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Chapter 167: Unlucky to be Smashed

Cheng Su first went to a department store and bought two sets of children's clothes, along with the jam she had made these past two days, and sent them back to Huangtian Village. She also sent one hundred yuan for nutrition and tuition fees back, and of course, she didn't forget her family's share.

After leaving the post office, Cheng Su was pushing her bike for a few steps when, as she passed a restaurant, someone was suddenly thrown out from inside, crashing towards Cheng Su and knocking both her and the bike to the ground.

"Hiss!" Cheng Su was wearing a short-sleeved dacron shirt today and, when she was hit and fell to the ground. The bike falling over was one thing, but as her forearm scraped the ground, a bloody gash immediately appeared, causing her to gasp in pain.

How could she be so unlucky? She was just walking along the road, and still she got hit!

The person who had fallen on her bike had jumped up and was cursing loudly at the entrance: "Liao Shifa, you pull the ladder out from under me and go back on your word. You turtle's grandson, you coward, come out, let's make things clear!"

Cheng Su, sitting on the ground, looked over and saw a young man about twenty-five or twenty-six, with a middle-parted hairstyle, dressed in trendy jeans and wearing a pair of Warrior brand sneakers.

Looking at the restaurant's entrance—Fa Ji Restaurant—its doorway was large enough, and Cheng Su vaguely remembered someone mentioning that the restaurant was famous in Qing City and did well in business because the head chef was descended from an Imperial Chef.

"Are you going to leave or not? If you don't go now, I'll call the police and report your disturbance," a security guard in uniform said loudly to the young man at the entrance, pointing his finger: "Your dad mistook sugar for salt and nearly killed a customer who ended up in the hospital. It was lucky that no further action was taken besides his dismissal. And you still dare to cause trouble here."

"This is a conspiracy, a clear conspiracy. It was clearly a trap set by Liao Shifa. He has been plotting this for a long time, wanting to drive my dad out. You don't even look at who was responsible for making this restaurant what it is today. Pah!" The young man spat on the ground.

Someone came out from inside and said, "That customer is of high status. If it wasn't for my pleading, your dad might have ended up in prison by now. I'm giving your dad one last bit of face today. Song Xiaojang, don't make trouble here anymore, or else don't blame me for being impolite."

"Liao Shifa, you coward, finally willing to show your face. Mr. Liao said before he died that my dad owns twenty percent of this restaurant. You scheme and plot for that little share, driving my dad away, you're low and despicable," the one named Song Xiaojang shouted as he saw the portly middle-aged man.

"It was just a verbal agreement; who knows if it was true or not. Now get lost." Liao Shifa sneered and waved his hand, instructing the security guard, "If he dares to come in again, call the police to deal with him."

"Yes."

Enraged, Song Xiaojang cursed a while longer and was about to charge in again when an elderly man, around fifty or sixty, came over and pulled at him.

"Xiao Jiang, I've told you several times not to come here. Why don't you listen? Come with me."

Seeing the newcomer, Song Xiaojang said, "Dad, I just can't accept this. Everyone knows that Liao Shifa is being deceitful. Dad, we can't just let it go! We have a share in this restaurant."

"Shut up. I made a mistake at work; it's my responsibility. Whether there's a share or not, it's right for me to take the blame," the elderly man rebuked sternly, pulling him away, "If you still consider me your father, then come with me. If you want to kill me with anger, then keep on playing the scoundrel here."

"Dad!" Seeing that the old man was angry, Song Xiaojang could only sheepishly give up.

"Hey, young man, you ran into someone, and you're not even going to say a word or give me a hand up?" Cheng Su frowned and called out to them as they were about to leave.