

Marry My Daddy

Chapter 4

Molly.

Silence stretched between us, thick and tense, as I pressed the phone tighter against my ear. I hadn't expected him to call, least of all at this hour.

“Good evening, Miss Brooks.” Logan's voice was smooth and even, yet it carried an underlying authority, like he was used to being listened to. But this time, there was something else there—something almost hesitant.

I should have responded immediately, but I was too busy trying to process the fact that Logan Baron—the elusive billionaire, the cold, arrogant father of my favorite student—was calling me.

“M-Mr. Baron,” I stammered, then immediately scolded myself for it. “Good evening.”

There was a slight pause. “I'm calling about Ruby.”

“Is she okay?” I asked instantly, my chest tightening with worry.

“She's fine,” he said, though there was something in the way he said it that made me question if that was entirely true. “She mentioned she misses you.”

That shouldn't have affected me the way it did, but it did. I closed my eyes briefly.

“I miss her too,” I admitted softly. “She wasn't herself today.”

Another pause. I could hear a faint exhale, almost like this conversation wasn't easy for him. “I'd like to ask a favor.”

I waited, unsure of what to expect.

“Would you be willing to spend the afternoon with Ruby tomorrow?”

I blinked. Excuse me?

“Ruby has been asking for you, and I'd prefer to do something about it instead of having her sulk around the house,” he continued, his voice still carrying that air of authority, but also something else. A father's concern, maybe? “I'll compensate you, of course.”

I sucked in a breath. He wanted to pay me to spend time with Ruby?

“Mr. Baron,” I said carefully, “I don't need to be paid to see Ruby. I would have done it anyway.”

There was a slight pause. “I... appreciate that.” His tone wasn't as sharp now, as if my response had caught him off guard. “But I still want to compensate you for your time.”

I clenched my jaw, debating how much of an argument I wanted to have with him. Did he really not understand that this wasn't about money? That I would have dropped everything to be there for Ruby without a second thought? Gosh, that child has been through too much to last us all a lifetime.

“I'll come,” I said finally, exhaling. “But not for the money. I'll do it because Ruby wants me there.”

Another pause. I could almost hear the gears turning in his head, as if my refusal to accept payment was something he couldn't quite wrap his mind around.

A beat of silence passed before he finally spoke. His voice was quieter this time, almost as if he was testing the words before saying them. “That means a lot.”

I frowned, surprised by the sincerity in his voice.

“I'll text you the address,” he continued, slipping back into his usual composed self. “Be here at two.”

And just like that, the conversation was over.

I stared at my phone long after the call had ended, my heart still hammering against my ribs.

What the hell just happened?

The next day, I stood in front of an elegant townhome on the Upper East Side, gripping the strap of my tote bag a little too tightly.

It was even more extravagant than I had expected.

The towering brick structure had massive windows framed with delicate wrought-iron detailing, and the front steps led up to an oversized double door that looked like it belonged to a palace rather than a home. The building exuded wealth in the kind of effortless way that made people like me—who still occasionally clipped grocery coupons—feel like an outsider.

I had been to a few kids' homes before, mostly for tutoring. But this was an entirely new type of experience.

I inhaled deeply, adjusting my simple jeans, white t-shirt, and thrifted loafers, a sudden wave of self-consciousness washing over me. Standing in front of a multi-million-dollar Upper East Side townhome, I couldn't help but feel out of place.

But I shook off the insecurity before it could settle. I was here to spend time with a six-year-old child, not to impress anyone. It wasn't like I should have shown up in a Chanel suit and Louboutins. I am here for Ruby. Not for Logan.

Steeling myself, I rang the doorbell.

I had expected a butler, maybe a housekeeper, but instead, I was met with Logan Baron in all his broad-shouldered, devastatingly handsome glory.

His usual air of intimidation was slightly muted, though his green eyes still carried the same calculating sharpness as they scanned me from head to toe. Assessing me, just like he had in the classroom.

“Molly,” he greeted smoothly, stepping aside to let me in. “Right on time.”

I avoided the sound of my first name on his lips and I stepped inside cautiously, trying not to gape at the sheer opulence surrounding me. The grand foyer had a marble floor that gleamed under the soft glow of an enormous chandelier. The space smelled like expensive cologne, fresh flowers, and something distinctly... Logan.

“You have a beautiful home,” I admitted, despite myself.

He smirked slightly. “Thank you.”

I followed him through the hallway, barely taking in the high ceilings and custom artwork, because my mind was preoccupied with him.

And then, just as quickly as he had led me inside, he pivoted and turned to face me.

“Would you like something to drink?”

I blinked. Was Logan Baron actually being... hospitable?

“I—um, sure?”

“Lemonade?”

I hesitated, watching as he poured a glass himself instead of calling for a housekeeper. It was such a simple thing, but coming from him, it felt oddly personal.

He handed me the glass, his fingers brushing mine briefly. A shiver ran up my spine at the unexpected contact, but I forced myself to ignore it.

“I'm glad you came,” he said suddenly, watching me over the rim of his own glass.

I swallowed, my throat suddenly dry. “For Ruby, of course.”

Something flickered in his eyes—something unreadable. “Of course.”

Before I could analyze whatever the hell that meant, the sound of tiny feet pattering against the floor filled the room.

“Miss Brooks!”

Ruby came barreling toward me, her excitement so contagious that I laughed as I crouched to scoop her into a hug.

“Hey, sweetheart! I missed you!”

“I missed you too!” she giggled, squeezing me tight. “Daddy said you were coming, but I wasn't sure if you really would.”

“Of course I would.” I pulled back to look at her. “I wouldn't miss it for the world.”

From the corner of my eye, I saw Logan watching us, something unreadable lingering in his expression. Maybe surprise. Maybe something else.

Ruby clung to my hand. “Come see my playroom! It's huge!”

I chuckled, allowing her to tug me along. As we walked away, I could still feel Logan's eyes on me.

And I hated that I felt a strange, unwanted spark of anticipation because of it.

Why do I feel even the slightest hint of attraction to the insufferable man?