

The 80s 93

Chapter 93: Meeting with the Bastard Again

After Qiulan finished peeling the pineapples, Cheng Su told her to knock off early while she continued with the next task, turning pineapples into jam.

Bang bang.

The door of the restaurant was pounded. Cheng Su went to open the door and was surprised to see Qi Taiguo standing outside, she exclaimed, "Eh, what brings you here?"

"I was passing by, and I wondered if you went home yet?" Qi Taiguo rubbed his nose uncomfortably, not wanting to admit that he had come on purpose.

"Not so soon, come in, come in, I have great news to tell you." Cheng Su pulled him inside, her eyes sparkling, "Qi Taiguo, I'm going to be rich!"

Rich?

Qi Taiguo was stunned for a moment and it took him a while to understand what Cheng Su's so-called get-rich plan was, which turned out to be selling pineapple jam for money?

"Aren't you running a restaurant? What's with all these new ideas?" Qi Taiguo looked at Cheng Su stirring the jam in front of the stove, and asked with a frown, "You're not running your restaurant anymore?"

"I am, but I can make this pineapple jam too, who would complain about having too much money?" Cheng Su stirred the jam in the pot, scooped some with a big spoon to check, observing the thickness and seeing that the color was about right, she sampled a little with a teaspoon and instructed, "Turn the fire down a bit more."

Qi Taiguo followed her instruction and turned down the flame, glanced over, and asked, "Is this good enough?"

"Pretty much." Cheng Su replied.

"This is too much trouble." Qi Taiguo sighed.

"You're right." Cheng Su went along with his point, "If we were to make it in large quantities, this method wouldn't work. I think if we can secure some orders, we'll need to buy a juicer to make fruit puree - it'd save a lot of effort."

She was also thinking about which food factories to visit to see if they had gelatin powder or something similar, to add to the mix, which she guessed would further improve the taste.

Watching her deep in thought, Qi Taiguo muttered, "You know quite a bit, huh?"

It was strange; Cheng Su had only studied up to the first year of high school before she stopped. How did she know so much?

Cheng Su, hearing his remark and suspecting he might be doubting her, casually responded, "Oh, I read a lot of books, stuff I picked up from them."

Qi Taiguo scoffed, "As if. Aren't those stories from reader's letters that you read - all about love and romance?"

Cheng Su was embarrassed and retorted, "There's value in reading miscellaneous books; a lot of knowledge comes from them. Not everyone is like you – apart from military magazines, you just read poetry." Remembering his poetry books, she grumbled again, "Pretending to be such a cultured person."

"How do you know what I read?" Qi Taiguo squinted at her, his brow furrowed, "You've been in my room?"

"I have. Your room wasn't locked; it's all part of our place anyway, isn't it alright for people to enter? It's not like there's anything shameful in there." Cheng Su admitted unabashedly.

Uh, that seemed reasonable.

"Don't just go rummaging through my stuff." Qi Taiguo grumbled.

"Who'd care to!" Cheng Su huffed, and then told him to turn off the fire.

She scooped the jam into a clean basin with no water or oil, covered it to let it cool down, and then looking at the time, she said, "We still have some time left, let's head to the city, your shoes still need to be exchanged."

And to see where they sold decent glass jars, she'd buy a couple; otherwise, what would she use to pack jam to give Mu Yan tomorrow? That woman was her potential big patron!

Qi Taiguo originally wanted to say he wouldn't go, but the words were swallowed back down. He quietly convinced himself that he was only accompanying her because of the shoes she had bought for him.

After locking the door, they stepped out one after the other, and no sooner had they walked a distance than a lewd and malicious teasing voice came from behind.

"Yo, look who's here, isn't this our dear military wife?"

Cheng Su lifted her head, her complexion slightly changed, thinking, why did she bump into these jerks again?