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Chapter 169: How about coming to work for me?

Content or discontent, much like the act of drinking water, one knows for oneself if it's cold or warm. To say I'm content would be too phony, after all. Having served for decades, I've seen a stall smaller than Cheng Su's little eatery grow into one of Qing City's top restaurants. It's like watching a child grow up and then, just because of one mistake, being dismissed, leaving it all behind.

How could I possibly be content?

Yet, if discontent, what can be done? Out of sight, out of mind. Ever since Old Liao left, I've predicted that this day would come; I just didn't expect it to come so swiftly.

"I've worked for decades now, can't I take a rest? You little brat, can't you let your old man enjoy a bit of happiness?" Mr. Song gave Song Xiaojang a knock on the head.

Covering his head, Song Xiaojang winced and said, "Dad, there are outsiders here!"

Cheng Su smiled and said, "Mr. Song, I also think that the young man makes a good point. Such a mistake has too many loopholes, and I'm afraid you've really fallen into someone's trap."

In my previous life, I've seen plenty of people and events where they turn their back on recognition for the sake of profit. I've even seen brothers turn against each other, so what's an employer-employee relationship in comparison?

Flaws so apparent that anyone with eyes can see what happened, I'm afraid it truly was Liao Shifa pulling the bridge out from under you, intentionally designing a trap for his own benefit.

Mr. Song chuckled bitterly and said, "Whether it was a trap or not, what's happened has happened, and there's no need to argue about it anymore. At my age, I also can't keep up with the work."

"It's a bit of a pity though. Since the Song family's ancestors were Imperial Chefs, you can't let the skills end with you!" Cheng Su commented with a smile.

"Hear that? You better learn how to cook properly, young man," Mr. Song glared at Song Xiaojang and said, "I'm counting on you to support me in my old age."

"Understood!" Song Xiaojang resignedly hung his head.

"It's getting late, we should get going. Xiao Cheng, I'm really sorry for today, for troubling you," Mr. Song stood up and said.

"It's okay, who would've thought I'd just be passing by? By logic, I should go buy a lottery ticket," Cheng Su said with a self-deprecatory smile.

She took a look at Song Xiaojang and added, "By the way, where are you currently employed, young man?"

Song Xiaojang was taken aback and asked with annoyance, "Why do you want to know that?"

"When someone asks you, you answer properly. What kind of behavior is this?" Mr. Song scolded again, turning his head to Cheng Su and saying, "Don't mind this boy. He's been spoiled by me and his late mother since he was a kid, hasn't achieved anything, and now he's trying to mimic others by singing, all sorts of nonsense."

"Dad, I call it playing music, I play the guitar, and I compose and write songs!" Song Xiaojang retorted, unable to hold back.

"In the end, it's just singing. You better give up that idea and come back to learn cooking properly with me," Mr. Song commanded.

Song Xiaojang's spirits deflated.

Cheng Su's eyes twinkled slightly as she smiled and said, "Mr. Song, a young man should have some hobbies; just let him be. But, he must do proper work too. Look, my little eatery might be small, but I'm thinking of expanding it, and I'm currently hiring for a chef and delivery staff. If the young man is interested, how about working for me? I'll pay thirty yuan a month, with year-end bonuses, and food is included."

Mr. Song was taken aback, "But he hasn't really done anything; you'd hire him?"

Song Xiaojang also looked at Cheng Su in surprise, with an expression as if she might also have some ulterior motive.

"With a master like you, Mr. Song, I believe the young man can also make delicious dishes. Actually, if Mr. Song is willing to stoop to join us, I'd hire you too, as the head chef, a monthly salary of sixty yuan, plus other benefits. How about it?" Cheng Su offered.