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Chapter 362 The Dead Witch Doesn't Give Birth

Mother Cheng waited until her in-laws left before hurriedly closing the front door and rushing to town to call her daughter.

Cheng Su and Qi Taiguo returned to Jiang City, making a special trip to buy some small Jing City specialties to give away, which were just some snacks. Naturally, these were not forgotten to be sent to the restaurant.

In addition, Cheng Su also talked to Old Song about some unique snacks she had tried in Jing City to see if they could make them and offer more variety.

Now that the restaurant had expanded, there was a higher demand for fast food at lunchtime, and some people also came to order dishes for their meals. With the larger space, the restaurant attracted even more customers.

As for the evening service, most of it consisted of stir-fries and set meals. Because Cheng Su had established clear rules and regulations early on, their execution went smoothly, causing no chaos. Now that the business had grown too hectic, Qiulan filed a report and hired two more waitstaff.

"The weather's gradually heading into winter. Do you think we should start offering hotpot?" Cheng Su glanced at the restaurant's patrons and spoke to Old Song.

"I was actually thinking about bringing that up with you. Quite a few customers have been asking whether we serve hotpot. In my opinion, we should add a few to begin with. It's winter, after all, and eating hotpot is also warming," Old Song said, chuckling.

Cheng Su agreed wholeheartedly; there was nothing more satisfying than having hotpot in the dead of winter. Huddling around the stove with a few good friends, drinking some beer, chatting about the world—it was just so enjoyable.

"If that's the case, then I'll print a separate menu for the hotpot and have Xiao Jiang purchase some hotpot stoves, shall I?" Cheng Su thought for a moment and decided to use copper pots, the same kind that the famous Dong Lai Shun in Beijing used, the ones that could hold charcoal underneath.

After discussing some details with Old Song, Cheng Su received a call from her mother.

"Mom, what's the matter? You rarely call." Cheng Su was quite surprised to get the call, unsure whether it was due to the high cost of phone calls or her mother's lack of concern for her, but she seldom received calls from her family.

"You ungrateful girl, I want to know, what's going on with you and your husband? Are you two not having children?" As soon as she heard Cheng Su's voice, Mother Cheng began her tirade.

Cheng Su understood—her mother-in-law must have complained to her family.

Really now.

Cheng Su silently endured Mother Cheng's scolding.

On the other end of the phone, hearing no response from Cheng Su, her mother thought the line had been cut. "Susu, are you listening? Hello? Hello?"

"Listening!" Cheng Su twirled the ballpoint pen in her hand.

"Then are you mute, or what? Why aren't you saying anything?" Mother Cheng was furious.

"You've said it all, what can I say?"

There was a pause on the other end of the phone before Mother Cheng asked, "So, what's the deal? Your mother-in-law has come to me with complaints. She says you two aren't having kids!"

"It's not that we're not having them, just that we're waiting a few years. I'm busy with my career right now and want to wait until things have stabilized before having kids!" Cheng Su replied. "Your son-in-law agrees. As for my mother-in-law, just treat it as her venting. Listen and let it go, don't bother with it!"

"What career are you talking about? I heard you're planning to apply to university? Hey, I know what your educational background is, and I advise you to have children while you're young. Don't wait until it's too late. Plus, having children gives you support, otherwise, you can't set your husband's heart at ease!" Mother Cheng earnestly persuaded.

Cheng Su listened until her ears were greased with the words, responding noncommittally with "Mhm" and "Aha," until finally she couldn't take it anymore and said, "Mom, we have plans, so don't worry. I'm really busy over here, so I'm going to stop talking now. Say hi to Dad for me, I'm hanging up. Phone calls are expensive, bye!"

"Oh, then bye!" Mother Cheng hastily reminded her to have children soon.

Cheng Su glared at the hung-up phone, barely holding back a scream from escaping her throat—she was so frustrated.