

## The 80s 212

### Chapter 212: The Flies Attracted by Ying Xiao Ya

When Ying Xiaoya came in, a man followed behind her. Seeing her chatting eagerly with Ning Ge, his face couldn't help but darken with displeasure.

He approached them and immediately put on a smiling face, saying, "Xiao Ya, why did you run so fast? You didn't even wait for me?"

As soon as he spoke, Cheng Su and Ning Ge both looked over, appraising him.

He was about one seventy-five in height, of average build, with hair slicked back by mousse into a wet-looking style, small eyes, dark skin, dressed in jeans and a shirt.

The way he looked at Ying Xiaoya was fervent, as if he was about to tell everyone, "I've got my eyes on this woman, and nobody else is allowed to compete with me for her."

"Didn't I give you the address? You could've just eaten at the factory. Why did you have to follow me here?" Ying Xiaoya was not the least bit polite to him.

"Isn't it because I heard you saying how good this restaurant's food is? So, I also wanted to try it out. Who are these two..." the slick-haired man asked, glancing at Cheng Su and the others.

Ying Xiaoya said, "They're my friends. You should hurry up and buy a ticket, get your food over there, and find a seat. Don't get in the way of Susu's business—there's a line of people waiting behind us!"

Without any intention to introduce them, the slick-haired man wasn't offended and amiably said to Cheng Su and the others, "Hello, I'm Xiao Ya's colleague, Zhang Yujun."

"Oh, hello, I'm Cheng Su," Cheng Su replied with a smile.

"Ning Ge," Ning Ge responded casually, his focus returning to his meal.

Zhang Yujun frowned slightly, then turned to Ying Xiaoya, "Xiao Ya, what would you like to eat? I'll get it for you."

He looked towards the food cart, which had a decent variety of dishes that seemed fresher than the food at the factory, certainly more appetizing.

"Just get your own; don't worry about me. Susu knows what I like," Ying Xiaoya said, glancing at Cheng Su and winking.

Cheng Su then said, "That's right, Xiao Ya's meals are on me for a month. Mr. Zhang, what would you like to eat? Today's Dongpo Pork is quite good—it's one of our specialties."

Upon hearing this, Zhang Yujun pursed his lips and said, "Then I'll have a portion of that!" He looked around and then eagerly said to Ying Xiaoya, "Xiao Ya, shall we sit outside?"

"You go ahead; I have something to discuss with Susu," Ying Xiaoya waved her hand dismissively.

Zhang Yujun, seeing her impatient demeanor, had no choice but to walk out since there were no seats left inside. He found a spot where he could keep an eye on Ying Xiaoya and the others, watching them intently.

Seeing this, Cheng Su raised an eyebrow and asked her, "What now, attracted a bee?"

"What bee?" Ying Xiaoya's voice rose sharply, but realizing she was being rude, she quickly lowered her voice again, "It's clearly a fly, so annoying. He's the production line supervisor at our factory, reportedly our boss's nephew. These past few days he just won't stop following me."

"No wonder, the way he looked at me was as if he'd sharpened knives in his eyes. Keep your distance from me; I don't want my head blown off," Ning Ge said with distaste.

"Ning Ge, are you looking for trouble?" Ying Xiaoya put her hands on her hips, "What if I want to sit right next to you!"

"Please, Your Highness, I concede!" Ning Ge quickly pleaded for mercy.

Cheng Su laughed and said, "Alright, you two, that's enough. I still have business to run here. If you don't stop, I really worry that fly will come in and start playing hero!"

"Exactly!" Ning Ge nodded in agreement, then added, "But you know, Ying Xiaoya, comparing him to a fly is an undersell. Remember, flies are always swarming around that, um, you know... Are you implying you're like 'that'?"

Ying Xiaoya was a smart girl; it didn't take long for her to get the implication, and she immediately became so angry she went to grab his ear. Cheng Su laughed and when she glanced over at Zhang Yujun, she saw him glaring over with a sullen face and couldn't help but frown.