

My Baby's Daddy

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“Who allowed that brat to do this to you? Who adopted her and her brother back when her parents died? What an ingrate who bites the hand that feeds her!” Olivia swore loudly before attempting to take out her phone. I’ve got to bite her head off for this!

Selena stopped her, saying, “Mom, don’t call her first. There’s one other thing that I want to tell you.” Olivia sat down again.

Selena’s eyes reddened. She said, “Mom, the man I love, he... he actually loves Ellen! I can’t resign myself to this!”

“Who are you talking about?” For a moment, Olivia wasn’t sure who her daughter was in love with.

“Who else can it be? It’s our boss, of course!”

Olivia was astounded. “Y-You mean that Young Master Jared? Are you saying he’s in love with Ellen?”

Selena replied, “I didn’t believe it at first, but today... When I went to Ellen in the office this morning, he said he loved her and

warned me not to bully her. Mom, in what way am I inferior to her?" She was aggrieved and upset, but at the same time, she was also resentful.

"Stop crying, sweetheart," Olivia said, comforting Selena while holding her in her arms. At the same time, she looked surprised and anxious. Is there such a coincidence? That Young Master Jared is in love with Ellen? Don't tell me that ghosts really do exist in the world and that this is the work of Ellen's dead brother? "Your dad is to blame for this, too. I told him not to get Ellen into that company, but he insisted on doing so," she said resentfully.

Upon hearing this, Selena couldn't help but look up in surprise. "Mom, what did you say? You mean it was Dad who got Ellen into the Presgrave Group?"

Seeing that she had let it slip, Olivia had no choice but to admit, "Yeah, that's right. Your dad got Ellen a job at that company while he was pulling strings for you."

Selena replied, "How could he do that? It was me who wanted to work there. Why did he have to get Ellen into the company as

well?" She was beside herself with rage after listening to this. If Ellen hadn't joined the Presgrave Group, she wouldn't have met Jared, and these things wouldn't have happened. Olivia replied, "It's your dad's fault indeed." She was vexed, too. I should've stopped him back then. Now I have shot myself in the foot. To think Ellen and Young Master Jared hit it off so quickly as to fall in love with each other! No, I can't let her and Young Master Jared become a couple no matter what, or what happened before will certainly be found out. "Mom, I hate her guts," Selena sobbed in Olivia's arms.

"That little brat will come to a bad end." Olivia was resentful, too. At the same time, she was even more afraid of Ellen, fearing that she would learn about the truth of what had happened back then and that she would take away everything that they owned right now.

Meanwhile, in the restaurant....

Ellen obediently explained the incident in the morning where she had lied to Selena that Jared had a girlfriend.

Jared had forgotten about it long ago. Instead, he thought she was doing the right thing. She's keeping me from being pestered

by other women. "Alright, let bygones be bygones!" he said, ending the subject. Then, he asked, "Are you still gonna quit your job, then?"

Ellen asked him in reply, "Do I really have to pay eight million in breach-of-contract damages if I resign?"

Jared nodded. "The breach-of-contract damages for your job are more than eight million."

Ellen involuntarily gulped at once. Then, thinking that she wouldn't suffer any losses if she didn't quit her job, she replied with a wave of her hand, "I won't quit my job, then. I'll keep on working until you sack me on your own initiative!" There's no way I can afford such an exorbitant amount of breach-of-contract damages.

Jared couldn't help but let out a snort of laughter. "Seems like you're quite sensible."

Ellen let out a wry laugh. "I'm just doing what suits me best at the time."

"Are you free this Friday night?" Jared asked her. Ellen pondered for a moment. She didn't have to work extra hours on Friday night, nor did she have anything else to deal with.

So, she nodded, saying, "I am. Is there anything I can do for you, President Presgrave?"

"Attend a dinner party with me."

“What dinner party?” Ellen was startled; she had never attended such an upper-class dinner party.

“A charity dinner.”

Ellen’s cheeks burned. She couldn’t help but say honestly, “President Presgrave, I’ve never attended dinner parties before, so

I’m afraid I’ll make you look bad. Why don’t you invite someone else instead?”

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