

The 80s 82

Chapter 82: Reconciliation

In the evening, the dinner was eaten in complete silence.

Qi Taiguo watched Cheng Su clear the dishes and head to the kitchen, suddenly feeling uncomfortable. She used to be so talkative and eloquent, but now this silence was really making him uneasy.

Was she still angry about what had happened just now?

Qi Taiguo thought about it and then convinced himself that he wasn't wrong. A married woman shouldn't just leave home when her man's not around. It's no wonder people might misunderstand.

When Cheng Su returned after washing the dishes, he picked up a palm-leaf fan to fan himself, cleared his throat, and asked, "Tomorrow morning, do you still need to go to the restaurant so early?"

Cheng Su paused for a moment, then said after some thought, "For now, yes, I have no choice. There aren't many employees at my place. If you think it's inappropriate, I can't do anything about it."

"That's not what I mean. It's just that it really is too early, and I'm worried about your safety on the road," he replied immediately.

Cheng Su hummed a reply, saying, "I know that without you saying it, but there's no way around it. When business picks up, I'll hire a couple more people."

"You've always needed help, and working too hard isn't good either. I'll take you there tomorrow," Qi Taiguo said, and after tossing the fan aside, he went back to his room.

Cheng Su blinked, looking at the closed door, her eyebrows furrowed, wondering if perhaps she was in the wrong.

She scolded herself for thinking that such a chauvinistic man would ever feel guilty.

Qi Taiguo's door opened again, and he popped his head out, seeming a bit embarrassed, and said, "That, the braised pig's feet from tonight, could you make another one for tomorrow?"

What?

Cheng Su looked at him. Had he become addicted to her food?

"It's like this, during this mission, Yongzi gave me a hand and got injured. He's a bachelor, not good at cooking. If it's not too much trouble, could you make one and I'll take it to him tomorrow?" Qi Taiguo explained.

That made sense.

"Sure," Cheng Su wasn't a petty person, and after thinking it over, added, "I'll make a bit extra, you can take it to the squad and share with your comrades."

Qi Taiguo nodded, "That's settled then! Let's go to bed early."

The next day, at just past five o'clock, Qi Taiguo got up on his own accord, neatly dressed in the living room, waiting for Cheng Su to head to the restaurant together.

Cheng Su didn't make a fuss about it. Since he was willing to take her, why should she decline? After all, married life is about helping each other out, right? Even if they seemed to be distant, they were still partners, and besides, all marriages require some adjustment.

Just like that, without soothing words or apologies, the two of them made up.

In the afternoon, Cheng Su brought home the braised pig's feet she made at the restaurant, and also simmered a pot of pork bone soup. When Qi Taiguo got home, she packed the cut pig's feet and the soup for him to take.

"Can you manage? Otherwise, call a guard to help you carry it. The soup's really hot," Cheng Su said, worried he might spill her hard work.

"It's a bit of a hassle, but it's not a big deal, it's close by," Qi Taiguo said with a frown.

Cheng Su nodded and urged, "Then hurry up and take it over. Even though it's summer, these things taste better hot. I made a few extra, so share them with everyone."

Qi Taiguo was pleased and, after telling her roughly how many people there were, left with the soup and meat.

Cheng Su's cooking skills were well known outside, and as one might expect, the food she prepared was met with endless praise once it reached the squad.

Qi Taiguo was very proud and came home grateful, but naturally, he didn't show it to Cheng Su.