

The 80s 140

Chapter 140 Borrowing Money

Ning Ge lazed around at Cheng Su and Qi Taiguo's home for three days, but under Cheng Su's hostile gaze, he obediently went to the restaurant to help.

This was his first visit to the restaurant Cheng Su had renovated, standing under the signboard of the restaurant, he stroked his chin and said, "This signboard is indeed quite distinctive."

Making a signboard out of wood, not only did it have a retro feel, but it also seemed more upscale, instantly overshadowing the simple white boards with a few words printed on them next door.

Cheng Su gave him a blank look and entered the restaurant, preparing for a day's business.

Ning Ge followed her in and saw the signs hanging in the hall with menu items written in a beautiful small script. The handwriting was neat and graceful, with even strength, and Ning Ge was somewhat surprised upon seeing it.

"This couldn't have been written by you, could it?" He naturally had seen Cheng Su's handwriting, which was strong and forceful, neat and upright, but that was with a fountain pen. These brush-written characters also resembled Cheng Su's handwriting.

How could a village girl write such good brush characters?

Ning Ge suddenly became more interested in Cheng Su. A village girl, what else about her could be surprising and eye-opening?

"What's the matter, Fourth Young Master Ning, do you think a village girl can't produce good handwriting?" Cheng Su glanced at the signboard filled with small script and also felt a little dazed.

According to her memories, the original owner of her body was not so illiterate as to not able to write, but she couldn't write calligraphy in large characters. And this handwriting was something she had learned in her past life, taught by the headmaster who said that writing could calm the mind and nurture one's vitality. So, after she began schooling, she learned calligraphy, which also became her greatest interest.

Supported by an unknown benefactor, she completed elementary, middle, and high school, and later went on to university. During her studies, the only club she joined was calligraphy, as she also had to work part-time to earn money in her spare time.

It was precisely because she practiced writing from a young age that she maintained this habit. Even after starting work, she continued to practice calligraphy. Occasionally, when renowned calligraphers came to the hotel to hold exhibitions and seminars, she would use her connections to ask for guidance. As a result, her small script became better and better.

All that was in the past now. When she first picked up the brush, it truly felt like a lifetime ago. She practiced several times before finally completing the signboard beautifully.

And now, she was already someone else's wife. Unless she died once more, she probably could never return to her former position, could she?

"Hello?" Ning Ge waved his hand in front of her face.

Cheng Su snapped out of her reverie, casting him an indifferent glance before going into the yard to fetch a small cart, preparing to purchase ingredients at the market.

Ning Ge was somewhat bewildered at how her prickliness had suddenly retracted, as if she was enshrouded in a kind of sadness.

However, when he followed Cheng Su out to the agricultural market and saw how adept she was at bargaining with the vegetable vendors, he thought he must have been seeing things.

With such a rich atmosphere of ordinary city life, bickering over ten cents so spiritedly, how could she be sad?

His eyes scanned the surroundings and spotted a miscellaneous shop with a sign that read, "Public Telephone."

Ning Ge's eyes brightened, and he touched the pockets of his clothes before grudgingly looking at Cheng Su and walking over.

Cheng Su was busy haggling over a giant lotus root with a vendor when someone poked her arm, and she turned her head.

"Um..." Ning Ge rubbed his head, feeling a bit embarrassed as he asked, "Could you lend me ten yuan?"