

The 80s 425

Chapter 425 Grievance

Cheng Su stayed at the Ying family's house for a day, either advising Ying Jian and the other elder or consoling Ying Xiaoya, and only after dinner was she able to go home.

Director Ying personally escorted her downstairs and, holding her hand with a grateful expression, said, "Thank goodness Xiao Ya has you as a friend; otherwise, I really don't know what this child would have done. Susu, your aunt and Uncle Ying are both thankful to you."

"Auntie, listen to you, as friends, one should help out where one can. It's fortunate that Xiao Ya didn't suffer greater harm; that's a blessing amid misfortune. But she's inherently naive and might be embarrassed about this sort of thing, having her own ideas, so you should spend more time talking to her and comforting her, don't let her get the wrong idea!" Cheng Su said with a smile.

"I know, this kid really worries us to death!" Director Ying sighed.

"If there's anything you need, just call me, I will come and see her."

"Ah, it's getting late, and I've taken up so much of your time, I really do apologize, you should get going now, and be careful on the way!" Director Ying said.

Cheng Su nodded, waved goodbye, and left.

After all the commotion that day, and her hand cut by glass, she was truly exhausted.

Director Ying waited until she could no longer see her before going upstairs, where Ying Jian was still smoking in the living room. Seeing her return, he asked, "She's gone?"

"Yes!" Director Ying sat down and said, "The child is really exceptional, treating our Xiao Ya genuinely as a friend, as a sister; otherwise, who would do so much for her?"

Ying Jian nodded in agreement, "Indeed, she's a rare find!"

"In the future, if that child asks for help from you, and you can help her, then do lend a hand. Don't let her goodwill go unacknowledged. In this world, those who are precious are hard to come by, and also accumulate some good fortune for our Xiao Ya!" Director Ying said.

"I'm aware. As for our daughter, why don't you take some leave to stay with her at home for the next few days? I fear she might do something foolish if she can't think straight."

On hearing this, Director Ying said, "I was planning to do just that. What about that scoundrel, how do you plan to deal with him?"

Ying Jian's expression hardened, "You don't need to worry about that, I'll handle it properly."

Director Ying hesitated for a moment, then said, "Just be careful, and don't let them catch you on anything."

Ying Jian hummed in response, and after they discussed Xiao Ya's situation further, Director Ying went to clean up and then joined her daughter in her room to sleep with her.

In the living room, Ying Jian's expression was grim.

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The north wind blustered, and as Cheng Su walked home, the sky began to snow again, huge goose feather-like flakes whipped up by the north wind, stinging one's face with cold.

Cheng Su had rushed to the Ying family's home and her hat had been left at the office, so she jogged all the way back to the compound with the snowflakes piling on her head and body.

She was shivering with cold by the time she got inside the apartment building, sneezing several times in quick succession.

Once upstairs, her hands were so stiff she could hardly feel the pain from the cut on her right hand, which was wrapped in a bandage.

In the cold, wounds take longer to heal, and who knows when it will fully recover!

Stamping her feet, Cheng Su fumbled with her keys and opened the door, only to be greeted by a blast of cold air that made her sneeze again, twice.

With the cold and her injured hand, she didn't want to take a bath, so she simply heated some water to wash her feet, sitting in the bathroom, she washed her face with one hand, and then soaked her icy cold feet in hot water until she began to feel the warmth returning.

All was quiet around her, as if there wasn't a soul around. Cheng Su looked at her hand wrapped in bandages, feeling the pain from the returning warmth, and suddenly, an overwhelming sense of grievance welled up inside her. Her nose turned sour, and tears fell drop by drop.