

Read Novel Novel My baby's daddy chapter 2468 by anastasia

Novel My baby's daddy chapter 2468-Shirley shook her head. "No, I'm just moving to a different place."

Corinne wasn't interested in where she was going to live next. Just then, a shuttle bus pulled up, and Shirley placed her

luggage on board and got on. Corinne planned to walk, but the driver called out to her, "Corinne, get in."

"I'm heading to Mr. Flintstone's residence," she said.

"I'm taking Imogen there too. Hop on," the driver said. Shocked, Corinne looked at Shirley, realizing that when she said

she was moving to a different place, she meant moving into Zacharias' residence.

She immediately got on the bus, her eyes fixed firmly on Shirley. "You're going to live at Mr. Flintstone's place?"

Shirley could see the envy in Corinne's expression. However, she had no intention of boasting; instead, she felt helpless.

She simply nodded. "Yes, it was Mr. Flintstone's idea."

At once, Corinne's chest heaved, and she bit her lip before snorting in Shirley's direction. "You're quite something, huh?"

She believed that Shirley had used some means to captivate Zacharias behind her back, and that was why he was giving

her special treatment.

Though Shirley knew that Corinne had misunderstood, she chose not to explain and just furrowed her brow.

Upon arriving at Zacharias' residence, Shirley got off the bus, and Corinne stood by her side. As the shuttle bus departed,

Corinne spoke in a serious tone. "Stop right there, Imogen."

Shirley had no choice but to stop and look at Corinne, feeling that she had somehow provoked her.

At this moment, Corinne seemed like a cat whose tail had been stepped on, displaying a touch of aggressiveness. "How

did you make Mr. Flintstone notice you? What tricks did you use? Or did you seduce him when I wasn't around?" She

voiced her suspicions.

In her eyes, she was no less than Shirley in every way, so why would Zacharias show interest in her? Shirley had to have

done something behind the scenes.

Hearing that, Shirley was at a loss for words. The feeling of being wrongly accused is so unpleasant. She gave Corinne a

sharp, piercing look. "Are you done?"

Corinne was taken aback by her gaze and snorted. "Don't let me catch you doing anything wrong, or I won't let you off."

With that, she entered the house first, and Shirley followed her. Shirley took her luggage to the second floor, where there

was a guest room reserved for visitors. Since Zacharias' master bedroom and his study were on the third floor, the entire

third floor became his operational territory. Considering that, Shirley chose to stay on the second floor.

Meanwhile, Corinne went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for Zacharias. The less she received his attention, the harder

she worked. She wanted to outshine Shirley and make him see how good she was.

After a quick unpacking, Shirley decided to go to the third floor to inform Zacharias that she had moved in. She had felt his

displeasure the night before when she had rejected him. Indeed, having been accustomed to being in a position of power

for a long time, he is no longer used to being rejected.

She went up to the third-floor foyer, and as she turned the corner, she suddenly saw a man sitting in the third-floor living

room. He was dressed in a loose-fitting black robe, with the belt hanging loose in the middle. Water droplets were falling

from the tips of his hair, sliding down his strikingly handsome face, down to his jawline, and further down onto his exposed

abdominal muscles. He lounged on the couch, exuding an air of relaxed nonchalance.

At once, she covered her eyes and turned around. She didn't expect him to dress like this. "Good morning, Mr. Flintstone."

She greeted him.

"Have you moved in?" he asked directly. With a nod, she answered, "I've brought my luggage to the guest room on the

second floor."

"Good," he simply replied.

"I'll go downstairs to work now," she said before hurrying to the foyer. On the way, she couldn't help but let out a sigh of

relief. The image she had just seen wouldn't leave her mind.

After that, she went to do her cleaning tasks. Even though they were repetitive, they couldn't be neglected.