

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 961

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"It's not just a mistake, it's a huge mistake." Angela replied with a look of annoyance, her beautiful eyes flashing with anxiety as she continued, "I shouldn't have gotten to know you, and you shouldn't have appeared in front of me."

Richard's expression darkened, and he couldn't even help but ball his hands into fists.

Her beautiful eyes suddenly turned to him. Seeing that he was still in wet clothes, she hurriedly urged, "Why haven't you taken a shower yet? Go and take a shower!"

As she finished speaking and saw the way he was staring at her, she couldn't help but draw her large coat a little closer around her, as if she wanted to cover as much as she could so that he wouldn't be able to look at her anymore.

However, he had already seen everything he could see, and it was already too late for this woman to only think about covering herself up now.

"Go and take a shower. Don't catch a cold," Angela urged him as he was completely drenched as well.

"Why are you worrying about me?" Richard scoffed.

"I'm worried about you as a friend. Don't misunderstand," Angela explained, turning her head away.

Just like that, she had retired from the role of his girlfriend to his friend. Richard was filled with anger that he couldn't seem to let out nor get rid of, and it was all caused by this woman.

He walked to the wardrobe and took his clothes before heading immediately to the public bathhouse, leaving his room to her.

As soon as he left, Angela picked up her clothes and went into the bathroom to change into them, then took her flip-flops and the cup on the table with her as well. She had to try her best to keep her distance from Richard and cut off all of their ties. Now, she thought that for some people, meeting them was a blessing, but not meeting them was also a blessing.

Meanwhile, Ariel was lazing around in her room when someone suddenly knocked on the door, causing her to get up and open the door. Soon after, she saw Carlton, who was still damp, and even his hair was drenched considerably. It turned out that he was wearing a raincoat to take pictures when he saw a rare bird and wanted to shoot it for a documentary in the future.

“Ariel, guess what I just captured?”

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“What?”

“Let me show you.” After he finished speaking, he walked into the room mysteriously and closed the door before he quickly took out his camera and opened a video he had just taken, handing it to her.

“Look, I caught a video of Richard and Angela kissing on the mountain. I told you not to waste your time on him. He only cares about Angela.”

As Ariel watched the video and adjusted the video quality to the highest, she could clearly see Richard hugging Angela and kissing her on the lips somewhat aggressively. On the contrary, Angela pushed him away, as if she was unwilling, but the kiss still lasted for about a minute. Ariel was brimming with jealousy at the sight. Did Richard like Angela more? How lucky did she have to be to gain the favor of a man like this?

“Send this video to me. I have a use for it,” she said to Carlton.

“What for? Videos like these are only good for watching,” he complained.

“Just send it to me. Don’t ask so many questions. Anyway, I have a use for it.” Ariel scoffed at Carlton. Thinking of the last time Angela fooled her, she wanted to ruin her life completely.

As she wanted Angela to leave Richard in pain, this video could be her weapon that would allow her to look for Annie in the future and show her this video to let her know what her fiancé had done.

Not long later, Carlton sent the video to her, and Ariel lay on the bed and admired it repeatedly. The more she looked at it, the angrier she became. Whenever she watched the video and felt Richard’s overbearing liking for Angela, her knees went weak when she imagined what it was like to be forcefully kissed by such a man.

Ariel didn’t dare to look for Angela at this moment. After all, she was still extremely afraid of Richard. He was just that complicated. He had a kind of charm that made every woman fall for him at a glance, but he also had a regal aura that sent shivers down everyone’s spine.

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Even so, women always favored men like him, and every woman yearned to see him let down his guard and look at them gently and affectionately.

Angela returned to the room and sat on the bed with her knees in her arms, falling into a daze. She was still overwhelmed by a strong sense of guilt. She thought that as she was about to go back soon, she was about to see Annie. Therefore, she had to stay away from Richard and erase everything that happened here. She was determined not to harm Annie.

Angela wasn't aware of how long she spent in a daze and ended up forgetting about dinner. In the end, it was Trevor who knocked on her door to call her out.

"Miss Angela, it's time for dinner. Come on out."

Angela opened the door and looked at him with red eyes. "I don't have an appetite. You can eat without me."

"Should I ask the chefs to cook something simple for you?"

"It's all right, thank you. I just want to rest." Angela shook her head.

Trevor looked at her with a pained expression. "Did you argue with Mr. Richard?"

"No, we didn't argue. Something just came up. Trevor, please tell the others that Captain Lloyd and I are just friends," Angela instructed.

Trevor was a little surprised. It seemed things had gotten serious! Was Angela denying that she was in a relationship with Richard?

"Oh! Sure, I'll tell them." Trevor nodded. Then, due to his sharp eyes, he noticed that Angela's face was unnaturally red and hurriedly asked, "Are you alright? Do you feel sick anywhere?"

"No, I'm fine." Angela smiled. Just then, her head spun, causing her to grab onto the door frame before saying to Trevor, "I'm really fine. You don't have to worry."

"You look sick to me. Don't tell me you've fallen ill!" Trevor continued to press her in concern. "I'm completely fine. You should go and eat!" She shot him a smile, then closed the door.

Angela subconsciously touched her forehead, and the heat beneath her fingers startled her. It seemed that she was burning up. It must be because she had gotten wet in the rain, but it wasn't a big deal, and it wasn't serious either. Once she went to

sleep and sweated it out, she would be fine.

When Trevor returned to the dining hall, he noticed that not only was Angela absent, but Richard was nowhere to be seen as well.

"Is Mr. Richard not coming too?" he asked.

"No. I think he's not in a good mood," Sean said with a shrug.

"I don't know what happened to him and Miss Angela. Just now, Miss Angela told me not to say anything unnecessary about their relationship in the future, and that they're just friends."

"Really? That must be because Mr. Richard hurt Miss Angela's feelings."

"That's possible too. Mr. Richard has never understood a woman's heart, so Miss Angela must not like people like him."

"But, earlier I saw that Miss Angela's complexion looked bad. It looked like she was sick, but she wasn't willing to tell me either. I feel a little concerned," Trevor said worriedly.

"Then you should tell Mr. Richard later! It's best for him to handle things like this. We're not the right man for the job," Sean answered.

After Trevor finished dinner, he went to Richard's room and knocked on the door, but no one answered the door, making it clear Richard was not inside.

Just then, a team member who was passing by explained, "Mr. Richard went to the security team earlier. I think he has something to discuss with them."

Trevor nodded, deciding not to bother him. After all, it was an important job for the officers, so he could only put this matter aside and go to work in the conference hall.

Now that the information about the lipstick had been found and posted on the dark web's market, Trevor and the others also made an account in order to play one of the roles. Their sources were accurate, so it quickly attracted many people's attention. The organizations and groups that operated here would not waste their efforts for useless

work, so most of them had given up, and even among those who stayed in the country, dozens of people had already left.

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Angela's crisis was also being resolved step by step, but the observation period still took a week to half a month, so they did not immediately let her leave. After Trevor busied himself for a while, he was shocked when he realized that it was almost ten in the evening and he had to hurry to see if Richard was back

At that moment, Angela was sleeping in the room. but she felt weak and dizzy. having not even the strength to raise her hand she was suffering from a high fever. but she didn't even have a cell phone. let alone the strength to get out of bed and call for someone. In addition, she never wanted to see anyone, so she kept clinging onto the blanket in an attempt to keep herself warm.

Meanwhile, Richard had just returned to the room and was drinking a glass of water. He was just planning to sit on the couch and take a break when there was a knock on the door

"Come in"

Trevor hurriedly opened the door and came in. "Mr. Richard, you're finally back. You should hurry up and go take a look at Miss Angela!"

Richard instantly placed the glass in his hand down, and the concern in his voice was palpable as he asked, "What happened to her?"

"When I went to ask her to come down for dinner, I noticed that she didn't look well. I think she's sick."

Recalling that she had withstood the cold wind all afternoon on the top of the mountain that day and ended up getting drenched in the rain later on, Richard

thought that it would be strange if she didn't get sick after everything she had done.

He got up and went out, and Trevor couldn't help but follow him. When Richard knocked on Angela's door, it could be seen from the crack of the door that the lights were turned off inside.

“Angela, open the door.” Richard called out her name in a low voice,

However, they were only met with silence. Angela should definitely be in her room at this hour, but why was she not answering even though she was inside?

“Is Miss Angela asleep?” Trevor guessed.

“Go and get the keys,” Richard ordered.

Sensing that things seemed to be a bit serious, Trevor quickly turned around and went to the management office. After a while, the management staff came over with a

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key, and he quickly unlocked the door to Angela’s room. As soon as the door opened and he stepped aside, Richard’s tall figure had already rushed in.

Trevor hurriedly turned on the lights, and saw that under the lights, Angela was wrapped in a blanket, her face was unnaturally red, and she was sweating profusely.

Richard quickly placed his palm on her forehead and felt that it was scorching. He said to Trevor, “Go to the infirmary and call someone over. She’s having a fever.” ...

Once again, Trevor hurriedly ran out, while Richard sat on the edge of the bed and took the bleary girl in his arms, lifting the blankets aside for her body to dissipate its heat.

Although Angela had a bad fever, she still knew that Richard was sitting next to her, and her hand instinctively pushed him. “Richard... Don’t hug me...”

At her words, Richard started to get a little angry. She was already this sick, but she still cared about who was hugging her?

“Don’t talk. I’ll send you to the infirmary.” Saying that, Richard pushed the blanket aside and looked for her coat before putting it on her and heading to the door with her in his arms.

In the infirmary, the doctor prescribed some medicine for her fever and hooked her up to an IV drip. On the quiet hospital bed, Angela’s complexion was as pale as a sheet of paper, making her look both pitiful and sad.

“It’s just been a day. How did Miss Angela turn out like this?” Standing by the side, Trevor felt a little pained as well.

However, the man who was in the most pain remained silent and quietly stared at the sleeping girl, his heart filling with guilt.

He had been careless in the afternoon, and he didn’t realize that she was burning up. If Trevor hadn’t found out, and her fever was left untreated all night, who knew how

serious the consequences would've been. "Thank you, Trevor." Richard turned his head and thanked him seriously.

Suddenly feeling a little flattered, Trevor scratched his head and said, "Mr. Richard, don't be like this. Miss Angela will be your wife in the future, so I must be concerned for her too."

Richard jolted at his words. Was that true? Did Angela have such an important role in his team already?

"Go and rest! Also, don't mention that word in her presence in the future," Richard reminded.

"Why not? Miss Angela said that to me as well. She asked me not to misunderstand her relationship with you, and she said that you're just friends. Mr. Richard, what happened between the both of you?" Trevor asked curiously.

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Richard's eyebrows furrowed. Did she really say that? Did this woman tell others that there was nothing between them already?

"Stop asking." He didn't want to talk about it.

Seeing that, Trevor tactfully left while wondering to himself.

Meanwhile, Angela was dreaming. In her dream, she had returned to the city and saw Annie. She was ashamed to face her, and she blamed herself harshly. Then, the scene changed to Annie's engagement. She saw Richard wearing a groom's outfit while walking hand in hand with Annie on the red carpet. Angela stood in the crowd and watched when suddenly, Richard broke away from Annie's hand and walked straight toward her. When she looked past him, she saw that Annie's eyes were filled with tears of grief as she looked at her in pain, as if she was questioning her.

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry, Annie... I've wronged you." In her dreams, Angela apologized with a pained expression.

As tears slipped from her eyes, Richard felt his heart thump fiercely. Was this woman suffering so much because of this, to the point where she couldn't free herself from her guilt and even dreamed of apologizing to Annie?

"I won't meet with him again, I promise... Annie... forgive me..." Angela continued to talk in her sleep, as if she had fallen into this dream and couldn't escape.

Richard's gaze locked onto her painful expression before he drew the tissues next to him and wiped the sweat from her forehead. His actions made Angela jolt awake from her dream all of a sudden.

As her tearful eyes looked directly into a pair of deep and worried eyes, her gaze turned frightened as her entire body trembled, and she reached out to push away his hands that were wiping her sweat. "It's all right, thank you."

Richard let out a sigh, staring at her helplessly.

Angela glanced at the needle on her arm, then at the infirmary bed she was lying on. She turned her head away and said to Richard, "I can take care of myself. You should go and rest."

From her actions, she wasn't even giving him a chance to take care of her.

"Do you not want to see me that badly?"

Because of his words, Angela turned around to look at him, only to see the man *by* the bed propping his hands on his legs and his eyes drooping slightly, with only the

tall bridge of his nose visible, leaving her unsure of what he was thinking.

"As long as you don't want to see me, I can promise that I won't show up in front of you again." Richard raised his head, and his eyes were extremely calm, as if what he said was an order, and he would see it through to the end.

Angela's breath stopped as she looked at him, feeling afraid that he would disappear forever.

"Then, will you marry Annie?" she hurriedly asked him.

"I won't," Richard replied flatly, his voice sounding a little hoarse. His eyes fell on her, as if he wanted to say something but wasn't able to speak.

"You can't treat her like this." In her panic, Angela hurriedly sat up and stared at him.

A cold smile appeared on the corner of Richard's lips. "Who are you to tell me that I have to marry her?"

Angela was stunned. She suddenly found this man unfamiliar, and there was a high and mighty air around him that made her afraid. If he didn't give them a chance, no woman would even have the possibility of getting close to him, and Angela had now lost the right to approach him and do whatever she wanted.

"You..." Angela's face turned red as she was rendered speechless.

"From now on, I won't show up in front of you anymore. You can recuperate with peace of mind, and you don't have to worry that Annie will hate you. It has nothing to do with you even if I cancel the wedding." After Richard finished speaking, he picked up the coat draped on the back of the chair next to him and walked toward the door.

"Where are you going?" Angela blurted out in alarm.

Richard turned around slightly. "To a place where you won't be able to see me."

Angela's breath caught in her throat. Though she wanted him to stay away from her, why did her heart hurt so badly when he actually made sure that he would never see her again? All of a sudden, there was a tingling pain in her heart, like someone sticking a needle in her chest, which made her gasp in pain. She pressed her hand tightly on her chest, trying to stop the pain, but she still broke into a cold sweat from the agony.

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Richard, who had just arrived at the door, heard a groan from behind him. When he turned his head and took a look, he hurried back on his long legs in an instant. He leaned over and looked at the pale girl who was clutching her chest, his voice filled with worry as he asked, "What's wrong?"

"It hurts... My heart hurts." Angela felt that her heart was about to shatter into pieces.

"Okay, I'm not going anywhere. I'll stay with you. I won't leave." Richard's tone softened, and he apologized to her in a restrained and low voice, "I'm sorry."

Angela was taken aback. She raised her head and looked at the man in front of her. The moment she met his gentle eyes, it was as if the rope tightened around her heart had loosened a little, and the pain gradually subsided until it faded into nothing. Was the cause of her severe heartache just now related to this man?

Angela looked up at Richard. He was looking at her intently as well; it was as if time had stopped at this moment. When she saw the remorse flashing in the man's eyes, she suddenly burst into tears. She felt so helpless and desperate. She couldn't leave him, but she couldn't stay by his side either; she didn't know where to place him in her heart.

Richard continued to remain seated by her side, annoyed by his cold behavior just now. She was suffering from a high fever, causing not only her mental state but her entire body to be weakened, but he had treated her like that. Clearly, she would get even more hurt.

Richard watched her gaze lower as her tears fell onto the blanket. When he picked up the tissue on the side and handed it to her, Angela stretched out her hand to take it, wiping her tears with them. Her head still felt fuzzy, and even her heart felt heavy. She had never felt so weak before, like a child who had to be protected and taken care of. At the same time, Richard's cold treatment earlier also made her inexplicably sad, as if he was cutting her off.

Due to the medicine and her fever, she slowly became drowsy and lay down. As the blanket was a tad too thin, she subconsciously curled up into a ball.

Sensing this, Richard walked to another bed and spread out another blanket on top of her before he gently comforted, "Go to sleep. I'll stay here with you."

"It's fine. You should go back and sleep." Angela shook her head. If he were here, her sleep would be affected even more.

At her words, Richard had no choice but to get up. "I'll ask a nurse to come and look after you."

After he left, Angela pursed her red lips, feeling angry that she didn't fight back earlier, and feeling furious at herself for easily getting so angered by him that her heart ached. It shocked her. When did this man become so important to her? Would she be unable to live without him?

She had a restless sleep that night. After having several consecutive nightmares, she felt weak and tired. Even the nurse felt sorry for her, and took a hot towel to wipe the sweat from her forehead a few times. As dawn broke on an early winter morning, Angela slept very deeply, perhaps because she hadn't gotten much rest the previous night.

Meanwhile, Richard stood by the entrance and listened as the nurse reported to him about what happened on the previous night.

"Miss Angela's fever has gone down, and she only has a mild fever now, but she kept having nightmares last night and woke up many times. Captain Lloyd, you should talk to her."

Richard nodded slightly, and the nurse moved aside for him. When he pushed the door open, a trace of warm winter sunlight trickled in from the window, while the girl in bed curled up with morbidly pale skin, still deep in sleep.

Richard sat down and looked at her face, falling deep into thought. What should he do with her? Should he send her back to her parents or let her stay here for a period of time?

Just like that, Angela slept until two in the afternoon. She felt as if someone was staying with her, but when she opened her eyes, there wasn't anyone in sight. She couldn't help but sit up and sigh. Why did she feel like someone was with her?

Just then, the nurse walked in with a tray of medicine for her to take.

"Was someone sitting by my side earlier?" Angela asked curiously.

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"Oh. No, there wasn't. Since this morning, no one has come to visit you," the nurse replied. However, she felt dubious as she wondered why Richard had been here for most of the day, but asked her not to tell Angela that he had been here when he left.

Angela's eyes turned downcast. He hadn't been here either? It made sense. Now that she asked him to avoid her, he would definitely not come to see her again.

She swallowed the bitter medicine only wanting to get better soon so that she could return to the city, back to her warm house, and stay with her parents.

The fact that Angela was sick had also reached Ariel's ears, and she was ecstatic at the news. Angela must be badly hurt. She also heard that Richard was not at the base

either, and this made her wonder. Did she succeed in breaking them up?

In the evening, Trevor and Jared came to visit Angela and brought her an iPad. They taught her how to play games and cheered her up in various ways, but they didn't mention Richard. Though Angela happily accepted their concern, there was a question

she kept thinking about. However, even as they were leaving, she wasn't able to say anything.

Three days passed in the blink of an eye, and Angela's fever had completely subsided. Her whole body felt weak and sore. This fever had really taken years off her life, and she was completely exhausted.

"I want to take a shower. I'm covered in sweat," Angela requested.

"You can go to Mr. Richard's room. He isn't here now," Trevor said.

Angela's breathing suddenly stopped. She turned to look at Trevor, blurting out, "He left?"

Trevor smiled hurriedly. "Mr. Richard has some other work, and he may be gone for a week or two. Miss Angela, we will take care of you in the meantime. After you're completely safe from danger, we'll take you home."

Angela's heart suddenly twinged again, as if a big palm was grasping her beating heart, and she only felt a surge of pain every time her heart pulsed.

"Miss Angela, are you all right?"

"I'm fine." Angela closed her eyes, attempting to relieve the pain in her heart and comfort herself.

This is only right! Didn't I want him to leave me? It was a good thing that they wouldn't talk to each other anymore. Only when the ties between them were completely

severed would things return to normal.

"Miss Angela, do you want to lie down for a while?" Upon seeing her pale face and her red lips bitten tightly in her mouth, as if she was about to faint at any time, Trevor felt extremely worried.

"When he left, did he say anything?" Angela turned her head and asked.

"No. Mr. Richard just asked us to take care of you, and he might not return to take you back." After Trevor finished speaking, he looked away a little guiltily as Richard was the one who said these things to them and told them not to mention him to

Angela as much as they could.

As for where he went, Trevor didn't know either, but he knew that the boss had no jobs on hand, and he probably left to distract himself.

“Really?” Angela pursed her lips bitterly as she recalled Richard’s words from two days ago. He had told her that as long as she didn’t want to see him, he would never appear in front of her.

So, he’s trying to keep his words? Angela’s eyes suddenly stung, and she blinked quickly; she didn’t want to cry in front of Trevor. Getting up, she said, “I’m going to take a shower.”

Angela returned to her room and took a change of clothes before she went to Richard’s room. The entire room was clean and tidy, and even the bed was flat and seamless. Clearly, this man had not slept here in the past two days. *Has he really disappeared?* Angela’s tears suddenly fell. She wiped her tears embarrassedly and walked in the direction of the bathroom.

It was only after she sat in the bathroom and turned on the tap that she dared to wail loudly. However, after she had cried her heart out, she realized that she still felt awful and decided to take a quick shower before leaving the bathroom.

She blow-dried her waist-length hair and changed into a set of white pajamas before covering herself up with a coat, all while looking listless. When she saw the glass on the table, she reached out and took it. Then, she walked toward the kettle and poured a glass of warm water for herself, slowly sipping at it.

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While Angela drank, her tears suddenly gushed out again. She set down the glass of water and sat on the couch with her hands covering her face like a child as she sobbed.

However, she wasn’t aware that in one corner of the room, there was a camera swiveling around like an eyeball, watching every corner of the room.

At that moment, in a small town two hours away from the base, a black SUV was parked under an inconspicuous tree. As the man in the car stared at the woman on the computer screen and watched her cry in his room, his hands slowly balled into fists. Was she really that sad? He had followed her wishes and left, so why was she still unhappy?

Just then, on the screen, Angela wanted to get up to get something, but as soon as she stood up, the man predicted that she would hit herself and warned in a low voice across the screen, "Be careful"

Alas, as expected, the woman on the screen did not notice the corner of the couch in her path and bumped her knee viciously into it.

She crouched on the floor in pain, and the man on the screen sighed anxiously. This feeling of watching her get hurt but unable to do anything made Richard inexplicably anxious. He stared at the woman who was rolling her trousers up on the screen. She had hit herself on the exact spot where she had scratched herself while kneeling on the ground last time, and as a new injury was added onto her previous injury, her knee was currently covered in blood.

On the screen, Angela was calm and tough. She stared at her wound in a daze, as if she didn't even want to deal with it.

What was she doing? Richard waited anxiously for her to get the first aid kit, but even after five minutes, the woman remained motionless. Did she not know where the first aid kit was?

However, Angela wasn't moving because she couldn't be bothered to. The place she was hurting the most wasn't her knee, but her heart. On the contrary, as she looked at the injury on her knee, she recalled the last time Richard squatted down to stop the bleeding and bandage her knee, which caused her to become immersed in her memories again.

Is this woman not going to deal with her wound? Her knee is already this hurt, but she's still spacing out? Richard let out a sigh. In the end, he tapped a few buttons with his fingers and said in a low voice toward the screen, "The first aid kit is in the cupboard. Go get it yourself."

Angela, who was staring into nothing in the room, seemed to hear Richard's voice coming from the room all of a sudden. Because she had been spacing out, she thought she had imagined it. Still, she couldn't help but raise her head and look around before she looked at the door again, only to realize that it was just her own imagination. He wasn't there at all.

However, just then, a man's voice sounded from the direction of the clock hanging on the wall again. "Stop spacing out. Hurry up and deal with your wound."

This time, his voice sounded clearly in her ears, causing Angela to dart to her feet in fright and stare at the direction of the clock. "Richard, is that you?"

"It's me."

“Where are you?”

“You don’t have to know. Go and get the first aid kit from the cupboard and treat your wound.”

Angela’s pale face flushed red in an instant. She couldn’t believe that he was actually monitoring his room. If that was the case, everything she did in the room just now, including the way she went mad and sobbed like a fool, had been seen by him.

All of a sudden, she didn’t even want to remain alive anymore. She felt humiliated, ashamed, and furious at the same time, and she couldn’t help but yell in the direction of the clock. “Richard, you’re terrible!”

“I thought you didn’t want to see me?”

“I... I don’t want to see you, b—but why are you spying on me?” Angela asked, feeling distressed

The man on the other end fell silent and did not answer. Angela glared in the direction of the clock resentfully. If she had carelessly taken off her clothes in his room earlier, *or* came out with just a bath towel wrapped around her to get her things, wouldn’t he have seen it?

“Get the first aid kit. Don’t let your wound get infected,” he ordered in a low voice.

Hence, Angela could only head toward the door of the cupboard and open the third compartment, where she brought out the first aid kit from inside. As she sat on the couch and opened the first aid kit, the man immediately told her which bottle was the antiseptic so that she could clean her wound and bandage it.

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While listening to his instructions, Angela cleaned the blood stains around her wound. Finally, after she bandaged it and sorted out the first aid kit, she said to the man on the other end of the camera, “Do you really have to leave the base? Are you never coming back?”

“Yes.”

“What about your engagement with Annie?”

“I’ll cancel it.”

“C—Can’t you consider Annie’s feelings?”

“Do you think she’d be happy if I married her without loving her?”

Angela couldn’t answer this question all of a sudden, but she knew that Annie had fallen in love with him at first sight.

“Annie really likes you.”

“Her one-sided love wouldn’t be able to keep us together. A happy marriage requires effort from both sides for it to work.” He began reasoning with her all of a sudden.

Angela couldn’t refute, but she didn’t know what else to do.

“Besides, wouldn’t you be sad if I married another woman?” the man questioned in a low voice.

Angela suddenly looked in the direction of the camera. Perhaps it was because they were talking through a screen, but she found it much easier to speak to him.

“I wouldn’t be sad if you married Annie. I’ll be happy for the both of you and wish you the best instead. I’ve decided to continue my studies abroad and live there for a long time, so I won’t disturb you.” Angela had already come up with a back up plan.

“Then, why did you cry so sadly earlier?” He scoffed.

Angela fell silent and pursed her lips, her head lowering in embarrassment.

“Is it because of me?” Richard’s voice sounded in the room again, as if reading her mind.

Angela took a deep breath and raised her head firmly. “I admit that I feel sad, but this sadness will only be temporary in order to secure Annie’s happiness. Richard, I will not allow you to disappoint Annie. You can try to accept her and like her. I believe

that any kind of feelings can be developed.”

“If it were you, would you be able to develop feelings for another man as soon as you meet him? Are you going to forget about me just like that?” In the room, the man’s slightly hoarse voice carried a hint of anger and frustration.

Angela's heart throbbed suddenly. The conversation was about him and Annie, but why was he questioning her instead?

"It's not that you don't know how quickly I can change my partners. I was still deeply in love with Dexter earlier, and I would've done anything for him, but I still forgot about him in the blink of an eye. Of course I can do the same with you." Angela's gaze was trained in one place, and she didn't dare to look up in case Richard saw her feigned look of calmness at the moment.

At that moment, the man in the SUV faced the girl on the screen with a dark expression, seemingly boiling with anger inwardly, and his handsome face was as cold as ice. However, there was a sense of frustration in him that he couldn't seem to vent even though he wanted to.

As Angela listened to the silence on the other end, she bit her lip worriedly. Had she said too much? Did she hurt his feelings? Wait, wasn't this what she wanted? Though it hurt now, it would guarantee Annie's happiness in the future, so what was the problem?

She thought Richard would continue to talk to her, but after she waited for ten minutes without any response, she finally exclaimed in surprise, "Richard, are you still there?"

"Richard..."

He stopped replying to her.

Angela faltered for a few moments before she took her clothes and went back to her own room. She didn't want to stay in a place that he could monitor at any time.

As Angela returned to her room, she suddenly raised her head and glanced at her surroundings, fearing that even her small room was under his surveillance. Fortunately, she did not find anything suspicious.

She sat on the bed, thinking of what she had just said to him, and she realized how hurtful it sounded, even to her. Besides, Richard had witnessed how she had once loved Dexter and how ruthlessly she had forgotten about him in the blink of an eye, which made her words extremely convincing, as if she could really fall in love with another man in the next second.

However, Angela knew that it was not true, and she couldn't fall in love with anyone else. She had only fallen in love with Dexter because she was lonely and sensitive while staying abroad, and Dexter took advantage of that to enter her world.

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When she was with Dexter, he tried his best to move her, and often acted weak and pitiful in front of her. Dexter was just playing the role of a perfect lover, which made him different from Richard, whose feelings were genuine. Everything he did touched the depths of her soul, making her deeply moved and unable to leave.

Once Ariel heard that Angela recovered from her fever, she returned to the house. At eight o'clock in the evening, she knocked on Angela's door.

For some reason, when Angela heard the knock on the door, she hurriedly went and opened the door. However, the person outside the door was the person she hated, Ariel.

Ariel looked at her with a smile. "Can I go inside and have a talk with you?"

"We have nothing to talk about." Angela didn't want to chat with her at all.

"I have something that you might want to see."

"I'm not interested," Angela refused coldly. Although Ariel told her about Annie, she knew that Ariel had done so with bad intentions, so she didn't need to be grateful to her.

"I just happened to catch a video of your passionate kiss with Captain Lloyd on the top of the mountain last time. Do you think that you can still hide your relationship with him if I give this to Annie?" Ariel crossed her arms and scoffed.

In an instant, Angela's face flushed as she panicked. She hurriedly stretched out her hand and said, "Hand it over."

"Why should I? However, you don't have to worry. As long as you do as I say, I won't give it to Annie."

"What do you want me to do?" Angela frowned.

"It's simple. Break up with Captain Lloyd and leave him alone. Don't think about being together with him in this life," Ariel ordered with a sneer,

Hearing that, Angela immediately replied, "I've already cut off my ties with Richard."

"Really? How are you going to prove that?" Ariel asked, not wanting to be fooled.

“What proof do you need? I always do as I say.” Angela’s gaze was resolute.

Ariel frowned. “What makes you say that? Don’t you like him anymore?”

“I won’t love a man who hides that he has a fiancée. Ariel, I’m very grateful to you for reminding me that he’s engaged, because you’ve allowed me to see him for who he really is. I will no longer be stupid enough to love an engaged man,” Angela said.

Ariel looked at her in astonishment. Why? Didn’t Angela know that Richard had a marriage contract? She recalled the last time she had seen Angela standing by the entrance with a pale face, and realized that it must be true.

“If that’s the case, do you really not want Captain Lloyd anymore?” Ariel asked again.

“If you want to pursue him, just go after him! I’m leaving the base soon,” Angela said very generously.

When Ariel heard this, she couldn’t help but feel happy. She had finally broken them up. If Angela left, wouldn’t Richard stay here alone? That would leave her a chance! After all, men would always be inseparable from women. As long as Angela left, she was confident that she would be the most beautiful woman here.

“Okay, I believe you. As for this video, I’ll keep it for myself to enjoy!” After Ariel finished speaking, she turned around and left.

As Angela looked at her retreating figure, she turned around and closed the door. She was actually afraid that Ariel would use the video, so she still had to find a way to get the video back. However, what could she do? As soon as she had that thought, she immediately thought of Trevor, and she pushed the door open and headed in the direction of Trevor’s dormitory.

Upon hearing the knock on his door, Trevor opened his door in his pajamas, only to be startled.

“Miss Angela! Why are you here?”

“Trevor, I have a favor to ask of you.”

Angela walked into his room and told him about Ariel’s threat.

“Your video with Mr. Richard on the mountain? What kind?” Trevor pressed.

Angela had only said that it was a video, but now that Trevor was asking for details, she could only reply with a blush, “It’s... It’s a video of us kissing!”

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Trevor couldn't help but smile as he nodded. "Okay, I'll take care of it. I'll immediately hack into their phones and delete the contents for you. Anyway, they don't have any internet connection here, so they can't spread any kind of information. Don't worry!"

Angela realized that they really were geniuses. She said gratefully, "Thank you, Trevor."

"It's fine. After all, you're our future." When Trevor said this, he quickly covered his mouth, not daring to say the following words.

"Future what?" It was Angela's turn to ask him curiously.

"I-It's nothing. You're our future best friend." Trevor frantically replaced the words sister-in-law by calling her their best friend.

Angela didn't doubt it either, and she nodded before leaving. Ten minutes later, Ariel was lying on the bed and wanted to watch the video again, but as soon as she turned on her phone, she found that there was not a single photo left in her photo album. Who deleted everything?

"Ah! What's going on? Where are my photos?" Ariel sat up frantically. Most of her photos were from several years ago, but they were all gone now.

She hurriedly rushed to Carlton's room. Meanwhile, Willy was staring at Carlton with his arms folded as he stretched out his hand to him. "Hand it over."

As it turned out, Trevor had the forethought to ask Willy to come over and take the memory card in his camera, causing Carlton to hand his camera over with his hands trembling in fright.

As soon as Ariel knocked on the door, she saw Willy coming out. She was taken aback and hurriedly said to Carlton, "Why was he looking for you?"

"It's nothing," Carlton replied timidly.

"Do you still have the file of the video you secretly recorded? Hurry up and send me a copy."

"I don't. That person took my memory card away."

“What? Darn it, my photos are all gone!” Ariel was about to go mad from anger.

However, as they had no way to find Trevor and the others to settle things with, Ariel blamed the issue on Angela again.

Meanwhile, Angela was looking at the faint moonlight outside the window in her room, unable to fall asleep. She wasn't aware that at the same time, in an inn in town, there was a man who was lying on his arm, also finding it hard to sleep.

Early the next morning, after Angela got up, she bumped into Trevor and the others on her way to have breakfast.

“Miss Angela, we're going to town to buy some things. Do you want to come with us?”

“I can go out?” Angela was about to turn depressed from being locked up.

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“Of course you can! We'll take you out for some fresh air.”

“Okay! I'll go!” Angela was eager for some fresh air.

After breakfast, they left in two cars. In the back seat, Angela watched the early winter scenery from the window in a daze. Her mind was full with Richard at the moment as she wondered where he was. Was he on a mission? Was it dangerous?

“Trevor, where is your boss now?” Angela asked Trevor, who was in the passenger seat.

Trevor was secretly sending a text message to Richard at this moment. After listening to Angela's question, he smiled and said, “I can't tell you this. Mr. Richard won't let me say anything.”

Angela was a little speechless. “Is he on a mission? Why are you not with him? Can he handle it alone?”

“Miss Angela, you shouldn't underestimate our captain. He has a lot of combat experience. Since the beginning, he has never failed at a single mission. He's always been undefeated,” Trevor boasted with a prideful expression.

Angela was also aware that Richard was extremely skilled, but she still couldn't help but worry about him, so she stopped asking questions.

Just then, Trevor received a message from Richard that said, ‘Protect her and don't let anything happen.’

'Don't worry, Mr. Richard! We're just taking a walk on the streets. Besides, aren't you here as well?' Trevor replied.

'You're not allowed to tell her!

'We didn't tell Miss Angela, but she seemed very worried for you earlier.