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Chapter 142 The Woman with a Sharp Tongue but a Soft Heart

"Ning Ge, wash those red beans three times first, then soak them for me. The water should cover the beans, and when you wash them, pick out the sand."

"Ning Ge, fetch a basin of water for me."

"Ning Ge, clean the duck's fine feathers again."

"Ning Ge..."

Ning Ge finally ran out of patience; he set down the sieve heavily, glared at the woman who was sitting under the tree resting and fanning herself, and asked with a dark face, "I'm doing all the work, what are you doing?"

It was too much; since returning from the farmers' market, she had kept bossing him around, while she just sat down and rested after doing a few things.

The day was so hot, he nearly fainted from the heat. What cursed weather.

Cheng Su laughed, "I'm just watching you work." Seeing Ning Ge was about to retort, she continued, coolly playing with her nails, "You forgot, you eat at our house, live at our house, use everything from our house. Right now, I am still your creditor."

Ning Ge clenched his teeth, "It's not like I can't repay you."

"I never said you couldn't repay me, but does it really aggrieve you to do some work for me?" Cheng Su stared with an innocent face. If they were to support a stranger for no reason, wouldn't that be even more unfair?

Alright then, she was too petty. She should be more generous, regardless of his background, whether he was an official's child or not, good or bad. As commoners, they should worship him like a Bodhisattva.

Ning Ge choked up.

"You're ruthless." He bit his teeth and continued to pick out the sand mixed in with the beans.

Seeing this, Qiulan came over to Ning Ge, blushed and said hesitantly, "Um, Big Brother Ning, you sit down, I'll do it!" She cautiously glanced at Cheng Su as she spoke.

Who knew where Sister Su had found such a young master; he didn't look like someone who could handle labor. Poor thing.

Cheng Su smiled slightly, pretending not to see. It's not that she wanted to bully him, but his indignant, restrained appearance was truly delightful to her.

So after coming here, had she learned to cope with her own frustrations?

Seeing Ning Ge's sweat-soaked shirt, Cheng Su took out a chilled watermelon from the refrigerator, cut it, and finally benevolently called out to Ning Ge, "Stop working for now, come over and have a slice of watermelon."

Ning Ge looked up, saw the bright red flesh, immediately dropped what he was doing, washed his hands, sat down under the tree, took a big slice of the melon and started eating. The sweet juice rushed through his throat, so refreshing he sighed with comfort and said, "So you do have a conscience."

Cheng Su gave him a white look, gazing towards the room serving as the main hall. "It's too hot today. I'm thinking, maybe we should buy a fan to put in the room."

Otherwise, during meals, guests would be sweating buckets, which won't be comfortable, right? And a fan might even attract more customers.

"Fans are not cheap." Ning Ge quickly finished a slice of watermelon and reached for a second, saying, "But if there were a fan, the environment would be better."

"Exactly," Cheng Su nodded.

In this sweltering heat, when choosing between a restaurant with a fan and one without, everyone knows which to choose, right?

She saw Ning Ge reaching for the third slice of melon, slapped his hand and said, "Don't eat any more."

Ning Ge swallowed the juice, thinking how petty she was not to allow him an extra piece of melon.

"This watermelon has just been taken out of the fridge; it's very cold, eating too much might upset your stomach," Cheng Su glanced at the bandage still wrapped around his head, saying, "And it probably isn't good for your wound. Besides, I need to save some for Old Qi."

Ning Ge was somewhat surprised, feeling a touch of warmth inside. Yet he replied, "Just say you're being stingy, no need for excuses."

He talked back, but his hand didn't reach for the melon on the table anymore. She might seem tough on the outside, but he could tell she had a soft heart.

Just as he thought about lying back comfortably, he heard her call, "Get up, back to work. After we finish lunch service, we're going to buy a fan."