

# The Baby's Mother Need Love by hika Chapter 11

## 1. The Divorce Certificate

His slightly cold fingers touched Jessie's skin, causing her hair to stand up. Her heart was also raised to her throat, and she blurted out, "Mike! Mike Taylor is my husband!"

Alex was slightly stunned, and his hands finally stopped moving. The cold smile on his lips deepened." Mike Taylor? The man you were chasing just now?"

The biggest MTC Entertainment in the country belonged to the Mumen Group, and Mike Taylor happened to be an artiste supported by the MTC Entertainment. As the group's president, although Alex had always been busy, he had heard of this name.

Jessie stood up, and her teeth were trembling. "Yes! He is my husband! If you know what's good for you, stay away from me!"

After she stood up straight, the bag that had been hanging on her arm fell to the ground.

A small notebook fell onto Alex's shiny handmade shoes.

He bent over, picked it up, and slowly flipped through the book.

The three words "Divorce Certificate" were vivid in his eyes.

Jessie was so embarrassed that her face instantly turned pale. She quickly stretched out her hand and wanted to snatch it back.

However, Alex had already lifted his thin lips and read out the contents of the book. "Divorce certificate, female, Jessie, male... Mike Taylor?"

Jessie's expression was very ugly, and her embarrassment turned into anger. "Return it to me!"

Alex stared at her, his eyes deep, and the mocking smile that was filled with contempt disappeared completely.

He used the divorce certificate to lift her white and thin chin and slightly bent down her tall and big body. His deep black eyes seemed to pierce through her heart. "Mike Taylor is your ex-husband?"

If he remembered correctly, Mike had recently attended an event in R City. He was currently staying in a luxurious suite in Olive Hotel.

In the blink of an eye, a thought flashed through his mind. Last night, when he suppressed her, she seemed to have said something like, "I am here to find my husband..."

His ink-black eyes became even more unfathomable.

The word 'ex-husband' deeply stung Jessie.

Tears could no longer be suppressed and flowed out of her eyes. She bit her lips tightly and pushed away the man who was as heavy as a mountain with force. She snatched the divorce certificate and hurriedly picked up the bag on the ground to escape.

After running for a while, she took out her phone and called the police.

When she dialed the third number, her fingers froze.

Even if she reported the case now, what evidence could she have?

She suddenly leaned against the wall powerlessly.

A security guard ran over and fawned over her as he asked, "Hello, are you looking for Mr. Taylor? He is now in the western restaurant on the eighth floor."

"Is he in the western restaurant on the eighth floor?" Jessie looked at the unfamiliar security guard in disbelief.

“Yes, you should go. He has been in there for a while. Don’t wait for him to finish his meal and leave. You won’t be able to find him even if you go there.”

She took the elevator to the western restaurant on the eighth floor of the hotel. Jessie’s mind was still at a loss. Why would security guard help her out of kindness?

Through the glass window, she instantly saw Mike.

He was indeed eating here.

At a relatively hidden table next to the window, Mike was eating with a black duck tongue hat on his head.

Jessie walked over and sat opposite him.

Mike looked up and saw her. Disgust flashed across his eyes. He put down his knife and fork and lowered his voice. “Do you have to be so annoying? In the past, you would never be like this.”

“Yes, I have changed. But you’ve never changed. In the past, I thought you were just eager to get benefits. At least you have some conscience, but now I realize... All this time, I was just blind and foolish. My conscience? It’s not even worth a steak in front of you, right?” Jessie looked at him at this moment. Her heart was filled with a bone-piercing coldness.

Mike’s expression was ugly. “What exactly do you want?”

Before Jessie could reply, Mike, who was sitting opposite her, suddenly stood up. He faced the direction behind Jessie and instantly changed into a warm smile. “Hello, Boss Alex!”

No wonder he was a male actor. His face changed faster than flipping a book.

She could not help but laugh. She turned her head to look at “Boss Alex” who could make Mike change his

face in an instant. »

The next second, her sneer froze on the corner of her mouth. All the pores on her body seemed to stand up in an instant.

The man was wearing a black windbreaker and black pants. He was tall and straight, and he had an imposing appearance. He was born with a superior aura that could shock people's souls. He made people watch from afar and not dare to approach him.

He walked all the way to the table next to Jessie. He untied the buttons on the windbreaker with his fingers and slowly sat on the seat behind Jessie. He used his deep and indifferent eyes to look at Mike's face. "Mike Taylor, right? There is no need to be polite outside. You guys continue to chat."

"Alright. I'm Mike from the MTC Entertainment. Is Boss Alex here for a meal? I'll treat you!" Mike looked like he was trying to please his family's ancestor. He smiled and walked over to sit next to him.

Alex crossed his legs and looked at him casually. "I invited someone."

"Uh.. "Mike was embarrassed for a second and quickly regained his composure. "I see. Then I won't bother you anymore."

"Okay " Alex said.

Since Alex had already said so, Mike did not have the face to sit at Alex's table anymore. He sat back at his original seat with an embarrassed expression and looked coldly at Jessie. "What do you want to talk about? Come with me!"

When she saw Mike fawning over the man behind her, Jessie felt mixed feelings in her heart and felt very

uncomfortable.

Even a famous person like Mike would be eager to please him. This man's identity must not be simple.

It turned out that these people in the upper class, apart from those who looked bright and beautiful on the surface, were all dirty to the bone. For example, Mike, or the man who looked cold and noble behind her. ..