

Daddy! Come Home for Dinner!

Chapter 8: Chapter 8: Concealment

“What’s wrong?” Sheldon Rowland quickly asked.

“This soup has poppy shell in it, and I can taste it in the ravioli filling too. I don’t know if it’s soaked in from the soup or if they added it directly to the filling,” Cindy Clarke said gravely. “Poppy shell is addictive. Even though they’ve only added a small amount, it can still make customers crave the taste and want to come back.”

“No wonder there are always so many customers here,” Morgan Clarke said.

Cindy felt relieved that Morgan had never eaten it before.

“It’s not so bad for adults, but children have weaker immune systems. If a child ate this, they would suffer even more harm,” Cindy continued gravely. “We must report this to the police. We cannot let this illegal business continue.”

“Are you sure?” Sheldon whispered. “You could tell just by tasting it?”

“Of course! My mom is amazing!” Morgan immediately exclaimed. “No matter what dish it is, she just has to taste...”

Cindy quickly covered Morgan’s mouth.

Although this ability was useful, it shouldn’t be casually revealed to strangers – who knows what trouble it might attract.

Sheldon was taken aback for a moment – he had not expected Cindy to be Morgan’s mother.

From Morgan’s address and Cindy’s age, he had assumed that Cindy was her sister.

Then, Sheldon nodded and picked up the plastic bag covering the bowl, which could cleanly hold both the ravioli and soup.

These small street-side stalls would put a plastic bag over the bowl for easy cleaning before serving the ravioli.

“I’ll take these for testing. If I find something, I can use the evidence to report it to the police,” Sheldon said. “Don’t worry, I won’t mention you. No one will come to trouble you.”

Grateful, Cindy nodded and said, “In that case, I won’t say anything more for now. I don’t want to alert them and give them a chance to change their soup base, making testing impossible later.”

Even if she reported it, the police would have to test it when they arrived.

“Thank you,” Sheldon said immediately. “You’re going back to the Nursery? I can give you a ride.”

“You’ve already gone to so much trouble today, and you have important things to do,” Cindy said, looking at the ravioli in Sheldon’s hand. “The Nursery is not far from here; we’ll go back by ourselves.”

Morgan had only walked a short distance from the Nursery.

“Alright then,” Sheldon agreed, without any more politeness. “I’ll contact you when I have results.”

“Okay.”

Since Adrian Zhekova had driven the car away, Sheldon called for another one.

As they waited, Sheldon looked back at Cindy and Morgan, who were walking away.

Thinking of Morgan’s face, Sheldon felt like the child looked familiar, as if he’d seen him somewhere before.

Cindy led Morgan to her electric bicycle.

When she took Morgan with her, she didn't ride the bicycle out of safety concerns but pushed it instead.

"Tired?" Cindy asked Morgan.

Morgan shook his head sensibly.

Cindy smiled and lifted Morgan onto the bicycle seat. "I'll push you."

As she was putting Morgan down, she noticed a slight contortion in his face.

"What's wrong?" Cindy asked quickly.

"It's nothing," Morgan immediately shook his head.

Not believing him, Cindy saw the tension on Morgan's face and frowned, "Morgan, are you going to start hiding things from me now too?"