

For Dinner 16

Chapter 16: Just Like Father and Son

Sheldon Rowland gave Cindy Clarke a thumbs up: "You're incredible. We sent it for inspection, and it indeed contained poppy shells. We immediately called the police, and the restaurant has been shut down, with the owner arrested. No wonder our customers keep raving about their food and say that our restaurant can't replicate that taste."

"I was wondering why, with all the chefs we've recruited under our brand, they couldn't beat a street vendor's owner?" Sheldon Rowland said, "So, it turns out there was something added. This time, we really have to thank you."

"It's nothing, I just don't want customers to get addicted and harm their health," Cindy Clarke replied, "We'll get going now, so as not to disturb you." "Wait a minute!" Morgan Clarke interrupted, "I have important business!"

All three of them looked at Morgan.

Morgan reached out to Adrian Zhekova: "Uncle, can I have a hug?"

Cindy: '

When did this child become so good at acting cute?

Adrian Zhekova didn't want to pay attention to him.

"Morgan!" Cindy quickly whispered a warning, not allowing him to mess around.

Sheldon Rowland, not wanting Morgan to feel embarrassed, was about to take him.

Adrian Zhekova saw Sheldon Rowland step forward, standing with Cindy and Morgan, they looked like a harmonious family of three.

He found it inexplicably annoying.

Just as Sheldon Rowland was about to take Morgan, a pair of arms suddenly reached out from the side.

Adrian Zhekova, while looking at Morgan with disdain, picked him up.

Sheldon Rowland: ‘

However, when he took Morgan, Adrian Zhekova’s fingers accidentally brushed against Cindy’s chest.

Cindy suddenly stiffened, her entire face flushed red.

“Morgan!” Embarrassed, Cindy angrily called him.

Morgan simply rested his head on Adrian Zhekova’s chest and said, “Uncle, I’m here to sign Cindy up. You’re hosting the Pingla Cup Cooking Competition, right? My sister Cindy is an excellent cook!”

“Morgan, I haven’t decided to sign up yet!” Cindy hurriedly lowered her voice and told him.

“But it’s such a rare opportunity, and do you really want to miss it?” Morgan looked back and asked.

Cindy stopped talking.

The reason she was hesitating and considering was because she genuinely wanted to participate.

“Excuse me, can I wear a mask?” Cindy asked Adrian Zhekova.

She couldn’t let such a small matter be settled by Morgan, a little kid.

“Because of personal reasons, I don’t want to show my face,” Cindy said, although without much hope.

Adrian Zhekova, holding Morgan, moved his long fingers, which had just brushed past her, and whispered softly, “You can.”

Cindy looked at Adrian Zhekova in surprise, never expecting him to agree so easily.

Adrian Zhekova then told Sheldon Rowland, “Tell the person responsible for the competition when you go back.”

Only then did Cindy remember that although Adrian Zhekova was the CEO of

Pingla Group, he would not be directly responsible for the cooking competition.

She felt a bit embarrassed.

Sheldon Rowland was also surprised, wondering when Adrian Zhekova became so easygoing, and looked over.

As a result, he was stunned to see Adrian Zhekova hugging Morgan like a father and son.

He had felt that there was something familiar about Morgan before but couldn’t quite remember who the boy looked like.

It seemed as if he had seen him somewhere before, but he knew it wasn’t

Cindy..