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Chapter 173 Old Qi's Tender Side

She moved with a light, swaying grace, like a little swallow swooping in. Qi Taiguo was delighted to receive her fully, reaching out to hug her and taking the opportunity to rub against her chest, asking, "What do you mean by that? Has the restaurant actually stumbled upon a nugget of gold?"

"No gold nuggets, but I indeed dug up someone who's as valuable as gold," Cheng Su beamed.

Qi Taiguo raised an eyebrow, his hand sliding up from her lower back to caress her tender, smooth skin.

Cheng Su was still immersed in joy, completely oblivious to Qi Taiguo's restless hands, and excitedly recounted the day's events.

"That boss of Fa Ji is really dumb as a bag of rocks, to drive away such a talented chef. Doesn't he fear that if this person leaves, the customers might follow?" Cheng Su said contemptuously.

Qi Taiguo's brow furrowed, and his hands stilled as he asked, "You said you got hit?"

"Not hit directly, just knocked over a bike and fell down with it," Cheng Su was nonchalant.

"Are you hurt?" Qi Taiguo pulled her hands down to check on her.

"No... ow." She winced as his hand grasped hers.

Qi Taiguo's expression changed slightly, and his grip loosened. He looked at her left wrist, a long, vivid red scratch stood out starkly against her fair skin.

"How did you get such a scrape?" His face bore a look of great concern as he sat her down on the sofa.

"It's nothing, just a small cut that broke the skin," Cheng Su didn't make much of it.

Qi Taiguo glared at her, saying, "A small wound can turn into a big one if you don't disinfect it properly. If it's not treated right, it might even become a tetanus infection. Don't move, I'm going to get some disinfectant."

"Hey, I need to cook!" Cheng Su protested.

"Sit tight, that's an order," Qi Taiguo commanded sternly.

Cheng Su stuck out her tongue and wrinkled her nose.

Qi Taiguo brought over some cotton swabs and disinfectant, as well as some red potion. He washed the scrape with water first, then gently dabbed the disinfectant on it with a cotton swab.

The disinfectant stung the wound, causing Cheng Su to hiss in pain and instinctively shrink her hand back.

"Does it hurt that much?" Qi Taiguo noticed her discomfort and said with a look of deep concern, "Bear with it, it needs disinfecting. I'll be gentle."

He grabbed her hand and carefully applied the potion, his gaze was very serious and his touch was incredibly gentle, as if he were handling a precious treasure.

Watching him, Cheng Su's mouth slowly curved upwards. She hadn't expected this man, with his strong sense of male chauvinism, to also have such a tender side.

Watching him puff his cheeks to blow on her hand, Cheng Su felt all her tiredness vanish without a trace, leaving behind a deep sense of warmth.

After the disinfection, Qi Taiguo applied the red potion and said, "Don't get it wet when you shower tonight, it won't heal as quickly with this hot weather. Just sit for a while; I'll cook dinner. And I'm not trying to criticize you, but you're an adult, can't you be a bit more careful? How did you manage to get such a big scrape? Didn't you know to dodge when something was thrown at you? Really, what a blockhead..."

Cheng Su couldn't resist and kissed his ceaseless lips.

Qi Taiguo was taken aback, opening his mouth to speak, but Cheng Su's tongue took the opportunity to slip inside, deftly stirring his own.

The kiss ended.

Qi Taiguo said irritably, "Don't think you can get away with it like that, be more cautious in the future."

Really, such enthusiasm was somewhat embarrassing.

"Your wish is my command, my dear general," Cheng Su playfully saluted, prompting Qi Taiguo to shake his head repeatedly.