

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1371-1375

Chapter 1371

Ren's recovery had extended for a few days thanks to Charlotte's soup. He was a little glum about it, to be honest.

Throughout the following week, Ruka refused to enter his room past ten at night. She even gave him a few books on meditation.

Ren did not want to scare her again either, so he decided to wait until he was fully recovered.

Two days later, he heard back from Richard. The assailant had been killed just before they managed to apprehend him, so the mastermind was still unknown. He hid too well and they could not get to him yet.

Right at this moment, in a secret meeting room, a man sneered. 'If you want this to blow over, you need to ensure that I am appointed to that position, or otherwise, you'll all have to spend the rest of your lives in prison.'

"We'll do everything we can to make sure that happens, Mr. Grady"

The room was dark, and the other two people remained in the shadows, but the person they were protecting was Orson Grady.

"We still have a chance. There's that girl, Ruka Singed, right? Even if we can't get to Ren Husson, we can find a chance to move against her."

"No mistakes allowed this time.

These days, Harold rarely left the house to join any of the gatherings or events. He preferred staying at home and occupying his time with his gardening and other leisurely pursuits. All of his hopes and dreams for the family's glory had been placed on Ren's shoulders instead.

Ren was young and accomplished. He was well-received by the nation's citizens and he had a bright future ahead of him. Harold had nothing to worry about when it came to his son.

Chapter 1372

This morning, Harold stood in the garden and did his morning exercise routine. He was feeling pretty good and relaxed as he finished up his stretching when his phone started ringing. It was from an unknown number.

Harold rarely answered such calls, but he was in a good mood today so he decided to see who it was. "Hello, who's this?"

"Mr. Husson, you need not know who I am. I'm just a Good Samaritan who wants to inform you of something."

Harold frowned. His voice was a lot sterner as he asked, "Who on earth are you?"

"Did you know that your son, Ren Husson, and your daughter's goddaughter, Ruka Singed, are cohabitating?"

"What kind of nonsense is that? My son is a decent and righteous man. Don't bother coming up with these ridiculous claims," Harold snapped back.

"Hah. It seems like you don't know your son very well. Your son went behind your back and started living together with Ruka Singed. How can you not know about such a scandalous affair?"

“Who on earth are you? You have no grounds for questioning my son’s character,” Harold snorted.

“Someone plans to use this against your son during the upcoming elections. You better make sure that they break off their relationship, or else, your son won’t be serving a second term as Vice President. After all, I heard that your son intends to give up on the elections for that woman! Mr. Husson, it would be a waste if a woman ends up destroying the Hussons’ family legacy. You should break them up at once!”

The call ended, and soon after, Harold received a text. His chest was heaving in anger. Who was the one recklessly spouting baseless rumors about his son’s private affairs?

Harold bent down to check the text and his angry internal monologue came to a grinding halt. He had received a photo that looked like it was taken inside a hospital room. His son was lying on the bed with his arms around Ruka, and they seemed to be... kissing?

The phone slipped out of Harold’s hand and fell to the ground. He, too, began to wobble and had to hold onto the nearby rock fixture for support.

W-What’s going on? Is everything that man said in the call true? My son is really dating Ruka?

Harold picked his phone up and sat down on a chair beside him to look through all the photos. They showed Ren and Ruka staring at each other and behaving like a loving couple. There were also two photos of them kissing. After seeing it all, Harold’s fury reached its peak again.

Why was Ren messing around now when the elections were coming up soon? That man had even claimed that Ren wanted to give up on the elections because of Ruka!

Harold was so mad that his chest began to hurt. He was consumed by rage and immediately called Ren.

“Hi, Dad,” Ren greeted.

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"Come back and see me at noon today. I want to talk to you," Harold commanded in a displeased tone.

"Did something happen, Dad?" Ren asked in concern.

"We'll talk about it when you're here," Harold responded sternly.

"Alright. I'll be there at noon," Ren replied.

"Make sure you do," Harold insisted. Although he was dying to clarify this right away, he felt that it would be better if they spoke in person instead.

This brat has been pushing off getting married for so long. How did he end up falling in love with Ruka? Ruka, of all people! How can he get into a relationship with the girl that his sister raised?

It was scandalous and unthinkable!

Meanwhile, at the Vice President's Residence.

Ren told Ruka that he needed to make a trip to Husson Residence, and she figured that she should not be accompanying him since their relationship was not entirely public yet.

By eleven, the car and entourage were ready. Ren noticed that Harold sounded a little off, so he sensed that something must have happened. The clections were around the corner and a lot of people were starting to find all sorts of ways to attack his family.

Ruka saw him off at the doorway and reminded him, "Be mindful of your injury. You can't get hurt again."

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Ren circled his arm around her waist and bent down. "I'm the one who's most eager to be well again."

Ruka shoved him off with a look of embarrassment. "Hurry up and go! Remember to be careful."

At Husson Residence.

When Charlotte heard that Ren would be coming back for lunch, she called him up right away and reminded him to not bring up Ruka.

"Your dad is in a foul mood today. I have no idea who made him mad," Charlotte said.

"Yes, I got it. I'll make sure to avoid any mentions of it," Ren promised.

"He was fine this morning. Seriously, despite being an old man now, his temper hasn't changed at all. He locked himself in his study and refused to even let the servants bring him some tea."

"Something must've happened. I'll be right there," Ren said consolingly.

Ten minutes later, Ren's car came to stop in the driveway. When Ren entered the hall, one of the servants immediately came over and said, "Mr. Ren. Mr. Husson is waiting for you in his

study."

“Alright.” Ren headed up the stairs for the study on the second floor.

He knocked on the door and heard Harold’s deep voice calling out, “Come in.”

When he went in, Harold barked, “Close the door.”

Ren had a bad feeling. He saw the furious look on Harold’s face. It had been a while since he last saw Harold being this angry.

“Dad...”

”

“Kneel!” Harold commanded sharply.

Ren froze and stared at his father. Harold did use corporal punishment on him before he turned eighteen, but he was thirty-three now. Why did Harold want to punish him now? What did he do?

Out of consideration for Harold’s age, Ren could only do as he was told. He kneeled on the ground with his back straight and looked up at his father’s seething expression. He only hoped. that Harold would not give himself a heart attack. At his age, it was dangerous for him to be this

angry.

“What on earth happened, Dad? Tell me,” Ren pleaded.

Harold retrieved a belt from somewhere before standing behind Ren and whipping him on the back.

“Ever since you were a child, I taught you that the most important thing is a person’s character. Did you forget everything I taught you? Is that why you’ve become so shameless?”

Harold's belt landed a second time. Thanks to Ren's clothing, Harold had no idea that his belt landed exactly on Ren's wound.

Ren's face was tightly clenched in pain. His wound was only a week old, and after being whipped twice, the pain was beginning to spread all over his back.

"Your mother introduced you to so many fine young ladies, but you did not take a liking to any of them. Instead, you went after Ruka! How could you do such a deplorable thing?!"

Ren took a deep breath. He finally understood what was going on. Harold was angry because of his relationship with Ruka. The family had kept it a complete secret from him, so someone must have leaked the news to him on purpose.

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"I can explain, Dad." Ren let out an exhale.

"What's there to explain? You've forced Ruka to move in with you. How are you going to explain this to the Singeds and your sister? You... you have no respect for this family!" Harold's belt came flying down on Ren's back once more.

The smacking sound was so loud that the servant who came to the door with a tray of tea jumped in alarm. She could vaguely hear the sounds of someone being hit, so she quickly went to look for Charlotte.

Charlotte just so happened to be on the second floor as well. When she heard what the servant said, she immediately flung aside the flowers she had been arranging and rushed to the study.

Once she arrived, she began pounding on the door. "Open up, Harold! What are you doing? Why are you hitting Ren?"

“Stay out of it,” Harold growled toward the door.

Charlotte sent the servant to retrieve the key, and the servant did it as quickly as possible. As soon as the door opened, Charlotte saw her son kneeling on the ground as Harold raised the belt to continue lashing him. She was horrified and immediately stood in Harold’s way.

“Don’t you

dare hit him again! What did he even do? He’s thirty-three! How can you treat him like that? Have you gone daft in your old age?!” Charlotte cried out before snatching the belt out of Harold’s hands. Despite his anger, he allowed his wife to take it away from him.

Charlotte threw the belt aside and helped Ren up. “Get up, Ren, quickly.”

Once Ren stood up, Harold looked at Charlotte and said, “Stay out of this. I’ll handle it.”

Harold thought that his wife was too old to withstand the news of such scandalous behavior and decided to keep it from her.

However, he heard Ren sighing and saying, “Mom, Dad found out about Ruka and me.”

Harold jumped in shock. How could Ren announce it to Charlotte just like that? Isn’t he worried that she might faint in anger?

