

## Read Novel Novel My baby's daddy

Novel My baby's daddy chapter 2549 -Imogen watched as Shirley drove toward Flintstone Residence, her eyes burning with discontent. Then, she recalled that she had taught Jesslyn a lesson and wondered whether Jesslyn reasoned with Shirley. I wonder how Zacharias will handle the situation.

Except when she had a duty, she was usually forbidden to approach the Flintstone Residence. On the other hand, Shirley could come and go from there like it was her home.

This is probably the difference status brings! Imogen thought bitterly. The more terrible her family background was, the more she wanted to change her fate through her own efforts. Because my parents can't help me with anything, I'll have to rely on myself. Her eyes were intense with a conniving glow. For the sake of my future, I'll do whatever it takes to get higher in life.

Shirley rushed all the way back to Flintstone Residence, worried that she would miss Zacharias' birthday celebration. However, when she arrived, she discovered that Zacharias' family was not there.

Warm lighting filled up the entire place, which was peacefully quiet. Holding the cake in her hands, she entered the hall. Besides the servants getting busy in the kitchen, there were no signs of guests anywhere.

Frowning, she wondered, Didn't he send me to get the cake because he's going to celebrate his birthday with his family tonight?

After she set aside the cake, she placed the present on the table as well and headed upstairs. Just as downstairs, it was also quiet upstairs. Then, she proceeded to the study on the third floor. The door was ajar, and she knocked before entering, only to find that the man on the couch was reading a document.

A pair of gold-rimmed glasses rested on the bridge of his nose, and under the lighting, he looked wise and calm with an added dash of elegance and regality.

Shirley cleared her throat. "Mr. Flintstone, I've brought the cake back." "Got it," Zacharias replied, taking off the glasses with his slender fingers and placing them on the side. Without his glasses, his entire aura took a turn again.

Casual, relaxed, and refined- it seemed as though these adjectives were accurate to describe him.

"We're having dinner together later," he said, standing up. "I'm going to the gym.

"Are you coming, too?" Shirley shook her head in reply but asked in curiosity, "Is your family coming over tonight?" "No, it's only us tonight," he answered.

She looked at him with pity in her eyes because she couldn't believe that he was going to spend his birthday without a celebration. Given his identity, his friends and family should come in throngs to celebrate his birthday with him!

"Come with me to the gym," he added, carrying a trace of authority.

Nodding, she agreed to go with him. The gym was on the other side of the second floor. It had 180-degree panoramic glass windows and was well equipped with fitness equipment.

The man started unbuttoning his perfectly pressed shirt, and Shirley looked the other way when he removed his shirt, but he twirled around and stared at her with a smirk. Under the orange lights, his gorgeous, deep-set features appeared a little blurry, and when their eyes met, she couldn't help but fall for his charm.

Due to his past injuries, he skipped strength training and only went for a run.

Standing next to him, Shirley watched him run topless in his suit trousers, and for some unknown reason, his long legs seemed full of power.

She crossed her arms and stood next to him, waiting until he finished jogging half an hour later. Beads of sweat gathered on his back, and the veins at his neck and arms were clearly visible. With his well-defined muscles that were pumped with testosterone, broad shoulders, and long legs, this man exuded his charm from every living cell.

Without her realizing it, Shirley's heart started to gallop, and her mouth felt dry.

She was feeling fine just a minute ago, but now, she was parched and aware that this was happening because of this man.

“I’m taking a shower. Let’s meet in the dining room later.” He picked up his shirt and walked ahead while she remained on the entryway of the second floor, watching him as he paced upstairs.

After that, she returned to her room, picked up her glass, and poured water down her throat by the gallons. When she was done drinking, she placed a hand over her chest where her heart was and felt the pounding way faster than it normally was.

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