

## My Baby's Daddy Chapter 894

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In the conference room, Angela was crying as she listened to her parents' voices on the phone. and she couldn't help letting out a sob. "Mom, Dad..."

"Angela, things are more drastic here than we imagined. You have to listen to Captain Lloyd and stay at the base where they can keep you safe, okay? We don't want you getting hurt again," Gilbert said on the other line, sounding serious—more serious than ever before.

"But I don't want you both to get into danger because of me. It's all my fault. I'm the one who brought all this trouble. I'm so sorry, Mom." She wept guiltily.

Daphne comforted softly, "Angela, I'm fine. I know you're worried about me, but it's over now, and I'll be okay. You're our only daughter, and we can't let anything happen to you. Do you understand?"

"Everyone in the family will be sent to someplace safe. We'll meet again once all this blows over," Gilbert promised.

"Really? Will the both of you go someplace safe, too? Will you come here to the base?" Angela asked, wanting desperately to be reunited with her parents as soon as possible.

"No, we've had other arrangements made. Protecting you is of utmost priority, and you have to stay put where Captain Lloyd can see you. Listen to him and don't go causing any trouble for him," Gilbert emphasized.

Disappointment flashed in Angela's eyes when she heard that her parents would not be living with her anytime soon, but she nodded and said, "Okay. I promise I'll be on my best behavior."

Gilbert hummed in response. "Very well, then. We'll hang up now, and don't call us unless there's an emergency. We can't take too many chances." He hung up after that, knowing that the criminal organization after Angela had all the means to hack into all telecommunication systems. He couldn't risk having them track down his daughter.

Angela handed the phone back to Trevor. She sighed as she looked up, only to see four pairs of eyes staring at her worriedly. She felt warmth in her heart as she flashed them a weak smile and said, "I'm fine now. Thank you for your concern, everyone."

“Miss Meyers, I hope you won’t hold this against our captain. He’s only carrying out his duty to protect you,” Trevor said, speaking up for Richard.

Jared joined in the efforts to paint a better picture of Richard too. “Don’t be too hard on him, Miss Meyers. I know he can come off as mean and heartless, but he’s more loyal and caring than anyone else.”

“And please cooperate with us—Richie especially, so that we can do our jobs,” Willy added.

Upon hearing this, Angela thought about how she had behaved in front of Richard earlier and had the grace to look shamefaced. She stared at the tips of her shoes as she muttered, “I know I was way over the line just now. I’ll try my best to make things easier for you guys from now on.”

“That’s alright, Miss Meyers. You’re only human, after all. You must love your family very much

to be that worried about your mother,” Sean consoled empathetically.

“Yeah. I mean, who wouldn’t abandon reason just to save their family? Don’t beat yourself up over it I’m sure Richie is well over it by now. That man has a heart bigger than the ocean, and he won’t hold it against you,” Trevor chimed in brightly.

“Really? Do you think so?” She looked up at them hopefully, praying that what they said was true and that Richard would forgive her for her irrational outburst earlier.

Just then, the door to the conference room swung open, and Richard came in. He had been standing at the doorway since he saw Angela walk in, and he heard everything they said loud and clear.

His footfalls made Angela turn to look at him. When she registered his arrival, she quickly lowered her head and said apologetically to him, “I’m sorry about earlier.”

“It’s fine,” he replied indifferently, as though he had already forgotten about the incident.

This only served to worsen her guilt. For some reason, his nonchalance only made her even more distressed.

Presently, Richard brushed past her and came to a stop in front of Willy, then bent down slightly to speak to him in hushed tones. His perfectly chiseled side profile was on display. She could just make out the steely gleam in his eyes, which were framed by long eyelashes that curled up ever so slightly. He looked calm and collected like nothing could faze him.

There was something about him, Angela realized, that simply commanded the attention of any room he walked into. More importantly, there was nothing despicable about his job. Rather, it was a respectful one, and this realization only made her more ashamed of how unreasonable and maniacal she had been just now.

“I’ll be in my room,” she mumbled quietly as she rose to leave.

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Angela then moved as if to reach down his pants.

Immediately, Richard grabbed her wrist, stopping her. She then slipped down to place her head on his lap. With a tug at the elastic holding her hair together, the long strands sprawled out across his thighs.

Her beautiful slanted eyes softly shimmered up at him. She looked so enticing, yet her gaze looked so clean and innocent.

Sunlight shining in through the window made her skin appear as fair as snow. Her cheeks were gently dusted with an embarrassed blush, and she looked so charming that he was mesmerized.

There was a slight hitch in his breathing. His hand was still wrapped around her wrist, but he did not know what to do next.

Angela was a woman, after all! She knew just how to make a man happy with her pretty looks.

She smiled as her bright eyes shone with pride. "Am I beautiful, Mr. Richard?"

Richard looked back at her with eyes so deep that there was no way to tell what emotions were hiding in them.

“Get up,” he coldly commanded.

Realizing how boring he was being, she moved to stand up. Just then, there was a sharp tug on her hair.

“Ouch!” she cried out in pain, instinctively moving her head closer to where the stuck tendrils of her hair were. Without thinking, she moved to fiddle with the object that her hair was stuck on his belt buckle.

“Don’t move,” he rasped out. Still, he was too late. Angela had touched something she should not have.

Her hands immediately shot back as if she had been zapped. Her blush extended up to her ears.

He was...

With brows tightly knitted together, he moved to untangle her hair from his belt.

OV

It was at that moment someone pushed open the door. Four pairs of eyes were immediately greeted with the shocking sight of the two in a compromising position.

The men cursed themselves for their bad timing.

Moreover, when were Richard and Angela so close? They were even making out now!

“We will be back later, sir. Please, continue.” Will said, pushing the other three out of the room before swiftly closing it behind him.

The other three men had wanted to spend a few more seconds looking at the couple. It was rare for them to see Richard acting all friendly with a girl. How they wished they could have kept staring.

Angela was so embarrassed. It was clear the four men had misunderstood the situation.

Richard did not care about what his subordinates thought though. His broad hands were gently untangling her hair from his belt. As the strands were wrapped tightly around the belt, one mistake and she would be hurt.

“Are you done yet?” she awkwardly asked.

“Soon.” His fingers were unraveling her hair, one strand at a time.

She buried her face in her palms from the embarrassment. How could she look the others in the eye now?

Finally, her hair was free. As soon as she could move, she shot to her feet. Her hair tumbled wildly across her back, emphasizing the innocent beauty of her demure face.

OCO

“Trevor and the others must have mistaken what we were doing for something else. Can you

clarify things to them?” she asked.

“Clarify what?” he said with a huff.

“Do you not want to clarify what happened?” She pursed her red lips together. She did not care what they thought, but she did not want his image and reputation to be ruined. He stood up and grabbed his laptop. “You were reading here.”

He then walked out of the room, leaving her all alone.

Watching him leave, her heart stopped pounding with anxiety the moment the door closed behind him. She felt like crying and laughing at the same time while a strange and sweet sort of giddy joy rose in her.

At that moment, all she wanted to know was if he found her annoying.

The moment Richard stepped into the meeting room, questions began flying his way. “How far have you and Miss Angela gone, Mr. Richard?” asked Trevor.

“Is she going to be your wife?” Jared asked.

Richard calmly looked at them and answered, “Mind your own business.”

“Stop asking. We will be the first to know if he has any happy news to share,” said Willy.

## **My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 898**

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“Yeah, we are waiting for Richard’s wedding invitation.”

While listening to his subordinates, Richard did not intend to explain much. However, work related matters were not occupying his brain right now. Instead, he kept rewinding what had happened on the couch earlier. He wondered if she always took the initiative to flirt with a man whenever she met one.

Just then, his phone rang. When he glanced at the number, he reached out to answer it, "Hello!"

"Richard, it's me, Annie." A shy girl's voice sounded on the other end. "I miss you so much, so I asked your grandfather for your personal number. Did I disturb you?"

Richard stood up and walked toward the door of the conference room. When he got out, he responded, "I'm sorry, Miss Meyers. I'm currently on a mission. Let's talk once I get back."

"Why do you keep calling me Miss Meyers?! I'm your fiancée now! You can call me Ann or Annie."

"It's not a convenient time for me to talk now."

"Oh! Is it? Are you very busy? Can I text you later? You don't have to reply right away. You just have to reply to me when you have time. I really want to talk to you. This is my number. Please remember to save it!" Once Annie blurted out a string of sentences in her lovely voice, she confessed, "Richard, I like you and miss you very much."

After that, she hung up the phone shyly.

Richard sighed. His marriage with Annie was not what he wanted. It was just that he did not manage to refuse the marriage in front of his grandfather the last time. He knew that once his current mission was over, he would return and cancel the engagement with Annie.

Besides, Annie was also Angela's cousin.

Meanwhile, Angela did not sleep well last night. After reading a book for a while, she passed out on the couch.

Richard did not return to the conference room. He stood outside the door for a while, recalling that there was a document he forgot to take.

When he returned to the room and reached out to open the door, he saw the figure of a woman

sleeping on the couch. She had nothing to keep her body warm. Since it was now the start of fall, it was very easy to catch a cold.

Richard grabbed a small blanket from his bed and draped it on top of her. Walking to the bookshelf, he tried looking for a file that had been placed there the night before.

After he picked up the file and was about to leave, he heard the groaning of a suffering woman.

Richard glanced at Angela, who was lying flat on the couch, only to see her frowning and a thin layer of sweat oozing from her forehead.

Was she having nightmares?

Richard crouched beside her and squinted his eyes to check on her.

At this moment, Angela fell into a nightmare. After her mother's car accident, she started having nightmares frequently. Even during the day, nightmares would break into her dreams after she fell asleep.

Presently, she was running in a forest. There were gunshots from time to time. The drone hovering above her head gave her an infinite sense of oppression, as if there was this ardent killing intent that was entangled with her. Though she had run with all her might and panted violently, the murderous aura was still looming over her.

She ran and ran.

Just as she thought she was about to escape the fate of being hunted down and was out of the woods, she saw a row of men with their faces covered in front of her. They were pinning a man down with their hands. The man was wounded and pressed to the ground, and then she saw Richard's face.

He was trampled on the back by a man with a gun pointed at his head. At the same time, the killer was laughing sinisterly at her.

The scene in the dream made Angela's face cringe in pain while asleep. Her hands were clenched into fists, and she began to mumble, "Don't kill him... Don't kill him..."

Richard felt a strong tug at his heartstrings. What could she be dreaming about? She trembled as if she was suffering some kind of intense torture.

"Angela, wake up," he called her gently, trying to wake her up from her dream.

At this moment, however, Angela's trembling red lips called out a name, "Richard... Run! Run!"

After she was done speaking, her hands struggled to grasp onto something.