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Daphne always thought that her daughter studied too much and had ruined her own brain. She could have chosen a better boyfriend for herself, but she ended up choosing a man with an ordinary background but extraordinary means.

If it were not because she was more cunning, the rest of her daughter's life would have been ruined just like that.

Angela didn't want to face her mother anymore. She stood up and walked in the direction of the stairs, wanting to go back to her room.

At this moment, Daphne received a call from her husband. "Hello?"

"How's our daughter?"

"She still doesn't want to break up with Dexter. Such a silly girl," she said worriedly.

"I received news that someone might be having their eyes on us. Be careful, you two. Meanwhile, I've arranged a bodyguard to protect Angela for her own safety. He'll be there tomorrow morning."

Daphna wasn't shocked to hear such a thing since she had been through a lot too. Now that her daughter was not listening to her, she needed to arrange a bodyguard for her. Otherwise, her daughter would be in danger if she left the house after throwing tantrums.

"Okay! Is the bodyguard reliable?"

"Very reliable. Mr. Lloyd introduced him to me." When Daphne heard that, she felt relieved too. "Okay, you should take care of your own safety too. It's really stormy these days."

In the room on the third floor, Angela was standing in front of the window, looking at the lights far away. Her mind was filled with her lonely life when she was overseas during those days, and that was when Dexter came into her world. He had been by her side throughout her lonely days without her parents beside her, and it was a happy period in her life.

Since she was young, her mother had spent all her time in the office, and her father had spent all his time at work. Despite her wealth, she had poor mental and emotional health. Her parents thought that they had given her the best life when they had actually removed all the comfort for her.

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However, three days ago, Dexter told her that he was going to be engaged and that he had fallen in love with another woman. She saw with her own eyes when he . kneeled on one knee and proposed to that woman with a bouquet of flowers in his hands.

At this thought, Angela held back her tears and took her phone to look at the text. She continued to send him another message that read, 'Dexter, I can give up on everything to be with you. Can you please come back to me?'

However, when she sent out the text, it was totally ignored; there was no reply at all.

– Her phone then started ringing. She took up her phone and saw that it was her cousin.

"Hello, Ann."

"I have some good news for you, Angela. I'm getting engaged."

"What?" Angela said in shock. *She's getting engaged?*

"It's so sudden, right? Do you know what the man I'm engaged to looks like? Oh, my God! He's so handsome. In fact, he's the most handsome man I've ever seen in my life. Grandpa arranged the engagement for me, but I'm so satisfied with it." It was Annie Meyers' voice on the other side of the phone.

Hearing that, Angela was still worried. "Have you seen him before?"

"I've only seen his photo, but I'm already falling for him. I've heard that he has come back here already, so our family will be engaged with his family tomorrow night. Are you free to come, Angela?"

"I—I'll see if I'm free." Angela wasn't in a good mood, so she didn't want to ruin everything for Annie.

"Are you still thinking about Dexter?"

"He has already proposed to another woman. I don't know." Angela stared at the lights outside the window with her eyes full of bitterness. No one could accept the devastation after being abandoned.

— "Don't be sad, Angela. Look on the bright side."

"I get it, Ann. If I can't attend your engagement, I'll definitely attend your wedding."

"Okay!" Annie answered happily.

After hanging up on the phone, Angela turned around and accidentally knocked her bag on the couch. The bag fell onto the ground and a lipstick rolled out of it.

She looked at the lipstick and took her resentment toward her boyfriend's betrayal onto the lip product. Dexter had given it to her, and she had been using it for a long

time since she wasn't willing to change it. Now, she didn't want to see it anymore.

As such, she took the lipstick and walked to the balcony. After taking a deep breath, she closed her eyes and threw that lipstick out of the window into the dark garden.

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Even though the lipstick was thrown away, she was still feeling devastated. She squatted down and covered her face, letting her tears fall out of her eyes. At that moment, she was waiting for a savior.

Who could save her? Who could save her broken heart?

All of a sudden, a loud thunder struck from the sky, and it was followed by a beam of lightning that shone on her pale but beautiful face.

A storm was about to arrive. Soon, rain started pouring down from the sky on Avena.

In the corner of the garden, the lipstick that Angela had thrown just now lay there on the soft soil. A shallow hole was made by the pouring rain, and the lipstick slipped into it and was covered by another layer of soil.

At this moment, Angela had no idea what kind of secret was hidden in the lipstick that she had thrown away in anger and that two groups of people were approaching her. One was to kill her, and the other one was to save her. No one knew what was going to happen next.

In the morning, there was a tall man standing outside of the door of the Meyers Residence with a bag in his hand. He pressed on the doorbell, and the maid came and asked him, "Are you the new bodyguard?"

"Yes."

"What's your name?"

"Gideon Lambert," the man said his name naturally.

"Please come in." The maid let him in because she had received a notice yesterday about the new bodyguard coming in today.

Inside the hall, Daphne was ready to head out when she saw the new bodyguard coming in. She was momentarily stunned.

This bodyguard's face and aura were much better than she expected. She was totally amazed by him.

"Hello, Mrs. Meyers. I'm Gideon Lambert. I was sent by Mr. Meyers to protect Miss Meyers," the young man greeted her respectfully.

"Hello, Mr. Lambert. I've heard from my husband. Well, my daughter is not in a good mood these days. Please keep your eyes on her and don't let her do anything stupid." She studied him from head to toe and actually felt that it might be a good choice to take him as her son-in-law.

"Sure. I'll do everything in my power to protect your daughter and not let her be exposed to any danger." His low and calm voice gave her a sense of security.

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“I can have peace of mind, then.” She felt that her husband’s taste in bodyguards was great, for he had sent such a tall and handsome bodyguard to protect their daughter. Most importantly, she could see that he was full of righteousness. It was rare for her to sense this strong and righteous feeling from a person.

“Have you had your breakfast?”

“I did. Thank you.”

“My daughter is upstairs. I’m heading out now, so I don’t have the time to introduce you to her. I’ll ask the maid to take you upstairs instead.” As she spoke, her phone started ringing. She quickly picked it up and said, “I’m going out now. Please wait for a while.”

After Daphne left, the maid said to the young man in the hall, “Mr. Lambert, you can have a seat first. Miss Meyers is not up yet.”

However, the man didn’t sit down. He put down his luggage and went outside to the yard to check the topography of the entire Meyers Residence. Just then, a voice came from the earpiece in his ears.

“Richard, we’ve already hacked into the security system of the Meyers Residence. Everything is under control.”

This bodyguard wasn’t anyone else; it was Richard entering the Meyers Residence with another identity. The Meyers Residence was in an extremely dangerous situation during this time. It was especially so for Miss Meyers, who could be kidnapped at any time by the thieves.

In the main bedroom on the third floor, Angela opened her eyes, but they were so red and puffy that it made her uncomfortable. She climbed out of bed and went to the bathroom to wash her face. She had thought about it for the whole night and decided to talk about getting Dexter back with her mother.

Since her father had gone outstation and only her mother and maids were at home, she didn’t try to change or dress up. She just wore her silk sleeping gown and went downstairs. With her messy long hair behind her head, Angela was slightly voluptuous and extremely beautiful that morning.

She gave out a born noble aura with some iciness and bookishness.

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Just when Angela was going down the stairs and wanted to call the maid, a tall figure came in from the entrance with light shining from his back, giving people a sense of pressure.

Unexpectedly, the two of them looked at each other, and Angela widened her eyes a little. *Why is there a man in the house?*

Richard looked at Miss Meyers, who had just woken up, and nodded. "Hello, Miss Meyers. I'm Gideon Lambert, your new bodyguard. From now on, I'll be in charge of your safety 24/7."

"24/7?" she hummed softly. "Who says I need a bodyguard? I don't need one. Please leave."

"Sorry, I've taken the order from your father. This is my job, so please cooperate." he said calmly and indifferently.

Angela pulled her sleeping gown together, and her face was blushing, "You're my bodyguard, right? Please stand at the door."

Startled, Richard turned around and stood at the door with his back straight and upright.

Then, she took a deep breath and thought, *Why did my father suddenly hire a bodyguard?*

She had said before that she didn't need a bodyguard to disturb her life.

"Where's my mom?" she asked the maid.

"Madam has gone out. Do you want to have breakfast, Miss?"

"It's okay." She wanted to leave the house to relax herself. Hence, she turned around and went upstairs.

Ten minutes later, she changed into simple casual wear and went downstairs with a backpack. It was definitely an outfit one would wear out.

She glanced at the man who was guarding the door, only to realize that he was really tall. Her five-foot-four height made her look small in front of him.

When she walked out the main door, the man at the back followed behind her. Noticing that, she turned around and warned him, "Don't follow me."

"I'm just doing my job to protect you. I won't disturb your life."

"I don't need your protection." Angela just wanted to be alone as she didn't want anyone to see her devastated look.

"You can just pretend that I'm not here." A low and husky voice resonated in her ears.

She lifted her head and studied him from head to toe. *Pretend that he's not here?*

She felt pressured by this man, and his eyes were so deep like a black hole that she couldn't guess what he was thinking. She felt that the biggest danger might be from him.

"You're six-foot-two, and you're asking me to pretend that I'm not here? You tell me. How can I do that?" she asked him.

Hearing that, Richard was speechless. It was not in the document that this girl was difficult to get along with. "Anyhow, you can't go out on your own," he said calmly.

Since she couldn't be bothered by him, she took out her car keys and unlocked her car. Just as she pulled the door open and sat inside to put on her seatbelt, a figure sat down beside her in the passenger seat.

"You..." Angela was offended.

"I need to be with you if you want to go out." Richard stared at her, undisputed.

At this moment, she felt as though she was being threatened by this new bodyguard. Her father hired him to protect her, but he dared to talk to her like this? Was he her boss?

She didn't care about him and floored the accelerator after starting the car. Instantly, he felt a strong impact pushing him backward, and he turned to look at this girl. Her eyes were obviously filled with strong dissatisfaction toward him.

At this moment, laughter came into his earpiece. "This Miss Meyers is hard to deal with, Richard. Good luck!"

He held tightly on the handle and let this girl take out all her dissatisfaction at this moment. In the end, Angela also realized that she shouldn't be driving this recklessly, so she regained her calm after driving off the road in front of her house.

"How much is my dad paying you? I'll pay you double for you to get down now."

Angela turned her head and stared at Richard.

"I only have one boss, and that's your father."

"How about this? I have this card with one million inside. You can have it, and I'll talk to my dad," she said capriciously.

Hearing that, Richard shook his head and wasn't moved by her offer.

Angela was surprised. *He rejects me without even thinking? Is he not doing this job for the money? There's such a good chance for him to earn money in front of him now, but he doesn't want it?*

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Was he a moron?

At this moment, his team members' voices sounded in his ears. "Richard, we just lost track of Phantom and his gang. Their sensor shielding devices blocked our tracking sensors."

"They might show up in front of Miss Meyers any time from now. Watch out and be careful."

As soon as he heard that, Richard frowned.

At this very moment, a car has stopped at the red light. Angela noticed that the red light was not going to turn green soon, so she readjusted the rearview mirror and grabbed a lipstick out of her bag to reapply it. It was primarily owing to the awkward environment that the serious-looking man seated next to her created.

She felt like she had to do something to end the awkwardness. Richard, sitting beside her, tilted his head as she went to reapply her lipstick, and he saw her take off the cap and reapply it to her lips.

“What are you staring at?” Angela shifted her gaze to him.

“Nothing.”

Angela had an epiphany and asked, “Are you interested in me? And what exactly are you planning to do to me?”

Richard replied with a straight-forward gaze, “Nothing.”

“You look like you do! Hah! Why did you even say that you are here to protect me? You should be the most dangerous one there.” Angela looked at him with a pair of beautiful eyes.

Richard frowned when she said that, but his teammates laughed out loud, which he could hear on his earpiece. Listening to their typically dignified captain get embarrassed was a rare treat.

“Richard, give in to her already! However, you’re not at a loss because Miss Meyers is so pretty.” And he could hear someone beginning to boo at him.

Richard took off his earpiece, put them in his pocket, and told Angela next to him, “It’s green now.”

Angela bit her red lips in annoyance. *Why couldn’t she get rid of him?* She couldn’t stand the thought of spending the day with him.

“Get out of the car and buy me breakfast! I’m hungry,” Angela said to him as she looked at a churro stall on the side of the road. Instantly, she pulled over, pointed to the stall, and said, “I would like churros and a glass of milk. Go and buy it for me!”

Richard gave her a glance before unbuckling his seat belt and exiting the car. Once he bought the food and turned around, Angela gave him a smug smile before stepping on the gas. She fled, abandoning him.

He looked at her as she drove off. Without wasting any time, he gave the man in the next car a quick glance, opened the passenger door, and pointed in the direction of the red SUV. “Follow that car.”

The man exclaimed in confusion, “Who are you?”

“Police.” The powerful glare of Richard’s eyes swept across him. The man was so scared that he started following the red car after being instructed by Richard to do

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Angela drove a long way on purpose before stopping at a traffic light. She did this to get rid of her bodyguard for good. She was glad she had gotten away from her bodyguard, so she started to think about where to head next.

A giant hand slid in through the half–open window of her car and pushed the button to unlock it. The bodyguard quickly slid back into the passenger seat and handed her breakfast while keeping his cool.

“You...” Angela’s eyes narrowed slightly. She could not believe he had caught up to her so quickly.

Then, in a calm tone, Richard said, “I told you I would protect you from danger.”

“But there is no danger! Why would you want to protect me? If anything happens, I’ll contact the police. You don’t need to follow me all the time. Thank you for your kindness, but please get out of the car,” Angela told him bluntly to leave.

Richard put the breakfast on the center console, then closed his eyes and folded his arms in front of his chest as if he were trying to nap. He refused to get out of the car.

Angela bit on her red lips and tried to endure it. She then pressed the gas pedal and drove away.

She was oblivious that a well–covered black SUV was tailing her from three cars behind her. Two men and a woman were in the car, all staring ferociously at her car.

“The target is in the car. There is also a man beside her.”

“He is just a weakling. What are you worried about?!”

“Just keep up with them and wait for the proper moment to strike. First, take Angela’s bag and look for the lipstick inside. If you can’t find it, you could take the girl hostage and ask her where the lipstick is. Do it discreetly.”

Their leader, known only as Grey Wolf, issued the directive over the phone.

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Angela kept driving around until they were finally out of the city. Eventually, she stopped under a mountain in a remote area. There were a few cars in the parking lot adjacent to it, but not many people went trekking at this hour.

After they had gotten out of the car, Richard instinctively felt that they were in danger. Indeed, a black SUV crashed directly into Angela's car. She saw her car being knocked over just as a man and a woman hurried down, and the woman came to grab her bag.

Angela bumped into Richard's strong back when he pulled the confused girl behind him.

She watched as the woman frantically emptied the contents of her bag onto the ground, her attention drawn to the lipstick that had fallen out. She picked it up, did a quick check to see that it wasn't what she wanted, and then saw that there was nothing else in the bag.

"It's not here," she spoke in a foreign language to her companion.

"What are you doing? Why did you search my bag?" Angela questioned her fiercely as she stepped out from behind Richard.

Richard warned her in a deep voice, "Stand behind me and don't go away."

"Get her!" the woman yelled furiously as she stared at Angela with piercing red eyes.

Richard furrowed his brow as the other two men walked forward. He knew that this was not the moment to deal with the trio since priority was given to protecting Angela from harm.

He grabbed her hand, turned around, and started running in the direction of the forest. "Run."

Angela also realized that these three individuals were extremely dangerous. The eyes of the three people staring at her were horrifying as if beasts were attempting to tear her apart. Still, she had no idea who they were!

Instinctively, she knew she had to flee, so she released Richard's hand and ran for

the mountains and forests.

In contrast, Richard was speechless as she released his hand. Since she could flee and escape danger deliberately, he had to focus on anything else.

He turned around and tumbled over his shoulders, knocking another man to the ground. Still, the other man and woman were already heading straight for Angela.

Richard quickly caught up to the woman, and she immediately pulled out a sharp army knife. Clearly, she was not an average individual. She was a skilled martial arts fighter.

“Who are you? I would suggest you mind your own business.” The woman snarled in English and stabbed Richard.

Richard did not respond to her, but he always dodged her attacks. He was unfazed by the woman’s repeated attempts to stab him. The expression of disbelief flashed

across her face. *No ordinary man could be that well trained in combat.*

Despite this, she was aware that her companion was already pursuing the girl, so all she needed to do was hold this man off for a little while.

Nonetheless, Richard did not have time to waste on her. He deftly snatched her knife, attempted to aim at her thigh to prevent her from fleeing, and knew that her companion would return to save her.

The man that Richard knocked out earlier has woken up. He abruptly drew a gun and fired in Richard’s direction. Fortunately, Richard ducked aside to avoid the bullet and was compelled to abandon his attempt to harm the woman. He did not waste any time and started chasing after Angela.

He was a fast runner and heard a woman’s calls for assistance coming ahead of him.

“Aah Help!”

Richard’s heart tightened upon hearing the distress calls. With the help of his long legs, he rushed toward the source of the sound, where he saw a man grabbing Angela’s arm. He was holding a knife at the time, so he threw it at the man’s arm, where it pierced a specific spot.

Angela’s face was only a hair’s breadth away from the guy’s arm, so blood splattered all over it, and her face instantly turned white.

What gave that bodyguard such confidence that he could throw the knife? And what if, instead of the gangster, he stabbed her in the face?

The man let go of his hand out of agony but instantly seized Angela with his other hand. She struggled and ultimately sat on the ground, but the man persisted in his attempts to grab her. Being pinned under him, she felt like a defenseless kitten.

Angela was in so much pain that she was on the verge of passing out when she looked up just in time to witness her bodyguard deliver a punch to the man who had caught her. He soon collapsed to the ground.

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Angela watched in awe as he delivered vicious blows with that menacing look on his face. Due to the extreme fear she was experiencing, she retreated in a hurry. In her eyes, this bodyguard was not like any other bodyguard she had encountered. He exuded a chilling aura that was as much as dangerous as the gangsters themselves.

A man and a woman from earlier caught up to them. Richard released the man in his grip and turned around to grab Angela as she attempted to stand. Before Angela could react, he shoved her to the ground, and her head landed hard on the floor with a thud. Angela was about to flare up when she heard loud banging noises.

It was the sounds of gunfire.

Her heart raced frantically. *Oh, good heavens! What in the world is happening?*

Before thinking about it, she was yanked into Richard's arms as he began to roll on the ground.

Angela suddenly felt dizzy and was unable to compose herself. Richard's eyes lightened as soon as he saw a trench next to them, and he began to shove her down into it.

"Aah—!" She was utterly unprepared as she fell into it. Since the trench was neither deep or shallow with clear water, the water splattered all over her face and body.

"Aah—"Angela screamed in anguish.

Richard ignored her screams from behind him as he confronted three dangerous gangsters.

“Who are you?” the woman in the lead questioned furiously.

“You have no right to know,” he sneered.

“Kill him.” The woman turned her head and gave orders to her subordinates.

The man who had a gun earlier pulled it out and immediately shot at Richard without hesitation. And instead of retreating, Richard stayed in place and dodged his shots.

He was like an advanced machine, as he accurately predicted the man’s shots and evaded the bullets every time they were fired.

“You trash,” the woman cursed violently, believing her subordinate intentionally missed the shot.

Meanwhile, the armed man was so afraid that he started to doubt his ability. He aimed for the man’s vitals, but his shots always missed.

This time, the woman snatched the gun from her subordinate, intending to do it herself, but Richard kicked the gun away as soon as she took it. Richard kicked one of the men in the chest to gain further speed before jumping up and out of the way as the gun was flung into the air. Two loud bangs were heard when he returned to the ground, and each man was hit in the thighs by a bullet. The sound of the trigger being pulled was heard near the woman’s neck.

The woman was in despair now that she had grasped her predicament.

“Do you belong to that organization?” Her face was pale and lifeless since she was fully aware of the consequences of her actions.

Angela was about to cry in the trench. Not only was she soaked, she was also covered in mud from head to toe. The stench of mud nearly made her puke.

What annoyed her the most was that the bodyguard threw her down like she was an object. The trench was almost six feet tall. Even if she wasn’t shot, she was still at risk of being killed due to the depth of the trench. Could he be gentler, even if it was to protect her?

She struggled to clamber up from the muddy slope on the side after hearing no noise from the top. Three helicopters were flying over her head with overwhelming momentum at the time.

Angela couldn’t help but wonder why helicopters would appear out of nowhere. They also appeared to be military in nature. *Why were these people after her? Has she offended any gangsters? She shook*

her head, trying to figure out why, but all she could think about was how nice she was. She had never committed a crime, so what triggered these violent gangsters?

Two helicopters landed in the parking lot, but the third landed immediately on the grass patch. The massive propeller created a loud noise, and the wind was so strong that it caused the trees and grasses next to it to sway violently.

As soon as Angela reached the top ledge, she saw the woman and two men who had been chasing her. While her bodyguard was pointing a gun at the woman's neck, two of the men were unconscious and lying on the ground nearby. It would appear that her bodyguard had no trouble dealing with these three.

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Angela could not help but to stare in shock. She did not know that her bodyguard was that good.

At that moment, she felt a murderous gaze being aimed at her. It was coming from that woman having a gun being pointed at her head and she was staring at Angela with hostility.

"Why did you bump into me at the airport? Why did you steal my lipstick?!"

Hearing that, Angela came to the realization and took a closer look at the woman. Although she changed her clothes, she managed to recognize her.

"You... You're the one I bumped into at the airport earlier?" Angela could not believe that this woman would bring two accomplices, who were armed with guns, to come hunt her down just for that.

Meanwhile, there were four young men who were getting off the helicopter. They were all dressed in camouflage uniforms. All of them were tall and hot. It could be told by just a glance that they were part of the elite special forces.

After getting off the helicopter, one of them noticed Angela. He could not help but to break into a fit of laughter.

The other three were also trying real hard to hold back their laughter. *What happened to this beautiful lady in the captain's care within just a single day?*

“Give the lipstick back to me. If you don’t, trust me, you will be dead meat,” the woman yelled angrily at Angela.

Angela was puzzled as she inquired, “What lipstick?”

“When you bumped into me at the airport earlier, you took my lipstick away from me. That lipstick was a USB drive which was worth 70 million.” The woman, who was being handcuffed, stared at Angela as she spoke.

“Take them away.” Richard ordered his subordinates because he did not want the woman to talk too much.

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After the three of them were taken away from there by another troop, the four of Richard’s subordinates and a soaked, filthy Angela having a swollen bump on her forehead, were the only ones being left at the scene.

“Hey! Don’t you think you’ve gone too far? Are you really a professional bodyguard? I could’ve been killed by you before I was even shot to death. How could you push me down from such a high place?!” She finally remembered to question the way Richard handled the situation earlier. So, she pointed at him furiously.

His four subordinates were standing beside them and watching. They wonder whether their captain knew what it meant by being a gentleman toward girls.

They took pity on the pretty and gentle Miss Meyers, who had ended this way after just one day of being together with their captain.

“It was an urgent situation. I had no choice but to do so. Bullets have no eyes. You could be dead if you were shot by one of them,” he said calmly without any hint of guilt.

Angela then pointed at her red and swollen forehead. “What about this? Why did you have to hit my head so hard against the floor? What if that caused me a concussion and turned me into a retarded? Would you take responsibility for that?”

Hearing this, all four of Richard’s subordinates turned their heads around and stared at their captain in unison as if they were judging him. *That’s not very nice of you!*

"If it wasn't for me, you could've been killed earlier. You wouldn't even have the chance to stand here and complain about what I've done," Richard replied indifferently.

"What... What kind of person did your bodyguard company train you to be? | wonder how much my dad had spent on such an irresponsible bodyguard like you. You're fired!" Angela gritted her teeth as she suddenly felt uncomfortable. She was wearing a sports bra underneath. So, she pulled the zipper down and took off her jacket.

The five men present had wide eyes as they stared at Angela in disbelief. How could she not treat them as outsiders?

She had given a strip show in front of them just like that!

"Turn around." Richard swept his gaze toward the four subordinates and ordered.

The next moment, he took off his black shirt and handed it to Angela as he said, "Wear this first."

Angela looked disgusted as she refused. "I don't want to."

"You're a girl."

"Captain, that's not fair! Why is it that you can watch it, but we can't?" One of the team members complained.

"Captain?" Angela frowned, looked at Richard, and then looked at those four guys.

"Why are you calling him captain? Are you from the same bodyguard company as him?"

"Miss Meyers, we are not from a bodyguard company. We belong to a branch of the special forces, but unfortunately, we can't disclose much details about our organization."