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## My Baby's Daddy Chapter 888

Angela had been wiping the corners of her mouth when Richard took the canteen wordlessly and gulped down some 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.

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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.

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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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