

My Baby's Daddy

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1805

• • •

Chapter 1805 Luxurious Restaurant

Everyone got off work on time, but Ellen decided to stay. She loved working overtime alone in the spacious area. Sitting at the receptionist's desk, she took her time organizing the documents and identifying every problem that occurred.

Time flew past without her realizing and it struck 7.00PM. A silhouette exited the elevator, revealing a sculpture-like face. A sheen of light on him added lusters of grace to his every movement.

As he strode over from the elevator, he noticed the girl sitting behind the receptionist's desk and frowned. Is she working overtime again for free?

Receptionists had redundant jobs, hence the fixed salary. Hearing the rhythmic click, Ellen raised her head and met eyes with the incoming man. Her slightly weary eyes lit up instantly.

"Working overtime?" She smiled. "Yeah. It's quite late. You should get going

too.” The way he spoke sounded as if the boss was speaking, but she shrugged it off because of his young face. He must be worried. “About that... Can I buy you a meal?” She invited him for a meal on the spur of the moment. Jared, who intended to leave, halted and looked back at her for a few seconds. He checked the time through his wristwatch. “My pleasure. Let’s go.”

Her mind went blank at his cool acceptance. Holy moly. Just how bold am I to invite him for a meal? And to think that I hit a home run!

Squealing on the inside, she hurriedly tidied up the desk and accidentally dropped a file onto the floor. After picking it up, she banged her head against the chair. Judging from the loud sound, it had to hurt a lot.

Jared came up to her upon hearing the noise. “No need to rush. Take your time.”

“Done.” Ellen took her bag and scurried out of the receptionist’s desk, revealing the red tinge on her forehead.

The sight of the red mark pricked his heart a little. “Be careful next time.”

“I will. It’s just—I didn’t expect a ‘yes’ from you.” She added, “I know a decent restaurant nearby. Let’s shoot off!”

“I made a reservation. Let’s go.”

“Huh? I’m the one buying you a meal, though?” A confused Ellen blinked her eyes. Why is he the one making a reservation?

“It’s on me tonight. You can have it your way next time.” Jared never let women foot the bills.

Ellen’s cheek was burning in embarrassment. It was as if she invited him just to get herself a free meal. She entered the man’s sports car, which coursed its way along the street. Sitting on the passenger seat, she felt the gazes land upon her.

She sneaked a few peeks at the man beside her. A sophisticated aura seemed to be shrouding him under the streetlights as if they were of a different world.

“Where are we going?” She became curious.

“You’ll know when you’re there.” He frequented a particular restaurant for meals.

It served high-quality food but was not open to the public.

The car was driven into a garden before stopping at a vast field. Ellen

scrutinized the stunning area in surprise, ignorant of such scenery at the city center. With the wispy fragrance from the rose garden and enchanting night sky, it was a rare sight to behold in the city.

“It must be expensive to have a meal here.”

To not put her under pressure, Jared answered, “It’s affiliated with the company, so every expense made can be reimbursed.”

She bought his words due to the great employee welfare at Presgrave Group.

The moment she entered one of the lounges in the restaurant, she exclaimed once again. This is not a place I could step foot into in the past.

While they were ordering food, she noticed that the prices were excluded from the menu. She heard of most of the ingredients, but never once had she tasted them because it was not something ordinary people could afford.

• • •