

Sweet Babe VS Clueless CEO Daddy Chapter 4

Chapter 4

When Max saw her from afar, he was shaken for a moment. That woman has the same figure and walking style as Caitlin. He reflexively walked in her direction in an attempt to get closer to her.

Dexter was stunned. He had never seen Max approaching any woman by himself, and that had only gotten worse since Caitlin's death five years ago. Max had since become an emotionless man who deterred anyone who saw him. Him going toward a woman on his own was a first.

Dexter took a glance at Caitlin, and he was shocked by how gorgeous she was. Her look was the definition of perfection, just like a sculpture made by a sculptor. There was not one excessive line, nor was there one missing part.

Max was also stunned, but he quickly snapped out of it. He frowned and took one involuntary step back before saying coldly, "Watch where you're going."

Caitlin sneered. Her face was different than how it was now. She could still remember the agony the fire punished her with, and how she endured nine months of pain and shame for her baby. It wasn't after she had given birth to her son did she undergo the plastic surgery.

She would be woken up by her nightmares every night, and her pillow would be drenched with her tears. Now that the culprit of this tragedy was standing before her, Caitlin clenched her fists. She wanted to tear his face off and gouge his heart out. The woman wanted to see if his heart was tainted with evil; she wanted to ask if he even had a heart.

Caitlin was holding Jordan's unfinished lollipop. When Max bumped into her, the lollipop stuck onto his suit.

She smiled. "Sorry, I didn't see you there. Oh, your suit is stained. I should buy you another one. Can you give me your number? I'll get someone to send it to you once I buy it."

Caitlin's voice was hoarse and deep. When he noticed that, a hint of disappointment appeared in Max's eyes. This isn't her. Not only does she not look like Caitlin, she doesn't sound like her either.

He could still remember how trilly Caitlin's voice was. Even though the woman before him was a gorgeous one, her voice had a hint of huskiness to it. Perhaps someone would think her voice was tempting, but it didn't work on him.

Max's expression turned stoic again. "No need for that. It's just a suit." After that, he took his suit off and tossed it into a trash can in front of her. It was as if he had just thrown away some trash he disliked.

Caitlin smiled. Maybe he is thinking of me as a woman who fell for him and wanted his number. Caitlin looked at the leaving Max with a sneer. I wonder how he would look if he finds out I am the designer he should be welcoming.

Max felt inexplicably angry, but for what reason? Even he did not know. That woman's not Caitlin, but she's giving me this familiar vibe. No. It's not her.

If it was Caitlin there, she would have been ecstatic when he approached her himself. He knew how much she loved him, but that woman didn't seem to be moved at all. Her eyes, however, looked very much like Caitlin's. Max suddenly stopped in his tracks. Caught by surprise, Dexter bumped into his back.

"Sorry, President Cooper." Dexter rubbed his nose and took two steps back. A moment later, he noticed Max was looking at Caitlin.

Caitlin went to the restroom after that short contact with Max. The latter narrowed his eyes when he saw how the woman moved.

"Are you interested in her, President Cooper?"

Max glared at Dexter, and that shut the latter up.

"I'll be using the restroom." For some reason, Max felt restless. He turned around and quickly went to the restroom. Dexter rarely saw Max being like that, so he waited outside, not daring to follow him.

Max turned on the faucet in the restroom and splashed some water on his face to wake himself up, but a moment later, he felt someone tugging on his clothes. Max frowned and turned to see a boy about four or five looking up while tugging at the hem of his clothes, looking as if he had something to say.

"Let go." Max's gaze turned colder. The vibe he was radiating would usually deter anyone who came close, but the boy before him was unfazed. In addition, the boy's eyes had a familiar feel to them.

"Can you help me, mister?" Jordan looked at Max. That innocent look of yearning softened Max's heart up.

"Where's your parent?"

"My mommy can't come inside the men's." Jordan puffed his cheeks and was looking embarrassed.

As Max looked at the doll-like boy, he sighed. "What do you want my help with?"

"My zipper got stuck, but I can't hold it in anymore. Can you unzip my pants for me, mister?" Jordan fidgeted as he spoke, looking as if he couldn't hold it in any longer.