

Read Novel Novel My Baby's Daddy Chapter 2250 By Anastasia

Novel My baby's daddy chapter 2250-As soon as Willow returned to her room, she immediately dialed the bodyguard's number, urging them to bring a doctor quickly. Upon hearing that gunfire was involved, the bodyguards dashed to her room. It turned out that she was unharmed, but she had come across a man covered in blood.

"Miss Presgrave, we don't know his identity. It's not safe for him to stay in the same room as you. Let us take him away," the bodyguard said. They could not take the risk of leaving her alone with a stranger.

"No. He saved my life just now. I want to repay his kindness. I don't want to owe him anything. Take him for treatment first!" Willow insisted as the man on the couch had already passed out from blood loss.

The bodyguards promptly escorted the man to the medical room for immediate treatment while she stood outside, clutching her arm. She also informed them about the earlier attempted kidnapping. "It seems that you've been targeted. Don't worry. We will provide you with round-the-clock protection," the bodyguard reassured her.

She had great trust in them. They were not ordinary bodyguards, for they were skilled and loyal to the Presgrave family. The Presgraves had strict standards when hiring bodyguards, and loyalty was their top priority.

At that moment, the door of the treatment room swung open, revealing a doctor with a solemn expression. "The bullet has been successfully extracted from the patient's body. Thankfully, no vital organs were impacted. Considering his

exceptional physical condition, he should regain consciousness shortly," the doctor informed, then shifted attention toward Willow. "Miss Presgrave, this is a grave situation. We must report it and conduct a thorough investigation into anyone aboard who possesses dangerous weapons."

"Okay. Please handle this matter." She nodded. She never expected someone to bring a gun on board, and she had thrown the man's gun into the sea.

In the hospital room, Willow idly rested her chin on her hand and gazed at the man who remained unconscious. Upon closer inspection, she noticed that he possessed an attractive appearance.

To her, she regarded her father and brother as handsome individuals. Yet, she could not resist contemplating that this man also possessed a pleasing countenance. His features carried a timeless allure, complemented by a touch of enigmatic complexity, akin to a character from a thrilling and mysterious film.

What does he do? Why was he apprehending people on the ship? And why was someone chasing after him? Thinking about how close she came to getting shot while with him, she could not help but shiver. She was still so young and had not enjoyed life to the fullest. So, she did not want to die.

Just then, Willow noticed a slight bloodstain on his arm. She picked up a tissue and approached him, intending to help clean it. However, as soon as she touched his arm, the sleeping man's eyes shot open before his large hand aggressively grabbed her arm.

"Ouch... It's me." She sighed. She could not believe how defensive he was, waking up with such aggression. How sensitive is he?

Once the man recognized her, he released his grip on her arm. He lowered his head, looking at the bandaged wound, and spoke hoarsely, "You saved me?"

"Who else but me?" she replied, gazing at him. The man's gaze locked onto her before he stood up, intending to leave. She quickly asked, "Where are you going? You just had surgery; don't wander around."

"I can't drag you into this," the man uttered. lightly, his eyes fixed on leaving the room. Willow felt an inexplicable determination to make him obediently listen to the doctor and not strain his wound. She suddenly reached out, pushing his shoulder, and pressed herself against him, effectively putting him back onto the bed.

The man's eyes narrowed slightly as he stared at her with a complex expression. "No running around. Since I saved you, you must listen to me," she stated. Her intentions were purely rooted in seeking his well-being.

The man gave up resisting and lay still as he replayed the plan for tonight's mission in his mind. If it weren't for this woman disturbing me at the most critical moment, I would've been able to eliminate the organization's traitor and complete the mission smoothly.

Although the person he was supposed to kill had jumped into the sea, it did not guarantee his death.

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