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My Baby's Daddy Chapter 902

"Why do you keep calling me Miss Meyers?! I'm your fiancée now! You can call me Ann or Annie."

"It's not a convenient time for me to talk now."

"Oh! Is it? Are you very busy? Can I text you later? You don't have to reply right away. You just have to reply to me when you have time. I really want to talk to you. This is my number. Please remember to save it!" Once Annie blurted out a string of sentences in her lovely voice, she confessed, "Richard, I like you and miss you very much."

After that, she hung up the phone shyly.

Richard sighed. His marriage with Annie was not what he wanted. It was just that he did not manage to refuse the marriage in front of his grandfather the last time. He knew that once his current mission was over, he would return and cancel the engagement with Annie.

Besides, Annie was also Angela's cousin.

Meanwhile, Angela did not sleep well last night. After reading a book for a while, she passed out on the couch.

Richard did not return to the conference room. He stood outside the door for a while, recalling that there was a document he forgot to take.

When he returned to the room and reached out to open the door, he saw the figure of a woman sleeping on the couch. She had nothing to keep her body warm. Since it was now the start of fall, it was very easy to catch a cold.

Richard grabbed a small blanket from his bed and draped it on top of her. Walking to the bookshelf, he tried looking for a file that had been placed there the night before.

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After he picked up the file and was about to leave, he heard the groaning of a suffering woman.

Richard glanced at Angela, who was lying flat on the couch, only to see her frowning and a thin layer of sweat oozing from her forehead.

Was she having nightmares?

Richard crouched beside her and squinted his eyes to check on her.

At this moment, Angela fell into a nightmare. After her mother's car accident, she started having nightmares frequently. Even during the day, nightmares would break into her dreams after she fell asleep.

Presently, she was running in a forest. There were gunshots from time to time. The drone hovering above her head gave her an infinite sense of oppression, as if there was this ardent killing intent that was entangled with her. Though she had run with all her might and panted violently, the murderous aura was still looming over her. She ran and ran.

Just as she thought she was about to escape the fate of being hunted down and was out of the woods, she saw a row of men with their faces covered in front of

her. They were pinning a man down with their hands. The man was wounded and pressed to the ground, and then she saw Richard's face.

He was trampled on the back by a man with a gun pointed at his head. At the same time, the killer was laughing sinisterly at her.

The scene in the dream made Angela's face cringe in pain while asleep. Her hands were clenched into fists, and she began to mumble, "Don't kill him... Don't kill him..."

Richard felt a strong tug at his heartstrings. What could she be dreaming about? She trembled as if she was suffering some kind of intense torture.

"Angela, wake up," he called her gently, trying to wake her up from her dream.

At this moment, however, Angela's trembling red lips called out a name, "Richard... Run! Run!"

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After she was done speaking, her hands struggled to grasp onto something,

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Richard's big palm grabbed her hand in the next second, and his handsome face froze. Was he in her dreams?

Why would she tell him to run away? Was her pain caused by him?

At this moment, tears started pouring out of Angela's eyes. She panted and pleaded. 'Richard, please don't die... I can't let you die...'

Angela almost cried in her dream. She watched as the masked man held the gun at Richard, as if he was about to end the latter's life at any moment. Angela stood there in pain and felt so helpless that she could only call out for help and cry..

However, she was not aware that in the real world, her painful appearance was being watched by a man on the spot. She grabbed his hand tightly and cried so much in the nightmare that she could not extricate herself.

Richard could not stand to see her being haunted by nightmares anymore, so he stretched out his other hand and patted her face. "Angela, wake up."

There was a hint of coolness on the back of his hand, and it was her tears. Richard continued to pat her face until she finally woke up in pain.

The last scene before she woke up was a bloody one. She heard the gunshot, and even though she dared not open her eyes to see it, it was petrifying for her.

When she opened her eyes and saw the man beside the couch with tears in her eyes, she could hardly tell whether it was reality or a dream. Nevertheless, the first thing she did was wrap her arms around the man's neck tightly, burying her whole face in his chest.

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She wanted to make sure that he was real.

Richard froze, letting her hug him for a while. When he recalled that she cried because of him in the nightmare, he stretched out his hand and patted her back.

"You only had a nightmare," he comforted her in a low voice.

Angela had come back to her senses now.

It turned out to be just a dream.

However, the pain still could not go away in her mind. She closed her eyes and simply rubbed her tears on his clothes.

Richard unfolded her arms around his neck, lowered his head, and tried to decipher her expression. Angela turned away and covered her face in embarrassment. After taking a deep breath, she warned, "Don't laugh at me."

In fact, he did not find it funny at all. All he wanted to know was if he was that weak in her dreams.

"I dreamed that you were abducted, and... you were shot with a gun on your head..." Angela consciously explained what happened in the dream to him. Richard's thin lips curled slightly after hearing that. Did she worry about him so much that she bawled?

She did not even want him to die.

This time, he suddenly felt the urge to laugh, but he pursed his thin lips to endure it.

Angela looked up at him and noticed that he was stifling a laugh. She hit his arm with her fist out of anger and scolded, "Do you have any conscience? I've cried so much for you, yet you're laughing?!"

Richard stopped smiling this time and locked his gaze on her seriously. With a deep voice, he reassured her, "Don't worry. Your dreams won't happen in reality."

"Why?" Angela blinked.

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In Richard's eyes, his self-confidence was burning. "I'm strong."

Angela looked at his sharp and stern face. The confidence in his eyes was by no means false. It was a strong confidence that emitted from the depth of his eyes.

The lingering fear in Angela's nightmare quickly dissipated after seeing his gaze. She believed that he would never turn her nightmare into a reality. He would always be strong.

Now she was exhausted. The consecutive nightmares made her face pale, and her eyes lost the luster of the past. She was still sleepy, but she dared not fall asleep.

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"Have you finished your work?" Angela asked him.

Richard gave her a doubtful look.

"Can... Can you stay here with me for a while? I'm sleepy, but I'm scared of having nightmares. If you're by my side, I might sleep better," Angela expressed her inner thoughts.

Richard glanced at the file next to him without her noticing and nodded, "Okay, I'll stay here and finish my work. Get some sleep!"

"Can... Can I sleep on your bed? The couch is too small." Angela was getting greedy now.

She did not only want to occupy his time, but she even asked for his bed.

Surprisingly, Richard did not refuse her request. Raising his brows, he agreed, "Sure."

Angela was so sleepy that she started yawning. After getting up, she felt light headed and fell into Richard's arms. Seeing that, he quickly embraced her, causing her head to slam against his shoulder blades. Her face quickly wrinkled in pain.

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"Why is your body so hard?!" Angela muttered in annoyance.

Richard smirked lightly and helped her to get up. Angela walked over to his huge and tidy bed that was filled with

masculinity. Angela felt much more at ease when lying on it.

She then looked at the man sitting on the couch. Although it was merely the back of his head, she thought he was good looking. No man had ever attracted her with the back of his head.

After taking a few more glances at him, she felt her eyelids getting heavy, and she soon fell asleep once again.

Richard picked up the book she read earlier and noticed that she had folded the edge of one of the pages cutely.

He then turned his head to look at Angela, who was sleeping on her side. She was probably so exhausted that she fell asleep after a while.

Fishing out his phone, he dialed Trevor's number and ordered, in a low voice, "Bring my laptop into the room."

Trevor responded curtly and brought the laptop in after a while. Just as he pushed the door and intended to step in, he saw Richard bringing his finger up to his lips in an attempt to tell him to stay quiet.

Trevor was a little puzzled until he saw Angela lying on Richard's bed. Suddenly, he understood something. Smiling subtly, he tip-toed into the room and left the laptop on the coffee table. After that, he leaned over and asked in a whisper, "Are you sleeping together now?"

Richard warned, "Don't talk nonsense after you leave the room."

Trevor covered his mouth and smiled. Did Richard just admit it? Anyway, he was happy for him because both of them looked good together.

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While Richard did some work on the sofa, Angela switched various sleeping positions on the bed. She slept on her belly, crossed her legs, and slept soundly.

When it was almost six in the evening, Angela woke up feeling recharged. She opened her eyes to find that Richard was still working on the couch, and the corners of her mouth curved into a sly smile.

Somehow, Richard could always trigger Angela's mischievous side. She wanted to make fun of him.

Angela closed her eyes and deliberately pretended to have a nightmare. She murmured, "Richard..."

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