

Culinary 22

Chapter 22 Northeast Little Sweetie? I think you're more like Lu Tixia!

"Why did you hit your boss?"

Che Zai hoped to add a new colleague, because the store was really too busy.

But if it was someone who hit their boss, a troublemaker, then forget about it.

He had intended to drop out of the private chat. But he found the situation kind of thrilling upon reflection, so he asked out of curiosity.

Soon, Northeast Little Sweetie sent over a message:

"I was the cashier at the store. The boss always asked me to overcharge the customers. I refused, and he found excuses to deduct my pay. He would often take advantage of me physically. I couldn't stand it anymore, so I gave him a beating."

Physical advances on a female employee? That kind of scumbag boss does deserve a beating!

Che Zai could even imagine a petite and fragile girl suffering in silence while being groped by a greasy and disgusting boss.

He clenched his fist subconsciously.

"Well done! Scumbags like that need to be hit a few more times."

Che Zai angrily replied.

If he had been there, he would have helped out without hesitation.

"I didn't dare to hit him more; I knocked him out with three punches. A few more would have killed him."

The reply from Northeast Little Sweetie left Che Zai a bit stunned. Three... three punches? He read it again. She really knocked someone out with just three punches! Is this Northeast Little Sweetie actually Lu Tixia?

"Handsome, you still haven't told me if Lin Ji's Food is hiring."

Northeast Little Sweetie asked another question.

Che Zai came back to his senses. He was just an employee, so he didn't know if they were still hiring. But since Lu Tixia had asked, Che Zai replied,

"You can come directly to the store and ask the boss. You can also check out the environment and atmosphere of the place. It's really busy during peak hours. Just be sure you can handle it."

"I'm not afraid of being busy, as long as the boss doesn't take physical liberties with me."

Physical liberties? If you can knock someone out with three punches, the boss would have to be out of his mind to try anything on you.

He replied,

"Don't worry, the boss isn't that kind of person."

「Elsewhere,」

Lin Xu was very satisfied with the house in all aspects.

For him, the high temperature on the top floor wasn't a big issue. How hot could it get compared to near the stoves in the kitchen?

After a tour, he formally signed the rental contract with Landlord Gao. The rent was 10,000 yuan a month, which was 2,000 to 3,000 yuan cheaper than similar apartments in the area.

After signing the contract, Lin Xu transferred 40,000 yuan to Landlord Gao. Just a few days ago, he couldn't even afford the rent for a shared apartment, but now he felt no pressure paying three months' rent all at once.

This wasn't just because his mother had transferred 20,000 yuan to him. It was mainly because the turnover at the store was increasing constantly.

Yesterday, they sold nearly 700 bowls of hand-pulled noodles, and revenue exceeded 20,000 yuan.

Today, they added Tiger Skin Chicken Feet to the menu, which looked to push revenue towards 30,000 yuan.

If things continued like this, not to mention renting, even buying a house in Beijing wouldn't be out of reach.

「Back at the store,」

Lin Xu had Che Zai start preparing the Chicken Feet. Meanwhile, he hurried back to the university to pack his personal belongings and bedding into two large suitcases, then took a taxi back to Yingchun Street.

After delivering his suitcases to the rented house, he rushed back to the store to start working.

Actually, he should have bought a new set of bedding. A single bed cover on a double bed looked rather out of place. Besides, Lin Xu didn't understand the sizes and materials, nor did he know how to buy them, and he also didn't have the time to deal with these matters.

He sighed softly, "If only Mom were here..."

Sitting in front of the large iron basin, he began to handle the chicken feet. Just now, Lin Xu had the owner of the butcher shop deliver another ten boxes of chicken feet. They were planning to prepare seven boxes tonight. That was roughly about 1,200 pieces. This was the maximum capacity of the extra-large marinating pot in the store. Any more than that couldn't fit.

At four in the afternoon, just as he and Che Zai were busy with their work, several girls walked into the store.

The leader was particularly tall, nearly 1.8 meters tall, with broad shoulders and a very sturdy look, yet she had a face full of childishness.

This mismatch between her appearance and build immediately reminded one of Nezha from "A Hundred Thousand Bad Jokes."

Che Zai opened his mouth. This couldn't be the Lu Tixia... oh no, Northeast Little Sweetie who knocked someone out with three punches, could it? Lu Tixia's face wasn't nearly as delicate as hers.

"Excuse me, which one of you is the boss?"

While Che Zai was lost in his wild guesses, the female warrior spoke up. Her voice was surprisingly not deep or harsh, but rather gentle.

This contrast...

Lin Xu, who was kneading dough, lifted his head and replied,

"I am, what can I do for you?"

The female warrior answered,

"I'm the Northeast Little Sweetie who posted in the Lin Ji's Food topic. Boss, are you hiring? My sisters and I here would like to work in your restaurant."

While they were cleaning the chicken feet that afternoon, Che Zai had told Lin Xu about his private chat with Northeast Little Sweetie.

Now, seeing Tiantian's physique, Lin Xu finally understood why she had managed to knock someone out with just three punches.

And Che Zai was torn between laughter and tears, covering his face. You girls should have come during the meal rush! See how busy the restaurant is before deciding whether to work here. Aren't you afraid the boss might be a swindler if you just ask for a job without checking the place out first?

Lin Xu wiped his hands and looked at the girls, asking,

"Do you have health certificates?"

"Yes! We all do!"

The robust Tiantian handed over their documents.

Lin Xu took them and looked over. Northeast Little Sweetie's real name was Song Tiantian, 21 years old.

"I used to be in a sports school, mainly practicing shot put. Later I wasn't selected for the provincial team, and my mom said we were too poor to support me, so I went out to work..."

Despite the sweetness in her name, Song Tiantian's life didn't contain much that was sweet.

After roughly understanding her situation, Lin Xu asked,

"How much were your previous salaries?"

"I was a cashier, with the highest pay at 5,500 a month, and the other three earned 4,500."

The harsh reality of the catering industry is just this grim: low wages and poor treatment, which is why more and more young people are choosing other sectors.

Lin Xu sighed silently to himself. Then said,

"The restaurant will be very busy, are you all prepared for that?"

"Yes, yes, yes! We've all seen it online already, we know. But the busier the restaurant is, it shows the business is good, and our wages are more secure!"

That's not a bad way to think.

He said to Song Tiantian,

"Then stay and give it a try. Your probationary salary will be 7,000, and theirs will be 6,000, for one month. After the month, the salary will be reassessed and guaranteed to be higher than during probation."

"Welcome to join Lin Ji's Food!"

Che Zai poked half his body out of the kitchen and greeted the new colleagues with a smile.

"Thank you, Boss! We'll work hard."

"Right, let's start working now!"

Song Tiantian and her sisters had tears in their eyes, obviously not expecting Lin Xu to hire them and to offer such high probationary salaries.

After expressing their thanks, they quickly grabbed mops and cloths to start cleaning the restaurant.

Watching their busy figures, Lin Xu suddenly heard the system's notification sound in his mind:

"Host acts with kindness and benevolence, successfully completing the side mission 'Recruiting Talent'. You've earned a Superior-level cold dish lottery draw. Would you like to draw now?"