My Baby's Daddy Chapter 956

"Don't you dare back away or try to escape from me," he whispered in her ear, full of dominance.

The next minute, before Angela could react, she was being carried by him.

"Ahhh!" Angela cried out in shock, but Richard was always a tough guy; she couldn't expect him to be any gentle.

At the entrance of the base, Trevor and the other four men couldn't find them and were panicking as they watched the pouring rain. They wondered where Richard and Angela went as they still weren't back.

Suddenly, Jared raised his hand and pointed in a direction. "Look, they are back!" he exclaimed.

Everyone's gaze followed where Jared had pointed and saw Richard walking his way over while carrying a woman on his back in the rain. It was visible that the woman was struggling as she thrashed his back. They could vaguely hear her saying, "Put me down... Put me down, Richard."

"Miss Meyers is going to hate Richie," Sean whispered.

Even if all eyes were on them, Richard did not flinch and continued to carry Angela back to his room. Compared to the anger in her voice in the beginning, Angela was now almost in tears.

"Let go of me, Richard. You're an as hole!" Her accusation was mixed with resentment.

Those who watched the scene did not dare to get involved in this matter. Even if they heard Angela's wails, they could only give her a sympathetic look as they watched Richard carry her into his room, wondering how she had riled Richard up this much.

Among the crowd was Ariel, but her eyes were filled with jealousy. Anyone who knew Richard would understand that he would only treat the woman he loved this way. If he came across women that he was uninterested in, he wouldn't even spare a glance.

This meant that Angela was just throwing a tantrum and not being tortured. Remembering the words that she had told Angela today, Ariel couldn't help but think that Angela indeed had some tricks up her sleeves.

Great! Just great! Now, she's throwing a fit to win a place in his heart!

Little did the people around know what was on the tantrum-throwing girl's mind.

God! I wish the ground would swallow me up! Ah! Everyone's looking at me!

Angela was thrown to the couch by Richard ruthlessly. Although she did not get hurt by the soft couch, she saw stars.

Not only was she drenched, her hair was also soaked. The sight of her, plus her pale face, made her look miserable and pitiful.

"Go and take a bath." Richard leaned down and ordered her as he propped himself against the couch with one hand and his legs on the table.

Glaring at him with red and puffy eyes, Angela felt furious and painful, as there was still a pang of pain in her heart when she watched him being drenched like her.

"I'm not going. You go!" Angela crossed her arms and looked away. She could only swallow up her sadness even if she was upset.

"Do you want to get sick?" Richard questioned her in a deep voice.

Hearing his words, she shivered as she felt her skin was freezing and her limbs. were icy cold. She took a deep breath and said. "Mind your own business."

Richard's expression became gloomy as he heard her words. "Do you want me to clean you up myself?" he asked.

Angela was shocked by his words while her face reddened. "W-What are you saying?" she stammered

Looking at his serious expression, she knew that he was not joking around. If he had to, he would drag her to the bathroom and clean her up personally.

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"I'll go... I'll wash myself up." Angela knew that he was a man who stood by his words. She quickly scrambled off the couch and rushed to the bathroom.

Watching her figure, Richard breathed a sigh of relief only to realize that she was so frightened that she had not brought any clothing with her when she went to the bathroom. Just as he got up and opened the door, he saw four men

standing by the pole outside the door. All of them looked at him with worry.

"You didn't have a fight with Miss Meyers, did you, Richie?" Trevor asked hastily.

"Is she hurt?" Sean added.

"Go on with your own things," Richard replied and walked toward Angela's room.

Inside the bathroom, Angela stood under the showerhead as the water fell upon her, not knowing if it was water or tears that streamed down her face. She didn't bother taking off her clothes and just sat on the floor as she closed her eyes, feeling the warm water melt the frigidity of her skin.

Never did Angela think that she would use this kind of action to hurt Annie. Even if Annie had no clue about her and Richard, what had been done was done, and she was guilty about it. At this moment, Angela felt embarrassed, like she had made an unforgivable mistake.

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"I'm sorry, Annie," Angela whispered as she hugged herself.

At that moment, the door was open, and Richard came in with her clothes and even undergarments. He walked up to the bathroom door and knocked on it. Only then did Angela notice that she was still sitting on the floor. She shouted in the door's direction, "I'll be out in a second."

"I left your clothes outside. After you're done, come out and change into them," Richard reminded her.

Realizing that she had not taken any

clothes with her, Angela replied, "Okay."

She pulled herself together, undressed from her wet clothing, and then bathed. After finishing, Angela looked at the only towel hanging there and closed her eyes hopelessly. The towel was the one that Richard used often, and she would take her own towel if she were to take a bath at his place. Now, it seemed like she could only use his towel at the time.

Wrapping the towel around, Angela thought that Richard must have left the room. So, she could quickly get her clothes and change them inside.

She thought as she opened the bathroom door and wore the flip-flops that she had left here. From now onward, Angela felt that everything she had done at this moment was hurting Annie more and more. So she decided that after today, she would not enter Richard's room ever again and would take away the belongings that she had left at his place.

Just as she walked out of the corridor that led to the bathroom and entered the living room, she was shocked. To her surprise, Richard didn't leave as expected and was sitting by the table, looking at her like a soaked-through statue.

Angela was scared to death and immediately wanted to hide back inside the bathroom as she was only half covered, but her flip-flops gave out, and she slipped since the floor was wet.

"Ahh..." The more panicked Angela was, the more she didn't know what to do. In the end, she fell to the ground.

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At that moment, Richard stood up from the chair as Angela knelt on the floor, propping herself with one hand while clutching her robe tightly with the other. She looked like a mess. What was even worse was that there was a sharp pain coming from her knee.

Just then, he crouched in front of her. Noticing him, she froze and begged him all of a sudden. "Don't... Don't look at me. Please, I beg you. Leave!" she cried.

No matter how tightly she clutched her robe, she was already an embarrassment. Furthermore, how much could she cover herself up as she only wore a robe?