My Baby's Daddy Chapter 919

Angela was so terrified, and before she could regain her composure, she was already lying on top of Richard. He had one arm around her waist and the other palm on the back of her head.

"Did I hurt you?" she inquired anxiously as she recalled how much power she had placed in that kick

Richard's eyes were dark as he gazed at the woman above him. In addition to the pain of being kicked, he felt an uncontrollable fiery urge surging within him.

Angela was dressed in a sports suit, and they were separated by merely two pieces of clothing, allowing his erection to be seen. The moment she noticed his condition, her pretty face turned bright red.

"Get up." Richard ordered hoarsely.

She wanted to get up as well! On the other hand, her hands and feet were slow to react, and she sat up with difficulty while supporting Richard's chest.

Unfortunately, she lost her balance and sat back down once again, and her position was embarrassing to the point she wanted to throw up.

As such, his eyes narrowed, and his pupils constricted. Is she doing this on purpose? She blushed and looked at him, but she didn't expect to meet his piercing gaze on her, as if he was about to burn her alive with his passionate gaze.

Thus, she quickly scurried away from his torso and sat cross-legged aside. When he got to his feet, her lovely eyes darted around in a panic, not forgetting to glance at the body part she had kicked him.

Richard, who had stood up, glared at her angrily. He was training her on self defense, not teaching her to seduce the opponent with her beauty. That trick of hers was a double-edged sword.

"You will only suffer if you don't train properly," Richard warned her.

"I can't learn anything from you. I want Mr. Dwayne to train me." Angela despised his coaching. How could she possibly concentrate on the training if he kept distracting her?

Should she hold Richard, who was far too charismatic for his own good, responsible for her distraction?

"Stop the training if you don't want to learn," he responded frigidly; his face had an inexplicably gloomy and ugly expression.

At this point, she had also come to a realization that she was not built for combat training. After only half a day of training, her muscles were aching all over her body.

"Give me a hand," she demanded as she reached out.

Richard grabbed her hand and pulled her up. "Uh... Did I hurt you just now?" Angela asked awkwardly with a light cough

He believed she had learned nothing but seduction and even played this trick on him.

"If you have a reaction, it means you're not hurt." Angela snickered, covering her mouth.

Richard was speechless as he looked at her; she was undoubtedly shameless.

"Captain Lloyd, you have to be careful as well! Don't be blinded by beauty!" Angela warned him.

He had no reason to be concerned in this

regard because no woman had ever captivated him. She, of course, was the sole exception.

She was about to move her arm when she felt a pain in her shoulder blade, which caused her to hiss. "Ouch! It hurts!"

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It was the arm that he had grabbed tightly in a hurry. Therefore, he had accidentally pulled her too harshly in his concern for her.

"Don't move. Let me take a look." He approached her, gripped her wrist, and massaged her shoulder joints gently. Her joints appeared to be fine, but her tendons were most likely strained.

"You'll be fine after a few days of rest," Richard said as he let go of her arm.

Angela nodded and lowered her head. her gaze wandering. Out of the blue, he abruptly poked her head with his finger..

"What's so interesting?" he reprimanded quietly.

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"What? "There's nothing interesting to me," she said, rubbing her aching head and taking a step back.

He remained silent upon hearing her response, and his silence was clearly a dubious one.

Since she had nothing to say, she turned around and left the room. She was always in a bad mood when she was with him.

At this point, a black off-road vehicle. drove in through the back door of the base. When the car door opened, a young man and woman emerged. The man was dressed fashionably, and the woman was in an extremely sexy tight skirt; they

looked at their surroundings in perplexity.

"Are we going to stay here?" the woman asked, disgusted.

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"You'll be staying here for the time being, Ariel, Carlton. Please adhere to all the rules implemented for your own safety. We will notify you once both of you are both safe," a man warned them sternly before leading them to the door.

"It's all your fault," Ariel said, biting her lip and punching Carlton with a reluctant expression.

Carlton, who was being hit, appeared helpless and coaxed her, "Okay, okay. We'll take refuge here for a while to avoid the danger."

Ariel and Carlton worked as journalists. They went abroad to boost their performance, but they inadvertently filmed an international gang's arms trade, which the gangsters later discovered and were hunting down the duo. They had no choice but to flee back home to hide from the gangsters, which was how they ended up here.

"I hope this place is safe, otherwise, we'll be dead." Ariel still trembled when she remembered the incident where they were almost hunted down.

"It looks safe here, so relax!" Carlton reassured her.

They were escorted to their rooms. After settling down, Ariel couldn't wait to visit the location, so she went outside and looked around the field.

Two shadows appeared from afar in an instant.

Her attention was drawn to the figures, and when she turned around, she saw two men walking in the flower field while talking, marching in her direction.

The young man on the left piqued her interest. He was tall and attractive, with a hooked, aquiline nose and dark brows. He radiated extraordinary charm.

Ariel's heart pounded like a drum in her chest. She never expected to meet such a

distinguished gentleman here in a thousand years. He wasn't like the other men. He exuded a noble and extraordinary aura despite his youth.

At first glance, he appeared unusual, and it can be seen that the other man treated him with respect.

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What's his name? What's his identity? She was no longer depressed; at the very least, she could get to know this attractive man better.

Maybe there would be sparks ignited between the two of them, for she was an ambitious woman who would do anything to achieve her goals.

When she noticed a young team member approaching, she quickly asked with a smile, 'Hello. Could you please tell me who that person is?"

"He's Captain Lloyd."