

## My Baby's Daddy Chapter 866

"It's our job." He was happy that she was starting to be cooperative. He had no time to take care of her, so he needed her to be in his vicinity.

She was starting to feel cold, and she wanted to go back to her room. She heard squeaks when she was going past Richard, and she looked down, only to see a couple of mice run past her feet. A scream arced through the night, and Angela leaped into the air. She wrapped her arms around his neck, and her legs were locked around his waist so she wouldn't fall. She was hanging on him like a koala bar.

Richard reflexively held her hips to keep her from falling down. The air froze for a few moments, and he asked, "How much longer are you doing this?"

Only then did Angela realize she was hugging him. She coughed awkwardly and let go of his neck, then she jumped

down. At the same time, she looked at him closely for the first time. He had a chiseled, handsome face. His brows were sharp, his eyes were deep-set, and his

nose was aquiline. His lips were thin but sexy, and he had a perfect jawline that drew people's eyes down to his neck. He radiated manliness everywhere. He also had an aloof air about him, and his eyes seemed unfathomable.

Richard left before she could finish staring, and she followed him, worried she might run into more mice. This was a dramatic day in her life. She went through a life-and-death situation and had her heart broken just in one day.

Richard went to the Meyers' place the next morning. He was sitting on the sofa, facing the Meyers couple. Richard told them what happened, and they were horrified. They couldn't believe their daughter was dragged into something so dangerous by chance.

"Is she hurt, Mr. Lloyd?" Daphne asked quickly.

"She scratched her forehead, but otherwise she's well. You can't see her for now, though. Maybe it'll last for six months. Maybe a year. Leave her to us. We'll take care of her," Richard said calmly.

"We trust you. Please take care of our daughter, and sorry for the trouble." Gilbert was understanding.

"She's not easy to get along with, so please bear with her. She's used to the nice life. Please forgive her if she did anything wrong." Daphne knew her daughter was a handful.

“She’ll work with me. Don’t worry about it.”

‘Good. I’ll prepare her clothes. Please take them to her for me.” Daphne then went upstairs.

Gilbert looked at the young man before him. He commented, “I’ve seen you when you were a kid, back at your Grandpa’s house. Time flies.”

“Yeah. I remember you too, Mr. Meyers.”

‘I heard you got engaged to Annie. Congrats. Sorry I couldn’t come. I had something to do.”

Richard nodded in understanding. He didn’t want to talk about this too much.

“Please take care of Angela. Her mother and I owe her a lot. We didn’t take good care of her, and now we can’t help her even when she’s in trouble.” Gilbert sighed. He felt really guilty for this.

“I’ll do my best.”

“Tell her we love her very much. Tell her to be brave. We’ll help in the search as well.”

“Of course, Mr. Meyers.” Richard nodded. Just then, his underling reported the progress of the search in the yard. They’ve dug up everywhere, but there were still no signs of the lipstick. The rainstorm that night might have washed it into the ditch, so they had to search underground now. It was a big search, but the lipstick was worth it, and they had to find it. It contained top secret information.

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“Thank you. I’m sorry for what Angela did. I can’t believe she threw away something so important, and now she just made things ten times harder for you,” Gilbert apologized.

“She did something good, actually. She took the lipstick back for us and prevented a direct battle with the criminals. She also bought us time.. Digging things up isn’t hard,” he explained. If it were not for Angela’s switcheroo, the thieves would have completed their trade that night, and Richard and his men would have to face an even bigger danger.

Gilbert felt a little better hearing that. So she did something good?

Daphne came back with a luggage filled with clothes. She still couldn't accept that she had to be separated from her daughter at such short notice, and she sighed. "This is her luggage, Mr. Lloyd.

Can I call her before she leaves?" Daphne asked.

Richard shook his head. "Sorry. She's under strict protection. She can't contact the outside world for now, not even her parents."

"Alright, enough. Don't make this hard on him. What's important is Angela's safety." Gilbert patted his wife's shoulder.

Daphne nodded and put that thought aside.

"Mr. and Mrs. Meyers, please keep Angela's situation a secret. Don't tell anyone, not even your own family. Just tell them she's studying abroad," Richard told them.

"We'll do that."

Since there was nothing else to say, he told his underling to take the luggage away while he went to have a look at the yard. He told the guys there to tell him if they found anything as he needed to escort Angela to a secret base now.

The Meyers saw them off, and Gilbert said, "I almost forgot. Richard is Annie's fiancé. He's a brilliant lad."

Daphne looked surprised. "So he's the guy your father arranged for Annie?"

"Yep."

Daphne thought Richard was great too. He was at least a thousand times better than Dexter.

At the same time, Dexter was in trouble. He was detained, since someone reported him on the suspicions of prostitution. The authorities had evidence, and he couldn't weasel his way out.

He didn't expect that the woman whom he ran into was a repeated offender either. Dexter finally realized how powerful the Meyers were, and he was scared. All his bridges were burned now that Angela knew who he really was.

The first thing he would do after he got out of this place was to give Daphne the 1.5 million back. He didn't want to get into more trouble.

He only dated Angela for her money, but over the last two years, he got to know her and her family. Her grandfather's family was filled with government officials, while her mother was a businesswoman, so she grew up

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without love and companionship. She had everything she wanted in life, but her soul was barren. Because of that, Dexter created a lot of 'chance encounters' overseas and portrayed himself as a gentle, caring man who took care of her every need. He made her fall for him through his actions.

Angela fell for him in the end. Just when they were about to get married, Daphne found out and asked him out for a talk. Angela fought her family with him.

She wanted to be with Dexter no matter what, and Dexter could see victory in front of him. However, Daphne offered him a million and a half, and that made him waver.

Still, his greed got the better of him, and he planned on getting all the Meyers' wealth. In the end, his efforts were for nothing. He knew Angela well. She was not a weak woman. She just grew up with little to no love, but she was braver than other women..

Angela was spacing out in the room. She spent most of her time studying and bettering herself in the past. There was no time to space out, but things were different now. She could take a break and space out. She didn't have to worry about her relationship anymore, and it was peaceful.

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She was suddenly reminded of something. Annie said she's engaged. I wonder what her fiancé looks like. They grew up together, and Annie would tell her anything in her life.

Someone knocked on the door, and she opened it to find Richard standing outside. He said, "Pack up. We're leaving in ten minutes."

"Ten minutes?" That's too short!

"That's all the time you have. You're still coming with us even if you aren't finished," Richard said imperiously.

Angela blinked. I feel like a soldier now. She nodded. "Fine. I'll do my best." She got herself a bag and packed her important stuff up. She also packed her clothes and shoes, of course, then she looked in the mirror and tied her hair up. She looked at the time again. Two minutes left. She opened the door and came out quickly.

with her bag. What greeted her were three off-road cars beside the basketball court. Mysterious.

Angela came over, and Trevor opened the door for her happily. "Come in, Miss Meyers."

Angela looked inside, and there was already somebody there-Richard. Angela got in the car without hesitation. She didn't buckle herself up after settling in, and Richard looked at her. "Buckle up."

Angela did as she was told. Trevor got in the car as well and turned around. "I got good news for you, Miss Meyers. Dexter's arrested."

Angela looked at him in surprise."How did you know that?"

"My friend found out he's involved in prostitution, so we snitched."

Angela felt better after hearing that. "Thanks for helping."

"No problem." Trevor was happy seeing her happy.

The car drove out of the steel gates and headed for the highway, which was some distance away. Angela looked outside the

window. She wondered where they were taking her, but she decided not to ask. It wasn't important. They could take her to the ends of the world, and she wouldn't care.

"Want a candy, Miss Meyers?" Trevor turned around and handed her a lollipop.

Angela's eyes shone, and she took it. "Thank you."

"What about you, captain?" Trevor asked Richard. He had been silent the whole time.

"No," Richard refused.

Angela noticed that Trevor still had a lollipop in hand, so she took it happily. "I'll take it for him." She took it and looked at Richard. He was still as silent as usual. This is gonna be a boring journey.

She thought they would stop and have a meal, but the team kept going on and on. There was only bread and water in the car, and they would only stop to change drivers. Angela felt sore a while later, and she was sleepy.

Her head would swing around when she was trying to sleep, causing her to feel uncomfortable and dizzy. Finally, she pleaded, "Can I lean on you, Mr. Lloyd?"

Richard looked at the sleepy lady and adjusted his position. Angela moved to the center and leaned on his shoulder, and in a few seconds, she fell asleep.

Trevor looked back and gave Richard a look that said, 'Nice, captain'.

The journey went on for more than ten hours, and they came into the mountains. They kept going on for god knew how long, and right now, stars were already twinkling in the sky. Angela was jolted awake when the car bumped. She looked outside, but it was dark. Finally, she saw light coming from the top of a mountain, but they were dim.

The car drove toward the mountain, and they entered a secret cave. The entrance wasn't big, but the insides were more than met the eye. It was filled with high-tech stuff, and it was exactly like those secret governmental departments she saw in the movies.

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They stopped the car, and Trevor opened the door for her. "We're here, Miss Meyers. Come with me."

Angela unbuckled herself and got out of the car. Her legs buckled, and she held the car's door right away. Trevor gave her time to adjust, and he led her somewhere.

"Where are we, Trevor?" she whispered.

“Sorry, but I can’t tell you that. Just know that this will be your home for a while. It’s a safe place.” Trevor could keep a secret when it came to it.

Angela stopped asking. She looked around and thought things were really exciting, though the environment wasn’t the best. Her room was cramped too, and there was only a window in it. She blinked. My bathroom is bigger than this room.

“Sorry, you have to stay in this coop. You can go back once things calm down, Miss Meyers,” he apologized. “It’s alright. I can live anywhere.” She

chuckled before she asked, “So, where’s the bathroom?”

“Go straight and turn left. There’s a public bathroom and restroom there.”

“It’s public?” Angela’s eyes widened further. Wow. This place is tougher than I imagined.

“The captain has his own bathroom. You can use it if you want. Just ask for his permission. Only people with his rank get their own bathrooms here.” Trevor smiled..

Angela blinked. I hope he’ll let me use his bathroom. I’m so not used to public ones. “So where’s Mr. Lloyd’s room?”

“Just turn right. It’s the fifth room from here.”

“Thanks.” She sat on the bed. Angela thought she smelled like gas after staying in the car for a day. It was unacceptable for a mysophobe like her. I gotta see if Richard will let me use his bathroom. She opened the closet and noticed a lot of

clothes in there. Daphne had packed a ton of clothes for her, and all of them. were expensive. There were even a few silk pajamas inside. She picked some casual clothes and hung the rest of her luggage in the closet, then she decided to go to Richard. Angela went down the corridor and knocked on the fifth room’s door.

She heard footsteps coming from within before someone opened the door. Her eyes widened in surprise when she saw him.

Richard was wearing nothing but a pair of boxers, and his towel hung around his neck. Beads of water dripped down his hair, and he was naked from the waist up. His collarbone looked sharp, his chest was puffy, and his abs were chiseled. There were a few scars on them, but he looked perfectly muscular. He’s better than most models.

Angela stared at him brazenly for a long time,

He frowned in the end. "Do you need anything?"

"Um, can I use your bathroom?" she asked.

Richard thought about it for a few moments and moved aside. He agreed to it.

Angela went inside. The room smelled like men, causing her heart to skip a beat and her to blush. His room wasn't big, but he had a small living room and a regular bathroom. There was also a queen-sized bed too. It was far better than her room.

What caught her eye was the tall bookshelf in the living room. It was filled with books, and judging from their titles, she could see that this room was made for him. He wasn't here for a short stay.

What kind of rank does he have? Why does he get to live in a room like this? She had a lot of questions, but she went to the bathroom instead. It still had a little steam inside, and it smelled like Richard. Angela used his slippers and washed herself with his shampoo and body wash. Only the towel and face wash were hers.

Richard changed into a casual shirt and was reading on the couch. He was interested in this philosophy of psychology book, but for some reason, the sound of running water in the bathroom distracted him as he couldn't focus on the book.

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Angela felt shy taking a shower in his bathroom for some reason. The air was filled with his scent, and she felt hotter with every passing moment. She felt lucky that she never had sex with Dexter.

She didn't mind it back when she was in love with him, but she was thankful that Dexter kept refusing because she would have had sex with someone who was just using her.

According to Dexter, he wanted to save sex for marriage. She thought he must really love her to keep his urges under check. However, now she thought he must be hiding something from her. Maybe he has STDs. Thank god I didn't have sex with him.

Angela washed her hair. She loved being clean, so she bathed and washed her hair almost every day. She came out all changed, and her hair was covered in her towel. Her face was pink from the steam, highlighting her beauty. Her wet hair

only made her face look smaller, and her features more striking, "Do you have a hair dryer?" she asked Richard.



Richard frowned. It's already midnight. Did she have to wash her hair at this hour? "No!" he answered curtly.

"So who has one?" Angela kept asking.

"We don't have hair dryers here," Richard said, sounding annoyed.

Angela's mind was blown. What? How can I dry my hair without a hair dryer? It's late, and I don't have the sun to help me! My hair's gonna smell if I don't dry it. "Please, can you get me a hair dryer? Please?" She sat down beside him and looked at him with an unspoken plea in her eyes.

Richard could smell her scent the moment she approached him, and he held his breath and moved to the side.

Angela froze for a few moments. D-Do I smell? He looks disgusted. She raised her arm and smelled herself. I smell like body wash. I made sure I cleaned myself. "Please, Mr. Lloyd.

I can't go to bed with wet hair. I'm going to wake up with a headache. You don't want that to happen, do you? It'll be trouble," she kept persuading.

Richard closed the book and looked at her. He chided, "You wouldn't have washed your head if you just thought about it a little."

What? I couldn't have known you guys don't have any hair dryers. That's not my fault. She looked down, frustrated and speechless.

Richard put his book down and left his room.

Angela blinked. She had a feeling he was getting a hair dryer for her. She liked staying in his room compared to her little coop. She picked a few books from his bookshelf while he was gone.

Wow, he reads complex books. Math, physics, philosophy, and even psychology? He has everything. Never thought he'd love books.

I thought he liked weapons more. Angela read one of the books to pass the time. Eventually, Richard came back with a hair dryer, much to her delight. "Thanks, Mr. Lloyd."

Richard handed it to her and went back to his book, while Angela went into the bathroom to dry her hair. It felt great.

After she came out from the bathroom, she asked, "So where did you get this?"

She was smiling.

“I borrowed it,” Richard said.

Angela’s smile froze. At this hour? Did he ask a lady for this? Must have been awkward for him. “Thanks.” She put the hair dryer down. “Can you get me one next time?”

Richard looked up. Angela’s fluffy and slightly messy hair tumbled down to her waist. It covered her face, and she looked like a girl who was about to make out with her boyfriend. Things were starting to get a little hot for a certain someone.