

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1107

Startled, Ruka looked at him while feeling extremely flattered. He's oozing gentleness from every pore, but why do I still sense a dominating aura?

It's as if I'll make him look bad if I refuse to get into the car. In the end, such pressure of being forced caused her to bend down and get into his car reluctantly.

The instant the car door closed, her heart shuddered, and her breathing became tense, as though she had been abducted into the car. That's right-I'm abducted by this guy's commanding presence, his power, and his seniority. If it were another man, I'd definitely fight to the end and refuse to get into the car no matter what.

Ren then got into the car from the other side. When he got into the car, he looked sideways to study the young lady's expression. She was pouting her lips

slightly with a hint of displeasure. The bodyguard started the car.

Seeing the streetlights and the trees flashing past the car window, Ruka involuntarily relaxed. In reality, she wasn't that averse to going to his place, which was large and comfortable. She knew what she was afraid of, but she couldn't pour it out.

20 minutes later, they arrived at Ren's villa. After they arrived, the bodyguards drove off-not to leave but to go on duty.

Ruka entered the living room to see her suitcase beside the couch. She couldn't help but let out a sigh. Am I gonna be staying at his place no matter what?

Ren said to her, "Do you still like the room last night? If you do, then stay in that guest room."

"Uh-huh! I like it." Ruka nodded.

Ren lifted her suitcase and went upstairs. Stunned, Ruka hurriedly said, "Let me carry it, Mr. Ren."

However, the man carried her suitcase upstairs effortlessly.

Ruka followed him all the way to her guest room from behind.

Ren put down the suitcase and surveyed the room as if to see if the room lacked anything. Ruka said behind him. "Mr. Ren, I don't lack anything. You should go and get some rest."

Ren looked back and asked, "Have you had dinner?"

Only then did Ruka realize that she never had time to eat after being locked in the library for such a long time. I'm okay with skipping dinner, though. "No, I haven't, but I'm not hungry," she replied.

"Come downstairs for dinner later," the man said before leaving.

Ruka was dumbfounded. Is he gonna make dinner for me? Hearing the door close, she still felt somewhat unsettled. She opened her suitcase and unpacked her clothes. The servant had packed up all her clothes, and she hung them up in the wardrobe before letting out an involuntary sigh. Seems like I'm really gonna be staying here..

After unpacking her luggage, she sat down for a while before going to the bathroom to look at herself in the mirror. Her oval face looked fair and plain with no makeup on it.

She had always been dissatisfied with her looks. She was going to turn 24 years old, but she still looked naive and ignorant, as though she had gotten old over these years for nothing. She fretted about this, so she always dressed older than her age on purpose..

When she came downstairs, she smelled something appetizing-not the rich aroma of cooked food, but the sweet and pure aroma of spring onions. Involuntarily, she turned her eyes toward the kitchen, only to see Ren cooking noodles in the open kitchen while wearing a black sweater with the sleeves rolled up.

In an instant, she found herself unable to tear her eyes away from the scene. The graceful and noble qualities he had about him were apparent even when he was doing something as trifling as cooking noodles.

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Looking at the man who was lowering his head and slicing the grilled steak with rapt attention, she couldn't help but gulp a mouthful of saliva. I'm so hungry! "Let me help you, Mr. Ren."

She went over with a smile and saw the steak that he had dished up beautifully with a floret of broccoli on top for garnish. As she was holding the plate containing the steak.. she was greeted with its pleasant aroma. How I wish I could steal a bite of it!

After putting the steak on the table, she saw the man behind her coming over with a bowl of noodles in each hand. It was as though he did everything with such extraordinary grace.

Ruka felt a tremendous sense of pleasure overwhelming her. Could I have saved the world in my previous life to be able to eat the food he cooked? "Wow! It smells so good!" she couldn't help but praise. "You're terrific, Mr. Ren."

Ren fastened his eyes on her while naturally putting his hands on the table for support. As he leaned over slightly, his eyes darkened somewhat. "Ruka, from now on, don't call me Mr. Ren anymore."

Ruka's eyes widened slightly. "What should I call you, then?"

"Call me whatever you like, but don't call me Mr. Ren. I don't like it." Ren pushed a bowl of noodles toward her. "Call me Ren instead."

Ruka was speechless for a moment. "No, I can't do that. Aunt Scarlet is from the same generation as my mom. You're her younger brother, so I should call you Mr. Rén. If you really don't like that, I can call you Uncle." She insisted on respecting her elders. In particular, she couldn't address her elders wrongly since it'd be a rude. thing to do.

Ren knitted his brows. He replied somewhat sulkily in a peremptory tone of voice that brooked no retort, 'In any case, you can only call me Ren while staying at my place these days.' He insisted that she call him so since there weren't so many rules and restrictions at his place.

Ruka stopped insisting. Inwardly, she even wanted to smile. Seeing that the man had cooked dinner for her, she curled her lips into a smile, saying, "Okay. I'll call you Ren then, alright?"

When Ren saw how obedient she looked, his brow finally cleared. As he was in a good mood, he pulled out his chair and sat down next to her.

Ruka hurriedly handed him his fork and spoon. After eating a few bites of the noodles, she asked him, "You kept sending me presents by post earlier. Why didn't you tell me about it so that I can thank you for it?"

Ren was startled for a moment. Then, he figured that his assistant must've let it slip and told her about it. "Do you like the gifts?" he asked with a squint.

"Yeah, I do," Ruka said before flashing the necklace she was wearing, "Look, I'm wearing it."

Ren curled his lips into an attractive smile as a dimple appeared in one of his cheeks.

If he laughs heartily, his dimples will definitely be even more good-looking, thought Ruka as she looked forward to him laughing.

They then ate dinner in silence.