

N Destiny 871

Chapter 871

Richard did not realize that his gaze lingered on her face for several seconds longer.

“Okay,” he responded simply.

“I’ll head to bed now. Good night.” Angela waved at him before leaving with her clothes. She did not notice that she dropped an article of clothing as she exited the bathroom.

When Richard set his book down and prepared to shower before bed, his eyes were drawn to something pink on the floor. He instinctively reached down to pick it up.

All at once, his eyes quivered.

It was a woman’s underwear.

He tossed it into the laundry basket. His heart was beating a little quicker than usual as he thought to himself, What a clumsy and forgetful woman!

Meanwhile, she returned to her room and proceeded to lay in bed. From her position, she could look out the window and spot the full moon outside. It’s so beautiful, she thought to herself in surprise.

This was something she never got to see, whether back in her home or while overseas, but here, she could enjoy all the beautiful things around her in peace.

Angela slept very soundly that night, but she jolted awake some hours later when she heard a piercing sound of a whistle coming from outside all of a sudden. She shot up in bed at once. It was at the start of dawn with the barest glimmer of light, but the field beyond the window was abuzz with activity.

She knew that this place was run like a military base. When she opened the door and looked out the entrance, the thick fog blocked everyone from sight, but she knew there were people gathered in the field.

Soon, she heard the sound of people running, and it quickly faded off into the

distance. She blinked and basked in the atmosphere around her. The mountains were alive even at dawn while birds filled the air with their chatter, and it made her one with nature.

A shadowy silhouette then zoomed past her before turning back. The person asked, "Miss Meyers, would you like to go running too?"

It was Trevor who asked. He woke up late and missed out on joining the rest of the troops, so he decided to run alone.

Angela was wide awake by now, and Trevor's words piqued her interest. Thinking about all the running she did abroad, she figured she should be able to handle a morning run, so she nodded. "Sure. I'll come with you."

Trevor was thrilled. The run would be a lot more enjoyable if he had a pretty woman running with him.

They ran by the side of the road beneath the canopy of trees. It was an ordinary dirt lane that weaved through the mountains and not the usual roads made

of asphalt or concrete, so it was a different kind of experience altogether.

Angela was pretty pumped by the run. Taking deep breaths of the fresh mountain air made her feel like her lungs had been thoroughly cleansed.

She did not know how far she had run, but sure enough, she reached a point where she could no longer keep up. Between her panting, she asked, "Trevor, how much farther are we going?"

"We're not even a third of the way yet!" Trevor replied.

“Seriously?” Angela’s expression fell. She stared out into the fog in front of them, but she could not see more than a dozen feet in front of her. The rest was all a blur of white.

“Miss Meyers, if you can’t continue, then let’s head back now! I’ll lead the way for you.” Trevor was afraid she could not take it anymore if they continued running forward.

Therefore, Angela and Trevor started making their way back. Trevor even

plucked some wild fruits for her to try. They tasted both sweet and sour and were very appetizing.

The two of them laughed and joked along the way. When they were nearly back at the main entrance, Angela slipped and stumbled into Trevor’s back. After grabbing his waist to keep herself steady, she began to laugh brightly.

Trevor held her hand and helped her out of the wet, slippery patch of road, but just then, he felt someone staring at him. After glancing at who it was, he quickly released Angela’s hand.

Approximately thirty feet in front of them, Richard stood in silence with his eyes fixed on them.

His face was expressionless, but Trevor felt goosebumps anyway.

“Richard, Miss Meyers followed me out for a run but she could not keep up anymore so I walked her back,” Trevor explained at once.

Angela glanced at Trevor, who seemed rather anxious. Could it be because she

had held him up when he was supposed to be doing his morning practice, and that made Richard angry?

“It’s not Trevor’s fault. I’m the one who wanted to join him, and I’m the one who forced him to turn back halfway,” she added in Trevor’s defense.

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Richard swept his gaze across the two of them before saying to Trevor, "Continue your run."

Trevor did not dare to protest. He waved to Angela with a smile. "I'll carry on with my run, Miss Meyers. Have a good rest!"

Angela felt a little bad as she watched Trevor running off into the distance. She turned to Richard and said a little begrudgingly, "He ran all the way there and back with me, but you're asking him to do another run now. Will he be alright?"

"This is between me and my subordinate, Miss Meyers. You should stay out of it," Richard retorted coolly.

Angela bit her lip in slight embarrassment, but she did feel bad for Trevor.

She headed for the canteen. Everyone

probably heard about her already, as they greeted her and were very courteous toward her.

After breakfast, she realized that she did not have a phone, a laptop, or even Internet access. It was like she had gone back in time and was living in the old, pre-Internet days. She was far too bored in her room, so she decided to take a tour around the place.

Angela chose a small path to follow. After walking about for a while, she heard someone calling out to her. She turned to look and saw two men walking over with their hands full of freshly-hunted wild rabbits.

"You must be Miss Meyers!"

"Yes, that's me. Did you guys go hunting?" Angela was full of curiosity.

"Yup! There are a lot of wild rabbits around here, so we decided to catch a few to add to the menu," the older man said.

The other man looked a little younger. He blushed at the sight of Angela and was too embarrassed to talk.

They all considered Angela a gorgeous woman whom they rarely had the

fortune to meet in person. She was even more beautiful than movie stars and other celebrities.

“Where does this path lead to? I’d like to take a walk,” Angela asked.

“It leads to the back of the mountain, which is a pretty rocky area. You need to be careful.”

“I will!” Angela flashed a grateful smile at them.

“You shouldn’t wander off too far either.

I’m worried that you might get lost.”

Angela nodded in agreement. She was just taking a walk out of boredom, and she had complete faith in her sense of direction, so she doubted that she would get lost in the woods like some sort of cliché.

Therefore, she continued down the path at leisure. She even spotted the wild white olives that Trevor had plucked for her earlier. The sweet and sour taste had really grown on her.

Unfortunately, this particular tree did not have that many ripe ones. It took Angela quite some time to find one that was ripe enough for her to eat. She felt pretty blissful as she munched on it.

She continued down the path, and soon enough, she arrived at a rocky plain.

Meanwhile, at the base's main entrance, Richard walked out in search of Angela as he received some new information that required him to ask her a few questions.

"Has anyone seen Angela?" Richard asked the people who were walking into the base. The two men who went rabbit hunting were among them, so one of them quickly responded, "Captain Lloyd, I saw Miss Meyers heading off on a walk to the back of the mountain."

Richard felt his head throbbing slightly as he exhaled. She was indeed a troublesome woman. Could she not just stay, in her room and read a book or two? The back of the mountain was full of sharp, jagged rocks. It was not somewhere she should be running off to for some fun.

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He immediately headed over to the path that led to the back of the mountain.

This was Angela's first time seeing such rocky mounds. She spotted a few boulders that looked quite flat, so she decided to try climbing up the side of the rocky mounds.

Perhaps most people enjoyed taking risks in some ways, and she was certainly one of them. She wanted to challenge herself and see if she could climb up the rocky mound.

Moreover, the wildflowers growing out of the side of the rocky ridges at the top looked quite pretty. She wanted to head up and take a closer look at them.

Angela stepped on one of the rocks and grabbed another one for stability. Soon, she climbed up what seemed like an already-trodden path that someone else must have used to climb up as well.

She climbed and climbed and slowly began to realize that while it might have looked simple, it was far more exhausting than she expected. Soon, she could no longer find any footholds to step on either. It felt like there was no way for her to climb any further up.

Suddenly, someone barked at her, "What are you doing?"

"Ah!" Angela got a fright. At the same time, she lost her grip and her feet slipped off the rocks as well, and she ended up falling from a height of about ten feet.

The man who called out to her immediately sprinted over to catch her, but he was too late. Angela crashed to the ground, spraining her ankle when she landed. She instantly cried out in pain.

Thankfully, Angela fell onto a soft patch of grass and did not end up with any internal injuries. She cupped her hands around her ankle and glared at the man who gave her a terrible fright. "Can you not just call out like that? You scared me half to death!"

Richard was a little vexed with himself too. When he saw her hanging dangerously on the side of the rocky cliff, his only thought was to stop her from climbing further, and he never thought he would scare her into falling off instead.

He bent down and checked her ankle.

"Ouch... It hurts..." Angela had sprained her left ankle.

"Stop running around for no good reason. You should have some self awareness about your abilities." Richard frowned. He was furious that she attempted to do such a dangerous thing.

After all, he promised that he would take good care of her and return her safely to her parents once everything blew over.

"Believe it or not, but I'm sure I could've climbed up to the top. Stop looking down on me, okay?" Angela was full of confidence in herself. If he had not frightened her by calling out to her, she would have climbed up to the top by now.

Angela brushed the grass off her clothes. There were a few blades of grass stuck in her hair, but she could not see them. Richard could see them clearly, but he hesitated, not knowing if he should take them out for her.

Still, it did look pretty weird to have a few blades of dried grass stuck in her hair, so he decided to take them off for her out of the kindness of his heart.

“What are you doing?” Angela stared at him warily. There was no one around them, so what if he tried to do something bad to her?

Richard ignored her question. He simply plucked the blades of dried grass out of her hair and showed them to her before tossing them aside.

Angela flushed red at once. Oh gosh! What was I thinking? He gave off an air of aloofness and self-restraint, so he would not be the kind of man to jump on a woman like that. She was overthinking it.

She wondered if he had a girlfriend. He was probably at an age where he should be getting married.

Chapter 874

Though she was itching to find out, she decided against voicing it out loud. He

might not even respond to her question anyway. “I’m injured. Can you help me up? Of course, I won’t object to an offer of a piggyback,” Angela said to Richard.

He glanced at her before squatting down. in front of her. He did not mind giving her a piggyback ride.

Angela’s heart skipped a beat. He’s really going to carry me on his back? After taking at close look at his wide and muscular back, she climbed onto him a little shyly and reached out to wrap her arms around his neck. He swiftly stood up with her clinging to him like a koala.

This had to be the strongest back she had ever ridden on.

“Why did you come looking for me?” Angela asked out of curiosity. Was it because he was worried about her safety?

“There’s something I need to ask you.” Richard was feeling a little awkward with her on his back. This was the first time he ever carried a woman-previously, he only ever carried his military colleagues and subordinates.

She was very light, and her body felt very soft. His senses were heightened as she stuck close to him.

“What did you want to ask me?”

“We’ll talk about it when we get back.”

Angela was feeling a little bored again. Suddenly, she spotted another wild white olive tree with several ripened olives hanging from its branches, so she quickly said, “Richard, there’s a white olive tree over there. Go over and pluck some for me!”

Richard looked over and saw the ripened fruit on the tree as Angela continued to plead, “Hurry up and get a few for me! They taste so good! Trevor plucked a few for me this morning but I haven’t had my fill yet!”

In the end, Richard did set her down and head over to get some of it for her. Angela’s heart grew a little warm. He looked so cold and distant all the time, but whenever she asked him to do something for her, he never protested or tried to wheedle out of it.

She thought about Dexter, who always said the right things, but now that she thought about it, a guy like Richard who kept quiet and did as she asked was far more reliable. A guy like Dexter was as fake as could be, so why was she so blind back then?

It was easy enough for Richard to pluck a few ripened ones for her. When he handed it over to her, she spotted the clear stream that was flowing nearby and asked, “Could you help me wash them first?”

Richard did not complain about her seemingly endless requests. He went over and washed them before holding them out to her yet again.

Angela took them from him and climbed back onto his back. There she was, leaning against his back, eating her white olives and listening to the birds singing their songs. Somehow, it all felt very romantic to her.

If a camera started recording this scene, it would surely make for a romantic love story!

After enjoying a mouthful herself, Angela thought about Richard. He carried her on his back, plucked white olives for her, and was even obliging enough to wash them for her. It would be far too selfish of her if she did not offer him one of the white olives.

“Do you want one?” Angela tilted her head to the side and asked.

“No...” Richard was about to reject her offer when he found a white olive stuffed

into his mouth.

“Have one. Don’t be shy. It tastes great!” Angela chuckled right beside his ear.

Her clear, melodious voice echoed in Richard’s ears. It sounded so mesmerizing that his mind went blank

for a few seconds. He forgot all about his initial rejection and began chewing instead.

Chapter 875

He’s eating it! Angela felt a peculiar sense of achievement, like she attained some kind of victory by breaking down Richard’s cold and aloof exterior.

She also had a roguish sense of amusement as she made up her mind to tease him whenever she felt bored in this place. It seemed like something fun that would keep her in a good mood.

Richard piggybacked Angela back to the base’s main entrance. When Angela noticed the suggestive gazes that everyone else was throwing at them, she began to feel a little embarrassed, but Richard continued to carry her all the way to the infirmary.

The doctor checked Angela’s foot and concluded that she had twisted her ankle and sprained her muscles. She would need to rest for a few days and stay lying down whenever she could.

Angela had no choice but to follow the doctor’s orders. It could not be helped.

After applying medication to Angela's ankle, the doctor said, "Please wait here for a moment while I find a wheelchair to take you back to your room."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself with that." Angela waved him down and turned her eyes toward the man who was currently standing on the side flipping through a medical book. "Captain Lloyd, could you carry me back to my room?"

The doctor agreed with a smile. "That's a good idea. It'd save me a trip to the warehouse. It would've taken me quite a while to find a wheelchair there too."

Richard snapped the book shut and placed it back on the shelf. His handsome face was neutral; there were no signs of annoyance or reluctance. After bending down, his strong, muscular arms reached under Angela's knees and arms and he hoisted her up like she weighed nothing. Just like that, she was safely tucked into his arms.

Angela instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck. Right at that moment, she could sense that this man was a hundred percent boyfriend material.

For some reason, whenever she stood beside him, she felt like she had the courage to stand against the world.

Angela was in the right position to observe his features up close, and from her viewing angle, his sharp, chiseled jaw looked particularly attractive.

She felt very secure in his arms too, with no shaking or wobbling at all. It was quite a comfortable ride..

It's so boring to just lie in bed all day, she thought to herself, so she decided to make a request. "Captain Lloyd, could I borrow your couch for a while? I want to lie in your room and read a book or two instead. My room's too small. I'd feel claustrophobic."

Richard frowned and said, "No."

“Why not? I promise that I’ll just lie on the couch and read a book. I won’t touch anything else. I promise!” Angela raised her hand in all seriousness and beseeched him with pleading eyes.

Richard narrowed his eyes and fell silent for two seconds before turning down a different corridor that led to his room instead.

Angela smirked. He looks all cold and stern, but he is quite agreeable after all!

In the end, Angela got what she wanted. She lay down on Richard’s couch and got him to bring the book she was reading the last time over to her. After flipping through a few pages, Trevor and Jared came over.

They quickly checked in on her condition, and she brushed it off with a smile, saying that she had slipped out of carelessness.

“Miss Meyers, you should bring us along with you if you ever want to go somewhere next time. We’ll protect you,” Trevor said.

“Sure.” Angela smiled gratefully.

“Why did I call you two over?” A deep voice could be heard all of a sudden.

Chapter 876

Immediately, Jared turned serious. “Miss Meyers, we’ve decided to record a video of you and upload it to your social media accounts. It’ll serve as a distraction and you’d be in less danger as a result. It’ll also buy us some time to find the lipstick.”

Oh, of course. I’ll do whatever you need me to.” Angela ran her fingers through her hair and pressed her lips together before asking the two men in front of her, “Could I have a moment to put on some makeup?”

“You look very beautiful even without makeup, Miss Meyers. I think you look great,” Trevor praised at once.

Jared quickly followed suit. "Yes, you look great. You don't need to put on any makeup at all."

Angela laughed a little shyly. "Really? Okay then. How should I pose?"

"You can just sit on the couch with a book, and we'll take a few photos of you. It'd be good if it's a simple post sharing your daily life."

Angela picked her book up and struck a natural-looking pose before flashing a

serene smile at the camera. Then, she took the cup from the table beside her and began to pose with it. Soon enough, she was engrossed in an adorable, though slightly self-absorbed photoshoot.

In the midst of it all, Angela could sense that Richard, who was sitting at his desk opposite her, was staring at her too. Her face grew a little pink, which added a kittenish air to her.

Soon enough, Trevor and Jared were satisfied with the photos they had taken. Trevor was about to stand up when he suddenly bent forward and said quietly, "Miss Meyers, if you need any sort of medication and don't feel like asking the infirmary for it, feel free to come and ask us for help!"

Angela squinted in confusion. She did not know what he was talking about.

"Medication? What medication?"

"Umm... just the... the one to treat that.... Trevor spluttered for a bit before shoving Jared. "You say it."

Jared's face was red as well. After looking into Angela's curious eyes, he took a deep breath and explained, "Here's the thing, Miss Meyers. We've looked into Dexter Kavinsky's medical records and found out that he has a very critical sexually

transmitted disease. If you need that sort of medication, feel free to come to us for help."

“Yes, exactly. Don’t feel shy about approaching us. Your health’s more important,” Trevor quickly added.

Angela had turned scarlet by now. Was Dexter’s medical condition the reason why he never tried to sleep with her? He pretended to be someone innocent in love and even swore that she was his first love, and that he had never liked anyone before her.

A piercing gaze landed on her as well. It came from the man behind the desk.

The very thought of that b*stard Dexter made Angela radiate pure hatred. When she felt the gaze that came from the person at the desk, she instinctively looked over.

Richard swiftly averted his eyes, and his expression made it seem like he couldn’t care less about this. He took his cup and sipped at his tea ever so elegantly.

Angela took a deep breath. “I don’t need any medication, but thank you both for your concern. Dexter and I never went that far in our relationship.”

Both Trevor and Jared were completely red in the face. They had asked out of concern for her, but right now, they felt like they had encroached on her personal space instead.

“That’s good to hear,” Trevor said with a smile as he tugged Jared by the arm. “Come, let’s get back to work.”

Jared and Trevor dashed out of the room as quickly as possible and wisely closed the door behind them.

The atmosphere in the room was a little awkward. Angela bit her lip and her senses seemed to have momentarily taken leave of her as she asked Richard, “Do you believe what I just said?”

Richard glanced at her. “It has nothing to do with me.”

Angela got a little frantic for some reason. “You don’t believe what I said?” She raised her hand to swear, “I swear on my life

that what I said earlier was completely true. I'm in excellent health with no sexually-transmitted diseases at all. Please believe me."

Richard frowned. "You should be swearing about this to your future husband instead. Why are you swearing it to me?"

Angela turned bright red yet again as she explained in embarrassment, "I'm worried you won't let me use your bathroom. That's why I have to explain myself clearly to you."

Richard checked his watch. "Stay here and don't run around."

He walked out of the room without further ado.

Angela hid her face in embarrassment. Why did I swear to him? How conceited of me!

That night, Angela could not head over for dinner herself, but someone was kind and thoughtful enough to deliver her food to Richard's room for her.

Chapter 877

Although Angela had only stayed there for a day, she could already feel how genuine and sincere everyone was, unlike the unforgiving people with a hidden agenda who used to surround her. Because of that, she started to fall in love with the relaxing environment.

While having her meal, she proceeded to read a book but soon felt sleepy while doing so. Thus, she covered her face with it and unknowingly dozed off shortly after.

When it was 9.30PM at night, Richard opened the door and entered the room, thinking Angela must have already returned to her room by then, only to see her sleeping on his couch.

At the sight of that, he couldn't help but feel annoyed, finding the lady troublesome. The next second, he walked closer to her and lifted the book that was covering her face, revealing her good looks in the illuminating light. With her long hair

right behind her head, her beautiful appearance, coupled with her smooth skin, accentuated her elegance.

Richard squinted, realizing it was his first time ever looking and admiring a lady's good looks so closely; it was as if Angela's face was a portrait on display for his personal enjoyment.

In the meantime, the rosy cheeks and her thick eyelashes, along with her high nasal bridge and full red lips, were especially some of the most notable facial features on Angela's face.

As Richard continued to keep his eyes on the lady's face, he somehow began to feel suffocated, his body tensing, especially at the sight of her red lips.

Feeling a strange urge that was surging through him on the inside, he then stood up and left the room immediately, as if Angela was some sort of disease that was attacking his heart.

On the other hand, she remained asleep until a loud bang on the door woke her up. She then opened her eyes and sat bolt upright irritably shortly before she wondered why she fell asleep in Richard's room.

After that, she took a look at the time and realized it was almost 10.00PM, feeling bewildered that he was still not back in his room at that hour.

Then, Angela stood up from the couch, feeling better in her ankle because it was now less painful, much to her relief. So, she limped out of Richard's room and made her way back to hers..

On the other hand, Richard was covered in sweat from head to toe, as he was playing basketball alone on the court, putting more effort than usual into every shot without giving himself a break. As he managed to score a three-point goal in several consecutive shots, his subordinate happened to run into him.

"Why are you still, Richie?" Sean asked.

"I can't sleep." Richard aimed at the basket and took his shot accurately, looking very much like a professional basketball player.

"Let's play together." Sean suggested that they played a basketball match.

The same night, Angela was sound asleep, as she could finally have some peace of mind, thanks to the forgiving people and environment there. However, she quickly sensed something strange in the next

three days when she noticed Richard's absence both in the canteen, the field, and even his room.

Since his room wasn't locked, she could go in and out of it freely but failed to find any signs of the man. When she finally ran into Trevor, she asked, "Trevor, where is Richard?"

"He is away for the next few days."

"When will he be back?"

"He didn't mention that."

After hearing that, Angela was annoyed with the fact that Richard didn't tell her head before he left. Without Richard around, she felt as if something was missing in her life, with less joy and more boredom.

Because of that, she would carry a book with her to the canteen every day and spend the entire afternoon there. Soon, a week passed by without Angela realizing it by herself as she began to get used to Richard's absence, but even so, she would still occasionally wonder when he would be back.

Chapter 878

One evening, she was strolling around the compound when her ankle was finally feeling a lot better. As she sat at the parterre and read her book, she suddenly heard the sound of a helicopter and looked up out of curiosity.

The next moment, she noticed a chopper flying over her head toward the field, which made her wonder whether it was the man who was back. Thrilled and excited, she carried her book tightly in her arms and scurried toward the field.

As Angela's hair was billowing in the strong wind and covering her face, she had to block the breeze with her hand and squinted to see what was up ahead..

When the wind finally stopped blowing, Richard opened the door and stepped out of the cockpit, entering the lady's view. Wearing a camo t-shirt, he seemed even more like a strong, tough guy due to his intimidating aura.

With a bright smile on her face, Angela looked at Richard just as he gazed back at her with his luggage in his hand. At that moment, the helicopter's main rotor began to spin rapidly as it slowly levitated into the air, generating a strong twirl of wind that blew at Angela's hair and messed it up.

However, she quickly tried to fix her hair, tilting her head slightly to the side as she scampered toward the man with a smile. "You're finally back!"

Meanwhile, Richard felt his heart skipping a beat, staring at Angela's smile

in the illuminating evening hue. Has she been waiting for my return all this while? As the lady was holding a book in her hand, the evening sun was shining on her face, her long hair running all the way down to

her waist. At the same time, her smooth fair skin only served to make her look even more gorgeous and pretty.

The next moment, Richard nodded at her in response and directly moved on with his luggage in his hand, as if he was reluctant to even greet her.

Noticing the man's indifferent reaction, Angela was stunned to find how nonchalant he could be. I came all the way to receive him, but he didn't seem to have a problem leaving me here. Does he really hate me so much?

At the thought of that, Angela was reminded of the time she threw her lipsticks away not long before she imposed on him to bring her to the place she was now to take care of her.

Considering the trouble she was putting him through, she started to see the reason he hated her, which she no longer found surprising. Nevertheless, a thought to sound Richard out crossed her mind as she fixed her gaze upon the man who was walking away. Soon, she let out a painful moan. "Ouch!" She rubbed her ankle, pretending to look like she had just sprained it.

Upon hearing her moan, Richard, who had already taken a dozen steps ahead,

looked back at Angela and noticed her crouching down on the ground. He then dropped his luggage and approached her, standing before her while showing his concern. "Are you alright?"

"My ankle still hasn't recovered... And I accidentally hurt it again when I stepped on a stone." Angela bit her lip, gazing at the man in a sympathetic manner. "Can you carry me back?"

As Richard stared at Angela for a few seconds, the lady's face blushed bashfully. At the same time, she was wondering whether the man had seen through her for her lie. Oops!

I guess my acting was terrible. He isn't going to believe in me, is he? However, just when she was about to get up, the man suddenly extended his arm and reached out to her, carrying her in his arms in the next second. At that moment, Angela was seen with a pair of smiling eyes, surprised by Richard's reaction to carry her because she thought he had always hated her.

Leaving his luggage behind, Richard carried Angela all the way to her room while drawing the attention of many others along the way.

Chapter 879

Although Angela hid her face in the man's embrace in an embarrassed manner, the man ignored her expression and continued to carry her to the door before he finally put her down. "Go back into your room." The man told her and turned around, walking away.

"Thank you!" Angela said. Upon opening the door, she entered her room complacently, her face blushing as she could only hear the buzzing in her head.

She then looked down and thought about her acting. Damn. Did I just nail it, or was I just lucky? It was my left ankle that was injured last time, but I was rubbing my right ankle when I was acting just now. How could Richard not notice that?

If he had, he would have seen through my acting. In that instant, a strong sense of embarrassment surged through her because she believed Richard should have been able to notice what was wrong, considering how shrewd he was. Why was he still willing to entertain me?

He even agreed to carry me. She buried her face in the blanket while feeling an urge to confront Richard in his room about her question, wanting to find out whether he saw through her acting.

Having contained her curiosity until after her dinner, Angela took advantage of the opportunity to return Richard his book and knocked on his door.

As soon as the door was open, the man was seen wearing a casual outfit, his laptop on his desk, which indicated that he was in the middle of his work.

“Hi... I’m here to return the book.” Angela was a little too embarrassed to look Richard in the eye, even struggling to speak in full sentences.

Richard stood aside and let Angela enter his room. She then walked to his shelf and put the book back to where it was, only to take another book away.

She then peeked at the man who was working in front of his laptop for a few moments and took a deep breath, deciding to find out the answer to her question. “Um. Richard, there is something I want to ask you. Why were you willing to carry me this afternoon?” Angela asked, her eyes wide open.

“I thought you said your ankle was injured, didn’t you?” the man replied. without even looking at her.

“Yeah, I did, but don’t you remember which of my ankles was hurt last time?” Angela asked guiltily.

Upon hearing the lady’s question, Richard curled his lips upward, his eyes filled with mischief and playfulness. When Angela saw his ambiguous smile, she could only hear buzzing in her head.

Just as I expected, he knew I was just pretending. “If you knew I was pretending, why did you still go ahead and carry me?” Angela decided that she might as well reveal everything, abandoning her pride.

“Consider this the last time of your mischief,” Richard replied calmly, implying that he didn’t want her to pull a prank on him ever again.

Angela grunted and said, “You didn’t bother to talk to me this afternoon. I’d been waiting for you for a week, but when I showed up to receive you, you didn’t bother to say anything to me.”

Richard, who was typing at that moment, paused and asked with a deep voice, “Why were you waiting for me?”

“I was worried about you. After all, I’m wanted by many international crime syndicates, and I was afraid for your safety.” Angela spoke her mind, revealing the moments in the past few days when she was troubled by those disturbing thoughts.

In fact, she even woke up to a nightmare in which Richard was running amidst a shootout before an explosion happened. When she woke up from her sleep, she found herself covered in cold sweats.

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Soon, Richard closed his laptop and calmly said, “I am and will be fine, so you should worry about yourself more instead.”

“I know I’ve been imposing on you lately, so I guess it’s not surprising for you to hate me.” Angela resented herself out of nowhere.

As soon as Richard heard that, he turned his attention to Angela and wondered when he had ever said that to her. “You should return to your room n now,” he said, thinking it wasn’t appropriate for both of them to stay in the room because it was getting late.

In the meantime, Angela had no choice but to leave the man to it as she reluctantly embraced the plausibly unpleasant truth that the man hated her.

The next morning, Angela tidied her room and went for a walk just when she ran into a man with an approachable and cheerful aura-Sean. 'Good morning. Miss Meyers!'

"Good morning!"

"Have you had your breakfast?" Sean asked.

"Nope, I haven't."

"Would you like to join me then?"

Angela pondered for a while, thinking it wasn't that bad to have some company since she found it boring to have her breakfast alone. "Sure." She smiled and walked to the canteen with the man.

As a man who was over six feet tall, Sean made a perfect match with Angela, thanks to his good looks. Because of that, both of them turned many heads. wherever they walked past. They look like a lovely couple, don't they?

After sitting down opposite Sean, Angela didn't seem to have a good appetite when the food was served because of her bad mood. Noticing how she was picking at her food, Sean said in surprise, "You need to eat something, Miss Meyers. You need to get your strength up!"

"Let's just drop the miss. Call me Angela instead. It's not like I'm a daughter from some rich family." Angela said.

"Sure thing. I'm one year older than you are anyway, so Angela it is then! Come on! Have some eggs. They are a perfect choice for a healthy breakfast." Sean proceeded to peel off the shell before giving her the eggs.

Although Angela shook her head in refusal, Sean cordially went on to peel off half of the egg's shell before he gave the egg to her. "Come on. I peeled off the shell for you, so you're going to have to eat it now."

Thinking it wasn't appropriate for her to turn Sean down, Angela took the eggs in her hand and said, "Thank you, Sean."

Meanwhile, Jared and Trevor happened to see the intimate interaction between Angela and Sean, thinking they would make a perfect couple.

After their breakfast, Sean left for his work while Angela decided to take a stroll outside to admire nature's beauty. Having arrived in the meeting room, Sean was seen humming with his laptop in his hand just when Trevor and Jared playfully winked at him.

"Look who it is! Sean seems to be in a good mood." Jared pulled his friend's leg.

"Well, he just had a sweet moment during breakfast with Miss Meyers. So, how did

that not lift his mood?"

"What are you guys talking about?!" Sean was annoyed.

"You two were chatting and laughing with each other. Besides, you also peeled off the eggshell for Miss Meyers, didn't you?"

But don't worry, we, as your friends, will be sure to help you win her heart, Trevor announced confidently.