

For Dinner 14

Chapter 14: What Kind of Trick Is This?

Although Cindy Clarke's cooking skills were excellent, she had not received any formal professional training after all.

Competing with the students of Pingla Culinary Academy seemed quite uncertain.

"But this time, our goal is not the ranking. The ranking isn't important. As long as the judges acknowledge our skills, it will prove your cooking abilities," Peggy Lewis said. "Let me check the registration requirements."

"Since the purpose of the competition is to inject fresh blood into the culinary world, it is aimed at young chefs under the age of thirty." Peggy immediately grabbed Cindy's hand, "Why not give it a try, Cindy? Register for it."

"Wait a moment," Cindy reminded her, "There will be a live broadcast on both TV and the Internet. You know why I never show my face in the videos I've taken over the years. If my family sees me, they will come for sure."

Peggy Lewis knew Cindy's situation.

Considering Cindy's concerns, Peggy hesitated as well.

"You can wear a mask!" Morgan Clarke reminded from the side, "Then nobody would see you, right?"

It was not that simple.

If it were just the auditions, then it would be fine.

The judges wouldn't evaluate and interview everyone one by one.

But if she advanced to the next round and still wore a mask during the conversation with the judges, it would be considered disrespectful.

“Let me think about it,” Cindy said.

“Just make sure to decide quickly because the registration deadline is approaching,” Peggy reminded her, “I think this is the best opportunity to prove yourself. Not only can you slap Zoe Silverstone’s and those trolls’ faces, but haven’t you always wanted to become a truly capable chef? This is an opportunity.”

Cindy was also tempted. Peggy gave her time to think and did not rush her.

Just as Cindy said, her concern was her family.

With her shameless mother and sister, it would have been bearable if it was just Cindy alone, not afraid of their trouble.

But now that she also had Morgan Clarke, Cindy had to eliminate any possibility of them hurting Morgan.

The best way, naturally, is not to appear.

Peggy left, and Cindy sent her downstairs before returning.

As soon as she came back, she saw Morgan fiddling with the laptop again.

“What are you looking at?” Cindy walked over and asked.

“Cindy, look, this is the handsome uncle I met today at the ravioli stand, of course, he’s still slightly worse than me. I used his mobile phone to call you, but he had to leave early because of something,” Morgan pointed at the photo on the screen, “So, he’s actually the CEO of Pingla Group.”

Cindy automatically ignored the little guy's narcissistic words.

"What's his name again?" He recognized the first character as Zhao but didn't know the last two.

"Adrian Zhekova," Cindy murmured.

Somehow, she couldn't help but feel her face blushing.

She looked at the man in the photo, tall and straight. According to current popular sayings, it's as if everything below the neck was legs.

That face, even if described as "beautiful as a painting," would not be an exaggeration.

Just one glance made a person unable to resist blushing.

In the picture, the man's gaze seemed to have penetrated the photo directly into her heart.

Just looking at the photo made her feel this way. she had no idea how she would react to actually seeing him in person.

Morgan squinted at Adrian Zhekova's photo, stroking his chin and pondering over some strange idea.

Cindy hurried him off to bed.

The next day, Cindy asked for leave for Morgan and let him rest at home first. He had been so wronged yesterday that even if Morgan didn't say anything, Cindy didn't want him to go back to the nursery to face it right away.

After calling the Homeroom Teacher for leave, Cindy received a lunch order.

It was a fat-reducing meal ordered by several female employees of Pingla Group.

Morgan also saw it: "Cindy, are you going to Pingla Group to deliver meals at noon?"

"Yes," Cindy was already starting to prepare.

"I'll go with you," Morgan immediately ran over and said.