

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 861

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Just then, someone knocked on Angela's door. She looked at it and went to open the door. Richard was standing outside. She crossed her arms and asked coolly, "What do you want?"

Richard looked at her for a few moments with mixed feelings before saying calmly, "I have something for you. Get changed and come to the waiting room."

Angela cocked her eyebrow. "You can give it to me here."

"It's about your boyfriend." Richard told her.

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Angela's eyes shone, and something seemed to leap with joy in them. She looked at him expectantly. "Really? Did he call you?"

Richard could not share her joy. Instead, he felt sad for her. Does she really love that b*stard? He didn't want to hurt her. She was the granddaughter of his grandfather's best friend after all.

"Come in! Come in! Tell me more!" She turned to the side and welcomed him into her room.

Richard frowned. Does she have no concept of safety? "Are you sure your boyfriend really loves you?" Richard asked instead of going in.

Angela smiled and she answered without missing a beat, "Of course." She sounded confident.

Richard felt a little frustrated. She's beautiful, born to money, and lives in luxury. So why is she so stupid? That jerk's playing her like a fiddle, and she has no idea about it.

"Don't just look at me. Talk! Did my boyfriend call?" Angela wondered why he was staring at her.

"No." Richard was about to leave.

Angela closed the door and ran forward to block him. She spread her arms wide and told him, "I need your phone, Richard. I need to make a call." "No," Richard refused without hesitation.

“Please, it’s just a call. I’m desperate!” She put her hands in a prayer and begged him. She wanted to know if Dexter had landed safely. He’s gonna be worried if he can’t find me. Richard crossed his arms and put on a sterner look. “No means no.”

Hey, that’s just heartless. It’s just a phone. It’s not like lending it to me is going to kill you. “Five minutes, please? I’ll pay you. Do you really have to be so stuck up about that?” Angela was almost on her knees. She fluttered her eyelashes and started acting like a kid. “Aww, pwease, Mr. Lloyd? Pwetty pwease?”

Richard squinted. His face was still deadpan, and he refused to budge.

Angela stopped acting and stared at his pockets. Her eyes glinted, and she smiled. “You’re really handsome, actually. You’re my cup of tea.” She kept beguiling him as she slowly approached the man. Angela flicked her hair backward and started flirting with him.

Richard frowned. He thought this was annoyingly amusing. More annoying than amusing though. What is she trying to do?

Angela held his arm and closed in on him. Richard tensed up, but then he felt her arm slithering into his pocket. He immediately held her hand and turned her arm behind her back, stopping her from stealing his phone.

“Ow, ow, ow. Let me go!” Angela was caught red-handed, and a stab of pain came from her hand.

“Don’t pull anything with me.” He snorted and pushed her away.

Angela rubbed her wrist and swung her arm around while shooting him an angry glare. “So heartless.”

He stared at her, feeling frustrated. She couldn’t have even gotten close if I had just been more careful. She almost got her hands on the phone.

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Richard reflected on himself and decided he would never let this happen again. “I’ll cut off all your contact with the outside world from this minute on. I’ll get my men to protect your parents. You’re going to stay here.” He was going to leave again.

Angela stared at him. She decided to stop pulling any tricks and pleaded, "I know you want me safe, Richard. Thank you, really, but I can't lose my boyfriend. Please, let me call him. I promise it won't take long."

Richard stopped in his tracks. He took a deep breath, and he turned around slowly, as if he had made a decision. He took his phone out and handed it to her.

Delighted, Angela went and took it from him. "Thank you." She quickly called her boyfriend, waiting for him to pick up. Unbeknownst to her, Richard was staring at her, wondering if the decision he made was correct.

"Yes?" The call went through, and Dexter picked it up.

Angela heaved a sigh of relief. "Dexter? It's me."

"Angela? Where are you? I couldn't get through to you." Dexter sounded really worried.

"Don't worry, I'm alright. I ran into some trouble, but I'll see you again soon." "I'm sorry, Angela. I didn't want to hurt you. I know you're out of my league, so I pretended to date another girl so you'd leave me and find someone better, but I realized I still love you the most."

She sat back down on the sofa and answered sweetly, "It's alright. I understand. I don't mind."

Richard could see that Dexter was trying to sweet talk her even without hearing the conversation. And this dumb woman still believes him. She doesn't know his true colors.

"I love you, Angela," Dexter confessed lovingly.

"Okay, okay. I know. I love you too." She smiled shyly, but then someone took the phone away.

She quickly turned around to face Richard. "Hey,"

Richard clicked into the video his team member sent him, and he tossed the phone to the sofa. He said, "Your boyfriend is a f*ckboy. He hooked up with a woman he just met right after he landed. He dates you for your money, not you. Wake the f*ck up."

Angela's eyes widened, then she heard the conversation coming from her phone. It was Dexter's voice. "You're the prettiest lady I've ever seen. Ever since I saw you back on the plane, I knew I'd be the happiest man on earth if I could have you."

"Is that so? Well, I'll be your date for the next few days then, but I need a place to stay." "Oh, I can do that. I can do anything you want." Angela heard the sound of smooching "Oh, we can't do this here! Let's get a room."

Angela froze. She picked up the phone with trembling hands, and she stared at the screen. Dexter walked into the elevator with a woman in his arms, and they started making out even before they got into the room. Angie shivered at the sight of that. She wanted to cry and scream, but she couldn't. All she felt was fury in her heart. Her eyes were filled with tears of rage, and she bit her lip hard. She stared at the screen, but what she saw tortured her soul.

Richard looked at her calmly. I hope she'll snap out of it after she sees what happens next. Don't fall for him. He doesn't deserve her.

Angela then saw Dexter take the woman into a room, while he went outside to take a call. The room was quiet, and the volume was at maximum. Angela could hear everything Dexter was saying. "How many times do I have to tell you, Mom? Look at the big picture. I want everything. I'll give Angela's mother the money back."

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' That old hag is a billionaire! I can just marry Angela and take over her parents' business. I'm not going to back out just like this. Ah, don't worry. Angela can't live without me. She does everything I tell her to. I spent all my time making her fall for me. I know how much she loves me. Yeah, I know what I'm doing. Talk to you later, Mom. I have something urgent to handle.'

Someone opened the door, and out came the woman in a bathrobe. She looked a little miffed that Dexter was still on the phone, and she pulled him. "Looks like someone cares about a little call more than me."

"That's fake news, love." Dexter kissed and pushed her into the room.

Angela put the phone down in fury. She covered her face, and she was trembling. She couldn't believe the man she deeply loved was only dating her for money. It was hard to believe that he was just pretending to be nice to her.

Richard watched as tears fell through the cracks between her fingers and soaked into the sofa. He frowned. Cheering someone up was not his forte. He never did anything like that before, but still he wanted to say something to her. "It's good that you saw through him. Open your eyes the next time you look for a boyfriend. Don't fall for the same tricks," he said.

It didn't work too well. Angela was just crying quietly, but now she was wailing. She looked up and let her tears fall, ignoring the fact that there was someone else around. Richard looked at the tissue on the table. He went and took some for her.

Angela took them from him and dabbed her eyes. She spoke through sobs, "So it was all a lie. Everything he did for me was a lie. I thought he loved me more than Dad and Mom do, but he's just a liar! A liar!" Angela felt like dying, but she felt fortunate that she saw through Dexter. She just couldn't accept that two years of her youth amounted to nothing in the end.

Richard pulled a few more tissues and handed it to her. He bent over to take his phone, but then he felt Angela hold him. She buried her head in his chest and bawled like a kid. Richard froze. He spread his arms, but he couldn't push her away.

Angela didn't mean to hug him. The pain was just too overwhelming, and she wanted someone to hug. She was grateful to Richard for showing her Dexter's true colors. He also went out of the way to tell her that too. "I wanna kill that b*stard!" Angie cursed and thumped Richard's chest. She was too mad to realize what she just did.

Richard was speechless. Hey, I'm not the guy who hurt you. Don't take it out on me.

"He refused a study offer and took care of me when I was sick. He even cooked for me every day. I thought he was genuinely nice to me! Darn it!" Angela finally snapped out of it. She was glad that Dexter agreed to never have sex with her until she was comfortable with it. All she lost was her time and nothing else.

Richard held her shoulders and pushed her down onto the sofa. "This is nothing to cry over."

She wiped her tears away as she thanked him. "Thanks for showing his true colors to me, Richard."

Richard stood up. "In that case, work with me and stop causing so much trouble."

"I need to use your phone again." She stood up. Her eyes were red, but the look in them was calm.

Richard lent her his phone gladly this time, and she called Dexter again.

"Hello, Angela? What happened? Why did you hang up? I couldn't get through to you," he asked hurriedly. Richard's number was not open to the public, so nobody could call him.

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Angela took a deep breath and said coldly, “Dad and Mom are right. Dexter I’m out of your league. You’re a dirty, disgusting scoundrel. Never show yourself in front of me again. I never want to see you.”

“What are you talking about, Angela? Did your parents tell you something? I love you. I promise I won’t fall for anyone else. Is that not enough?” Dexter was starting to sound anxious and panicked.

“You won’t fall for anyone else? Yeah right. You hooked up with someone you just met on the plane. My mother paid you to leave me. She probably gave you millions, but you... you wanted to take everything they have. That’s crossing the line.”

“H-How did you know about that, Angela? No! S-She seduced me! It’s not my fault!” Dexter was panicking now.

“Either you give the money back, or I’ll make you. Make your choice. You have three days. Refuse, and I’ll sue you,” she warned him. Angela was finally starting to act like the rich lady she was after she snapped out of it.

Dexter dropped his act at once and sneered. “Your mother gave me the money, Angela. I won’t give it back. You have no grounds to sue me.”

“Oh, I’m sure my father can do something about that. And I know a lot of people who’d love to help my family. Either you give my mother the money back, or you’re getting it,” she threatened.

“You can’t do this, Angela. My mother’s sick. She needs the money. Can I have it for now? I’ll pay you back, please!” Scared, Dexter was making a last ditch effort to scam some money.

“You have three days. Make your choice.” She hung up and closed her eyes for a few moments. When she opened them again, they were gleaming brightly. She was no longer the woman controlled by love. Angela turned around and handed the phone back to Richard. “Thank you.”

Richard squinted. He was surprised that she could become so tough and calm in mere moments, but he was happy for her.

“I hope you’ll find that lipstick as soon as possible.” Angela thought that the lipstick was the key item for this change in her life. She wouldn’t have met Richard if it wasn’t because of the lipstick, and she might have had her whole life ruined by Dexter. But now I’m saved. Richard left her room. He just remembered that he had some reports to attend to, so he went to the room where his team members were. Just when he was about to go inside, he heard his team members’ discussion.

“She’s only played like a fiddle because she thirsts for love. Her father’s an official, and her mother’s a businesswoman. They don’t have time for her.”

“It’s a blessing and a curse to be born to that family. Good thing we saved her in time and stopped that a*shole from doing further damage.”

“It’s fate. She wouldn’t have picked the lipstick up if she hadn’t run into that burglar. I think even God doesn’t want her to live her life in a lie.”

Trevor was keeping an eye on the surveillance camera footage, and he suddenly exclaimed, “Sh*t! Some underworld guys just smuggled themselves into the homeland.” Richard came in as well, much to everyone’s shock. Can you stop showing up all of a sudden?

“I want to know who they are,” Richard ordered.

Trevor tapped away on the keyboard and plugged some faces into the recognition system. Their details were shown a moment later. “Highly dangerous individuals. Wanted worldwide.”

Richard frowned. He said, “Tell the dark web we’ve found the lipstick. See if that’ll make them leave.”

“I tried it, but they told us the thief installed a port identification system in the lipstick.

They’ll only give up if the lipstick’s unsealed.”

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Chapter 865 “So Miss Meyers never opened the lipstick!” Jared sighed.

Trevor turned around and rolled his eyes. “Are you stupid? She wouldn’t have thrown it away if she opened it.”

“Good thing she didn’t, or the thief might have found out where the lipstick was right away. Maybe he would have located it before us and put Miss Meyers and her family in danger,” a man with a scar on his forehead said. The man’s name was Willy Josling.

Trevor sighed. “God just saved her again. I guess pretty ladies are always lucky.” Trevor’s eyes shone. “Hey, so that means she’s single! I have a chance at wooing her!” Someone smacked the back of his head, and that someone said, “Do your job.”

Trevor was annoyed, but he said nothing, since the guy who smacked his head was his captain. He puffed his cheeks and typed on his keyboard, but he muttered, "Are you trying to woo her yourself, captain? Can't we even think about it?"

"You're not even close to her league, Trevor. Captain aside, we still have Sean, and he's hot too," Jared teased.

Richard didn't stop them as he was used to his team members' banter. He then ordered, "I want to see these criminals' files on my desk in half an hour." He then left.

Trevor saw him off. Once Richard was gone, he couldn't hold it in anymore. "Something's off with the captain."

"Did you guys smell a woman's perfume on him?" Jared had a sensitive nose, and he could smell a lot of stuff most people couldn't.

"Hey, maybe Miss Meyers hugged him after he cheered her up. Man, I'd love to be in his place. Women need a reliable guy when they're at their weakest. The captain's so lucky." Trevor kept talking while typing. The guy was a loudmouth, but he was also a technology genius, and a reliable one at that.

"I wanna do something nice for once." Jared was working on another computer, and he smirked.

"What is it?"

"So I watched the footage again, and I saw him giving that woman money. Does that count as prostitution?"

"Yes!" Trevor said.

"Reported. The cops are on their way."

"Yeah! Got back at him for Miss Meyers! Nice." Trevor gave him a thumbs up.

Richard went back to his room, which was right next to Angela's. He was surprised to see that her door was open. He frowned and went inside, but Angela was nowhere to be seen. He took his phone out and made a call. "Where is she?"

"At the basketball court, captain. She's crying. She needs you!" Sean said happily.

Richard hung up. He didn't plan on going to her. Richard was about to close the door, but he pulled his hand back and went to the basketball court. The lights shone on a slender woman on a bench. Her hair tumbled down her shoulder, and she looked like a damsel in distress.

Angela heard the sound of footsteps, and she wiped her tears away as refused to let anyone see her in this state. When she saw who it was, she turned her head away. "You don't need to try to cheer me up," she said.

"I'm not. I'm just telling you that your danger level has just gone up. I'll need to see your parents tomorrow and tell them what happened. I'll leave some guys behind to protect them." He stood three feet away from her and crossed his arms. He looked like a mountain, dependent and reliable.

Angela turned around, her eyes red. "Please don't let anything happen to my dad and mom. I'll work with you. I won't run around or cause any trouble."