

My Baby's Daddy

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The two women looked at each other. Then, seeing the chaos all over the place, Ellen clenched her fists and burned with anger,

saying, "You've gone too far, Selena!"

Selena looked at her disdainfully. She scoffed, "So what if I'm going too far? I haven't had enough of smashing things yet! Even if

I smash everything here, I can afford to pay for it.

How's that?"

Ellen clenched her fists even tighter. Seeing the smashed ornament on the floor, she finally lost the last of her patience.

Suddenly coming at Selena, she grabbed her by the hair, pinned her to the floor, and started beating her, yelling, "Why did you

have to smash everything here? This place isn't mine!"

"Ouch! It hurts! Get your hands off me, damn Ellen!"

Selena forgot to fight back; she was momentarily preoccupied with the pain

of being straddled by Ellen and pulled by the hair.

Ellen held onto a handful of Selena's hair and refused to let go as she boiled with rage. "So what if you can afford to pay for it?

Who let you smash these things?"

Selena had never been treated like this before. She yelled angrily, "Let go of me! Get your hands off me now!"

"Apologize for what you did!" Ellen demanded an apology.

Ellen would rather die than say sorry to her, though.

"To hell if I'll do that!"

"You're not allowed to leave until you apologize,"

Ellen said, pressuring her while continuing to pull her by the hair.

At last, Selena ignored the pain and fought back, pinching Ellen's waist hard and getting up while the latter was in pain. Then,

she struck back by swinging her bag at Ellen, forcing the latter to put up her arms to fend her off. As a result, the metal on her

bag instantly cut Ellen's arm, causing several drops of blood to stain the latter's shirt red.

"Aah!" Ellen's face turned pale in pain.

Seeing the blood on her arm, Selena stopped her attack, her hair disheveled. At this very moment, she just wanted to leave here

as soon as possible lest Ellen went crazy again. "I'll remember this," she didn't forget to threaten before leaving.

Ellen sat on the sofa and opened her shirt. When she saw the cut on her forearm, a sudden bout of grievance washed over her, causing her to burst into tears for a moment. Crying nonstop, she picked up a piece of tissue and wiped the blood away as tears blurred her eyes.

Meanwhile, shortly after Selena left by cab downstairs, a man took the elevator at the underground parking lot and went upstairs.

Jared got out of the meeting, only to realize that Ellen had left beforehand. He couldn't help worrying that she might actually quit

her job, so he had no choice but to come over and talk with her to dissuade her from doing

He reached the door to her apartment, but just when he wanted to press the doorbell, he noticed that the door was half open and

unlocked. As it turned out, Selena had merely yanked the door shut and gone out while leaving in a great hurry just now. Thanks

to inertia, the door closed automatically, but it wasn't locked.

Jared's heart clenched at the sight of this. How could she be so careless as not to close the door properly? This neighborhood is pretty good in terms of security, but it's still dangerous if she comes across bad people. He pushed the door open and came in.

The next instant, he saw the mess on the floor and Ellen, who was crying and sitting on the sofa with her hand clamped over her arm.

Noticing that someone had entered, Ellen raised her teary eyes in fright to see her boss come uninvited. Startled, she stood up in a panic. The tissue paper plugging the wound on her arm fell off, revealing a bleeding cut that was almost an inch long.

"What happened? How did you get hurt?" Jared quickly came over and grabbed her arm before examining the wound.

Ellen hurriedly shook her head. Not wanting him to worry, she even hid her arm guiltily. "It's nothing... I just hurt myself by accident."

"What's going on with your place? Was it a break-in or something?" Jared looked around the place. Then, recalling something,

he went to the living room cabinet and rummaged around in it. As he had expected, he found a first-aid kit, which he took out before walking up to her. “Sit down and let me bandage your wound.”

Ellen had no choice but to sit down.

Jared opened the first-aid kit and took out some cotton balls and a bandage.

At this moment, Ellen couldn't be bothered by the pain. She wiped her tears in secret, not wanting to appear too fragile in front of the man.

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