

MADAM'S IDENTITIES SHOCKS THE ENTIRE CITY AGAIN Chapter 218

Qiao Nian wasn't the kind of person who liked to gossip.

She initially thought Chen Yuan wouldn't answer Shen Qingqing. Unexpectedly, the determined teenager calmly said, "Yes, my mother used to work as a helper at their house."

The family backgrounds of the students in Rao City's First High School were all notable, especially in Class A, even though they weren't linked to listed companies like Qiao Chen.

They were at least well-off families.

No matter how old they were, they couldn't understand when Chen Yuan said his mom was a housekeeper.

"Huh?"

Chen Yuan lowered his brows but proudly faced everyone calmly. "My mom used to provide for me to go to school. She had never studied and couldn't find a job easily. She received an introduction from relatives and became a stay-at-home housekeeper. She was able to earn a salary every month. For our family, her income and my dad's income combined was barely enough to survive in Rao City."

Shen Qingqing, Jiang Tingting, and the others glanced at Qiao Nian unconsciously.

No wonder.

No wonder Sister Nian and Chen Yuan had such a good relationship.

Didn't Sister Nian live in the Qiao Family's house before?

“Later, my dad fell ill and my mother started a small business. She set up a street stall selling Mala Soup near Wangjiang Road. I would also help out on the weekends.”

Shen Qingqing and the others felt uncomfortable. They felt that his life was hard and his concern for his family was simple and sincere.

He might not speak flamboyantly, but his heartfelt care was warmer than any language.

“Chen Yuan, your mom knows how to make Mala soup? That’s amazing.” Shen Qingqing smiled after being startled.

A cheeky expression appeared on her apple-shaped face. She touched her nose, stuck out her tongue, and pouted. “I really like Mala soup, but I have yet to find authentic Mala soup. Do you know the Aladdin Mala soup store outside our school?”

“I eat there every Wednesday. Recently, the more I eat it, the worse it tastes. Liang Bowen and I aren’t willing to go there anymore. It just so happens that your mom makes Mala soup. That’s great! Liang Bowen and I will look for you one day to try your mom’s cooking. Haha. Can we?”

Chen Yuan glanced at her and understood what she was thinking. However, since Shen Qingqing really liked Mala soup, he was confident that his mom’s cooking wouldn’t let her down.

He didn’t feel she pitied him, nor did he feel inferior.

He very calmly agreed.

“Okay.”

When Jiang Tingting heard him, she immediately rushed forward. “Shen Qingqing, you’re so scheming! You want to eat delicious food all by yourself. I want to go too!”

“Me too!”

“So do we!”

Shen Qingqing rolled her eyes, smiled, and suggested, “How about we set a time and date to go?”

She thought of Qiao Nian and asked her, “Sister Nian, are you going?”

“How about next week? I’m not free this week.” Qiao Nian raised her head from her phone. She leaned back lazily and replied indifferently.

Even Shen Qingqing, who was a girl, blushed.

Oh, why is Sister Nian so cool? I’m not abnormal, right?

The others started discussing when they were free to visit the Mala soup store operated by Chen Yuan’s mom.

Qiao Nian suddenly received a WeChat message.

Ye Wangchuan: [What month and day is your birthday?]

Qiao Nian was confused.

Why did he suddenly ask her about her birthday?

QN: [I don't know. According to Qiao Weimin, it's August 16.]

She didn't know when her birthday was and just used the date the Qiao Family adopted her.

After all, no one cared about her birthday, and she didn't care about these things for a long time.