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My Baby's Daddy Chapter 915

Richard reached out, picked up a camouflage coat from his sofa, walked over, handed it to Angela, and commanded, "Put it on and go back into your room."

When she saw the coat, she realized he wanted her to go out conservatively, but she did not think it was necessary.

"There's no need for that, thank you." She shook her head as she held onto the basin before turning to leave.

Just as she took two steps, her shoulders were grasped by him as he draped the oversized coat over her, forcibly covering her up.

This made her a little frustrated; this man was too overbearing!

"I said, it's okay." Nevertheless, Angela refused to accept his care, probably because she still had some resentment in her heart toward him.

Richard said it was impossible for her to be with him in this life, so why did he care about how she looked?

She was about to shake off the coat when a warning voice sounded above her head, "I dare you to try and take it off."

She looked up in fright to see him staring at her expressionlessly as if he would punish her for going against him.

Then, Angela squinted her eyes, feeling a little angry. She took off the coat in front of him and threw it on the sofa before she said, "Captain Lloyd, what is the meaning of this? I won't be your wife in the future, so why do you care what I look like and who sees me?" Then, she did not forget to add a domineering sentence, "I can wear whatever I like for whoever I like."

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No matter how calm Richard was, in the face of this provocative and alluring face, his calmness was now mixed with a sense of annoyance. This woman was probably the only one who could rile him up this easily.

Angela stared at his pair of dangerous black eyes and was inexplicably frightened. For the first time, he was looking at her with this severe and oppressive gaze. It seemed like she had really angered him.

"Whatever. I'll stop teasing you now. I'm leaving." She decided to take her leave before things took a turn for the worse.

Just as she was about to go out, he grabbed her wrist, and she was pulled into Richard's embrace with the basin in between them. His face was sullen as he draped the coat over her again without saying a word. The coat was so enormous that it was up to her knees, wrapping her slender body so well that there was no trace of her pajama.

"Wear it," he ordered

Angela shot him a resentful look; this man was really domineering. She had already rejected his offer, but the man clearly didn't care about her opinions and made her wear the coat anyway.

In the end, she could only leave with his coat on.

Early the following morning. Angela changed out of her clothes and intended to return his jacket. When she knocked on the door, someone opened it, and that person was Richard. He was dressed in ordinary clothes, radiating the aura of an extravagant prince.

"Here, your coat." She handed him his coat.

Then, he took his coat without saying a word and closed the door with a bang, startling her. As she stood outside the door, her mind began to spin.

This kind of man might not be able to find a girlfriend in this lifetime.

As Angela wandered around, she noticed a classroom that was teaching kickboxing. She stood in front of the window curiously and watched for a while. Then, she decided to walk in through the door.

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Her arrival made several young boys who were practicing shy and careless. One of them couldn't dodge in time and was punched by his partner.

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When she saw this, she couldn't help but stifle a giggle as she covered her mouth. This made the boy who was beaten scratch his head in embarrassment but did not dare to cry out in pain.

"Miss Meyers, you're here," Dwayne, a man in his early thirties, came over to greet her.

"Mr. Dwayne, do you have time? I also want to pick up some self-defense," she said sincerely.

He was obviously willing to teach her when he heard this and nodded. "Of course, I have time. As long as Miss Meyers is keen on learning, I can teach you some simple self-defense techniques.

"Really? Thank you so much," she thanked him gratefully.

"All right, come on! I'll teach you two moves right now, and we'll see how good your reflexes are." He was enthusiastic about teaching her.

Angela had never tried combat sports before and appeared a little clumsy. However, her coach, Mr. Dwayne, adeptly clasped her hand, stood behind her, and wrapped his arms around her, saying, "Think of a way to fight back if I'm the bad guy."

She didn't feel restrained because of such close contact, and the trainees on the side were enthralled watching her.

At this time, Trevor happened to pass by the window, and when he heard the sound, he hurriedly glanced over. The sight stunned him because he saw Mr. Dwayne hug Angela from behind on her waist before pressing her to the ground.

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Even though Mr. Dwayne was clearly teaching boxing, Trevor thought this was inappropriate! After secretly recording the scene for over ten seconds, he dashed toward the conference room. He rushed in front of Richard as soon as he entered the door.

“Richie, Miss Meyers is having boxing training with Mr. Dwayne. Please take a look. Trevor showed Richard the video. of Angela being pressed against her shoulder while Mr. Dwayne knelt on one knee on her back.

After a while, Jared joined in on the fun, and when he saw the video, he envied Mr. Dwayne.

“I believe it would be more appropriate for you to instruct Miss Meyers, Richard,” Jared said.

Richard’s brow furrowed once he heard

that suggestion; Angela must have had a lot of free time.

“Richard, take over Mr. Dwayne’s job! This is something you should do. I’m worried Mr. Dwayne will injure Miss Meyers if he uses too much force.” Trevor purposefully provoked Richard, making him leave.

“Yeah! If Miss Meyers sprains her slender arms and legs, she will have to rest for a month,” Jared added.

“Which training room is she in?” Richard asked, closing his laptop.

“It’s located in the north,” Trevor responded quickly.

With that, Richard stood up, pushed open the door, and walked out. Trevor and Jared trailed behind him to watch the fun as well. They were looking forward to seeing how Richie would train Miss Meyers.

Before Richard could open the door, he heard Angela cry and moan as if she was being tortured. As a result, his brow furrowed, and his pace quickened.

When Richard entered the training room, Mr. Dwayne had trapped her arms and waist while he coached her on methods to counterattack.

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Richard's eyes narrowed, and a look of displeasure flashed across his face. He was aware that close contact was required for this type of self-defense technique, but the scene bothered him.

"Mr. Richard," someone greeted.

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