My Baby's Daddy Chapter 865

So Miss Meyers never opened the lipstick!" Jared sighed.

Trevor turned around and rolled his eyes. "Are you stupid? She wouldn't have thrown it away if she opened it."

"Good thing she didn't, or the thief might have found out where the lipstick was right away. Maybe he would have located. it before us and put Miss Meyers and her family in danger," man with a scar on his forehead said. The man's name was Willy Josling.

Trevor sighed. "God just saved her again. I guess pretty ladies are always lucky." Trevor's eyes shone. "Hey, so that means. she's single! I have a chance at wooing. her!"

Someone smacked the back of his head, that someone said, 'Do your job."

Trevor was annoyed, but he said nothing,

since the guy who smacked his head was his captain. He puffed his cheeks and typed on his keyboard, but he muttered, "Are you trying to woo her yourself, captain? Can't we even think about it?"

"You're not even close to her league, Trevor. Captain aside, we still have Sean, and he's hot too," Jared teased.

Richard didn't stop them as he was used to his team members' banter. He then ordered, "I want to see these criminals' files on my desk in half an hour." He then left.

Trevor saw him off. Once Richard' was gone, he couldn't hold it in anymore. "Something's off with the captain."

"Did you guys smell a woman's perfume on him?" Jared had a sensitive nose, and he could smell a lot of stuff most people couldn't.

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"Hey, maybe Miss Meyers hugged him after he cheered her up. Man, I'd love to be in his place. Women need a reliable guy when they're at their weakest. The captain's so lucky." Trevor kept talking while typing. The guy was a loudmouth, but he was also a technology genius, and a reliable one at that.

"I wanna do something nice for once." Jared was working on another computer, and he smirked.

"What is it?"

"So I watched the footage again, and I saw him giving that woman money. Does that count as prostitution?"

"Yes!" Trevor said.

"Reported. The cops are on their way."

"Yeah! Got back at him for Miss Meyers!

Nice. Trevor gave him a thumbs up. Richard went back to his room, which was right next to Angela's. He was surprised to see that her door was open.

He frowned and went inside, but Angela was nowhere to be seen. He took his phone out and made a call. "Where is she?"

"At the basketball court, captain. She's crying. She needs you!" Sean said happily...

Richard hung up. He didn't plan on going to her. Richard was about to close the door, but he pulled his hand back and went to the basketball court. The lights shone on a slender woman on a bench.

Her hair tumbled down her shoulder, and she looked like a damsel in distress.

Angela heard the sound of footsteps, and she wiped her tears away as refused to let anyone see her in this state. When she saw who it was, she turned her head away. "You don't need to try to cheer me up," she said.

"I'm not. I'm just telling you that your danger level has just gone up. I'll need to see your parents tomorrow and tell them what happened. I'll leave some guys behind to protect them." He stood three feet away from her and crossed his arms. He looked like a mountain, dependent and reliable.

Angela turned around, her eyes red. "Please don't let anything happen to my dad and mom. I'll work with you. I won't run around or cause any trouble."

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"It's our job." He was happy that she was starting to be cooperative. He had no time to take care of her, so he needed her to be in his vicinity.

She was starting to feel cold, and she wanted to go back to her room. She heard squeaks when she was going past Richard, and she looked down, only to see a couple of mice run past her feet. A scream arced through the night, and Angela leaped into the air. She wrapped her arms around his neck, and her legs were locked around his waist so she wouldn't fall. She was hanging on him like a koala bar.

Richard reflexively held her hips to keep her from falling down. The air froze for a few moments, and he asked, "How much longer are you doing this?"

Only then did Angela realize she was. hugging him. She coughed awkwardly and let go of his neck, then she jumped

down. At the same time, she looked at him closely for the first time. He had a chiseled, handsome face. His brows were sharp, his eyes were deep-set, and his

nose was aquiline. His lips were thin but sexy, and he had a perfect jawline that drew people's eyes down to his neck. He radiated manliness everywhere. He also had an aloof air about him, and his eyes seemed unfathomable.

Richard left before she could finish staring, and she followed him, worried she might run into more mice. This was a dramatic day in her life. She went through a life-and-death situation and had her heart broken just in one day.

Richard went to the Meyers' place the next morning. He was sitting on the sofa, facing the Meyers couple. Richard told them what happened, and they were horrified. They couldn't believe their daughter was dragged into something so dangerous by chance.

"Is she hurt, Mr. Lloyd?" Daphne asked quickly.

"She scratched her forehead, but otherwise she's well. You can't see her for now, though. Maybe it'll last for six months. Maybe a year. Leave her to us. We'll take care of her," Richard said calmly.

"We trust you. Please take care of our daughter, and sorry for the trouble." Gilbert was understanding.

"She's not easy to get along with, so please bear with her. She's used to the nice life. Please forgive her if she did anything wrong." Daphne knew her daughter was a handful.

"She'll work with me. Don't worry about it."

'Good. I'll prepare her clothes. Please take them to her for me." Daphne then went upstairs.

Gilbert looked at the young man before him. He commented, "I've seen you when you were a kid, back at your Grandpa's house. Time flies."

"Yeah. I remember you too, Mr. Meyers."

'I heard you got engaged to Annie. Congrats. Sorry I couldn't come. I had something to do."

Richard nodded in understanding. He didn't want to talk about this too much.

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"Please take care of Angela. Her mother and I owe her a lot. We didn't take good care of her, and now we can't help her even when she's in trouble." Gilbert sighed. He felt really guilty for this.

"I'll do my best."

"Tell her we love her very much. Tell her to be brave. We'll help in the search as well."

"Of course, Mr. Meyers." Richard nodded. Just then, his underling reported the progress of the search in the yard. They've dug up everywhere, but there were still no signs of the lipstick. The rainstorm that night might have washed it into the ditch, so they had to search underground now. It was a big search, but the lipstick was worth it, and they had to find it. It contained top secret information.