

My Baby's Daddy

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Angela glanced at the time and felt her impatience intensify. She glanced over her shoulder at the simple welcome-home arrangement she had just created. There was a bouquet of fresh flowers, a bottle of fine red wine, and several scented candles lit and flickering in the dim apartment. Indeed, this was the ideal and romantic setting for her husband to return home. As for the gift, she believed she was the best gift she could give him.

The seconds ticked by slowly, and Richard had informed her that he would be home by 9.00PM, which was only five minutes away. Moreover, he was a man of his word, and punctuality was typically his Achilles heel. So, Angela was sure he would be home on the dot.

Angela spent the next five minutes slowly tasting the wine in her hand, then looked down as the minute hand ticked slowly

toward the number '12' on the face of the clock. She sighed and tolerated Richard's slight tardiness as long as he arrived home safely. She had just begun to consider the possibility when she heard a soft beep from the door. The audible beep signified that the fingerprint was successfully read. Angela immediately set down her glass of wine and sprinted toward the door upon hearing the door open. A man was taking off his shoes and putting on his slippers. It could only be Richard. Angela's lips curled into a smile as she approached him slowly and enticingly. She was proud that he was a man of his word. She appreciated that he never abandoned her or made empty promises.

"Darling. I want a hug." she whispered as she spread her arms wide and waited to be embraced. She resembles a lonely kitten who was desperate for some attention.

Richard immediately removed his coat because he did not want the dust and dirt on it to get on his precious wife. He glared at her appreciatively before extending his arms to pull her into his embrace. He pressed his cheek against hers and murmured next to her ear, "Have you been wearing this all night? You'll catch a cold."

She tilted her head up and grinned mischievously at him. “Yes, but you’ll be around to take care of inc.”

He pressed his forehead against hers and said, “I have no intention of letting you catch a cold.”

Angela was carried to the couch by Richard. She wrapped her arms around his neck, kissed him just above his jawline, and

mumbled softly, “I’ve missed you.”

“Let me first take a shower. I’ll return in a flash,” he spoke softly.

She clung to him stubbornly. “Don’t. I won’t mind, and besides, you’ll have to shower afterward anyway,” she whispered coyly.

Richard gulped, and his breathing became a little heavier as he gazed down at Angela. It appeared that she had missed him

more than he had anticipated. “Did you really miss me that much?”

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