

# My Baby's Daddy

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Sophie's hands were nervously intertwined as her gaze fell on the man on the couch and her. She couldn't hide her admiration for him and said, "I hope it's not too bold of me to say this, but I've always admired you, Ren. I hope I have the opportunity to learn from you and do for my own flaws."

"There is no need for you to be so modest, Miss Liamson. It's very well done in its own right," Ren replied sympathetically.

She was more willing to impress him, and continued, "I heard that you have a piano in your studio and I was wondering if I could have the honor of playing you a song."

He glanced at his watch. "I'm sorry, but maybe next time. There's something I need to discuss with my dad right now."

Then, Ren got up from the sofa and walked out of the living room.

Sophie was dejected by his answer. Even though he didn't look arrogant or cold, he could tell from how he looked at her that he

was reserved. He didn't seem to mind chatting with her, but that was it. Ren had no intention of engaging in a deeper or more sincere conversation. It was accurate because it was so inscrutable that one would hesitate to investigate it further. However, that might have been what made it so attractive. He was a powerful man who cared about people. His charisma came from his leadership ability and his belief in standing up for what was inherently good. Unfortunately, his devotion to his political career was nowhere to be found in his quest for romance. She clenched her fists. His uncle had given him this opportunity to climb the social ladder, and he would be doing him a disservice if he gave up because of Ren's initial apathy. In addition, she had more chances than any other girl because Harold and Charlotte favored her.

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