

The 80s 342

Chapter 342: To Catch a Fish, First Set the Bait

After seeing off her mother-in-law and elder sister, Cheng Su felt a sigh of relief. She pulled the straps of the cloth bag over her shoulder and walked out of the bus station, with Qi Taiguo pushing his bicycle behind her.

"Come on up, I'll give you a ride home!" Qi Taiguo stepped forward and said.

Cheng Su, without looking back, said, "No need, I'm going to the factory. You go back by yourself!"

Having said that, she didn't wait for Qi Taiguo to react with astonishment, and quickly walked away, jumping onto a bus as soon as she saw one.

Qi Taiguo watched the small bus leave, so frustrated that he almost smashed his bicycle onto the ground.

Cheng Su went to the factory for a round, handled a pile of issues, flipped through the calendar, and thought to herself that Ning Ge was really unreliable, having left such a long time ago and still not returned.

Thinking it over, she dialed a number to the Ning family. Old Master Ning picked up the phone and was very happy hearing it was Cheng Su, his chatterbox instantly opening up.

After exchanging pleasantries and chatting for a while, Old Master Ning finally realized to ask if there was something she needed.

Cheng Su naturally wouldn't complain about Ning Ge not returning, but merely inquired about the date of his return.

"When he comes home, he's just like a dragon—you see his head but not his tail. You, collaborating with him, have suffered as well. I'll have a word with him. Now that he's started a business, he should be more dedicated!" Old Master Ning said.

Cheng Su quickly replied, "Old Master Ning, Ning Ge is very responsible. Please don't scold him, or he'll say I'm complaining behind his back and might end up abandoning me!"

Old Master Ning laughed heartily in response.

After talking a little more, she finally hung up the phone, and Cheng Su stared into space, letting out a sigh.

"President Cheng."

There was a knock on the door, and Cheng Su looked up to see Zhao Da standing there. She asked, "What's the matter?"

Zhao Da walked in, trying to suppress his excitement, but his youth betrayed his emotions, and Cheng Su could see his eagerness.

He walked up to her and took out a slip of paper from his pocket, saying, "President Cheng, this is the advance reservation voucher of an order I've brought in."

Cheng Su was taken aback, took it from him, and saw that it was their Joy Soon Loy specialty receipt stamped and issuing a fifty Great Unity RMB prepayment proof, with the payer being a certain state-run store.

"You..."

"It's an advance payment." Zhao Da took out five Great Unity RMB notes from his pocket, holding them with both hands and offering them to Cheng Su with a look of earnest sincerity, "This store wants to order two hundred jin of strawberry jam from our Joy Soon Loy."

Cheng Su was full of surprise. Zhao Da, who had been a menial worker doing odd jobs like carrying and delivering goods, had actually secured an order?

"You said that to do sales, we need to know our own products. I've been learning, although I haven't mastered it completely yet, but I will keep trying. I pulled in this order myself, and I hope President Cheng will give me a chance!" Zhao Da's eyes shone with determination.

"How did you secure this order? How did you do it?" Cheng Su was very curious. She knew this state-run store, which Zhu Lifen and the others had struggled to win over, and had invested quite a bit of money in vain. How did Zhao Da, a complete novice who had never undergone training, manage to succeed?

She was well aware that sales weren't so easy to come by—you had to entertain, play to the customer's psychology, create opportunities. These achievements were not easily won. Even Zhu Lifen's trained team hadn't succeeded, so how did Zhao Da manage it?

Zhao Da was a bit nervous but still puffed out his chest and said, "I didn't do much, I just organized a list of our Joy Soon Loy's sellers and their order quantities to show them."

Cheng Su was slightly stunned. Was it really that simple?

"Those shops that are already selling our jam, if they weren't making money, would they keep ordering from us?" Zhao Da continued, "By the same logic, those who run stores, don't they just want to make money?"

Cheng Su smiled. Wasn't it just like baiting fish with bait?