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My Baby's Daddy Chapter 897

"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.

Even after returning to her room, Angela's arms remained wrapped around herself as fear and unease filled her mind. It was only then that she realized those evil forces would do anything for that lipstick.

Those people were currently looking for her everywhere. The terror she felt had only grown stronger after her mother's death. She thought that danger was far away from her, but now it seemed to be looming over her head like a curse of death.

Deep down, she begged and prayed that no one else would ever be hurt or killed for her sake.

She stayed in her room for the entire night, having no appetite to even eat dinner. The next morning, she woke up haggard with prominent dark circles on her pale face.

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Trevor was the first to notice her. "Good morning, Miss Angela!"

"Morning," she responded with a smile.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." Nightmares had filled her dreams the entire night and kept her awake. She shook her head as fatigue overwhelmed her.

"Don't worry. You will be safe with us protecting you," he comforted.

"I know," she replied. She then saw the group running back from their morning job. Her eyes were immediately drawn to the handsome figures, and Richard was one of them.

He was such an eye-catching man. Even among a group of equally handsome and tall men, there was still a unique charm to him.

"Mr. Richard loves coffee in the morning. Can you send a cup up to his room later?" Trevor suggested.

It was a moment before Angela understood what he meant by that. Indeed, she had been looking for at chance to improve her relationship with Richard, especially after how she had treated him the night before. They would be spending a lot of time together, so she did not want things to remain so awkward.

"Very well. I will bring him a cup later." She was thankful for Trevor's thoughtful suggestion.

He responded with a chuckle before walking away. She heaved a heavy sigh before turning to look at the group of men exercising under the sun, unknowingly mesmerized by the sight.

Soon, the group dispersed. The change snapped her back to reality, and she hurried away.

She hid behind a pillar and watched as Richard returned to his room. She then seized the chance to get a cup of coffee ready.

Although they did not live in luxury, the kitchen was equipped with a great coffee machine which Angela knew how to operate. Once the cup of coffee was

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ready, she brought it up on a tray to Richard's room.

Arriving at the door, she knocked. "Come in," answered a deep voice.

When she entered the room, she found Richard half-dressed. When he saw that it was her, he quickly put on his clothes, covering up his perfect muscles. In fact, he did it so quickly that it seemed like he thought letting her look a second longer was a travesty.

In her heart, she was panicking. She did not expect him to still be half-dressed. Thankfully, he had his pants on.

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"I'm sorry. Can I come in?" She turned her gaze down to look at the floor.

"Sure." He straightened his shirt before walking over to the couch. He had been expecting a subordinate, not her.

She walked over and bent down to put the cup of coffee on the table before him. However, the unexpected heat coming from the bottom of the cup made her hands jerk, pouring the cup of coffee down onto his pants.

Moreover, the liquid landed on him in the worst place possible.

"Aah!" She instantly darted over with some facial tissues to wipe the liquid away from his pants.

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She was in such a state of panic that she forgot where exactly she was touching. She wiped and wiped, and... It was only then that she realized what was going on. Her cheeks were blushing as she stared down at the spot she had been wiping.

"I'm sorry. I am so sorry. I did not mean to do this." She looked up at him with innocent eyes.

His lips were tightly pressed together as his throat rolled with a swallow. Richard stared at her with his dark eyes as a storm brewed in them.

"You did it on purpose. Richard firmly believed that she was doing this as revenge. Angela's eyes remained glued to the wet spot on his pants as she gulped. 'I really did not. It was an accident."

"Get out!" he barked without obvious exasperation.

She bit her lip and closed her eyes in frustration. Why did this happen? It was all a bid to make him like her, but now she had hurt him.

"I'll get you another cup of coffee." She then rushed out of the room with her cheeks flushed red.

He walked over to his closet to grab a pair of pants before heading to the bathroom. In the shower, annoyance swelled in him as his blood boiled with lust.

Although she had only touched him a few times, he still reacted to her touch.

Even now, his mind was still filled with the image of her fair and innocent face. He then realized the fire burning in him was impossible to suppress in just a few seconds.

When he eventually exited the bathroom, he found someone under the table. It was Angela, back to clean his floor. Her hair was tied up in a lazy ponytail. She did not seem to be someone who often cleaned as she cleaned so awkwardly that she accidentally pushed over the rubbish bin.

Thankfully, his bin was only filled with papers. Even though the bin was turned over, the only trash on the floor was scrunched-up balls of paper.

He crossed his arms and admired the sight of her cleaning. He was not going to help at all.

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Once Angela was done cleaning up the trash, she moved on to organize the documents on his desk. A strand of long hair slipped out from the back of her ear, making her beautiful face appear even more exquisite.

His eyes narrowed slightly as he continued to admire her figure.

Then, noticing that she was being watched, she turned to smile at him. "Are you done changing?"

She finished cleaning up his desk before walking out of the room. Soon, she was back with a new tray of coffee. This time, she had two cups; one for him while the other was for her.

After a while, Angela realized the most comfortable spot in the room was Richard's couch. Due to her lack of sleep, there was nowhere she wanted to be other than his couch where she would curl up into a ball and read one of his books.

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