

## Middle Age 59

### Chapter 59: Plans for the Future

So, Qi Yun let out a long sigh, looked sincerely at the two and said, "Brother Meng, Old Wei, what you're saying makes us sound like strangers. Is our brotherly bond worth less than a few bottles of wine?"

If I, Qi Yun, ask for your help in the future, do I need to weigh whether I'm qualified first?"

"Don't worry about how much this wine is worth; it's just a token of my appreciation. If you both accept me as a brother, then take it happily without overthinking."

Qi Yun's slightly "questioning" words left Liu Meng and Wei Yong momentarily stunned.

The two exchanged a glance, their faces showing a hint of embarrassment.

Liu Meng opened his mouth, wanting to say something in his defense, but didn't know where to begin.

He knew that Qi Yun spoke this way simply to make him feel comfortable accepting the wine.

But since meeting the other, it had always been the other taking care of him, and he felt he hadn't been able to provide any value in return, which made Liu Meng feel quite guilty.

However, he also understood Qi Yun's nature, and now that Qi Yun had said so, not taking it would be impolite, so he could only accept it and find an opportunity to repay later.

Thinking this way, a hint of helplessness appeared in Liu Meng's eyes, and he slowly said, "Old Qi, I'll listen to you and accept this wine. I won't say much more, but your brotherhood, I'll keep in my heart.

But I only need one bottle to take back for my father-in-law to try. You keep the rest for yourself."

Seeing this, Wei Yong lowered his head silently, his expression unreadable.

His mind replayed everything Qi Yun had done for him recently.

After a while, he wiped his eyes, lifted his head, patted Qi Yun's arm, and said with a smile, "I thank you on behalf of my niece."

Seeing the two finally accepting the wine, Qi Yun smiled and patted their shoulders: "That's more like it. Come on, let's quickly try Chef Wei's cooking."

Saying this, he opened the bottle of wine he had just bought from the supermarket and poured each of them a glass.

"Today, we'll just have this one bottle. My daughter is at the neighbor's, and it's not good to drink too much. Eat more food."

Wei Yong and Liu Meng nodded in understanding, without complaint.

Drinking depends on the company.

Having a couple of drinks with friends to enjoy is great; you don't have to get drunk to have fun.

The three raised their glasses, the clinking sound crisp and delightful.

Liu Meng was the first to take a sip and praised, "Old Wei, your culinary skills are really good, this beef is well-cooked."

Wei Yong laughed and responded, "Yes! Brother Meng, you've got good taste. To be honest, I was a cook before setting up my stall."

Qi Yun picked up some food with his chopsticks, tasted it, and nodded, "I believe you."

"Hahaha."

The three of them ate and drank, and the atmosphere was very harmonious.

"By the way, Old Qi, what are your plans for the start of the year? Going back to setting up a stall?" Wei Yong put down his glass and asked.

"Haven't decided on that yet."

Regarding this matter, Qi Yun really hadn't thought it through.

Lately, he's been busy making money day by day.

But given the current situation, he definitely won't be setting up a stall anymore. One reason is the low profit, and the other is his daughter needs care.

His ideal situation is to have a system that steadily provides wealth every day while owning a business, requiring not too much energy and having potential for long-term development.

The internet application industry he was in has cooled down in recent years, and Qi Yun won't consider returning to it for now.

As for other industries...he needs to keep observing, accumulating capital while waiting for the right opportunity.

"My wife and I don't plan to set up a stall next year; we're thinking of opening a fruit supermarket. Are you interested? We can include you as a shareholder." Wei Yong said sincerely.

Qi Yun was slightly stunned when he heard this.

He put down his chopsticks, looked seriously at Wei Yong, and said, "Old Wei, that's a good idea. Opening a fruit supermarket, as long as the location is good, won't lack business."

"But you and your wife should handle this yourselves, I won't get involved."

Wei Yong didn't persuade further, just smiled and nodded: "Okay, Old Qi, I know you're a capable person and will definitely make a comeback!"

Qi Yun smiled and waved his hand: "Don't flatter me too much, I just want to take good care of my daughter and live a stable life."

"..."

The dinner didn't last long and ended before ten o'clock.

Wei Yong and Liu Meng, each carrying a bottle of wine, left with rosy faces.

Since they drank, the small truck and motorcycle were left there to be retrieved tomorrow.

Qi Yun saw them off the neighborhood and then went to Zhao Qing's house to pick up his daughter.

As he reached the door, he heard laughter coming from inside, with the two still playing wildly.

Qi Yun gently knocked on the door and the sounds inside immediately stopped.

Zhao Qing opened the door, her face slightly flushed, softly saying, "Brother Qi."

The little girl jumped out from behind her, leaped into Qi Yun's arms, and exclaimed excitedly, "Daddy, I had so much fun with Sister Qing today!"

Qi Yun lovingly patted her head and laughed, "Okay, you've played at Sister Qing's all day, time to go home with dad, and let Sister Qing rest."

Nuannuan pouted reluctantly but still nodded obediently.

She turned around, took Zhao Qing's hand, and sweetly asked, "Sister Qing, can I come see you again tomorrow?"

Zhao Qing smiled warmly, gently squeezing Nuannuan's small hand: "Of course, you can come anytime you want, Nuannuan."

"Really, Sister Qing, that's great!" The little girl beamed with excitement.

Qi Yun smiled wryly, picked up his daughter, and said to Zhao Qing, "Qing, thank you so much for today."

Zhao Qing quickly shook her head, her beautiful eyes full of sincerity: "Brother Qi, you're being too formal. I really like Nuannuan, let her come over to play anytime."

Qi Yun nodded, "Alright, it's getting late; you should get some rest. Ready to leave himself, he prepared to close the door.

"Brother Qi, hold on!" Zhao Qing stopped him from behind, handing him a few washed plates, "Did you cook today's food, Brother Qi? It was really delicious."

Qi Yun laughed heartily: "It was my friend who cooked it. If you like it, I'll have him come over to cook again next time."

Zhao Qing, hearing this, hurriedly waved her hands: "No need, that'd be too much trouble."

"It's no trouble at all; I'll let you know next time he's here. For now, rest well."

Back home, the little one was probably tired from playing and had fallen asleep on the sofa by the time Qi Yun finished washing the dishes.

Qi Yun shook his head with a smile, gently carried her to the bedroom, and tucked her in.

He returned to the living room, took the sandalwood jewelry box out of his coat pocket, and prepared to examine it carefully.