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## My Baby's Daddy Chapter 893

Richard looked down at her, his heart twisting when he saw her tremble with the force of heaving out the next round of anguished sobs. He had no idea how badly injured her mother was.

All he knew from the photos that were sent to him was that the other driver in the collision had died on the spot and that Angela's mom had been unconscious when they ferried her to the hospital.

Whether or not Angela's mother could survive remained a variable.

Just then, Angela held the door jamb for support as she got to her feet. She was still sobbing as she looked up pleadingly at the man in front of her, then said, "Could you at least let me call my dad and let him tell me how my mom is doing? Please?"

Richard nodded slightly in agreement, relieved that she was settling for a call instead of leaving.

She was just about to walk out when her legs caved under her weight and made her stagger. Sensing this, Richard quickly reached out to hold her, his arms wrapped securely around her frame as he steadied her. He assessed her pale face and how feeble she was, then asked quietly, "Can you walk?"

Angela straightened up when she heard this. With her back stiffened, she walked toward the conference room where he and his men worked. This was her silent protest against his heartless display earlier.

As soon as she arrived in the conference room, the four men working in front of their computers glanced up at her worriedly. They could tell she had been crying just from looking at her red and puffy eyes, and they grew even more concerned.

"Don't worry, Miss Meyers, your mother will be fine," Trevor comforted softly.

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“Do you have a video of the car crash?” Angela asked hoarsely. “I want to see it.”

Jared immediately closed his laptop and peered at Richard, who stood at the door with his arms crossed. When Richard shot him a hard look, he stammered a little awkwardly, “N-No, we only got a call about it. No videos were sent to us.”

However, Angela had already seen through him. Her gaze fell on his laptop, and she rounded the long table to where he sat. Then, she shoved him aside and opened up his laptop, thereafter, searching through the documents in it. “Pull up the video for me right now,” she ordered icily, tears glistening in her eyes.

Caught between a rock and a hard place, Jared looked at Richard, silently asking for help. Having already seen Angela’s break-down earlier, Richard walked up to her and closed the laptop, then said, “We should wait for the hospital to get back to us on this.”

The tears spilled down her cheeks once more as she pondered on the meaning behind his words. If he so stubbornly refused to let her see the video, then it could only mean that the accident had been a brutal one and that the chances of her mother surviving were slim to none.

At the thought that she would miss seeing her mother one last time, Angela felt a pain so all-consuming that she could not register anything else going on around her. She hyperventilated as disbelief and panic coursed through her, and suddenly, everything went dark, and she fell backward.

Trevor, who was closest to her, caught her before she fell. “Mr. Richard, she fainted!” he cried out in alarm.

Richard had sensed that something like this might happen. His brows furrowed as he hurried across the room and carried her into his arms, then turned to leave for the infirmary with Jared and Trevor close behind.

Angela was pale as she lay in the bed in the infirmary, completely out cold. The doctor had examined her and concluded, “Miss Meyers fainted because her body could not cope with the shock, but she’ll be fine after she gets some rest.

“But she’ll still have to face reality when she wakes up!” Trevor argued with a sigh.

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"We can only hope that her mother will make it, otherwise, she'd be devastated," Jared said.

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Meanwhile, Richard sat at the foot of the bed with his brows knitted together. His piercing gaze lingered on Angela, and in his eyes showed tender concern that had not been there before.

"The both of you can leave," he said to his subordinates. "Let me know as soon as you have any news on her mother."

"Got it. We'll leave Miss Meyers to you then, Richie, Trevor replied, pulling Jared out of the infirmary and back to the conference room.

While making their way down the corridor, Trevor sighed again and said, "I bet Richie's really beating himself up over this. He did promise Miss Meyers that he'd keep her family safe, but now, her mother's lying in the hospital after a terrible car crash."

"Tell me about it. I saw the way she was looking at him earlier, and I swear she hates his guts. If anything were to happen to her mother, she might just blame him forever."

Both men exchanged a glance, each hoping that whatever they guessed would not come true. The last thing they wanted was for Angela to hate Richard now that they sensed he had special feelings for her.

In the infirmary, the doctor had put Angela on an IV, and the catheter had been inserted into her arm through a needle. Richard sat next to the bed, his silhouette straight and stiff as his dark gaze locked on the unconscious girl under the covers. It was hard to tell what was on his mind, but anyone could see that he was worried.

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Angela had only been put on the IV for no more than ten minutes when her eyes suddenly flew open. The first thing that came to her mind was her mother struggling for her life in a hospital somewhere, and the thought made her bolt upright in bed.

“Don’t move,” a low male voice sounded next to her, followed by a hand pressing down firmly on her left arm so that she wouldn’t pull out the needle on her own.

She looked down at the needle pushed under her skin and demanded in a watery voice, “Pull it out. I don’t need it.”

Richard personally detached the needle. He was supposed to apply pressure to stop the bleeding the moment the needle was out, but Angela was in such a rush that she lifted the covers and tried to get down from the bed. At once, the blood trickled down the back of her hand.

With an assertive and domineering air, the man held her arm in place and grabbed a cotton ball from the bedside table, then pressed it down on the back of her hand where the needle had been.

Tears filled her eyes, but she allowed him to stop the bleeding as she gazed at him calmly and ordered. “Take me home, Richard.”

He did not answer her, paying particular attention to the task at hand.

At such close proximity, she could clearly make out the hard set of his jaw and the cold indifference on his handsome face.

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