

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 971

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'Why was she worried about me?'

'She asked me if you went on a mission, if you were alone, whether you were safe or not, and if you could handle it. I told her that you're undefeated, so she doesn't have to worry

Trevor wasn't afraid of speaking too much in his text, because he felt that Richard would want to know every word Angela said. However, Richard didn't reply anymore. Trevor was aware of his boss' personality—after he got the information he wanted, he would basically ignore them.

During the two hours they spent driving along the mountain path, Angela felt like she was on a roller coaster due to the constant turns and bends. When she came last time, it was at night, and she was asleep then. She had by now fully experienced the steep terrain of the mountain area. Even so, when she arrived in the small town, Angela felt like cheering as she was finally in the outside world. This time, it was fortunate that her mother had expected the weather to change and packed enough clothes for her, or she would've frozen to death. Still, she wanted to go shopping, and she had also brought money with her, so she decided to make a few purchases later.

They parked their car on a road outside the town and walked in. This was not a huge city, but a small town, and even their liveliest area was nothing more than a street that was not longer than a mile with several shops along it. However, there were many fruits from the mountains nearby which looked delicious.

"Miss Angela, you'll have to settle for this. This is just a small town in the mountains, so there's not much to buy," Trevor said.

"It's all right. I'm happy enough to be able to come out and get some fresh air." Angela smiled.

At this moment, Trevor saw a familiar car, and he quickly tapped Jared beside him and pointed at it. After Jared noticed it as well, he nudged Sean and Willy to look in the same direction. As they looked at the black SUV parked out of view, they could see a tall figure that was vaguely visible in the driver's seat.

What was going on with Richard and Angela? Why did he have to sneak around like this just to look at her? Couldn't he get out of the car and walk around with Angela openly?

On the other hand, Angela didn't notice the car and was squatting down as she asked an old lady about the price of some fruits, which was a wild pear from the mountains that looked crunchy and sweet. When she saw the old lady's simple clothes, she immediately bought all the fruits from her stall with five hundred. Of course, these fruits didn't even add up to a hundred; Angela had paid her extra.

The old lady was so happy that she began tearing up, thanking her profusely. Her actions made Angela embarrassed as she hurriedly said it was fine. At that moment, several elderly people called out to her to have a look at their stalls as well.

Trevor and the others watched dumbfoundedly as Angela spent all the cash she had. In the end, each of them walked down the street with large bags of fruits in hand, drawing much attention toward them. Angela's kindness made her easily likable as well. After all, she was as pretty as a movie star, and it made her seem unreal.

Meanwhile, the man in the SUV saw everything. He watched as she finally had a smile on her face, watched as she was surrounded by a group of old people thanking her, and looked at her shy expression. The corners of his lips raised slightly with a faint smile. Though this woman might be foolish at times, she was still so likable.

After Angela spent all the cash she brought, there was nowhere for her to use her card, so she could only give up.

"Miss Angela, it seems like it's going to rain, so we'll have to go back soon," Trevor said.

"All right!"

"However, we have to go to the city for a task, so it's not convenient for you to follow us. How about this? Miss Angela, we have a teammate here, so how about you go back in his car later?" Trevor asked.

"Huh? Whose car will I take?" Angela was taken aback. Trevor and the others couldn't be planning to leave her behind, right?

"Look, do you see that car? That's our teammate's car. If you knock on the door later, he'll take you back safely." Trevor secretly pointed at the black SUV not far away.

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“Whose car is that? Will he really take me back?” Angela grabbed Trevor’s arm as she questioned him.

“I can assure you that he’ll take you back.” Trevor nodded seriously.

“What if he leaves me behind?” Angela frowned.

“If he dares to leave you behind, our team will not let him go, so you don’t have to worry.”

Angela wondered if Trevor and the others were going to help Richard. If so, it would be better for her not to bother them. At that thought, she nodded. “All right, I’ll just go back in that person’s car later. You guys should get going.”

“Okay. Go and look for him after we leave, all right?” After Trevor finished speaking, he glanced at Sean and the others before they pulled Angela to a blind spot. “Wait here for ten minutes before you head over.”

“Why?” Angela was confused. Why were they hiding her here?

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“Anyway, just listen to us.” Jared smiled cheekily.

Then, they got in the car, and after driving away, they quickly retreated into a forest but did not leave and remained hidden.

In the car, Willy frowned and said, “Aren’t you afraid that Mr. Richard will beat you up?”

“I’m not. After all, we’re doing this for their sake! Mr. Richard wouldn’t bear to beat us up.”

“Miss Angela definitely wouldn’t expect that Mr. Richard will be sending her back.”

“Mr. Richard definitely wouldn’t expect us to leave Miss Angela here either.”

Angela’s heart was racing a little. Whose car did Trevor and the others want her to take? After all, the journey back was a two-hour drive through the mountains, and it would be troublesome if they didn’t get along well.

She glanced at the watch on her wrist, then looked back at Trevor and their car, only to see that they were gone. Seeing that ten minutes had gone by, she plucked up the courage to come out from the corner, then walked in the direction of the black SUV.

At this moment, the man, who was sitting in the back seat and busy working, noticed with his sharp senses that someone was approaching his car. As soon as he looked up,

Richard's eyes widened slightly. *Why is Angela here?*

The person walking toward his car was Angela, and she didn't seem to know that he was inside at all. Twisting her hands with a slightly nervous expression, she slowly walked to the car window. Then, she reached out and knocked on the door.

Richard looked through the car window. Because the windows were covered with a tinted film, the inside of the car couldn't be seen clearly from the outside, and only the people inside could see the people outside clearly.

Puzzled, Angela started to wonder if anyone was in the car. If it was empty, wouldn't she be doomed? Would she have to spend the night in the small town? Trevor and the others wouldn't trick her like this, right?

When she knocked on the door again, there was finally movement inside. Someone pressed a button from the inside, and the car window was slowly lowered. A sharp and handsome face caught her off guard as it entered her sight, and the man's deep and unpredictable eyes stared at her.

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a retracted her hand in shock as if she had been electrocuted before she took a few steps back.

"You... Why are you here?" *It was Richard inside the car?*

Angela suddenly understood Trevor and their intentions. At the same time, she realized that this man was not on a mission at all, and he was just in town. *Am I the reason why he's forced to stay and work in town?*

"Get in," Richard said in a low voice.

He had also guessed that this was the work of his subordinates; they had purposely pushed Angela to him.

Angela looked at him resentfully as she turned her small face away and her chest heaved a little. This man had actually lied to her when he was here all along.

Inside the car, Richard was dressed in a black sweater and a black trench coat, emanating an elegant and regal aura.

Angela pursed her red lips and said huffily, "I won't get in your car."

“They’ve already gone back. If you don’t get in my car, how are you going back?” Richard asked.

Angela felt bitter. She would rather go back with a stranger than stay in the car with him for a two-hour drive.

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“Why don’t you give the car to me, and I’ll drive it back?” Angela asked bravely.

Richard was not going to agree. After all, she didn’t have the ability to handle the steep and dangerous mountain roads.

“No,” he rejected.

Just then, the sky turned overcast; it was clear that it was about to rain soon. Sure enough, rain began drizzling on Angela’s head after a while, causing her to cover her head with her hand. However, the rain came pouring down all of a sudden.

“Hurry up and get in the car,” the man in the car ordered in a low voice. Was she trying to get herself drenched again after she had just recovered from her fever?

Irrked by the unreasonable weather, Angela hastily walked to the passenger seat before she opened the door and went inside without sparing the man in the back seat a glance.

It was exceptionally quiet in the car, isolated from the rain outside. Angela’s thoughts were in a complete mess, and all of her senses were trained on the man in the back seat as she listened to the sound of him tapping the keyboard and his small sighs.

“Didn’t you leave on a mission? Why are you still here?” Angela asked angrily.

“I thought you didn’t want to see me?” Richard fixed his gaze on the screen, asking without raising his head.

“I just said we shouldn’t meet. I didn’t mean to drive you out of the base.” Angela wondered if he had spent the past few days in the small town. Where did he sleep? How were his meals? Had he stayed in this car the entire time? At the thought, she turned to cast him a pained glance, but she saw that his shirt was clean and tidy, and he didn’t look like he had been staying in the car.

Richard didn't speak, but Angela felt that her mouth was turning a little dry, and she wanted to drink some water. Hence, she had no choice but to ask, "Is there any water in your car?"

Richard reached out and took out a glass in the storage compartment of the car door and handed it to her. When Angela saw that it was his glass, she suddenly stiffened for a few seconds. "I was talking about mineral water."

At her words, Richard raised his head, his brows furrowed tightly. "I don't have any."

Why was she refusing his glass? Didn't she drink from his glass when she was in his room?

Angela's face turned a little embarrassed as she shared his thoughts. Last night, when she was in his room, she didn't have a problem with drinking from his glass, but it was like a slap in the face for her if she was refusing his glass now.

She took out her backpack and dug out her purse from inside before opening it. Except for a bunch of cards, there wasn't any money left inside. She didn't have any spare change as well, for she had given the rest of her money to the elderly people earlier.

"Do you have money? Lend me a hundred," Angela asked the man behind her, reaching out her hand to borrow some money from him.

Richard paused in surprise for a few moments before he retrieved his wallet from his pocket and took out a hundred dollar bill. He then handed it to her.

"I'll return it to you someday," Angela replied as she took the money from him.

Richard glanced at her and said indifferently, "You don't have to."

"I will. I don't want to owe you a favor." Angela really wanted to cut off all ties with him at this moment, and she would settle everything with him.

Richard was so furious that he pushed his tongue against the inside of his cheek and glared at the back of her head irritably. This woman's behavior always made him angry.

However, Angela took his money and got out of the car in the rain to buy some water. After a while, she came back with a bottle of water and the change. Her bangs got wet, and she combed her long hair away before she unscrewed the cap and drank from the bottle.

Richard could hear the sound of her drinking water, and he suddenly felt an inexplicable attraction that made his body turn hot. He looked up and saw her slender and pale neck that was slightly raised, making him want to turn into a vampire and take a few bites.

Angela could feel that the man behind her was looking at her. After she finished drinking, she turned her head and asked, "When will we leave?"

"When the rain lets up a little," Richard replied.

"If we don't leave soon, it'll turn dark, and the mountain roads will be more difficult to drive through. If you don't want to drive, let me drive." Angela was eager to try as she had owned a driver's license for around five years and was very confident.

"No." Richard closed his laptop, refusing to allow her to drive.

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Angela was rather annoyed. *Is this guy doubtful of my driving skills?*

Richard got into the driver's seat from the back seat. Looking wild and attractive in a black trench coat, he oozed masculine charm in every move.

After darting a second look at him, Angela turned to look out the window. She dared not take another look at him, as though she feared she would fall for him if she did

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Richard handsomely turned the steering wheel with deft hands. Subsequently, the large SUV charged out of the curtain of rain and moved along the road toward the mountains.

It was raining heavily outside the car. As big raindrops pattered heavily against the car window, Angela couldn't help feeling somewhat restless. It was as if even her breath were full of the man's smell as she stayed with him in such a cramped space.

There was a brief silence as neither of them spoke.

"Is there any music to listen to?" she asked him.

"No," he answered her.

Angela was speechless for a moment. *Doesn't this guy have any other hobbies?*

Richard drove steadily and not too fast. Having nothing else to do, Angela had no choice but to look at the rain outside the car window to kill time.

Suddenly, Richard slammed on the brakes.

Startled, Angela looked up ahead and was immediately stupefied for a few seconds. Before they knew it, there was a mudslide ahead that blocked their way back to the base. “No way!” Speechless, she looked at the mudslide. It wasn’t severe, but the mudslide happened to block the entire road. Some debris even flowed down the road, making it impossible to open up the road to traffic tonight.

“What should we do now?” Angela turned to look at the man.

“We have no choice but to stay the night in town,” Richard replied before looking left and right for a place to make a U–turn back into town.

Angela let out a sigh. *I guess we can only blame our bad luck for this. I hope there’s a hotel in town,* she thought to herself as she watched the man turn back to town.

There was another silence on their way back. Just then, it occurred to Angela that there was only a street in the center area of the town. *Could there be a hotel? Don’t tell me there isn’t even a hotel!*

Indeed, there wasn’t any hotel here. There was only a small three–story inn, which was the only lodging in town.

After parking the car outside the inn, Richard was the first to step out, whereas Angela stayed in the car, waiting. Staring at the heavy downpour outside the car, she found herself caught in an awkward situation for a moment. *There isn’t an umbrella. How am I supposed to get out of the car? I’ll get drenched to the skin in a few minutes after doing that.*

Just when she was hesitating, she saw Richard taking an umbrella from the back seat before opening it and walking toward her. When the car door opened, she looked at the man holding the umbrella. Standing in a charmingly erect posture, he stretched out his hand toward her.

Angela didn’t ask him to help her out of the car, but the SUV was too high above the ground. When she stepped out of the car, the man naturally grabbed her arm to support her. Flustered, she hastily stepped back. Just when she was about to step out into the rain, he yanked her into his arms with great strength. As a result, her body was pressed directly against his. Outside the umbrella was a raining world, whereas under the umbrella was a small world that only belonged to them.

Exasperated, Angela looked up, saying, “What are you—”

The next second, however, the man put his arm affectionately around her shoulders and took her into the inn.

Before Angela came to her senses, Richard closed the umbrella and walked toward the counter. He said to the landlady, “Get us a room, please.”

The instant Angela heard this, she quickly dashed over. “Two—we’d like to have two rooms. Thank you.”

“Sorry, miss, but there’s not a room available, let alone two,” replied the landlady. She explained with a sigh, “Many who collect herbs in the mountains are staying here because of the downpour, so all our rooms are occupied today.”

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Angela’s mind went blank for a few seconds. *There’s no available room anymore? What should we do then?*

Suddenly, the landlady looked at Richard with a smile. “Hey, dude, aren’t you staying in one of our rooms?”

“Mm–hm.” Richard nodded.

Dumbfounded, Angela instantly turned to look at him. “You have a room here?”

“Why would you ask for two rooms, then? You two can stay together in his room,” the landlady suggested candidly.

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Angela instantly blushed crimson. She quickly waved her hand and denied, “No, you’ve got the wrong idea, ma’am. We’re not a couple.”

However, the sharp-eyed landlady had seen them coming in with Richard’s arm wrapped around Angela’s shoulders just now. *Even if they’re not a couple yet, they’re definitely seeing each other.* She replied with a smile, “You two make a wonderful couple. This dude is so handsome, and you’re so pretty.”

Feeling bitter deep down, Angela didn't want to argue with the landlady anymore. She said to Richard, "Let's go back to your room."

Richard took her by the hand and walked toward the stairs beside them.

Miffed, Angela struggled to break free of his hold. "Don't take me by the hand. I can walk on my own."

Richard then let go of her.

They went all the way upstairs to the last room on the third floor before pushing the door open. The room was very shabby, with no trace of modernity; even its decor was styled in the 90s. At this moment, however, Angela couldn't be picky about anything. It was good enough for them to have a place to shelter from the rain.

Apart from a king-sized bed, there was only a small chair here. Standing in front of the window, Angela stared at the raindrops, feeling as though she were cut off from the rest of the world.

Just then, she sensed an oppressive presence behind her. When she turned around, she saw that Richard was standing only a step away from her. She instinctively stepped back, only to find herself with nowhere to retreat to since she was standing in front of the window in the first place. Instead, she was startled when her heel kicked against the wall.

"Are you so scared of me?" Richard asked quietly with his eyes locked on her facial expression.

Angela wasn't afraid of him, but she wanted to keep her distance from him at all times. It was as if only by doing so would she be able to face Annie with a clear conscience. "I'm not scared of you. It's just that I don't want to get too close to you." She raised her chin slightly with a somewhat stubborn expression on her palm-sized face.

Suddenly, Richard leaned over to her.

Angela's eyes started slightly. *What is this guy doing? Don't tell me he wants to take advantage of the situation to do something to me?* "W-What are you doing?" She quickly turned her face away as her breathing became irregular.

Richard just wanted to test her reaction at first. Seeing how she turned her face away in disgust, he straightened up and pointed at the bed, saying, "You sleep on the bed. I'll sleep in the car."

Angela was dumbstruck for a few seconds. At once, she was ashamed of how she had treated him just now. She bit her lip, saying, "It's freezing in the car. Why don't you stay in the room instead?" It was a winter night, where the temperature could go as low as six degrees Celsius. Moreover, with today's rain, the temperature would definitely drop even lower.

"Are you sure about that?" the man asked in a husky voice.

Biting her red lip, Angela replied, "You can stay here as long as you don't get overfamiliar with me."

"You can trust me," Richard promised in a deep voice.

Angela also trusted his character, which was why she told him to stay. And besides, the situation right now was too difficult for him. Even though she felt guilty toward Annie, she couldn't chase the man out of the room and let him freeze in the car all night. Seeing the remote control for the air conditioner, she couldn't help but press the buttons on the remote control several times, only to find that the air conditioner didn't respond no matter how she pressed the buttons. "Don't tell me it's broken." She let out a groan of vexation while standing under the air conditioner.

"It is broken," Richard said to her positively with his arms folded.

"How are we gonna spend the night when it's so cold? I'm not bundled up or something," Angela groaned. At this moment, her hands and feet were as cold as ice, so much so that she had to rub her hands together to warm herself up a little. *There's no air conditioner right now? How am I gonna survive the night, then?*

Richard noticed that her face was pale with cold. Her clothes only looked good on the outside, but they couldn't keep her warm. On the other hand, he still had a military greatcoat in the car. He stood up, pushed the door open, and went out.

Angela watched the door close. Not knowing where the man was going, she could only sit on the bed while gloomily pondering what to do next. She wondered when the mudslide would be cleared, though she hoped it'd be cleared as soon as possible since she didn't want to stay with him for such a long time. At this very moment, she was somewhat afraid of him. She feared that her willpower wasn't strong enough, that she couldn't resist his charms, that she would find herself involuntarily attracted to him, and that she'd do something that made her feel guilty toward Annie.

Just then, she heard the sound of the door being pushed from the outside.

Richard came in with a heavy military greatcoat hung over his wrist. Without saying a word, he draped the greatcoat around her shoulders as she sat on the bed.

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Dumbfounded, Angela stared at him. *So he went out to get the greatcoat for me?* “Thank you,” she said. She did need the greatcoat, though it had his smell on it. *This greatcoat is probably his,* she thought.

It was getting dark, but the rain was still pouring down with no signs of stopping. Suddenly, Angela’s stomach let out a growl in the quiet room, causing her to clap her hand over her stomach in embarrassment. She was hungry, but she could only eat liquid food after having just had a high fever. Because of that, she hadn’t eaten much since this morning

“Let me take you somewhere to get something to eat,” Richard said to her.

Angela blinked her eyes. “Is there a place to eat around here?”

Richard had eaten at a farmhouse restaurant over the past few days, and the food there tasted pretty good. He nodded. “Come with me.”

Angela took off his military greatcoat since it’d be inconvenient for her to wear it while going out. Looking at the rain outside the window, she felt inexplicably annoyed. *If only it wasn’t raining.*

The two came downstairs to the first-floor entrance. Richard opened the umbrella and stretched out his hand toward her, but she didn’t let him take her by the hand. Instead, she stepped under the umbrella.

The next instant, however, a muscular arm reached out and hooked around her waist imperiously.

“Don’t do this...” Angela implored instantly.

Richard turned to look at her, saying, “If you get wet, you’ll have no clothes to change into.”

Angela felt helpless at once. Indeed, if she got wet in the rain, she’d have a rough time tonight. As such, she had no choice but to put up with the arm around her waist and follow him toward the street across from them.

The restaurant was the only one in town that was still open for business at night. It was located deep in the mountains, where resources were limited and the people were hardworking and adorably unsophisticated.

The instant she stepped into the restaurant, Angela pulled the large hand away from her waist. At this moment, there were several tables of customers eating at the restaurant. When a few men saw her, their jaws dropped in astonishment as if they'd seen a fairy coming down to earth.

Under the incandescent light, Angela combed her thick waist-length hair with her fingers, revealing a fair face with delicate and charming features. She looked confident and radiantly beautiful in her fashionable pearl-buttoned overcoat, which helped her make a stunning appearance like a movie star.

All the men in the restaurant saw her at first glance, but they didn't notice the tall figure closing the umbrella behind her. Their eyes were fixed on her, with some showing a hint of lewd amusement.

Just then, the man behind Angela put away his umbrella. Putting his arm naturally around her shoulders, he looked tall, imposing, and extraordinarily handsome.

Richard noticed those eyes staring at Angela at a glance. In an instant, he darted his eyes warningly over each of the men who were leering at her without restraint.

Subsequently, these men instantly sensed an overwhelmingly oppressive presence; the man standing behind the pretty lady was giving off a dangerous aura that struck a chill into the hearts of all of them. As a result, they promptly lowered their heads and continued eating

Richard led Angela to an empty table, where she sat down while he proceeded to order food. Having always lived high on the hog since she was born, she had never come to such a countryside restaurant before, so she felt especially ill at ease.

On the other hand, some men couldn't help but eye her up and down in secret.

Inadvertently, Angela made eye contact with a bearded man. When she saw the man staring fixedly at her, she hurriedly avoided his gaze—she was unused to being stared at like this.

Just then, Richard returned to his seat with two washed cups in his hands. He picked up the teapot and poured her a cup of tea.

Taking the cup of tea from him, she took a sniff at it and was surprised at how refreshingly fragrant the tea was. *Seems like there's an abundance of produce in the mountains. Even the ordinary tea smells so intoxicatingly pleasant.* She was freezing all over, so it made her feel really warm to have a drink of hot tea. She couldn't help but hold the teacup in both hands and finish the tea in sips while it was still hot.

The man across from her gazed at her intently as the fathomless eyes under his thick eyelashes reflected how adorable she looked while drinking tea.

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Angela handed her teacup to the man across from her. "Could you pour me another cup of tea?"

Richard lifted the old teapot and poured her another cup of tea.

Angela held the teacup in both hands to warm her hands before tasting the tea in small mouthfuls.

Richard's lips curved into a barely perceptible smile as he stared at her with great interest.

Angela was drinking her tea when she looked up and saw the smiling eyes of the man across from her. Feeling embarrassed for a few seconds, she quickly put down her teacup and started to survey the place.

The restaurant could be described as simple and crude, but it had quite an old-time feel to it. When the dishes were finally served, Angela found that she hadn't eaten such fresh and tasty food in ages. She picked up a piece of garlic bread and started to gorge herself without her usual grace.

Sitting across from her, Richard couldn't help finding the sight of her eating amusing. He wasn't that hungry, but being able to see her eating so happily put him in a good mood.

Angela finished two servings of food at one go. When she let out a burp in the end, she covered her mouth in embarrassment, wishing that the ground would open and swallow her up. All she had eaten was a chicken stir-fry, a green salad, and a bowl of mushroom soup that went very well with the garlic bread, but they were all very delicious. "They're so yummy," she praised.

Richard stood up and left to pay the bill.

Miraculously, it stopped raining outside at this very moment. However, it was pitch dark all around. As there weren't any streetlamps here, many went around with the aid of flashlights.

It was still evening when they came. At this moment, however, the night was pitch dark.

As soon as Angela stepped onto the little street outside the restaurant, Richard turned on the flashlight on his cell phone to illuminate their way back, taking her hand naturally in his. She tried to pull her hand out of his grasp, but she couldn't; the man was holding her hand in a firm grasp.

"Richard, let go of me, okay? I can walk on my own," Angela pleaded.

"The roads here aren't smooth. It's safer to let me take you by the hand."

"It's really not necessary. My eyesight is excellent," Angela replied.

Just then, she suddenly heard the sound of a dog barking fiercely from an alley nearby. Frightened, she hurriedly hid on the other side of the man and clutched his trench coat tightly. "There's a dog!"

Unfortunately, the dogs here weren't chained up or kept inside their homes; they could run out and bark at people anytime. When Angela heard what she thought was the sound of the dog bolting toward her, she was so frightened that her legs turned to jelly. "It's heading this way!"

Just then, Richard stretched out his arm and took her into his arms.

In the midst of nervousness, Angela didn't realize at all that she was hiding in the embrace of the broad-chested man and hugging him around the waist.

The dog did rush out and bark furiously at the two, but it dared not come near, as though it had a tremendous fear of Richard's silhouette.

Richard pretended to brandish his umbrella at the dog.

Frightened, the dog hurriedly fled back into the dark alley while letting out howls of fright.

Hearing that the dog had left, Angela finally realized that she was clutching the front of Richard's trench coat and burying her head in his chest like a coward. Feeling embarrassed, she quickly let go of him and took a step back.

The next second, however, the man stretched out his arm and clasped her in his arms, pressing her against his chest so that his chin rested on her head. Then, a sulky voice sounded, saying, "You hide in my arms when you're afraid and run away from me when you're done hiding, do you?"

Angela turned red with embarrassment while feeling both ashamed and angry at her lack of courage. "Sorry," she apologized.

Suddenly, they heard the sound of dogs barking coming from all around them. It seemed that every family in this town had a dog. At this moment, the sound of a dog barking was immediately followed by another.

Angela nervously clutched the front of Richard's trench coat again as fear surged up within her.

Holding her in his arms, Richard said in a deep voice, "Don't be afraid. I'm here."

Spoken in a deep voice, the words seemed to give her enormous strength. With that, they walked ahead with his arm wrapped around her waist.

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When they finally arrived at the inn's lobby, the landlady looked at them with meaningful amusement. *They've got to be a couple! Seriously, I've never seen such an attractive couple before.*

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Angela asked the landlady about the broken air conditioner.

The landlady was very apologetic. She said she had called someone to repair the air conditioner, but the inn was so out of the way that the repairman had yet to come over to do the repairs so far.

Unable to say anything else, Angela had no choice but to go upstairs with Richard.

It was still freezing cold in the room when they got inside. As Angela rubbed her hands together for warmth, the man behind her draped his warm and heavy overcoat over her shoulders.

Angela was stunned for a few seconds.

Coming in front of her, Richard said in a deep voice, "Put it on."

Angela had no choice but to put on his military greatcoat, which reached down to her knees and looked like a warm and heavy dress on her. Richard was attentively helping her button up the greatcoat with his eyes full of tenderness under the light.

Angela had once wished that the man would be gentle with her. Now he was finally gentle with her, but she was no longer allowed to enjoy it. "Thank you," she said gratefully.

"How are you gonna thank me?" Richard stared at her as the look in his eyes became serious.

Dumbfounded, Angela looked at him as though she could understand what else the look in his eyes meant. However, she couldn't respond to him. "Is there something to drink here?" She changed the subject.

The man fetched his water bottle, opened it, and handed it to her. "Drink this."

Looking at his water bottle, Angela lowered her head, saying, "Let me ask the landlady for a glass."

Resentment blazed in Richard's eyes the instant she finished her sentence. Suddenly, he held her waist and quickly pressed his lips to hers, kissing her in a domineering manner.

Angela's eyes widened in disbelief. She was wearing his incredibly heavy greatcoat in the first place, and now she couldn't move at all with his arm wrapped around her waist. Moreover, an electric current that made her tremble spread through her veins, causing her hands and feet to go limp against her will. Subsequently, she even forgot to push him.

When Richard finished kissing her, he let go of her and stared at her gloomily. "Why are you afraid of drinking from my water bottle? We could even kiss."

"How could you..." Angela was both embarrassed and exasperated. *Isn't this guy a bit too nasty?*

Richard put the water bottle aside before unbuttoning his trench coat. It was as if there were scorching flames burning inside him in this freezing cold weather that made him feel extremely hot. Then, he picked up the water bottle and took a drink from it. At this very moment, even the sound of him drinking was amplified. The masculine charm that he oozed in every move made him somewhat wildly attractive.

Angela stood aside while watching the man take off his trench coat and toss it onto the bed. His black sweater was clinging to his sturdy and muscular torso. Unable to avert her eyes in this tiny room, she could only feel nervous as her gaze fell involuntarily upon his robust physique. Inadvertently, she met his eyes, which were shining brightly under the light. Despite the man's glum expression, he had a tender look in his eyes.

Sitting down on the bed, Angela pursed her lips like an ungrateful youngster, not knowing how to get along with him.

“Just go to bed if you’re sleepy.” Richard sat down in his chair and took out his cell phone to look at it.

Angela suddenly recalled the series of text messages she had peeked at on his cell phone last time. She raised her head sharply, asking, “Was the text message last time sent to you by Annie?”

Richard raised his narrow eyes and denied, “No, it wasn’t.”

“Stop lying to me. It must’ve been sent to you by Annie. She admires you very much,” Angela said bitterly. *I’m not a kid. I’m not that gullible.*

“So what?” Richard’s eyes showed a hint of indifference as if he was unimpressed by Annie’s affection for him.

Angela’s heart clenched as she clenched her fists subconsciously. “You can’t ignore a lady’s feelings for you like this.”

Richard looked at her thoughtfully with a complicated look in his eyes. “I’m just following your example. Aren’t you ignoring my feelings as well?” His gaze was intent and fathomless, but it showed no trace of mockery.

Angela was instantly at a loss for a retort. She bit her lips, lowered her head, and closed her eyes.

A hint of regret flickered across Richard’s eyes. He felt that he shouldn’t have said what he said just now.

My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 979

Chapter 979

Chapter 979

Angela said, “Annie and I have always been very close since we were little. She is my younger cousin, but we’re like blood sisters. Do you think I’d still have the cheek to face her? I’m glad that we didn’t get to the point where the damage is irreversible, so it’s not too late for us to end our relationship now. Richard, I’m gonna retract all the feelings I previously had for you, and I beg you to forget my impudence. W–We could be friends.” These words reflected her most sincere thoughts at this moment. She looked up at him imploringly.

Sitting in his chair, Richard looked at her soberly like a statue while pressing his thin lips together without saying a word.

Angela's heart kept clenching; she was waiting for the man to give her a response instead of remaining silent like this. However, she couldn't get an answer from him, which made her feel a little bitter. She let out a sigh, saying, "What do you want, then? What do you want me to do? How should I apologize to you so that you'll forgive me for everything I've done to you these days?"

Her questions caused the man to stand up from his chair instantly. Then, he stepped toward her with his long and slender legs.

Angela couldn't help but give a gulp while looking at him nervously. "W-What are you doing?"

Richard's body was full of overwhelming strength as he approached Angela. On the other hand, she was already sitting on the bed in the first place, so she had no other way but to lie down to avoid getting close to him. Consequently, she lay supine on the bed with him putting his hands on either side of her head for support, resulting in a posture that was rather too suggestive.

"W-What are you doing? Richard, I-I'm warning you..." Angela stuttered in panic.

Richard stared at her intently with a frown. "Take the initiative once again, then. If I'm satisfied, I might agree to your demands and not show up anymore."

Angela colored up in nervousness. *Isn't it too impudent of him to make such a demand? How could I possibly kiss him on my own initiative right now?* "No, I'm not gonna agree to that." She shook her head.

"I won't agree to break up with you, then." Richard looked at her resolutely.

Angela was even more resolute, though. "No, no, no. We have to break up,"

The man loomed above her like a giant mountain. Like an unbreakable prison, he left her with no room to escape or avoid him. He looked at her with dark eyes that showed surging emotions under the light—a look that meant he was getting aroused

by her.

Sensing the overwhelmingly oppressive presence, she stretched out her hands to push him. Annoyed and embarrassed, she ordered, "Get up, Richard."

Richard stared meaningfully at Angela's blushing face, her disheveled hair, and her resentful expression. The lady beneath him was like a spell that he was unable to free himself from

"What are you trying to do?! I'm warning you, if you dare touch me, I'll tell your grandpa about it," Angela said, threatening him.

Richard smirked with a snort of laughter. "My grandpa couldn't wait to have a great grandson. If you can give him one, he'll be very grateful to you."

Angela's face was so red that it was almost bleeding. "You... Who wants to bear children for you?"

Richard was only teasing her at first. Seeing how her face blushed scarlet, he knew that she would probably get pissed off if he angered her further. "Never mind. This room is too small for me to perform," he said while straightening up before taking the trench coat beside her and draping it over his shoulders.

Hearing such a provocative remark, Angela clenched her teeth and looked daggers at him. *Try it if you dare!*

"I'll go sleep in the car. Take care and keep warm," Richard said. With that, he pulled the door open and left.

Angela couldn't help but look at him with a hint of worry in her eyes. "Richard..."

However, the man had closed the door.

Angela had no intention of chasing the man out of the room. *It's so cold outside, so he'll definitely be freezing in the car. Still, there's only one bed in here. If he stays here, what should we do?*

She lay down on the bed in exhaustion as if she had just fought a war while still wearing the man's big military greatcoat. She couldn't help but hold herself tight.

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 980

Chapter 980

Chapter 980

She wondered if they'd be able to break up for real after they returned to the city.

Meanwhile, Richard wasn't sleeping in the car. With his eyes fixed on his laptop, he was dealing with his work, tracking down the whereabouts of an international gang of

murderers. The leader of the gang was the murderer of his father, whose dead body was almost too unbearable to look at when it was finally brought back to the country.

Inwardly, he had always been suppressing flames of anger and hatred that he was unable to put out. If he really wanted to put out these flames, he had to kill the gang leader in exchange.

Many years ago, he had gone to look for the gang alone, but it vanished after he killed several of its important members. After being silent for years, the gang was now involved in the murder of an important figure in his organization. At the same time, it came into their view, so they were going to pursue the gang leader globally and kill him.

This operation was one of the operations Richard wanted to take part in the most. However, his uncle stood in his way and restricted his authority, making him unable to obtain any clues about the operation. As a result, he had been trying to convince his superiors these days to give him permission to take part in the operation.

The cold wind was howling outside the window. As cold air gushed in from all sides, Richard pulled up his collar to keep out the cold. He looked up at the last room on the third floor, only to find that it was still lit. He checked the time on his wristwatch. *It's already 10:00PM. Why is she still awake?*

Angela was already asleep. Not only that, but she carelessly forgot to cover herself with a blanket. She curled up in bed with the man's military greatcoat wrapped around her, as if the greatcoat was warm enough for her.

Another two hours passed. Richard saw that all the lights in the inn were off, but the last room on the third floor was still lit. Upon seeing this, he involuntarily closed his laptop. *I have to go upstairs to check it out.* He opened the car door and got out of the SUV. When he walked into the inn, the landlady was startled out of her doze. She asked him caringly, "Why aren't you sleeping, young lad?"

"Sorry for bothering you," Richard apologized before going upstairs.

He swiped his key card at the door to the room on the third floor before pushing the door open and going inside. When he saw the woman curled up in bed, his pupils shrank. *How did she fall asleep? How could she sleep while wrapping herself in only a greatcoat of mine in such cold weather?*

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Seeing the blanket that was still folded neatly beside her, Richard couldn't help but exhale in anger. Walking up to her with heavy steps, he unbuttoned the greatcoat and held her to his chest to take it off, taking off her pearl-buttoned overcoat at the same time.

“Hmm... Let me sleep...” Angela pushed the man who was disturbing her sleep as her mind was in a haze. She didn’t care who it was. In any case, the person was bothering her.

Richard took off her overcoat and put it aside. When she pushed him, he finally noticed that her hands and feet were as cold as ice. There was no way she could feel warmer on such a freezing night even if he were to let her sleep under the blanket.

Standing in front of the bed, he unbuttoned his trench coat, took it off, and put it aside before getting into bed on the other side. Then, he stretched out his arm and took the sleeping lady into his arms.

As Angela sensed his warmth, she instinctively moved closer to him and rested her head on his arm, pressing her face against his.

Richard looked down and studied her sleeping face for a while before stretching out his hand to turn off the bedside lamp. In an instant, the room fell into complete darkness. Darkness enveloped the world as there wasn’t even a streetlight outside the window.

Hugging a body that was as warm as a heater, Angela felt very comfortable without the harsh light. Consequently, she slept even more soundly.

However, the man holding her in his arms was unable to fall asleep for a moment. He couldn’t restrain himself in front of this woman, so his body was very tense at this very moment.

Suddenly, finding her posture uncomfortable, the sleeping lady put her leg between his legs under the blanket. Because of that, the man who had been suppressing his flaming lust felt a dark fire burning inside him, which caused him to feel an even stronger sexual urge.

However, it was him who brought all of this upon himself. *It's my fault for sleeping with her in my arms.*