

Daddy! Come Home for Dinner!

Chapter 2: Chapter 2: Something Must Have Gone Wrong

Because of her suspicion towards Christy Xenos and Wendy Clarke, Cindy didn't dare to return home directly.

She walked quietly and lightly on her tiptoes.

The Clarke Family lived in an old residential building that was decades old.

It was a six-story building without an elevator, and corner stairs were piled with all household items that people couldn't store in their own houses, but didn't want to throw away either.

The soundproofing in the building was terrible; if someone spoke loudly, neighbors on the higher and lower floors could hear everything.

As a result, neighborhood gossip was abundant.

Cindy's home was on the 4th floor, and when she reached her front door, she carefully placed her ear against the door to listen to the sounds inside the house.

Soon, she heard frantic footsteps coming and going within.

"Why hasn't that girl come back yet?" Christy asked anxiously. "She couldn't have been too hurt and done something stupid, could she?"

"No, that girl has a tough heart. She's very resilient no matter how much trouble comes her way. She'll carry on living." Wendy's voice replied.

"Can it be done just once?" Christy asked again.

“If it doesn’t work once, we’ll do it again. We can trick her once, twice, or even three times. After a few more times, maybe she’ll come to her senses.” Wendy said.

Cindy’s fingers clenched tightly on the door, her fingertips turning white.

“Anyway, I’ve already talked to Mr. Lopez. As long as Cindy becomes pregnant with his child, he will give us 10 million. If it’s a boy, then another 10 million will be added.” Wendy said excitedly. “Mr. Lopez is over 50 years old, and his wife has been unable to bear children, let alone sons. Yet, his wife doesn’t allow anyone else to bear children for him. He tried secretly several times, but his wife discovered it each time.”

“Ah, this is nothing but dooming a family!” Christy shook her head and pursed her lips.

“Exactly.” Wendy said, “Mr. Lopez is a regular at our restaurant. After several visits, I learned about his situation, and that’s when our family’s opportunity arrived.”

“You indeed have great ideas, unlike Cindy, who only spends the family’s money on college tuition and doesn’t know anything else!” Christy looked down on her.

Wendy mused, “Our family’s ancestors were well-known for their Famous Gastronome Family and our restaurant once flourished in the past. But now, all we have left is a small restaurant and a recipe passed down from our ancestors. With the recipe alone and no resources to study it, what’s the use?”

“Once we get that money, we can let dad study the recipe seriously. Cindy also wants to be a cook, right? Then let her study it with dad. We will then open a proper high-end restaurant that specializes in high-quality dishes. Those dishes from the recipe will be the treasures of our restaurant.”

Wendy said excitedly, “Mom, you don’t know how much money that restaurant earns. I work there to learn the business model and how to

make money. Once we apply that to our restaurant, we'll definitely succeed!"

"My daughter is truly talented!" Christy praised.

"Right, Cindy will definitely resent me for this," Wendy lowered her voice.

"Why should she? It's her fault for having no sense of making good ideas; she should contribute to the family. After all, the family raised her to such age, what right does she have to resent?" Christy said maliciously, "You're the clever one. You come up with the ideas, and let the stupid ones do the rest."

"If dad finds out about this..." Wendy continued.

Christy snorted indifferently, "This is all for their ancestral business. How could he object? Even if he knew, what could he do about what's already been done? He'll have to cooperate with us anyway. It's better than leaving Cindy's sacrifice in vain, right?"

"By the way, what does Mr. Lopez look like?" Christy asked.

When the topic was brought up, Wendy made a disgusted expression, "Short and fat with a mouth full of a disgusting smell from smoking. I don't know what his wife is worried about. Mr. Lopez actually wanted me to have his child at first. If he looked even a bit decent, I wouldn't have let Cindy be the one. I could have taken advantage of having a son to get ahead. But in his state, I don't even want to look at him, so I had to give Cindy to him instead."

Truth be told, domestic surrogacy was illegal, and Mr. Lopez was afraid of getting into trouble. Going abroad for surrogacy might have been too easily discovered by his wife. It was better just to find a young girl so he could take advantage.

Cindy staggered backward a few steps.

Initially, she wanted to ask for her father Joshua Clarke's help, but now it seemed that there was no need for it.

How could she dare to return to a family like this?

She dashed out of the building and hid on the rooftop of the house across the street.

From here, she wouldn't be discovered by others and could see when Christy and Wendy left.

Cindy thought about Wendy's description of Mr. Lopez and realized that it didn't match her memory.

She could remember what happened.

Although she couldn't clearly see the man's face, she distinctly remembered that he was a young man.

He wasn't fat at all; instead, he had a great physique, and she even touched his muscles.

Moreover, she remembered his gentle, low, and magnetic voice beside her ear.

There wasn't even a hint of the smell of smoke in his mouth.

He was definitely not the Mr. Lopez that Wendy described.

Cindy knew that this couldn't be her delusion.

Something must have gone wrong somewhere.

For some reason, even though she couldn't reverse what had happened, she still felt relieved that the person wasn't Mr. Lopez.

Cindy waited a long time until probably Christy and Wendy could wait no longer for her return.

Wendy had to go to work and Christy had no choice but to go to the restaurant.

Cindy finally sneaked back into her house.

She packed all her belongings and the money she had saved from secretly giving tutoring lessons.

Since she never spent any of it, she had saved quite a bit, which she stored in her bank account.

Dragging her luggage to the door, Cindy suddenly thought of something and rushed back into Christy and Joshua's bedroom.

She lifted the mattress and found the recipe that had always been hidden underneath.

Her family didn't have a safe, so Christy hid the recipe under the mattress.

Although it was an ancestral inheritance, the original version had not withstood the test of time.

This copy was transcribed and passed down later.

Wendy wholeheartedly wanted to use this recipe to make something big, right?

For her sake, her mother, father, and sister all joined together to sell her out.

Now, she would take away their sole reliance.

Even if she couldn't restore the fine dining dishes from the recipe for the time being, at least, Wendy, who had lost the recipe, would have her plans fall apart.

Cindy felt refreshed.

She put away the recipe, picked up her luggage, and left.