

## Read Novel Novel My baby's daddy

Novel My baby's daddy chapter 2539-Shirley felt a bit drowsy as she read the book, so she decided to go back to her room to rest and clear her mind.

At exactly 11.00PM, she knocked on the door of Zacharias' master bedroom.

When the door opened, the man, who had been dressed in formal attire just a while ago, was now wearing a loose cotton robe with black and gold trim, exuding a kingly aura.

For a moment, her breath caught in her throat. Cole gave her a sense of righteousness and integrity, but this man often exuded a strong pheromonal attraction. Both men had strong physiques, but they evoked different feelings in her.

"Come in," he said. With that, Shirley entered the room, and as Zacharias walked toward the couch, he untied the belt of his robe. Seeing that, she hurriedly said, "You don't need to undress." "Are you afraid I'll charm you?" he said with a smile. His remark made her speechless for a second. If I tell others that the vice president is frivolous, I'll probably face a lot of rebuttals.

In her silence, he sat on the couch, lifting his sleeve to reveal the wound on his arm. Immediately, Shirley crouched down beside him, carrying a medical kit.

She had learned nursing skills in the military, so she could easily handle such situations.

Zacharias' arm was strong and muscular, and even though the wound was serious, it didn't seem to have affected his muscles or bones. When she cut away the old bandage and saw the black stitches, which resembled the legs of a centipede, she felt it was somewhat terrifying.

With an antiseptic solution, she disinfected his wound and then applied a healing ointment prescribed by a doctor. Finally, she used a fresh bandage to wrap up his wound.

As his gaze moved from her face downward, he recalled that night when he held the back of her head and kissed her face so freely. Suddenly, heat surged in his lower abdomen.

Shirley was lowering her head, busy organizing her medical kit, and the man's legs were wide open right in front of her. Since she was naturally sensitive, when she saw what was swelling beneath his robe, her breath hitched, and she quickly averted her eyes.

Somewhat helpless, he looked at himself and said to the girl, who had shyly turned her head away, "Don't mind it." The 'it' he referred to was making the situation quite awkward. At once, she stood up and felt that the air was filled with the man's pheromones.

Zacharias slid his robe off his shoulder, revealing the wound on his shoulder.

Unbeknownst to her, a fine layer of sweat had formed on her forehead.

Nervously, her hand trembled, accidentally cutting one of the stitches on his wound.

She gasped and said, "I'm sorry. I cut a stitch." "It's okay. Just continue." He raised his head and gazed at her affectionately.

Under the gaze of those eyes, Shirley dared not be careless, although she had an urge to cover his eyes with her hand.

After finishing the bandaging, she began to pack her things, but for some reason, she glanced at a certain area of his body. Does he not feel uncomfortable? With his qualities, he could have several girlfriends.

Finally, she returned to her room, took a shower, and then lay down on the bed.

Shortly after, she received a message. She picked up her phone and saw that it was from Imogen.

'Shirley, are you asleep? I just arrived here, and I'm feeling a bit out of place. I wanted to chat with you. I am awake,' Shirley replied.

'I saw you escorting Mr. Flintstone today. I'm so envious. I hope I can have such an opportunity. Imogen messaged. Shirley reassured her. 'Don't worry. Captain Barlowe will arrange it for you!

At that moment, Imogen sat in her dormitory, gazing at the brightly lit Flintstone Residence not far away. That was a place full of majesty and allure.

After exchanging goodnight messages, Shirley lay in bed, reflecting on her recent recklessness. She decided not to let her parents worry about her anymore.

The next morning, Shirley heard the sound of a car outside, so she quickly got up and went downstairs.

As soon as she entered the living room, she saw a sexily dressed woman standing there- Jesslyn had arrived. She was about the same age as Shirley, but her dress and style appeared more mature because she was active in fashion circles.