

Middle Age 58

Chapter 58: Can We Start Eating First?

"Let's go, come over to my place tonight." Back in the car, Qi Yun had a relaxed smile on his face and turned to Wei Yong.

Wei Yong, hearing this, also broke into a smile filled with anticipation, rubbing his hands enthusiastically, "Sure, let's go."

The small truck quickly stopped at the parking space beside the building unit, and the two worked together to lift down the electric bike, then each carried a few bottles of liquor as they headed home.

Qi Yun opened the door and placed the liquor on the cabinet, telling Wei Yong to take a seat first. He then went to the opposite door and knocked on Zhao Qing's home.

The door opened, and the sounds of laughter filled the room. Zhao Qing invited Qi Yun inside, where the little girl was happily playing, showing no intention of wanting to go home.

Qi Yun shook his head helplessly, deciding to come back later to fetch her.

Back at home, Wei Yong had already tied on an apron and was busily working in the kitchen.

Qi Yun didn't stay idle either, quickly digging through the fridge for some ingredients and heading to the kitchen to help.

"Oh, by the way, Meng is coming over later, make something special," Qi Yun joked with a smile.

Wei Yong puffed out his chest with confidence, a proud look on his face, and laughed, "You'll see, my wife's culinary skills were taught by me personally, it'll be absolutely perfect!"

"Alright, I'll go to the gate and buy some marinated food," Qi Yun said and put on a coat before heading out the door.

Upon returning, aside from the marinated meat, there was an additional bottle of liquor in his hand.

Wei Yong's culinary skills were indeed impressive; the frying pan in his hands was in constant motion, and soon, several dishes with great color, aroma, and taste were freshly prepared.

Last time, Peng's wife packed two small lobsters to bring back, one was carefully made into a spicy flavor, bright red and enticing, with a rich fragrance.

The other was thoughtfully made into a mild flavor, apparently intended for Nuannuan who couldn't eat spicy food.

"Where's your daughter? Still not coming back for dinner?" Wei Yong wiped his hands on his apron and walked out of the kitchen to ask.

"She's at the neighbor's house, doesn't want to come back," Qi Yun replied helplessly.

Wei Yong chuckled, "Kids love to play; I'll call Meng to see where he is."

Since today's dishes were mostly seafood and wouldn't taste good cold, Qi Yun simply got two plates, loaded some dishes, and brought the lobster over to Zhao Qing's household.

Zhao Qing opened the door, a hint of surprise in her eyes as she saw the plates in Qi Yun's hands, softly asked, "Brother Qi, what's this?"

"Got some dishes for you all to share, the little girl keeps clinging to you so you couldn't cook," Qi Yun explained with a smile, setting the dishes on the dining table.

Zhao Qing's beautiful eyes twinkled, her face expressing gratitude without further courtesy, softly saying, "Thank you, Brother Qi."

Qi Yun waved his hand, sincere, "No need to be polite with me, I should thank you for all your help taking care of Nuannuan. I'm truly grateful."

"Not at all, Nuannuan is very well-behaved here, and I enjoy having her around."

"Haha, alright then, you two eat up; just leave it here when you're done, I'll pick it up later," with that, Qi Yun glanced at his daughter still immersed in drawing and shook his head laughingly.

As he turned and walked to the door, Liu Meng happened to come out of the elevator.

Qi Yun had advised this guy earlier not to buy anything, saying they had everything at home, yet he still arrived carrying two cases of strawberries.

It's important to know that strawberries aren't cheap in this chilly winter.

Qi Yun recalled the simple fruit tray he'd seen at Liu Meng's house before, with just ordinary fruits like apples, tangerines, and oranges.

Clearly, these strawberries were specially prepared by Liu Meng for his daughter.

For a moment, a rush of warmth filled Qi Yun's heart, mixed with a tinge of guilt.

But he didn't say much, just stepped forward and took the box.

Understanding Liu Meng's straightforward nature, if he truly refused, Liu Meng would probably feel uneasy.

"Old Qi, what's the great news you encountered today? You specially called me from the construction site to come over for dinner."

As he entered the home, Liu Meng removed his coat while walking toward the sink, turning back with a smile to ask.

"There's some good news, but it's not just mine."

With a mysterious smile, Qi Yun said, standing up to take the six bottles of Moutai from the cabinet and placing them on the table.

"You remember when I went to the eastern corner this morning to relieve myself, right? These bottles of liquor were picked up there."

Liu Meng wiped his hands on his clothes, sat down, and looked at the six bottles of Moutai on the table, eyes widening.

His mouth hung open in shock, face full of disbelief, "Old Qi, what did you say? You picked up these bottles from the construction site this morning?"

Wei Yong beside him also widened his eyes in astonishment, exclaiming, "Really picked up? I thought you were teasing me this morning."

Qi Yun nodded with a smile, "That's right, found a whole box; these six bottles were intact, while six bottles' containers were broken, the liquor leaked out, so I didn't pick them."

"There were outsiders at the site then, so I didn't take them out and called Meng over this evening."

"These six bottles, Meng, you'll take three home. Last time you mentioned your father-in-law hinted that you weren't as filial as your brother-in-law was, right? Next time, bring this to him; perhaps you'll get the first bite."

"Old Wei, you're taking a bottle too, as an early gift from me as an uncle for Little Qing. Use it to treat your in-laws, no one will look down on you."

Qi Yun was serious, with no trace of politeness in his tone.

If he hadn't appeared that morning, Liu Meng and his two coworkers would most likely have found them later, essentially intercepting, so he must share with Liu Meng.

As for letting Wei Yong take a bottle, it was purely a friend gesture.

Having known each other for years, they've always gotten along well; Qi Yun appreciated Wei Yong's character, one who appreciated favors and acted with discretion, a friend worth relying on.

Even though the liquor was valuable, gifting a bottle didn't matter.

Liu Meng was touched hearing Qi Yun's words; he hadn't expected his casual mention to remain in Qi Yun's memory.

Yet he didn't dare accept the liquor, unsure of its exact value, but knowing aged Moutai was never cheap.

Accepting this liquor would mean a significant obligation, how would he repay that in the future?

So he shook his head like a rattle immediately, hastily refusing, "Old Qi, this won't do, the liquor is too precious, you found it, it's your good fortune.

Your thoughtfulness towards a brother is already appreciated, but I truly can't accept this liquor."

Wei Yong echoed alongside, "That's right, Old Qi, keep the liquor for yourself, it's too wasteful on us."

Seeing the pair's determined expressions, Qi Yun knew some tactics were required for them to accept.