

Read Novel Novel My Baby's Daddy Chapter 2253 By Anastasia

Novel My baby's daddy chapter 2253-"What's your name?" asked Willow. The man ostensibly did not want to tell her and simply replied, "Last name, Wyatt."

"Fine, Mr. Wyatt. If you're unwilling to share, then keep it to yourself. Once tonight is over, we'll revert to being strangers, and I won't disclose my name either," she declared. "I don't wish to know," the man said curtly.

Willow pursed her lips. She had never encountered someone so indifferent, as if he did not belong to this world. "Alright, then! I'll take care of you for now. Once you've recovered, we'll have no debts between us. Okay?"

The man closed his eyes to rest. Soon after, Ethan arrived with Josephine. Upon hearing about the shooting incident on the ship involving Willow, he hurried over to check on her.

"Willow, are you okay?" Josephine quickly held and examined her.

"I'm fine. He saved me," Willow said as she pointed to the man on the bed.

"That's good." Ethan sighed in relief as well. He then looked at the injured man on the bed, his gaze carrying a touch of seriousness. It was a connection shared by two strong individuals as a gaze exchanged between them.

Ethan could tell at a glance that the injured man on the bed was no ordinary person. He turned to Willow and said, "I'll assign someone to protect and care for him. Willow, it's late now. Go back to your room and rest."

She considered briefly and replied, "I'll stay with him until morning. He saved my life, so I can't just leave him alone."

Ethan and Josephine exchanged a glance and decided not to push her. She said, "I'll have Ethan increase the number of security personnel here. You also need to take care of your safety."

"Don't worry! I'll take care of myself," Willow said, feeling touched by their concern. It was a heartwarming and joyful feeling to be cared for by others.

After they left, Willow sat back by the bedside. She had nothing else to do but watch the man. His face had a three-dimensional and profound beauty, like a work of art. The man disliked being scrutinized like that. He furrowed his brows and glanced at her. "What are you looking at?"

She smiled and said openly, "I'm just looking at you!"

"What's there to look at?" The man averted his gaze. "Why did you point the gun at someone earlier? Did he commit a serious crime?" She leaned in and asked softly, her voice barely audible.

The man ignored her question, prompting her to bite her lip awkwardly. This man seems difficult to get along with.

The bodyguards outside occasionally peeked in to check on them. Willow was too tired; it was already 2.30AM, and she had been through a scare. She drifted off into a doze, and her body swayed a little. Her cute little face looked innocent and childlike.

While she succumbed to fatigue, the man on the bed remained fully awake, observing her as she oscillated between moments of slumber and restlessness. Eventually, she ended up lying on the edge of his bed, her face

inadvertently making contact with him. In contrast, his towering and muscular frame, with impeccably sculpted chest muscles, gave him an imposing presence akin to a double-door refrigerator. As she leaned over, a portion of her face was unintentionally pressed against his arm.

The soft touch of her delicate cheek made the man tense up, his brow furrowing, but he did not withdraw his arm. As the bodyguard entered the room, he saw Willow sleeping in such a position and felt a mix of concern and reluctance to disturb her.

After a brief slumber, she sensed a numbing sensation in her arm, causing her to wake up. When she opened her eyes, she discovered that she had been sleeping precariously close to the edge of the bed. A tinge of embarrassment washed over her as she realized that her arm had been pressed against the man's arm during her sleep.

Her cheeks involuntarily grew warm, but at that moment, the man was also asleep and unaware of it.

Just then, Willow noticed that his face had an unusual redness. She reached out to touch his forehead and was startled to find it burning hot. Oh, my goodness! He's running a fever, and it is a high one.

She hurried to the door and told the bodyguards, "Quickly call a doctor! The patient has a high fever."