

# Daddy! Come Home for Dinner!

Chapter 12: Chapter 12: So It's Because of Being Ugly

"She's been picking on you, and you've ignored her. This time, you can't let it go that easily. How dare she question your cooking skills?"

Cindy stayed silent for a while, then suddenly asked, "Did you just come from the Company?"

Peggy Lewis was caught off guard by the question, and answered, "Yeah, I just finished work. I saw the stuff on Facebook on my way home and changed course to come here right away."

"Then you haven't had dinner yet. What do you want to eat? I'll make you something," said Cindy.

"I'm so angry I don't even want to eat! It's too hot for an appetite anyway. I'm on a diet," fumed Peggy, "You've been wrongly accused like this, and you still want to cook?"

"I can't let you starve, can I?" Cindy went into the kitchen, "If you can't think of anything, I'll decide for you. How about Greasy Noodles?"

Thinking of Cindy's Greasy Noodles, Peggy couldn't help but nod in agreement, "Okay."

With that, Cindy started cooking.

Peggy quickly followed her, "Are you really in the mood to cook now? Don't you think this is just a minor issue? Let me tell you, this has blown up on Facebook. Your video comments must be going crazy too."

Cindy began boiling water and took out some knife-cut noodles she had prepared and dried earlier for her videos. She dropped them in the boiling water.

“I’ll go look once I’ve cooked the noodles for you. There’s nothing I can do by looking at it now, anyway,” said Cindy calmly, “But you’re right, we can’t let this slide.”

She could accept people questioning her cooking skills, but she couldn’t tolerate being slandered.

She couldn’t bear that.

After saying that, Cindy took a cucumber out of the refrigerator and shredded it.

“Normally, restaurants would blanch rapeseed and put it on the noodles. Since it’s hot, though, I’ll use cucumber for you. It’s more refreshing, and I won’t need to boil more water. You can do this when you’re at home too; it’s not much trouble,” explained Cindy, finishing cutting the cucumber.

“I’ll just come to you when I want to eat this. I’m too lazy to even cook noodles. Frying oil means cleaning the pot,” Peggy was infected by Cindy’s calm and leaned against the door frame, not looking as anxious as before.

“Lazybone,” laughed Cindy.

She then mixed sauce in a bowl: soy sauce, vinegar, and oyster sauce, and stirred the mixture evenly.

“I’m not adding salt since soy sauce is already salty,” said Cindy.

Next, she chopped scallions and minced garlic.

With everything prepared, the noodles were cooked.

Cindy took ice water from the refrigerator, scooped the noodles out, and rinsed them in the ice water.

“It’s so much trouble. Can I just pour oil directly?” Peggy asked, watching the process.

“You don’t necessarily need ice water; you can also just rinse the noodles with cold water. This will prevent the noodles from sticking together and make them chewier,” explained Cindy, “But with how lazy you are, I think you should just come to me when you want to eat this. I don’t trust your own cooking; you might ruin my reputation.”

“Haha! You said it!” Peggy didn’t hold back.

Cindy put the noodles in the bowl and mixed them with the sauce, adding minced garlic and chili powder on top.

She heated oil in a pan, added scallions, and fried them until they were crispy and black. She then removed the scallions from the oil.

Cindy poured the scallion-infused hot oil over the garlic and chili powder.

Immediately, the fragrance of the oil and garlic filled the air.

“Usually, Greasy Noodles have scallions minced like the garlic, and they’re both mixed with the hot oil. But I think frying the scallions separately gives a better aroma, so that every noodle gets coated in the scent,” said Cindy with a smile. She arranged cucumber shreds on top of the noodles and brought the bowl to the table.

She also took out the lemon pickled pepper radish she made last night from the refrigerator and served it to Peggy as a side dish.

Morgan smelled the food and salivated, “Godmother, I want some too.”

“Weren’t you full from dinner?” Cindy put the pot in the dishwasher and was surprised to hear Morgan’s request, “You had a big bowl of rice!”

“But the noodles smell so good,” Morgan licked her lips, “Let me have a bite.”

“Be careful not to overeat. It’s hard to sleep at night if you do,” warned Cindy.

“Then I’ll give you just one bite, okay?” Peggy took a set of cutlery from the kitchen and scooped up a chopstick’s worth of noodles for Morgan.

Cindy tidied up and sat down next to Peggy.

“These are the best Greasy Noodles I’ve ever had,” sighed Peggy with satisfaction, “The sourness is so perfect for summer.”

Morgan nodded vigorously on the side.

“Cindy, what are you waiting for? Hurry up and check the internet,” urged Peggy, “It’s really serious this time.”

Cindy went to fetch her mobile phone.

No wonder Peggy was furious.

Someone on the internet posted their failed attempt at replicating Cindy’s recipe.

Moreover, it wasn’t just one person. Many people claimed that Cindy’s methods were unusable.

“I followed Cindy Clarke’s method, and the taste is just horrible. So disgusting.”

“I won’t mention the appearance; maybe I didn’t control the heat well. But I followed her seasoning method strictly, even the amount, and this is what I ended up with.”

“I have a friend who works at an influencer packaging company. She said Cindy Clarke is just another influencer made by their company, who doesn’t actually know how to cook. She just has nice-looking hands, which are great for shooting videos. Haven’t you all noticed that she never shows her face? It’s because she’s too ugly and would ruin the video quality.”

“Haha! No wonder she never dares to show her face. She’s ugly.”

“Seems like not only is her cooking horrible, but she’s also ugly. She never speaks; does that mean her voice is awful too?”

The one who revealed this information said, “My friend said her voice is fine. Nothing outstanding, but not unpleasant either. It’s just that she’s ugly. And when shooting videos, she always has someone instructing her. She can’t cook on her own. The finished dishes look good because they’re not made by her. Someone else makes them, and they’re edited into the video.”

“Why did someone like this become popular?”

“She’s no Zoe Silverstone, that’s for sure.”

“Don’t compare someone who doesn’t dare to show her face with Zoe Silverstone. Zoe is beautiful, a great cook, and has a lovely voice. Watching her videos is a pleasure.”

“The most important thing is that Zoe’s methods actually work. The dishes you make with her recipes are truly delicious.”

More photos of finished dishes followed.

“Yeah, even with my clumsy hands, I made it look good and taste great,” another user agreed, also sharing pictures.

“Haha, comparing someone who doesn’t dare show her face and hires people to cook for her to Zoe Silverstone is just an insult to Zoe. What can Morgan Zhekova hold against Zoe?”