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Chapter 168 Are You Willing?

Song Qingbo and his son escorted Cheng Su back to her small restaurant. Along the way, Mr. Song kept apologizing, while Qingbo muttered, "This is all their doing, it wasn't on purpose."

"Shut your mouth." Mr. Song glared at him and scolded, "Causing trouble and still not aware of it, go apologize to Miss Cheng right now."

"Mr. Song, never mind, it wasn't on purpose." Cheng Su waved her hand and then pointed to her restaurant, saying, "Thank you for bringing me back here. Would you like to come in for a drink of water before you leave?"

"How could we impose?" Mr. Song glanced at the Joy Soon Loy sign and said, "So, this is your restaurant? The sign is quite well made."

Cheng Su smiled modestly and invited them in, pouring two glasses of water and sitting down in the courtyard.

"Is this a fast food restaurant? It's quite a fresh concept." Mr. Song held a promotional flyer in his hand, which had been on the table along with a menu.

"My restaurant has been open for less than a month, serving fast food. I heard from this young gentleman just now that you are a chef, Mr. Song? Maybe you could give me some advice on what could be improved," said Cheng Su with a smile.

"My dad is more than just a chef; our Song family has been Imperial Chefs for generations, even serving Emperor Qianlong, with the craft passed down to our days," Qingbo interjected proudly.

"Qingbo." Mr. Song gave him a look.

An Imperial Chef, Cheng Su thought, her eyes flashing.

"He has this bad habit, Miss Cheng, please don't mind him," Mr. Song apologized to Cheng Su.

"Mr. Song, you are too polite. Just call me Xiao Cheng. I overheard what this young man said, did Fa Ji Restaurant do something to wrong you?" Cheng Su pushed her water glass towards Mr. Song.

"Don't listen to his nonsense. It was my own senility. When I made the sweet and sour pork, I mistook sugar for salt and added too much. It so happened that the customer who ordered it had severe diabetes and felt unwell after eating and had to go to the hospital," Mr. Song said calmly, "It was my mistake; I should have asked clearly."

"Dad, that's clearly a conspiracy. You've been the head chef at Fa Ji for decades; when have you ever had to ask guests about their health conditions before cooking? Also, even if that dish was too sweet, one should have realized upon the first bite. Why did that man eat so much? It was clearly a trick by Liao Shifa, aiming to oust you," Qingbo couldn't help but cry out.

"A qualified chef must, of course, be clear about the customers' preferences and dietary restrictions. Who cooks however they please? Like this, if you made a dessert, but a diabetic patient had to eat it, wouldn't that be risking their life?" Mr. Song said with a stern face.

Cheng Su's eyes brightened upon hearing this.

"Mr. Song, the young man is also right; if it was too sweet, one would have realized on the first bite. Moreover, when a sweet and sour pork comes out of the kitchen, if too much sugar is added, it'll have a thicker appearance than usual. Didn't you notice?" Cheng Su said.

Mr. Song replied, "I did notice at the time and was about to taste it, but the customer was in a rush and I had to serve it."

"Anyway, it was definitely Liao Shifa's doing, worried that we would split his shares," Qingbo murmured.

"Stop talking about shares and such; it was just a verbal promise. Did you really take it seriously? One must be earnest and not covet what belongs to others. Even if obtained, it cannot be enjoyed with a clear conscience," Mr. Song reprimanded coldly.

Qingbo pursed his lips: "But dad, you put so much effort into Fa Ji, and Liao Shifa dismissed you with a single word, without any severance pay. Are you content with that?"