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My Baby's Daddy Chapter 869

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."

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"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.

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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.

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 870

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

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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.

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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.

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