

My Baby's Daddy

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Meanwhile, Ren went upstairs and noticed that his dad was watching TV. Harold enjoyed his solitude while watching programs of fragments of life.

“Hi, Dad,” Ren greeted him as he opened the door. He walked into the room and sat opposite him. Harold looked at him expectantly and asked, “There you are, Ren. Do you know Miss Liamson?”

“Yes I have.”

What do you think?

“She’s an exceptional girl,” Ren replied flatly as he poured Harold a cup of tea.

“Ren, there’s a saying that one should honor one’s parents.” Harold continued, “Your mom and I aren’t getting any younger. We have nothing more to ask of you except to settle down and start a family.”

These words had become boring after repeating them so many times, but he still sounded like himself saying them every time he saw Ken.

Ren nodded and replied, “Think about settling down.”

“Really?” Harold’s eyes flashed.

“Yes. Ideally within a year,” Ren said fluently.

Harold breathed a sigh of relief. It seems that Charlotte chose the right girl this time! Ren has only seen Miss Liamson once and already plans to marry her. Now that he had received the desired answer, the old man was relaxed and changed the subject. “In that case, you should focus on the next election. You are highly regarded by the general public, so there is hope that you will be re-elected.”

He was thrilled that his son’s political career was taking off and he had reached heights he had not been able to reach during his prime. He could only hope that such glory would be passed down from generation to generation.

However, Ren frowned slightly and pointed out, “I’m going to go with the flow, Dad. To be honest, I’m not too worried about the election.”

“All you have to do is keep up the good work, and everything will work out for you,” Harold replied, and his ambition was evident in his eyes. “Your political achievements are more than enough to secure your re-election. You’re not cowering all of a sudden, are you?”

Ren's brows furrowed as he replied softly, "No."
"Good," Harold declared. He proudly evaluated his son, adding, "Ren, I know I can always count on you. I am confident that you will win the next election."

At 6:30 p.m. that night, Ruka and her parents arrived at the restaurant's private dining room.

A middle-aged couple and a young man stood at the side of the table. Robert's old friend, Atticus Kowalski, was also present and sat at the table with them.

Ruka assessed the situation in front of her and wondered if she had just entered a matchmaking session.

They were introduced after they took their excrement. Atticus wasted no time delving into the respective family backgrounds of the young man and Ruka. Then, he allowed the parents to discuss what a big party Ruka and this young man would be.

The young man in question called himself Levi Goldman. He was nearly six feet tall, well-dressed, and seemed to be a firm person. However, he hadn't been able to take Ruka's eyes away since he entered the room.

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