

## The 80s 430

Chapter 430: Resentment towards Old Qi

Hearing Qiulan's words, Cheng Su appeared slightly stunned.

Taiguo would even instruct her to cook porridge and bring it back; how did he know she was sick?

Seeing her bewildered, Qiulan talked about the phone call from Taiguo, including his admonishments, and said, "If it weren't for Commander Qi mentioning it, we wouldn't have known you were sick. You didn't say anything when you called today either."

Cheng Su, upon learning that Taiguo had called today and had instructed Qiulan to take care of her, felt her resentment and self-pity dissipate somewhat and asked, "Did he really say that?"

At least he had a bit of conscience, to give her a sign of peace. It was purely by chance that he learned she was unwell.

"Indeed," Qiulan smiled and said, "Sister Su, Commander Qi is really worried about you!"

Cheng Su also revealed a shy smile and asked further, "Did he say anything about when he would return?"

"He didn't mention that, just kept reminding me to do things and to take good care of you. He's so considerate. Sister Su, you are really blessed!" Qiulan, full of envy, recounted the entire phone conversation with Taiguo.

Hualing, standing to the side, overheard and curled her lips scornfully, feeling not the slightest bit of joy in her heart.

While others went on missions, they would think to call their wives at home to check in, whereas her husband, Chen Shouwang, hadn't sent a single letter, not even letting her know if he was dead or alive.

No telephone at home, but was the hospital unreachable? It was as if he didn't care about her at all.

It was truly infuriating!

The more Hualing thought about it, the more she felt the injustice and the less she could stand seeing the blissful smile on Cheng Su's face. She put down the thermometer, and said, "I'm tired, I'm going back to sleep!"

With that, she didn't wait for anyone's reaction, slipped her feet into furry slippers, and strode away.

Qiulan felt nervous: "Sister Hualing seems to be angry. Did I say something wrong?"

The girl, after working in a restaurant for several months and recently being promoted to a junior supervisor, dealt with more customers and had learned to read people's expressions; she had gained some experience.

Since she had just shown concern, Cheng Su didn't speak ill of her and simply said, "Perhaps she's just missing Platoon Leader Chen!" Then she smiled at Chunhua and the others, "You all should go rest too. It's enough that Qiulan is here; I'm not seriously ill. Especially you, Chunhua, with your pregnancy, you shouldn't risk contracting the illness."

Chunhua nodded, slightly anxious, and said, "I'll cook breakfast tomorrow and include your portion, I'll bring it to you then."

Cheng Su smiled gratefully.

Had this been the twenty-first century, she would have lived in her own house for two years without knowing who lived next door; human relations were very indifferent then.

Yet here, despite less advanced technology, the human connections always seemed stronger than in the twenty-first century. Perhaps people were more genuine, so building good relationships with neighbors was indeed worthwhile. In case of emergency, it was good to have supportive people around.

That night, just as Hualing had predicted, Cheng Su's fever flared up again, reaching a temperature of 39 degrees. Qiulan could only continuously apply wet towels for cooling.

Cheng Su herself knew that repeatedly getting feverish was not good, especially with relatively primitive conditions; if she wasn't careful, she could be burned into a stupor. Thinking of the physical methods of

cooling from her previous life, she instructed Qiulan to use alcohol for a rubdown, struggling through the entire night, and internally blamed Taiguo quite a bit.

Being ill made one much more vulnerable than usual. Cheng Su thought if Old Qi were here, she probably wouldn't be so miserable. The very time she needed him, he wasn't present. Would it have been better if she had married an ordinary farmer who knew how to care for her?