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Chapter 109: Flattery and Fawning

The president of Huaiji Supply and Marketing Cooperative, Li Anhong, was a middle-aged man nearing fifty, with a potbelly and a bald head, bearing the typical look of a leader, but he was kind and easy to talk to. Rumor had it that he was also Mu Yan's distant uncle, and with Mu Yan vouching for him, he quickly started addressing Xiao Cheng with great warmth and familiarity.

Since it was jam made with a new recipe, it naturally had to be taste-tested. It wasn't that Cheng Su was arrogant, but if a product received her own seal of approval, how bad could it be, really?

And so, when Cheng Su brought out the jam for everyone to try, they were all in agreement, praising it. Some even said they wanted to buy a bottle to take home to try, and Chairman Li himself kept complimenting it.

"Xiao Cheng, I had already tried the jam you made before when little Mu brought some for me to taste, but I think this batch is even better than the last, in terms of flavor. It seems your craftsmanship has improved once again!" Chairman Li said with a smile.

"I won't hide it from you, the previous batches were just made for casual consumption at home, so I didn't put much thought into them. But now, since we are selling it to the public, we naturally have to strive for excellence. If we are to do something, we should do it to the best of our abilities, right? This is the only way to honor Grandpa Xiao Ping's heart in leading us towards prosperity, isn't it?" Cheng Su said, speaking diplomatically with a laugh.

"Right, right, you're absolutely correct. Entrepreneurs should have such a drive." Chairman Li gave a thumbs up, saying, "I didn't expect someone of your young age to have such an ambitious mindset. Very good, you're bound to have a bright future."

Cheng Su smiled again, "I'm hoping for Chairman Li's support for our Joy Soon Loy in the future."

"Eh? Joy Soon Loy?" Mu Yan was surprised by the sudden mention of this term.

Cheng Su picked up a bottle of jam and said, "It was rather rushed for me to come here, and I wasn't fully prepared. You see this jam? It doesn't even have a brand label yet. Later on, my family's restaurant will be called Joy Soon Loy, so I thought, why not just use the same name for the brand too? It's one less thing to worry about!"

It was an oversight on her part. She had made the jam and sent it over in a hurry without even thinking of putting a label on the bottles. How could anyone know what it was or even what to call it to make a purchase?

"You saying that made me realize what was wrong. Whenever I looked at it, something felt off, but now I know what it was – it's missing a label," Mu Yan exclaimed, suddenly clapping her hands as Cheng Su spoke.

"It was my mistake. I only just thought of it myself. I need to find a printing shop quickly to design and print a label. For now, as it's already been brought here, could I trouble you to sell it by word of mouth? Oh, and here's a large bottle—if anyone asks, you could let them taste a sample. Once I get the labels printed, I'll bring them over immediately, alright?" Cheng Su suggested.

She had only been focused on making a good product to sell but had completely forgotten about this detail. Her mistake was truly too careless.

"No problem, this jam is so good that it might all be sold out before you even bring the labels over," Chairman Li laughed heartily.

"Attention to detail is what decides success or failure; we must strive to be the best," Cheng Su uttered another slogan, causing everyone to laugh heartily.

"Little Mu, go settle the account with Xiao Cheng and arrange for someone to display this jam on the shelves. Just looking at the color makes one craving for it," Chairman Li instructed further, "If it sells well, we'll stock more."

"Yes!"

"Thank you, Chairman Li!" Cheng Su quickly bowed in respect, flattering him, "With your guidance, I believe the Huaiji Supply and Marketing Cooperative will reach new heights."

Well, her flattery skills were certainly not to be underestimated!

Cheng Su didn't care what others thought. Without even having sold any yet, she had already received a verbal commitment for the next order. Saying a few sweet words cost her nothing, so what was the harm?