

My Baby's Daddy

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I knew it! She planned it from the start! She acted pitifully in front of him to make him empathize with her. And here I am, thinking that he had fallen for her. Selena was scornful. Seeing how she believed in her words, Ellen began to let her storytelling shine through. "President Presgrave is an empathetic man. Back then, Uncle Garrett and the others were trying to rip me off when the demolition was confirmed. I accidentally spilled the beans, and the rest is what you witnessed in the lobby. He knew I was getting bullied, so he helped me out."

Selena finally grasped the situation. No wonder President Presgrave is so protective of her. He knew of her situation.

Ellen exclaimed, "He's been helping me so much, but I don't know how to repay his kindness. That's why I treated him to a meal.

You were there too."

It pricked Selena's guilty conscience to recall that day. She coughed wryly. "I was just hanging out with my friends. It was a coincidence."

"I know. So, Selena, please do not misunderstand things between me and President Presgrave. He did all that out of pity."

Selena seemed to be in a good mood. At least, things were not as she thought. She initially assumed that Ellen was going to be Jared's girlfriend and would look down upon them the day she became a rich man's wife. Now, it seemed like it was a mere act out of pity and empathy, it was nothing remotely close to affection.

"I bet you have his private contact number. Can you give it to me? Selena suddenly thought of getting in touch with Jared virtually. If I have his number, I can flirt with him at times. What if I succeed?"

Ellen shook her head immediately. "That's a big no-no. President Presgrave personally highlighted that his contact number is solely for business. He will get angry if we bother him with personal matters. Besides, he already has a girlfriend. What if she gets jealous? That will put us in trouble."

“I just wanna save his number. I won’t bother him.”
Selena pouted.

“Still, what if you ticked off his nerves? He’ll lash out at me for sure. I can’t do this, Selena.”

“Why are you such a coward? Selena was perturbed.

“You don’t know how scary it was when he gets angry. I saw him getting mad at an assistant who sent him documents for signatures. She even wept.”

The indifference on Jared’s face whenever he was silent conjured in Selena’s mind as though he had a danger sign on him. His sheer gaze could send chills down one’s spine, let alone when he was in a foul mood.

“So, is there seriously no hope for us?” Selena was being hopeful.

“We should know our place, Selena. Forget it,” reminded Ellen.

Selena could not accept her fate after all those sweet dreams in which she got married to Jared that she had during the night.

Once she left the room, Ellen instinctively sighed in relief. She thought of her own words, which did not seem to be directed at Selena but at herself.

After all, it was enough to admire someone young and rich like Jared; one should never ask him to reciprocate those feelings!

The next morning, Ellen urged Selena to get ready for work. The latter was reluctant to get up from bed, but Ellen's persistence

rendered her struggle useless. In the end, they went to work together, with Ellen getting a free ride

Upon arrival, she headed straight to the presidential office. The tranquility filled the whole floor, implying that she had attended

work too early

"Woah." In front of the French windows, she gaped at the picturesque scenery vaguely hidden in the shroud of mist. Its surreal

beauty could give one the hallucination of being in a utopia.

Just as she was deeply absorbed by the scenery, a man's voice resounded. "Have you had breakfast?"

She turned her head in surprise to see Jared standing behind her. She stammered with her speech, "P- President Presgrave, you're early today."

He smiled. "I stayed for the night, and I'm on my way for breakfast. Wanna come along?"

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