

Read Novel Novel My baby's daddy chapter 2611 by anastasia

Novel My baby's daddy chapter 2611-Shirley felt Zacharias' lips brushing her forehead. His scent smelled nice, and it filled her with a sense of security. She even felt sleepy.

Meanwhile, in the other car, Imogen replayed the entire failed plan in her mind, convinced she hadn't shown any vulnerabilities. The only uncertainty was whether the kidnappers betrayed her. She believed they wouldn't, as it served no purpose and would expose her as part of their group.

Once back at the hotel, Zacharias took Shirley back to the room. In the consistently warm space, Shirley removed her jacket. Then, a hushed voice broke the silence, saying, "Take them all off." She froze for a few moments, and she turned around. "Why?" "I want to check your wounds," he said seriously. His eyes were clear of any desire. Uncomfortable with the idea of undressing in front of him, Shirley shook her head. "It's okay. I'll check them myself in my room." Insistent, Zacharias declared, "I want to do it. What, are you still embarrassed?" She paused briefly. Growing up surrounded by boys, she occasionally trained in just a sports bra. Fine, I'll do it. She took off her shirt, and only a black bra remained. Her voluptuous chest was revealed to his eyes. He was stunned. He knew she developed well, but they were bigger than he thought.

"Check the wounds closely, Mr. Flintstone," she said graciously.

Zacharias gulped, thinking, It'd be unbecoming of me if I get lewd thoughts right now. He narrowed his eyes and checked all the way from Shirley's chest to her back. He saw four bruises, and he pushed down on one gently.

"Ow," she gasped in pain. She could've held on if it were anyone else. Since it was him, she would show her weakness for some reason. She thought to herself, Am I trying to get his pity?

"Is your leg hurt too?" He frowned.

She insisted, "I can deal with the wounds on my leg myself." "Take a hot bath. I'll rub some oil over the injuries," he said.

She nodded and went for a bath. She was caked in dust all over and looked grimy. After she went for a bath, he made a call. "I want the cops to give me the investigation report. With all the details." "Yes, sir. I'll tell them about it," Freddie said. Concerned, he asked, "Is Miss Lloyd alright?" "She is," Zacharias answered.

Freddie refrained from inquiring further, he didn't want Zacharias to misconstrue any romantic interest in Shirley.

Imogen knocked on Roy's door. She came into the room bearing an ice pack.

He was surprised to see her. "What is it, Imogen?" "I got you an ice pack, captain. Let me help you," she said. She wanted to wheedle some intel out of him.

"Thanks, but I can deal with this myself," he said. She approached him and said, "Captain, I'm the only lady in the team besides Shirley. You should leave something like this to the ladies." He couldn't refuse someone's offer to help. He sat back down on the couch.

"Thanks, Imogen." Imogen put the ice pack on Roy's bruise and pretended to nonchalantly ask, "Did Shirley tell you how she escaped while you guys were on your way back here?" After her contribution this time, he wouldn't suspect her of being in cahoots with the criminals. He said honestly, "She said she knocked out one of the kidnapppers and ran away." "Good thing she got away, or the vice president would've been devastated." She sighed.

"Miss Lloyd and the vice president share a good relationship." "That's an understatement. Shirley told me she likes the vice president. They're dating," Imogen said.

Novel My baby's daddy chapter 2612-Roy reminded Imogen, "Keep this between us. Don't spread it around." She assured him solemnly, "Of course, captain. I won't tell anyone." "I think Miss Lloyd was kidnapped because someone knows she shares a good relationship with the vice president. They took her to threaten him." She agreed, "I think so too. They were obviously going after her in the coffee shop." He nodded. "We'll have to double the protection for the vice president's close ones after this." Since Imogen couldn't get anything more from Roy, she left.

Back in the presidential suite, Shirley came out of the bathroom wearing pajamas. Zacharias was already waiting for her on the couch with a medical

kit beside him. She sat with him and unbuttoned her shirt, revealing two bruises on her back for him. Brushing her hair aside, she exposed her elegant nape and back, adorned with a healthy tan rather than fair skin.

He applied oil to his hands and began massaging her bruises, taking her slightly off guard with the intensity. A flirtatious moan escaped her lips, prompting her to bite her lip to suppress any further sounds.

“Don’t hold back. If you need to, let it out,” Zacharias encouraged, smiling as he applied a bit more pressure. He intended to enhance blood circulation, aiding in the speedy recovery of the bruise.

Resisting the urge to moan, Shirley thought, / won’t make a sound in this quiet room; it’s too embarrassing to hear myself.

He was mindful of her discomfort, so he adjusted the pressure. Once he finished with her back, he said, “Alright, turn toward me.” She hesitated, feeling self-conscious about the bruises on her ribcage just beneath her chest, even though she wore a sports bra. Turning away, she couldn’t bring herself to meet his gaze.

Zacharias gently placed his hand on her bruise, his thumb making contact with the fabric of Shirley’s sports bra. Though it might have been unintentional, he grazed it slightly as he withdrew his hand, causing her to blush. Looking at her, the man had a sheen of sweat on his forehead. He smiled and then reached for the other side, the warmth of his fingers seeping into her heart.

After he was done, he suddenly held the back of her head and gave her a deep kiss. A soft moan escaped her lips, her heart, already fluttering from the earlier teasing, now racing.

However, he swiftly returned to packing the medical kit. Unwilling to let him off the hook after igniting her desire, she seized the moment, pouncing on the man and pinning him down on the couch.

Sitting on top of Zacharias, Shirley held his shoulders, flipping their roles around. He wasn’t the one lusting after her; it was the other way around now. He hesitated for a moment, narrowing his eyes. She cupped his cheeks and planted a kiss on his lips. He allowed her to playfully nibble on his lips, engaging in a teasing exchange of tongues. It was a flirty kiss. Her face turned

red when she stood up, but she felt a sense of satisfaction after boldly kissing the man.

“Get some rest,” he said. Something was bubbling in his heart.

Shirley went back to her room, and her phone rang. She checked it out and realized the call was from Imogen, and she picked the phone up. “Hello, Imogen.” “How’s your wounds, Shirley? Are they serious?” Imogen asked, concerned.

“It’s alright. I have rubbed oil over the bruises,” Shirley said.

“Did the vice president rub it for you?” Imogen asked.

After the incident, Shirley realized she didn’t mind confessing her feelings for Zacharias, no matter who was asking.

Novel My baby’s daddy chapter 2613-“Yes, he did. Are you hurt, Imogen?” Shirley asked, concerned.

“I’m fine. I broke my arm when I was escaping, but I got it fixed. Still have some bruises around, but they’re superficial wounds.” Imogen asked, “By the way, Shirley, any idea who those kidnappers were? Did they mention anything to you?”

Shirley recalled her unsettling speculation earlier. Despite initially dismissing it, too many coincidences lined up, making it hard to ignore. She thought to herself, Why did she choose that specific coffee shop on the street? She needed to confirm, not because she thought Imogen would harm her, but to be certain. “They did share something with me, and it’s perplexing. Still baffles me, to be honest,” she admitted.

Imogen’s expression turned horrified, and her pupils contracted. Unable to contain herself, she inquired, “What did they say?” Shirley frowned, sensing a hint of panic from Imogen.

Imogen quickly realized she rushed the question and offered a reassuring smile.

“Sorry, Shirley. Don’t take it the wrong way. I’m assisting Roy with the investigation, and I need more details from you.” Shirley smiled and said, “No worries. I know you’re concerned for me.” “Can you share what the

kidnappers told you? Any mention of a possible accomplice?" Imogen asked, this time in a softer tone.

Shirley went with that line of questioning and said, "I think they did, but I bumped my head. I still feel dizzy now, so I forgot what they told me. Maybe I'll remember it when I wake up tomorrow." "You bumped your head? Is it bad?" Imogen asked.

"I'm alright. Just have to get some rest," Shirley said.

"Get some rest, then. Tell me right away if you remember what the kidnappers told you, alright," Imogen said. Shirley said, "Sure thing." "And we're friends, Shirley. I want to contribute something, so if you remember anything, tell me right away," Imogen requested, a little unabashed.

Shirley agreed right away, "Of course. I'll tell you right away if I remember anything." "Thank you, Shirley. You're my best friend. When you were back there kidnapped, I wished I could take your place. I wished you were the one to escape." "Hey Imogen, mind if I ask you something? When they knocked you out, did they handcuff you and put something over your head?" Shirley inquired.

Imogen's eyes sparkled with cunning as she replied casually, "Guess they didn't expect me to wake up so soon after the knockout, so they didn't get a chance to cuff me in time. Lucky for me, their oversight allowed me to slip away. You're not thinking I'm in cahoots with the kidnappers, are you, Shirley?" Shirley quickly dismissed the idea, saying, "No way, Imogen. I know you like the back of my hand." Imogen breathed a sigh of relief. Despite coming from a privileged background, she realized Shirley was somewhat sheltered and naive, making her unlikely to suspect anything. "Thanks for trusting me. This whole kidnapping fiasco is entirely my fault. I shouldn't have gone for that extra coffee or taken you into that coffee shop," she admitted, berating herself.

Shirley reassured her, "It's not your fault. If they wanted to take me, they could have done it anywhere else." "I'm sorry, Shirley. This is all because of me. I caused the vice president to worry about you," Imogen lamented.

"Don't beat yourself up. Let bygones be bygones. I'll just be more cautious from now on," Shirley consoled Imogen.

Novel My baby's daddy chapter 2614-id to her. She had to find out the answer before she could truly be at ease. After the call ended, Shirley's eyes twinkled with doubt. Then, she called Roy.

"Hello, Miss Lloyd." Roy never called her by her first name. She was an important figure, after all.

"Can I make a request, captain? Do you have any footage regarding the kidnapping?" "If you need it, Miss Lloyd, I can ask the cops to provide the footage." "Thank you. I really need them. Send it to my email, please!" Shirley thanked him, hung up the phone, and sat down in silence. Soon, someone knocked on the door. She opened it up to see Zacharias and a table of sumptuous dinner waiting for her.

"Come, let's eat," said Zacharias gently.

Shirley looked at him, glad she escaped fast enough. If she'd died in that crossfire, she would never be able to see him again. The thought that Zacharias might marry another woman and fall in love with her made Shirley appreciate her life more. She wanted to stay alive to be with him for eternity. An urge filled her heart. When Zacharias turned around, she darted ahead and wrapped her arms around his waist, resting her head against his back.

Zacharias was stunned. He could feel the love Shirley had for him, and he held her hand before turning around to face her. The passion in Shirley's eyes was unwavering. She said, "Let's date once we get back, Zacharias." Zacharias' eyes went wide, delight filling his gaze. "What'd you say?" "Let's date, I said. What? Are you chickening out?" Shirley challenged Zacharias, looking at him.

Zacharias held the back of her head and pulled her into his embrace. "I'd love to tell the world we're going out." Shirley buried her head in his chest, smiling. This means he's mine now. "Okay.

Once we get back, I'll tell my folks we're dating." Shirley was a little sheepish and nervous. She wondered if her parents would be shocked if they heard the news. Their daughter was courting the vice president himself, and she actually did it.

"Okay." Zacharias kissed Shirley's hair.

Shirley had dinner with Zacharias. Halfway through, her phone rang. She checked it out and realized she had a new email. Shirley wanted to investigate things later that night. If she wanted to clear her doubts, she had to go through the whole case again, but she didn't want to tell anyone before she had the answers-not even Zacharias.

After dinner, Zacharias had a virtual meeting with the people back at home.

Shirley left him in the lounge and went to her room. Quickly, she turned on her laptop and opened her email. The cops had sent her more than twenty videos.

She played the first one.

In the clip, she and Imogen were strolling on the streets, unaware of the coming danger. Shirley didn't even speed up the clip. She sat on her bed, the silence keeping her mind sharp. She stared at herself in the video, but she was mostly looking at Imogen.

After she saw herself going into the gift shop, she noticed that Imogen was sitting outside, sipping on the coffee they had bought earlier. It was then Imogen took out her phone and checked something. Shirley put on her earphones, trying to see if she could hear anything. It was a message notification from Imogen's phone.

Is she reading the news, or did someone text her?

She turned up the volume to the fullest and realized it was a text notification.

From Imogen's actions, she was obviously going through her messages. After she was done reading them, Imogen looked at the coffee she was holding, musing about something.

Novel My baby's daddy chapter 2615-Soon, Shirley came out of the gift shop. Imogen got up and held Shirley's arm.

She told her that the coffee wasn't nice, so she wanted to get another cup from another shop. In the next footage, Shirley realized there was another coffee shop right across the street, but she didn't realize this back then. Now that she was going through the videos, she realized they could've bought a cup of coffee from the nearby shop.

Imogen took me straight ahead, though. Also, there was a turn at the end, but it seemed like she knew there was a coffee shop there. She didn't even look around.

Noticing that face made Shirley's heart sink. This is Imogen's first time coming to Flor and her first time going down this street, so how did she know there was a coffee place there? Did she look it up? That's the only plausible explanation, but even so, it seems fishy.

Shirley continued watching. The video showed the coffee shop's curtains being drawn while she was fighting inside. Fifteen minutes later, Imogen leaped out the window. Shirley kept rewinding that part and realized something was amiss.

The kidnapers didn't go after Imogen after she escaped, but I heard one of them saying that they wouldn't let any of us go, so why didn't they go after Imogen after she ran away? There were about eight of them in the shop. They could've sent a couple to go after Imogen. Also, Imogen's arm was broken after she escaped. The kidnapers would've recaptured her if they wanted to, but weirdly, they didn't go after Imogen.

The more Shirley rewound the video, the more bone-chilling things got. Could Imogen have been in cahoots with those people? What's the reason for kidnapping me? For ransom? Is she one of them?

Shirley knew Imogen needed money; she wouldn't even buy skincare products.

Back at the base, Imogen would always come to her room and use her stuff.

Most of the time, Shirley gave Imogen the skincare products her mother had given her. After setting up that hypothesis, Shirley thought about the days she spent with Imogen and realized she didn't know Imogen that much at all. There was always a veil covering her. Imogen was only nice to her, seemingly because she wanted to get something out of their friendship.

The one that left the deepest impression on Shirley was the time Imogen gave up on her possible achievement just to help her, but in the end, Imogen was given praise-by Shirley's father, no less. Now that Shirley thought about it, that could've been part of Imogen's plan. She knows Dad loves me, so she used that to her advantage. Even if she gave up what she could have achieved, Dad would still praise her anyway.

Shirley felt her heart clenching. She had no idea that the one person she thought was her friend was someone she didn't know at all. Shirley kept watching the videos. When she factored in the possibility that Imogen might've been the kidnappers' accomplice, everything she saw made horrifying sense.

There was footage of the crossfire and part of it showed Imogen lying in a tree quietly, her finger on the trigger of her firearm. She was sniping every single kidnapper who tried to escape. In other words, she was trying to destroy the evidence.

Shirley gasped. If I hadn't seen her true colors, does it mean I'd be in danger at all times? Shirley held her forehead. How should I deal with this? Without hesitation, she wanted to bring Zacharias into this. She got up and opened the door. Zacharias was done with his meeting, and he was having a glass of red wine on the veranda.

"Zacharias, I have something to tell you." Shirley went up to him.

Zacharias noticed the solemnity in her eyes, and he put his glass down. Equally serious, he asked, "What is it?" Shirley held his hand. "Come into my room." It sounded like a flirty invitation, but Zacharias knew things weren't that simple.

He went into Shirley's room, and Shirley closed the door. She told him to take a seat on the couch; then she showed him the laptop.