

The Kiss 811

Chapter 811

At this point, he could hardly dare call Ellinor his sister, worried it would trigger her wrath again, "...I'll remind you again when it's dinner time."

Ellinor responded politely, "Alright! Thanks a bunch, Mr. Howard. I'm gonna take a break now, so could you please leave?"

Balfour gave her a deep look, then turned around. He picked up the broken music box and walked out, carefully closing the door behind him. The moment he stepped out of the room, Balfour felt the presence of Patricia, who was sneaking peeks from around the corner.

He frowned, walked up to her, and asked sternly, "Why are you still hanging around here? Aren't you supposed to be watching the kid?"

Seeing Balfour approaching, Patricia meant to hide but couldn't find a suitable spot, so she was caught red-handed.

Busted, Patricia tried to play it cool, "Balfour, I was worried you might lose your temper with Ellinor because of the broken music box, so I didn't leave..."

Balfour looked grave and said, "I won't lose my temper at her; mind your own business and go watch the kid!"

Patricia frowned and asked again, "Balfour, why did you come out alone? Where's Ellinor?"

Balfour replied, "She's tired and taking a break inside. Don't go in there and bother her!"

Patricia's eyes widened in surprise, and she blurted, "Balfour, you let Ellinor rest in that room? That's Pearl's room; don't you hate it when people mess with Pearl's stuff?"

Balfour frowned, keeping silent for a few seconds before saying, "She saved Grandpa's life; she deserves the best hospitality from the Howard family; and she has the right to rest in any room."

Patricia still found it odd even after hearing his explanation.

Balfour's attitude toward Ellinor was definitely off.

Ignoring Patricia, Balfour dialed a number on his phone, "Quinton, I'm on the second floor; get up here now."

Within a minute of hanging up, Quinton arrived.

Balfour ordered sternly, "Quinton, stand guard here. Ms. Mendoza is resting inside; don't let anyone disturb her."

Quinton nodded in obedience, "Yes, Mr. Howard!"

Balfour then handed him the broken music box, "Get this fixed! And there are some glass shards in the room; get someone to clean it up thoroughly. We can't have our guest getting hurt."

Quinton took the music box and nodded again, "Got it."

After giving instructions, Balfour went back to his room with a stone-faced expression.

He was in a bad mood and needed some alone time.

Patricia stayed put, staring blankly at Balfour's retreating figure with confusion written all over her face.

What on earth was going on? It had only been a few days; why had Balfour's attitude toward Ellinor changed so drastically?

After some thought, Patricia decided to go in and ask Ellinor what exactly had been said between her and Balfour.

However, Quinton stopped her from entering the room.

"Ms. Howard, Ms. Mendoza is resting; you cannot enter."

Patricia tried her best tactic, speaking in a sweet and gentle voice, "Quinton, I just want to keep Ellinor company. I won't disturb her rest."

Quinton responded sternly yet fairly, "Ms. Howard, you heard Mr. Howard's instructions just now. Please don't put me in an awkward position."

Chapter 812

Patricia didn't give up, and she pleaded again, "Quinton, can you let me in for a bit? I just want to chat with Ellinor, and then I'll be out. My brother won't know. Even if he did, I won't let him blame you?"

Quinton remained unmoved, "Ms. Howard, I'm really sorry, but I can't go against your brother's orders. Maybe you should go spend some time with your kid."

Patricia was fuming at his response.

To put it nicely, Quinton was a subordinate of her brother, but to put it bluntly, he was just an employee of the Howard family. How dare he stop her?

Patricia hadn't achieved her goal of getting Balfour to act against Ellinor, so she was already in a bad mood, and now with Quinton's attitude, she lost her temper. She gritted her teeth, dropped the nice act, and glared at Quinton, "Move, I'm going in!"

"Ms. Howard?" Quinton was taken aback. He always remembered Patricia as gentle and understanding, but he had never seen this side of her and was a bit taken aback.

Just then, the door to the room opened from the inside, and Ellinor stepped halfway out.

After seeing the door open, Patricia quickly put on a fake smile, "Ellinor, did you come to open the door for me? Quinton just wouldn't let me in to see you!"

Ellinor lazily glanced at Patricia, ignored her and turned to Quinton, "Quinton."

Quinton still blocked Patricia, slightly turning his body. "Ms. Mendoza, can I assist you with anything?"

Ellinor yawned, "I'd like some water."

Quinton respectfully responded, "Sure, I'll get it right away."

Ellinor nodded, "Add a fresh slice of lemon."

"Absolutely! Ms. Mendoza, someone will be here soon to take care of the broken glass in the room. Please be careful."

Ellinor retreated back into the room and closed the door.

As Patricia watched Ellinor close the door, her eyes widened in annoyance, and she reached out to rush past Quinton, "Ellinor..."

In the end, she didn't make it past Quinton, and she was cut off by the sharp sound of the door closing.

Patricia clenched her fists tightly. Her mood was extremely sour.

This was her house, yet she was stopped at the door by her own employee. What the hell?

Was it not enough for that woman to have Theo? Did she want to have a place in the Howard family as well? She was too much!

Quinton still stood in front of the door. He called the butler Fred, instructing him to get water for Ms. Mendoza and to clean up the broken glass in the

room

Seeing that Ellinor was comfortably resting in Pearl's room, Patricia said, "Quinton, let me in to keep Ellinor company. She must be bored alone."

Quinton shook his head, "Ms. Howard, as you just saw, Ms. Mendoza doesn't need your company right now. Let's let our guest rest."

Patricia frowned unhappily. "Quinton, why are you only concerned about Ellinor's needs and not listening to me?"

Quinton replied, "Mr. Howard said that Ms. Mendoza saved Dean's life, so she should receive the best treatment from our family."

"Keep favoring outsiders! You can't distinguish between primary and secondary. One day I'll get my brother to fire you!"

Unable to control her emotions, Patricia glared at Quinton and stormed off in a huff.

Chapter 813

Quinton was taken aback by Patricia's unusually tough demeanor.

What on earth happened to Ms. Howard today? Was she still the same gentle and understanding Ms. Howard he remembered?

Patricia was fuming. Ellinor stole the man she'd always thought would be hers, and now even her most beloved brother no longer sided with her but respected Ellinor more. She really couldn't figure out why!

Before, Balfour had always supported her unconditionally and had no interest in Ellinor whatsoever.

When Patricia entered Baber's room, Baber had just woken up, and the nanny was feeding him.

After seeing her come in, Baber instinctively jumped into the nanny's arms and began trembling uncontrollably.

Patricia was already in a terrible mood, and now seeing this useless child in such a state made her already terrible mood even worse.

She walked over and said to the nanny, "Hand him over to me; you can leave; I'll feed him."

The nanny hesitated for a moment; she was somewhat worried, but she handed Patricia the small bowl of noodles in her hand, placed Baber in the crib, and respectfully left the room.

Baber could only watch anxiously as the nanny left, reaching out for her to come back, but to no avail.

The room was left with only Patricia and Baber.

Patricia looked at the child, and a gentle smile appeared on her face, "Come on, Baber, be good; Mommy will feed you.

Baber looked at Patricia, his body trembling. He was scared that Mommy would suddenly get angry.

However, after seeing the warm smile on Mommy's face, he thought of the warm feeling when Mommy brought him home from the orphanage, so he blinked his eyes, slowly relaxed, and tried to accept Mommy's closeness.

Patricia scooped a big spoonful of noodles for Baber, "Eat up, have some more!"

Baber's little mouth was full of noodles; he couldn't swallow.

Moreover, the noodles were too hot, so Baber instinctively spat them out.

This reaction made Patricia angry, "How can you waste food? Eat more!"

She fed Baber another big spoonful of noodles, but Baber, afraid of the heat, wouldn't open his mouth.

Patricia forcefully opened his mouth and fed him the hot noodles. The more Baber resisted, the harder she tried, until she stuffed the whole bowl of noodles into his mouth.

Baber started crying. He struggled and knocked over the bowl of noodles, coughing and vomiting.

After seeing the broken bowl on the floor, Patricia got angry again, "Why are you always crying? I'm your mom, and you cry when you see me?"

If it weren't for me adopting you and turning you from a homeless orphan into a member of the Howard family, you might still be in that poor orphanage. eating the worst food!

This is my gift to you; don't be ungrateful for your fortunate life!"

Baber's mouth was already swollen from the heat, and after coughing up those noodles and crying, his terrified and loud cries echoed from the room.

Chapter 814

The nanny, alarmed by the commotion, rushed in, full of worry.

After witnessing the situation, she tried to mediate and calm Patricia down, "Ms. Howard, what's the matter? Did Baber piss you off again? He's just a kid; he doesn't know better. Please don't pick on a child."

Patricia was in no mood to see anyone at that moment, and she snapped, "I told you to get out! Who let you back in here? Who do you think you are to give me your two cents?"

The nanny quickly lowered her head, responding with respect, "Ms. Howard, I wouldn't dare..."

Patricia, with nowhere to vent her anger, suddenly slapped the nanny, "You wouldn't dare? You wouldn't dare, yet you just waltzed in here! I hired you to take care of my child, look at what you've done to him! He cries the moment he sees me! Am I a monster or a demon that he's so scared of me? I bet you've been filling his head with nonsense!"

The nanny clutched her face in pain and tried to explain, "Ms. Howard, I didn't teach Baber anything bad... It's normal for you to be a bit impatient with the kid sometimes since you're a first-time mom. If you were a bit more patient with Baber, he wouldn't be scared of you."

Patricia slapped her again, "You're saying I don't have patience? Do I need you to teach me how to be a good mother? Look at yourself. Who do you think you are?!"

The slap was so fierce that the nanny fell to the ground and began sobbing uncontrollably.

Watching the woman who usually took care of him get knocked to the ground made Baber's cries grow louder and more terrified.

However, the nanny hadn't closed the door when she barged in, and Balfour, freshly changed into his loungewear and about to head downstairs, happened to pass by the door and witness Patricia's violent act.

"What are you doing?!"

Balfour walked in, his face a mask of anger. Seeing both the nanny and Baber crying, he asked sternly, "Patri, what's going on?"

Balfour's sudden appearance threw Patricia into a panic.

She quickly hid her anger, her eyes darting around before she put on her usual gentle facade and ran into Balfour's arms, crying.

"Balfour, you came just in time. This nanny is absolutely awful! She was feeding Baber without even cooling the food first, and his mouth is all red from the heat! I caught her in the act and reprimanded her, but she wouldn't admit her mistake and even talked back! It involved Baber's health, so I was so angry I hit her!"

Balfour, without a change in expression and not hugging her back, looked at the sobbing Baber's red mouth, then asked the nanny seriously, "Is that true?"

Patricia's eyes flickered nervously. Balfour was asking the nanny for confirmation? Balfour would've simply taken her word for it before.

What on earth was going on with Balfour lately?

The nanny got up, ready to explain herself, but she saw Patricia's threatening gaze.

She felt scared. Considering Balfour's usual favoritism towards Patricia, even if she told the truth, she might not gain his trust and would likely upset.

Patricia

In the end, the nanny didn't dare tell the truth, "Mr. Howard, I didn't do it on purpose..."

Balfour frowned, coldly saying, "If you can't take the time to care for a child properly, start packing up and leave!"

The nanny reluctantly nodded, giving Baber a look full of regret before leaving silently.

Patricia breathed a sigh of relief, seeking solace in Balfour's arms like she always did, "Balfour, that nanny was truly out of line! If I hadn't caught her in time, Baber might have been bullied by her!"

Balfour, hands on Patricia's shoulders, pushed her away without a comforting word. "If you think others can't take care of your child well, you should do it yourself! Baber is your child, don't expect others to care more about him than his own mother!"

Patricia was taken aback, feeling a strange distance between her and Balfour, as if there was something untouchable in between.

"I understand, Balfour! From now on, I'll try my best to take care of Baber myself!"

"Good."

Chapter 815

Balfour responded nonchalantly, lifting his gaze to find that the child who'd just been crying in bed was now missing. His pupils contracted instantly, "Where's Baber?"

Patricia also quickly turned her head to look around, "Huh? Where did Baber go? Did he leave with that nanny just now?"

Balfour hurried out of the room, asking the servants at the door, all of whom claimed they hadn't seen Baber leave.

Glancing back into the room, he noticed the balcony door wide open, which connected to other rooms.

"He might have run off to another room through the balcony. He couldn't have gone far in a few minutes. You guys split up and look for him!"

"Sure thing, Mr. Howard!"

After giving his instructions to the servants, Balfour himself prepared to head downstairs.

Patricia quickly caught up with Balfour, asking, "Balfour, where are you going? Aren't you going to look for Baber with me?"

Balfour replied, "Baber won't be lost. I'm going to check the kitchen."

Patricia looked puzzled, "Balfour, what are you going to check in the kitchen for?"

Balfour casually replied, "We have an important guest today. To show my gratitude, I want to add a few dishes for the guest."

Patricia frowned incredulously, "Balfour, you can just order the servants to do it. The kitchen is smoky. Why do you need to do it yourself? Are you really going to cook?"

Balfour didn't elaborate and just responded coldly, "Don't follow me for now and don't worry about anything else; just go find the kid!"

Patricia reluctantly stopped, not daring to follow him anymore.

But she started to feel a bit sad.

She had never tasted Balfour's cooking before. How could Ellinor make Balfour cook for her?

Mrs. Howard was alerted by the servants looking for Baber everywhere, so she found Patricia to ask about the situation.

"Patri, how did the kid go missing again?"

Patricia didn't care whether the child was found or not. She even wished the child was truly lost. After all, to her, the child was worthless now.

She was eager to tell her mother that the person who saved her grandfather was her rival, Ellinor, hoping her mother could help strategize against Ellinor.

"The person who saved your grandpa turns out to be Ellinor, who's competing with you for Mr. Blanchet; what a coincidence!"

"I think Ellinor did it on purpose. She wants to get close to Grandpa through this, so she can gain benefits from the Howard family!"

Mrs. Howard pondered for a while, "Patri, do you still have the saffron you bought from abroad last time?"

Patricia was confused, "There's still a lot left. Mom, why do you suddenly want that?"

Mrs. Howard revealed a triumphant smile, "If consumed moderately, saffron can beautify and nourish the complexion, but if someone drinks too much, it will cause a miscarriage! And overdosing can lead to infertility! Patri, we were worried about how to deal with Ellinor's child, but now she's delivered herself to our doorstep!"

Chapter 816

As soon as Patricia heard about the abortion idea, her eyes lit up.

Her mom was right, tonight's dinner was a golden opportunity. She could sneak some saffron into Ellinor's food. Let's see how she could keep the baby!

However, after several failed attempts, Patricia had lost her previous confidence and started to worry, "What if someone finds out it was the saffron that caused her miscarriage?"

Mrs. Howard confidently said, "Don't worry about that. If it's found out, I'll take the blame. I didn't know she was pregnant, I just wanted her to taste some good beauty and health food, it wasn't intentional."

With her mother's assurance, Patricia finally felt relieved, "Wait, mom, I'll get the saffron right away! Add a lot of it, it's best if that woman Ellinor bleeds a

lot!"

Meanwhile, in Pearl's room.

Ellinor was lying on the single child-sized bed, observing everything in the room.

She stayed in this room, hoping to remember something.

But, other than the strong sense of familiarity and fragments of memory triggered by the broken music box, she didn't feel anything about the room

anymore.

Her phone suddenly rang. When Ellinor picked up, she saw that it was a video call from Theo.

"What are you doing?" Theo's voice was deep, mature, and full.

Theo looked at files while occasionally glancing at Ellinor in the video on the other end.

He seemed very busy, but he still made time to check on her. Did he really care that much about her?

Ellinor lazily said, "I'm resting, getting ready to sleep for a bit."

Theo frowned, lifted his head from the files, and stared at her in the video seriously, "Did you forget what I told you before?*

Ellinor answered, "I didn't forget! I can't eat outside, I can't sleep outside, and I especially can't drink outside now."

Theo snorted, "Are you planning to sleep at someone else's house for a while?"

Ellinor pouted, "I'm just a bit sleepy, and I haven't even slept yet! Theo, Balfour told me this is the room I used to live in when I was a kid."

Theo's eyes were full of heartache as he thought about the possible injustices Ellinor suffered when she was a child, "So what? Do you want to go back and live there?"

Ellinor shook her head, "No, I just want to stay in this room for a while to see if I can remember anything from my childhood."

Theo said, "If you can't remember, just forget about it. It's better to forget the unpleasant past. I'll be with you in the future, so you just need to focus on

that.”

Theo rarely said such touching words.

Ellinor was stunned, feeling warm inside, but she laughed and said, “Theo, won’t your employees think you’re crazy if you say such loving words at work?”

Theo glared at her angrily, “Do you realize I only say these words to you? Don’t you have any reaction?”

Ellinor laughed happily, she put her hand to her lips and blew a kiss, “Theo, I love you!”

Theo’s naturally cold and handsome face broke into a smile in an instant, “Naughty! If anything happens, remember to call me, and I’ll pick you up.”

Ellinor nodded, “Okay! I’m going to hang up, Theo. Bye!”

After saying this, she immediately hung up the phone without waiting for his response.

On the other end of the phone, Theo was left speechless.

She was such a mischievous girl, always so quick to hang up!

Chapter 817

But Ellinor didn’t hang up the phone on purpose that fast because she heard some noise from outside the window.

She didn’t tell Theo because she didn’t want him to worry

After hanging up, she got up and walked to the window, opened it, and took a look outside, “Anyone there?”

She didn’t see anyone, and Ellinor had a bad feeling about this because she was sure she heard something.

She looked down again and suddenly saw a kid hanging outside the railing of the balcony next door. The kid could fall at any moment!

Even though it was just the second floor, for such a small kid, the consequences of falling could be lethal.

“Don’t move! It’s dangerous!”

Without giving it a second thought, Ellinor quickly went to the balcony, climbed over, and saved the kid, then carried him back to her room.

That kid was the little boy Patricia had forced Theo to adopt with her.

The kid’s head was still heavily bandaged due to the injury he’d suffered a few days ago.

Ellinor had the kid sit down; she squatted in front of him and asked seriously, “How did you end up alone on the balcony? Where’s the one who’s supposed to look after you?”

Baber seemed very scared; he stared at her, “Bad person...”

Ellinor just saved him, and now that he was calling her a bad person, she felt quite upset, "Who told you I'm a bad person?*

Baber's voice was very small, "Mommy...

Ellinor snorted, "So, is your mommy a good person?"

Baber went quiet as he thought of Patricia, shaking his head in terror.

Ellinor widened her eyes. This kid already knew Patricia's true colors; it seemed his previous life wasn't too good.

"How did you end up alone outside? You know it's very dangerous, right? You can't do this again; you could've fallen if I hadn't seen you!"

Baber couldn't form complete sentences yet; he could only say the key words, "Scared... ran... accidentally fell..."

Ellinor frowned, "Scared? What are you scared of?"

Baber's eyes started to redden; he looked around anxiously for anyone he was scared of, then said with a sob, "Scared of mommy... very scared..."

Ellinor knew this kid was just a tool to Patricia; now that she couldn't use him to threaten Theo anymore, Ellinor knew Patricia surely wouldn't treat him

well.

"What happened? Did she hit you?"

"Hot..." Baber pointed at his mouth, "Eat... hot..."

Ellinor looked at the kid's swollen lips; he was obviously just scalded.

A child's skin was very delicate. How could anyone not feel heartbroken after seeing him injured like this?

Now, as a soon-to-be mom, she was very unhappy and even angry to see a child treated like this.

"Come on, let's go find Balfour and tell him who did this to you!" Ellinor picked up Baber, ready to take him to Balfour

Even though she didn't appreciate Balfour's personal character, she had to admit that Balfour was a man of integrity; he wouldn't be as vile and cruel as

Patricia

Moreover, in the Howard family, Balfour's status was the highest; he had enough power to control Patricia, and he could stand up for this kid.

However, Baber's reaction to hearing that they were going out was extremely strong. He instantly started bawling, waving his small hands, and struggling as hard as he could, "No! No, I don't wanna go out... don't..."

Chapter 818

The kid was kicking and screaming, making it impossible for Ellinor to control him. She had no choice but to put him down again, "Fine, we'll stay put for now. Chill here for a bit longer"

Baber was back on the ground, retreating to a corner like he'd seen a ghost, curling up into a ball, and hugging his knees tightly.

Ellinor looked at his pathetic state, and her brow furrowed, "I'll be out of here soon. How long do you think you can hide here by yourself? What will you do if you get hungry or thirsty? The Howards will find you sooner or later."

The word find sent shivers down Baber's spine, scaring the hell out of him.

Ellinor couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy. She'd been in his shoes, alone and helpless.

Her unreliable mother had entrusted her to Arnold Mendoza out of desperation. However, Arnold dumped her with country relatives instead.

At the Mendozas' country relatives' house, she was even more of an outsider. They only took her in to get Arnold's monthly child support.

It turned out that Arnold only paid for two months and never did so again.

From then on, the relatives treated her even worse, not even letting her share meals.

The village kids knew she was an unwanted child and made a game of picking on her.

She was often bullied by older kids because no one cared about her and no one would stand up for her, not even to call the cops.

Once, she was pranked by the relatives' kids and pushed into a dried-up well at the edge of the village. She was stuck there for three days and nights, and her cries for help went unheard.

She still felt sick thinking about that fear, desperation, and helplessness.

She was gone for three full days and nights, and not a single relative came looking for her. They were glad to have her gone; at least they could save some food.

In the end, a passing photographer found her and pulled her out of the well. He publicized her ordeal, sparking a public outcry.

The relatives were condemned online and accused by their neighbors. They hated her even more but couldn't do anything because of the public pressure. Once the fuss died down, they sent her off to a convent.

The convent was a quiet place. The meals were bland but better than the scraps her relatives gave her.

No one bullied her there.

Karan from the convent was nice, and she cared a lot about her.

She taught her self-defense and borrowed money for Ellinor's schooling, giving her a chance to thrive.

After high school, she started winning scholarships and secretly running her own small business.

Once she made money, she repaid Karan, renovated the convent, and made sure those who bullied her got their just desserts.

Looking back, she'd suffered, but she was also lucky.

A righteous photographer saved her when she was near death.

Someone gave her a home and even borrowed money for her education when she was rejected by her relatives.

But now, this kid called Baber, younger than she was back then, was completely helpless.

He was trapped in the Howard family, an upper-crust household where his treatment wouldn't draw any public attention.

He couldn't even speak clearly to express his ordeal and was left at Patricia's mercy.

He couldn't escape.

How could a kid escape the Howards and escape Patricia?

If this kid couldn't find a savior, then she was willing to be his savior

Chapter 819

Ellinor paused before asking Baber, "You wanna leave this place?"

Baber looked a little nervy but he nodded anyway.

"And where do you want to go?" Ellinor asked again.

Baber tried his best to express himself, "The orphanage."

Orphanage?

Damn, the kid even wanted to go back to the orphanage. Life at the Howard's must really suck.

Ellinor gently ruffled his hair, trying to comfort him and build trust. T'd love to give you a hand, but you've gotta understand, I'm just a guest here, and Patricia is your legal guardian. Unless we can find some dirt on her and strip her of her custody, I can't help you leave this place."

Baber was all ears, but his understanding was limited, and he still looked at her with a puzzled expression.

Ellinor realized she might have been talking over his head.

She sighed and simplified, "What I'm saying is, you've gotta be patient. Wait for the right moment, and I'll help you make a run for it, okay?"

Baber looked blank for a moment, but his eyes gradually lost their guarded look, and he obediently nodded.

Ellinor stressed again, "To keep yourself safe, you've gotta learn to play it cool. Don't be too quick to show resistance when things get tough. It'll just make the bad guys meaner. Pretend to like them, got it?"

Baber looked lost again. It seemed like he was in a daze once more.

Ellinor was patient. She took a necklace from around her neck and put it around Baber's, adjusting it to fit him.

"This is my lucky charm. It's got some magic in it. As long as you're wearing it, it'll protect you. No one can push you around. But you can't cry, okay?"

This time, Baber pretty much got it. He treasured the necklace around his neck and nodded vigorously.

"I believe in you. When you see your mom later, no matter how scared you are, remember not to cry. Smile and call her mom. That way, she won't hurt you" Ellinor encouraged him.

Upon hearing he would soon meet the 'mom' who scared him, Baber started to shake in fear.

Ellinor comforted him, "I know you're scared, but don't forget, you've got this magical necklace to protect you. So, there's nothing to fear."

Baber looked at Ellinor, his eyes filled with determination, "Yeah! I'm not scared..."

Ellinor gently stroked his head again and then put him on the bed, letting him rest first.

-He would face the wicked woman after waking up.

Teaching such a young kid to be patient was hard and heartbreaking.

She had no other choice but to get the evidence of Patricia abusing the child before she could truly save him. She had to be patient and couldn't screw up the big picture over a small hitch.

Soon, it was dinner time at the Howards' home.

Fred came to invite Ellinor downstairs.

"Ms. Mendoza, dinner's ready. Dean, Alyssa, and Mr. Howard all asked me to fetch you."

A voice came from inside the room, "Yeah, got it. You go ahead; I'll be down in a bit."

"Alright, Ms. Mendoza

Chapter 820

When Ellinor came out of the room with Baber, Quinton was still waiting at the door, glued to his phone against the wall.

Quinton immediately straightened up as he heard the door open, putting on his most respectful attitude.

Quinton looked surprised when he saw Ellinor with a kid. What the heck happened?

He'd been standing at the door the whole time, making sure no one disturbed Ms. Mendoza's rest. So how did Ms. Howard's kid come out of the room?

"Ms. Mendoza, why is the kid in your room?"

Ellinor responded, "I have no clue. I just saw him run in from the balcony."

Ah, got it!

Quinton thought there was no way he would have let anyone in. He politely said, "I'm really sorry for the kid's interruption. Let me handle this. You can go have your meal."

Ellinor nodded and brought Baber to Quinton, but Baber clung to Ellinor's hand tightly, refusing to let go.

He had a really comfy nap in the room. It had been a long time since he had such good sleep; he usually had nightmares.

This lady was gently patting him all the while, even singing lullabies to him, making him feel so safe.

This lady was a good egg, not the bad sort his mom made her out to be, so he hoped to stick with her.

Seeing this, Quinton worried Baber would upset Ms. Mendoza, and he quickly said, 'Baber, come here; let's find your mom.'

Hearing the word 'mom' made Baber even more reluctant to let go of Ellinor's hand.

Ellinor raised her hand to pat Baber's head and softly said, "Remember what I told you?"

Baber paused, nodded, and then obediently let go and walked over to Quinton.

Quinton was stunned. Baber hadn't been listening to Ms. Howard lately.

But he did listen to what Ms. Mendoza said. It was quite unbelievable.

Quinton picked up Baber and took him back to Patricia.

Ellinor watched as Baber was carried away. She felt a bit worried and hoped he could calm down.

Downstairs, she saw the dining table full of delicious dishes.

But there was nobody at the table. Dean and Alyssa must not have come yet, and Balfour wasn't there either.

Ellinor went over, pulled out a chair, and sat down to wait while scrolling through her phone.

"What are you doing here? Who said you could sit here?"

She had just sat down when she heard a sharp voice questioning her.

She looked up and saw Mrs. Howard, who dressed in fancy clothes.

Mrs. Howard just came out of the kitchen and saw the teacher of her son at the dining table, so she immediately looked unhappy.

Ellinor responded, "Is there a problem, Mrs. Howard? Can't I sit here?"

Mrs. Howard said angrily. "Do you think you're qualified to sit here? You're just a teacher, and you want to dine with us in our home? I don't think you know your place! Get out of here! Today's dishes are prepared specially for our distinguished guest!"