My Baby's Daddy Chapter 899

She even had a cup of coffee to enjoy right now. Overall, it sounded like an extremely wonderful way to spend the morning.

"Here, this is your coffee." She smiled as she placed the cup on his desk. She then turned to his bookshelf, grabbed a book from there, and sat on the couch. With crossed legs, she read as she sipped on her coffee.

For some reason, when he saw that she had taken over his room without asking. he felt happy. This was a sign that she felt safe in the room once more.

He then sat down beside her, pulled out his laptop, and checked his emails. Although they did not speak to each other, they felt at ease sharing the same room.

Angela had selected a book on evolution. Although the book was filled to the brim with concepts that were hard to comprehend, she still forced herself to slowly mull over every word she read. Had he even read this himself?

A few minutes later, a question struck her: Since the coffee was quite hot just now, was he hurt when she spilled it on him?

Could the thin layer of fabric prevent the hot coffee from burning his skin?

"I.... Are you okay?" she asked as she bit her lips.

'I'm fine." He continued staring at his laptop, not even looking up to answer her.

"Are you really okay? Do you need to go get it checked out?" Getting hurt in that

spot was no small matter! Injuries like that should not be ignored.

He frowned. "There is no need for that."

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His reaction made her realize teasing him could be quite fun. As such, she grew bolder and even went so far as to push his limits.

She moved to sit beside him., then tucked a lock of her hair behind her ear, revealing her fair face, and smiled coquettishly at him.

"Should I take a look at it, Mr. Richard?"

Angela then moved as if to reach down his pants.

Inmediately, Richard grabbed her wrist. stopping her. She then slipped down to place her head on his lap. With a tug at the elastic holding her hair together, the long strands sprawled out across his thighs.

Her beautiful slanted eyes softly shimmered up at him. She looked so enticing, yet her gaze looked so clean and innocent.

Sunlight shining in through the window made her skin appear as fair as snow. Her cheeks were gently dusted with an embarrassed blush, and she looked so charming that he was mesmerized.

There was a slight hitch in his breathing. His hand was still wrapped around her wrist, but he did not know what to do next.

Angela was a woman, after all! She knew just how to make a man happy with her pretty looks.

She smiled as her bright eyes shone with pride. "Am I beautiful, Mr. Richard?"

Richard looked back at her with eyes so deep that there was no way to tell what emotions were hiding in them.

"Get up," he coldly commanded.

Realizing how boring he was being, she moved to stand up. Just then, there was a sharp tug on her hair.

"Ouch!" she cried out in pain, instinctively moving her head closer to where the stuck tendrils of her hair were. Without thinking, she moved to fiddle with the object that her hair was stuck on -his belt buckle.

"Don't move," he rasped out. Still, he was too late. Angela had touched something she should not have.

Her hands immediately shot back as if she had been zapped. Her blush extended up to her ears.

He was...

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 901

With brows tightly knitted together, he moved to untangle her hair from his belt.

It was at that moment someone pushed open the door. Four pairs of eyes were immediately greeted with the shocking sight of the two in a compromising position.

The men cursed themselves for their bad timing.

Moreover, when were Richard and Angela so close? They were even making out now!

"We will be back later, sir. Please, continue," Will said, pushing the other three out of the room before swiftly closing it behind him.

The other three men had wanted to spend a few more seconds looking at the couple. It was rare for them to see Richard acting all friendly with a girl. How they wished they could have kept staring.

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Angela was so embarrassed. It was clear the four men had misunderstood the situation.

Richard did not care about what his subordinates thought though. His broad hands were gently untangling her hair from his belt. As the strands were wrapped tightly around the belt, one mistake and she would be hurt.

"Are you done yet?" she awkwardly asked.

"Soon." His fingers were unraveling her hair, one strand at a time.

She buried her face in her palms from the embarrassment. How could she look the others in the eye now?

Finally, her hair was free. As soon as she could move, she shot to her feet. Her hair tumbled wildly across her back, emphasizing the innocent beauty of her demure face.

"Trevor and the others must have mistaken what we were doing for something else. Can you clarify things to them?" she asked.

"Clarify what?" he said with a huff.

"Do you not want to clarify what happened?" She pursed her red lips together. She did not care what they thought, but she did not want his image: and reputation to be ruined. He stood up and grabbed his laptop. "You were reading here."

He then walked out of the room, leaving her all alone.

Watching him leave, her heart stopped pounding with anxiety the moment the door closed behind him. She felt like crying and laughing at the same time. while a strange and sweet sort of giddy joy rose in her.

At that moment, all she wanted to know was if he found her annoying.

The moment Richard stepped into the meeting room, questions began flying his way. "How far have you and Miss Angela gone, Mr. Richard?" asked Trevor.

"Is she going to be your wife?" Jared asked.

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Richard calmly looked at them and answered, 'Mind your own business." "Stop asking. We will be the first to know if he has any happy news to share," said Willy.

"Yeah, we are waiting for Richard's wedding invitation."

While listening to his subordinates, Richard did not intend to explain much. However, work-related matters were not occupying his brain right now. Instead, he kept rewinding what had happened on the couch earlier. He wondered if she always took the initiative to flirt with a man whenever she met one.

Just then, his phone rang. When he glanced at the number, he reached out to answer it, "Hello!"

"Richard, it's me, Annie." A shy girl's voice sounded on the other end. "I miss you so much, so I asked your grandfather for your personal number. Did I disturb you?"

Richard stood up and walked toward the door of the conference room. When he got out, he responded, "I'm sorry, Miss

Meyers. I'm currently on a mission. Let's talk once I get back."