

# My Baby's Daddy

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Meanwhile, Ellen had a good night's sleep, and the following morning, Ellen knocked on Selena's room to wake Selena up.

Finding it tough to get out of bed, Selena told Ellen she wanted to take the day off to catch up on some sleep and told Ellen to go ahead to work alone.

Ellen had no choice but to leave for work first, and she hailed a cab to work.

Before she arrived at work, Ellen's cell phone went off. She looked at the caller ID and was shocked because it was Jared on the line.

"Hello, President Presgrave. Have you arrived at work?"

"Where are you?"

"I'm about to arrive."

"Don't come upstairs. Wait for me at the entrance, and I'll bring you to get some breakfast.

Jared hung up upon saying that and didn't give her a chance to say no. Meanwhile, Ellen felt slightly awkward. Is my job here

just to keep him company for meals? This is such an easy job!

Although Ellen stood at the entrance, she chose a secluded spot in the corner because she was worried about being the topic of speculation. The gossip she had heard in the elevator yesterday frightened her.

Jared was quite eagle-eyed and spotted her, so he accelerated and drove his sports car in front of her. She quickly yanked the door open to take a seat inside as soon as she noticed that Jared had parked the car.

Jared directed a complicated look at her with his deep eyes, and Ellen could feel him staring at her, so she blinked. 'Is there something on my face?'

"No." Jared curved his lips slightly. This is unexpected. This girl was actually bold enough to titillate me last night, but now, she's putting on an innocent front. Is she aware that I was kept awake until two in the morning last night because of that? He couldn't

tell why she would want to check out his abs and wondered whether she felt something for him.

Jared took the opportunity to look at the lady next to him as he looked in the rearview mirror. She had a dainty face that was

quite innocent-looking, and she kept mum about her titillating actions last night.

“Did you have a good night’s sleep last night?” He couldn’t help asking.

She nodded. “Yes. I did.”

“How would you rate my body?” Jared suddenly wanted her to give a rating. After all, she had seen it at no cost.

Hearing that, she blushed bright red and stared aghast at her big boss. What’s wrong with President Presgrave today? Why did he suddenly want me to rate his body?

“It’s great. It’s better than a model’s figure.” Ellen could only choose some complimentary words. Besides, he did actually have an exceptional figure.

“So... Do you like it?” Jared turned his head and asked.

At that point, Ellen blushed bright red once again, and she replied brazenly, “Every girl would like it.” What’s wrong with President Presgrave? Ellen was quite dumbfounded deep down.

Meanwhile, Jared curved his lips into a snile. That means she actually loves it, huh? No wonder it wasn’t

enough for her last night, and she wanted to see more. What else does she actually want from me? There is only my face left, other than my figure is she hinting at something else?

“Ellen, do you like me?” Jared suddenly asked. At that point, Ellen’s mind buzzed. Did President Presgrave get dumped by someone? Why is he suddenly randomly asking someone whether they like him or not?!

“Of course, I do! You’re my boss, so how could I possibly dislike you?” Ellen replied with a smile.

“What if I wasn’t your boss? Would you still like me?” Jared asked. Ellen’s reply was not to his liking. She nodded once again. “Yes, I would still like you.” After Jared heard that, he kept having a feeling that she wasn’t sincere and sounded perfunctory.

Shouldn’t she be specific and list out what she likes about me? She wasn’t ambiguous like this when she teased me last night.

Just then, they arrived at the breakfast joint, and Ellen finally got out of the car with slightly wobbly knees as soon as he parked

the car. There is something wrong with President Presgrave today. Why is he acting so strange?

Ellen trudged along upstairs by trailing after the man in front of her. At the same time, she couldn’t stop studying his body from

top to bottom. His figure is even more perfect than a model's. His clothes also perfectly accentuate that!

Ellen cupped her chin with her hands after they had taken a seat and ordered their meal. Inadvertently, her eyes met his as he stared at her from across the table. Her heart raced in response. The look in President Presgrave's eyes is strange. Why does he keep staring at me? Is there some dirt on my face?

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