

Read Novel Novel My Baby's Daddy Chapter 2367 By Anastasia

Novel My baby's daddy chapter 2367 -Will You Be My Boyfriend

Jasper received the glass from the bartender and drank some. He then glanced disapprovingly at the grinning woman. "Don't do that again."

"Do what? Am I not allowed to force you to come and meet me?" After Willow said that, she muttered, "Who asked you to ignore my messages."

"I told you before. We shouldn't see each other anymore," he reminded her firmly.

Afterward, she held a glass of red wine, looking stunning, like a blooming rose. "Then, leave if you don't want to be here! I didn't force you to come. I'm going to the dance floor," she retorted, turning away with a snort. However, the next moment, the man put down his glass and pulled her into his embrace.

"Can't you let me have it easy?" Jasper asked, his voice deep and earnest.

Unfazed, Willow smiled triumphantly, seemingly aware that she had won again. She turned back to face him with a playful grin. "So, Mr. Wyatt, why are you stopping me from going to the dance floor?"

"There are all sorts of people there, and it's inappropriate for someone of your status to be there," he reasoned.

Leaning closer to him, she whispered, "Then, can you bring me there?"

The seductive tone of Willow's voice had a magnetic pull on Jasper, making him irresistibly drawn to her. He couldn't resist the temptation and grabbed her wrist, leading her outside.

Meanwhile, she complied, allowing him to guide her, but once outside, she felt relieved as the surrounding noise dissipated. Moreover, she never enjoyed being in such places.

"Where are we going?"

"Bringing you home," the man replied.

After hearing this, Willow promptly broke free from his grip and puffed her cheeks angrily at him. "If you plan to send me home, then forget it. I haven't had my share of fun yet."

"Miss Presgrave, it's late. You shouldn't be outside," Jasper urged, attempting to reason with her.

Suddenly, her gaze turned serious as she looked at him intently. "Jasper Wyatt, will you be my boyfriend?"

The unexpected question caught him off guard. He hesitated internally but eventually let out hurtful words. "No, I would not."

"Why? Is it because of your job? I believe no challenge in the world could bring us down," she said optimistically, convinced that love could overcome any obstacles.

"Miss Presgrave, are you that confident that everyone would like you?" Jasper raised an eyebrow, a hint of sarcasm in his voice. "Yes, you're beautiful and wealthy, but that doesn't make you my type. So, despite your feelings for me, whether I like you or not is a separate matter. Please, Miss Presgrave, be more sensible."

The hurtful words left Willow feeling numb and her heart wrenching inside. In a soft and defeated voice, she asked, "What kind of woman do you like?"

The man turned away, avoiding eye contact, and replied coldly, "You're not my type." As he spoke, he glanced at the bodyguards positioned around them. He knew she would be safe even if he left. With a sigh, he opened the door to an SUV and drove away.

Willow felt a sudden wave of weakness and sat on the stairs, watching the vehicle disappear into the distance, her heart feeling hollow. It seemed like everything had been nothing more than a cruel joke.

Tears streamed down her cheeks as she closed her eyes, not caring about the people around her. She couldn't contain her sorrow and began sobbing by the roadside but was unaware of the SUV's return on the opposite side of the road. It quietly stopped beside the road, and the man inside the car looked at the crying woman through the window, feeling like his heart was being tugged on.

In the meantime, Jasper clenched the steering wheel inside the car, his hand's veins bulging as he wrestled with his emotions, contemplating whether to step out of the vehicle.

Eventually, Willow composed herself and stood up, determined to face the situation. She glanced at the bodyguards and proceeded toward the waiting car.

On the other hand, the SUV remained parked there even though she had left.