

The 80s 137

Chapter 137: Shooting Oneself in the Foot by Lifting a Stone

After a day's work, Cheng Su got home just to see Scoundrelly Ning lounging on her sofa, directly in front of the only fan in the house. He was holding one of the throw pillows she had made especially, and biting into a big apple, crunching noisily. He seemed so carefree and comfortable that it left her, tired from the whole day, with her eyes wide open in disbelief!

"Why are you still here?" Cheng Su shrieked.

"What time is it already? How come you're only getting back now? Other people have already finished cooking, and here you are just getting home. Big Brother Qi is really spoiling you!" Ning Ge swallowed a bite of his apple and said to Cheng Su, "Hurry up and cook, I'm so hungry I'm feeling dizzy. Make a couple more meat dishes, I'm feeling faint from blood loss."

With that, another crisp crunch as he bit into the apple.

Cheng Su hung her canvas bag on the door, walked over to the coffee table with her hands on her hips, and glared, "I'm asking you, why are you still in my house."

Her voice was very shrill, and Ning Ge dug at his ear with a face full of disdain, "Your voice is too sharp. I'm telling you, men only like women who are as gentle as water. Also..."

"Stop!" Cheng Su was on the brink of a breakdown, her eyes catching Taiguo emerging from the bathroom, she quickly pulled him over to ask, "Didn't you say he'd leave after breakfast? Why is he still at our house?"

"Ah, women are even less compassionate than men, what kind of world is this?" Ning Ge's plaintive voice once again infiltrated her ears.

Taiguo gave him a glare, then pulled Cheng Su into the room and closed the door.

Cheng Su folded her arms and said angrily, "Don't tell me you're going to say that he's resting up at our place for the time being."

Taiguo gave an embarrassed smile and said, "Don't rush, let me explain. Today, I took him to the regiment so he could make a phone call, and we ran into Regimental Commander Mai. Turns out they know each other..."

"So?"

"He's injured, isn't he? So he'll stay at our place for a few days until he's better," Taiguo said cautiously.

"Taiguo!" Cheng Su was frantic, "If he knows Regimental Commander Mai, there are so many places in the regiment where he can stay. Why our house? It's such a small place, it's not convenient for either of us, and he's a man! What am I supposed to do?"

It's not that she lacked compassion or was miserly, but their home was just too small. She and Taiguo had only recently started to open up to each other, their relationship was just beginning to flourish, and suddenly, this outsider, a stranger and, what's more, a scoundrel, had appeared.

Cheng Su was very depressed. With an outsider around, even at her own home, she couldn't feel comfortable, let alone that this person was going to stay for a while!

"Isn't it okay since I'm here?" Taiguo tried to soothe her, "Just for a few days. After that, he'll leave, okay? Regimental Commander Mai said to treat him like we are raising a pig for a few days."

Raise a pig? Pfft!

Cheng Su held back her laughter, plopped down on the bed, and pouted, looking very aggrieved: "We've only just gotten together, and there's this guy sticking around at home, making it necessary to be cautious about everything. It's all your fault for being too kindhearted."

Taiguo laughed, sat beside her, and wrapped his arm around her shoulder, leaning in close to her ear asking, "Are you missing me?"

"Get lost!" Cheng Su's face heated up as she pushed him away with her elbow.

"You weren't saying that just a moment ago." Taiguo teased, pulling her chin towards him and leaning in.

Cheng Su let out a small cry as they both fell onto the bed.

Just as Taiguo was about to go further, a loud yell came from outside the door, "What time is it? Are you cooking or not?"

Cheng Su instantly pushed Taiguo away and sat up, throwing him a stern look that clearly said, "See, this is exactly what I was talking about."

Taiguo groaned, lying spread-eagled on the bed, staring at the canopy above with a feeling similar to having shot himself in the foot.