

Daddy! Come Home for Dinner!

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: Morgan Zhekova is Missing

Five years later.

In Belfard, inside a two-bedroom apartment.

Cindy Clarke took out a piece of chicken breast, tenderized it, then added salt, black pepper, cooking wine, soy sauce, and a bit of honey. She marinated and fried the chicken until it was cooked through.

Then she covered the pan and let it simmer for a while, ensuring the chicken remained juicy and tender.

After that, she sliced carrots and cucumbers, sprinkled them with salt and black pepper, and fried them on both sides in the pan.

Finally, Cindy took out some pre-made tortillas and cooked purple rice, shredded the chicken breast, and put the vegetables and chicken on top of the rice. She added a layer of mashed avocado and rolled the tortilla, wrapping it tightly with aluminum foil.

With that, the customer's low-fat meal was ready.

Cindy quickly took that day's lunch and rode her electric bicycle to deliver the order to Pingla Group.

Cindy currently runs a home-cooking business without a physical store, which saves on costs. She operates only during lunchtime and offers two dishes daily – a healthy low-fat meal and a tasty bento box with meat and vegetables – for customers to choose from.

Most of her clients, especially female office workers, prefer the healthy low-fat meal option.

“Thank you!” A white-collar worker received five lunch portions that her office colleagues had ordered together. “Ever since I tried your low-fat meal, I can’t go back to other options. Our office girls’ diets have become much healthier thanks to your food.”

“I don’t know how you do it – the chicken is so tender and juicy, and the carrots taste amazing,” the worker praised.

“I’m glad you all like it,” Cindy replied with a smile. “Please continue to support me in the future. If there’s anything you don’t like, just let me know, and I’ll make adjustments.”

“Sure,” the worker agreed, paid for the food, and left with the lunch order.

Just as Cindy was about to leave, she received a call from the nursery.

“Morgan Clarke’s mother, well... Morgan is missing. Please come to the nursery as soon as possible,” the teacher nearly cried over the phone.

“What?” Cindy hurriedly rode her bike to the nursery, asking, “How did this happen out of the blue?”

The homeroom teacher finally found an excuse. “Morgan had a fight with another student and got reprimanded. Maybe his pride was hurt, so he... ”

“Morgan isn’t the type to fight with others for no reason. Moreover, your nursery is supposed to be secure – I’m starting to doubt its safety if a child can just walk out on their own.”

And as a homeroom teacher, not even noticing that one of her 15 students was missing from class!

“Let’s talk when I get there and find him first,” Cindy said, hanging up the phone and quickly trying to call Morgan.

She had bought Morgan a child’s mobile phone just in case he needed to contact her urgently when they were apart.

However, she tried calling multiple times without success.

Cindy trembled while riding her electric bicycle, feeling anxious.

Five years ago, she left her family home, fearing Christy Xenos and Wendy Clarke might track her down at her school, so she withdrew from her classes.

Then she bought a train ticket to Belfard and left Nork City immediately.

Nork City was small, and she didn't dare stay there, knowing they would eventually find her.

She used her savings to rent a place in Belfard and found a job as a kitchen assistant at a restaurant.

Working nonstop every day, she didn't even notice her period had stopped until she started experiencing morning sickness and her belly began to grow.

Only after getting a check-up did Cindy realize she was already four months pregnant.

The baby was developing well at that point, and aborting would be both physically harmful to Cindy and cruel to the unborn child.

Struggling on her own in Belfard, she found the courage to give birth to her baby.

With her belly growing bigger, she was no longer fit for kitchen work, so she resigned from her job.

During that time, she started filming cooking videos and created a food blogger account with the nickname "Cain Velman."

"Cain" came from her own name, and "Velman" symbolized the mysterious child in her belly, conceived with the help of a stranger.

Aside from recording videos, she also registered her business on a takeout app and began selling Private Home-style Cuisine.

Because she was alone and pregnant, her energy was limited, so she could only sell a limited number of dishes each day.

Unexpectedly, her food blogger account gained a large following, and her home-cooking business also attracted a stable client base with many repeat customers.

Her income steadily increased, thanks to not only her home-cooking sales but also from the advertising revenue on her food blog.

At first, she received ads for products like bottled water, cooking oil, and condiments, but she eventually began receiving advertisements from well-known brands for kitchen appliances like refrigerators, ovens, and dishwashers.

Not only did she receive ad fees, but the brand also gifted her appliances.

Cindy's kitchen was now fully equipped with high-quality appliances – all provided for free by the brands – and she could always upgrade to the latest models without spending any money.

Living a stable and comfortable life with Cindy, Morgan didn't need to worry about their livelihood anymore.

Cindy would always remember the first time she laid eyes on Morgan after giving birth to him.

She never thought the baby would be so good-looking, not resembling her at all. Cindy thought his features must resemble the unknown man who fathered him.

Looking at Morgan's face, it was clear how handsome that man must have been.

Because her food blogger account's name was "Cain Velman" and due to the stranger's involvement, she named the baby Morgan Clarke.

Over the past four years, Cindy constantly felt grateful for her decision to give birth to Morgan.

To her, Morgan had nothing to do with the mysterious man – he was an angel sent to her by heaven.

He was the best gift she could ever receive in her most difficult times.

In a Rolls-Royce Cullinan parked on the roadside, Adrian Zhekova sat in the back seat.

His slender, bony fingers were holding an old-fashioned mobile phone that had seen better days.

He browsed through the photo gallery, WeChat, and other social media apps on the phone countless times throughout the years, but found no useful clues.

The phone's contact list was empty, with no call history whatsoever.

There weren't even any selfies in the photo gallery – just many photos of food dishes and numerous notes about recipes and edits in the memo app.

There were no friends on WeChat either. What was even the point of downloading WeChat, then? Just to follow various food-related public accounts?

"Master Adrian, you're looking at it again?" Sheldon Rowland asked from the front passenger seat.