

The 80s 389

Chapter 389 Concerns

Cheng Su lingered at the train station for most of the day, walking around various shops like a scout. With a small notebook in hand, she jotted down many things over the course of the day—and as for whether these notes would be useful, that would have to wait until she got back and sorted through them.

She had been walking until she was tired, and Cheng Su didn't see any shop that was up for transfer or lease, although their food was not expensive and none seemed to be struggling to stay afloat.

It was only when the sun tilted westward that Cheng Su decided to visit the restaurant, figuring Ning Ge was away on business with others and wouldn't be dining at their place. With only her and Old Qi present, she thought it simpler to just package two meals to take home and make do.

The restaurant staff were eating and greeted her when she arrived. Cheng Su smiled and said, "You go ahead and eat, no need to mind me. Qiulan, pour me a cup of tea."

"Okay."

Cheng Su took a seat at the cash register, pinching the bridge of her nose, silently digesting the information she had gathered from the day's recon.

"Sister Su, are you okay? You seem rather tired," Qiulan asked with concern, bringing over a big earthenware jar to Cheng Su.

"It's nothing, I'm just tired from walking around all morning. You go eat, we'll be busy once the market opens up," Cheng Su replied, waving her hand with a smile.

Qiulan acknowledged with an 'oh.'

After drinking a couple of sips of tea, Cheng Su pulled out her notebook and flipped it open, looking at the various data she had noted, her lips pursed together.

"What, run into some tricky problem?"

At the sound of the question, Cheng Su looked up to find Old Song settling down with his usual tea mug, smiling as he asked.

"Have you had enough to eat?"

Old Song glanced at the loudly laughing staff outside before saying, "I'm an old timer, my appetite can't compare with the young ones. I'm full. How about you? Should I get you a portion?"

"No, I'm still full. I've been eating all day. Later, have Er Tong and the others fry up a couple of dishes for me to take home. I'm too lazy to cook tonight!" Cheng Su said, leaning back in her chair.

Old Song agreed and then asked, "So, what's the tricky problem?"

Cheng Su thought for a moment then said, "I was thinking of finding a place at the train station to open a branch. I went over today to scout out the terrain."

Old Song, surprised, said, "A branch?"

"A branch yes, but it's really just a fast food restaurant. I won't be using the same business model as the current restaurant," said Cheng Su with a wry smile. "After scouting today, even if I were to open one, it couldn't possibly operate with the same model we use now!"

"Mind explaining a bit?"

Cheng Su shared the information she gathered: "...that's how it is. Tell me, can we apply our current model there? That would likely lead to a loss."

"But the aim was to open just a fast food place, right?" Old Song raised an eyebrow. "If it's just fast food, there shouldn't be too much to worry about!"

"You see, our current fast food starts at three mao per serving, which is already the bare minimum. At the train station, some people are reluctant to even spend that much. If we follow our business model, not pricing by the dish but offering a selection of fast food dishes, that raises costs. My concern is that with higher costs, the profit margin decreases. That part's not so bad – as long as it's not a loss, it's somewhat manageable. But I'm afraid with this model, while it seems good, travelers might be hesitant to spend."

The fast food model was sound, but if customers couldn't afford to buy, no matter how good the product, what use would it be? Unsold goods only have one end—they either spoil or get thrown away, ultimately resulting in losses.

And when she does business, she wants to make money. Why would she engage in a business that's set to lose money? That would just be asking for trouble.