

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

### #Chapter 71: Time to Go Home - Read Back To The 80s: President's Doted Wife Chapter 71: Time to Go Home

#### **Chapter 71: Chapter 71: Time to Go Home**

Cheng Su had made shaved ice, which, although novel, was quite rough compared to what she had eaten in her previous life. The authentic version would be made using Shaved Ice Powder, but whether that substance was available, Cheng Su had no idea. She would have to make careful inquiries.

Despite this, such a novel item still sparked quite a reaction. After all, there were many people who loved new things in these times. Poor Cheng Su and her team, after finishing their lunchtime business, had to rush to make shaved ice until it was dark before returning to the courtyard.

But counting the banknotes every evening, Cheng Su felt that her hard work was worth it!

After securing the bundles of money in the drawer, Cheng Su laid on the small bed, staring blankly at the ceiling, lost in thought.

Since the opening of the business several days ago, she had been working from dawn to dusk. The hardships had brought in nearly two hundred in profit, which was considered a lot of money in those times.

During this time, aside from some initial setbacks, things had gone smoothly. Cheng Su wondered how Qi Taiguo was faring.

Others envied Qi Taiguo for becoming a commander at such a young age, but Cheng Su knew that success never came easily. There were no pies falling from the sky; such a military position must have been earned through desperate struggle, hence the missions were certainly dangerous.

Cheng Su was right, for at that moment, Qi Taiguo was engaged in fierce combat!

"Commander Qi, the big 'Eagle' is fleeing east with weapons and plenty of ammunition. Reply if received." Amid bursts of gunshots over the radio, Commander Fang urgently called for a response.

"Received. I'm moving from the south to encircle." After killing a lackey, Qi Taiguo quickly replied.

This operation was to assist with border anti-drug trafficking, codenamed 'Eagle'. The leader 'Tyrant Eagle' was an utterly reprehensible person, trafficking drugs using human bodies and even children, which was outrageous to both gods and men.

Now, as the operation neared its end, Tyrant Eagle's lair had been taken down in one fell swoop by them. Capturing this major drug lord would mark the mission's successful conclusion.

"Veteran, you take Team Six and finish up here. Xiao Liu, Yongzi, come with me to the south for the encirclement," directed Qi Taiguo as he glanced at the sky, "The day is getting dark; we must hurry. Once it starts raining, it'll be difficult to navigate the dense forest and even harder to capture Tyrant Eagle."

"Yes!" The ones called out responded promptly.

Qi Taiguo tightened the straps of his backpack and crouched low as he led the way forward, his movements swift and fierce.

Two hours later, faint gunfire was heard. Qi Taiguo's eyes were sharp as an eagle's; he signalled with his hand, sank slightly, and moved towards the source of the gunfire as light as a feather.

"Commander Qi, be careful."

Bang!

A gust of wind passed by, and Qi Taiguo, with keen reflexes, dodged to one side as a bullet flew from his left front, grazing his arm.

Blood instantly soaked through his clothes, yet Qi Taiguo ignored the pain, his gaze intensifying as he calmly raised his gun and pulled the trigger.

The wind whistled through the treetops, but he heard the distinct sound of a bullet hitting flesh followed by a muffled groan. Like a leopard, he pounced towards the source of the sound to his left front.

"Split and encircle left and right." Commander Qi issued the command without missing a beat, his silhouette disappearing in an instant.

Xiao Liu and Yongzi quickly darted out to the left and right.

Raindrops started to fall, pitter-patter, while a few gunshots, sounds of fighting, howls, and shouts were swiftly swallowed by the rain.

Home, it was time to return.

## Chapter 72: Chapter 72: Strange

In June, the weather got hotter and hotter, and by noon, it was like a steaming furnace, with even the slightest movement causing one to break out in a sweat.

After the lunch business concluded, Cheng Su and Qiulan dealt with the small matters of the restaurant and prepared the ingredients for the next day, as usual.

A few children giggled and gathered at the entrance of the restaurant, shouting, "Shaved ice, shaved ice, we want to buy shaved ice."

Ever since shaved ice was introduced, who knows who spread the word first, but many greedy elementary school students would head over to Cheng Su's place to buy shaved ice after class.

Cheng Su took out the ready-made shaved ice from the freezer, added toppings like red beans and kidney beans, and then poured pineapple jam over it, handing it to the children, saying, "You came just in time, these are the last few bowls!"

"Ah, there's no more? Will there be any tomorrow?"

"Come and ask tomorrow; I might be too busy with things today to make any, so after you finish, you better head home quickly," Cheng Su said with a smile.

Since the restaurant's opening, she had been leaving early and returning late every day, and for the past couple of days, she had even been staying at the restaurant. She really needed to go home to clean up; after all, she was a married woman.

"Right now, the most popular thing in our restaurant is probably the shaved ice!" Qiulan said with a smile.

"It's just a summer thing. When autumn comes, we can't sell it anymore," Cheng Su chuckled.

The two of them quickly washed the pots and pans, and prepared the ingredients for the next day. Qiulan went to the city to help her older sister shop, and Cheng Su headed home alone.

"Oh my, Sister-in-law Qi, I haven't seen you around these past couple of days, where have you been?" Chunhua emerged from the building, clutching a bag of trash, and called out to Cheng Su as she approached.

"Didn't I open a restaurant? It's been so busy. My husband hasn't been around these days, so I just stayed over there for a couple of nights—it's less back and forth," Cheng Su replied with a laugh.

Chunhua was taken aback, "Staying outside, huh!"

How that sounded.

Cheng Suxin felt a bit odd inside but didn't ponder on it, simply saying, "Yeah! I'm just looking for convenience." She then pulled out a pear from her bag and handed it to Chunhua, saying, "The fruit stall had fresh fruits when I was coming back. Try it."

"Oh, how can I accept this." Chunhua's eyes shifted to the bag Cheng Su was carrying.

It was a cloth bag, bulging, and it was unclear what was inside, but it looked heavy.

Looking at Cheng Su, you'd hardly catch a glimpse of her coming and going early and late, and these last couple of days she was even more absent. She seemed to have lost some weight and was a bit darker, but she looked very spirited.

"Your restaurant, is the business doing well? You've been so busy you don't even have time to come home," Chunhua probed, a bit curious.

Just a small restaurant, she surely couldn't be that preoccupied. Could it be that while Commander Qi wasn't home, she was up to some indecent escapade that she didn't want to be seen doing?

As she thought this, Chunhua's inner gossip began to stir more actively, and the way she looked at Cheng Su subtly changed, as if she had discovered some new continent.

Cheng Su, unaware of her thoughts, responded, "Business is just so-so, not making much money."

"Look at what you're saying. Your husband has a high allowance, and with your work, you can consider it spending your own money on accessories. As long as it's legitimate work, any income is better than idling at home, right?"

Cheng Su frowned slightly. Why would she talk like that, what's legitimate or not?

Her smile faded a bit as she waved her hand, "Right, then I should head home now."

"Oh, okay."

Cheng Su walked towards the building, feeling something was amiss. Glancing back, she saw a woman walk up to Chunhua and start whispering something. When they noticed her looking, they both fell silent.

Cheng Su smiled, shrugged off the weird feeling, and entered her

**Chapter 73: Chapter 73 I'll cook you a bowl of noodles**

Night had fallen, and lights were shining in every household.

Having hung the rag in the bathroom, Cheng Su finally sat down on a small stool to rest, cradling half a cup of water in her hands. She gazed around at the loneliness of the room and felt somewhat dazed.

One person, one room—it was as if she had returned to her previous life, coming home after a day's work to tranquility and serenity.

Indeed, it was only when she saw him that she deeply felt her married status; aside from that, Cheng Su hadn't fully stepped into the role, especially when Qi Taiguo was away.

But when would that guy return, and was everything alright?

Cheng Su glanced at the door to the room where Qi Taiguo usually slept, pursed her lips, put down her cup, and twisted the doorknob to enter.

The room, even smaller than the master bedroom, contained only a bivouac. The light green thin blanket was folded neatly at the foot of the bed.

Behind the foot of the bed, there was a small desk with a cup and a few books on it. Cheng Su glanced at them and realized they were all military magazines and books.

On the desk, there was also a notebook and a pen. Cheng Su hesitated, picked it up, then set it down again.

"I'll just look at his handwriting," she murmured, staring at the notebook for a minute.

Opening the notebook, she saw Qi Taiguo's name written in bold and vigorous strokes; seeing the handwriting was as good as seeing the man himself, no mistake—it was indeed Qi Taiguo's writing.

Looking further, Cheng Su paused. What was this, poetry?

A tough soldier, actually writing poetry?

Cheng Su read it softly, and it seemed to rhyme quite well.

Qi Taiguo had only finished junior high school. At a time when the production team was recruiting soldiers, his father signed him up. After the physical examination, he was selected and went off to join the military, leaving his high school education incomplete.

"Self-taught?" Cheng Su raised an eyebrow. "I hadn't realized he was such a sentimental person. Is there a gentleness beneath that rugged exterior?"

A memory flashed through her mind, and her cheeks turned red.

Back when he was still in school, she had already considered herself his wife, keeping a tight hold on Qi Taiguo. If any girl dared to pass him a love letter, she dared to pull the girl's hair, rip her clothes, and call her shameless.

Heavens, how old was she back then?

Thwack!

Cheng Su closed the notebook. No wonder Qi Taiguo was so respectful yet distant towards her, even their marriage was reluctant—it seems she had tormented him since they were children!

"What sins did you commit when you were young?" Cheng Su gently patted her face, laughing and crying at the same time. She was so young!

No wonder she stopped going to school after the first year of high school, probably thinking only about marrying Qi Taiguo, her golden bachelor.

It seems your affection for him was true love!

Cheng Su exhaled softly, put the notebook down and tidied everything up before leaving the room.

Without the entertainment of television, Cheng Su went to bed early, drifting in and out of sleep, when suddenly she heard some noise.

Cheng Su snapped awake, heart racing in the darkness of the room.

In this old house, she wasn't sure of her safety, but she figured thieves wouldn't dare rob a house in the military district, right?

Could the noise be?

Cheng Su sat up and opened the door. Sure enough, with his back to her, Qi Taiguo was setting down a large backpack on the floor.

Cheng Su was both shocked and delighted. When Qi Taiguo turned around, she flashed a big smile, "Qi Taiguo, you're back. Are you hungry? I'll cook you some noodles."

## **Chapter 74: Chapter 74 Helping Him Apply Medicine**

Whoosh, a ladleful of water cascaded down, and Qi Taiguo shook the water from his hair, taking the towel from nearby to wipe his face.

"Are you hungry? I'll cook you a bowl of noodles," she offered.

That sentence from Cheng Su echoed in his mind again, and his heart thudded as if it had been struck.

Qi Taiguo felt a peculiar sensation in his chest.

It wasn't his first mission, and when had he ever not returned to solitude, taking care of himself on his own? But this time, upon entering, someone was waiting for him, her face alight with joy.

Yes, joy—if he wasn't mistaken, the expression on Cheng Su's face just now was indeed joyful, right?

"I'll cook you a bowl of noodles..."

He had headed straight home after completing the mission, and by the time he got home, it was already this late; where would he find anything to eat? But he was used to it—only now, what?

Gurgle, gurgle, Qi Taiguo's stomach cried out, and his nose picked up a faint but enticing aroma.

He rubbed his belly, dressed in an army green tank top and boxer shorts, with a towel over his shoulder, and left the bathroom.

Cheng Su stood with a large bowl in hand, walking over to the table. Hearing the noise, she turned and said, "All done washing? Come and sit down to eat, or it'll get burned."

Qi Taiguo was surprised; had she really made a bowl of noodles?

He walked over. In the large bowl before him was a soup noodle dish topped with two pan-fried golden eggs, sprinkled with a handful of sliced scallion, making the white noodles look very appealing.

Gurgle, gurgle, the aroma made Qi Taiguo's hunger intensify, and he sat down instinctively.

"The days you weren't home, I didn't buy much food, and with the weather heating up, our home doesn't have a fridge, making it hard to keep things like meat, so I could only fry a couple of eggs for you. Make do for now, and tomorrow I'll cook something tastier, okay?" Cheng Su explained. "What would you like to eat? How about braised meat? You've lost a lot of weight."

Qi Taiguo picked up the chopsticks, glanced at her, and said, "Anything's fine," as he began to eat earnestly.

Cheng Su, on the other hand, was quite pleased. Good communication was a great start.

As she passed on his left, she bent down slightly and saw blood on his arm, gasping, "My goodness, you're injured?"

Qi Taiguo frowned and looked over. It was the wound grazed by a bullet, which had reopened during the shower because the bandage came off, and now it was bleeding again.

"It's nothing," he said reflexively, pulling the towel from his shoulder to press against it.

"Don't move!" Cheng Su held his hand, saying, "It needs to be disinfected. That towel was for your bath; you can't press it on a wound. You could get an infection. Stay still, I'll get the medicine box and help you with it!"

Lucky for him, she remembered their home didn't have a first-aid kit, so on her way back today, she bought some common medicines from a health station and brought them back in a small box.

Qi Taiguo was quite taken aback, watching her walk to the cabinet and return with a box, finding it all the more strange.

What had happened during these days he was away from home?

"You eat, don't worry about me, or the noodles will turn into paste," Cheng Su instructed, opening the box. "I'm going to disinfect it now, brace yourself for the sting."

How much could disinfecting hurt? Qi Taiguo was somewhat skeptical, slurping up the noodles, but when Cheng Su dabbed the wound with a cotton swab soaked in disinfectant, the sharp pain made him flinch involuntarily.

"Does it hurt a lot?" Cheng Su noticed and looked up to ask.

Qi Taiguo looked at her, her eyes dewy and filled with a mix of pity and concern. He felt a softness in his heart and, a bit awkwardly, looked down and said, "It doesn't hurt."

Damn it, for a moment, he actually thought Cheng Su looked beautiful!

## **Chapter 75: Chapter 75 Just Asking**

Cheng Su wrapped the bandage around Qi Taiguo's arm and asked, "What happened here, it looks like a chunk of flesh has been taken out?"



The wound itself didn't seem too big, but Cheng Su couldn't tell if it was Qi Taiguo's nonchalance or something else that made it look rather ferocious, which was quite frightening to look at.

"It's not as serious as you put it, just grazed by a bullet," Qi Taiguo replied nonchalantly.

A bullet!

Cheng Su's hand paused, and after a long look, she finally said, "Is every mission you go on this dangerous? Fighting for your life amidst gunfire and bullets?"

Qi Taiguo frowned, thinking she was being unsatisfied and scornful, and couldn't help saying, "Protecting our home and country is the sacred duty of a soldier, what would you understand!"

Her tone was somewhat harsh, and Cheng Su lowered her eyes as she said, "Protecting our home and country is indeed your sacred duty, but you have to be more careful. You're not alone anymore! As the saying goes, 'Our parents gave us our body, skin, and hair', how heartbroken would your parents be if they knew about this?"

Parents? That sounded odd.

Qi Taiguo didn't speak.

With him silent, Cheng Su didn't feel out of place using 21st-century lingo, and without further questioning, one can't become fat with one bite, after all. By her reckoning, she had been here nearly two months, but the days she had interacted with him were still short-lived. There would be more time to get along, so take it slow, she thought.

Besides, he had just come back, injured no less. How could she bear to argue with him intensively?

"Are there any other injuries?" After tying the bandage, she took another look at the skin not covered by his tank top.

Qi Taiguo, seeing her like this, softened his tone and said, "No, it was just a careless scrape this time. But it's a minor injury; there's no need for the bandage." As he spoke, he reached out to untie the bandage.

"That won't do. The weather is hot, and you will be training with the troops again. Sweat is salty; it will sting the wound and make it harder to heal. You may even get an infection. Better to leave it wrapped," Cheng Su insisted on her opinion. She had seen news of people dying from tetanus from a small wound.

Having heard that, Qi Taiguo didn't continue and let his hand drop.

Cheng Su put away the medicine box and then asked, "Why don't you go rest? I can take care of the things here."

Qi Taiguo felt a bit strange inside and walked towards his room, then heard her ask, "By the way, are you going to the troop tomorrow? Just came back from a mission; can't you take a day off?"

"Rest for a day, need to write a report," Qi Taiguo answered, asking, "Is there something you need?"

"Nothing, just asking. Go get some sleep!" Cheng Su smiled.

Qi Taiguo saw her taking the bowls and utensils out to the kitchen, went back to his room with a heart full of curiosity, and laid down on the bed. It was a while before he heard the door closing; he looked at the door gap – the light in the hall had gone out.

He could understand her less and less!

Qi Taiguo thought this and soon fell asleep.

Summer night, slightly cool.

Perhaps it was a soldier's natural alertness, or maybe he had not fallen into a deep sleep yet, but when Qi Taiguo heard the faint sound, he opened his eyes, steadied his mind, reached out for a small alarm clock to check the time.

Five o'clock.

So early, what was she up to? Hmm

Qi Taiguo intended not to bother, but the thought of the bowl of noodles and the bandage on his arm eventually got him out of bed.

I'm just returning a favor, not that I'm concerned about her!

Qi Taiguo convinced himself of that.

He opened his room door and indeed saw Cheng Su, all dressed up and reaching for the door latch, looking like she was about to go out.

"It's not even fully light out yet, where are you going?" Qi Taiguo asked, frowning heavily behind her.

Her abrupt voice startled Cheng Su nearly into jumping up; she turned around swiftly: "Jeez, are you trying to scare me to death?"