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My Baby's Daddy Chapter 891

She gave herself a pat on the head as if to knock some sense into herself. She wished she was less sentimental because nothing good ever came out of it.

Back in the day, she had been so duped by Dexter's occasional kindness that she was blind to his other flaws. Now, Richard was being nice to her because it was his duty to protect her, but she was reading too much into it, so much so that she started to fall for him.

She hated that she was so desperate to feel loved.

Closing her eyes, Angela took a deep breath and cleared her mind. When she opened her eyes once more, there were none of the glistening tears or muddled emotions.

Upon returning to base, she fell onto her bed and slept. She had woken up at an ungodly hour that morning, and the arduous hike had left her completely drained.

However, little did she know that Richard had received bad news while she was sleeping.

In the conference room, Richard hung up on the call and clenched his phone tightly, then turned to look at his subordinates. "Angela's mother just met with an accident. She's badly injured and she's been sent to the hospital for emergency treatment."

The four men working in front of their computers exchanged a worried glance. The accident was not entirely unexpected; the criminals who had recently crossed the international borders were ruthless, and instigating the accident to hurt Angela's mother was undoubtedly their plan to lure Angela out from hiding.

"Should we tell Miss Meyers about this?" Willy asked.

"She would be devastated, and she'd insist on going back to see her mother," Jared said sympathetically.

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“But she has the right to know,” Sean pointed out.

“Poor Miss Meyers. She’ll be heartbroken!” Trevor said fretfully.

Richard frowned. He had no right keeping this from Angela, which meant he was duty-bound to tell her the truth.

Meanwhile, when Angela had straightened up her bedroom, she sat down on the couch and let her mind wander. One said wandering, but really it just kept replaying the scene on the hiking trail where she had kissed Richard. It had only been a fleeting moment, but it had left a tingling sensation in the pit of her stomach that would not go away.

The more she dwelled on it, the deeper her blush and the faster her heartbeat. That was the first time she had kissed a man on her own initiative, but the fact that he was unfazed by it made her feel like a pathetic loser.

Just as she was drowning in her own embarrassment, a knock came from the door.

She got to her feet and reached to open the door, only to be greeted by Richard, who looked as handsome as he was impassive. The air around her suddenly felt thin, and she blinked as she asked bewilderedly. “What is it?”

“Come into my room,” Richard said in a low voice, then left in the direction of his room first.

Angela opened her door and hurried out of her room to follow him. Judging by the look on his face earlier, he had something to tell her.

When she entered his room, he closed the door behind her and gazed at her darkly. He did not speak right away, and she felt the need to blink to alleviate the strange tension between them. “Anytime now,” she prompted, wondering what he was waiting for.

“I got a call ten minutes ago. It’s about your family,” Richard said.

At once, her heart constricted, and her hand darted out to grab his arm as she urged, “What happened to my family? Are they okay?”

“Your mother got into an accident an hour ago, and she’s now in the hospital emergency room,” he explained gravely.

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My Baby's Daddy Chapter 892

"What?" Angela's mind went blank. She was anguished, and her lips trembled as all colors drained from her face. She didn't even know she was about to cry until Richard reached to pull her into his arms.

At once, hot tears spilled down her cheeks as she hastily shoved him away. then threw the door open and ran out of the room.

He followed her, only to see that she had returned to her own room and left the door ajar. She rummaged through her room and found her purse, then hurriedly shoved her phone into it,

looking ready to leave. Richard stood at the doorway, frowning

as he asked, "Are you leaving?"

Angela slung her purse over her shoulder. There was a steely edge to her expression as she stared at him with red-rimmed eyes and said, "I have to go. I need to see my mom. I don't even know if she's going to make it." She refused to stay here safe and sound while her family was in

danger. She would much rather offer herself up to those criminals than watch her family die for her.

"You are not allowed to leave the base," Richard said authoritatively as he put his arm out and blocked the gap in the doorway, his towering frame like a wall that kept her in.

"Step aside, Richard," Angela ordered.

"Angela, calm down and let's wait for more news on your mother, okay?" he suggested, taking on a soothing tone in hopes of getting her to see reason.

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However, reason eluded her at this moment. All she wanted to do was go back so she could see her mother. "I said," she bit out forcefully. "Step. Aside." This time, there was a look in her eyes that resembled hatred, and her jaw was clenched.

"Now that your mom's been hospitalized, I'm sure your family wouldn't want you to end up the same way," he argued, sounding even more insistent than he had moments ago. He knew what fate would await her if he let her leave the

base and those men caught her. It was not something he was prepared to risk.

Angela closed her eyes and let her tears fall. She was a mad woman at this point, a mad woman who only wanted to see her grievously injured mother. It was her duty as a daughter, and she couldn't bear to see anyone in her family get hurt because of her even though she knew she would die the moment she went back.

If she did not come out of hiding, these criminals would start targeting her father, her grandfather, and other relatives. They would not stop at just hurting her mother..

"Richard, I'll hate you forever if you don't let me go right now!" she warned as she tried to push him out of the way, but he was like a mountain that would not budge no matter how hard she shoved. "Move!" She glowered at him, the hatred in her eyes as clear as day. She truly hated him. She hated his heartlessness. She hated his job.

"You know I can't let you. I promised parents to protect you. This is my duty, Richard replied hoarsely.

"I don't need you to protect me! This is my life, and I get the final say in what to do with it! Let me go! I promise I won't blame you if I die out there," Angela begged desperately. There was a pained look in her eyes, but she was not backing down.

"I won't let you die," he said solemnly, his shoulders squared as he stood firmly in place.

His refusal to let her go felt worse than death. She broke down, crying out loud as she crouched on the floor. She put her head in her hands and sobbed, baring all her pain, devastation, and helplessness.

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