

For Dinner 141

Chapter 141: Give Your Uncle Zhao a Chance

Cindy nodded, "Alright, Morgan usually goes to bed at eight, but since tomorrow is Sunday and she doesn't have to get up early for nursery, she usually stays up an extra hour on Saturdays, going to bed at nine." Cindy was telling Adrian Zhekova about Morgan's daily habits in detail.

It was difficult to explain everything at once.

There were too many little details in her daily habits, and it would take a long time to explain them all. Also, some things might be overlooked.

Cindy now realized that Adrian Zhekova still had a lot to learn about Morgan.

She decided to gradually tell Adrian Zhekova about things related to Morgan in their daily life.

If they came across something, she would mention it to him.

Unconsciously, Adrian Zhekova would learn more and more about Morgan.

Adrian Zhekova smiled faintly and said, "In that case, I'll wait until she goes to bed at nine and then leave."

He thought about how tomorrow was Sunday.

Adrian Zhekova regretted that he couldn't stay here for the night.

Cindy sighed in relief but suddenly felt that something was wrong.

Looking down, she found that her hand was still being held by him.

She didn't even realize that he had held her hand for so long without her noticing.

Cindy forcefully pulled her hand away, annoyed.

This time, Adrian Zhekova didn't insist on holding it tight.

While the two of them were chatting in the kitchen, Morgan sneaked back to her room and continued her conversation with Peggy Lewis about the topic they had stopped discussing earlier. Peggy Lewis: "How on earth did they end up kissing?" Morgan: "They just accidentally kissed."

Morgan described the scene in detail to Peggy Lewis.

Although Morgan was still relatively innocent, Peggy Lewis could tell that it was definitely deliberate on Adrian Zhekova's part!

Peggy Lewis was sure that if Cindy had fallen backwards, Adrian Zhekova would have been able to pull her into his arms all the same.

Tsk tsk.

Cindy probably couldn't escape Adrian Zhekova's clutches.

Peggy Lewis told Morgan, "Give your Uncle Adrian some opportunities and don't always stand in his way."

Knowing that Adrian Zhekova was Morgan's father, Peggy Lewis wanted Morgan to have a closer relationship with Adrian Zhekova.

Otherwise, even if they were biological father and daughter, a distant relationship with Adrian Zhekova would not benefit Morgan either.

“Got it.” Morgan nodded, “I’m just testing him. If he turns out to be alright, then I won’t object to him pursuing Cindy.”

“You little schemer!” Peggy Lewis laughed.

After ending the conversation with Peggy Lewis, Morgan quickly returned to the living room.

At this time, Adrian Zhekova had brought tea and returned to the living room with Cindy.

When Cindy was about to serve the tea, Adrian Zhekova took it from her.

Morgan was surprised, “Uncle, you haven’t left yet?”

Adrian Zhekova: .

Morgan had solidified her image as a sarcastic brat in his heart.

Adrian Zhekova put the tea tray on the table, and Cindy sat down next to

Morgan, saying, “He’s going to wait for you to go to bed before leaving.”

Morgan clutched the collar of her T-shirt in horror, “Uncle, what do you want to do to me? Or are you planning to do something to Cindy when I fall asleep?” Adrian Zhekova: .

Even if it was his own son, he didn’t want to talk to Morgan at this moment.

“Stop talking nonsense!” Cindy was embarrassed. Today, either Adrian Zhekova made her blush or Morgan did.

These father and son combo were too much!

Adrian Zhekova, on the other hand, slightly curled his lips at the side.

Although this little guy was always annoying, there was one thing he got right this time.

He really did want to do something to Cindy when Morgan wasn't around..

Chapter 142: I'm Still a Child

Morgan Zhekova was feeling uneasy and didn't dare to sleep.

Actually, he was already pretty tired today; by 8:30 pm, he was so sleepy that he couldn't keep his eyes open.

Accompanying Cindy Clarke to the competition today had really worn out the little guy, both mentally and physically.

Sitting next to Cindy while watching the drama, the little one's head sank lower and lower without realizing it, his eyelids getting heavier.

Morgan didn't even realize he had fallen asleep while sitting up.

His head suddenly leaned against Cindy's arm, and when she looked down, she woke him up.

"If you're tired, go to the bedroom and sleep," Cindy said softly.

"I'm not tired! Who says I'm tired?" Morgan looked at the clock, "It's not even 9 o'clock yet, I won't sleep."

Morgan rarely showed stubbornness, and even Cindy couldn't persuade him.

However, just five minutes after watching TV, the little guy's head leaned against Cindy again.

Cindy looked at his sleeping face helplessly and smiled.

Falling asleep like this but still insisting he wasn't tired.

At this moment, Adrian Zhekova stood up and walked over, putting his index finger to his lips and motioning Cindy to be quiet.

Cindy stopped talking, only looking curiously at Adrian.

Suddenly, Adrian bent down towards her.

His face was getting closer and closer to her, and Cindy felt as if they were about to touch.

Adrian's face enlarged in front of her, and even the pores on his face became more prominent.

Cindy's face blushed, and her heart raced.

The scene of making dumplings together before dinner popped into Cindy's mind.

Nervously, Cindy moved a considerable distance to the side.

Suddenly losing support, Morgan's body fell into the spot where Cindy was sitting.

"Ouch!" Morgan cried out, waking up from the sound.

As soon as he opened his eyes, he saw Adrian, hands supporting on either side of him.

Adrian's face was suspended right above him.

Morgan hugged himself helplessly and asked with a horrified expression, "Uncle, what are you doing? I'm just a kid!"

Cindy: '

She thought that even if Morgan were Adrian's biological son, Adrian might still end up killing him one day.

Adrian's mouth twitched, and he picked up Morgan: "I'm taking you to sleep." So tired yet still insisting on not sleeping.

"I'm not sleeping, I'm not tired," Morgan flapped his arms around in Adrian's embrace.

If possible, he would even roll around in Adrian's arms.

Adrian held him firmly, not letting Morgan fall when he struggled.

Guessing why Morgan refused to sleep, Adrian sneered and said, "Anyway, I'm not leaving until I see you asleep. If you don't sleep, I'll stay here. Maybe I'll even spend the night."

Morgan: "..."

So, should he sleep or not?

Morgan looked at Adrian and thought he really wanted to stay at their house.

“I’ll sleep, I’ll sleep!” Morgan quickly said, immediately closing his eyes in Adrian’s arms.

Adrian hooked his lips in a slight smirk.

Nice try, kid, but you are my child for a reason. If you have high intelligence, you must have inherited it from me.

Want to compete with me?

You’re still too green!

Adrian carried Morgan back to his bedroom and placed him on his car-shaped bed.

Morgan was really tired and could barely open his eyes. He turned and continued sleeping.

Cindy stood at the entrance of Morgan’s bedroom, watching as Adrian looked down at the sleeping Morgan for a while.

Cindy could see Adrian’s side profile perfectly..

Chapter 143: Adrian Zhekova is Poisonous

Cindy saw the faint smile on the corners of Adrian's lips, the curve of the smile seemed so gentle.

"Good night," Adrian whispered, gently tucking in the covers for Morgan, and then got up to leave.

Seeing Cindy waiting at the door, he smiled and closed Morgan's bedroom door.

He told Cindy, "It's not the first time I've seen him sleep, but it's the first time I held him at night, put him to sleep, and said goodnight to him."

He'd missed four years, and this was the first time he could say goodnight to Morgan.

Adrian's expression of regret and relief made Cindy feel a little uncomfortable.

Without thinking, she blurted out, "If you're willing, you can come and say goodnight to him every day."

Having said that, a few seconds later, seeing Adrian's surprised expression,

Cindy regretted it.

Why did she say that?

By saying that, wasn't she inviting Adrian to come over every day? Not to mention, Adrian was so busy and might not have time to come over every day.

Besides, it made her seem like she was deliberately finding excuses to spend time with Adrian every day.

Cindy wished she could slap her own mouth.

Why would she say that!

She really didn't mean it!

But to her surprise, Adrian seemed genuinely expectant, "Really? Can I really do that?"

Adrian apparently hadn't thought too much about it, instead he looked delighted with the idea.

Regret-filled words stuck in Cindy's throat.

She nodded reluctantly, "Of course, you're Morgan's father. I already said you can come and see him anytime you want."

Cindy paused and added, "But you're so busy with work every day, coming here after work and then going back home, isn't that quite troublesome?"

So, you could come less often.

Cindy said it very tactfully.

Unexpectedly, Adrian showed hesitation.

Cindy was puzzled by his reaction.

"Unsuitable!" Cindy's response was surprisingly quick, denying the idea before Adrian could finish.

How could he think of living here?

She never said anything like that!

"I mean, if you don't mind the trouble, you can come every day," Cindy hurriedly explained.

Adrian asked, "If I think it's troublesome, would you let me stay here?"

"Cindy replied immediately, "Of course not!"

What's the matter with this man? How did he manage to steer every conversation to staying here?

Adrian regretfully said, "In that case, I'll just deal with the trouble. Even if it's a bit of a hassle, I'll still come every day."

Cindy suddenly felt that she might have brought a big trouble upon herself.

Then she heard Adrian say, "Actually, if you think it's unsuitable for me to stay here, you can move in with Morgan and stay at my place."

"There's plenty of room in my house, lots of bedrooms. Things would be just fine," Adrian said.

Cindy took a deep breath and replied, "It's not suitable for the two of us to live together."

Having said that, her face turned red.

Isn't that...cohabitation?

Unconsciously, images of her and Adrian living together flashed through Cindy's mind.

Surprisingly...they seemed quite harmonious.

Cindy hastily tried to shake off these images.

Adrian was toxic!

Not giving him a chance to say anything further, Cindy quickly said, "It's pretty late, you should head back."

Finally, Adrian knew whom Morgan inherited the rolling-eyes trait from..

Chapter 144: A Thrilling Dream

Wasn't she catering to Cindy Clarke?

Not even trying to persuade him to stay, but rushing him away instead.

Adrian Zhekova couldn't find a reason to stay any longer, so he obediently left.

Cindy Clarke escorted him to the Elevator Entrance.

"It's fine to just see me off here. You don't need to go downstairs," said Adrian

Zhekova, "I wouldn't feel at ease if you were coming back up alone." Cindy Clarke wanted to say that she hadn't planned to go downstairs with him anyway.

However, since Adrian misunderstood, she didn't bother explaining.

"Do you want to know the audition results in advance?" Adrian Zhekova asked with a smile while waiting for the elevator.

"Is that possible?" Cindy Clarke looked at Adrian in surprise.

"If I could find out in advance, that would be great. That way, I wouldn't have to keep anxiously waiting for the official announcement," she said.

Adrian Zhekova replied, "I'll have them send the list of names to me as soon as they announce the results."

Just then. the elevator arrived.

Adrian boarded the elevator.

But he kept his hand on the open button, looking at Cindy from inside the elevator, "I'm leaving now, what time are you planning to sleep tonight?"

"There's no rush. I'm going to tidy up the house and edit a little more of the video. I probably won't get to bed until after 11," said Cindy Clarke.

"Do you usually work at night as well?" Adrian Zhekova asked in the elevator, appearing to be in no hurry to leave.

Cindy Clarke explained, "On weekends, I have to accompany Morgan during the daytime. On weekdays, even though Morgan is at the nursery, I still need to use daytime hours to manage my private kitchen and record videos. So, I can only edit videos after Morgan goes to sleep at night."

"Although I temporarily suspended my private kitchen recently, I still need to prepare for the competition, so my work schedule hasn't changed," she explained.

Adrian nodded.

Cindy had no idea why he was asking her this.

She heard Adrian say, "I'm leaving now."

Cindy watched him until the elevator doors closed.

She went back home to clean up, washing the cups and other items that had been used in the afternoon.

Then she took a shower, and after washing and rinsing herself, she made herself another cup of tea.

She returned to the bedroom and had just sat down in front of the computer when she received a Whatsapp message from Adrian Zhekova.

Adrian Zhekova: "I'm home."

Cindy replied, "Alright, I'm just about to start editing the video."

She had barely sent the message when she received another one from Adrian Zhekova within seconds, "Send me the link after you upload the video, and I'll watch it."

Cindy could hardly imagine Adrian Zhekova watching her videos along with the rest of the internet users.

But she sent another "Okay" in response.

Adrian Zhekova: "I won't disturb you then. Don't spend too long editing the video and go to sleep earlier."

Cindy obediently agreed.

Looking at their back-and-forth chat history, it gave the impression that they were very close to each other.

Cindy shook her head, stopped thinking about it, took a sip of tea, and began to focus on editing the video.

There was no way she could finish it within a couple of hours, unless she stayed up all night.

So, Cindy only edited a small portion, planning to complete it over a few nights.

By 11:30, Cindy could barely stay awake any longer.

She saved the edited portion and went to bed.

However, once she fell asleep, she had a rather horrifying dream.

She dreamt that she and Adrian Zhekova were living together!

And it wasn't just simply cohabiting for Morgan's sake.

She and Adrian Zhekova were actually in a romantic relationship!

They did many intimate things together.

While dreaming, Cindy's face turned crimson, and her heartbeat accelerated

significantly..

Chapter 145: What are you thinking, afraid to look at me?

Cindy Clarke was awakened by this dream.

She suddenly opened her eyes, blushing deeply.

Hurriedly looking around, as if Adrian Zhekova might be nearby.

What kind of dream did she have!

In the dream, she had done so many things with Adrian Zhekova.

Had she gone mad!

Cindy covered her face, her cheeks burning hot.

She got up quickly, opened the window to let in some breeze, and washed her face with cold water.

It felt a little better then.

The time was still early, only 7 O'clock.

Morgan Zhekova always slept late on weekends.

Because of the dream, Cindy couldn't go back to sleep, so she tidied up, planning to edit some videos while Morgan was still asleep.

Who knew that, as soon as she opened the editing software, she heard the doorbell ring.

Cindy quickly opened the walkie-talkie, and Adrian Zhekova's face appeared on the screen, standing outside the gate.

His car could also be seen parked in the background.

Cindy was surprised and quickly unlocked the gate for him.

She had just had that kind of dream, and now she was seeing Adrian Zhekova again.

Her face turned even redder.

There was a CCTV installed on the door of Cindy's home.

Through the CCTV, Cindy saw Adrian Zhekova as soon as he got out of the elevator.

She opened the door to wait for him.

As he walked in, Adrian Zhekova explained, "I have to go on a business trip, my flight is at 11 O'clock, so I came to see you first."

After speaking, he noticed something odd about Cindy.

"What's wrong with you? Are you feeling unwell? Why is your face so red?" He asked in confusion.

And what was going on with this girl?

She suddenly seemed afraid to look at him, always avoiding his gaze.

Cindy was already much shorter than him, and she kept her head down.

When Adrian Zhekova lowered his head, all he could see was the top of her dark hair.

“Nothing...” Cindy still didn’t dare to look up, and of course didn’t dare to say she was feeling guilty because of her dream.

However, as soon as she finished speaking, Adrian Zhekova’s palm touched her forehead.

Cindy, shocked and embarrassed, quickly tried to avoid him.

But her shoulder was gripped by him: “What are you avoiding?”

Cindy could feel the heat from his palm on her forehead and shoulder, as if they were burning hot.

There was no way to escape now.

Adrian Zhekova continued to lean in closer, looking down at her with a puzzled expression.

Under his gaze and breath, Cindy could feel her face growing even hotter, as if about to explode.

“Why is it so hot? Do you have a fever?” Seeing her cheeks so red, he asked.

“No!” Cindy hurriedly said, “I’m not sick!”

Adrian Zhekova stared at Cindy with suspicion for a while: “Then why is your face so red?”

He narrowed his eyes, smiling vaguely, “You won’t even look at me, what are you thinking about?”

Had this girl secretly been pondering over something not suitable for children?

Otherwise, why was she acting so strange this morning?

As soon as she saw him, her face turned red, and she couldn't look at him.

She never acted this way before.

Adrian Zhekova looked at her with interest, then suddenly moved his face even closer, his nose almost touching hers.

His pair of dark eyes stared straight into hers, with a hint of amusement: "It's only 7 O'clock now, you barely just woke up, right? Did you dream about something? Something related to me?"

Cindy was shocked.

Could this man read minds!

He had guessed it!

Cindy, both anxious and embarrassed, had a sudden flash of inspiration: "Have you had breakfast? It's only 7 O'clock now, you must have left home earlier, so you probably didn't have time to eat, right?"

Adrian Zhekova smiled, giving her a meaningful look.

Cindy had a strong feeling that this man seemed to have guessed her secret..

Chapter 146: Does It Suit Your Taste?

Immediately, she felt even more embarrassed,

So she lowered her eyes and didn't dare to look at him.

Seeing her in such a small and timid state,

Adrian thought, how could she be so cute!

She was so adorable that he couldn't bear to tease her any further.

Otherwise, she might explode at any moment.

Adrian finally showed mercy and let her go, saying, "Actually, I haven't had breakfast yet."

"Then I'll make you breakfast," Cindy replied, "When are you leaving?"

Adrian calculated the time: "My flight is at 11, I need to be at the airport by 9:30 at the latest, so I'll leave around 8:30."

"An hour and a half, that's enough." Cindy said and quickly headed to the kitchen.

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She took several deep breaths, then took some milk from the refrigerator and sneakily applied it to her face for a few seconds.

She felt calmer after that.

She put the milk back and took out some frozen dumplings.

She had made some extra dumplings earlier but didn't cook them, so she froze them instead.

They were prepared for times when she didn't have enough time to cook.

Today was the perfect morning to use them.

Cindy made porridge and then fried the dumplings in a pan. When the time was right, she poured a thin layer of batter over them and covered the pan to let them steam for a moment.

They were cooked in the style of fried dumplings.

She then took out some pickled cucumbers and her homemade Sichuan pickles from the fridge.

All were sweet, sour, and mildly spicy appetizers.

Cindy finished preparing everything and brought it to the table, but Adrian was nowhere to be found.

She didn't dare to call out loudly, fearing she would wake Morgan.

The apartment was small, with only two bedrooms.

There was nobody in the dining room or living room.

She could see through the floor-to-ceiling windows that there was nobody on the balcony either.

Cindy went to the restroom and knocked twice, "Adrian, are you in there?"

There was no response.

Cindy thought for a moment and approached Morgan's bedroom.

Gently pushing the door open, she saw Adrian sitting by Morgan's bed, watching him quietly.

Not wanting to make a sound, she tiptoed over and quietly nudged his arm.

Adrian looked up at her, and his gentle expression hadn't even faded yet.

He had been looking at Morgan with such tenderness just a moment before.

Cindy's heart skipped a beat from his gaze.

Adrian got up, gave her a soft smile and left the room first.

Cindy snapped back to reality and hurriedly followed after him.

They quietly closed the door to Morgan's room before turning to Adrian and whispered, "Breakfast is ready."

The two headed to the dining area, where Cindy had made extra food. Since she was already up, they might as well have breakfast together.

She would make more for Morgan once he woke up.

Adrian took a sip of the porridge and picked up a fried dumpling.

The dumplings Cindy had made this time didn't look like ordinary plump white dumplings but were more like potstickers, long and thin.

"I'm really looking forward to your cooking now, there's always a surprise," Adrian said and took a bite.

Because of the added batter, the bottom of the dumplings had become extra crispy.

When he bit down, there was a satisfying crunch, so delicious. "It's a pork and corn filling," Adrian said with a smile.

"Does it suit your taste?" Cindy asked.

"As long as it's made by you, it suits my taste," Adrian responded with a smile while looking at Cindy.

At a loss for words, Cindy blushed.

Adrian's comment carried quite the double meaning..

Chapter 147: Saying Goodbye to You First?

"The corn you used is fruit corn?" Adrian Zhekova took a bite and asked.

"Yeah, fruit corn is slightly sweet and juicy." Cindy Clarke also took a bite,

"Morgan doesn't like eating regular sticky corn, says it's too hard to chew."

"When I eat it, there are some crunchy grains and a bit of tanginess." Adrian continued to savor the taste.

Cindy laughed, "I added crushed water chestnuts and pickles. The crispiness of the water chestnuts can balance out the solid filling, making it more layered in texture. And the pickles are naturally used to cut through the richness."

Adrian looked at the filling, indeed, besides the yellow of the corn, there were some fine green bits. However, those green specks were as small as the tip of a needle, scattered amidst the meat filling, almost unnoticeable if not looked carefully.

"By the way, I will be back from my business trip this Wednesday." Adrian said.

Cindy thought to herself, why is he telling me when he'll be back from the trip?

Then she heard Adrian say, "If anything happens during this time, just reach out directly to me and I'll have someone solve it for you. Even though I won't be in Belfard, it won't influence anything."

Cindy didn't expect that even while on a business trip, Adrian would still consider her.

"Okay." Cindy nodded in agreement, her voice slightly hoarse, as if something was lodged in her throat.

Morgan had yet to wake up when Adrian left.

Cindy then suggested, "How about I wake up Morgan, so he can say goodbye to you?"

"No need, it's not like I won't be back, it's just a four-day business trip, let him sleep." Adrian laughed.

He left his luggage in the car, only to let Cindy accompany him downstairs this time.

Adrian didn't refuse this time.

Next to the car, Adrian stopped, lowered his head to look at Cindy, "Don't miss me too much in these four days."

Cindy: "..."

Who would miss him!

"Of course, if you miss me, you can send me a message on Whatsapp, anytime is fine." Adrian added.

Cindy didn't know how to answer him, just said, "I hope your trip goes smoothly."

Cindy watched Adrian leave, then went back to the house.

It suddenly dawned on her.

No wonder what Adrian had said earlier sounded so familiar.

Now she remembered, Morgan had said nearly the same thing to Adrian before when they were in Pingla.

Cindy couldn't help but laugh.

With such a narcissistic manner, they really were father and son.

The days without Adrian seemed to be ticking slower.

Cindy researched her cuisine during the day and edited videos at night.

Every day she would receive a message from Adrian on Whatsapp.

But the timing of each message was unpredictable, each time with only some fragmented sentences.

It was clear that Adrian was really busy outside.

Probably these fragmented sentences were squeezed out in his tight schedule.

Finally, on Wednesday, Cindy managed to finish the dumpling video she had shot last time.

Not only did it need to be edited, but it also required subtitles, music, and lots of operations.

After finishing the video, Cindy hadn't had time to upload it yet and planned to wait until the audition results were out.

Cindy yawned, shut down the computer, and prepared to go to bed.

But just as she was about to get into bed, she heard the ringtone of the Walkie-talkie coming through.

Who could it be at this late hour?

Cindy walked doubtfully to the door, switched on the light, then turned on the intercommunication video.

Once she saw who was in the screen, Cindy couldn't help but gasp.

Adrian Zhekova!

Chapter 148: A three-minute enthusiasm is not enough!

He... How did he appear downstairs in her building?

Cindy Clarke quickly pressed the call button: "Adrian Zhekova?"

"I just arrived in Belfard, came to take a look." Adrian Zhekova's face still had obvious traces of fatigue, even his voice sounded hoarse.

Cindy wondered, could it be that he came directly here after getting off the plane?

Then she heard Adrian Zhekova say, "Can you open the door for me first?"

"Oh, okay." Cindy reacted and hurriedly opened the building entrance door for Adrian Zhekova.

It wasn't long before she saw Adrian Zhekova exit the elevator through the CCTV on her front door.

Cindy quickly opened the door and stood at the entrance, watching Adrian

Zhekova come over.

She let Adrian Zhekova in.

Under the bright lights in the house, she could see Adrian Zhekova clearly.

The exhaustion on his face was much more evident in person than through the screen.

His suit jacket was draped over his arm, his shirt sleeves rolled up, and his tie was nowhere to be found – probably left in the car.

Three buttons of his shirt collar were also loosely undone.

“Did you come directly here after getting off the plane?” Cindy asked, confirming her suspicion.

Adrian Zhekova nodded, with a faint smile: “I haven’t seen you guys for several days, I was worried. So, I came here directly after getting off the plane.” “But you must be exhausted like this,” Cindy said, not realizing that her tone had become concerned.

The corner of Adrian Zhekova’s mouth couldn’t help but curve up: “I didn’t come these days. I was worried that you guys would miss me.”

“Did... Morgan miss me?” Adrian Zhekova thought about it and still included Morgan in the question.

“He did ask about you not coming these days.”

In fact, Morgan’s original words were: “Why hasn’t Uncle Adrian come these days? Has he given up? It’s not good to be fickle like this!”

But Cindy didn’t tell Adrian Zhekova that.

“Morgan is asleep, do you want to see him?” Cindy thought Adrian Zhekova must have wanted to see his son, considering he rushed over without even thinking about his exhaustion after getting off the plane.

Actually, Adrian Zhekova wanted to say that he didn’t really care about seeing his son or not.

However, under Cindy’s gaze, Adrian Zhekova still nodded: “Okay.” He had to find a reason for his late-night visit, didn’t he?

So, Adrian Zhekova went with Cindy to Morgan Zhekova’s room.

Cindy quietly opened the door and let Adrian Zhekova in.

She didn't follow him, just waited at the door.

He was originally indifferent about seeing his son or not.

But now, seeing Morgan's innocent sleeping face, Adrian Zhekova's gaze softened.

He was very grateful for the decision he'd made.

It was good that he came to see his son.

Having not seen Morgan for a few days, Adrian Zhekova realized that he really missed his son.

Seeing Morgan sleeping, Adrian Zhekova's heart softened, and a surge of fatherly love welled up within him.

He quietly bent down, getting closer to Morgan.

He gently kissed Morgan's tender cheek.

He carefully watched for a while, making sure Morgan wasn't disturbed by his presence.

Only then did Adrian Zhekova quietly stand up.

Seeing Morgan turning over and changing his position in his sleep, Adrian Zhekova silently laughed. He then left Morgan's bedroom and closed the door for him.

It was so late, and with Adrian Zhekova here, Cindy felt a little uneasy.

“Did you drive here by yourself?” Cindy asked.

“Yeah, it’s too late to have someone accompany me.” Adrian Zhekova explained..

Chapter 149: Cindy Clarke is single based on her own abilities

“Drive carefully when you go back,” Cindy said. “You look really tired.”

Adrian Zhekova: ‘

Noticing that I’m tired, yet still asking me to leave?

Adrian Zhekova leaned against the wall: “Yeah, I’m so sleepy that I can’t keep my eyes open. I’m really afraid I might fall asleep while driving.”

Adrian Zhekova got closer to Cindy’s face: “Look into my eyes. Don’t you see all those red blood vessels?”

“My eyes are terribly dry,” Adrian Zhekova said. “You don’t know how worried I’ve been these past few days while I was away on a business trip, about you and Morgan being bullied here without anyone to back you up.”

Cindy’s heart was struck by his words.

“So, I hurried to finish my work and rushed back overnight. Otherwise, I should have returned tomorrow,” Adrian Zhekova added.

Cindy was deeply moved by this: “You should have just come back tomorrow.” Adrian Zhekova:

Adrian Zhekova thought, even without a daughter like Morgan, Cindy would still be single on her own merits.

“My nerves were so tense while I was busy working, and now that I’m relaxed, I feel totally drained,” Adrian Zhekova decided to ignore Cindy’s words. “How about you let me crash here for the night?”

Cindy: ‘

“By now, Sheldon should be home, so it’s not appropriate to call him back. The same goes for Cleave Roland. Besides, both of them are as tired as I am. It wouldn’t be safe to ask any of them to drive. And calling people out in the middle of the night is just plain inappropriate.”

While saying this, Adrian Zhekova’s eyes seemed heavy to the point they wouldn’t open.

He frowned, massaged his temples, and forced his eyelids open.

It seemed every crease on his face was saying: “I’m so tired!”

However, the red blood vessels in Adrian Zhekova’s eyes were not a lie; they were quite severe.

“Even if you stay, I don’t have room in my house,” Cindy said, feeling it wasn’t right to force him to sleep on the couch.

Unexpectedly, Adrian Zhekova volunteered, “I can sleep on the sofa. No problem.”

Realizing he answered too quickly, Adrian Zhekova leaned back against the wall and said wearily, “I’m just so tired. I can barely keep my eyes open. All I need is a place to rest.”

Seeing him like this, Cindy had no choice but to say, “Alright then, I guess you’ll have to put up with sleeping on the sofa.”

“No problem,” Adrian Zhekova said.

“I’ll get you a blanket,” Cindy said.

Now that it’s so hot, they had the air-conditioning on, so it would be cold without a blanket.

Cindy went back to her bedroom, and Adrian Zhekova didn’t follow her.

He couldn’t be too eager, or else he might be kicked out of the house, making it difficult to have an excuse to stay over in the future.

In a short while, Cindy came out with a pillow and blanket: “These are clean— they’ve been washed and not used.”

Adrian Zhekova wanted to say that even if she had used them, he wouldn’t mind.

Cindy set the pillow and blanket on the couch.

Fortunately, the sofa was quite wide, almost as wide as a small single bed.

And the length was enough.

“If you want to take a shower, feel free. It’s no problem,” Cindy said. “But we don’t have any pajamas you can wear.” “I brought some,” Adrian Zhekova said.

“Huh?” Cindy looked at Adrian Zhekova in surprise.

He brought pajamas?

"I came straight here after getting off the plane, right? My luggage is still in the trunk, and there are clean pajamas in it," Adrian Zhekova said. "I'll go get my suitcase.."

Chapter 150: I Am the Child's Father

"Oh, okay." So that's how it is.

"By the way, tell me the password so I don't have to ring the doorbell and wake Morgan later," Adrian Zhekova said.

Cindy Clarke's apartment door can be accessed by card or by entering a password.

Her front door also has a fingerprint lock, which either requires a fingerprint scan or password input.

Adrian actually wanted Cindy to enter his fingerprint into the lock directly.

However, considering it was too late, asking seemed inconvenient.

Next time, he should definitely get the fingerprint thing sorted out.

When Cindy heard this, she found it quite reasonable.

"Wait a moment," Cindy said, then went to the cabinet integrated with the entrance hall bar to get a key card.

"This is the access card for the building, take it. The password is too long and hard to remember," Cindy said.

Then, she told Adrian the password for her fingerprint lock.

Adrian wondered why this girl was so careless as he lectured: "It's fine for me to have these since I'm the father of the child, after all."

Cindy: '

The words sounded reasonable, yet they felt off.

"I wouldn't give it to anyone else," Cindy said, knowing only Peggy Lewis had one.

Just in case, she didn't feel at ease leaving Morgan home alone.

Fortunately, Peggy was available to come over anytime.

Oh, wait, she actually hadn't intended to keep Adrian's copy; it was only for temporary use.

He must return it once he's done!

"As long as you remember not to trust others easily, and don't give out important things like this," Adrian said as he walked to the door. "Of course, I'm an exception, so it's different."

With that, Adrian left the room.

Cindy: '

In a short while, Adrian came upstairs with his suitcase.

Adrian put the suitcase near the living room sofa and took out clean sleepwear.

Then, holding the sleepwear, he stared at her steadily.

Cindy asked puzzledly, "What's wrong?"

Why is he staring at her like that?

Adrian raised his eyebrows slightly, "I'm going to change into my sleepwear."

In other words, did she want to keep watching?

He didn't mind.

When Cindy finally reacted, she said, "I'm going to bed, do as you please," and dashed off.

But halfway, she suddenly stopped and turned back to Adrian, "There are some homemade snacks in the kitchen cupboard, and some deli meats and beef jerky in the refrigerator. You can eat if you're hungry."

Reflecting on Adrian's hasty return, Cindy figured he probably hadn't eaten well.

Seriously, she hasn't left yet!

Not daring to stay any longer, Cindy turned around and ran back to the bedroom.

That night, having Adrian sleeping in the living room wasn't necessarily a cause for uneasiness, but it certainly felt different.

She felt tense all over.

Cindy crawled into her blankets, staring wide-eyed out the window—unable to sleep.

Staring for a while, her heart gradually calmed down.

Suddenly, it seemed as if something was amiss.

Cindy recalled Adrian mentioning how difficult it was to finish work early and come back, meaning he wouldn't be able to return until tomorrow.

But she remembered that Adrian said he would be back on Wednesday when he had breakfast here on Sunday.

She knew something was off when she heard those words earlier but couldn't pinpoint it at the time..