

# Read Novel Novel My Baby's Daddy Chapter 2251 By Anastasia

Novel My baby's daddy chapter 2251-The music blared, drowning out her cries for help. At last, she was dragged out through the back door. Filled with fury, Willow fought back. She delivered a strong kick that caught one of the kidnappers off guard.

"Ah!" The kidnapper did not react in time and received a fierce kick. At the same time, she landed a punch on another kidnapper who was not expecting it, delivering a blow to his face. Breaking free from their grasp, she sprinted forward, with the kidnappers giving chase and yelling. "Stop right there!"

As Willow ran through the employee corridor, she noticed it was empty, with no one around to ask for help. The sound of her footsteps rang through the reverberating hallway. Behind her, four kidnappers relentlessly pursued her, their footsteps closing in. She had to find a way to escape their clutches and find help before it was too late.

"Stop running. Stop!" Behind her came the shouts from the kidnappers. Willow's disbelief was palpable as she realized she had become the target of kidnappers, and what was even more surprising was that they did not appear affiliated with any well-known international organizations. Her father had taught her some self-defense techniques and martial arts since childhood, providing her with valuable skills to handle encounters with ordinary men. Still, they might not be sufficient against highly skilled adversaries.

Since her bodyguards were out of reach, she found herself relying solely on her abilities in this critical moment. It was nighttime, and she was running through an employee corridor.

Amid the chaos, she felt like a bewildered cat, desperately searching for any nook or cranny to offer her temporary refuge.

“Don’t escape, stand still!” The kidnappers relentlessly pursued her, showing they were determined to catch her, even if it meant risking their lives for the ransom. She was gasping for breath. After all, a girl’s body had its limitations, and she was running out of air.

As Willow reached the deck position in that pivotal moment, a surge of despair threatened to consume her. With nowhere left to hide, she braced herself for the worst. Yet, amidst the dimness, she discerned the silhouette of a man, a figure that provided a glimmer of hope in the darkness. Though the surroundings obscured his features, she instinctively knew she was not alone.

She ran toward the man but did not clearly see what he was doing. She only saw that he had a gun, pointing it at a man kneeling before him.

“Please spare me! I was forced to do it. Selling those files was not my plan,” the man pleaded, raising his hands before the tall, shadowy figure. His expression was filled with fear, as if he were standing before the king of hell, someone who could damn him with a single thought.

Just then, he saw a slender figure sprinting toward them. In a desperate attempt to save himself, he immediately had a cunning thought and purposely shouted, “Spare me! Mr. Wyatt, I won’t do it again. I’ll do anything you want, so just spare my life.”

The man deliberately disturbed the sound of the girl’s footsteps as she ran toward them. In that crucial moment, the man standing before him, driven by his sharp instincts, felt a

presence behind him. He turned his head and saw a woman appearing from the dimness of the deck, charging toward him.

“Help! Save me!” Willow exclaimed as she rushed forward, her movements slightly unsteady. In a moment of instability, she unintentionally leaned forward and embraced the man in front of her.

“Ah!” It was not her intention, but her running speed was too fast, creating momentum that forced her to embrace the man’s waist.

Her slender arms instinctively tightened around his muscular waist as she held on to him. At that moment, a piercing gunshot echoed through the air, capturing her attention. A man rushed toward the man she was holding, trying to grab his gun.

As Willow was startled, a powerful force pushed her away, causing her to lose her balance and fall clumsily to the ground. Meanwhile, the man who tried to seize the gun vaulted over the railing and jumped into the sea. As for her savior...

He stood by the railing, his gaze fixed on the sea’s dark depths for a few seconds, and his expression turned inscrutable. Then, with a deliberate turn, his attention shifted toward Willow. The gun in his hand was now pointed directly at her.

A gasp escaped her lips, a mixture of shock and realization. This man not only openly carried a gun but also seemed intent on killing her. Only then did she realize she might have ruined something for him. “I... I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to,” she stammered in fear.

“Who are you?” The man’s icy voice filled with anger. “I... I’m just someone seeking help. I was...” She turned and looked back, only to find that the kidnappers chasing her had

vanished. She blinked, confident that the gunshot had scared off those kidnappers. Now, she was left alone here, performing a one-woman show.

“Ouch! It hurts!” Willow could not bear the force, and her face twisted in pain. This man is way too rough.

“Come with me,” the man commanded. “Why should I go with you?” She felt this man posed an even greater danger than the earlier kidnappers. Whom have I offended?

“You messed up my plan. I have every reason to suspect you’re in league with my target.” The man sneered, his eyes emanating a chilling aura. At that, she refused outright and retorted loudly, “I don’t even know the man from earlier. Why should I go with you?”

“If you don’t want to end up dead, come with me.” The man suddenly seized her, forcefully pulling her along, the threat hanging heavily in the air. “Hey, let go of me! I know I messed up your plan. I can make it up to you. Just name your price!’ Desperate to save her life, she contemplated using money as a bargaining chip.

The man ignored her and persisted in dragging her forward; her anxiety grew. “Sir, my name is Willow Presgrave. Feel free to check my background. I have absolutely no connection to your target.” Just then, two men in suits appeared ahead. Before she could say anything else, the man scooped her up and whisked her away.

“Ah!” She had not even comprehended what was happening when she found herself in midair. Suddenly, gunshots echoed from behind, causing her to scream instinctively and shield her head.

In that instant, a muffled thud reverberated through the air as a bullet struck its mark before Willow was swiftly placed back on the ground. Whoosh! Another bullet whizzed past her face and hit a nearby metal plate, jolting her and leaving her in utter shock.

“Where is your room?” the man asked hoarsely. She turned around and was shocked, covering her mouth. His gray shirt was stained crimson, forming a pool of blood on his chest. Good heavens! He’s been shot!

“I live on the sixth floor. Are you okay?” “Take me to your room for cover,” the man said with a wheezing voice. His hand pressed against his chest, blood still trickling.

“The elevator is this way.” Willow reached out and supported him, thinking that since he had saved her life earlier, it was only fair to return the favor and save him.

As she briskly guided him forward, they stumbled upon a serendipitous sight—an ascending elevator. Seizing the moment, she ushered him inside, only to catch a glimpse of the two relentless pursuers from before, hot on their heels with firearms in hand. A bullet collided with the closing elevator doors, unleashing a thunderous blast that jolted her into an involuntary cry of terror.

At that very moment, the elevator illuminated, and she found herself face-to-face with the man, his features revealed in startling clarity. She could not fathom how young he appeared, utterly defying her earlier impression based on his voice, which had led her to believe he was of middle age.

“Who are those people? Why are they chasing you?” she asked. The man narrowed his eyes and glanced at her. “It does you no good to know.”

She was taken aback and said, "Alright, by saving your life now, we're even."