

## Back To The 80s: President's Doted Wife

### Chapter 56: Chapter 56: Searching for Business Opportunities

In the following days, Qi Taiguo, just as he said, was often at the military base, only coming home to rest. Cheng Su was usually home alone.

If he stayed overnight, he took the initiative to sleep on the bivouac in the small room, leaving the master bedroom and large bed to Cheng Su. Their cohabitation, lacking the warmth of a couple, was harmonious nonetheless, and actually felt a bit like roommates. At least for now, there were no conflicts.

Of course, if Cheng Su wasn't home, he would sleep in the large bed; after all, it was comfortable. But that bed carried Cheng Su's scent, which made him feel oddly uncomfortable, and he had to endure it, sometimes regretting why he agreed to Cheng Su's so-called "three-Chapter agreement." She was his wife and should be living a married life with him!

But a promise made, he, as a man, couldn't go back on his word; he just had to put up with it.

And as for Cheng Su, she was out almost every day, searching for business opportunities, ready to seize them.

On a hot day, after walking for miles, Cheng Su felt weak with hunger and decided to sit down at a small restaurant to revitalize herself.

A bowl of so-called "braised pork rice" sat in front of Cheng Su, with yellowish greens and a few slices of pale fat. For the picky eater Cheng Su, there were only four words to describe it: hard to swallow.

Gurgle gurgle, the rumbling from her stomach made Cheng Su overlook the poor presentation of the meal, and she picked up her chopsticks to give it a try, only to immediately frown.

This so-called braised meat was just fatty pork boiled in soy sauce; it wasn't even as tasty as the dishes she made. It was probably the worst braised pork she had ever eaten in her two lifetimes.

Cheng Su gave another look at the braised pork rice in front of her. Such a meal cost fifty cents.

It was so unpalatable and still cost fifty cents; no wonder the business was slow. If she were doing the cooking, she could make it taste better even with her eyes closed.

Cook it herself?

Cheng Su was startled by the thought that suddenly leaped into her mind.

Cheng Su glanced at the small restaurant. It was noon, yet not many customers were present. Well, with such unappetizing food, how could there be patrons?

She looked at the street again. There was a school nearby, and not far from the school was a factory. Around the corner, there was a path leading to the freight dock, where many workers could be found.

As for the flow of people, this area had plenty, a diverse crowd at that. Logically, the restaurant's business should be more than just floundering, but unfortunately, it was as if they were only swatting flies.

Cheng Su quietly chewed her rice, assessing the restaurant. It was a small place with an open-air courtyard, tables set both inside and outside. The restaurant was run by a couple who looked a bit gloomy, probably due to the lack of business.

Huh.

Cheng Su noticed a piece of paper pinned to the open door with two big characters: "Transfer."

The restaurant was up for transfer?

Her heart stirred, and her eyes sparkled slightly. After days of searching, she might have found her business opportunity.

Scooping up the last of her meal in a hurry, she wiped her mouth and approached the woman washing dishes, smiling as she asked, "Sister, are you planning to transfer ownership of this restaurant?"

The woman looked up at her and nodded slowly.

Cheng Su's eyes crinkled with a smile.

"May I ask how the transfer will be conducted? Can we talk about it?" Cheng Su said with another smile.

The woman stood up and wiped her hands on her apron, calling for her husband, "Old Wang, Old Wang, this person wants to take over our restaurant."

Cheng Su walked over with an easy stride.

**Chapter 57: Chapter 57 Intention Dynamics**

The restaurant was indeed up for a transfer, and the transfer fee was one hundred yuan, including all the furniture and fixtures of the restaurant. In addition, since the house was their private property, they were also required to pay rent. If Cheng Su took over, the first year's rent would be waived. Starting next year, the rent would be ten yuan per month.

The transfer fee was one hundred yuan, which made Cheng Su hesitate.

"Actually, our location is quite excellent. It's just our lack of good management, and on top of that, a family elder fell ill and needed care. We also have a pineapple orchard to tend to, which is why we're transferring the business," Old Wang, the owner, said upon seeing Cheng Su's hesitation. "Since you're interested in taking over, and it seems you can cook, if you can cook well and the food tastes good, business will follow naturally."

"One hundred yuan does seem a bit expensive," Cheng Su said. "If it were a bit cheaper, I could consider it. Besides, since you say the location is so good, just a change in your cooking style, and you could continue to run it. Or you could hire a chef. Why transfer it then?"

"We did think about that, but we're concerned about our home. Our Old Wang is an only child. Moreover, he had an accident before and has trouble with his leg," Sister Wang said with a wry smile.

Cheng Su fell silent.

Upon taking another look at the restaurant, all the equipment and facilities were fairly new. She believed that if she took over and worked hard with her cooking skills, she could definitely make the business work. If all else failed, she could hire a chef and manage behind the scenes.

She had already planned out what she would do. She could open a fast-food restaurant, which was very popular in the nineties. She could set prices for different dishes, allowing people to choose, and also cater to takeout orders.

Once the restaurant was successful, she could open branches, expand it, turn it into a big dining establishment, and ultimately a grand hotel.

Indeed, owning a grand hotel was her ultimate goal.

So, if she took over this restaurant, it would mark the beginning of her career.

But the price exceeded Cheng Su's original budget. She did not have much in personal savings, so she would have to go back and carefully consider it.

"I'm really out of options. At home, we have an elder and four children relying on us; the burden is too heavy. How about this, I'll reduce the transfer fee by ten yuan for you. If you are really interested, I can vacate the place within the next couple of days."

After hearing Sister Wang's words, Cheng Su became somewhat tempted.

The restaurant already had a full set of equipment; with clean pots and pans and a change of the restaurant's name, she could purchase ingredients and start the business.

After careful consideration, Cheng Su felt it was an opportunity not to be missed but didn't want them to think it was too easy for her, so she said, "How about this, I'll go back and discuss it with my husband and come back tomorrow, is that okay? After all, this is a large sum of money, and I need to scrape it together."

"That sounds good. I see you're capable. Make it quick. There have been others interested in this restaurant!" Sister Wang hinted at the urgency to pique Cheng Su's interest.

Cheng Su smiled, nodded, said her goodbyes, and left, her steps light with the prospect of a hopeful future.

Once home, Qi Taiguo had not returned. Cheng Su drank a couple of sips of water, and seeing it was not yet dusk, she washed an apple to munch on and took out pen and paper to write down her plans.

As she was writing, she tossed aside her pen, ran into the room, and dug out her private savings box to count the money she had saved.

Together with the money left over from before and what Qi Taiguo had given her for household expenses for buying things recently, she had just over fifty-two yuan in cash.

"It's not even enough to cover the transfer fee," Cheng Su pursed her lips and frowned.

## **Chapter 58: Chapter 58 Going on a Mission**

Cheng Su hadn't found a job that suited her, and ever since she realized she was living in an era of struggle and effort, she had extinguished the idea of working for others; she was determined to do her own business and fight her own battles.

Therefore, she wouldn't miss the current opportunity, and as for not having enough money?

She pursed her lips and her gaze fell upon the gold ring her mother-in-law had given her, as well as the pair of silver bracelets in the box, and other cherished belongings she had brought with her in the cabinet.

When she had just returned, she had already asked Chunhua and the others where there were pawnshops or gold shops in Qing City.

That's right, she had set her sights on her dowry.

Since ancient times, women have had tough lives; pawning and selling their dowries to sustain their household was not uncommon—now it was her turn, and she didn't see why she couldn't do the same.

Indeed, the pawnshop—that restaurant she wanted to take over, she had a rough idea about how much money Taiguo had; he had only given her fifty yuan before, and it seemed a little embarrassing to ask him for more.

So Cheng Su thought of this; there were still pawnshops around these days, wasn't it possible for her to pawn her belongings for some money?

She opened the cabinet, took out the bottle of precious perfume, and then the silk dress hanging there, reaching out her fingers felt like something was boiling and erupting inside her, rampaging around.

No, she couldn't pawn them—they were hers, her dress and her perfume, all hers.

"Get a grip on yourself," Cheng Su growled softly, "even if I have to sell or pawn them today, in the future I'm sure I will be able to buy back a dozen, a hundred of them." She caressed the silky smooth texture and murmured to herself.

She needed to gather the full amount of the transfer fee to take over the shop. She needed the money here, and it seemed unreliable to count on Taiguo; she could only rely on herself to find a way. It was the only way.

When she decided to do something, she would definitely give it her all; if she still couldn't achieve her desire, then it must be destined not to happen.

Touching the silky feel of the dress, she swore that in the future, she would wear such dresses in rotation every month, with no repeats every day.

As for the ring on her hand, she would buy one that was twice as heavy.

Cheng Su gritted her teeth, wrapped everything up, and planned to exchange them the following day.

However, she also needed to have a word with Taiguo. As the saying went, a married couple should act as one and make decisions together. Besides, since a lot of the money was given by him, she should at least inform him.

With that thought, Cheng Su calmed down, left the room to start cooking, and waited for Taiguo to return.

But as it grew dark, there was still no sign of him. Could it be that he was on duty again today, with no rest?

Seeing Dahe pass by the door, she hurried out to ask him, "Is Old Qi on duty today?"

Dahe was startled and then said, "No, Commander Qi has a mission. Didn't he tell you, sister-in-law?"

Cheng Su was taken aback—on a mission?

He had left for a mission without a word to her? What a jerk!

Haven't they agreed to keep each other informed about such matters?

Inside, Cheng Su was furious, but she couldn't say anything in front of Dahe, and simply said, "He didn't say, it must have been quite urgent, he didn't even come home!"

Dahe gave a sound of acknowledgment and said, "It's okay, it happens that sometimes missions come up suddenly and there's no time to inform."

Cheng Su forced a smile, closed the door, and her face fell.

What a jerk—no time to come home, but he could have sent someone to give a message. He didn't even think of that—did it mean he didn't care, or had she overestimated her own importance?

"Fine then, I'll make my move first and report later; you can't have any complaints!" Cheng Su huffed.

## **Chapter 59: Chapter 59 Breaking the Rules Together**

Qi Taiguo was on the plane at this moment, feeling somewhat annoyed as well. The mission had come so urgently that he had set off without a second thought.

It wasn't that he intentionally didn't tell Cheng Su; rather, he had forgotten and simply didn't have the self-awareness that he was already a married man with his own family!

He had been a soldier for over a decade, having fought and crawled his way through life and death to reach his current position. Others envied his youthful ascent to the rank of company commander, not realizing it was earned by hovering on the brink of life and death many times, like that one time...

Throughout these years, Qi Taiguo had always been mindful of his identity. He was a soldier, and it was his unconditional duty to obey his superiors' orders; defending the country was his lifelong mission.

For all those years, he had been alone, never having to report to anyone about going on missions. To say he forgot would rather mean he was used to it!

Therefore, when this mission arose, being very urgent, he didn't think twice; he packed up at the military base and left. Only now, seated on the fighter jet, listening to the idle chatter of his comrades, did he remember that he was married, that he had a family, a wife!

And what does starting a family represent? It signifies an additional responsibility. It would be reasonable, both emotionally and logically, for him to have informed Cheng Su before leaving on a mission. And yet, he had forgotten!

Qi Taiguo's face turned somber. He pursed his lips and muttered under his breath, "Does a man going on a mission need to check in first? It's not like I'm off doing something messy, but risking my life for the country. Besides, now that I'm gone, she might as well be happy!"

But really, could she be happy?

Thinking back to the 'three Chapter agreement' Cheng Su had mentioned before, the insistence on clear communication and mutual decision-making, that seriousness...

Qi Taiguo suddenly became uncertain.

"Attention, we're approaching the airspace above the hills where the Eagles are located. Prepare for low-altitude landing," the commander appeared before each soldier, instructing them solemnly with his hands behind his back.

Qi Taiguo couldn't afford to ponder anymore. He stood up, took his parachute, and put it on...

Would Cheng Su be happy? To hell with it!

When Cheng Su heard that Qi Taiguo had left on a mission without leaving a single word for her, she was so enraged that she went to kick the bivouac where Qi Taiguo usually slept several times to vent her anger, cursing him for what he considered her to be. She had actually heard about the mission from the mouth of another soldier.

It made her furious!

Once her anger subsided a bit, she couldn't help but worry. What kind of mission had he departed on? Could it be dangerous?

It wasn't that she was particularly fond of Qi Taiguo, but they were married, and he was her man. She definitely didn't want to carry the stigma of widowhood at such a young age!

Not to mention, they had an agreement, and now he had broken it.

Hmph!

If the rules were broken, it wouldn't be fair for only one to break them. If one breaks them, then they should be broken together.

Cheng Su packed up her things, and the next day, she went to both the Gold shop and the Pawnshop, exchanging for forty yuan. Adding that to her savings, she had a total of ninety-six yuan and returned to that restaurant.

All the money she had was ninety-six, with the transfer fee being ninety. If she gave it all away, what use would the remaining few yuan be? Therefore, Cheng Su, through much pleading and bargaining, managed to first give eighty, promising to return the remaining ten yuan the following month.

Fortunately, Old Wang and his wife, who owned the restaurant, were honest folks. Seeing Cheng Suxin's sincerity and urgency, and considering her demeanor, they thought of it as making a friend and agreed to her terms.

Cheng Suxin was delighted. The contract was quickly signed by both parties, and after registering with the relevant department, within two days, the unassuming restaurant officially changed ownership to Cheng Su's name.

## **Chapter 60: Chapter 60 My Fate is Decided by Me, Not by Heaven**

After all the paperwork was done, Sister Wang and her family quickly organized their belongings and got ready to move out. When Cheng Su arrived at the small courtyard, a truck was parked outside, and Brother Wang was boarding it with a slight limp in his leg—it was time for Cheng Su to take over.

Sure enough, after the keys were exchanged and the date for the remaining ten yuan to be paid was set, Sister Wang led Brother Wang and their belongings away.

Cheng Su was very excited. She walked around the restaurant inside and out, cleaning up and putting everything in order.

The restaurant had only one room with a loft for accommodation and rest, a kitchen, and a courtyard with a sink installed, making washing very convenient. There was also a large apricot tree alongside. In the scorching heat, it was much cooler to drag a chair under the tree and enjoy the shade than to stay inside the room.



After tidying up, Cheng Su planned to head to the market to start her business as soon as possible.

Just as she was about to leave, someone was peeping at the entrance. Upon seeing Cheng Su, they retracted their head before peeking out again.

"Hey, who are you looking for?" Cheng Su called out to her.

It was a middle-aged woman with slightly dark skin, a plump body, short hair, and small eyes that looked nearly squeezed shut by her chubby face.

"Young lady, who are you, and where's Old Wang and his family?" the middle-aged woman asked.

"They have moved back to their hometown, and now I have taken over this restaurant. My surname is Cheng," Cheng Su explained.

Upon hearing this, the middle-aged woman's eyes widened, and she asked, "You've taken over? For how much?"

Cheng Su smiled and did not answer.

"Look here, young lady, you seem quite new to me. Do you know what happened to Old Man Wang's family and why they were so eager to transfer this restaurant? You've been fooled!" the middle-aged woman said with some urgency.

Cheng Su was surprised and asked with a smile, "What do you mean?"

"You just took it without asking around. The feng shui of this restaurant is no good. Take Old Wang for example; he was just going out to buy some vegetables and still got hit by a car. Otherwise, why would his leg be lame? And his wife, a good-hearted sister, was just resting in this courtyard and got a tree branch in the eye. She was treated for a month and almost went blind. Tell me, isn't that strange? Isn't it because of bad feng shui?" the middle-aged woman said, pretending to be horrified.

Without waiting for Cheng Su to reply, she continued, "One thing after another keeps happening, and the restaurant's business has never picked up. Now, how unlucky is that? You're a young woman, where did you get the courage to rent this courtyard?"

So that was the reason.

Cheng Su couldn't help but laugh. People are so full of concerns, regarding anything resembling a haunted house with sheer horror.

But speaking of Old Wang, he was hit by the truck and flung five meters yet only got a limp. If you ask me, that should be considered extremely lucky.

"Brother Wang survived a great disaster; that's a sign of great fortune. Wouldn't you say so, Sister?" said Cheng Su with a dismissive smile.

The woman looked somewhat embarrassed and said, "That may be true, but after all, there was an accident."

Inwardly, she was seething with resentment. Sister Wang from the Wang Family had been calculatively merciless, refusing to reduce the price by even one yuan. If not for that, she would have been the one to take over the restaurant. Now someone else had beat her to it, and it galled her!

"Even after an accident, to survive without greater harm is to have future blessings. I'd like to share in that good fortune," said Cheng Su with a smile. "Thank you for your concern, Sister."

As things stood, there was nothing more the middle-aged woman could say. She managed a forced smile and said, "Well then, I wish you the best of luck!"

Cheng Su watched her leave with a smile, thinking to herself that she didn't care about good or bad luck. People say destiny is thirty percent fated and seventy percent made by one's own efforts. She didn't believe that she couldn't forge her own path in this era after having succeeded in the highly competitive 21st century. Would she really be going backward living in this time?

No matter if it's fortune or misfortune, my fate is in my own hands!