

Marry My Daddy

Chapter 6

Molly.

Sunday afternoons were meant for relaxation, for lazy hours spent curled up with a book, for the scent of something slow-cooking in the kitchen, for laughter that filled the walls of a home.

But in the Baron mansion, Sunday was just another workday.

I could feel it the moment I stepped through the grand entrance. The air felt different, heavier, as if the life and warmth from yesterday had been replaced with quiet efficiency.

A middle-aged woman with neatly pinned blonde hair and a crisp black uniform greeted me at the door.

“Good afternoon, Miss Brooks,” she said with polite detachment. “Mr. Baron is in his office.”

“Oh.” I hadn’t expected Logan to come waltzing to the door like some welcoming host, but I had assumed—hoped—he might at least be around. Something about the way he had watched me leave yesterday and the stupid feeling I had too, had lingered in my thoughts longer than it should have.

“Is Ruby in the playroom?” I asked, clearing my thoughts to focus on the real reason I was here.

“Yes,” the housekeeper confirmed. “She’s been waiting for you.”

I thanked her and made my way upstairs, following the path I had already memorized. I expected Ruby to be asleep or curled up with a book, given how drained she’d been yesterday, but instead, I found her humming happily to herself, lining up stuffed animals in what looked like an organized audience.

“There you are!” she chirped, bouncing toward me the moment I stepped inside. “Miss Brooks! You came back!”

“Of course I did,” I said, kneeling to her level. “I promised, didn’t I?”

She nodded, satisfied. “Guess what?”

“What?”

She grabbed my hands, her excitement practically vibrating through her small body. “I have a surprise!”

I grinned. “A surprise? I love surprises.”

“I made up a song,” she announced, beaming. “And I want to perform it for you.”

My heart softened. “That’s amazing, sweetheart! I’d love to hear it.”

Her little fingers twisted in the hem of her dress. “But...”

“But what?” I caught the hesitation in her voice immediately.

“Because,” she mumbled as she peeked up at me through her lashes, “I want Daddy to hear it too.”

I stilled. Ah. So that’s what this was about.

“Ruby...” I started gently. “Maybe your daddy is busy.”

Her face fell, the sparkle dimming from her eyes. “He’s always busy.”

Something about the way she said it—so small, so resigned—made my chest ache. This wasn’t a tantrum or some fleeting moment of disappointment. It was familiarity. A pattern she had grown used to. A lesson she had learned too young.

I swallowed against the lump in my throat. This was not my business. Logan was her father. I was just her teacher, here on borrowed time. I should have left it alone.

But I couldn’t.

“Where’s your daddy’s office?” I asked before I could think better of it.

Ruby’s face lit up like Christmas morning. “I’ll show you!”

She grabbed my hand, leading me down the hallway with eager steps. We stopped in front of a massive set of double doors, and I could already tell from the way they loomed that this was a place people did not enter uninvited.

“Why don’t you go back to the playroom and get ready for the song? I’ll ask your dad to come down too, okay?” I said to Molly, and she nodded enthusiastically with a grin that I would remember for my entire life.

She dashed down the corridor and I faced the door again.

I hesitated. Maybe this was a bad idea. Maybe I was overstepping.

But then I remembered Ruby’s hopeful face. The excitement that he would hear her song too.

So I raised my hand and knocked.

No answer.

I knocked again.

Silence.

I frowned, placing my ear closer. Was he even in there?

Just as I was about to turn away, a sharp, irritated voice cut through the silence.

“I don’t care who you are, don’t bother me!”

I flinched at the harshness in his tone.

Something inside me snapped.

My pulse surged, my fingers curling into a fist before I could stop myself. What if that had been Ruby knocking? Would he have barked at his own daughter like that? Would he have let that cruel edge slice into her already fragile heart?

Anger surged through me, hot and unwavering. Before I could think better of it, I shoved the door open.

Logan’s head snapped up from where he sat behind a massive mahogany desk, his fingers still hovering over the keyboard of his laptop. His sharp green eyes widened in shock.

“What the hell—”

“You don’t care who I am?” I cut him off, stepping inside and slamming the door shut behind me. “Too bad. I don’t care either.”

His brows pulled together, irritation flashing across his face as he stood slowly, towering over me in an effort to reclaim control of the situation.

“What exactly do you think you’re doing, Miss Brooks?” His voice was calm now, measured—but there was a warning beneath it, like a lion flexing its claws.

I refused to shrink under his gaze. “I’m reminding you that you have a daughter who wants five minutes of your time.”

His jaw ticked. “I’m working.”

“She’s six, Logan,” I snapped, taking a step closer. “You’re always working.”

His eyes darkened, but he didn’t say anything.

I inhaled sharply, my frustration spilling over.

“Look, I don’t care how many businesses you run or how important your meetings are. But if you keep putting work before her, one day she’s going to stop asking for your attention.” I let my words settle before adding, “And I really hope, for her sake, that day never comes.”

The room fell into a tense, heavy silence.

Logan's hands curled into fists at his sides, and for a brief second, I thought he might actually throw me out. But then something flickered behind his eyes—a flash of guilt, quickly buried.

“You think you understand my life?”

I held my ground. “No. But I understand Ruby. And that should be enough.”

His gaze held mine, unblinking, unreadable. The air between us crackled—not just with anger, but something deeper, something neither of us wanted to name.

Then, without a word, Logan exhaled sharply and brushed past me, heading for the door.

I blinked. Wait... was he actually—

“I’ll give her five minutes,” he muttered gruffly, as if the words physically pained him.

My lips parted in surprise, but I didn’t let my shock show. Instead, I gave a slow, satisfied nod. “Good.”

He paused at the doorway, glancing back at me. “You’re a pain in the ass, you know that?”

A slow smirk curled my lips. “So I’ve been told.”

“But thank you... for coming again today. I only saw her briefly at breakfast but Ruby was very excited that you were coming again.”

I was thrown a bit off guard by his words, such a stark contrast to his former coldness.

I simply nodded, not trusting myself to speak.

He shook his head, muttering something under his breath before stepping into the hallway.

As I followed behind him, I realized something: Logan Baron was impossible, frustrating, and insufferable.

And yet, I was already starting to understand him more than I ever expected to.