

## My Baby's Daddy Chapter 886

Read My Baby's Daddy Chapter 886 – Angela had been wiping the corners of her mouth when Richard took the canteen wordlessly and gulped down water.

She paused and gaped at him incredulously as a fleeting thought crossed her mind, Does that mean we indirectly kissed? A pink flush crept over her cheeks, and she wondered how he could so readily drink from the same canteen she had used mere seconds ago.

Oblivious to her thoughts, Richard shrugged on his backpack and pointed to the tallest summit in the distance. "That will be our destination, so let's move!"

Her eyes widened at the sight of the summit, which looked grayish–blue under the thin layer of mist that shrouded it. "I'm sorry. Are you suggesting we climb all the way up there?"

"Yes, how astute of you," Richard drawled sarcastically. He raised a brow at her and asked snidely, "You're not scared, are you?"

Falling for his trap, Angela snapped, "Of course I'm not scared! I'll climb that mountain without a problem!"

He smirked. "Then, shall we go?"

She watched him turn and memorized the silhouette of his back as he trekked forward. Though her legs were already wobbly and her clothes soaked through with sweat, Richard did not look the slightest bit out of breath. If one didn't know better, they would think he had been walking on flat ground all this time.

"Richard, wait up!" Angela cried out as she tossed aside the wildflower bouquet and ran up to him.

Hiking was, she decided, absolute torture at this point. But she refused to give up; her pride and determination did not allow her to even though she was on the brink of collapsing.

Before long, they reached a slope that inclined at a sixty–degree angle. Just looking at it made her weak.

As though sensing her reluctance, Richard threw an amused look over his shoulder at her, taking in her defeated expression.

"Captain Lloyd, pull me up," Angela said, reaching out her arm toward him

He looked at her hand and naturally gripped it. For some reason, this gesture warmed her. At least he's not leaving me out here to perish on my own, she thought, cheering up considerably. "You know, you didn't have to apologize to me last night," she began hesitantly, her exhaustion compelling her to re-evaluate her conscience. "I should be the one to say sorry instead."

Richard stared at her in surprise, only to see her grinning sweetly back at him. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were twinkling with mischief. She looked so bright and beautiful at that moment that even the wildflower field around them could not compete with her smile.

Just as Richard was lost in her eyes, she playfully tugged on his arm and pulled him close to her. The poor man was already in a daze, and the sudden pull made him take one step closer to her.

They ended up standing so close together that the tip of Angela's nose nearly pressed up against his chest. She had only wanted to tease him for fun; this proximity was not what she had planned for at all.

Her breath hitched, and she narrowed her pretty doe-eyes for a second before looking up to see the perfect, sumptuous curve of his lips. Abruptly, she found herself thinking audaciously, What if I kissed him?

Mind and body coordinated, Angela rose on the tip of her toes, and before Richard could react, she gave him a quick

peck on his lips.

Startled by the unexpected kiss, Richard looked at the girl incredulously, but she had already pulled away from him and ran away like a kitten that got caught scratching up the furniture.

Meanwhile, Angela was blushing madly as well. She couldn't believe she had kissed him. Of all the ways she thought this hike would go, this was not one of them!

As for the man who had just gotten a peck on his lips, he stood frozen in place and did not try to go after her. The soft touch of her lips on his earlier had stunned him, and he was having a hard time recollecting his thoughts.

After a while of running, Angela slowed to a stop and panted as she turned to look at him. When she realized that he did not catch up to her, she winced and decidedly waited for him to come over to give her a harsh talking-down.

Richard straightened his backpack and tightened his grip on the straps as he trudged over to her. Blood rushed to her face when she registered his approaching figure. To

hide her embarrassment, she looked down and picked up a random blade of grass, then toyed with it to look busy as she sneaked a glance at the man's expression.

If he looked furious, then she would apologize immediately.

Much to her astonishment, however, he looked as stoic as ever when he came to a stop next to her. Upon seeing that she was running the flat of her thumb along the length of the grass, he pointed out, "Don't play with the grass, not this one, at least."

"Huh? Why not—"She did not get to hear his answer before she broke off in a hiss. The tough and sharp edge of the grass had cut her finger while she was distracted, drawing blood.

She tossed the offending blade of grass aside exasperatedly and frowned at the blood beading from the cut on her finger. Without a second word, Richard unzipped his backpack and produced a band-aid. He then cleaned her small wound with a piece of tissue before taping the band-aid on it.

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Angela was standing on higher ground, making her half a head taller than Richard and allowing her to look at him from an angle she never had seen before. She took in his defined brow bone and the straight line of his nose. He had his gaze down as he helped put a band-aid over her finger, and his dark eyelashes hid the steely look in his eyes. He looked almost... gentle, the most tender she had ever seen him.

Startled by the contrast between his present demeanor and his usual stoic self, Angela could only gape at him speechlessly. After a while, she blushed and said apologetically, "I'm sorry for what I did earlier. I hope I didn't offend you." She was filled with regret over how forthright she had been.

"Just don't do it again," Richard said as he looked up at her, his eyes like two clear pools. He seemed unaffected by the kiss as if it meant nothing to him, like a piece of lint on his coat.

Disappointment flashed in her eyes as she pulled her finger away from him. Then, she took a breath and promised, "I won't do it again."

He eyed her darkly for a second, then slung his backpack over his shoulders as he declared, "Let's call it a day and go back to base."

She was not so prideful as to have no self-awareness, and she knew she could never make it to the summit. Nodding, she said obligingly, "Okay."

With that, she took the first step to dismount from higher ground, but her foot landed on a wobbly rock that detached from the soil.

She swayed, but before she could fall, a large hand gripped her shoulder and steadied her.

Angela looked up at the man who kept her from stumbling and falling down the slope, but she felt defeated. *Did the kiss mean nothing to him? Doesn't he feel anything at all?*

Richard let go of her shoulder, but offered her his hand as he said, "Come on, I'll hold your hand until we reach the foot of the mountain."

She stared at his hand, and her mind wandered for a brief few seconds. He was always there when she needed his help, making sure she didn't get hurt. He didn't look like he knew how his gestures could give her the wrong idea, and how he could easily lead her on to think he liked her when in truth, taking care of her was nothing more than an obligation on his part—nothing personal.

## **My Baby's Daddy Chapter 888**

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"No, thanks," Angela said, turning him down with a smile as she took on a formal tone.

With long strides, she trekked down the way they came. From the back, her slender frame looked like it could carry the weight of the world.

Richard stared at her retreating figure for a beat or two before he followed her, striding easily, but very well-paced.

Hiking up a rocky mountain like this was comparatively easier than going down it. At any given moment, Angela could very well step on a loosened rock and fall, especially since the trees here that she could hold onto for support were no better than saplings.

Richard walked ahead of her, and whenever there was uneven terrain or steep slopes, he would stand close to her, ready to catch her if she fell.

Presently, she was holding onto one of the smaller trees, hoping that it could hold her weight until her foot found a solid rock to stand on below the slope. However, the tree was so young and weak that she uprooted it completely, causing her to fall backward when she skidded on the ground.

She let out a shriek just as Richard reached out to catch her, keeping her from hitting the earth. He pulled her against him and held her there while her arms snaked around his waist instinctively.

She was pressed up to his chest, 'still dazed from the fall as her heart beat frantically under her rib cage. Tired from the hike, she nuzzled into his broad and firm chest, then closed her eyes as she relished the break in the exercise.

He did not push her away but merely watched as she closed her eyes and lay there. Her cheeks were flushed, and there were beads of sweat on her forehead that sparkled under the sun. He softened at that moment and let her lean into him, holding her

Upon sensing his relaxed stance, she smiled.

Around them, the mountain breeze whistled through the trees, and the sun was beaming down on the mountain, coating everything in its gentle, golden rays. For a moment, everything came to an idyllic standstill.

Angela could hear Richard's strong and steady heartbeat. Inexplicably, her own heartbeat quickened as well, as if trying to match up to his

"Captain Lloyd, are you always this dedicated to every target you are assigned to protect? I guess what I'm trying to say is, if I were any other girl, would you be this kind to her as well?" she asked slowly as she looked up at him.

He met her eyes, his gaze smoldering and dark.

Angela blinked, looking into his eyes as she asked, "Would you let her use your bathroom and let her go in and out of your bedroom as she likes? Piggyback her when she gets hurt? Leap to protect her and shield her from every harm at any given moment? If she were the one holding onto you now, would you hold her even tighter?"

## **My Baby's Daddy Chapter 889**

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Angela wasn't sure why, but her eyes grew misty as she spoke. Flustered, she looked down and broke away from his intense gaze.

Richard was speechless, floundered by all the questions she threw at him. He wasn't sure where to begin.

She waited for his response, but when he didn't give her one, a bitter smile curled on her lips as she asked challengingly. "It's not rocket science. All you have to do is answer yes or no."

"I don't want to answer," he said monotonously as he let her go and turned to walk ahead.

It was at that moment that Angela was sure she was nothing more than a job and that he would have shown the same level of dedication even if she were any other girl. She was not special at all.

In that case, she did not have to torture herself and delude herself into thinking she was different, that she meant something to him

Fortunately, the trail got easier as they neared the foot of the mountain. When she took the final step to dismount from the hike, Angela thought her legs would give up on her. She quickly found a large and flat rock to sit on, then called out to the man ahead of her, "Hey, you go ahead! I'm going to stay here and catch my breath for a bit."

Richard glanced at her for a while and left without another word.

The base entrance was just nearby anyway. There was no point in him dawdling here to take care of her. That was what she told herself as she watched his retreating figure, but for some reason, tears sprang up to her eyes once more. She sniffed to ease the prickling sensation in her nose. *Crap, what's wrong with me? Pull yourself together, Angela. You were the one who asked him to leave, and now that he did, you're crying about it like some kid abandoned in a playground? Snap out of it! You're just a job to him. Just someone he has to protect. You're not his girlfriend. Remember that*

She gave herself a pat on the head as if to knock some sense into herself. She wished she was less sentimental because nothing good ever came out of it. Back in the day, she had been so duped by Dexter's occasional kindness that she was blind to his other

flaws. Now, Richard was being nice to her because it was his duty to protect her, but she was reading too much into it, so much so that she started to fall for him.

## My Baby's Daddy Chapter 890

### Chapter 890

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She hated that she was so desperate to feel loved.

Closing her eyes, Angela took a deep breath and cleared her mind. When she opened her eyes once more, there were none of the glistening tears or muddled emotions

Upon returning to base, she fell onto her bed and slept. She had woken up at an ungodly hour that morning, and the arduous hike had left her completely drained.

However, little did she know that Richard had received bad news while she was sleeping.

In the conference room, Richard hung up on the call and clenched his phone tightly, then turned to look at his subordinates. "Angela's mother just met with an accident. She's badly injured and she's been sent to the hospital for emergency treatment."

The four men working in front of their computers exchanged a worried glance. The accident was not entirely unexpected; the criminals who had recently crossed the international borders were ruthless, and instigating the accident to hurt Angela's mother was undoubtedly their plan to lure Angela out from hiding.

"Should we tell Miss Meyers about this?" Willy asked.

"She would be devastated, and she'd insist on going back to see her mother," Jared said sympathetically.

"But she has the right to know," Sean pointed out.

"Poor Miss Meyers. She'll be heartbroken!" Trevor said fretfully.

Richard frowned. He had no right keeping this from Angela, which meant he was duty-bound to tell her the truth.

Meanwhile, when Angela had straightened up her bedroom, she sat down on the couch and let her mind wander. One said wandering, but really it just kept replaying the scene

on the hiking trail where she had kissed Richard. It had only been a fleeting moment, but it had left a tingling sensation in the pit of her stomach that would not go away.

The more she dwelled on it, the deeper her blush and the faster her heartbeat. That was the first time she had kissed a man on her own initiative, but the fact that he was unfazed by it made her feel like a pathetic loser.

Just as she was drowning in her own embarrassment, a knock came from the door.

She got to her feet and reached to open the door, only to be greeted by Richard, who looked as handsome as he was impassive. The air around her suddenly felt thin, and she blinked as she asked bewilderedly, "What is it?"