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## My Baby's Daddy Chapter 913

For a while, she only focused on walking when a forked branch suddenly caught a strand of her hair.

"Ah..." She let out a cry in pain and quickly turned her head to see that she had hooked her hair onto a branch. So, she reached out to untangle it.

Richard, who was behind, picked up his speed. Just as he was about to help her, she stopped him.

"Captain Lloyd, we shouldn't be too close. I can do it."

His hand stopped abruptly in the air for a few seconds before he retracted it.

Angela held the branch and slowly pulled her hair out, bit by bit. Once she was done, she looked at the man standing beside her like a statue and pursed her red lips.

"You can go first! I'll take my time."

Once he heard her suggestion, he walked past her and actually left..

As for Angela, she slowly took her time to return to the base. The moment she arrived, she went to her room to wash her face before coming out. Trevor had already brought her breakfast.

"Thank you, Trevor. You're so nice to me." She was genuinely grateful. "Miss Meyers, all of us, including our Captain, are very nice to you." He did not forget to sing praises about his captain to leave a good impression.

Although she was caught off guard for a moment, she nodded. "Yeah, you're all very kind to me. Also, did you find that lipstick?"

"Not yet," he answered truthfully.

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"I really hope you find it soon, so I won't have to trouble you to protect me," she wished aloud.

"In due time, Miss Meyers. Please be patient," Trevor comforted her.

"Thank you." And with that, she headed

back into her room with her breakfast.

Once she was done, she took her dishes to the kitchen and passed the cafe. Then, she decided to make five cups of coffee and brought them on a large tray to the meeting room where Trevor and the rest worked.

After she knocked on the door, she pushed it open and went in, only to see Richard sitting on the main chair while the four him.

"I made you guys coffee." Angela smiled, acting like their assistant who was hard at work.

The other four were a little flattered as they hurriedly got up and took the coffee cups from her. Finally, she put the last cup in front of Richard. "Captain Lloyd, here's your coffee."

"Thanks," he answered dispassionately.

"Miss Meyers, it smells delicious! Your coffee-making skills are amazing," Sean praised.

"I learned how to make coffee abroad; I hope you guys don't mind. If you like my coffee, I'll make it for you every day in the future." Angela had decided to take the initiative to find something to do to make her days more productive.

"That would be our honor," Sean said with a smile.

She, too, beamed back at him. "I won't bother you any longer."

After she left, Sean was still in a trance, watching her walk away. At this moment, Richard let out a light cough, and Sean was quickly brought back to his senses, not daring to take another look.

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As Richard sipped on his coffee and realized that his other subordinates had it too, he suddenly felt that the cup of coffee in his hand wasn't nice anymore.

Angela's coffee-making skills were excellent. Now, this mellow coffee wasn't limited to his tastebuds anymore.

As Angela was busy cleaning her room, Trevor handed her an iPad, telling her she could pass the time by downloading as many movies as she wanted.

This made her think that he was really considerate; although he looked unbothered, he was actually very thoughtful.

"Thank you, Trevor."

"No problem. Just make us some coffee whenever you're free."

"Okay. As long as I'm here, I'll make all of you coffee every morning," Angela said with a smile.

## My Baby's Daddy Chapter 914

With movies to pass the time, she did not have to go into Richard's room to borrow books. This also allowed her to avoid bumping into him. With that thought in mind, she decided to catch up on a drama.

She indulged herself in a love story the whole morning, watching the beautiful love unfold between the characters and their happy ending. For some reason, she felt a little discomfort in her heart.

Love that felt good was only in movies. Even if the hero and heroine suffered all kinds of torture, pain, and separation, they would always have a happy ending. They would walk away into the sunset and live happily ever after.

She hugged her arms and buried her head as she thought of this. In reality, the relationship between men and women had no set script. People who weren't meant to be would never be

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together. After that, she decided to stop watching romance movies, fearing it might accidentally hurt her aching heart again.

In the evening, Angela decided to take a bath. As the public bathhouses were mostly for men, it wasn't very convenient for her to do so there. So, she had no choice but to head toward Richard's room.

When she went to pick out her pajamas, she realized that all but one silk pajama had been sent for washing. It was a long dress she had not worn because of its inconvenience.

But tonight, she had no choice but to wear that.

In fact, this nightgown was made of lace. Although it was just a long dress, it had the design of pajamas. Angela decided that she was just going to wear it.

Then, she knocked on Richard's door with her clothes in her arms.

"Come in," a male voice called out from inside.

Angela pushed the door in and saw him sitting on the sofa, reading, with a book in his hand. He was obviously done with his work and was relaxing.

"I want to take a bath. Am I bothering you?" She looked at him with bright eyes.

"No." He raised his head to reply to her but soon lowered it to continue his reading.

At this moment, she felt their interactions weren't as casual as before. Instead, it felt a little awkward and restrained. Despite that, she brushed it aside, closed the door, and walked to his bathroom.

Soon, the sound of water followed and disrupted Richard, who was reading outside.

He closed his book directly as his long fingers reflexively caressed his lips. His eyes were unfocused as he was lost in thought.

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More than 10 minutes later, the bathroom door opened, and Angela stepped out in her silk pajamas. Her long wet hair hung around her ears loosely, and her little face was a little pink. This whole scene looked a little amorous.

When Richard turned his head to look at her, his pupils shrunk. Was this woman going to wear this?

She didn't know what he thought as she held a basin with her dirty clothes in her hands, then she glanced at the man on the sofa and announced, "I'll get going now."

"Wait." The man stopped her in a low voice.

This made her pause in her steps as she

turned to look at him. "What's wrong?"

"Don't you have anything else to wear?" He questioned in a slightly angry tone.

Angela looked down at her pajamas and asked, "Is there something wrong with my pajamas?"

There was nothing wrong with it. It was just that this pajama provoked a specific sort of imagination. The drapey fabric showed her graceful figure, and there was lace embroidery on the front of the dress, all colored in burgundy.

Although the hem of the dress was up to her knees, the nightgown was held together by a belt, which would make people wonder what was under it.

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