

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 981

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Richard spent the night being tormented by the warm, soft, and sweet-smelling body in his arms.

On the other hand, Angela was totally unaware of what had happened until the early morning sunlight shone through the window. Today was a rare sunny day. Awakened by the kiss of the morning sun, she opened her eyes, wanting to change her sleeping posture as her body was a little stiff. However, as soon as she turned over, she immediately let out a gasp of fright. She and Richard were so close that their faces almost pressed against each other. Startled, she nearly fell out of bed. She quickly sat up and looked at the man who was sleeping on his side next to her.

The man then opened his eyes as well. His pupils were dark and deep, but his eyes were bloodshot, as if he had just had a wakeful night.

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Angela couldn't help but ask him with concern, "W-Why are your eyes so red?"

"What do you think?" Richard put his arms behind his head while closing his eyes in repose.

She was dumbfounded right away. *What does this have to do with me?* Blinking her eyes, she asked somewhat morosely, "What did I do to you?"

At this moment, Richard still wanted to catch up on his sleep, but he found time to dart a sidelong glance at her. "You kept moving in your sleep."

Only then did Angela realize what had happened. *Was he unable to sleep because I did something to him last night?* She only felt warm and comfortable in her sleep last night, but she had no memory of what she had done to him or if she had touched his body. Even so, now that she thought about it, with the two of them sleeping with their bodies pressed against each other, she'd probably have touched what she wasn't supposed to touch by accident. "I-I didn't mean it. You get some sleep. I'm getting up," she said while wanting to throw back the covers and get out of bed.

However, the man suddenly grabbed her arm and yanked her back under the blanket, holding her down with his arm on her chest. "It's still early. Sleep with me for a while longer."

Peeved, Angela stared down at the arm on her chest. She couldn't help but push him away, saying, "You're going too far, Richard."

"Not as far as you did last night," the man ridiculed in a husky voice with a smirk.

Angela instantly went red in the face. *Could I have touched what I'm not supposed to touch last night? I don't have such a fetish!*

Richard let her rest her head on his arm while wrapping his other arm around her waist. "Don't move. Sleep with me for another half an hour."

Angela's body tensed up. She had no choice but to plead with him, saying, "Richard, could you let go of me? We can't do this."

However, the man next to her didn't answer her; all she could hear was the sound of him breathing somewhat heavily.

Angela could only try to writhen herself free of his arms. However, as soon as she writhed, she suddenly felt something on her waist. Consequently, she blushed up to her ears right away.

"Don't move about, and don't test my self-restraint," the man warned in a husky voice.

Angela's eyes reddened with anger. *How could he threaten me like this?* She had been quite emotionally vulnerable these days. At this moment, tears of anger streamed from the corners of her eyes. With her arms pinned to her sides by the man, she had no choice but to close her eyes in silence while shedding tears of grievance.

Suddenly, the man beside her turned sideways and propped himself up with his elbow.

She opened her eyes to look into a pair of deep, fathomless eyes. Such a close distance made him unable to conceal the emotions in his eyes. It was as if his eyes were ablaze with his love and tenderness. The look in his eyes was tender and restrained, but it was also aggressive and overbearing.

On the other hand, the look in Angela's eyes was restrained, pained, and distressed.

As their eyes locked inches away from each other, Richard caressed her face with rough fingertips and wiped her tears away. When he placed his hand on her red lips, she closed her eyes. Then, sensing his breath approaching, she stubbornly turned her face away so that the man could only kiss her on the cheek.

The man was stunned for a few seconds as his eyes flickered. Finally, he let go of her, threw back the covers, and sat up. He said in a hoarse voice, "Fine, i won't pesier you anymore." He got out of bed and swiftly put on his long trench coat. When he arrived at the door, he glanced back at the lady who sat up in bed. "I'll let them send you back tomorrow."

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Angela stared at the man in a daze just like that. Then, the tears that had been wiped away just now started falling uncontrollably onto the blanket.

Richard grabbed the door knob so tightly as though he wanted to pull the wooden door off its frame. In the end, however, he stepped out through the door and closed it without saying another word.

On the other hand, Angela's mind was in turmoil. She sat on the bed behind him, overwhelmed by feelings of anguish.

Two hours later, Trevor and Jared pulled up in front of the inn, having cleared the mudslide last night. At this moment, they were here to pick Angela up on Richard's orders,

Angela was downcast when she followed Trevor and Jared out of the inn. Despite her exquisite beauty, she looked lifeless from the inside out, as if she had been tortured and flogged by something intangible.

"Miss Meyers, we've received orders that we can now send you back to Averno safely. Please go back with us now to pack up your belongings. We'll be going to the airport this afternoon," Jared said somewhat reluctantly.

Angela nodded in silence. "Okay. Thank you for that."

"Don't mention it. It's part of our duty." Trevor looked at her with sympathy. *I thought Angela and Richie would be able to get back together if we pushed her toward him. But now, it seems that things have gotten worse. Richie ordered us to send her back to Averno right away, whereas his whereabouts are unknown.*

Angela returned to the base. She had lived here for two months, but now, she found herself somewhat reluctant to leave this place.

At 2:00PM, she got a phone call from Daphne; her family had learned of the good news and was looking forward to her return. At last, her life was no longer in danger. “Angela, I’ll throw a big party for you when you come back so that we can have fun to our heart’s content.”

“It’s not necessary, Mom. I just want to go home and rest as much as I can,” Angela refused.

“Okay, no problem. Let’s talk about it when you come back. I miss you so much.”

At 3:00PM, Angela arrived at the airport, escorted by four team members who also accompanied her on the flight back to Aversa. Seated in the first-class cabin, she kept looking at the passengers who were coming in. When she saw the flight attendant

closing the cabin door, a hint of disappointment flashed across her eyes.

As expected, Richard no longer showed up around her. His mission was over, and she no longer needed protection. Now that she thought about it, they belonged to different worlds in the first place and were only bound together by the protective mission this time. They had to live their separate lives after the mission ended.

The plane took off from the ground. Now that the mission to protect Angela was over, her life would return to normal. She was the daughter of the Meyers Family. Her mother ran a listed company that was worth more than 7 billion, whereas her father was a powerful government official. As their only daughter, she was destined to live in glory.

The two-hour flight ended, and the plane touched down at the airport. When Angela emerged from the VIP passage, she saw her parents standing there. Holding a bouquet of flowers in her arms, Daphne burst into tears of joy; she ran up to Angela and hugged her, saying, “You’re back at last, my daughter.”

“Hey, Mom.” Angela patted her on the back.

Daphne’s heart ached when she saw her daughter’s makeup-free face and her washed-out clothes. “Look at you. You must’ve suffered a lot.”

Gilbert came over and looked at Angela with a sigh of relief, saying, “Angela, we’ll have dinner with our extended family this evening to celebrate your safe return. We all missed you.” Then, he said to Trevor and the other three men behind her, “Please come this evening to let our family express our gratitude toward you guys.”

“Hey, didn’t Captain Lloyd come back with you guys?” Daphne asked curiously. Richard was Annie’s fiancé, so she had to express her care for him, of course.

“Captain Lloyd left because he had something else to do,” Jared replied with a smile.

“Mr. Meyers, we still have another mission at hand. Sorry that we won’t be coming for dinner,” Willy refused.

Angela looked back at the four of them. “Willy, let me treat you guys to dinner to thank you for taking care of me over the past few days, okay?”

“Miss Meyers, the fact that you’re safe and sound is the best reward for us. We really still have something else to deal with. Goodbye,” Willy said before becoming the first to leave.

Reluctant to part with Angela, Trevor and Jared looked at her, whereas Sean said with a wave of his hand, “Goodbye.”

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As Angela watched the four tall figures leave, she had a feeling that she might never see them again. Her eyes reddened, and her nose twinged as sadness welled up within her.

Noticing her reddened eyes, Daphne couldn’t help but put her arm around her in an attempt to comfort her. “Look at our daughter. She’s so reluctant to part with them, isn’t she?”

But who knew what sort of mixed feelings she was having at this very moment? She was no longer the person she had once been two months ago. Over the past two months, she had uncontrollably fallen in love with a man while trying to forget him with all her might. She looked alright on the outside, but her heart was already broken to pieces.

“Let’s go!” Gilbert said to Daphne and Angela.

Angela let go of Daphne’s hand and hurriedly ran toward the door from which Willy and the others disappeared. When she stepped out through the door, she saw an army green SUV that had just started up and left. She followed the SUV with her gaze until it disappeared on the other end of the overpass. She pursed her lips while holding back her tears.

At this moment, it was as if these men had never appeared in her world. They weren’t ordinary people in the first place, and their job was also totally different from that of

ordinary people. They were like a bunch of unknown heroes who would rush to wherever they were needed. When their mission was complete, they'd disappear without a trace.

Suddenly, it occurred to Angela that she didn't even have the phone number of any of them. All she knew about them was their names, and all she had was the memory of her living with them.

Daphne caught up to her curiously. "Angela, what are you looking at?"

"Nothing. Let's go home." Angela shook her head before walking toward an inconspicuously black Bentley nearby.

She sat in the car while looking out the car window at the bustling downtown area. Having stayed for two months in the mountains with no phone reception, she fell into a trance-like state upon her return to the bustling metropolis.

Just then, Daphne asked in vexation, "Did you break up with Dexter? He returned all the money I'd given to him. Well, I'd say it's sensible of him to do that. Otherwise, I won't let him off so easily."

Angela nodded. "Let's not mention this guy from now on. I have nothing to do with him anymore."

"Oh, right, Angela, I told you that you deserve a better man. Don't worry, I have some nice bachelors around me. I'll choose a good guy for you," Daphne said in an attempt to comfort her.

"Mom, I don't feel like dating anyone for now. I just want to rest for a couple of days."

Daphne suggested, "If you don't feel like dating anyone, then why don't you come to my office? It's time for you to try to take over my position." She had been suffering

from migraines since her previous car accident. Therefore, she planned to step down from her position and let her daughter learn how to run the company.

The Meyers Residence had taken on an entirely new look. A variety of flowers and plants were grown again in the once excavated garden; even the security system had been replaced by a top-level one. Sitting in the car, Angela suddenly saw through the car window that someone was running happily toward the car.

Angela's pupils shrank slightly. It was Annie.

When Angela opened the car door, Annie trotted over and took her hand excitedly. "You're back at last, Angela. You scared me to death." She had her care for Angela written all over her face.

Inwardly, Angela was overcome with shame and self-reproach. Seeing how naive and kind-hearted Annie was, she felt she had made a huge mistake. She was glad that she had learned of Annie's engagement to Richard in advance. Otherwise, how hurt Annie would be if she were to talk about him when she came back and tell the former about what had happened at the base? "Annie, thank you for caring about me," she thanked with a sigh.

"It's lucky that all the dangers are gone. From now on, we can go shopping and chat over coffee again with peace of mind," Annie said happily.

Just then, Daphne said, "Angela, hurry and take a shower. Then we'll take a look at the presents that I've prepared for you."

Angela knew without thinking that Daphne must've bought a lot of designer clothes and handbags for her. However, she was no longer interested in these things now.

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"Mom, don't waste money for me anymore," Angela said to Daphne.

Daphne was stunned. *Why does my daughter look depressed after I haven't seen her for a few months? She is much more mature than before; even her smile betrays a hint of weariness. I've doted on her since she was little, so I know her personality better than anyone else does. She threw a hissy fit and was at odds with me over Dexter when she came back from overseas last time. Why is she like a totally different person now?*

"Let's go, Angela! Let's take a look together." Annie dragged Angela into the living room with a smile.

They took the elevator to Angela's master bedroom on the fourth floor, where the couch was covered with presents, as well as clothes and handbags from luxury brands. Annie picked up a necklace, saying, "Here is my present for you. It's not expensive, but you mustn't frown upon it."

"Why would I? I'm happy that you could come and visit me," Angela replied while looking at Annie with an apologetic look in her eyes.

Annie then picked up a handbag and introduced it happily, saying, "Look, Angela. This is the latest item that your mom bought for you. This handbag is worth more than 3 million!"

However, Angela was looking at her instead of the handbag.

Annie was sharp enough to sense it. She blinked her eyes, asking, "Angela, why do you keep looking at me for no reason?"

Angela lowered her head in panic to conceal the look of guilt in her eyes. "Nothing. Let's chat again after I take a shower."

"Just go. I'll be here waiting for you." Annie smiled with a nod. She urged Angela, saying, "Hurry and wash yourself. There's a snag in your clothes."

Angela entered her bathroom before sitting in the bathtub in a daze. Her life was back, but her heart felt empty, as if there was no happiness for her anymore. She dared not recall those wonderful memories. *They're all sins; I can't even think about them.*

She took a shower. After blowing her hair dry, she wrapped herself in a bath towel and entered the closet, which was 100 square meters in size and was full of the designer clothes that Daphne had bought for her. She opened the wardrobe and took a set of clothes out of it. It was a simple white sweater, matched with a pair of casual trousers. However, the diamond belt around her waist made her appear noble for no apparent reason.

When Annie saw Angela, she couldn't help but look at her enviously while propping her chin in her hand. "You're so beautiful, Angela. I often feel stressed out in front of you!"

Angela looked at Annie's face, which was pretty, tender, and youthful. *She's a lovely young lady that people would like at first glance. Richard really shouldn't call off his engagement to her*

"Angela, I have a big secret to share with you. Why don't you guess what it is?" Annie asked her with a smile while tilting her head to one side.

"Is it about your engagement?"

"That's right! I couldn't reach you on your cell phone when I got engaged last time. After that, I heard that you were in huge trouble and had been placed under protection, so I hadn't had the chance to talk to you about my fiancé. Now I can finally share it with you." Annie was already bursting with impatience to tell Angela about it. "His name is Richard Lloyd. As for what he does for a living, I don't know that yet, but he's a really handsome and outstanding person." Her eyes were starry. She had only met Richard on the night of their engagement, but she had been unable to forget his face since then.

Angela's heart clenched. She suddenly wondered if she should tell Annie that Richa and his team members were the ones in charge of protecting her this time. If she kept this from Annie, she wouldn't be able to explain the matter when the latter learned about it someday. "Richard Lloyd, huh? I met him before. He's the one assigned to protect me during this mission," she said while pretending to sound relaxed.

Annie's eyes widened at once. She looked at Angela in disbelief, saying, "Really? Angela, is Richard the one who protected you this time? How many times have you met him? What do you think of him? Hurry and tell me about it! I'm dying to know everything about him." Rubbing her hands together, she couldn't wait to listen to Angela's story.

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Angela was lost for words for a moment.

Seems like Annie assumes that Richard and I didn't meet often. But who would know that we'd lived together day and night for two months? "I..." She sat down.

However, as soon as she uttered the first syllable, Annie held her hand and asked again, "How is he? Is he easy to get along with? Is he a serious man? He knows that we're cousins, right? Did he take good care of you?"

Angela's heart suddenly clenched. Seeing the curious look in Annie's eyes, she found herself at a loss for words for a moment.

Just then, Annie's cell phone rang; she picked it up and looked at its screen. "It's Grandpa. He's probably calling me to urge us to go out for dinner," she said before stepping aside to answer the phone. "Hey, Grandpa! We're coming," she said. Then, she hung up and said to Angela, "Angela, go put on a coat. It's time for us to go out for dinner. Everybody wants to see you."

Angela nodded before standing up to get her coat. However, after entering the closet, she leaned against the wall wearily and let out a sigh. In the end, she grabbed an overcoat and went out with Annie.

Daphne and Gilbert had been waiting for her. When she came out, Daphne came over and looked at her. She said in surprise, "Why are you dressed so simply? You're not wearing makeup, nor are you wearing earrings or a necklace."

Angela shook her head with a smile. "It's okay, Mom. We're just going for dinner with our family."

Daphne had no choice but to drop the matter. Just then, the female helper who had gone to collect the laundry came over and said, "Miss Angela, this fell out of your clothes." She was holding a pink raw crystal in her hand.

Angela's heart twinged. As she took the crystal, Annie leaned over curiously to look at it, asking, "What is this, Angela? Is this a crystal?"

"Yeah. I got it in the mountains." Angela put the crystal into her handbag.

"It looks quite beautiful. Do you want to make the crystal into a pendant or a bracelet?" Daphne asked with a smile.

"I—I haven't made up my mind yet." Angela recalled how she had told Richard that she wanted to have the crystal made into two pendants so that they'd each have one. Right now, however, she didn't want to make the crystal into anything. *I'll just take it as a memento.*

Angela and Annie sat in the car, but the latter couldn't stop talking about the subject just now. She pestered Angela with questions, asking, "Angela, tell me about Richard. Is he easy to get along with? Is he handsome at work?"

Angela nodded. "H—He's quite easy to get along with, but he seems very busy. I rarely saw him, so I don't know much about him."

"Yeah, that's understandable. He left in a hurry before the end of our engagement dinner last time." Richard was a workaholic in Annie's mind's eye.

"Annie, when will you get married to him? Has the date been finalized?" Angela asked tentatively

Annie's face blushed. She replied shyly, "It's still early for that! We've only met once, after all. But Grandpa said that Richard's grandfather wishes us to get married sooner because he wants to have a great-grandson."

Angela looked at Annie as emotions surged within her. Her feelings were mixed, but she was also glad that she didn't ruin the latter's happiness. "Congratulations, Annie."

"Thank you, Angela. By the way, did Richard mention me when you met him? I sent him a lot of text messages, but he didn't reply to any of them. I once suspected that I had the wrong phone number," Annie said with a bitter expression.

Dumbfounded, Angela looked at her. "He didn't reply to any of your text messages?"

Annie gave a sigh of disappointment. "That's right! I sent him almost 50 text messages. I wonder if he's so busy that he doesn't have time to text me back."

Angela was suddenly enraged. *Like hell he is that busy! He spends lots of time reading over there. But how could he be so cruel as to not reply to any of Annie's messages?* "How could he do this to you?" she said angrily at once.

Annie comforted her instead, saying, "It's okay, Angela. I know that he's busy; perhaps he's rushed off his feet with lots of stuff to do. Please don't blame him for that."

Angela's chest heaved up and down. She really wanted to tell Annie that Richard wasn't busy at all, and that he had plenty of time and was ignoring her text messages on purpose. She also felt sorry for Annie, whose feelings for Richard weren't reciprocated at all.

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"Annie, aren't you angry about that?" Angela asked while looking at Annie.

Annie shook her head understandingly. "I'm not angry. I'm happy as long as he saw my messages. I'm just texting him about my feelings, anyway. I'm afraid of bothering him, but I can't help wanting to chat with him."

Angela stretched out her hand and patted Annie on the head while looking at her with sympathy. *It's too bad that such feelings aren't cherished.* She hoped Richard would give Annie a quick answer as soon as possible instead of letting the latter get her hopes up for nothing. *Doesn't he want to break off their engagement? If he really doesn't love Annie, he can do that and stop making a laughingstock of her sacrifice,* she thought somewhat indignantly.

Just then, Annie said with a look of envy, "Angela, I'm so envious of you for being able to see him. If only I were quarantined along with you at the time. That way, I'd be able to see him as well."

Angela's heart stopped. She also wished she could travel back to the day of Annie's engagement. *If only I knew that he was Annie's fiancé. That way, what happened after that wouldn't have happened*

. She knew that she was the origin of all the tragedies between them. "Don't be envious of me. That place is sealed off, so you won't get used to living there."

"Then how did you manage to get through?"

"I—I killed time by reading." Angela pursed her lips, not daring to look Annie in the eye.

"As long as I'm able to see him, I'll be happy no matter how bored I feel. It's too bad that I didn't know he was the one protecting you at the time. Had I known it earlier, I'd have gone with you no matter what," Annie said with a look of regret.

Angela let out a sigh in secret. *What sort of cruel fate is it that bound Richard and me together?!*

They arrived at the restaurant.

When Joshua saw that his eldest granddaughter had returned safely, his face broke into a cheerful smile. "You're back at last, Angela."

"I'm back, Grandpa," Angela said while walking up to him.

"Glad that you're back. At last, we can put our mind at rest."

Angela then greeted her uncle and aunt. "Hi, Uncle Matthew and Aunt Jennifer."

"Hey, Angela! You're really getting more and more beautiful. You weren't there during the engagement dinner last time. Come to think of it, it's been two years since we last met."

Angela felt embarrassed upon seeing them. Just then, Gilbert asked, "Dad, are the Lloyds coming as well?"

Angela turned to look at Joshua with a panic-stricken expression. *What? Are the Lloyds coming as well?*

Joshua shook his head. "Phillip said his grandson had yet to come back. We'll meet again next time."

When Angela heard him say so, her heart was back in its place. She really didn't want to run into Richard on such an occasion. She didn't know at all how to face him.

In a luxurious private room, everyone was talking about what had happened to Angela this time. Daphne also had a car accident because of this incident. If she hadn't been lucky enough to have narrowly escaped death, the consequences would've been unthinkable.

As Angela looked at Daphne, she realized that nothing made her happier than being able to reunite with her family. Even though she had to end a brief relationship, the warmth of her family filled the void in her heart.

“Jennifer, has the date of Annie’s wedding been finalized? When will it take place? Tell me so that I can prepare a wedding gift for her,” Daphne asked with a smile.

Jennifer Mailon, Annie’s mother, was a university lecturer. She and her husband Matthew followed a career in teaching and were now focusing their minds on Annie’s wedding, which they cared a lot about. She replied with a smile, “They’ve gotten engaged, but we need the Lloyd Family to decide the date of the wedding. Richard is very busy, after all.”

Angela lowered her head while sipping a cup of tea that she was holding. It was apparent from the way Jennifer had referred to Richard that she was treating him as her son-in-law.

Seeing that her family had started to talk about her wedding, Annie couldn’t help but blush shyly. Richard’s tall figure appeared in her mind. *How I wish he were present!*

Joshua let out a chuckle. “I’ll talk to Phillip in the next few days to have the wedding held sooner.”

Angela took a drink from her tea and choked on it by accident in a moment of absentmindedness. She quickly covered her mouth and coughed a few times under the table. When Daphne saw this, she quickly stretched out her hand and patted her on the back.

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“How did you choke on tea?” she complained.

“Mom, I’m going to the washroom,” Angela said before standing up and leaving the dining table. She walked very quickly, leaving the private room as if she were fleeing from it. She had no intention of going to the washroom; she just wanted to go outside for a breath of fresh air.

just then, she was drawn to the sound of the piano in the hall. Involuntarily, she came all the way into the hall from the private room, only to see someone performing a piano

piece at the scene. After standing there for a while, she noticed that the young lady on stage seemed to be leaving, upon which an idea came to her mind. *I have nothing to do, anyway.* She went over and asked the manager if she could play the piano.

The manager quickly nodded and replied with a smile, “Yes, of course. Feel free to play it, miss.”

Angela walked up to the piano and sat down. With her slender fingers, she seemed to be born to play the piano. A moving string of musical notes sounded in the restaurant, causing many diners to turn their eyes toward the piano in amazement. When they saw a different lady sitting at the piano, they were attracted to her good looks. She was dressed in white while wearing her hair down. What captivated them the most was her delicate features. She looked graceful and refreshing, like the warm sunshine in this freezing winter.

Getting carried away for a moment, she closed her eyes slightly. However, her fingers danced fluidly across the keyboard, bringing the most melodious music to people’s ears.

A middle-aged female diner got so entranced by the music that she couldn’t help but praise, “Her skills are close to that of a grandmaster, right?”

“Uh—huh. I wonder which family she’s from. Not only is she beautiful, but she’s so skilled at playing the piano.”

A man was striding into the hall through the entrance with sturdy and slender legs. Dressed in a black trench coat, he projected a commanding presence. He walked in long strides, as if he were coming for dinner in a hurry. However, as soon as he entered the restaurant, he was drawn to the sound of the piano playing smoothly. When he looked up in the piano’s direction, his dark and deep pupils shrank; he couldn’t believe that the young lady playing the piano on stage was none other than Angela.

At this moment, Angela was closing her eyes while lowering them slightly. Her face, which was even more gorgeous than flowers, looked pure and pretty under the spotlight like that of an otherworldly spirit.

The man standing in the hall probably never thought he would meet the person he wanted to see the most in the restaurant. Richard couldn’t move an inch. In an instant, his eyes betrayed a hint of tenderness; even his lips curled into a smile. He stared at the lady on stage just like that, whereas she lost herself in the music without realizing that there was an important figure among her audience.

Noticing that Angela’s piano piece seemed to be coming to a stop, Richard finally came to his senses. He quickly stepped behind a pillar that happened to conceal his figure.

The diner at the table next to the pillar looked at him in bewilderment, but his gaze was directed toward the piano.

Placing her hands on the piano, Angela was in a trance for a moment. Just then, a waiter came over with a glass of red wine. He said to her, "Miss, a customer has ordered a glass of red wine for you."

Angela looked in the direction the waiter was pointing and saw two men standing in front of the French window. The younger one among them, who was a graceful looking man, raised his glass at her as though he admired her very much.

Angela gave the man a nod out of courtesy, but she put the glass of red wine aside without drinking from it. When she stood up, the man stood up as well. While she was walking toward the private room, the man came to her side, saying, "Miss, you played the piano very well. I wonder if I have the honor of getting to know you. Let's be friends." The man looked at her fervently as if he was desperate to get to know her.

Not wanting to draw the attention of anyone, Angela replied thankfully, "Thanks for the compliment." With that, she decided to leave.

However, the man really wanted to get to know her, so he stretched out his hand and stopped her. "Miss, I really wish to get to know you. I'm not some bad guy; I just want to be friends with you."

Angela was stunned. Facing such a passionate man, she found herself caught in an awkward situation. Suddenly, an icy male voice sounded behind her, saying, "She already has a boyfriend."

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Angela was startled and dismayed by the voice she heard and turned around to find Richard standing behind her. It was as if she were dreaming, seeing him in person. "You..." Her throat dried up, her heart raced, and her chest ached.

Before she could respond, the man grabbed her shoulders and led her to a corridor. At that time, a waiter wheeled a cleaning cart around the table to clean it up after several customers had left the room. Then, Richard told the waiter, "Clean this up later," as he opened the door and ushered Angela inside. The waiter realized what was going on and only stood near the entrance.

Slightly out of breath, she asked, "Why are you here?"

He answered, "I'm having dinner with a friend here."

Angela's eyes were slightly red and close to tears. She thought Richard and his group had left and had no idea he was still in Averno. When she suddenly thought of her family, who were in another room, she asked with her lips pursed, "My grandpa, aunt, uncle, and Annie are all here for dinner. Do you want to come over and say hello?"

He didn't say anything but stared at her with an intense gaze. As he looked at her, he observed the tears that started to swim in her eyes. "I'm not going over," he said helplessly.

His response caused her to look away in embarrassment, and she wiped away the tears that had already formed in her eyes. "Why won't you go?" she asked again.

Richard reached out and grabbed her chin, turning her face to look at him even though she was resisting. "Do your tears indicate that you haven't completely forgotten about me?"

Looking at his expression, she panicked and pushed his hand away from her chin. "Stop it."

"In the future, if a man approaches you, you should express your rejection clearly and protect yourself better," he reminded her.

In response to his words, Angela felt a spark of anger rise and said bluntly, "You don't have to tell me that. I can protect myself." Soon after, she remembered Annie's countless text messages to him. Hence, she raised her head and asked, "Why didn't you reply to Annie's text messages? Do you know how hurtful it is?"

"I'm not going to waste my time on women I'm not interested in," Richard stated coldly. His eyes softened when he looked at her as if trying to convince her that she was the only woman worth his time. *No one else but Angela Meyers.*

When Angela looked into Richard's eyes, she had the sensation that she was being submerged in them. She held her breath for such a prolonged period that she heaved a sigh of relief when she finally came to her senses. She shook her head and pleaded, "Please, don't look at me that way." When she realized she couldn't stay in front of him any longer, she turned away and said, "I should head back to the room."

However, as she approached the door, he grabbed her arm and drew her into his arms with no apparent force. He held one hand around her waist and the other behind her head to support her while he kissed her passionately, and it took her breath away.

“Hmm!” In retaliation, her body became rigid while still in his arms. Her brain became so foggy that she could not even consider shoving the man away from her. The only thing on her mind now was how domineering the man was in kissing her. He gently released his lips until she was on the verge of passing out, at which point he continued to look intently at her. “One of the many questions you asked me in the past is whether or not I will feel tempted if I am protecting another woman. My reply is... unless you’re that woman, I will not be tempted.”

“Why me?” Angela asked sluggishly, forgetting to push Richard away.

“Because you’re the only one I’m interested in,” he replied, his smile tinged with self mockery and helplessness.

As Angela’s heart ached in response to his words, she immediately struggled to escape his embrace and took two steps back. “I’m not going to do this to Annie. You aren’t allowed to hurt her too. If you do, I will never forgive you.” She turned around and attempted to open the door but quickly realized that it was much too heavy for her. She staggered to her feet after losing her balance due to the door’s weight.

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Richard immediately approached Angela and, with his long arms, opened the door for her before he chuckled. “Did that kiss I gave you make your knees go weak?”

She glared at him in utter disgust that he would still have the nerve to say such a thing. Next, she fled from the room along the corridor toward the bathroom to calm herself down.

Meanwhile, Richard made his way to a room, pushed open the door, and entered, where he was greeted by a calm and charming man. He had obviously been waiting a long time as he was staring intently out the window.

“Sorry for the wait, Elliot,” he apologized as he sat across from him.

The man waiting for Richard at the table was Elliot Presgrave. Dressed in a deep black suit, he gave off a sense of regal elegance. “Don’t worry. I know how busy you are,” he said while adjusting his posture. Then, looking at his best friend with curiosity, he asked, “Is it my imagination? It appears that you have changed slightly.”

“What has changed?”

“Your eyes. Have you recently met someone? I’m assuming a woman has entered your life.” With his razor-sharp gaze, Elliot assessed him.

Richard replied, almost at a loss for words, “You’re just as insightful as always.”

“It’s just a habit of mine.” He smiled. As his curiosity grew, he inquired, “Did you meet someone you’re interested in?”

Richard hadn’t expected such a swift blow to his self-esteem. He had said before that he would never have romantic feelings for a woman. However, God had other plans for him and set up a love affair that he couldn’t avoid in less than three months. “Yeah.” He nodded without attempting to contradict Elliott’s assumption.

Elliot said while he appeared to be congratulating him with his gaze, “Let’s have dinner together sometime soon. You can then introduce her to Anastasia and me.”

However, Richard had no assurance that such a day would come. “It’s a little complicated right now. We’ll talk about it when the time comes.”

The two friends then discussed their current affairs. When Richard mentioned that he was ready to take his revenge, Elliot’s face immediately turned serious before he gave his advice. “Richard, I know how you’re feeling, but you must not act rashly.

“Even though my uncle tried to stop me, I’m not going to comply with his arrangements. I’ll handle things with that person in my own way.” The words came

from Richard, whose eyes were as cold as knives and without the slightest sign of compromise.

“If you need my help, just say the word.” Elliot was aware that he could not be persuaded once he had made up his mind, but could not help worrying.

Richard shook his head. “Not right now. I’m still preparing everything, so it’s not the right time yet.”

In the meantime, Angela returned to the room and was back in her seat. She intended to keep a low profile as she listened to her family discuss trivial matters of their daily lives. When Annie approached her with an inquisitive attitude and leaned next to her, she asked, “Angela, where’ve you been? You’ve been gone for quite some time.”

“I—I ran into an old friend and we chatted for a while.” She could not bring herself to look Annie in the eyes.

The two sisters fit into two distinct categories of stunning beauty. Annie had a face that was both beautiful and delicate, like that of a baby. In contrast, Angela had an oval face that was sophisticated and glamorous.

Angela still couldn't enjoy the meal she was eating because her mind and heart weren't in the right place. She got a text message right then and was so bored that she decided to look at it, although she thought it was probably a spam message. She inhaled deeply as she read the text message. 'This is my private number. Remember to save it. She didn't have to guess who sent this. Fearing that this message would be seen by others, she quickly hid it by covering her phone with her hand.

At that moment, she overheard her mom talking. "Dad, there are so many fine young gentlemen around you; perhaps you can introduce Angela to some of them. She's old enough to get married," Daphne spoke to Joshua.

Feeling a tug on her heartstrings, she said hastily, "Mom, Mom. I'm not in a hurry to get married."

"Even though you're a year and a half older than Annie, she's already engaged!" Daphne retorted.

Joshua shared Daphne's sentiments, so he said, "Alright. Angela, I'll find you a suitable match. I recall a friend of mine telling me that he has a grandson who turned twenty eight this year and has a great personality. I'll introduce you to him one of these days."

Angela looked at him with concern and said, "You don't have to do that, Grandpa. I don't want to marry just yet."

"Dad, you should make an appointment with the Lloyd Family so that we can discuss Annie's wedding plans," Jennifer said with a hint of urgency.

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Chapter 990 "Alright. I will call Phillip and arrange to meet as soon as possible." Joshua informed Jennifer

Angela noticed Annie's eyes widening, and her cheek flushed as she glanced over at her. Angela let out a heavy sigh of bitterness and felt sorry for her. Just like a bystander, she saw Annie's feelings for Richard grow despite his indifference to her. She felt even worse because she couldn't do anything to help Annie.

She had every intention of letting her grandpa, aunt, uncle, and Annie know that Richard had decided to call off the engagement. However, she lacked the courage to do so and could only observe as they enthusiastically discussed Annie's wedding preparations. She knew they'd be disappointed when the time came.

Angela left the room with a heavy heart, terrified that Richard would suddenly appear and announce his intention to break off the engagement in front of her family. Fortunately, she didn't need to worry because that man didn't show up, and everyone got into their cars. She sat in the car with her parents, filled with thoughts.

"What's the matter, Angela? You're not as talkative as you used to be." As soon as she got in the car, Daphne asked her. She noticed that her daughter had changed, and it seemed as if she had suddenly matured and gained a sense of stability.

"I'm fine," Angela replied with a wry smile.

"Perhaps she is still afraid. She'll be fine once she takes some more time to rest at home," Gilbert added.

"Yes, I still have some fears, so I probably just need to get some rest." Angela agreed with her dad that she didn't want her mom to worry.

"Thankfully, it's all in the past. After going through an experience like that, your dad and I have decided that we do not want anything else. We can only wish you happiness and safety." Daphne gave her a tender glance. The once-dominant mother had become patient and understanding toward her daughter.

"Yeah, the most important thing is that our family is safe and sound." She finally comprehended Daphne's meaning. A part of her wanted to run away from home back then. But now she realized that there is no place like home.

When they got home, Angela collapsed on her soft bed worth forty thousand, and kept her eyes on the beautiful ceiling. She switched on the room's ambient lighting, which immediately turned it into a welcoming and sophisticated environment. Surprisingly, she began to miss the small bed at Richard's base. Despite the bed rigidity and discomfort, it provided her with exceptional warmth.

She was exhausted from everything she'd been through recently. In the past, she found that doing something as simple as getting a cup of coffee or going shopping could instantly lift her spirits. On the other hand, it would appear that the source of her happiness now was simply the thought of Richard. She then sighed heavily and decided to take a shower, change into cozy pajamas, and drink a cup of warm milk downstairs to help her sleep.

It was already 10:00PM when Angela glanced at the clock. Her parents had both returned to their room and were currently resting. She then took a shower and dried her waist-length hair with a blow dryer. Even though she could not give her hair the proper care it needed in the base, it retained its gloss and smoothness. Since her delicate facial skin was beginning to look dull, she gave it a little boost by applying a mask.

She lay down on the large leather couch with two eye masks on top of the sheet mask, and began her evening skincare routine while listening to her favorite music. She couldn't help but feel drowsy as she listened to the music. Suddenly, she was startled by what she thought was a sound coming from her bedroom door. She furrowed her brow as she thought, *Did I leave the window open? Is it because of the wind?* As she had just put on her mask ten minutes earlier, she ultimately decided to disregard it. It would take at least twenty minutes to remove the sheet mask.

However, Angela was unaware that another person was in the room at the time. The man was standing with his arms crossed next to her couch, staring at her contented expression. The high-quality carpet in her room muffled the sounds of the man's feet, so she didn't notice another person had entered the room. Despite this, she had the distinct impression that someone was watching her at this very moment, and she couldn't help but pull off her eye mask instantly. The moment she did so, terror took hold of her, but just as she was about to scream...