

# Daddy! Come Home for Dinner!

Chapter 9: Chapter 9: I won't allow others to talk about you like that

Morgan Clarke hung his head lower as Cindy Clarke asked, "Did you get hurt from fighting with someone?"

Before Morgan could answer, Cindy lifted his T-shirt to look.

Thin clothing in summer made it easier to get hurt.

As she lifted the T-shirt, Cindy saw bruises and scratches on Morgan's body, where two spots of skin were torn.

Even unscratched areas had a tinge of red, almost breaking the skin.

Cindy trembled with anger and said, "Let's go to the hospital first!"

At this point, Morgan's injury was a priority. Children's bones are soft and susceptible to internal injuries.

Their skin is also delicate, and scratches could lead to infections.

Cindy locked her electric bicycle by the side of the road, hailed a taxi, and carried Morgan into the car.

"Didn't you tell me because you didn't want me to worry?" In the car, Cindy held Morgan and asked.

Morgan remained silent, not wanting Cindy to know why he had fought.

However, it seemed impossible to hide now.

"You're making me more worried like this. What if I hadn't noticed due to my carelessness, and your injuries got worse or life-threatening? How devastated and guilty would I feel?" Cindy asked.

"Mom, I'm sorry, I didn't think it through." Morgan tugged at Cindy's clothes in her arms.

This little one would only call her mom when he knew he had done something wrong.

Usually, he would address her as Cindy.

Seeing such an adorable child, Cindy couldn't help but feel her heart trembling, fearing the thought of losing him.

Cindy gave him a long kiss on his forehead, "Never hide anything from me again, okay?"

"Okay," replied Morgan obediently, before adding, "It doesn't really hurt, it just looks severe."

"Then why were you gritting your teeth when I held you?" Cindy unmasked him with a stern face.

"..." Morgan stopped talking.

"Didn't you just promise me that you won't hide anything from me?" Cindy asked again.

Morgan nodded and listened as Cindy asked, "So why did you get into a fight? I know you're not the type of kid to fight for no reason."

Morgan pursed his lips, and Cindy did not press him.

After a while, Morgan softly said, "It was Arthur Woods from the Moon Class next door. He said I was a wild... wild-born child because I don't have a father, and that you're promiscuous. That's why you had me at such a young age."

"He can say anything about me, but he shouldn't say that about you! I won't let anyone talk about you like that!" Morgan said indignantly.

Cindy fell silent.

She never felt ashamed of raising Morgan on her own at a young age.

That's why she didn't avoid the topic of being a single mother when attending nursery activities, picking up her child, or meeting teachers, parents, and children at the nursery.

Everyone knew that she had a 4-year-old son at 24.

It was easy to calculate when she became pregnant.

She didn't find it disgraceful, but she never expected others to have such dirty thoughts.

Didn't children just repeat what adults said?

"Has anyone else ever said something like that to you?" Cindy asked.

Morgan shook his head, "No, only Arthur Woods. In the nursery, everyone likes me. I am the popularity king."