

# Daddy! Come Home for Dinner!

Chapter 1: Chapter 1: Calculation

“Bang!”

Cindy Clarke, her face pale white, rushed out of a hotel room.

She ran, frantically fixing her clothes as she went.

The sky was still pitch black outside, and so was the room she had just left. She hadn't even gotten a clear look at the man who had been lying next to her.

Having rushed out of the hotel, she identified her location and decided that the only sensible option was to take a taxi home. Wandering around by herself in this state wasn't safe.

But when she reached into her pocket, her heart sank.

She hadn't brought her phone with her!

And the thought of going back to retrieve it was daunting.

Thankfully, she still had about seventy dollars in her pocket—enough for a cab ride home.

Cindy quickly hailed a taxi and gave her address.

As she sat alone in the backseat, she reflected on the events that led to her current situation.

The last thing she remembered was serving the last group of customers at her family's small restaurant the night before.

After clearing up the tables, her sister Wendy Clarke strode in. She was dressed stylishly, wearing high heels and carrying a Chanel bag.

Her model-like urban elegance seemed out of place in the small restaurant.

“Wendy, what brings you here?” Wendy and Cindy’s mother, Christy Xenos, warmly greeted Wendy from behind the cash register. “After a long day at work, why did you come here?”

Cindy wondered why Wendy was dressed so elegantly if she just got off work.

Wendy gave a friendly smile and said, “Work keeps me busy, I can’t look after our restaurant. So I thought I’d drop by after my shift.”

Christy immediately said to Cindy, “Look at your sister, she’s so busy with work and she still cares about the restaurant. You, on the other hand, are reluctant to help out despite being free most of the time. You’ve cost us a lot of money for your school fees. Think of this as paying them back.”

“Cindy, you’re complaining again?” Wendy rebuked her, “You’re only a sophomore, it’s not that busy. What’s wrong with helping out? I don’t think you even need to attend university. You’re not looking for a job after graduation.”

Wendy let go of Christy’s hand and retrieved two bottles of beer from the fridge behind the counter.

“Even without a university degree, you have a place in our restaurant, right?” Wendy chastised her. “You could save a lot on tuition fees, do you see how hard our parents are working?”

“Why can’t I attend university if you did? We can afford it. Regardless of what I do after graduation, the more knowledge and experience I gain, the better.” Cindy retorted.

Cindy had genuine aspirations that diverged from Wendy’s. While Wendy sought to climb the social ladder, Cindy cherished the craft of cooking and loved creating a variety of dishes.

She was willing to give up all her free time to help out, but she was also determined to pursue her education.

“I don’t understand why going to university is such a sin in this family.” Cindy said, biting her lip.

“Cindy! How dare you talk to your sister that way!” Christy shouted, harshly slapping Cindy on the back.

The sharp “slap” echoed in the room. Even through her clothes, it felt like a direct hit to her bare skin.

Stunned from the pain, Cindy listened as Christy said, “Your sister graduated and now she’s an administrative manager at one of the most famous restaurants in Nork City. And you? After your graduation, you’ll be back at our restaurant, working as a waitress. Tell me, what’s the point of your education?”

“I could have found a good job too, but you didn’t want me to leave like Wendy did, so you forced me to come back.” Cindy said, her voice cold.

Even if she did return to their restaurant, what she wanted was to be the head chef.

“You speak one more word, and I’ll withdraw you from school tomorrow!” Christy threatened, raising her hand.

Cindy bit her lip. Wendy was the family’s treasure, always right and seen as the one who brought pride to the family.

Wendy’s grades were barely good enough for a third-tier university, yet Christy had spent money to send her to an international school. Wendy then spent two years abroad to enhance her credentials, returned with a foreign degree, and landed a job as a Manager in Nork City.

Even though this foreign university wasn’t significantly better than that of a third-tier university, it seemed prestigious enough in their small hometown—any foreign degree was seen as superior.

Cindy, however, had never received praise for her academic excellence. Christy had even refused to let her attend Belford University because she wanted Cindy to attend a local university in Nork City and help out in the restaurant.

At social events, Christy would always gloat about Wendy's success: her foreign education, her sophistication, her good job.

The reality was, after two years abroad, Wendy's English was barely up to par.

While Christy was praising Wendy, she never missed an opportunity to belittle Cindy, accusing her of wasting their money on a lousy local university.

In response, Cindy let out a sarcastic laugh.

Seeing her smirk, Christy became even angrier.

A slap was about to come crashing down on Cindy again, but was intercepted by Wendy.

"Mom, let's talk this out calmly." Wendy signaled Christy with her eyes.

Christy withdrew her hand in disgruntlement.

Wendy placed the beers on the table, "Mom, Cindy, let's not fight. You didn't eat dinner yet, did you? I brought some new dishes from our restaurant for you to try. Maybe you can learn something, and our restaurant can improve."

Wendy set the to-go food containers on the table and poured Cindy a glass of beer, "Cindy, I know it's tough for you to help out at home. I have to work, and I can't help. You're doing a lot for our restaurant."

Christy wanted to interject but was silenced by Wendy's glare.

Wendy raised a glass, "To Cindy, let's forget the past and move on."

Having said that, Wendy downed her drink.

Cindy, suspicious, watched Wendy. She seemed to have changed, which was strange.

“What? Don’t want to drink the toast I offered?” Wendy asked, raising an eyebrow.

Cindy glanced at her beer. She had a good tolerance, so one drink was no bother.

Still filled with doubts, she slowly finished her drink.

As soon as she put down her glass, her head started to swell, and she fell face-first onto the table.

This was the last thing Cindy remembered from last night.

Cindy clenched her fists, her nails digging into her palms.

By now, was there anything else she did not understand?

She had likely been fooled by her own mother and sister.

According to her memory, though she didn’t get a good look at the man’s face.

He was young and had a good build, and his voice was attractive.

He wasn’t the type who would need to resort to such a method to find a woman.

“Miss, we’re here, that’s 47 dollars,” said the taxi driver, pulling over to stop.

Cindy quickly paid the fare and entered the building.