

The 80s 438

Chapter 438: Retribution is Unpleasant

Cheng Su had been ill for a few days, but only returned to the company when she was completely recovered, all to be ready to receive a phone call from Qi Taiguo. She stayed by the phone all day, even notifying the restaurant to have him call here if he tried to reach her.

Ying Xiaoya had also returned to work. Seeing her propping up her chin as if trying to stare a hole through the telephone, Cheng Su couldn't help but laugh.

"I feel like the telephone is now your enemy, the way you're glaring at it. I even feel sorry for it." Ying Xiaoya laughed, "Are you missing Commander Qi that much?"

Cheng Su felt a bit sheepish and said, "Who misses him? I'm just thinking about things!"

Ying Xiaoya snorted and passed over a thermos, "Here, my mom asked me to give this to you, to help you replenish."

Cheng Su took it and upon opening it, the fragrant smell of chicken soup wafted out. She said, "Please tell auntie not to bother, I can just have the restaurant make it for me."

"This is her way of caring. If I didn't bring it to you, she would feel bad," Ying Xiaoya explained, "Besides, I wouldn't dare to upset her."

Feeling resigned, Cheng Su then asked, "How are things going for you?"

Ying Xiaoya's smiling face suddenly stiffened.

"What's wrong?" Cheng Su, seeing her expression, asked, "Is there a problem?"

Ying Xiaoya pursed her lips and said, "It's nothing, just some people with dirty mouths."

Cheng Su's brow furrowed. It seemed that the stunt Zhang Yujun had pulled that day had been noticed, leading to gossip.

"People will always talk; we can't control that. When some new big news comes out, your issue will fade away," Cheng Su consoled her.

Ying Xiaoya nodded and then pretended to be relaxed, "No worries, it's actually better this way. At least my mom won't be setting me up on dates, and I won't have to go on any more blind dates!"

Cheng Su could see through her forced smile. How could any girl be indifferent to such a situation? It was her reputation at stake, after all!

"Hmm, you're still young. It's better to get married in a few years. Why rush into tying yourself down to a family, bearing children, and taking care of the household? You might not even get a word of thanks," Cheng Su said with a wry smile.

Ying Xiaoya raised an eyebrow, "Look at you, speaking like someone who's been through it all!"

Cheng Su just smiled.

People these days married early, but to be honest, had she just arrived in this time and had yet to be married, she would not have been eager to marry Qi Taiguo so quickly!

But what's done is done, and there was no helping it!

After finishing the soup, Cheng Su picked up the day's newspaper and began to read. As she flipped through the pages, something caught her eye, and she paused.

"Xiao Ya, look at this. The factory director of your former thermos factory has been fired for embezzlement," Cheng Su said as she pointed to an announcement for Ying Xiaoya to see.

Ying Xiaoya leaned over and indeed, it was true.

The two exchanged looks.

How coincidental. Just days after the accident, the factory director was exposed for embezzlement and resigned. What was going on behind the scenes?

"I'll ask my dad!"

Ying Xiaoya dialed her father Ying Jian, who simply told her not to worry about such matters before hanging up.

"Dad, what about Zhang Yujun?" Ying Xiaoya hesitated before asking. With Factory Director Zhu affected by the scandal, what happened to Zhang Yujun, the main culprit?

From the other end of the phone, Ying Jian said something that caused Ying Xiaoya's expression to go through several changes.

After hanging up, Cheng Su asked, "Well?"

Ying Xiaoya looked at her with a complex expression and said, "My dad said, Zhang Yujun was in a car accident, and both of his legs are disabled. He'll never stand again for the rest of his life!"

Cheng Su was taken aback, then clapped her hands in approval, "Good, justice is served, karma is accurate, he got what he deserved!"

Whether it was fate or someone's doing, this was Zhang Yujun's retribution.

Ying Xiaoya smiled weakly, sighing inwardly but also heaving a sigh of relief. The storm had passed, and the skies were clear.