

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 894

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In the conference room, Angela was crying as she listened to her parents' voices on the phone. and she couldn't help letting out a sob. "Mom, Dad..."

"Angela, things are more drastic here than we imagined. You have to listen to Captain Lloyd and stay at the base where they can keep you safe, okay? We don't want you getting hurt again," Gilbert said on the other line, sounding serious—more serious than ever before.

"But I don't want you both to get into danger because of me. It's all my fault. I'm the one who brought all this trouble. I'm so sorry, Mom." She wept guiltily.

Daphne comforted softly, "Angela, I'm fine. I know you're worried about me, but it's over now, and I'll be okay. You're our only daughter, and we can't let anything happen to you. Do you understand?"

"Everyone in the family will be sent to someplace safe. We'll meet again once all this blows over," Gilbert promised.

"Really? Will the both of you go someplace safe, too? Will you come here to the base?" Angela asked, wanting desperately to be reunited with her parents as soon as possible.

"No, we've had other arrangements made. Protecting you is of utmost priority, and you have to stay put where Captain Lloyd can see you. Listen to him and don't go causing any trouble for him," Gilbert emphasized.

Disappointment flashed in Angela's eyes when she heard that her parents would not be living with her anytime soon, but she nodded and said, "Okay. I promise I'll be on my best behavior."

Gilbert hummed in response. "Very well, then. We'll hang up now, and don't call us unless there's an emergency. We can't take too many chances." He hung up after that, knowing that the criminal organization after Angela had all the means to hack into all telecommunication systems. He couldn't risk having them track down his daughter.

Angela handed the phone back to Trevor. She sighed as she looked up, only to see four pairs of eyes staring at her worriedly. She felt warmth in her heart as she flashed them a weak smile and said, "I'm fine now. Thank you for your concern, everyone."

“Miss Meyers, I hope you won’t hold this against our captain. He’s only carrying out his duty to protect you,” Trevor said, speaking up for Richard.

Jared joined in the efforts to paint a better picture of Richard too. “Don’t be too hard on him, Miss Meyers. I know he can come off as mean and heartless, but he’s more loyal and caring than anyone else.”

“And please cooperate with us—Richie especially, so that we can do our jobs,” Willy added.

Upon hearing this, Angela thought about how she had behaved in front of Richard earlier and had the grace to look shamefaced. She stared at the tips of her shoes as she muttered, “I know I was way over the line just now. I’ll try my best to make things easier for you guys from now on.”

“That’s alright, Miss Meyers. You’re only human, after all. You must love your family very much

to be that worried about your mother,” Sean consoled empathetically.

“Yeah. I mean, who wouldn’t abandon reason just to save their family? Don’t beat yourself up over it I’m sure Richie is well over it by now. That man has a heart bigger than the ocean, and he won’t hold it against you,” Trevor chimed in brightly.

“Really? Do you think so?” She looked up at them hopefully, praying that what they said was true and that Richard would forgive her for her irrational outburst earlier.

Just then, the door to the conference room swung open, and Richard came in. He had been standing at the doorway since he saw Angela walk in, and he heard everything they said loud and clear.

His footfalls made Angela turn to look at him. When she registered his arrival, she quickly lowered her head and said apologetically to him, “I’m sorry about earlier.”

“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.

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