

My Baby's Daddy

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Kuka blushed as she couldn't contain her joy. She could not believe she had the privilege to hear Ren sing her a lullaby as a child. That's surreal.

"I want to hear the lullaby," she said. She took out her earphones and plugged them into the phone. Then, she turned up the volume to hear Ren's deep and rich voice.

"Give me a second. I'm looking for the lyrics," he spoke earnestly. In fact, he was prepared to sing for her.

Her heart thumped wildly as she waited like a child in line for an amusement park ride. After a period of silence on the other end of the line, he said, "Are you listening?"

Ruka responded with a hum and was impatient to hear him sing. "Yes."

Instantly, he started to sing with his tenor voice, which was light and smooth. "Lavender's blue, dilly-dilly, lavender's green; when

I am king, dilly-dihy, you shall be queen; who told you so, dilly-dilly, who told you so? ‘Twas my own heart, dilly-dilly, that told me so.”

Ren had such a captivating and precise way of pronouncing words that it was almost hypnotic to listen to. Ruka’s breath slowed to a steady rhythm as she clung to every note, and his voice pulled the strings in her heart. She was so ‘concerned about missing even one hum that she closed her eyes without realizing she was falling asleep.

So, this is what they meant by eargasm, she pondered as she finally understood the slang term. Ren’s voice made her feel

isolated from the rest of the world and surrounded by a warmth only he could provide. If he were a siren, she would be the poor sailor who would jump off the ship for him.

There was no telling if Ren was teasing her at this point as a small chuckle made its way into the song. Ruka’s face blushed. Is he attempting to seduce me with a lullaby? She felt compelled to rush over to his house and hug him to sleep.

He abruptly interrupted the lullaby and asked, “Do you like it?”

“Did you really sing me lullabies when I was a child?”

“Of course, but that was a different lullaby,” he replied with a husky tone.

Ruka raised her brows, and her eyes glittered as she asked, “If we get married, will you sing me lullabies every night before we go to bed?”

“I will,” he promised, and the bass in his voice was more prominent than ever. It electrified her and caused her breathing to flutter. The more he spoke, the more she wished he would perform , unimaginable acts upon her.

The lust was enough to suffocate her.

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