My Baby's Daddy Chapter 917

When Mr. Dwayne saw Richard approaching, he immediately released Angela's arm and said, "Captain Lloyd, you're here."

The practice left Angela out of breath as this self-defense technique was challenging. She was already perspiring after only two training sessions.

"Mr. Dwayne, let's continue," she said, looking at Richard, who had unexpectedly appeared.

Dwayne was about to resume his training

when he was met with Richard's piercing gaze.

He was taken aback and immediately. realized the significance of Richard's stare. As a result, he looked at his watch and exclaimed, "Oh! I have another meeting to attend. Miss Meyers, I won't be able to train you, so I'll let Captain Lloyd take over. I have to leave right now!

Dwayne ran away after speaking. There were some scandals involving Angela and Richard in the base.

As the training coach, Dwayne was naturally able to read the room.

When Angela saw Dwayne leaving, she asked while rubbing her aching arm, "Captain Lloyd, do you have time to teach me?"

"I can teach you as long as you want to

learn," Richard said as he nodded slightly.

She smiled, remembering the tricks that Mr. Dwayne had just taught her. This is an excellent opportunity for revenge. I'm going to kick his ass.

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"Come on then! Teach me some moves." Angela was eagerly welcoming him. She was willing to learn if he wanted to teach her.

Trevor, who had just entered the room, looked around at the trainees who were enjoying themselves as they watched the scene play before them. "Sorry, Richard wants to teach in private, so please leave," he said in a rush.

The students were excited to watch Angela's training but were now forced to leave.

Trevor and Jared didn't stay long, carefully closing the door behind them.

Angela realized it was Trevor's idea and felt powerless. "Captain Lloyd, where should we start?" she inquired of the man before her.

Her heart twitched slightly as Richard circled her, and all of a sudden, her slender neck was bound by his strong arms. She felt an intense pressure on her neck.

She didn't expect him to start off with a

spar, which caused her to feel pressured as her brain screamed that things were becoming dangerous.

"Are you serious, Richard?" Angela inhaled deeply, feeling out of breath.

"Counterattack with any trick you can think of," Richard said softly into her ear, his arm slackening slightly.

At this point, Angela concentrated on recalling what Mr. Dwayne had just taught her, then raised her elbows to attack Richard's temples. Unfortunately, her move only worked for Mr. Dwayne, and did not work for Richard, who was tall.

Even if she tiptoed and threw his elbow from the side of his profile, it would only be to the point of touching it and would cause him no harm.

It would diminish Angela's strength if she had to face a man with ill intentions who was as tall as Richard..

As such, she struggled in Richard's arms, but his sturdy arm around her neck was immovable.

She didn't want him to look down on her, so after recalling Mr. Dwayne's explanation of the entire set of self defense techniques, Angela exclaimed, "I can use any method, am I right?"

"Yeah," Richard hummed quietly.

Right then, Angela lifted her feet to step

on the back of his instep, but she missed as he had already predicted her moves.

As a result, Angela flushed with rage and attempted to remove him from her person, but his grip was too tight, and she couldn't pry his finger off.

She was left with only one option: headbutt Richard.

Yet, Angela didn't manage to hit his chin, but it did hurt her neck. She couldn't help but hiss, and Richard, who had been holding her neck, finally let her go.

A flushed Angela rubbed her neck as she looked at him in frustration. She was as frail as an ant in front of him.

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"You have lightning-fast reflexes. So, let's keep going." He praised her with a curl of his lips.

"Okay, let's continue. Come on!" Angela clenched her teeth and arched her brow.

This time, Richard tried a different approach. He made his way toward Angela. When he was a few steps away from her, her breathing became rapid for a few minutes. Richard hugged her the next second, his strong arms wrapped tightly around her waist, and Angela remained motionless for a good second.

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She became tingly and numb all of a sudden. Is this the feeling of being violated?

The scent of Richard's perfume and the contact with his body rendered her immobile. She was unable to portray disgust in front of him. On the contrary, his minty, cool-smelling hormone caused her senses to malfunction.

"What are you daydreaming for?" He inquired in a deep voice.

Angela blushed as she regained consciousness. She struggled again, recalling what Mr. Dwayne had just taught her. She could jab the opponent's eyes, throat, or lift her legs and kick his genitals by turning around and hugging him.

Alas, she didn't want to use these methods on Richard because she couldn't treat him this way.

Naturally, he noticed her hesitance, so he let go of her and took a step back before staring at her with the seriousness of an invigilator. "What's the matter with you? Why did you not fight back?"

"Forget about it. I don't want to practice anymore." She sighed and lowered her gaze.

"You give up so easily," he snorted when he saw her giving up so readily.

Angela glared at him upon hearing his harsh remarks, and she was annoyed that he looked down on her, so she lifted her chest and said, "Who said that? I just don't want to hurt you."

Despite being famed for having a stone cold face at all times, he couldn't help but laugh when he heard this.

"It's not that I look down on you; you

simply lack the ability." Richard

confronted her with the truth.

Angela bit her lower lip in displeasure. her beautiful eyes narrowing in displeasure. "Are you sure? Don't belittle me."

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"I'm capable of facing a hundred enemies like you," he boasted haughtily.

Her face contorted with rage as she heard his words, as if she were being pushed into the mud by him. He was clearly looking down on her, which caused her to clench her fists tightly in response, and she was determined to prove herself.

"Come on. I'll make you suffer." She clenched both her fists and took a step forward before getting into a fighting stance.

Richard smirked as he looked at her pugilistic wonkery with his arms folded.

At this point, Angela remembered that she was learning self-defense, so she coughed and said, "Hug me again."

Then, he lowered his arms and approached her. He maintained his previous posture by wrapping his arms around her waist and lowering his head. Finally, she wrapped her arms around his neck and purposefully brushed her soft lips against his cheek.

His pupils beneath the thick eyelashes suddenly dilated, and his usual calm and sobriety vanished in an instant.

A hint of cunning gleamed in her eyes as she bent her knees, grabbed his neck, and kicked him in the most vulnerable part of his body.

With her kick, she showed no mercy. Because Richard looked down on her, she accumulated resentment and power.

Thus, he instantly felt great pain, and Angela's curiosity got the best of her; she wanted to look at his reaction, but her leg cramped up at this moment.

"Ah..." She frantically reached for something. Thus, he held her with his long arms despite his pain, but his body was unstable due to his agonizing pain.

Both of them fell in three seconds, and he held her in his arms to cushion her fall on the hard floor.