

For Dinner 71

Chapter 71: Scumbag CEO Seeks Revenge

Sheldon Rowland:

Did you just want to tell me this?

So it means I can only look, but not eat.

Sheldon Rowland seriously suspects that it's because he previously showed off his keen eyes and presented himself as more gentlemanly and considerate than Adrian Zhekova in front of Cindy Clarke, so the scumbag CEO is holding a grudge against him!

Sheldon Rowland quietly sniffed and left Adrian Zhekova's office with teary eyes.

Cindy Clarke thought to herself, it seemed like Sheldon Rowland really wanted to eat as well.

She decided to bring a portion for Sheldon Rowland next time.

With that thought, Cindy Clarke opened the food container in front of her, which came from "Quire".

The food container was divided into sections, with each dish occupying one.

Each section had the name of the dish attached.

The color of each dish was simply eye-catching.

The jade-green soft skin wrapped around lobster meat, topped with a small bunch of black truffle, and a golden foil decoration.

Cindy Clarke thought that this dish seemed to be full of the taste of money.

Another section had abalone in aspic, accompanied by crispy fried corn fritters topped with Wagyu beef cubes.

Cindy Clarke felt that she had really seen a lot of the world today.

She knew that a Michelin Three Star Restaurant would normally require at least one month's advance reservation, and it might not even guarantee a reservation, let alone takeout meals.

If it weren't for Adrian Zhekova's orders, "Quire" would never provide it. Just as she was thinking about this, Cindy Clarke saw Adrian Zhekova starting to eat.

After he scooped up a spoonful of fried rice, Cindy Clarke introduced it: "I fried the rice with shrimp roe to get this orange-yellow color."

"No wonder it has a sweet and fresh taste." Adrian Zhekova nodded.

Adrian Zhekova mixed a spoonful of fried rice with the dry-braised shrimp, and the taste was surprisingly good.

Under the smoked salmon on the side, there was a mixture of vegetables. Adrian Zhekova cut open the egg, and the thick yolk flowed out, mixing with the mayonnaise and the salmon and the vegetables underneath.

The tender salmon, accompanied by its unique texture and fat, blended with the creamy yolk, and the delicate taste made Adrian Zhekova involuntarily slow down his chewing.

Immediately following that was the crisp vegetables, which alleviated the greasiness of the salmon and the mayonnaise.

“How is it?” Cindy Clarke was too nervous to eat herself, and asked anxiously.

“I think it could be on ‘Quire’s menu too.” Adrian Zhekova praised.

“That’s too exaggerated.” Cindy Clarke felt embarrassed.

“No, I’m telling the truth. Usually, when the high-end restaurants under my name develop new dishes, they let me taste first, and in my opinion, your cooking skills are not inferior at all.”

Adrian Zhekova smiled slightly and suggested, “How about this? As long as I’m at the company, I’ll leave my lunch to you. In exchange, I’ll let you have the lunches from my company’s restaurants. I’ll eat what you cook, and you’ll eat the lunches from the restaurants under my name.”

“Consider it my payment for your meals,” Adrian Zhekova said.

“I didn’t expect to charge you anything in the first place.” Cindy Clarke was worried about how to repay Adrian Zhekova’s kindness, so taking this opportunity to prepare his lunch would be a good thing even if she had to do it for a long time.

“If we exchange, I’ll still be the one gaining more,” Cindy Clarke said, as the restaurants under Adrian Zhekova’s name were not cheap at all.

Take the meal he prepared for her today, it wouldn’t cost less than a few thousand.

The dishes Cindy Clarke cooked weren’t so expensive.

“This is good for you as well. Aren’t you going to participate in the Cooking Competition? You’re sure to pass the preliminary selection. But after the preliminaries, the opponents you’ll face are not only the other chefs but also students from the Pingla Culinary Academy..”

Chapter 72: The Mind of the Petty

“The level of the students at Pingla Culinary Academy is far from that of ordinary chefs. At the very least, they work in high-end restaurants after graduating, and many of them enter Michelin-starred restaurants.” This is also why the standing of Pingla Culinary Academy is so high.

As long as they graduate from Pingla Culinary Academy, they start at a high level.

If they open their own restaurant, backed by the title of Pingla Culinary Academy graduates, the restaurant also starts high, with a standard of high-end restaurants and Michelin -starred contenders.

“Therefore, during the preliminary round, the students of Pingla Culinary Academy don’t compete with you guys.” Adrian Zhekova said.

Cindy Clarke was surprised; did the students of Pingla Culinary Academy also have the privilege of exemption from exams?

“Of course we wouldn’t let them be exempted from the exams. Even if we know that their level is high, it would still be unfair.” Adrian Zhekova saw Cindy Clarke’s thoughts and explained with a smile.

This left Cindy Clarke feeling awkward, as if she had harbored ulterior motives.

“However, having them compete with you guys is also unfair.” Adrian Zhekova continued with a faint smile, “It’s not blind self-confidence, but they really do possess high skills. Therefore, their preliminary selection comes from within the Pingla Culinary Academy itself.”

“Within the school, they select 10 students. These 10 students, are considered to have passed the preliminary round of the major competition and have been officially promoted.” Adrian Zhekova said, “At that time, the opponents you will face after passing the preliminary round will include them.”

“In addition to the permanent teachers in Pingla Culinary Academy, there are also renowned chefs from all over the world who come to be guest professors at the academy. There have never been any breaks in the various internal competitions in the academy, which serve to motivate the students.”

“I’m telling you this to let you know that because of these renowned visiting chef teachers, the students have a broad perspective. They have seen, tasted, and made many high -end dishes and have used high-end ingredients.”

“Of course, cuisine is not limited to high-end dishes. But as a chef, it’s best to know them all. Especially when facing the students of Pingla Culinary Academy, you can’t have any weaknesses. The Cooking Competition’s questions will involve everything from convenience to high -end refinement.”

“And in terms of high-end refinement, that’s your weak point, as you don’t have much contact with it in your daily life.” Adrian Zhekova said.

Cindy Clarke nodded, admitting this point.

She could make the plate presentation look very beautiful.

But it doesn’t just stop at a nice plate presentation.

There’s also the use of some expensive ingredients.

How to use them so that their characteristics are fully demonstrated, without wasting their value, is important.

When she films videos and works as a private chef, she rarely has a chance to use those expensive ingredients.

After all, users who can afford those expensive ingredients are in the minority.

“So I thought, while we have this opportunity, you should try more. Although the high-end restaurants under the Flag of Pingla may not cover the entire world, they account for a large proportion, and although they can’t represent all the world’s gourmet food, they can represent a significant part.”

Adrian Zhekova's suggestion was indeed very tempting for Cindy Clarke.

Her current weak point is that she has not tasted many high-end cuisines and has had little contact with high-end ingredients.

With the competition approaching, this was indeed an excellent opportunity.

Just like today at noon, the cuisine of Quire really broadened her horizons.

She had already secretly decided not to trouble Adrian Zhekova anymore.

But faced with this proposal, Cindy Clarke still couldn't help but agree..

Chapter 73: This routine seems a bit familiar

"Alright." Cindy nodded.

It was clear that Adrian Zhekova was helping her.

But why was Adrian Zhekova helping her so much?

Cindy was puzzled, and therefore hesitated to accept his assistance.

After all, she and Adrian had no close relationship. Why was he helping her so much?

Don't even say it's just a simple favor.

Why would he do her this favor?

Many people needed his help, so why did he choose only her?

Helping her was a favor, not helping was perfectly justified.

But in reality, there was no favor shared between them.

Feeling uneasy, Cindy finally asked, "Why are you helping me so much?"

Adrian Zhekova was slightly taken aback, as if he hadn't expected Cindy to ask this question.

Why indeed?

Because she might be the mother of his child?

Because he had feelings for her?

Adrian Zhekova looked at Cindy's face.

Indeed, every time he saw her, he couldn't help but want to get closer.

Even if she encountered any difficulties without telling him, he still couldn't help but inquire about the matter and try to resolve it for her.

Adrian Zhekova quietly looked at Cindy for a while, making her feel so pressured that she wanted to avoid his gaze.

"What do you think?" Adrian Zhekova said.

"Cindy thought to herself, if she knew, why would she need to ask him?

Cindy forced a chuckle and then said, "Because Morgan is too cute?"

Adrian Zhekova let out a "heh" and said, "Let's eat.

While eating, Cindy remembered something, "Oh, by the way, I won't be able to deliver lunch to you tomorrow."

"What's the matter?" Adrian Zhekova was unhappy.

How could she stop halfway with her work?

Had she just given up after only one day?

"I received a call from an elderly person yesterday asking me to cook lunch at her home tomorrow. She's having a gathering with friends and heard that my cooking is good, so she wants me to go." Cindy explained.

"I've actually already suspended my private chef business and contacted every customer that I have worked with before, telling them that I'm no longer taking private chef jobs. However, the elderly person said she's quite pitiful.

She doesn't even know if she'll ever have a chance to taste my cooking again."

"They're already so old and might not be able to wait for me to return." Cindy said with difficulty, "Since it's come to this, I want to go cook for them just this once."

"Although it's a bit strange since I didn't use Cain Velman as my private chef name, and even if I did use that name, the elderly person might not know about it. So, in theory, my reputation shouldn't be so great that my services are indispensable."

“But no matter what, I have to go tomorrow.” Cindy said, “That’s what the elderly person has said.”

For some reason, Adrian Zhekova felt that this situation sounded familiar.

“Where will you be going tomorrow?” Adrian Zhekova asked.

So, she just mentioned a nearby and prominent landmark, “It’s in that vicinity.”

Adrian Zhekova:

That location sure seemed familiar too.

Adrian Zhekova lowered his head and saw that there were two Smoked Salmon with Poached Eggs in the food container.

“Why did you make two portions?” Adrian Zhekova asked with a smile.

“I was afraid you wouldn’t be full. There’s only the fried rice and shrimp, which is a bit monotonous.” Cindy explained, “I also made you some crepes, so you can have them if you’re hungry later.”

“I’ll save the crepes for later, but right now, I can’t eat two portions of salmon.” Adrian Zhekova said, and suddenly reached out towards Cindy..

Chapter 74: I Thought It Was My Own

“What?” Cindy Clarke looked at his open palm blankly, not understanding.

Adrian Zhekova directly reached out, taking the spoon and chopsticks from her hand.

When he took them, his hands inevitably touched hers.

Cindy's fingers seemed to be shocked, tingling, making her hand go limp.

Her fingers unconsciously loosened, and she could no longer grasp the chopsticks and spoon.

Fortunately, Adrian Zhekova had already secured her chopsticks and spoon by then.

Adrian then took the salmon, along with the vegetable salad and poached eggs from his food container, using the spoon and chopsticks, and placed them all together in Cindy's container.

"Help me finish this," Adrian casually shared his food with Cindy.

However, he seemed to have forgotten that the chopsticks and spoon were hers.

He naturally took a scoop of fried rice with Cindy's spoon, and picked up a shrimp with her chopsticks, placing it on the fried rice, then stuffed it into his mouth.

Cindy: '

Cindy looked at Adrian in shock, speechless for a long time.

He used her spoon and chopsticks, which hadn't been washed.

After she had just used them, Adrian continued to use them right away, and even shoveled a big mouthful with the spoon!

Didn't this mean he ate her saliva too?

Cindy's head felt like it was going to explode from the heat.

But Adrian seemed completely oblivious and looked at her innocently, "What's wrong? Why aren't you eating?"

Cindy's hand trembled, unable to speak. She could only lower her head in silence, looking at her now-empty hands.

It seemed that Adrian finally realized, "I used your utensils. I'm really sorry, I forgot and thought they were mine."

Adrian quickly returned the spoon and chopsticks to Cindy.

Cindy stared blankly as Adrian smiled and said, "Go ahead and eat."

Cindy: '

His saliva was all over the spoon and chopsticks.

Although hers was there before.

But this was even more embarrassing!

She really wanted to go to the restroom and wash the spoon and chopsticks. But doing that would make her seem too fussy and as if she disliked Adrian.

Adrian didn't mind at all just now.

Although, that was because he had forgotten that he was holding her utensils at the time.

As Cindy struggled with her dilemma, Adrian smiled at her, "Eat, why aren't you eating?"

Cindy: '

She couldn't just tell him she was bothered by his saliva and wanted to wash the utensils, right?

Cindy had no choice but to smile and nod, indicating she would eat.

Then, she steeled herself and used the spoon Adrian had just used to scoop up some salmon and vegetable salad to eat.

Anyway, since his saliva was already on it, eating once, twice, or thrice didn't make a difference.

So Cindy started to give up caring.

Adrian finished his own lunch first.

He hadn't eaten the crepes yet, so he took them out and put them on a separate plate, planning to snack on them when he was hungry later in the afternoon. For the empty food container, Adrian took it to the restroom to wash it clean. Cindy hurried to stop him, "I can take it home and wash it."

"It's fine, I can clean it very thoroughly," Adrian replied, already entering the restroom.

Cindy stopped eating and quickly followed him.

She then saw him turn on the faucet.

It was hard for Cindy to imagine Adrian doing this sort of thing.

But now, she saw the hands that were probably only used for signing documents, washing the food container.

His long, jade-like hands seemed out of place doing this task..

Chapter 75: The Image is Ruined

“Let me do it.” Cindy reached out to take the food container.

Adrian Zhekova immediately dodged to the side, leaving Cindy to grab at nothing, and she nearly lost her balance.

Her hand searched for a place to steady herself but inadvertently landed on Adrian Zhekova’s arm.

Adrian Zhekova looked down at her hand, then met her eyes.

Cindy quickly pulled back her hand, thinking she must be crazy!

“You prepared a delicate lunch for me, so it’s only right that I wash the container, isn’t it?” Adrian Zhekova said with a faint smile.

“But you prepared lunch for me, too.” It was much more precious than what she had given him.

While they were talking, Adrian Zhekova quickly and skillfully washed the container clean.

Then, he stood still.

Cindy looked up at him, puzzled.

Adrian Zhekova raised an eyebrow: "I was about to use the restroom. Do you want to watch?"

Cindy's face turned bright red with embarrassment.

She turned and bolted away as if someone were chasing her.

"Hey, wait a minute." Adrian Zhekova called out from behind her. Cindy had already run out and stopped when she heard his voice, feeling extremely awkward.

She hesitated whether to go back or not.

Suddenly, there was a food container in front of her: "I wanted to ask you to take the container out, so I wouldn't be inconvenienced."

" Cindy felt that today, in front of Adrian Zhekova, she had lost all dignity.

She quickly took the food container and turned around, not expecting Adrian Zhekova to be standing so close behind her.

Her shoulder brushed against Adrian Zhekova's, almost like she had crashed directly into his arms.

Cindy was taken aback and jerked back, causing her whole body to lean backward.

Adrian Zhekova quickly reached out and wrapped his arm around her waist.

He could feel her slim waist again.

Adrian Zhekova wondered if he could wrap his arm around her waist with room to spare, given how thin it was.

His hand instinctively tightened its grip around her waist.

Following the force of his arm and inertia, Cindy could not help but crash into his embrace.

It was as if Adrian Zhekova had forgotten that he was holding her at that moment and his hand did not loosen.

Cindy felt her heartbeat speed up, as if it was about to leap out of her chest.

The two were so close that it seemed they could hear each other's heartbeats.

Who would have thought that she could be so close to Adrian Zhekova one day?

She herself could not imagine it.

No one would believe it if she mentioned it.

"Weren't you going to use the restroom?" For some inexplicable reason, Cindy blurted out this sentence.

Adrian Zhekova: '

He had just been teasing her earlier, but she still remembered it.

Her constant reminders of this incident seemed to tarnish his image.

"I'll go now..." Adrian Zhekova said with a wooden face and finally let go of

Cindy.

“Wait here for a moment.”

Without waiting for Cindy’s response, he went to the restroom.

Only then did Cindy gasp for air.

She just realized that when she was close to him, even her breathing had become careful and cautious.

Cindy felt her ears burning, and reaching up, she found her face hot as well.

She did not have the habit of carrying a mirror with her, so she took out her mobile phone and turned on the front-facing camera to take a look.

Although the front camera’s resolution was not as high as a mirror, it was still sufficient.

It captured Cindy’s flushed face.

Had she looked like this just now?

It was so embarrassing!

“Are you eat-” Adrian Zhekova came out and saw Cindy holding her phone to her face, not yet finishing his sentence.

Cindy quickly put away the phone, feeling even more embarrassed.

“I should go now.” Cindy held her phone uneasily.

Seeing that she had finished her lunch, Adrian Zhekova nodded without insisting that she stay longer..

Chapter 76: What Good Things Are You Thinking Of?

Cleave Roland was called to give her a lift.

From Adrian Zhekova's demeanor, he didn't intend to allow her to ride her electric bicycle back home.

Cindy Clarke began considering that she needed to buy a car.

Otherwise, constantly troubling others wasn't a good thing.

After Cindy Clarke left, Adrian Zhekova called Sheldon Rowland in.

Sheldon Rowland noticed the crepes placed in the small dish on Adrian Zhekova's office desk.

"CEO, were these from Cindy Clarke?" Normally, such snacks wouldn't appear on Adrian Zhekova's desk.

"She anticipated that I might feel hungry while working in the afternoon, so she prepared these intentionally," Adrian Zhekova said, not knowing where his feeling of superiority came from.

It was clear that Cindy Clarke baked these because she felt it would be a waste to throw away unused egg whites.

Sheldon Rowland remarked, not knowing who initially complained that someone who kept worrying about their child's mother needed to find a girlfriend fast.

It really was dog-like, changing their tune so swiftly.

“Want to try?” Adrian Zhekova raised his eyebrows, gesturing subtly towards the small dish of crepes.

Sheldon Rowland asked in surprise, “Is it possible?”

The CEO has suddenly regained his humanity!

“Of course not.” Adrian Zhekova’s face changed faster than a dog’s, “What pleasant thoughts you are harboring!”

Sheldon Rowland: ‘

Why was he subjecting himself to embarrassment?

He knew it all along, the scumbag CEO was never that generous!

Look at how Adrian Zhekova is guarding his food!

Anyone who saw it would think he had something going on with Cindy Clarke!

“Has our Old Madam contacted you?” Adrian Zhekova asked.

“No.” Sheldon Rowland was puzzled, “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.” Adrian Zhekova sighed. The Old Madam had heard about Cindy Clarke from somewhere.

He had reason to suspect that it was the Old Madam who wanted Cindy Clarke to be responsible for the lunch.

“By the way, when will the appraisal report be ready?” Adrian Zhekova asked.

“I will go and hurry them up.” Sheldon Rowland promptly replied.

The market was indoors, quite large, and full of a variety of fresh meats, poultry, vegetables, and even seafood.

After confirming the menu with the client the previous afternoon, Cindy Clarke started preparing the ingredients according to the menu.

After purchasing the ingredients, it was not suitable to use her electric bicycle due to the large quantity.

Cindy Clarke was even more determined to visit the Auto Service Center over the weekend.

She was planning to take Morgan Zhekova with her, mainly to ensure he could sit comfortably.

She hired a vehicle to carry the ingredients to the address given by the Old Madam.

She again confirmed the address at the entrance.

Little did Cindy Clarke expect, the Old Madam turned out to be from a rich and prosperous household.

The place they lived in was actually an imposing courtyard.

Courtyards in Belfard were all ancient properties with a long history, rare to find and sell.

Most of them were inherited, and for ordinary people, selling one of them would mean financial freedom.

The driver had just circled around to the main gate, and Cindy Clarke had also noticed the size of the courtyard.

She guessed it was a five-entrance courtyard, likely costing at least eight figures, possibly even more.

As Cindy Clarke pressed the doorbell at the entrance, she hoped she hadn't made a mistake.

Immediately, a soft male voice echoed from the walkie-talkie: "This is the

Zhekova Residence, may I know who is calling?"

Then only did Cindy Clarke notice the large plaque above the towering vermilion gate, which marked the words "Zhekova Residence".

For some reason, she thought of Adrian Zhekova.

How coincidental, this family was also surnamed Zhekova.

Cindy Clarke quickly said, "Hello, I am the private chef invited by Old Madam

Zhekova to manage lunch today.."

Chapter 77: Zhao Residence

"It turns out that it is Miss Clarke, please wait a moment." The middle-aged man's voice sounded polite.

Cindy Clarke waited for about five minutes, and the door finally opened.

A middle-aged man with a gentle and warm look walked out from inside.

“Miss Clarke, hello, I am the housekeeper here, my last name is Howard.” Butler Howard said.

“Hello.” Cindy Clarke hurriedly said.

“Leave it to me.” Seeing that Cindy Clarke was really holding a lot of things, Butler Howard wanted to take them over.

“It’s okay.” Cindy Clarke hurriedly said.

“Don’t be polite.” Butler Howard insisted on taking them over.

So Cindy just gave him half, and still held on to the other half herself.

But following that, a young man came out from behind Butler Howard.

Butler Howard said, ‘Miss Clarke, you can leave this to him.’ Cindy Clarke didn’t refuse anymore.

The young man was the gardener of the Zhekova Family.

Cindy Clarke followed Butler Howard, passing along the corridor, and saw all kinds of exquisite carvings along the way, as well as the ingeniously designed courtyard in the middle.

When they arrived at the main house, there were eight old ladies sitting inside.

This situation made Cindy Clarke a little nervous. One of the old ladies saw Cindy and stood up with a smile, “You must be Cindy.” “You are Mrs. Zhekova.” Cindy Clarke asked.

“Yes, yes.” Old Madam Zhekova warmly held Cindy’s arm, “Remember that these are all my old friends. Today, it’s rare that we all have the time to get together, so it’s quite a treat.”

“There are quite a few people, and it will be hard for you at noon today.” Old Madam Zhekova smiled and said.

“It’s alright, this is also an opportunity for me to gain some experience.” Cindy Clarke hurriedly said, “By the way, where is the kitchen? I am going to prepare now.”

“Let Clara go with you, she can also help you out a bit.” Old Madam Zhekova immediately said.

At this moment, a middle-aged woman walked over. She was Clara Evans, as referred to by Old Madam Zhekova.

“Just call her Aunt Evans, she is Butler Howard’s wife.” Old Madam Zhekova introduced.

Cindy Clarke was a little surprised that Old Madam Zhekova introduced her in such detail.

“Miss Clarke, please follow me.” Aunt Evans smiled and said.

“You can just call me Cindy.” Cindy followed Aunt Evans.

“Let me help you, wash the vegetables, and cut them. Don’t be polite, just hand it to me.” Aunt Evans said, “I usually take care of the meals and daily life for the old couple. It’s just that today there are many people, and the old madam rarely invites her good friends, so she wants to try a different taste.”

“My cooking skill is just for making home-cooked dishes. It can’t compare to a pro chef.” Aunt Evans explained.

“I’m not a professional chef either, I just hope that several old people will like it.” Cindy Clarke laughed and said.

Her preparing for so many people by herself was indeed a little overwhelming.

So, Cindy wouldn't be polite with Aunt Evans either.

"Let's make the cold dishes first, so they can eat them first and whet their appetites." Cindy Clarke said, "For the cold dishes, I've prepared Pomelo Salad, Vietnamese Spring Rolls, Garlic Steamed Pork, and seafood with sauce."

"Okay." Aunt Evans did as Cindy told her.

She cut the vegetables accordingly.

Fry the sliced onions in oil, then fry the deveined shrimp until golden brown, pound the baked cashews, add the baked coconut, then mix the lemon leaves and red chili segments together, and finally add the squeezed lemon juice to the sweet and spicy sauce, along with the small pieces of pomelo, to make a refreshing pomelo salad.

When Aunt Evans went to deliver the dishes to the dining room and returned, Cindy had already rolled the Vietnamese spring rolls..

Chapter 78: These Are All Competitors

The near-transparent pancake wrapped around the fresh vegetables. The vivid colors from the vegetables showed through, adding a touch of freshness to this hot weather.

"Wow, this looks so good, it seems refreshing just by looking at it." Aunt Evans exclaimed as she came to serve the dish, attracted by its color.

"Cindy, can you teach me the methods to make these dishes? I can also cook for the Old Master and the Old Madam in my spare time." Aunt Evans suggested, "If it's a signature recipe, never mind."

“Sure, let’s exchange Whatsapp numbers. I’ll send you the recipe later. Feel free to ask me if you don’t understand anything,” Cindy said generously, without any hesitation.

“Great!” Aunt Evans happily took the dish to the dining hall.

By this time, the several senior ladies were already seated around the dining table.

Aunt Evans set the dish properly, then relayed her earlier conversation with Cindy to Old Madam Zhekova.

“Old Madam, I find this young lady to be quite good, she respects the elders, and not snobbish.” She treats everyone equally, regardless of their status, without any differing attitudes in front or behind people.

It should be noted that though Aunt Evans is just a housekeeper, she and Butler Howard are old-timers in Zhekova Family, just like family in the eyes of the elders in Zhekova Family.

“Moreover, she is not stingy. Business people are always afraid that their unique recipes will be learned by others, no longer needing their service. But she has none of that,” Aunt Evans extolled.

Old Madam Zhekova nodded with a smile, “I liked her at first sight too. She’s a neat, clear-minded young lady.”

Old Madam Wells’ eyes brightened, “Oh, so that’s why you suddenly wanted to gather us all today. So the gathering was just a pretext, and you actually wanted to meet this young lady. Is she being considered for Adrian?”

Old Madam Zhekova immediately looked as if an enemy was approaching, staring at Old Madam Wells and Old Madam Callaghan.

Among the Big Eight families, only her, Old Madam Wells, and Old Madam Callaghan’s grandsons are still bachelors.

These two are her competitors!

"I'm telling you, I discovered this young lady first, don't even think about snatching her from me." Old Madam Zhekova warned as if facing formidable foes.

Old Madam Wells: "...Okay okay, won't snatch."

Her grandson's emotional intelligence is not high enough for a competition anyway.

"I won't snatch either," Old Madam Callaghan said, "My grandson hasn't returned yet, who am I going to snatch her for?"

Old Madam Zhekova nodded joyfully, "I'm just observing now."

"From where did you discover her?" Old Madam Wells asked, 'We'll also go discover."

She couldn't snatch this one, so it was valid to discover other young ladies.

"Just discovered her by accident," Old Madam Zhekova waved, not willing to say much.

She couldn't tell that she had her informants in her grandson's company!

Aunt Evans went back to the kitchen and saw Cindy laying thin slices of streaky pork in a dish.

The boiled slices of streaky pork looked not at all greasy, instead, the translucent fat seemed quite appealing, very elastic.

"You've already prepared all this?" Aunt Evans asked in surprise.

“The meat takes a long time to cook, so I marinated and cooked it at home. I spread ice in the thermal bag and brought it over.” Cindy exclaimed.

“So the reason it looks so translucent and elastic is because of the ice?” Aunt Evans asked.

“Yes. You can do the same, boil the streaky pork, slice it, and then rinse repeatedly with cold water. This way, the fat from the streaky pork would be washed away as much as possible. As a result, the meat will be more elastic, rich but not greasy, and even have a crisp taste. There’s no need for ice, just put it in the fridge to cool a while will do,”

Cindy then poured the pre-mixed sauce onto the blanched pork and handed it to Aunt Evans.

Later, she used various kinds of snails, added abalone, scallops, and oysters, and made a sauce to pour over it.

She also prepared a few refreshing appetizers.

The cold dish part was done.

“For the hot dish part, we’ll make Snowflake Crab Battle, claypot chicken, stir-fried clams, sweet and sour carp, pepper with sauce, sauteed beef granules, roasted vegetables. Plus a tomato and fishball soup,” Cindy pasted the menu on the fridge.

Aunt Evans then started helping by shelling the crabs.

Cindy then started to beat the egg whites into a dense, cream-like texture.

She then scooped the beaten egg whites into a ball shape with a spoon, sprinkled it with chopped ham, and steamed it.

Then, she stir-fried the removed crabmeat and crab roe with vinegar, cooking wine, sugar, white pepper and salt, placed it in the cleaned crab shell, and topped it with the steamed egg white.

It looked like a snowball rolled out, clean and refreshing.

Just as Aunt Evans brought the dish into the dining hall, she saw Butler Howard bringing in Adrian Zhekova..

Chapter 79: Great Potential to be a Big Bad wolf

Old Madam Zhekova suddenly uttered, "Oh! Why did you come back at noon?"

Adrian Zhekova looked surprised, "Eh? Did I come back at a bad time? What is going on here today?"

Old Madam Zhekova silently watched him put on an act.

They had invited Cindy Clarke to prepare lunch today, but Adrian Zhekova returned at noon.

If anyone claimed that Adrian Zhekova wasn't trying to see Cindy Clarke, who would believe them!

"You must be hungry coming here at this time, right? Sit down quickly and let's eat together," Old Madam Zhekova hurried to say.

"Isn't that inappropriate? You all gathered here so rarely, and I would be out of place here," Adrian Zhekova pretended to decline.

Upon hearing this, Old Madam Zhekova said, "Alright, then you should get back to work quickly. Don't waste our time here in our gathering."

Adrian Zhekova: ' .

"I haven't eaten yet, and I'm a bit hungry. If you insist on inviting me, then I'll stay," Adrian Zhekova immediately said. Old Madam Zhekova sneered.

Just a little more acting, eh!

Butler Howara Drought a cnmr ana new taD1eware ror Aanan LneKova.

Adrian Zhekova looked at the dishes on the table and laughed, "Aunt Evans' cooking skills have really improved. These dishes have become more and more exquisite."

Old Madam Zhekova: '

Her grandson certainly had potential in being a big-tailed wolf.

Aunt Evans smiled and explained, "Today, the Old Madam invited a private chef to cook. I heard that Miss Clarke's cooking is very good. All the Old Madams happen to be free today and rarely can gather like this, so the Old Madam invited her specially."

After finishing, Aunt Evans quickly went back to the kitchen to help Cindy Clarke.

Adrian Zhekova casually asked, "Grandmother, where is Grandfather?"

"Today is our ladies' gathering. He is a grown man and has no business here," Old Madam Zhekova said, "I sent him out to play."

Adrian Zhekova:

He felt like he had been snubbed, too.

In the kitchen,

Cindy Clarke finished preparing the last appetizer dessert.

It was a hawthorn jelly.

After eating too much of the main course, this appetizer could help digestion by relieving greasiness.

“Aunt Evans, I’ve made extra portions of each dish for you to eat when you have time,” Cindy Clarke said.

Aunt Evans never expected that Cindy Clarke would be so thoughtful as to take care of her too.

“You really are meticulous,” Aunt Evans exclaimed with joy.

Only the last hawthorn jelly remained to be served.

Cindy Clarke followed Aunt Evans to the dining room.

Aunt Evans walked ahead to show the way, and Cindy Clarke followed.

Upon entering the dining room, Cindy Clarke looked towards Old Madam Zhekova in the main seat.

Seeing that Aunt Evans had already gone to the other side, Cindy Clarke had no choice but to go to Old Madam Zhekova’s side herself.

She placed the hawthorn jelly in front of Old Madam Zhekova and the three other Old Madams, saying, “This is the dessert after the meal, hawthorn jelly, which helps digestion and stimulates the appetite.”

Cindy Clarke wanted to say goodbye, but when she looked up, she was stunned to see the person sitting across from her.

Cindy Clarke: "..."

Adrian Zhekova???

What's going on!

Why is he here!

Cindy Clarke had completely forgotten what she was going to say, staring at him with her mouth open and wide-eyed shock.

Adrian Zhekova raised his eyebrows slightly at Cindy Clarke.

Cindy Clarke's mind was a mess right now.

She thought about the plaque hanging at the entrance, with the large words "Zhekova Residence" written on it.

Earlier, when she was at the door, she thought it was quite a coincidence that this family also had the surname Zhekova.

She ended up meeting Adrian Zhekova here.

So, Adrian Zhekova was... the one in this house...

Cindy Clarke's mind was in chaos, but now was not the time to think about so much.

She took a deep breath and asked Old Madam Zhekova, "Old Madam, do these

dishes suit your taste and that of the other ladies(Is there anything that needs improvement?"

Chapter 80: Do you know each other?

"No, no." Old Madam Zhao laughed. "It's delicious, especially delicious."

"Yes." Old Madam Smith praised, "It's really special and not inferior to the chefs of high-end restaurants. We're not just saying this to make you happy."

"I heard you're not planning to be a private chef for now?" Old Madam Wells asked.

Cindy Clarke nodded, "Due to some personal reasons, I have to temporarily stop being a private chef."

"That's a pity." Old Madam Wells said regretfully, "Otherwise, I would like to hire you. Your cooking is really delicious."

Old Madam Zhao immediately became alert.

This Old Madam Wells, could she be trying to find an excuse to trick Cindy Clarke into going back to her house and introducing her to Clifford Wells?

Old Madam Zhao did not give Cindy Clarke the chance to answer Old Madam Wells's question.

What if she agreed?

Wasn't it because of her soft heart that Cindy Clarke agreed to come here this time?

Old Madam Zhao hurriedly said, "You've been busy for so long, come and sit down, eat something, and take a break."

Cindy Clarke quickly waved her hand, "How can I do that? I'm just about to say goodbye."

"You've been busy cooking for us, how can we let you leave on an empty stomach?" Old Madam Zhao pointed to the empty seat next to Adrian Zhekova, "Hurry up and sit down, we've saved a seat for you."

"This is your gathering, it's not appropriate for me to stay." And she had to sit with Adrian Zhekova.

Old Madam didn't know she was acquainted with Adrian Zhekova yet.

Cindy Clarke didn't know how to explain it either.

"What's inappropriate about that?" Old Madam Zhao put on a stern face, "If you don't agree, I'll be angry."

Helpless, Cindy Clarke said, "Then I'll be troubling you."

She walked around Adrian Zhekova's side and sat down awkwardly.

Just when she didn't know whether to greet Adrian Zhekova or not, he had already spoken first, "What a coincidence."

"Yes, indeed." Cindy Clarke said guiltily.

Old Madam Zhao's eyes lit up, "You two know each other?"

"I've also ordered Cindy Clarke's lunch before." Adrian Zhekova explained.

“Oh my, that’s a real coincidence. Then you should take special care of Cindy Clarke.” Old Madam Zhao instructed.

“It’s alright, I can do it myself.” Cindy Clarke hurriedly said.

At this time, Old Madam Callaghan asked, “Since you’re temporarily unable to be a private chef, what are you planning to do?”

Immediately, Old Madam Callaghan continued, “If it’s a private matter that’s inconvenient to talk about, you don’t have to say it.”

“It’s nothing, I’ve signed up for the Pingla Cup Cooking Competition. So, I have to spend the rest of my time preparing for the competition and won’t have the time to continue being a private chef.” Cindy Clarke explained with a smile.

“I see.” Old Madam Zhao nodded her head in realization, “This major competition is highly competitive, so it’s necessary to prepare well. At that time, I’ll go to the venue to cheer for you!”

“Alright, thank you.” Cindy Clarke agreed with a smile.

She guessed that Old Madam’s words were just polite and not meant to be taken seriously.

Cindy Clark didn’t take it to heart.

After all, she had only met Old Madam once, and they had a mere customer relationship. It is unlikely that Old Madam, being elderly, would make a special trip to watch the competition for her sake.

“You have trained in this skill, right?” Old Madam Zhao asked.

“I’ve been helping around in my family’s small restaurant kitchen since I was a child, learning from my father. My family has a long tradition of running restaurants, I’m not too sure about the details, but I heard it used to be quite famous, and many famous chefs came out of our family. But that’s all from

generations ago. We later declined, but the ancestral skills have been passed down.” Cindy Clarke explained.

“Cindy Clarke, eat quickly.” Old Madam Zhao instructed Adrian Zhekova again,

“You help watch out for her, I think she’s too shy to eat..”