

For Dinner 41

Chapter 41: Turning one's face and disowning someone

Morgan Clarke stared defiantly at Adrian Zhekova and said, "No one else can taste it, you're only lucky today to have a bite. You won't get it in the future!"

Adrian Zhekova: '

Hehe!

After arranging Adrian Zhekova properly, Cindy Clarke put on an apron and went to the kitchen to prepare.

Adrian Zhekova heard the sound of things being arranged in the kitchen and looked back at Morgan Zhekova. His little chubby hands were holding cookies, his mouth full of crumbs.

" Adrian Zhekova thought to himself, how is this kid such a foodie? He lowered his voice and asked, "You said in the headmaster's office earlier that Cindy was framed by someone. What's going on?"

Morgan Zhekova looked up at him in surprise: "Why are you asking about our Cindy?"

Hmph!

He must have ulterior motives for their Cindy.

He's not going to say!

Adrian Zhekova: '

Back at the nursery, he said Uncle, you're so nice.

Now he's changed his face and doesn't recognize anyone.

This ungrateful little brat!

"I helped you teach Arthur Woods a lesson at the nursery before, and now you're not even answering my questions?" Adrian Zhekova directly took away all the cookies that Morgan Zhekova had placed on his lap earlier.

See if you can eat!

"Do you know what gratitude is?" Adrian Zhekova raised his chin slightly.

Morgan Zhekova snorted, "Our teacher said that you shouldn't expect anything in return for doing good deeds."

As he said that, he stealthily stretched out his chubby little hand to try to grab a cookie.

Adrian Zhekova quickly moved the biscuit box behind his back to block it.

Morgan Zhekova puffed up his little face.

He thought, how could you, an adult, fight with a child for cookies!

"That homeroom Teacher Linda from your class?" Adrian Zhekova scoffed and raised an eyebrow, "She doesn't even know you ran out of the nursery, and she's all for Arthur Woods. Are you sure about what she said?"

Morgan Zhekova:

Uncle, you make a lot of sense.

Even though he knew that what he said was not wrong at all, being pointed out by Adrian Zhekova made it seem completely wrong.

Adrian Zhekova's expression changed suddenly, and he asked, "Is Cindy not nice to you?"

Morgan Zhekova glared at him angrily, like a little tiger: "Cindy is so nice to me! Don't you frame her!"

Morgan Zhekova lowered his head, playing with his chubby little hand: "When I was in Cindy's womb, other girls were still in college. She could have chosen not to give birth to me, avoiding the burden. She could have had a normal life going to school, dating, being with the man she loved."

Adrian Zhekova narrowed his eyes: "Does she have someone she likes?" Morgan Zhekova glanced at him disdainfully: "I meant if she didn't have me."

"Cindy could have given me up entirely, and her life would have been easier. But she gave birth to me, and still gave me such a good life. She has to take care of me by herself, and it's tough."

"I'm lucky that Cindy has never let me live the difficult life that many children with single mothers face. Cindy works hard to make money, providing me with a big house, sending me to an expensive nursery, and making sure I'm not worse off than anyone else."

"But what about Cindy? She has no life of her own because of me. Since I can remember, I've never seen her go out for fun. Whenever she has time off, she spends it with me. I know it's because of me that even though Cindy is still so young, she never thinks about dating or liking anyone."

"She's afraid it would neglect me, afraid I'd be wronged, afraid that the other party wouldn't treat me well." Morgan Zhekova hung his head weakly and said, "If I didn't exist, she could like anyone without the burden, without having to consider so much.."

Chapter 42: Uncle, please make a fingerprint

He didn't want to tie down Cindy Clarke's life and let her always be lonely.

Adrian Zhekova never thought that even at such a young age, Morgan Zhekova could have such mature thoughts.

It might be because he and Cindy relied on each other, pushing him to grow up even faster.

"Since you understand so much, you must not want Cindy to be misunderstood. Just like the mean things Nelly Woods said about her today." However, Morgan Zhekova still couldn't compare to the cunning of Adrian Zhekova.

"You don't want people to misunderstand her as being loose, do you?" Adrian Zhekova never dreamed that he would one day use reverse psychology on a four-year-old child.

"Cindy isn't like that!" Morgan Zhekova puffed up his face angrily.

"Yeah, I've heard you say she was framed." Adrian Zhekova said while bringing the cookies back.

He handed Morgan Zhekova a cookie: "Eat a cookie, and tell me slowly how she was framed."

"Anyway, you've already started talking about it and let me know that she was framed. It wouldn't hurt to tell me the whole story in detail." Adrian Zhekova coaxed.

"Once I know the truth, I'll know how to back her up when Cindy is bullied again." Adrian Zhekova's smile became even gentler.

Little did he know that Morgan Zhekova was quietly giving him three words in his heart.

Old Fox.

Adrian Zhekova, who knew nothing about this, continued to smile and said, "Otherwise, if I don't know anything and say something wrong when backing her up, won't I be slapped in the face?"

Morgan Zhekova didn't feel conflicted at all.

He was waiting for Adrian Zhekova to say this.

Since Adrian Zhekova already knew about Cindy being framed, telling him everything would not cause any loss.

And he could have such a big support.

Adrian Zhekova himself said that he would back Cindy up from now on, which was not the same as Morgan Zhekova shamelessly clinging to Adrian Zhekova before.

So, Morgan Zhekova looked uncertainly at Adrian Zhekova: "Will you keep your word? If I tell you how Cindy was framed, will you always back her up? No matter what happens, you'll back her up?"

Even though Morgan Zhekova was so young, he confirmed everything he could think of with Adrian Zhekova.

He was afraid that Adrian Zhekova would find loopholes and stop backing Cindy up in certain situations.

However, he was still only four years old, and no matter how much he thought about it, he couldn't cover all possibilities.

But Adrian Zhekova didn't say anything. His eyes were gentle as he looked at Morgan Zhekova, and a soft feeling stirred in his chest.

This little guy, even though he was so young, was always striving to protect Cindy.

He thought if this little ziv was really his son, it would actually be pretty good. "Yes, as long as you tell me how she was framed and what exactly happened. In the future, no matter what happens, I'll always back her up." Adrian Zhekova was not perfunctory but made a serious promise to Morgan Zhekova.

"Wait a second." Morgan Zhekova said, then suddenly jumped off the couch and went back to his room.

After a while, he came back with a piece of white paper and a box of colored pencils.

He found a black pencil in the box, then lay down on the coffee table to write.

It took a long while for him to finish writing, then he handed the paper to

Adrian Zhekova: "Uncle, stamp your fingerprint here."

Adrian Zhekova took the paper and saw what he had written.

Since Morgan Zhekova didn't know many characters yet, he wrote in a mixture of Pinyin and characters.

With great effort, Adrian Zhekova finally deciphered what was written..

Chapter 43: Don't Worry About These Details

[Adrian Zhekova promises Morgan Clarke, as long as Morgan tells Adrian the truth about Cindy Clarke being framed, Adrian will always support Cindy no matter what happens to her.]

Of course, most of the words on the paper are in pinyin, with only a few Chinese characters.

Morgan does not have ink, so she takes out a red crayon, smears the pad of her index finger with it, and then presses it heavily onto the paper, making a fingerprint.

“That should do it!” Morgan shows Adrian the red crayon in her hand.

Adrian also follows Morgan’s example, smears his own index finger, and presses a fingerprint on the paper.

And then, these two little foxes, each with their own plans, look at each other with satisfaction and smile.

Morgan keeps this agreement properly.

After getting back, she grabs another cracker and then says to Adrian, “I also found out about it by secretly listening to Cindy talking to my godmother.”

“Cindy’s mother and sister, apparently needed money to open a restaurant or something, so they drugged Cindy and brought her to a hotel or something.” Morgan is young and does not understand everything clearly.

But Adrian is able to analyze it from Morgan’s words.

Simply put, Cindy’s mother and sister drugged her and sent her to a stranger man.

But Adrian is very sure that he did not go to make such a transaction with anyone at that time.

At this moment, Morgan says, “I heard Cindy tell her godmother that after she was framed, she ran back home and happened to overhear her mother and sister’s conversation outside the door.”

“Her sister mentioned that the man was older and very fat and sleazy. But Cindy said the man she remembered looked young, and although she didn’t know his appearance, he was definitely not fat or sleazy.”

“So, Cindy guessed that maybe something went wrong in the middle.” Morgan suddenly puffs out her chest, “I don’t think it’s just a possibility, I’m sure it is.”

Seeing Adrian raise his eyebrows, Morgan thinks he doesn’t understand and explains, “Look at me, I’m so good-looking. How could my dad be ugly?”

Adrian, who is judged by Morgan to have poor moral character, has no idea about this. He just asks, “Didn’t Cindy say earlier that your dad died from a terminal illness?”

Morgan waves her hand boldly, “Well, she wasn’t talking about you. Don’t worry about these little details!”

Adrian: ‘

Morgan looks at Adrian seriously, “So, Cindy is not a careless person. She was the victim. But even though I was not born out of love or anticipation, she still gave birth to me.”

“She never thinks I’m a burden and doesn’t dislike me just because I’m an accident.” Morgan says with her head down, “I think, if other people encountered the same thing, they may not want to have the baby at all, and even resent the baby.”

“If they don’t abort the baby, they might vent their anger on the child after giving birth. Or even abandon the child. And even if they raise the child, every time they see the child, they’d be reminded of their own victimization, and would be unable to love the child.”

“But Cindy loves me so much. She never lets me know the truth of what happened back then if it weren’t for eavesdropping. She gives me everything she can. She tries her best to let me be no different from other children. Anything other kids have, she will give me as long as she can..”

Chapter 44: Plum Roast Chicken

“Cindy is a good girl, too good to make people feel sorry for her.” Morgan raised her little face, “So, don’t listen to what Arthur Woods’s mom says and misunderstand Cindy.”

Adrian Zhekova felt as if something was stuck in his throat, and after a long while, he said hoarsely, “Okay.”

Cindy was unaware of the conversation between Adrian Zhekova and Morgan in the living room.

She was busy preparing dinner.

After all, it was to thank Adrian Zhekova.

Whether it was him contacting her when Morgan left the nursery alone, giving her exceptions in the Cooking Competition registration, or suddenly appearing at the nursery today to support them.

Cindy was well aware that Adrian Zhekova didn’t have to stand up for them.

For someone he had only met once, Adrian Zhekova had no such obligation.

But he was there.

If it weren’t for Adrian Zhekova today, there was no way that they could have handled Nelly Woods so easily.

The Headmaster wouldn’t have taken their side either.

So, Cindy was very grateful to Adrian Zhekova.

She really wanted to repay him, not just to sound nice, but she just didn't know what Adrian Zhekova might be interested in.

Adrian Zhekova had given her this opportunity, she naturally wanted to put her heart into making dinner.

Cindy prepared the ingredients in the house, ordered the ones she didn't have on the online supermarket, and in less than an hour, someone delivered them.

It was even faster than going to the Supermarket herself.

There was plum sauce she had made in the refrigerator.

Morgan liked it, especially when she dipped roasted chicken in it.

This time, Cindy planned to use the plum sauce instead of honey to spread on the roast chicken surface.

She first marinated the chicken, fearing that the taste wouldn't be strong enough for the afternoon, she deliberately increased the amount of sauce slightly.

The sauce was mixed with fresh plums and then cooked, and the plums in the sauce were mashed to make the plum juice more intense.

The sweet and sour fruit aroma of the plums could be smelled in the living room, and Adrian Zhekova decisively abandoned Morgan, going straight to the kitchen.

Morgan immediately followed behind Adrian Zhekova, determined to be an uncomplaining and unrepentant light bulb, illuminating the entire room.

Unfortunately, his legs were too short and not fast enough.

Adrian Zhekova opened the kitchen door and stepped in, blocking Morgan out in the last second.

Morgan: ‘

“What are you making? It smells delicious.” Adrian Zhekova walked over to Cindy.

Adrian Zhekova’s voice suddenly sounded beside her, startling Cindy.

She subconsciously turned to look, but she didn’t expect Adrian Zhekova to be standing so close.

As she looked up, she saw Adrian Zhekova’s lowered face.

Not knowing if it was due to the nervousness causing an illusion, Cindy felt that Adrian Zhekova’s face was way too close to her.

Accidentally, they might touch each other.

Cindy hurriedly lowered her head, her uneasy cheeks turned red, “I’m making a plum roast chicken.”

“Plum roast chicken?” Adrian Zhekova had really never tried it before.

Cindy quickly focused on the cutting board in front of her, but as soon as she lowered her head, she revealed her blushing ears.

Adrian Zhekova looked at her and couldn’t help but lower his head, wanting to get even closer.

Cindy continued, unaware, “Since it’s hot now, I thought I’d make something sweet and sour to whet the appetite.”

As she spoke, Cindy stuffed all the mashed plum meat that had been marinated in the sauce into the chicken's belly.

She also put two slices of lemon inside.

"Because the marinating time is short, this is the only way to get the flavor in," Cindy explained with her head down..

Chapter 45: Don 't Even Think About Helping

"When the oven heats up, it will also seep the flavor of the plums and lemon into the chicken." Cindy said, "Chicken is the mildest flavored meat among all."

"Lamb has a strong smell, beef tastes bloody, and pork has a slightly unpleasant taste. The taste of chicken itself is not so distinct, so it easily absorbs the flavor of the ingredients paired with it."

As she spoke about cooking, Cindy began to talk more and more: "So, the lemon can remove the slight unpleasant taste of the chicken, and the chicken can absorb the sour and sweet aroma of the plums. When you take a bite of the chicken, you'll taste the sweet and sour aroma of the plums, which is very refreshing. "

Adrian Zhekova was enticed by Cindy's description and felt like he could already taste the delicious sweet and sour flavor.

"Do you need any help?" Adrian asked.

"No, thank you," Cindy hastily replied.

As she looked up again, she saw Adrian's head even lower.

Her lips had almost just brushed against his chin.

Cindy's heart raced.

Feeling flushed, she quickly stepped back two steps.

Unexpectedly, her foot slipped, and she fell down.

When Cindy began to fall, Adrian effortlessly caught her with his long arm.

However, the force he used was "accidentally" a bit too strong.

Before Cindy could stand still, Adrian pulled her directly against his chest.

Her nose and lips were pressed tightly against his chest.

Adrian didn't feel any pain from her bumping into him.

On the contrary, he felt as if a feather had lightly swept the tip of his heart when her soft touch landed on his chest.

It made him feel tingling all over, as if a current was running through his heart.

Just like the feeling he had at the door earlier.

Adrian's hand holding her waist was about to tighten, but suddenly it was pushed away by Cindy.

Adrian naturally let her go, only his hand clenched wistfully.

Adrian couldn't help but think how fine Cindy's waist was.

While his arm was around her, he could hardly feel her waist, as thin as if it could slip away.

Cindy quickly stepped back two steps.

"I'm sorry, I just lost my balance." She really didn't do it on purpose.

No cuddling!

Cindy thought, maybe Adrian had encountered such situations before.

She didn't want Adrian to mistake her for a casual woman.

"It's okay," Adrian said gently, displaying incredibly good temper.

Cindy couldn't help but recall the female employee at his company who claimed Adrian had a bad temper when she delivered food at lunchtime.

She felt he seemed to have a pretty good temper. There was nothing wrong with it.

"It's embarrassing for you to do this alone. If there's anything I can help with, just let me know."

Adrian "considerately" changed the topic and freed Cindy from the awkward atmosphere.

"Really, it's alright. You're a guest, I can't ask you to help," Cindy quickly said.

The house Cindy bought was not small, and the kitchen was not small either.

In the center of the kitchen, there was a long bar, which was convenient for Cindy's regular video shoots.

There was plenty of space, but as soon as Adrian stood there, it felt cramped.

It was as if the whole space was filled with him.

Adrian's presence was too strong, making her feel uncomfortable.

"Besides, today is all about thanking you," Cindy said with a smile, "You don't have to help, just wait for dinner."

Cindy was about to take the opportunity to open the door and usher Adrian out..

Chapter 46: Why Did You Lock Me Out?

Just at this moment, Morgan Clarke knocked on the door from outside: "Cindy." Cindy sighed in relief and hurriedly opened the door.

Morgan Clarke stood with his hands on his hips and asked, "Uncle, why did you lock me out?"

Adrian Zhekova walked out and picked up Morgan Clarke as he went: "Really? I didn't see you."

Adrian Zhekova lowered his head and stretched out his palm, measuring it above Morgan Clarke's head.

The little boy barely reached his own thigh.

“You’re too short,” Adrian Zhekova said, bending down to emphasize how short Morgan Clarke really was.

He had to bend down so far just to see Morgan Clarke.

Morgan Clarke: “...”

Ha, it would be a wonder if I let you be alone with Cindy!

“Uncle, come and play with me!” Morgan Clarke said maliciously. Cindy took the opportunity to say, “Well, I’ll leave Morgan to you.” Then, Cindy instructed Morgan Clarke, “Don’t be naughty with Uncle.”

“Don’t worry,” Morgan Clarke said as he took Adrian Zhekova’s hand. “Uncle, come watch Patrick Star with me.”

So, just as Adrian Zhekova was wondering what Patrick Star was, Morgan Clarke pulled him in front of the television to watch the cartoon about the starfish, showing no emotion on his face.

Adrian Zhekova felt that he had become a playmate without any emotions.

Morgan Clarke secretly yawned.

He didn’t like this cartoon either. It was too childish.

It was purely to get back at Adrian Zhekova.

He liked seeing Adrian Zhekova forcing himself to watch something he didn’t like.

However, Morgan Clarke was also punishing himself in the process.

He didn't like it either!

As he watched the childish scenes in the cartoon, Morgan Clarke's eyes gradually became heavy.

Finally, his head dropped onto Adrian Zhekova's arm with a "thump."

Adrian Zhekova looked down at him. This kid didn't like the cartoon but insisted on watching it with him.

How silly?

After Morgan Clarke fell asleep, Adrian Zhekova gently picked him up.

He pushed open the first bedroom door and smelled a familiar fragrance in the room.

It was the fragrance of Cindy.

Looking at the decorations in the room, he could tell it was Cindy's.

Cindy's room was simply decorated, with mostly neutral colors.

Other than the dressing table, there were hardly any feminine items in the room.

Even though Adrian had never seen another woman's room, he knew it shouldn't be like this.

Adrian Zhekova gently closed the door and entered another room, which was Morgan Clarke's room.

He lay Morgan Clarke down on the car-shaped bed, and only then surveyed the room.

In Morgan Clarke's room, there was a special cabinet filled with his toys.

There were Gundams and different Lego sets that boys would like.

Each of these Lego sets was not cheap.

With a cabinet full of them, it was clear how spoiled Morgan Clarke was by Cindy.

Moreover, she was willing to spend money on her child.

This also proved that life with Cindy was pretty good for Morgan Clarke.

Not many children had the same conditions as Morgan Clarke.

Adrian Zhekova knew that, as a food blogger of Cain Velman's level, Cindy made a lot of money.

Maybe not super wealthy, but definitely reaching the middle class.

There was no need for her to scheme for more money.

Adrian Zhekova looked down at Morgan Clarke.

Everyone said he looked like him.

At first, he didn't give it much thought.

But with new information, Adrian Zhekova found that the child's features really did resemble his.

Adrian Zhekova looked closely, noticing two strands of hair stuck to the collar

of Morgan Clarke's clothes..

Chapter 47: Two Strands of Hair

The delicate and soft appearance was obviously Morgan's.

Adrian carefully removed the two strands of hair without waking up Morgan. He then took out a handkerchief from his suit, wrapped the two strands of hair carefully, and put them away.

With light footsteps, he left the bedroom and closed the door for Morgan.

Cindy spread plum sauce all over the surface of the chicken before putting it into the rotating oven to roast.

While the chicken was roasting, she took out the soy milk machine and made some soy milk.

Then, she put the cleaned crucian carp in a frying pan, fried both sides until golden brown, and put it into a casserole with a few pieces of tofu to slowly simmer over low heat.

The soup gradually turned white, but as time passed, the amount of soup decreased.

At this moment, the soy milk came in handy.

Cindy occasionally added some soy milk to the casserole, making the taste even richer and the color creamier.

Afterwards, she washed three oranges, planning to make Crab Stuffed Orange.

This was her first time making it, and she didn't know how good it would taste.

Crab Stuffed Orange was a dish recorded in ancient books and had become a famous dish, although it was not commonly seen in restaurants.

She had seen the recipe for it in the cookbook she took from home five years ago.

However, Cindy slightly modified the recipe for a home-style version.

She cut off the top of each orange, leaving a little flesh on top, hollowed out the orange and left some flesh on the peel. This was to ensure that the flavor of orange could penetrate the crab meat when steaming.

She separated the crab meat, crab paste, and crab roe, and stir-fried them with orange juice, orange flesh, rice vinegar, and sweet wine.

When the mixture had cooled, she prepared some green vegetables. After the crab mixture had cooled, she put it back into the oranges and steamed them for 10 minutes.

By the time the chicken was finished roasting, with Cindy applying the plum sauce several times during the cooking.

The roasted chicken, with the refreshing fragrance of plum sauce and a tempting caramel color, looked crispy and delicious.

Cindy put the roasted chicken on the table, along with a pair of scissors to cut the chicken.

She placed the casserole of fish soup, the green vegetables, and all the other dishes on the dining table.

Morgan had already woken up earlier and felt a bit resentful that Adrian had been so sneaky when she found herself lying in bed.

At this moment, Morgan sat expectantly in her chair, looking at the meticulously prepared dishes on the table.

Adrian could see that Cindy had put a lot of effort into preparing this meal.

When Cindy finally brought the Crab Stuffed Orange to each person, Adrian looked surprised, “Crab Stuffed Orange?”

Thinking of Adrian’s culinary empire, Cindy became a bit nervous, “Yes, this is my first time making it. Would you like a taste?”

Now, Cindy felt like she was showing off her skills in front of an expert.

Even though Adrian did not cook himself, he had a lot of knowledge about food.

Adrian took food very seriously.

“Alright.” Adrian smiled, lifted the orange lid and took a bite of the crab meat.

The crab meat was warm, mixed with the rich fragrance of crab roe and the jelly-like texture of crab paste.

Soon after, the sour and sweet taste of the orange spread in his mouth, while the vinegar and sweet wine balanced the richness of the crab paste and crab roe.

“Hmm?” Adrian was surprised, feeling the popping bubbles in his mouth. He searched the crab meat, “Is it orange flesh?”

“Yes, I separated the orange flesh into individual pieces and mixed it in. This way, the texture is more delicate, and you’ll experience the sensation of popping bubbles unexpectedly.” Cindy explained with a smile.

Adrian didn't say whether it tasted good or not, leaving Cindy feeling anxious.

He then calmly served Cindy and Morgan a bowl of fish soup each before serving himself.

After that, under Cindy's nervous yet expectant gaze, Adrian took a sip.

"The soup has a rich bean flavor with a fresh and rich taste. There's no fishy smell." Adrian relaxed his eyebrows, seemingly enjoying the soup, "The color of the soup is whiter than usual.."

Chapter 48: Feeling Guilty, Aren 't You?

After taking a bite, Adrian Zhekova discovered that the fish soup had a lingering sweetness, which subtly emanated from the rich bean aroma, surprising and delighting his senses.

While he tasted the dish, Cindy Clarke had already cut open the chicken with a

pair of scissors.

As the chicken was cut open, the plums and lemons wrapped inside spilled out, their fragrance becoming even more pronounced without the chicken's enclosure.

Awarding Morgan Clarke a large chicken leg, Adrian Zhekova took a piece close to the chicken breast.

This particular part was dry and hard to cook well, and it was an excellent showcase of one's culinary skills.

Unexpectedly, the first bite revealed a crispy and paper-thin skin, toasted to perfection.

The caramel-colored skin carried the rich aroma of plum sauce.

The sauce had infiltrated the chicken, and together with the meat's juices, it melted in the mouth.

Adrian Zhekova couldn't believe that the chicken breast wasn't dry at all but, instead, was juicy and paired well with the sweet and sour plums and lemon flavors, without being greasy.

It even had a taste reminiscent of summer.

Adrian Zhekova couldn't help but smile and turned to Cindy Clarke, saying, "I take back what I said at noon – you will undoubtedly stand out in the competition."

After hearing Morgan's words in the afternoon, Adrian Zhekova now knew why Cindy Clarke didn't want to show her face.

She was afraid her family would see her and cause her trouble.

She might not be afraid of trouble, but she didn't want to get involved for no reason, especially now that she had Morgan Clarke.

She wasn't afraid for herself, but she didn't want Morgan to get hurt.

"Leave the matter of not showing your face after advancing to me," said Adrian Zhekova.

Finally hearing his feedback, Cindy Clarke let out a sigh of relief and couldn't help but complain, "Why didn't you say it was delicious earlier? You deliberately kept me in suspense, making me worry that you didn't find it tasty."

Although it was a complaint, in Adrian Zhekova's eyes, she seemed more like pouting, with a hint of coquettishness.

That glance made his heart itch.

Adrian Zhekova's fingertips trembled, and his voice became slightly hoarse.

He covered his mouth with a cough, cleared his throat, and said, "It's delicious,

I just didn't expect that you were waiting for my review."

Cindy Clarke muttered, "This meal is my treat for you, of course, I want to know if you like it."

Adrian Zhekova couldn't help but smile, "I like it very much."

After dinner, Adrian Zhekova did not plan to stay any longer and excused himself.

Cindy Clarke also let out a sigh of relief.

Adrian Zhekova glanced over and saw Morgan Clarke gathering all the snacks Cindy had made for him, as if afraid that Adrian would snatch them away.

Noticing Adrian looking over, Morgan became instantly alert.

Adrian Zhekova curved his lips and asked, "Are all these snacks handmade by you? They're delicious."

Hearing this, Cindy Clarke politely said, "Do you like them? Why not take some with you?"

Adrian Zhekova looked at Morgan, who was tense, and then smiled and nodded, "Sure. I don't usually like snacks, but yours are delicious."

Naturally, Cindy Clarke was delighted to hear this and immediately packed up all the snacks for Adrian Zhekova to take away.

Adrian Zhekova then pretended to ask, “Now that I’ve taken them away, does that mean Morgan has none left?”

Morgan Clarke hurriedly nodded to Cindy:

Cindy Clarke laughed and said, “It’s okay; I can make some more for him.”

“Alright.” Adrian Zhekova immediately agreed, “After I finish these, can you make some more for me?”

Cindy Clarke hadn’t expected that Adrian Zhekova, who didn’t like snacks, was already thinking about what would happen after he finished eating. She said, “Of course, you can ask me anytime.”

Adrian Zhekova finally left, satisfied and carrying both the food and the snacks.

Morgan Clarke felt that Adrian Zhekova must have done it on purpose.

He could sense Adrian Zhekova’s deep malice towards him.

After watching Adrian Zhekova enter the elevator, Cindy Clarke closed the door.

She thought for a moment and then sent a message to Peggy Lewis on Whatsapp to tell her that she had already signed up for the Cooking Competition.

Next, she logged onto Facebook.

After just one day without checking, the voices questioning her fraud not only didn’t decrease, but they became more and more numerous. “Cain Velman has been silent all along; must be feeling guilty!”

Voices like this were also growing in number..

Chapter 49: Confronting Head-on

Cindy saw it and went to the Cooking Competition registration page. After logging in, the backend displayed her registration status.

Cindy screenshot the page and covered her personal information with a mosaic before posting it on Facebook.

Cain Velman: “Already registered for the Pingla Cup Cooking Competition. Am I fake? Let the strength speak for itself.”

Peggy Lewis immediately came out to cheer for Cindy: “That’s right! Go Cindy! Some people have been bouncing with joy these past few days, they know how many fake supporters they have! Cindy doesn’t speak because she’s uncertain; she just doesn’t care!”

Knight Melanie Ice: “Wow, Cindy actually signed up for the Pingla Cup Cooking

Competition. I must go watch it live!”

Lonesome: “I heard that after auditions, there will be a live broadcast on both the Internet and TV. I can’t go to Belfard. I’ll watch the live broadcast at home.”

“Cain Velman just registered; we don’t know if she can advance yet. She’s talking tough now, but what if she’s embarrassed later on.”

“A food blogger, an amateur cook who just takes videos and edits them so they look good. We can’t say for sure about the taste. I wouldn’t want her to participate in this major competition and get embarrassed.”

“Besides, every competition has professional students from the Pingla Culinary Academy participating. Which time hasn’t the Academy’s students swept the field? Cain Velman better not go just to be cannon fodder.”

Peggy Lewis couldn’t stand this and directly hit back: “You haven’t even tasted Cain Velman’s cuisine! What are you blindly talking about? If Cain Velman advances, that’s when you’ll be embarrassed!”

Cindy’s face grew cold; she didn’t have a good temper.

She posted again: “No matter how my culinary skills are, I dare to sign up for this major competition. Does Zoe Silverstone dare to?”

Anyone who understood the situation knew it was Zoe Silverstone who provoked it.

But without conclusive evidence, no one could say anything.

Nobody thought that Cindy would be so blunt and directly mention Zoe Silverstone’s name.

If it were anyone else, they would only hint at it vaguely, never directly naming like Cindy did.

Didn’t Zoe Silverstone also first find her online trolls to slander Cain Velman and then pretend to step on Cain Velman, elevating herself?

Zoe Silverstone never directly stepped on Cain Velman; the netizens did it for her.

Zoe Silverstone just didn’t deny it.

But Cain Velman actually confronted her directly!

Peggy Lewis found it extremely satisfying: “Hahahaha! Our Cindy is so bold! Zoe Silverstone, if you have the guts, confront her directly! You sneaking around, don’t you find yourself disgusting? Cindy dares to register for the competition, do you?”

Cain Velman’s fans saw that she was so bold, not showing any signs of insecurity as some people said.

So, the fans gained confidence too.

Violet Davis: “Yeah, Zoe Silverstone, if you have the guts, go sign up and actually compete with our Cindy. Videos can be faked, but the judges can’t be faked, right?”

Dazed-Goofball: “Hahahaha, our Cindy is so bold!”

Kacey Harris 1300: “To those who said Cindy is insecure, face slap? Our Cindy is not insecure; she’s preparing a big move for you!”

Cindy looked at the screen, really looking forward to Zoe Silverstone signing up.

She stopped paying attention to the rest.

Switching to Whatsapp, she just received a new message from Peggy Lewis.

She initially thought Peggy would ask about the Cooking Competition registration, but she didn’t expect Peggy to say: “Cindy, what’s going on with you and Adrian Zhekova?”

Cindy: “...What do you mean what’s going on?”

Peggy Lewis: “Don’t pretend you don’t know. I originally wanted to see you this afternoon, but I saw you, Adrian Zhekova, and Morgan Zhekova together at the Convenience Store in front of your Residential Area. You guys looked like a family of three..”

Chapter 50: Is Morgan Zhekova really not related to him?

Cindy almost spat out the tea in her mouth.

It took her a great effort to swallow it down, nearly choking herself in the process.

“Wha...What family of three!” Cindy was shocked.

“Didn’t you notice? Morgan looks so much like Adrian Zhekova, like they were cut from the same mold.” Peggy Lewis replied.

“I didn’t notice.” Cindy really hadn’t noticed.

She was always nervous around Adrian Zhekova.

She didn’t dare to look him in the eye, let alone notice if he looked like Morgan or not.

“They really look alike!” Peggy Lewis said with certainty. “When I saw them, I was stunned. Cindy, I know my guess might be a bit outrageous, but do you think there’s any chance... that Adrian Zhekova is Morgan’s father?”

Peggy Lewis herself thought this guess was a bit far-fetched.

But the resemblance between Adrian Zhekova and Morgan made her unable to resist guessing that way.

“How’s that possible!” Cindy thought it was too far-fetched. “Come on, don’t joke around!”

As Peggy Lewis herself felt that the matter was quite... dreamlike, she didn't insist on believing it after mentioning it.

Thinking too much might make her delusional, which wouldn't be good.

So, Peggy Lewis asked again: "By the way, how did you get together with Adrian Zhekova? You even went to the convenience store together to buy things."

This wasn't something that could be done with just any ordinary relationship.

"Morgan got into a fight with his friends at the nursery, and he ran out of the nursery by himself. He happened to bump into Adrian Zhekova, and that's how they got to know each other. And coincidentally, I went to deliver food to Pingla Group today, with Morgan in tow, and he ran into Adrian again."

"That's just too much of a coincidence." Peggy Lewis thought this was incredibly coincidental. "Wait, Morgan got into a fight? Was he injured? When did this happen?"

Cindy thought to herself, this was the normal reaction someone should have when concerned about Morgan.

Peggy Lewis didn't know about it when she came last night, and Cindy hadn't told her.

Now that it was brought up, Peggy Lewis had put her questions about Adrian Zhekova aside and was more concerned about Morgan first.

Meanwhile, at the nursery, neither Teacher Linda nor the headmaster took the initiative to ask about Morgan's situation.

"It happened yesterday." Cindy briefly explained the situation to Peggy Lewis.

“Why didn’t you tell me about such a big incident? I should’ve gone with you today! What a terrible nursery! What’s the point of that homeroom teacher?!” Peggy Lewis was furious.

“It’s alright, don’t get angry. The issue has been resolved.” Cindy advised.

Cindy mentioned how Adrian Zhekova had helped: “So, to thank him, I made dinner for him. Otherwise, I really wouldn’t know what else to offer.”

Cindy never hid anything from Peggy Lewis.

Peggy Lewis stroked her chin and squinted, “That’s not right. Although I don’t know Adrian Zhekova, him being the heir to the Zhekova family, when did he become so kind-hearted? That’s not normal.

Peggy Lewis pondered for a moment and asked again, “Is Morgan really not related to him?”

Unexpectedly, the conversation circled back to the same topic.

“Of course, there’s no relationship,” Cindy said firmly.

Actually, what Peggy Lewis wanted to say was that at the beginning, Cindy herself didn’t even see clearly who the other party was.

What if it was indeed Adrian Zhekova?

Although, even saying that, they themselves would find it hard to believe.

“Never mind, this matter is to your advantage anyway. As long as he’s willing to help, it’s fine. But don’t be taken advantage of.” Peggy Lewis advised..