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Chapter 296: Cheng Su's Life is Really Good

Chunhua finished hanging the laundry and came up with a face full of smiles. Hualing came out of the bathroom and upon seeing her, asked, "What, did you find a gold nugget or something? You're smiling so happily?"

Chunhua pursed her lips and smiled. Upon hearing this, she took Hualing's hand and led her back to the kitchen window, pouting in the direction of the floor below, "Look."

It was pitch black; what was there to look at?

Hualing squinted and looked down. Eh, that person hanging laundry downstairs, was it Qi Taiguo?

"See for yourself," Chunhua said with a smile. "That's Commander Qi. He said Cheng Su wasn't feeling well, so he's helping with the laundry."

"So what?" Hualing pouted, feeling rather unpleasant inside.

Chunhua glanced at her and said, "Nothing much, just that Cheng Su really has good fortune!"

Hualing didn't speak.

"She can do business and make money on her own, and her husband dotes on her. Look at us now, whose husband helps with this sort of thing? Her husband is even a commander. If this isn't good fortune, what is?" Chunhua's words dripped with unspoken envy and jealousy.

Hualing looked at Chunhua's protruding belly and said, "Is your husband not good to you? You're about to bear him a big, healthy son; he should be treating you like a queen!"

Chunhua huffed and said, "Who can't have kids? Don't even think about getting Old Liang to do any work. He never lifts a finger; by the time he finally does, the work is already done. Cheng Su really has a good life—her husband is competitive and caring, and she can earn her own money. I think, nobody's days are as comfortable as hers!"

Upon hearing this, Hualing felt so sour inside she was almost bubbling with it, and said with a sour tone, "Old Chen is also very good to me. If he hadn't been feeling a bit under the weather these past few days, he'd even wash my underwear for me!"

After she finished speaking, she stopped looking and walked back to her bedroom.

Chunhua muttered disdainfully, "Who are you kidding? Everyone knows you two have been fighting these last few days!" She glanced again at Qi Taiguo, still hanging laundry, and sighed with envy. "Life is just unfair—comparing people really can kill you!"

Hualing angrily returned home and saw Chen Shouwang sitting woodenly on a stool reading a book, which made her even more irate. She huffed loudly and went into her room, slamming the door.

Chen Shouwang didn't even bother to look up.

Hualing waited a while, but when Chen Shouwang still didn't come in to coax her, she felt more heartache and anger. Her nose turned sour, and she started to cry.

Cheng Su has good fortune? Pah! What's so special about her—a country bumpkin?

When they first got married, Chen Shouwang was also very good to her, helping her with everything. After meals, he wouldn't even let her wash a single dish, saying he was afraid it would ruin her hands—he really treated her like a princess. Who wasn't envious of Hualing?

Now what? They fought big fights every three days, every five days—where was the affection from before?

This time they had argued for two days, and he still hadn't apologized, acting as though he was dead set on standing up to her. It was just too much!

All she did was ask why the household money was so low these past two months, and he flew into a rage. What a joke—as his wife, she had every right to question why the household money was clearly insufficient, didn't she?

But he was like a landmine, ready to explode at the slightest touch!

Chen Shouwang had changed; she didn't understand why he had become like this!

The more Hualing thought, the more heartbroken she felt, and she soon burst into loud sobs. After waiting a while, feeling increasingly aggrieved, she gritted her teeth, opened the door, and looked at Chen Shouwang, "Chen Shouwang, let's get a divorce!"

Anyway, life wasn't good anymore. Hualing, a college graduate from a cadre's family who worked in a hospital—after the divorce, was she afraid she couldn't find another 'Qi Taiguo'?