

Marry My Daddy

Chapter 2

Molly.

I barely managed to stop my jaw from dropping. This man wasn't just famous—he was infamous.

There were entire sections of gossip blogs dedicated to his string of affairs, his ruthless business tactics, and his impossibly good looks.

And now, that impossibly good-looking, ridiculously wealthy man was standing in my classroom, his sharp green eyes fixed on me like I was a puzzle he was trying to solve.

My pulse kicked up a notch.

I swallowed hard, my brain scrambling for logic. I knew Ruby's last name was Baron, but I had never once connected the dots. I had assumed her father was some corporate hotshot, not this corporate hotshot.

“Daddy!” Ruby ran straight to him, her tiny arms wrapping around his legs. Logan's gaze finally shifted to her, and the hard edges of his expression softened—just a little. He smoothed his large, firm hand over the top of her head, the simple gesture surprisingly affectionate.

“Hey, princess,” he murmured. His voice, deep and smooth like a perfectly aged scotch, carried a warmth that caught me off guard.

But then, just as quickly as it had come, the warmth disappeared. His focus snapped back to me, and his gaze hardened again, assessing, unreadable.

For the first time in a long time, I was speechless. I had grown used to intimidating, powerful people at my time working in this school. I wasn't in their class, but I knew how to get around them. I knew how to show them the respect they craved, without giving them too much power to think they could control me.

But for the first time I felt like I was back in high school on the first day, trying to prove myself to the older kids so I wasn't picked on. I felt... appraised.

He was looking at me like he was about to eat me alive.

I had just agreed to meet him.

The air between us shifted with something I couldn't name. It wasn't attraction, at least, not entirely. It was curiosity. Suspicion. A silent, unspoken challenge.

“You're Ruby's teacher?” His voice was low and even, but there was something almost lazy about it, like he was already unimpressed.

“Yes. Molly Brooks,” I said, grateful that my tone didn't waver as I folded my hands in front of me.

His gaze flickered over me, taking me in from head to toe. It wasn't a leer, but it wasn't exactly friendly either. More like he was sizing me up, deciding whether I was worth his time.

“I see.”

That was it? No handshake? No polite introduction? Just I see?

I straightened, squaring my shoulders. “Ruby is a wonderful student.”

“I should hope so.” His tone was as cold as it was dismissive, and the irritation in my chest flared hotter.

So this was Logan Baron. Not just the billionaire, but the father. And he was exactly the kind of arrogant, emotionally detached workaholic I'd expected.

“Miss Brooks is my favorite,” Ruby announced proudly, breaking some of the tension. “She helps me when I don't feel good.”

Something flickered in Logan's eyes, something too fast to name as he stared down at Ruby, still clinging to his feet.

“Is that so?” he asked, and Ruby nodded eagerly, completely oblivious to the silent war brewing.

I folded my arms. “Your daughter is brilliant. You should be proud of her.”

His lips quirked at the edges, not quite a smile. “I am.”

For a split second, something about him softened. It was gone in an instant, but I caught it. And I hated that some ridiculous part of me found it intriguing.

Logan exhaled and turned to Ruby. “Why don't you go play for a bit, sweetheart? I need to talk to Miss Brooks.”

Ruby nodded enthusiastically and skipped off to the reading corner, leaving me alone with Logan.

As soon as she was out of earshot, he turned his full attention back to me, taking one step towards my desk. Then two. And it took every willpower in me not to cower. He knew exactly what he was doing, and I wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of seeing me cower.

“You're young,” he said bluntly. “How long have you been teaching?”

I arched a brow. “I have a master's degree in education and have been teaching for four years.”

His gaze dropped briefly to my left hand. “No ring. I assume this isn't a long-term career plan for you?”

“Excuse me?” It took everything in me not to gape. The nerve of this—

“Primrose Academy is one of the most academically rigorous schools in the state. I'd expect a teacher here to be more... experienced.” He gave a small shrug, utterly unbothered by my irritation.

Oh, he did not just say that.

I inhaled sharply. “I assure you, Mr. Baron, my age has nothing to do with my capability as an educator. And my marital status does not indicate my intentions for working at this school particularly.” I knew exactly what he was implying and it made me sick.

Young, female unmarried teacher, working with the students of wealthy men—some divorced or single. It would be an insult for me to be that cliché.

I narrowed my eyes slightly—something never would have dreamed of doing with a parent. But this man was infuriating.

His mouth curved slightly at the corner, but it wasn't a smile. More like amusement at my reaction. “I suppose we'll see.”

My nails dug into my palms. Billionaire or not, this man is insufferable.

“Ruby is a bright, wonderful child, and I'm honored to be part of her learning journey,” I said, forcing myself to remain professional. Logan crossed his arms over his chest, looking every bit the domineering businessman he was rumored to be. “She speaks highly of you.”

Something about the way he said it told me he wasn't used to that—his daughter forming attachments beyond her nannies.

I softened, just a little. “She's a special girl. She deserves to have people in her life who truly care about her.”

For some reason, it seemed as if I hit a nerve, and his expression darkened slightly.

“Unfortunately, my work schedule doesn't allow me as much time with her as I'd like,” he practically bit out, taking me by surprise. That hit me the wrong way.

“Then maybe you should adjust your schedule,” I countered before I could stop myself.

His eyes flashed with something sharp. “Excuse me?”

I lifted my chin. “Ruby adores you, Mr. Baron. She lights up at the mention of you. But she also spends a lot of time waiting. You're lucky she's as resilient as she is, but that doesn't mean she doesn't notice.”

“I'm a single father. Her mother—” He cut himself off abruptly, as if even saying her name was distasteful. A muscle ticked in his jaw. “Her mother left. I do the best I can.”

I didn't mean to, but I scoffed. “I'm not surprised.”

“What's that supposed to mean?”

I shrugged, forcing a neutral expression. “Nothing. Just that you don't seem like the easiest person to live with.”

His eyes narrowed. “My personal life is none of your concern.”

“Then neither is mine,” I shot back. “So maybe you shouldn't assume I'm just biding my time here until I land a husband.”

His lips pressed into a thin line, but before he could respond, a soft whimper came from across the room.

I turned just in time to see Ruby clutching her stomach, her little face crumpling.

“Ruby?” I rushed toward her just as she wobbled on her feet. Her hands trembled, and her lips had gone pale.

Logan was there in an instant, his cold demeanor vanishing as he swept her up into his arms.

“What's wrong, princess?”

Ruby whimpered again, burying her face into his chest. “I don't feel good.”

Concern twisted in my stomach. “She's been complaining about aches this week,” I said. “She said they come and go.”

Logan's grip on his daughter tightened, his face unreadable, but I caught the clench of his jaw.

“Come on Ruby,” he mumbled as he lifted her, and she curled around him as if like instinct. “We're leaving.”

He turned toward the door without another word, his long strides eating up the distance. But just before he stepped out, he glanced back at me, his gaze hard. “This conversation isn't over.”

And just like that, he was gone.

I stood frozen in place, my heart still pounding.

So that was Logan Baron.

And he was, without a doubt, the most frustrating man I had ever met.