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Chapter 81: Believe It or Not

After being upset outside, Cheng Su came home to find that her own husband not only failed to comfort her but also questioned her and gave her disapproving looks. Her heart turned as cold as the frosty snow of deep winter.

She took a deep breath and tried to keep calm, "I've been busy outside all day and I really don't want to argue with you. You were with me at the restaurant for most of the day, so you should know how busy I was, right?"

Qi Taiguo didn't make a sound.

"I admit, I didn't stay at home for the past two days, but it's not like I was out fooling around. I was staying at the restaurant because I had to get up before dawn to rush over and work from morning to night. Since you weren't there, I didn't bother coming back. I have to eat alone either way, and it doesn't matter where. I just didn't expect things to get twisted so badly." Cheng Su continued, "Believe it or not, that's up to you, but I, Cheng Su, have been honest to heaven and to you, Qi Taiguo. I've done nothing wrong by you. You can choose to believe it or not, and you can even ask Qiulan. I'm tired and need to sit down before I start cooking."

"Also, I'm human, and of course, I care about my reputation, especially as a woman," she finished, then returned to her room and slammed the door shut.

Qi Taiguo, hearing the loud sound of the door closing, opened his mouth and muttered, "I didn't say anything, who is she getting angry at?"

He looked at the table, filled with bags of vegetables and meat, and thought about her plans to make braised meat, feeling somewhat sheepish.

Lying on the bed, Cheng Su buried her face in the pillow and silently shed tears, overwhelmed by a sense of grievance. She could brush off what outsiders said, but for Qi Taiguo, her own husband, to not only fail to protect her but also to hurt her deeply, why did he have to twist the knife in her heart?

Cheng Su clutched at her chest, feeling a dull pain. She didn't know if it was the lingering consciousness of the original host or something else, but she felt extremely uncomfortable.

She thought about the past life of the original host who had committed suicide by jumping off a building in her middle age. What was the reason? Could it really have been because of Qi Taiguo's attitude?

But if it really was because of him, it wasn't incomprehensible. Look at his attitude. What wife could endure this?

Cheng Su stubbornly wiped away her tears and murmured, "Forget it, I shouldn't have too many expectations for him. I have to rely on myself; that's the most reliable. Even if he turns out to be unreliable, I won't end up like the original host and commit suicide."

After resting for a while, she finally got up and opened the door to come out because life had to go on. She couldn't just stop eating over a little distress, could she?

"Are these beans supposed to be cooked? I've already snapped the ends off," Qi Taiguo said, lifting the green beans in his hand and shaking them, his tone carrying a hint of appeasement.

Cheng Su was somewhat surprised but showed no expression. She simply hummed, "Thanks for the trouble, just leave them there, I'll take care of it."

That said, she did not look at him and proceeded to wash rice for the electric rice cooker.

Qi Taiguo frowned, not used to such polite coldness.

In the kitchen, Chunhua and Guiying were cooking. When they saw her, their expressions varied.

"Sister-in-law, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to gossip. I only mentioned to He Xing that you hadn't been home for a few days. I had no idea it would get blown out of proportion like that," Chunhua said nervously.

Cheng Su gave a faint smile, turned on the tap to wash the rice, and responded, "The innocent are clear, and the guilty are muddied. I can't control other people's mouths. I just didn't expect some people to be so shallow."

Her words could indeed have been interpreted as a dig at Chunhua, whose face turned red with embarrassment.

Guiying then joined the conversation, "Your words are right, sister-in-law. The innocent are clear. By the way, where is your restaurant? Life has been tight with Taiguo's limited income. I've been thinking about finding a job too."

Cheng Su then started discussing with her. Chunhua, unable to get a word in, went back to her own room. It wasn't long before Liang Shurong's voice of reprimand was heard from there. Cheng Su passed by, heard it, and simply smiled and moved on.