

## My Baby's Daddy Chapter 871

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Richard did not realize that his gaze lingered on her face for several seconds longer.

"Okay," he responded simply.

"I'll head to bed now. Good night." Angela waved at him before leaving with her clothes.

She did not notice that she dropped an article of clothing as she exited the bathroom.

When Richard set his book down and prepared to shower before bed, his eyes were drawn to something pink on the floor. He instinctively reached down to pick it up.

All at once, his eyes quivered.

It was a woman's underwear.

He tossed it into the laundry basket. His heart was beating a little quicker than usual as he thought to himself, What a clumsy and forgetful woman!

Meanwhile, she returned to her room and proceeded to lay in bed. From her position, she could look out the window and spot the full moon outside. It's so beautiful, she thought to herself in surprise.

This was something she never got to see, whether back in her home or while overseas, but here, she could enjoy all the beautiful things around her in peace.

Angela slept very soundly that night, but she jolted awake some hours later when she heard a piercing sound of a whistle coming from outside all of a sudden. She shot up in bed at once. It was at the start of dawn with the barest glimmer of light, but the field beyond the window was abuzz with activity.

She knew that this place was run like a military base. When she opened the door and looked out the entrance, the thick fog blocked everyone from sight, but she knew there were people gathered in the field.

Soon, she heard the sound of people running, and it quickly faded off into the distance. She blinked and basked in the atmosphere around her. The mountains were alive even at dawn while birds filled the air with their chatter, and it made her one with nature.

A shadowy silhouette then zoomed past her before turning back. The person asked, "Miss Meyers, would you like to go running too?"

It was Trevor who asked. He woke up late and missed out on joining the rest of the troops, so he decided to run alone.

Angela was wide awake by now, and Trevor's words piqued her interest. Thinking about all the running she did abroad, she figured she should be able to handle a morning run, so she nodded. "Sure. I'll come with you."

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Trevor was thrilled. The run would be a lot more enjoyable if he had a pretty woman running with him.

They ran by the side of the road beneath the canopy of trees. It was an ordinary dirt

lane that weaved through the mountains and not the usual roads made of asphalt or concrete, so it was a different kind of experience altogether. Angela was pretty pumped by the run. Taking deep breaths of the fresh mountain air made her feel like her lungs had been thoroughly cleansed. She did not know how far she had run, but sure enough, she reached a point where she could no longer keep up. Between her panting, she asked, "Trevor, how much farther are we going?"

"We're not even a third of the way yet!" Trevor replied.

"Seriously?" Angela's expression fell. She stared out into the fog in front of them, but she could not see more than a dozen feet in front of her. The rest was all a blur of white. "Miss Meyers, if you can't continue, then let's head back now! I'll lead the way for you." Trevor was afraid she could not take it anymore if they continued running forward. Therefore, Angela and Trevor started making their way back. Trevor even plucked some wild fruits for her to try. They tasted both sweet and sour and were very appetizing. The two of them laughed and joked along the way. When they were nearly back at the main entrance, Angela slipped and stumbled into Trevor's back. After grabbing his waist to keep herself steady, she began to laugh brightly. Trevor held her hand and helped her out of the wet, slippery patch of road, but just then, he felt someone staring at him. After glancing at who it was, he quickly released Angela's hand.

Approximately thirty feet in front of them, Richard stood in silence with his eyes fixed on them.

His face was expressionless, but Trevor felt goosebumps anyway.

"Richard, Miss Meyers followed me out for a run but she could not keep up anymore so I walked her back," Trevor explained at once.

Angela glanced at Trevor, who seemed rather anxious. Could it be because she had held him up when he was supposed to be doing his morning practice, and that made Richard angry?

"It's not Trevor's fault. I'm the one who wanted to join him, and I'm the one who forced him to turn back halfway," she added in Trevor's defense.

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Richard swept his gaze across the two of them before saying to Trevor, "Continue your run."

Trevor did not dare to protest. He waved to Angela with a smile. "I'll carry on with my run, Miss Meyers. Have a good rest!"

Angela felt a little bad as she watched Trevor running off into the distance. She turned to Richard and said a little begrudgingly, "He ran all the way there and back with me, but you're asking him to do another run now. Will he be alright?"

"This is between me and my subordinate, Miss Meyers. You should stay out of it,"

Richard retorted coolly.

Angela bit her lip in slight embarrassment, but she did feel bad for Trevor.

She headed for the canteen. Everyone probably heard about her already, as they greeted her and were very courteous toward her.

After breakfast, she realized that she did not have a phone, a laptop, or even Internet access. It was like she had gone back in time and was living in the old, pre Internet days. She was far too bored in her room, so she decided to take a tour around the place.

Angela chose a small path to follow. After walking about for a while, she heard someone calling out to her. She turned to look and saw two men walking over with their hands full of freshly-hunted wild rabbits.

“You must be Miss Meyers!”

“Yes, that’s me. Did you guys go hunting?” Angela was full of curiosity.

“Yup! There are a lot of wild rabbits around here, so we decided to catch a few to add to the menu,” the older man said.

The other man looked a little younger. He blushed at the sight of Angela and was too embarrassed to talk.

They all considered Angela a gorgeous woman whom they rarely had the fortune to meet in person. She was even more beautiful than movie stars and other celebrities.

“Where does this path lead to? I’d like to take a walk,” Angela asked.

“It leads to the back of the mountain, which is a pretty rocky area. You need to be careful.”

“I will!” Angela flashed a grateful smile at them.

“You shouldn’t wander off too far either. I’m worried that you might get lost.”

Angela nodded in agreement. She was just taking a walk out of boredom, and she had complete faith in her sense of direction, so she doubted that she would get lost in the woods like some sort of cliché.

Therefore, she continued down the path at leisure. She even spotted the wild white olives that Trevor had plucked for her earlier. The sweet and sour taste had really grown on her.

Unfortunately, this particular tree did not have that many ripe ones. It took Angela quite some time to find one that was ripe enough for her to eat. She felt pretty blissful as she munched on it.

She continued down the path, and soon enough, she arrived at a rocky plain.

Meanwhile, at the base’s main entrance, Richard walked out in search of Angela as he received some new information that required him to ask her a few questions.

“Has anyone seen Angela?” Richard asked the people who were walking into the base.

The two men who went rabbit-hunting were among them, so one of them quickly responded, “Captain Lloyd, I saw Miss Meyers heading off on a walk to the back of the mountain.”

Richard felt his head throbbing slightly as he exhaled. She was indeed a troublesome woman. Could she not just stay in her room and read a book or two? The back of the mountain was full of sharp, jagged rocks. It was not somewhere she should be running off to for some fun.

He immediately headed over to the path that led to the back of the mountain.

This was Angela's first time seeing such rocky mounds. She spotted a few boulders that looked quite flat, so she decided to try climbing up the side of the rocky mounds. Perhaps most people enjoyed taking risks in some ways, and she was certainly one of them. She wanted to challenge herself and see if she could climb up the rocky mound. Moreover, the wildflowers growing out of the side of the rocky ridges at the top looked quite pretty. She wanted to head up and take a closer look at them. Angela stepped on one of the rocks and grabbed another one for stability. Soon, she climbed up what seemed like an already-trodden path that someone else must have used to climb up as well. She climbed and climbed and slowly began to realize that while it might have looked simple, it was far more exhausting than she expected. Soon, she could no longer find any footholds to step on either. It felt like there was no way for her to climb any further up. Suddenly, someone barked at her, "What are you doing?" "Ah!" Angela got a fright. At the same time, she lost her grip and her feet slipped off the rocks as well, and she ended up falling from a height of about ten feet. The man who called out to her immediately sprinted over to catch her, but he was too late. Angela crashed to the ground, spraining her ankle when she landed. She instantly cried out in pain.

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Thankfully, Angela fell onto a soft patch of grass and did not end up with any internal injuries. She cupped her hands around her ankle and glared at the man who gave her a terrible fright. "Can you not just call out like that? You scared me half to death!"

Richard was a little vexed with himself too. When he saw her hanging dangerously on the side of the rocky cliff, his only thought was to stop her from climbing further, and he never thought he would scare her into falling off instead.

He bent down and checked her ankle.

"Ouch... It hurts..." Angela had sprained her left ankle.

"Stop running around for no good reason. You should have some self-awareness about your abilities." Richard frowned. He was furious that she attempted to do such a dangerous thing. After all, he promised that he would take good care of her and return her safely to her parents once everything blew over.

"Believe it or not, but I'm sure I could've climbed up to the top. Stop looking down on me, okay?" Angela was full of confidence in herself. If he had not frightened her by calling out to her, she would have climbed up to the top by now.

Angela brushed the grass off her clothes. There were a few blades of grass stuck in her hair, but she could not see them. Richard could see them clearly, but he hesitated, not knowing if he should take them out for her.

Still, it did look pretty weird to have a few blades of dried grass stuck in her hair, so

he decided to take them off for her out of the kindness of his heart.

"What are you doing?" Angela stared at him warily. There was no one around them, so what if he tried to do something bad to her?

Richard ignored her question. He simply plucked the blades of dried grass out of her hair and showed them to her before tossing them aside.

Angela flushed red at once. Oh gosh! What was I thinking? He gave off an air of aloofness and self-restraint, so he would not be the kind of man to jump on a woman like that. She was overthinking it.

She wondered if he had a girlfriend. He was probably at an age where he should be getting married.

Though she was itching to find out, she decided against voicing it out loud. He might not even respond to her question anyway.

"I'm injured. Can you help me up? Of course, I won't object to an offer of a piggyback," Angela said to Richard.

He glanced at her before squatting down in front of her. He did not mind giving her a piggyback ride.

Angela's heart skipped a beat. He's really going to carry me on his back? After taking a close look at his wide and muscular back, she climbed onto him a little shyly and reached out to wrap her arms around his neck. He swiftly stood up with her clinging to him like a koala.

This had to be the strongest back she had ever ridden on.

"Why did you come looking for me?" Angela asked out of curiosity. Was it because he was worried about her safety?

"There's something I need to ask you." Richard was feeling a little awkward with her on his back. This was the first time he ever carried a woman-previously, he only ever carried his military colleagues and subordinates.

She was very light, and her body felt very soft. His senses were heightened as she stuck close to him.

"What did you want to ask me?"

"We'll talk about it when we get back."

Angela was feeling a little bored again. Suddenly, she spotted another wild white olive tree with several ripened olives hanging from its branches, so she quickly said,

"Richard, there's a white olive tree over there. Go over and pluck some for me!"

Richard looked over and saw the ripened fruit on the tree as Angela continued to plead, "Hurry up and get a few for me! They taste so good! Trevor plucked a few for me this morning but I haven't had my fill yet!"

In the end, Richard did set her down and head over to get some of it for her. Angela's heart grew a little warm. He looked so cold and distant all the time, but whenever she asked him to do something for her, he never protested or tried to wheedle out of it.

She thought about Dexter, who always said the right things, but now that she thought about it, a guy like Richard who kept quiet and did as she asked was far more reliable. A guy like Dexter was as fake as could be, so why was she so blind back then?

It was easy enough for Richard to pluck a few ripened ones for her. When he handed it over to her, she spotted the clear stream that was flowing nearby and asked, "Could you help me wash them first?"

Richard did not complain about her seemingly endless requests. He went over and washed them before holding them out to her yet again. Angela took them from him and climbed back onto his back. There she was, leaning against his back, eating her white olives and listening to the birds singing their songs. Somehow, it all felt very romantic to her.

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If a camera started recording this scene, it would surely make for a romantic love story! After enjoying a mouthful herself, Angela thought about Richard. He carried her on his back, plucked white olives for her, and was even obliging enough to wash them for her. It would be far too selfish of her if she did not offer him one of the white olives.

"Do you want one?" Angela tilted her head to the side and asked.

"No..." Richard was about to reject her offer when he found a white olive stuffed into his mouth.

"Have one. Don't be shy. It tastes great!" Angela chuckled right beside his ear. Her clear, melodious voice echoed in Richard's ears. It sounded so mesmerizing that his mind went blank for a few seconds. He forgot all about his initial rejection and began chewing instead.

He's eating it!

Angela felt a peculiar sense of achievement, like she attained some kind of victory by breaking down Richard's cold and aloof exterior.

She also had a roguish sense of amusement as she made up her mind to tease him whenever she felt bored in this place. It seemed like something fun that would keep her in a good mood.

Richard piggybacked Angela back to the base's main entrance. When Angela noticed the suggestive gazes that everyone else was throwing at them, she began to feel a little embarrassed, but Richard continued to carry her all the way to the infirmary.

The doctor checked Angela's foot and concluded that she had twisted her ankle and sprained her muscles. She would need to rest for a few days and stay lying down whenever she could.

Angela had no choice but to follow the doctor's orders. It could not be helped.

After applying medication to Angela's ankle, the doctor said, "Please wait here for a moment while I find a wheelchair to take you back to your room."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself with that." Angela waved him down and turned her eyes toward the man who was currently standing on the side flipping through a medical book.

"Captain Lloyd, could you carry me back to my room?"

The doctor agreed with a smile. "That's a good idea. It'd save me a trip to the warehouse. It would've taken me quite a while to find a wheelchair there too."

Richard snapped the book shut and placed it back on the shelf. His handsome face was neutral; there were no signs of annoyance or reluctance. After bending down, his strong, muscular arms reached under Angela's knees and arms and he hoisted her up like she weighed nothing. Just like that, she was safely tucked into his arms.

Angela instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck. Right at that moment, she could sense that this man was a hundred percent boyfriend material.

For some reason, whenever she stood beside him, she felt like she had the courage to stand against the world.

Angela was in the right position to observe his features up close, and from her viewing angle, his sharp, chiseled jaw looked particularly attractive.

She felt very secure in his arms too, with no shaking or wobbling at all. It was quite a comfortable ride.

It's so boring to just lie in bed all day, she thought to herself, so she decided to make a request. "Captain Lloyd, could I borrow your couch for a while? I want to lie in your room and read a book or two instead. My room's too small. I'd feel claustrophobic."

Richard frowned and said, "No."

"Why not? I promise that I'll just lie on the couch and read a book. I won't touch anything else. I promise!" Angela raised her hand in all seriousness and beseeched him with pleading eyes.

Richard narrowed his eyes and fell silent for two seconds before turning down a different corridor that led to his room instead.

Angela smirked. He looks all cold and stern, but he is quite agreeable after all!

In the end, Angela got what she wanted. She lay down on Richard's couch and got him to bring the book she was reading the last time over to her. After flipping through a few pages, Trevor and Jared came over.

They quickly checked in on her condition, and she brushed it off with a smile saying "Miss Meyers, you should bring us along with you if you ever want to go somewhere next time. We'll protect you," Trevor said.

"Sure." Angela smiled gratefully.

"Why did I call you two over?" A deep voice could be heard all of a sudden.

Immediately, Jared turned serious. "Miss Meyers, we've decided to record a video of you and upload it to your social media accounts. It'll serve as a distraction and you'd be in less danger as a result. It'll also buy us some time to find the lipstick."

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"Oh, of course. I'll do whatever you need me to." Angela ran her fingers through her hair and pressed her lips together before asking the two men in front of her, "Could I have a moment to put on some makeup?"

"You look very beautiful even without makeup, Miss Meyers. I think you look great," Trevor praised at once.

Jared quickly followed suit. "Yes, you look great. You don't need to put on any makeup at all."

Angela laughed a little shyly. "Really? Okay then. How should I pose?"

"You can just sit on the couch with a book, and we'll take a few photos of you. It'd be good if it's a simple post sharing your daily life."

Angela picked her book up and struck a natural-looking pose before flashing a serene smile at the camera. Then, she took the cup from the table beside her and began to pose with it. Soon enough, she was engrossed in an adorable, though slightly self-absorbed photoshoot.

In the midst of it all, Angela could sense that Richard, who was sitting at his desk opposite her, was staring at her too. Her face grew a little pink, which added a kittenish air to her.

Soon enough, Trevor and Jared were satisfied with the photos they had taken. Trevor was about to stand up when he suddenly bent forward and said quietly, "Miss Meyers, if you need any sort of medication and don't feel like asking the

infirmary for it, feel free to come and ask us for help!"

Angela squinted in confusion. She did not know what he was talking about

"Medication? What medication?"

"Umm... just the... the one to treat that..." Trevor spluttered for a bit before shoving Jared. "You say it."

Jared's face was red as well. After looking into Angela's curious eyes, he took a deep breath and explained, "Here's the thing, Miss Meyers. We've looked into Dexter Kavinsky's medical records and found out that he has a very critical sexually transmitted disease. If you need that sort of medication, feel free to come to us for help."

"Yes, exactly. Don't feel shy about approaching us. Your health's more important," Trevor quickly added.

Angela had turned scarlet by now. Was Dexter's medical condition the reason why he never tried to sleep with her? He pretended to be someone innocent in love and even swore that she was his first love, and that he had never liked anyone before her.

A piercing gaze landed on her as well. It came from the man behind the desk.

The very thought of that b\*stard Dexter made Angela radiate pure hatred. When she felt the gaze that came from the person at the desk, she instinctively looked over.

Richard swiftly averted his eyes, and his expression made it seem like he couldn't care less about this. He took his cup and sipped at his tea ever so elegantly.

Angela took a deep breath. "I don't need any medication, but thank you both for your concern. Dexter and I never went that far in our relationship."

Both Trevor and Jared were completely red in the face. They had asked out of concern for her, but right now, they felt like they had encroached on her personal space instead.

"That's good to hear," Trevor said with a smile as he tugged Jared by the arm. "Come, let's get back to work."

Jared and Trevor dashed out of the room as quickly as possible and wisely closed the door behind them.

The atmosphere in the room was a little awkward. Angela bit her lip and her senses seemed to have momentarily taken leave of her as she asked Richard, "Do you believe

what I just said?”

Richard glanced at her. “It has nothing to do with me.”

Angela got a little frantic for some reason. “You don’t believe what I said?” She raised her hand to swear, “I swear on my life that what I said earlier was completely true. I’m in excellent health with no sexually transmitted diseases at all. Please believe me.”

Richard frowned. “You should be swearing about this to your future husband instead. Why are you swearing it to me?”

Angela turned bright red yet again as she explained in embarrassment, “I’m worried you won’t let me use your bathroom. That’s why I have to explain myself clearly to you.”

Richard checked his watch. “Stay here and don’t run around.”

He walked out of the room without further ado.

Angela hid her face in embarrassment. Why did I swear to him? How conceited of me!

That night, Angela could not head over for dinner herself, but someone was kind and thoughtful enough to deliver her food to Richard’s room for her.