

Novel My baby's daddy chapter 2486-Shirley found that this man was really considerate and smiled gratefully. "All right. You rest for a bit. I'll clean up here."

At this moment, Zacharias' phone also rang. He picked it up and headed upstairs. After washing the dishes, she waited for

him downstairs. Before long, he came back down.

She stood up to greet him and he sat down opposite her while holding a glass of red wine. He asked softly, "Do you know

how my mother passed away?"

Shirley blinked as this was the question she wanted to ask but didn't dare to. Upon seeing that he brought it up on his

own, she became a serious listener. She shook her head. 'I don't know."

"She hanged herself on this mountain."

Shirley was shocked. She didn't expect that Zacharias' mother had died in such a way. Had she experienced some kind of

trauma?

"She had severe depression and passed away suddenly. My father buried her beneath that tree and created a grave for

her. When I miss her, I come here to stay for a few days and keep her company,' he said calmly.

However, Shirley felt a wave of sadness. His mother must have been gentle and caring toward him, which allowed Shirley

to better understand the hidden sorrow behind Zacharias' calm demeanor.

She wasn't skilled at comforting people and even though she wanted to say a few comforting words, she didn't know how

to start. Suddenly, Zacharias snapped back to reality and said, 'I shouldn't have told you all of this."

"If you need someone to accompany you, I can be there for you," Shirley said. At this moment, he seemed like a wounded

wild animal in need of someone to help him heal.

He nished his glass of red wine and got up to pour himself another half glass. He didn't sit down but stood by the oor-toceiling windows. His voice was low, and his emotions were unclear. "Miss Lloyd, you already have someone you like. How

can you accompany me?" She was momentarily taken aback. "You can think of it as companionship between friends."

He smiled a half-smile, then took another sip of the red wine in his glass. Upon seeing that he had already consumed half

a bottle by himself, she got up and advised him. "Mr. Flintstone, please drink less."

Zacharias turned around while playing with the wine glass in his hand and locked his gaze on her. She felt that he was

emitting a dangerous aura. It was a kind of aggressiveness, but she still chose to trust him. She walked over to him and

said, "Give me the glass."

He handed her the glass and she walked over to place it on the table. Just as she turned around, she was surprised to

nd a gure behind her and she was pressed against the edge of the table. The next moment, he held the back of her

head.

Shirley raised her head in shock and the man pressed his lips against hers. His dominant and ery breath enveloped her,

causing her beautiful eyes to widen as her red lips were pried open, and the man's tongue invaded her mouth.

She could only feel an unfamiliar sensation coursing through her body. Her usual agile reactions seemed to have

disappeared at this moment. Her body was pressed against the heavy wooden table and his kisses were as intense as the

rain outside.

Her mind went blank. They had been kissing for a while. It was only when she suddenly woke up from the daze and

reached out to push him away that she realized what had happened. She leaned against the table while breathing heavily

and stared at the man as she said, "Mr. Flintstone, you're drunk."

Zacharias' gaze was clearly lled with reluctance and he couldn't help but take a step closer to her. His dominant eyes

were still xed on her rosy lips as if he wanted to come closer once again.

However, Shirley pushed him away rmly this time and it was her turn to assertively warn him. "Zacharias, stay away from

me."

He seemed to be taken aback. He took a shallow breath and apologized. "I'm sorry. I crossed the line."

Shirley's rst kiss had just been stolen by this man moments ago, and that was indeed an offense.

"You're drunk. Go to your room and rest." She turned away and attributed the kiss to his drunken state so she didn't need

to pursue this matter further.

Was Zacharias really drunk? Of course not. He had a good tolerance for alcohol and the wine he was drinking wasn't very

strong.

"All right. You should get some sleep too," Zacharias said. Then, he turned and went upstairs.

Shirley let out a sigh of relief. Her heart was still pounding. Her mind was lled with the sensations of the kiss and the

unfamiliar response that had surged through her body just moments ago.