

For Dinner 131

Chapter 131: Dare to Think, Dare to Do

The dumpling skin is thin, so be careful when picking it up, or the skin will break easily, and the soup inside will be wasted.

However, what they didn't expect was that, even when Hunter Clarke had prepared a spoon to catch the soup, the dumpling skin seemed to have some elasticity.

With the naked eye, one could see that the soup inside the dumplings was full to the brim, pulling the dumpling skin downwards along with the filling.

Just when everyone thought the skin was going to break, the dumpling skin turned out to be like a balloon filled with water, elastic and sturdy.

"Your dumpling skin..." Hunter Clarke looked at Cindy Clarke.

Cindy Clarke smiled and explained, "I added a small amount of wheat starch and starch to the regular flour."

"No wonder," Wesley Gordon exclaimed, "Wheat starch and starch are used for making the skin of crystal shrimp dumplings, which are translucent, elastic, and strong."

"But, if used for dumpling skin, I was worried it might be too elastic, losing the original taste and flavor of dumplings. So, I only added a small amount to increase the elasticity and toughness without being too strong, retaining the stickiness and aroma of the dough."

"That's a great idea!" Rosaline Parker praised, "Did you just come up with it?"

Cindy Clarke nodded, "However, it's also because it's the first time I've tried it, and I was afraid that I might not get the proportion right due to the tight schedule. So for the sake of safety, I only added a small amount. After we go back, I will try to adjust it to the best proportion instead." Michael Greene nodded approvingly, "Very good, dare to think, dare to do."

Cindy Clarke still had a sense of closeness to Michael Greene.

After all, she had been eating Quire's lunch for quite a while.

It's just that Michael Greene had lunch prepared for Adrian Zhekova every day at noon but didn't know that his lunches were going into Cindy Clarke's stomach instead.

"I'm looking forward to your finished product after adjusting the proportions. I think the ideal proportion should make the dough more delicate and shiny without stealing the spotlight from the traditional dough, and without damaging the original taste," said Charles Dean.

Hunter Clarke poked a hole in the dumpling with chopsticks, and the soup flowed out.

"This has more soup than the dumplings we usually eat," said Hunter Clarke.

She tasted the soup without adding vinegar and ginger.

"What did you add to the soup? There's a delicious sweetness," Wesley Gordon said excitedly.

Before Cindy Clarke could answer, he quickly took another bite of the dumpling.

However, the filling that had been wrapped in the soup was too hot, and Wesley Gordon, who was usually experienced, had overlooked this, resulting in burning his tongue.

"I told you not to rush. Can't you eat slowly?" Michael Greene laughed and commented before taking a bite himself.

"This filling..." Michael Greene tasted it carefully, "It has the taste of beef, but also the taste of seafood, like shrimp..."

“I just saw you using shrimp and crab as ingredients,” Charles Dean said.

Cindy Clarke nodded, “For the meat filling, I used beef and pork. Beef doesn’t have enough fat, and the texture isn’t soft and juicy enough, so I added pork, particularly the fatty part, to blend with the beef. Hand-minced meat has a more delicate fiber and elasticity.”

“Then, I added crab roe and crab meat to the mashed shrimp. This way, the soup will burst out more, and the filling will be even more delicious and sweet.”

“Did you add vinegar to it?” Rosaline Parker asked.

“Yes,” Cindy Clarke nodded..

Chapter 132: Show Some Respect for Your Teacher and the Path

“Although the meat and shrimp and crab’s rich flavors are delicious, it becomes greasy if you eat too much.” Cindy explained, “So, I added a little lemon vinegar to the shrimp and crab meat to neutralize some of the greasiness.”

“But the taste of vinegar is not obvious, and it doesn’t overshadow the original taste of the filling and soup.” Hunter praised, “Its subtle flavor is actually quite amazing.”

“I thought that since it would also be paired with vinegar and ginger, I didn’t add too much to the filling.” Cindy explained with a smile.

When Charles tasted it, he couldn’t help closing his eyes: “The meat filling has a springy texture, and when bitten into, the soup immediately bursts out. The taste of the soup and meat filling is incredibly layered. I think calling it a soup dumpling is no longer appropriate, exploding soup dumpling is better.”

Michael joked, “Charles, your Chinese is impressive.”

“Oh, Teacher Gordon, why are you eating a second one?” Rosaline noticed that Wesley had already reached his chopsticks into the steamer basket for one of the remaining three dumplings.

“I want to taste it more carefully.” Wesley said.

Seeing that there were only two left, Charles immediately said: “I’m a guest, please give me some courtesy.”

So, he quickly reached out his chopsticks too.

Unfortunately, he was still too slow, his chopsticks skills were no match for Michael’s.

The second dumpling was intercepted by Michael.

Hunter, reacting quickly, grabbed the last one with his chopsticks while saying, “Rosaline, I’m your teacher so please show me some respect.”

Rosaline: ‘ .

Charles: ‘

Cindy was dumbfounded.

She originally intended to take the remaining three to let Morgan and Peggy taste them while they were hot.

Of course, if Adrian was willing, he could also have a taste.

But now, they were gone.

Finally, Michael remembered their presence and coughed, maintaining his last bit of dignity: "Alright, your round of competition is over, you may leave now."

Everyone reluctantly looked at Cindy.

It was clear by now that the judges really liked her cuisine.

It was a pity that there were no extra dumplings, otherwise they would have liked to taste if they were really as delicious as the judges said.

It was just a dumpling, right?

How delicious could it be!

Cindy, a food blogger, was just an amateur and not really a chef.

How great could her cooking be?

Albert and the others looked at Cindy with suspicion.

She didn't follow the rules, wearing a mask and participating in the competition under a pseudonym. Who could guarantee that the judges wouldn't give her special treatment?

However, no one had the courage to say anything at this point.

It was the last auditions of the day.

The contestants packed up and left the racecourse, while the judges left through a different exit.

As soon as she came out, Morgan ran over and hugged her: "Cindy, how did it go? How did it go?"

Adrian also came over, Cindy glanced at Morgan and Peggy.

Finally, she looked at Adrian and said with a smile, "The theme of this round was dough products, and I chose soup dumplings. The judges gave quite positive evaluations, and I think passing the auditions shouldn't be a problem." Albert and the others gave a small 'hmm' when they heard her words.

She was fine, but they were now in danger.

Cindy heard them, but chose to ignore them and said, "Let's go, I'll tell you more on the way."

The four of them left the racecourse together, and Cindy said, "I made eight dumplings, just enough for the five judges to have one each, leaving three freshly out of the steamer for you to taste. Who knew the remaining three would also be taken away by the judges.."

Chapter 133: It's so awkward, just like talking to a stranger.

"Don't pretend to be humble." Peggy Lewis said with a smile, "The judges were eager to eat a second one, that's a big recognition for you. After all, they have to judge several rounds of the competition in one day, even if they just eat a little bit in each round, they'd be quite full by the end of the day."

Cindy smiled at her: "Don't you want to taste the dumplings I made?" Peggy Lewis immediately bowed her head like a food connoisseur: "I do, I do." "Cindy, can we have some for dinner tonight?" Morgan Clarke couldn't help but be greedy.

"Sure." Cindy then invited Peggy Lewis to join them at their house. Peggy Lewis shook her head without thinking: "No, no, I have plans tonight."

Cindy was very suspicious that Peggy Lewis was not going home with them because of Adrian Zhekova.

Facing Cindy's suspicious gaze, Peggy Lewis quickly said: "I really do have things to do."

Of course, the real purpose was to create an opportunity for Cindy and Adrian Zhekova to be alone together.

Adrian Zhekova stood by with a slight smile, thinking that such a good friend, Cindy should make more of.

"Save some for me after you finish making them, I'll come over and eat them some other day," Peggy Lewis said.

"Alright," Cindy had to agree.

Peggy Lewis drove away by herself.

Cindy and Morgan Clarke got into Adrian Zhekova's car.

Morgan Zhekova consciously sat in the back row, in her own safety seat.

She then asked Cindy to tell her about the specifics of the competition.

Cindy picked out some things to tell her.

As for those who looked down on her, Cindy didn't mention it.

After all, the final result would speak for itself.

In this group, many people might only see each other once, so there's no need to care about those people.

"I haven't updated my video for a while, so I'll record the process of making my competition dumplings today." Cindy said.

So, the three of them went to the supermarket first and bought some ingredients they didn't have at home.

When they returned home, Morgan Zhekova skillfully set up the camera.

Adrian Zhekova saw that even the little girl was busy and he couldn't just sit idly by.

Otherwise, he would feel like an outsider in this home, which wouldn't be good.

So, Adrian Zhekova asked Cindy: "Is there anything I can help with?"

Cindy looked at Morgan Zhekova who was busy there, then at Adrian Zhekova, and really didn't have the courage to assign him any work, so she replied: "There's nothing to be busy with, just wait, and I'll prepare some tea for you."

"No need." Adrian Zhekova grabbed Cindy's hand as she began to open the cupboard, "Even Morgan Zhekova is busy, so I shouldn't be idle on the side. Do you want me to feel uncomfortable here?"

Cindy's gaze subconsciously fell on his hand.

Even though it wasn't the first time he'd held her hand, it still felt astonishingly hot.

"Well... well..." Cindy stammered, her mind going blank as he held her hand.

Cindy felt that her reaction was really embarrassing, her face turning red just from him holding her hand.

Adrian Zhekova looked at her flushed cheeks, and his heart was also moved. His thumb unknowingly slid into the palm of her hand.

His fingertips gently hooked her soft and delicate palm.

Cindy was startled.

Was Adrian Zhekova being a lewd pest?

Why else would he hook her palm like that!

But she wasn't sure.

What if she'd misinterpreted the situation?

Cindy was stifled and was about to ask when Morgan Zhekova came running over with a "thump, thump, thump."

Startled, Cindy quickly pulled her hand out of Adrian Zhekova's grasp..

Chapter 134: Ordering the Husband

Adrian Zhekova dropped his hand in regret, his index finger gently rubbing the fingertip of his thumb.

Morgan Clarke said, "Cindy, if there's any physical work to be done at home, just let Uncle do it!"

Morgan looked up at Adrian Zhekova, "He's a grown man, after all!"

If you want to chase Cindy Clarke, shouldn't you contribute more to the family? Don't think he didn't see it, Adrian Zhekova took advantage of the situation and held Cindy's hand again just now!

Adrian Zhekova looked at Morgan Clarke coolly.

Good boy!

Indeed, it was time for Cindy Clarke to know that the family is missing a man.

"If there's any physical work or heavy work that needs to be done, just tell me. Don't be polite with me." Adrian Zhekova said, "Is there anything that needs repairing at home? Do you need to change any light bulbs?"

"No no, everything at home is fine." Cindy hurriedly said, "Then... how about you mince some meat for us by hand?"

"Hm?" Adrian Zhekova asked.

"I have some ideas about the dough for dumplings, and I need to try out a good ratio." Cindy said, "While I experiment with the dough here, you can help me mince the meat. Actually, we can use a food processor to grind the meat, but the hand-minced texture is better."

"No problem." Adrian Zhekova rolled up his sleeves and agreed.

Cindy turned to Morgan and said, "Then you help Dad..."

Cindy Clarke almost let it slip and quickly corrected herself, "Help Uncle film a video to include in our work later."

"Okay!" Morgan immediately agreed.

Cindy prepared everything for Adrian Zhekova and told him the technique of hand-mincing meat.

Adrian Zhekova glanced at Morgan, who was fiddling with the SLR camera, then suddenly turned around, using his body to block Morgan's sight and as though he was covering Cindy in his arms.

Cindy was trapped behind the bar by him, her whole body hot, as if enveloped by his body heat.

"Just now, did you almost let it slip to Morgan to help Dad?" Adrian Zhekova asked in a low voice, as if afraid of being overheard by Morgan.

Moreover, fearing that she wouldn't hear him clearly, he lowered his head, whispering into her ear.

Cindy felt his low-pitched magnetic voice as if it was sliding into her ear, making her feel his hot breath as he spoke.

As she looked up, she saw Adrian Zhekova's Adam's apple, which seemed to be nearly touching her forehead.

With each word he spoke, his Adam's apple quivered slightly.

Cindy was so nervous that she didn't dare move, afraid that if she moved, she would touch his face.

She couldn't even imagine how close Adrian Zhekova was to her ear right now.

"...I just... I just feel guilty about knowing that you are his father and still calling you Uncle," Cindy whispered.

"I can't help but think about how one day, you'll tell Morgan to help Dad, and that feeling is so nice." Adrian Zhekova let out a soft laugh, "It feels so warm, like living together as a family."

Cindy's face turned incredibly red.

Indeed, she would eventually tell Morgan the truth.

But why did the meaning change as soon as Adrian Zhekova said it?

It was as if... the three of them were living together, like a family of three.

Cindy felt her ears itching and tingling, and she braced herself to say, "You should get started on the meat."

"Alright." Adrian Zhekova gladly agreed, finally standing straight.

This slightly relieved the pressure on Cindy.

But then, she heard Adrian Zhekova whisper softly, "You know, this also seems like you're instructing your husband to do housework."

Cindy: '

Who's instructing her husband!

Chapter 135: Unexpected Joy

Adrian Zhekova rolled up his sleeves, taking two pieces of meat over to the counter.

The counter was conveniently waist high for Adrian, the perfect height.

Cindy Clarke had already tied on her apron, was pouring flour into a bowl, preparing to mix dough for pastry.

She still hadn't caught her breath from what Adrian had said just a few moments ago.

Attempting to shift her mood through work, she turned her head and saw the expensive shirt Adrian was wearing.

"Wait." Cindy quickly stopped him from starting to tenderize the meat, fetching an apricot for him instead.

"Put this on, or it will splatter on your shirt when you pound the meat." She handed him the apron.

Unexpectedly, Adrian did not accept it.

In response, he showed his dirty hands to Cindy, "I touched the raw meat, my hands are dirty. Help me put it on?"

"Or you could just wash your hands?" She pointed to the sink next to them.

' Adrian glanced at the sink, then turned back to Cindy. "Why bother? My hands will get dirty again soon."

Without waiting for Cindy's answer, Adrian courteously bent his body slightly lower, allowing Cindy to tie the apron on him.

Cindy: '

Helplessly, Cindy had to put the apron on him.

But even with Adrian bending down, he still towered over her.

Frustratedly, Cindy had to raise her hand and raise herself on her toes and barely reach his height.

She couldn't help but complain silently, "Why is this man so tall?"

This is really challenging!

Adrian silently expressed regret.

Had he known earlier, he would not have mentioned his dirty hands, and missed such a great opportunity. Cindy was nearly in his embrace, and due to his excuse of having dirty hands, he missed the chance to hold her waist. Lost in these thoughts, Adrian suddenly noticed that Cindy's ears were red.

Unknowingly, the two of them had gotten very close.

His breath fell on her forehead.

Meanwhile, her scent filled his nostrils.

With Adrian's gaze seemingly pasted to her face, Cindy's brain seems to have lost control of her limbs.

The hand that was helping him put on the apron was shaking so much from nerves that she could hardly get it around his neck.

Seeing this, Adrian tilted his head down even more to meet her gaze, their faces almost touching.

"Ah!" Cindy gasped in surprise.

Adrian's face had quickly filled her vision, his nose almost grazing hers.

Cindy was on her toes, and losing her balance, she fell towards him, her lips landing on his.

Cindy: ‘

Adrian didn’t anticipate such a pleasant surprise.

Meanwhile, they both overlooked the presence of Morgan Clarke!

Morgan’s eyes widened, watching the two in surprise.

Then, he quickly covered his eyes!

But equal curiosity got the best of him, and he peeked through a small gap between his fingers to see what was happening.

A few seconds later, Morgan realized something was wrong.

He hurriedly pulled out his mobile phone from his pocket, rapidly searching for Peggy Lewis’s Whatsapp.

In fact, Morgan didn’t have many Whatsapp friends.

Besides the classmates from Nursery, only Cindy and Peggy Lewis were his contacts.

For the sake of him being able to contact them in case of emergencies, Cindy and Peggy were even prioritized at the top.

In case of any urgent matter, Morgan could find them within seconds..

Chapter 136: Adrian Zhekova Doesn’t Want to Carry the Blame for This Pot

Thus, Morgan Clarke quickly opened Peggy Lewis's Whatsapp at this moment.

She directly sent her a voice message: "Godmother, Cindy and Uncle Adrian kissed!"

Adrian LneKova:

I really want to kick this kid out!

Cindy Clarke was suddenly awakened by Morgan's shout and immediately retreated.

She let go and directly threw the apron onto Adrian Zhekova's face.

Adrian Zhekova:

"I... It wasn't on purpose!" Cindy recalled the scene just now in a chaotic mind. Adrian was standing still, and it was her who wasn't steady and fell onto him.

As a result... they kissed.

It's embarrassing to say that he took advantage of her.

But when she thought of taking advantage of him, Cindy felt that she also suffered a loss!

"You...put it on yourself!" Cindy didn't care if his hands were dirty, she didn't want to deal with him anymore.

“Hey!” Adrian sighed, “At least help me take off the apron, I can’t see, and I don’t know which direction to wash my hands.”

Hearing Adrian’s words, with an unusual sense of grievance and innocence.

Cindy turned her head and saw the apron hanging on his head.

Somehow, the sight was amusing.

The image of the Zhekova Family’s young prince was completely destroyed at this moment.

Even though Cindy was still embarrassed, she couldn’t help but chuckle.

She pulled the apron down with force, directly pulling it around his neck.

Just a tug, and Adrian Zhekova’s hairstyle was messed up.

The hair holding gel made the messy look especially strong.

The spiky, messy look somehow made him a bit cute.

Cindy quickly turned around, pretending to be busy to cover up her laughter, but don’t think Adrian didn’t see it.

Since Cindy decided not to help him, Adrian had to wash his hands, tie the apron himself and fix his hair.

Fortunately, the apron Cindy bought wasn’t a very feminine style with all the bells and whistles.

A milk gray cotton apron, with a simple design, no extra prints.

At this time, Morgan's mobile phone rang with Peggy's reply: "What happened? How did they kiss? Did you mess things up, young man?"

"1—" Before Morgan could finish, he got flicked on the head by Adrian, "Do you still want to help me shoot the video?"

Morgan immediately put his hands on his hips and said: "You kissed my sister and hit me. You haven't even become my stepfather yet, and you're already abusing me!"

Adrian Zhekova:

Cindy was embarrassed: "Morgan, it was an accident just now... Please forget about it!"

She hadn't thought this little guy saw it, and Cindy felt awful.

She felt too embarrassed to even look at Morgan.

Adrian, without any politeness, grabbed Morgan by the collar and dragged him in front of the camera.

"When I support you, I'm Papa. Now that I flicked you on the head, it's abuse?" Adrian complained, "Why don't you go to heaven?"

This is his son, and he couldn't figure out who the boy had inherited this from.

It's either Cindy or him!

But Adrian didn't want to carry this pot.

Adrian went back behind the counter and reminded: "Hurry up and start filming."

Peggy quickly replied: "Alright, alright."

Morgan skillfully pointed the camera at Adrian's hands, filming him pounding the meat..

Chapter 137: Who Are You Looking Down On!

Cindy, on the other hand, was facing away from the camera, studying the proportion of dough mixture off-screen.

She would accidentally appear in the shot every now and then.

But since it was just her back, it didn't matter.

As expected, Adrian Zhekova's strength was much greater than Cindy's, and he quickly minced the meat.

Actually, the amount of meat Cindy asked him to mince was not much, just enough for the three of them to eat.

Having too many dumplings can be greasy, so they shouldn't be the main course.

Cindy eventually found the ideal dough ratio.

And then, she switched places with Adrian Zhekova.

As Adrian Zhekova walked away from the bar, he went to Morgan Clarke's side:

“Let me do it.”

It was also time for Morgan Clarke’s favorite animated film, so he gladly handed over the filming duties to Adrian Zhekova.

He instructed, “Uncle, you must film well. You cannot show Cindy’s face, only her hands. If you don’t do a good job this time, we won’t be able to rely on you to film in the future.”

“...” In his heart, Adrian Zhekova recited: This is my son, this is my son, this is my son.

After repeating it three times, he finally couldn’t help but say resentfully, “Just watch your SpongeBob!”

Morgan Clarke put his hands on his hips, “I’m not watching SpongeBob!” As if looking down on someone.

“I’m watching Pokémon!” Morgan Clarke said, and then stomped back into his room.

He took out a Poké Ball.

The limited edition Nintendo Switch Pokémon Pikachu, with miniatures of Ash and Pikachu, a Pokémon jewel, and a Poké Ball included.

When it first came out, Morgan Clarke saw it and desperately wanted it.

Cindy bought it for him as a birthday gift. When the little guy received the gift, he was so happy that he cried.

He really didn’t expect Cindy to buy such an expensive gift for him.

Although the little guy liked it, he had never asked Cindy for it.

So, the surprise for the little guy was indeed huge.

However, Cindy also made it clear to him that he can't play more than an hour each day.

Fearing the damage to the little guy's eyes.

So, every time Morgan Clarke watches Pokémon, he has to hold a Poké Ball in his hand.

When Ash throws the Poké Ball, Morgan Clarke must throw one in front of the TV as well.

He must have inherited this from someone else.

"Ahem, this is my first time filming. Is there anything I need to pay special attention to?" Adrian Zhekova asked.

"Sometimes there's a need for close-ups. Just zoom the camera in a bit, and I'll tell you when," Cindy replied, not daring to look at Adrian Zhekova.

She obviously hadn't recovered from the recent accident.

Adrian Zhekova noticed this and couldn't help but chuckle softly.

His soft laughter was hooking, but it annoyed Cindy.

As if only she was affected.

This man seemed completely unaffected, as if the kiss just now was nothing to him.

Annoyed, Cindy suddenly looked up at him and glared, "Film properly."

Adrian Zhekova was amused by her glare and laughed silently, then gently said, "Alright."

While watching the animations, Morgan Clarke didn't forget to pay attention to

Cindy's situation.

Hearing her words, he quickly said, "Uncle, you have to be serious!"

Adrian Zhekova: '

This was the first time Adrian Zhekova had watched Cindy cook from beginning to end..

Chapter 138: Can You Please Stop Staring at Me All the Time?

The first time he had visited Cindy Clarke's house, he had barely entered the kitchen before Morgan Clarke dragged him off to watch SpongeBob.

The second time, at the Zhekova Family Mansion, he didn't even get a chance to watch at all.

Now, as he looked through the camera's viewfinder, all he saw was Cindy's hands.

But even those hands, when they were cooking, were pleasing to the eye.

Audiences watching her videos could never guess how beautiful the owner of these hands actually was.

He thought about Cindy's followers and how none of them knew how beautiful she was.

And yet here he was, filming Cindy, and a sudden sense of superiority arose within him.

Unconsciously, Adrian Zhekova's gaze shifted from the camera screen to Cindy.

Without the shield of the screen, his eyes landed directly on her hands.

And from her hands, he slowly moved his gaze up to her face.

Adrian's gaze seemed to be rooted there, no longer moving away.

"Zoom in on the dumpling skin. I am going to start wrapping the dumplings," said Cindy, without looking up.

A moment passed and there was no response from Adrian.

Cindy raised her head in surprise, meeting Adrian's gaze which was fixed on her face.

Adrian's gaze was burning into her.

Cindy instantly froze. her face flushed and her limbs uncoordinated.

"Adrian Zhekova!" Flustered by his gaze, Cindy wondered if the video could still be shot smoothly.

Adrian finally withdrew his gaze.

He had been so entranced by Cindy that he had momentarily lost all sense of awareness.

“Be serious,” Cindy reminded him.

“Alright.” Adrian chuckled.

Cindy wanted to ask him if he could stop laughing all the time.

His laughter was too charming, it felt unfair.

“Adrian, zoom in: Okay,” as he focused the lens, Cindy started wrapping the dumplings.

The dumpling skins were small, and as she skillfully folded them with her delicate fingertips, beautiful pleats appeared.

Adrian even counted them; there were a total of 18 pleats.

Cindy’s skin was pale, and her fingertips contrasted sharply against the pristine white dumpling skin.

Her milky complexion against the white dumpling skin created an astoundingly beautiful visual, one that Adrian found hard to tear his gaze away from.

His gaze grew more intense, and it was so powerfully riveting that Cindy’s movements started to slow down and stiffen.

Cindy finally couldn’t stand it anymore and looked up at him, “Can you please stop staring at me?”

“If I don’t keep my eyes on you, how am I supposed to film you?” Adrian responded, looking innocent.

Cindy: ‘

It felt as if she was being unreasonable and blaming the wrong person.

Feeling frustrated, Cindy bent back over to her work.

Adrian turned his gaze back to the camera screen.

Noticing that Cindy's ear tips were glowing red, Adrian couldn't help but laugh softly.

Cindy's ears twitched and her face reddened even more.

She strongly suspected that he was doing it deliberately.

Always drawing attention with his laughter.

Once the dumpling skins and fillings were prepared, the wrapping process was quick.

So, Cindy finished it quickly.

She took some and put them into the fridge to be frozen, saving them for Peggy Lewis.

The rest were placed in the steamer basket, waiting to be steamed when the other dishes were ready.

Besides the dumplings, she needed to prepare other dishes for dinner. "What would you like for the main course?" Cindy asked Adrian and Morgan. "Porridge," Morgan promptly responded, "Porridge goes best with dumplings!"

Cindy then turned to Adrian.

Adrian nodded in agreement: "Porridge sounds good."

Cindy thought for a while, then suggested, “How about Taro porridge?” This proposal received unanimous approval from Adrian and Morgan.

Cindy proceeded to make the porridge. While the porridge was slowly simmering over low heat, she started cooking the boiled bullfrog..

Chapter 139: The Result

People don't often eat too many soup dumplings, as they can get tired of it after a while, so it's good to prepare a few other dishes.

Considering that soup dumplings are mainly made with a meat filling, no other heavy meat dishes were made.

In addition to boiled bullfrog, a refreshing mung bean jelly was also prepared.

Even the jelly was made by Cindy herself, not bought from outside.

In fact, the process is quite simple: mix the mung bean starch with water to make a starch paste.

Then, slowly add it to boiling water and stir continuously while adding it.

Keep stirring until it becomes a thick solid consistency.

After that, put it into a container that has been greased. In fact, insulated food containers or bowls can also be used.

However, Cindy thought that a square insulated food container would make a more attractive shape.

Pour into the insulated food container, smooth out the top layer, and put it in the refrigerator to set for a while. After that, season it with your favorite flavors.

When the time was about right, Cindy began to steam the soup dumplings.

As the soup dumplings were ready, the taro porridge was also finished cooking.

She then brought everything to the dining table.

Taro porridge, soup dumplings, boiled bullfrog, mung bean jelly, plus a plate of refreshing cucumber slices that Cindy had prepared especially for summer.

Seeing all this, Morgan Zhekova eagerly picked up a soup dumpling with his chopsticks.

He was amazed to see that the dumpling skin was filled with soup, making it look “DuangDuang” and very elastic.

“I adjusted the proportion of the skin, so it should have a better texture than it did during the competition this afternoon,” Cindy explained, “Be careful though, it’s hot.”

Morgan carefully placed the dumpling into a small plate.

When Adrian Zhekova gently poked the dumpling with his chopsticks, he found that the seemingly elastic skin that was holding the soup so well suddenly broke.

“The skin of a soup dumpling should be thin and delicate,” Cindy said, “I wanted to keep that characteristic. So if you don’t touch it, it can hold the soup and filling well, but if you poke it, it will break.”

Adrian's tasting method was the same as the judges, showing that he had a lot of experience in this field.

After tasting, he poured a little vinegar into the hole he had poked in the dumpling skin earlier.

Then, he added a few ginger strips on top and ate it in one bite. At that time, the dumplings were still a bit hot but not enough to burn the tongue.

Morgan Zhekova watched and followed Adrian's steps while eating.

But Adrian could eat a whole dumpling in one bite without any problem.

When little Morgan Zhekova stuffed an entire dumpling into his small mouth, it was immediately filled to the brim.

He took a bite and suddenly covered his mouth in amazement.

His chubby little hands covered his full mouth, chewing for a long time, and only after swallowing the dumpling, he asked Cindy, "The soup leaked out just now, so why was there still some inside when I ate it?"

It seemed that Adrian Zhekova had also encountered the same problem, and he was now looking at Cindy.

Although his gaze was perfectly normal, Cindy's face turned slightly red from embarrassment.

She couldn't help but feel like something was always off about herself in front of him.

"I added shrimp and crab roe to the meat filling, so there's still some soup in it when you eat it," she explained.

“The texture is very layered,” Adrian Zhekova remarked. He could imagine that the judges must have been just as amazed.

“Cindy, when will the results be out?” Morgan picked up a cucumber strip and started munching on it..

Chapter 140: Serving Tea and Seeing off Guests

“Tomorrow is the last round of auditions.” Cindy Clarke said, “The results should be out next week. According to the registration announcement, the results should be posted before next Friday.”

“And, the judges will discuss the scores and finally list the scores of the fifty contestants who passed the auditions, from high to low.” Cindy Clarke continued.

Among these fifty contestants who passed the auditions, there were also ten students from Pingla Academy.

However, as Adrian Zhekova had said previously.

These ten Pingla Academy students did not participate in their auditions. Instead, they were selected within the Academy.

It’s unknown if the scoring for the Pingla Academy students will be combined with their general auditions.

Competition within Pingla Academy is fierce, so the scoring should be more conservative, and their scores should not be treated as equal, right?.

Without realizing it, this question came out from Cindy Clarke.

Adrian Zhekova then explained, “They should be combined with you on the same list. Although the level of competition in auditions is different, the scoring criteria for the judges are the same.”

“In other words, in the auditions within the scope of Pingla Academy, if the 11th place got 8 points, while your side of the auditions, the 41st place got 6 points. But the 11th place from Pingla Academy still can’t enter the top 50.”

“When the judges score you, it is just as strict as when they score the students from Pingla Academy. It’s just that in your case, the first place of the forty contestants may be 8 points, while the first place of Pingla Academy may be 9-5 or even higher. So your first place has to move down.”

That is, although Pingla Academy and their general auditions don’t compete together, the scores will be mixed and ranked together after the competition.

Cindy Clarke nodded, indicating that she understood.

After finishing dinner, Cindy Clarke tidied up the Restaurant and the Kitchen.

Pots and dishes were thrown into the dishwasher.

The dishwasher was given by a supplier, who asked Cindy Clarke to make a dishwasher advertisement in one of her previous videos.

The dishwasher is large enough, and the pots that Cindy Clarke uses are not too big, so they can fit into the dishwasher.

After everything was cleaned up, Adrian Zhekova still didn’t seem ready to leave.

Cindy Clarke hesitantly asked him, “Would you like something to drink? How about some tea after dinner?”

Serving tea to a guest, that’s what it means.

She thought Adrian Zhekova would understand, but surprisingly, he agreed with her suggestion: "Sounds good."

Cindy Clarke smiled, she had offered it herself, so she had to serve him well no matter what.

While Cindy Clarke was making tea, Adrian Zhekova walked in without making a sound.

He then spoke next to Cindy Clarke, "May I wait until Morgan falls asleep before I leave?"

Cindy Clarke was startled. This man walked without making a sound!

He suddenly approached her and spoke.

Cindy Clarke's heart raced, and her hand trembled, almost scalding herself.

Fortunately, the boiling water didn't spill out.

Upon a closer look, he stood too close to her, almost touching her shoulder.

Cindy Clarke quickly put down the kettle.

Adrian Zhekova immediately grabbed her hand, "Did you burn yourself? Why are you so careless? Are you always this reckless when you do things?" Cindy Clarke shook her head, "It's alright, the water didn't spill."

In her heart, she thought it was because he scared her.

She usually wasn't this reckless when doing things.

However, it turned out that Adrian Zhekova knew her intention for offering to make tea.

Considering that he is Morgan's father but missed out on her growth. Even now, the chances of being together with Morgan are not many..