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Chapter 157: Not for Sale

The visitor was none other than the person from Friendly Food Company who had come to purchase Cheng Su's recipe last time. However, the individual who came today was not Technician Li but instead, a middle-aged man with a prominent belly and a bald head. Gu Lijuan followed a step behind him as they entered.

"Miss Gu," Cheng Su greeted with a mild and appropriate smile. She instructed Qiulan to clean a table inside the room and brought over two cups of tea.

"I said before that we would meet again. Let me introduce you, this is our food company's boss, Wan Fuyu." Gu Lijuan introduced the man beside her with a smile, then gestured towards Cheng Su, "This is Miss Cheng Su."

Wan Fuyu looked at Cheng Su, his small eyes quickly sizing her up and flashing with a gleam of sharpness. He extended his hand, "Hello, Miss Cheng!"

"Hello!" Cheng Su shook his hand briefly before withdrawing it and, with a gesture towards the table, said, "Please sit."

Mu Yan quietly observed from the side.

"When I came last time, Miss Cheng, this restaurant wasn't open yet. It seems that it's up and running now. Is business booming?" Gu Lijuan asked with a smile.

"Thanks to you, the business is quite passable," Cheng Su responded politely with a smile.

"That's good to hear. Miss Cheng, I wonder what you think about the proposal we, the Friendly company, made last time? If you find the price unreasonable, our boss is here, and you can make any request you wish," Gu Lijuan broached the subject.

Cheng Su feigned surprise and glanced at Wan Fuyu before saying, "Your company abounds with talent and is a big company. After all this time, you must have made some good jam by now."

Mu Yan looked up and surveyed the few individuals upon hearing this.

"Miss Cheng, indeed, we at Friendly have developed jam. Not only that, but we have also created orange and apple flavors and even launched them in the market. However, the pineapple jam just can't match the taste of what you produce here. Even the other flavors we made haven't received a great response from the market," Wan Fuyu spoke up. "Miss Cheng, let's talk plainly. How much would it cost for you to sell the recipe? Ten thousand?"

Cheng Su picked up her teacup and took a sip.

"Miss Cheng, if this jam were to be mass-produced and put on the market, it would definitely need large-scale production. I see that this small place of yours might not support such undertakings. Why waste such good resources?" Wan Fuyu looked around the restaurant and continued, "And our Friendly company has the proper licenses, with absolute assurance in sanitation and technology. We also have a certain reputation among the public. If you let us at Friendly handle the production, we would definitely make this jam even better, taking it to greater heights and turning it into our country's first jam brand to be launched overseas."

Before Cheng Su could respond, he added, "On the other hand, you haven't even applied for the relevant registration processes. This jam, even if it has a label, is still just a minor brand—it's a pity really."

"Boss Wan, even a 'minor brand' has its day in the sun. I'm confident that given your company's reputation, you will find the talent you need in this area. I'm truly sorry, but I actually want to do this business, so I can't sell the recipe to your company," Cheng Su set down her teacup.

Wan Fuyu's brow furrowed and, gritting his teeth, he said, "I'll offer twenty thousand for the recipe!"

The offer shocked everyone. Twenty thousand was indeed a substantial amount, especially since the other party had managed to produce their own jam, albeit not as good as Cheng Su's. Essentially, Wan Fuyu was just looking to buy the unique edge of Cheng Su's jam.

Everyone present turned their gaze towards Cheng Su. What would she choose?