

## The 80s 170

Chapter 170: A Two-Year Period

"Father and son together in the recruitment?"

Mr. Song and Song Xiaojang exchanged glances, then turned to look at Cheng Su.

Cheng Su said honestly, "Actually, I was thinking of recruiting you, Mr. Song. As for him, he came along with you. I was just afraid you'd look down on my little restaurant and refuse to come."

"Do you know how old I am this year?" Mr. Song asked.

Cheng Su revealed a smile. "I guess you're not over sixty, but even if you were seventy, if you could still do it, I think you would keep on cooking."

"Oh?"

"Mr. Song, the sense of regret in your eyes, along with your passion and love for cooking, it's all there in your gaze. I believe that someone who loves cooking, even on their last day of life, would struggle to stand up and make one more dish, right?" Cheng Su said sincerely.

Mr. Song laughed heartily. "The young miss isn't old, but she sees things quite clearly," he said, changing his tone. "I'm fifty-eight this year. In two years, I'll be at the age of sixty, a 'flower threshold' year. Would you still want someone like me to be your head chef?"

"Mr. Song, you're not satisfied, are you!"

Mr. Song laughed again. "Indeed, I am not satisfied."

Who would be satisfied? The restaurant he treated like his child had abandoned him.

"Mr. Song, my little restaurant started as a fast food place, but we also have made-to-order items. I have a very detailed plan for the future development of my restaurant. Right now, it's fast food, but once the funds are in place, I will open a branch, expand it into a larger restaurant, and in the longer term, I aim to register a chain of restaurants," Cheng Su explained slowly. "Mr. Song, you're fifty-eight this year. If you are not satisfied, why not come to my little restaurant and work for another two years?"

Mr. Song was astonished.

"Two years as the deadline, I guarantee, our Joy Soon Loy will not be inferior to Liao Shifa's. Two years as the deadline, I guarantee, Joy Soon Loy will match, no, it will surpass Liao Shifa's."

With two years as the target, to expand Joy Soon Loy and surpass renowned large restaurants like Liao Shifa's, Cheng Su's eyes sparkled with an unusual brightness when she spoke these words, like a shining star twinkling within them.

Looking at Cheng Su, radiating confidence and glowing with brilliance, Mr. Song suddenly felt a surge of passion coursing through him.

They say when Heaven closes a door, it opens a window. Could Cheng Su be the other window in his life, the one through which he could see the future's brightness?

"Two years as the deadline?"

Cheng Su nodded: "Two years as the deadline." She glanced again at the equally astonished Song Xiaojang and said, "Xiao Jiang can come work as a cook, and you can teach him entirely. Think of my Joy Soon Loy as a chapel where you're free to use any ingredients."

Mr. Song was somewhat tempted.

"You wouldn't pull a bait and switch on us like Liao Shifa did, would you?" Song Xiaojang suddenly said, skeptical of such a large pie falling from the sky.

To take care of someone who couldn't do anything, to freely teach them culinary arts, to use any ingredients, and to pay a salary - wasn't this just nurturing them for nothing?

"Xiao Jiang." Mr. Song reprimanded, then turned to Cheng Su and said, "Cheng, you must have heard about the Song family ancestors being Imperial Chefs and thus came up with this idea, right?"

"You're right, I do have that ulterior motive. But I believe, Mr. Song, that you certainly have your skills too. Just based on your decades of service at Liao's, and how you faced setups and traps with a calm smile, I am confident that Joy Soon Loy needs you." Cheng Su said.

Mr. Song looked at her intently and said, "Fine! Two years as the deadline!"

"Two years as the deadline!" Cheng Su extended her hand and they high-fived.

Song Xiaojang mumbled to himself while watching from the side, "They say flattery gets you everywhere, and this girl sure knows how to dish it out!"