng Su, who was generous, cared for Qiulan, her only employee, not only paying her a full wage but also giving her a jar of jam to take home.

"Sour and sweet, it's something almost everyone, both adults and children, enjoys," Cheng Su said with a smile, "Otherwise, the business wouldn't be so good."

"It's all thanks to your skills, Sister Su, for being able to make such food," Qiulan praised.

Cheng Su just smiled and remained silent.

The two worked until sunset, after which Cheng Su processed all the purchased pineapples into jam, bottled them, and affixed the labels.

The two hundred pineapples had all been made into jam. If she wished to make more, she would need to go to He County to get more stock.

The day after, following the market, Cheng Su delivered the jam to the Huaiji Supply and Marketing Cooperative and then went home to rest. She had been too busy with various tasks in recent days and needed a good break.

Taking advantage of Taiguo's absence, she tidied up the house on her own, discarding what needed to be thrown away, making a note of what needed to be fixed, and relying on her understanding from her past life of transforming small apartments, she tried her best to redesign her home.

Once the design was ready, she hired a concrete renovation worker who, amidst much knocking and adjusting, made the place quite lively.

This, however, caused the neighbors to become endlessly curious.

"Can't we get some rest when it's finally a day off?" Hualing yawned, as she came over to take a look with Chunhua and Guiying.

"I'm sorry, my house is too small and needs some renovations," Cheng Su said with a smile. "Once it's finished, I'll treat you all to make up for the disturbance!"

"How much can you really do with such a small house? Seems like you're creating trouble for nothing," Hualing muttered under her breath, craning her neck to take a look inside.

Cheng Su just smiled and didn't reply.

No matter how much Hualing looked, she couldn't make sense of it and, after grumbling unhappily, went back inside to get Platoon Leader Chen up.

"What are you doing?"

"The neighbors are renovating," Hualing said, gesturing with her mouth. "What do you think, does Commander Qi's family really get that much allowance? Yet they have money to renovate!"

Having come back from night duty not long before and still tired, Platoon Leader Chen replied, "I heard Cheng Su is running a restaurant business and might have earned some money."

"How much can a small restaurant make?" Hualing replied scornfully. "Besides, she's just acting like a capitalist."

Platoon Leader Chen opened his eyes and said, "What do you mean acting like a capitalist? What era are we in? Comrade Xiao Ping is promoting reform and opening up. The economy is getting better and better, with more and more people going into business. Don't say such things in front of others; it won't sound good."

Hualing pouted and said, "Regardless, she's nothing but a petty trader."

Her tone carried a hint of disdain.

People said that traders were the coarsest of all, having to shout at the top of their lungs to hawk their wares. But on reflection, this really did seem to suit that country girl.

"Why bother with what others do? As long as they're making money, that's all that matters," Platoon Leader Chen replied, somewhat impatient, as he turned over to sleep.

Hualing hit him a few times, huffed, changed her clothes, and went to the kitchen with a pot to wash rice and cook.