

# My Baby's Daddy Chapter 891

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"Come into my room," Richard said in a low voice, then left in the direction of his room first.

Angela opened her door and hurried out of her room to follow him. Judging by the look on his face earlier, he had something to tell her.

When she entered his room, he closed the door behind her and gazed at her darkly. He did not speak right away, and she felt the need to blink to alleviate the strange tension between them. "Anytime now," she prompted, wondering what he was waiting for.

"I got a call ten minutes ago. It's about your family," Richard said.

At once, her heart constricted, and her hand darted out to grab his arm as she urged, "What happened to my family? Are they okay?"

"Your mother got into an accident an hour ago, and she's now in the hospital emergency room," he explained gravely.

"What?" Angela's mind went blank. She was anguished, and her lips trembled as all colors drained from her face. She didn't even know she was about to cry until Richard reached to pull her into his arms.

At once, hot tears spilled down her cheeks as she hastily shoved him away, then threw the door open and ran out of the room.

He followed her, only to see that she had returned to her own room and left the door ajar. She rummaged through her room and found her purse, then hurriedly shoved her phone into it, looking ready to leave.

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Richard stood at the doorway, frowning as he asked, "Are you leaving?"

Angela slung her purse over her shoulder. There was a steely edge to her expression as she stared at him with red rimmed eyes and said, "I have to go. I need to see my mom. I don't even know if she's going to make it." She refused to stay here safe and

sound while her family was in danger. She would much rather offer herself up to those criminals than watch her family die for her.

"You are not allowed to leave the base," Richard said authoritatively as he put his arm out and blocked the gap in the doorway, his towering frame like a wall that kept her in.

"Step aside, Richard," Angela ordered.

"Angela, calm down and let's wait for more news on your mother, okay?" he suggested, taking on a soothing tone in hopes of getting her to see reason.

However, reason eluded her at this moment. All she wanted to do was go back so she could see her mother. "I said," she bit out forcefully. "Step. Aside." This time, there was a look in her eyes that resembled hatred, and her jaw was clenched.

"Now that your mom's been hospitalized, I'm sure your family wouldn't want you to end up the same way," he argued, sounding even more insistent than he had moments ago. He knew what fate would await her if he let her leave the base and those men caught her. It was not something he was prepared to risk.

Angela closed her eyes and let her tears fall. She was a mad woman at this point, a mad woman who only wanted to see her grievously injured mother. It was her duty as a daughter, and she couldn't bear to see anyone in her family get hurt because of her even though she knew she would die the moment she went back.

If she did not come out of hiding, these criminals would start targeting her father, her grandfather, and other relatives. They would not stop at just hurting her mother.

"Richard, I'll hate you forever if you don't let me go right now!" she warned as she tried to push him out of the way, but he was like a mountain that would not budge no matter how hard she shoved. "Move!" She glowered at him, the hatred in her eyes as clear as day. She truly hated him. She hated his heartlessness. She hated his job.

"You know I can't let you. I promised your parents to protect you. This is my duty," Richard replied hoarsely.

"I don't need you to protect me! This is my life, and I get the final say in what to do with it! Let me go! I promise I won't blame you if I die out there," Angela begged desperately. There was a pained look in her eyes, but she was not backing down.

"I won't let you die," he said solemnly, his shoulders squared as he stood firmly in place.

His refusal to let her go felt worse than death. She broke down, crying out loud as she crouched on the floor. She put her head in her hands and sobbed, baring all her pain, devastation, and helplessness.

Richard looked down at her, his heart twisting when he saw her tremble with the force of heaving out the next round of anguished sobs. He had no idea how badly injured her mother was. All he knew from the photos that were sent to him was that the other driver in the collision had died on the spot and that Angela's mom had been unconscious when they ferried her to the hospital.

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Whether or not Angela's mother could survive remained a variable.

Just then, Angela held the door jamb for support as she got to her feet. She was still sobbing as she looked up pleadingly at the man in front of her, then said, "Could you at least let me call my dad and let him tell me how my mom is doing? Please?"

Richard nodded slightly in agreement, relieved that she was settling for a call instead of leaving.

She was just about to walk out when her legs caved under her weight and made her stagger. Sensing this, Richard quickly reached out to hold her, his arms wrapped securely around her frame as he steadied her. He assessed her pale face and how feeble she was, then asked quietly, "Can you walk?"

Angela straightened up when she heard this. With her back stiffened, she walked toward the conference room where he and his men worked. This was her silent protest against his heartless display earlier.

As soon as she arrived in the conference room, the four men working in front of their computers glanced up at her worriedly. They could tell she had been crying just from looking at her red and puffy eyes, and they grew even more concerned.

"Don't worry, Miss Meyers, your mother will be fine," Trevor comforted softly.

"Do you have a video of the car crash?" Angela asked hoarsely. "I want to see it."

Jared immediately closed his laptop and peered at Richard, who stood at the door with his arms crossed. When Richard shot him a hard look, he stammered a little awkwardly, "N-No, we only got a call about it. No videos were sent to us."

However, Angela had already seen through him. Her gaze fell on his laptop, and she rounded the long table to where he sat. Then, she shoved him aside and opened up his laptop, thereafter, searching through the documents in it. "Pull up the video for me right now," she ordered icily, tears glistening in her eyes.

Caught between a rock and a hard place, Jared looked at Richard, silently asking for help. Having already seen Angela's break-down earlier, Richard walked up to her and closed the laptop, then said, "We should wait for the hospital to get back to us on this."

The tears spilled down her cheeks once more as she pondered on the meaning behind his words. If he so stubbornly refused to let her see the video, then it could only mean that the accident had been a brutal one and that the chances of her mother surviving were slim to none.

At the thought that she would miss seeing her mother one last time, Angela felt a pain so all-consuming that she could not register anything else going on around her. She hyperventilated as disbelief and panic coursed through her, and suddenly, everything went dark, and she fell backward.

Trevor, who was closest to her, caught her before she fell. "Mr. Richard, she fainted!" he cried out in alarm.

Richard had sensed that something like this might happen. His brows furrowed as he hurried across the room and carried her into his arms, then turned to leave for the infirmary with Jared and Trevor close behind.

Angela was pale as she lay in the bed in the infirmary, completely out cold. The doctor had examined her and concluded, "Miss Meyers fainted because her body could not cope with the shock, but she'll be fine after she gets some rest."

"But she'll still have to face reality when she wakes up!" Trevor argued with a sigh.

"We can only hope that her mother will make it, otherwise, she'd be devastated," Jared said.

Meanwhile, Richard sat at the foot of the bed with his brows knitted together. His piercing gaze lingered on Angela, and in his eyes showed tender concern that had not been there before.

"The both of you can leave," he said to his subordinates. "Let me know as soon as you have any news on her mother."

"Got it. We'll leave Miss Meyers to you then, Richie," Trevor replied, pulling Jared out of the infirmary and back to the conference room.

While making their way down the corridor, Trevor sighed again and said, "I bet Richie's really beating himself up over this. He did promise Miss Meyers that he'd keep her family safe, but now, her mother's lying in the hospital after a terrible car crash."

"Tell me about it. I saw the way she was looking at him earlier, and I swear she hates his guts. If anything were to happen to her mother, she might just blame him forever."

Both men exchanged a glance, each hoping that whatever they guessed would not come true. The last thing they wanted was for Angela to hate Richard now that they sensed he had special feelings for her.

In the infirmary, the doctor had put Angela on an IV, and the catheter had been inserted into her arm through a needle. Richard sat next to the bed, his silhouette straight and stiff as his dark gaze locked on the unconscious girl under the covers. It was hard to tell what was on his mind, but anyone could see that he was worried.

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Angela had only been put on the IV for no more than ten minutes when her eyes suddenly flew open. The first thing that came to her mind was her mother struggling for her life in a hospital somewhere, and the thought made her bolt upright in bed.

"Don't move," a low male voice sounded next to her, followed by a hand pressing down firmly on her left arm so that she wouldn't pull out the needle on her own.

She looked down at the needle pushed under her skin and demanded in a watery voice, "Pull it out. I don't need it."

Richard personally detached the needle. He was supposed to apply pressure to stop the bleeding the moment the needle was out, but Angela was in such a rush that she lifted the covers and tried to get down from the bed. At once, the blood trickled down the back of her hand.

With an assertive and domineering air, the man held her arm in place and grabbed a cotton ball from the bedside table, then pressed it down on the back of her hand where the needle had been.

Tears filled her eyes, but she allowed him to stop the bleeding as she gazed at him calmly and ordered, "Take me home, Richard."

He did not answer her, paying particular attention to the task at hand.

At such close proximity, she could clearly make out the hard set of his jaw and the cold indifference on his handsome face.

When the bleeding stopped, Richard loosened his grip and looked up at her, then said slowly, "You have to stay here."

She pulled away from him as pain flashed across her features. There was a chill in her voice as she asked defiantly, "And what if I say no?"

"Angela..." He was trying to coax her now, but there was a hint of resignation in his eyes. He knew that he could not stop her if she insisted on leaving.

Right now, the only thing she cared about was going home to see her mother for the last time. She had to go back even if she couldn't make it in time, otherwise, the guilt and regret that followed would haunt her for the rest of her life.

Richard ended up following her out of the infirmary and into her bedroom. She picked up her bag once more, and she turned to say to him, "Car keys."

At once, Richard was plunged into a dilemma. If he were to hand her the car keys, he would be watching her walk right into the trap set up by those evil men, which was the same as delivering her to death's doorstep. On the other hand, if he refused to give her the keys and she missed seeing her mother for the last time, she would hate him forever.

He could cope with that, but he really didn't want her to hate him forever.

Angela reached out her hand and stared at him with wide eyes, her silent demand evident in her tears. She was so delicate, but for some reason, she gave him immense pressure. It was as if she held some inexplicable power over him, and he could not keep a firm stance whenever she was around.

At that moment, he lost all his calm and reason. But just as he was about to give in to impulse and offer to go with her, Trevor burst out of the conference room and came running in their direction excitedly. "Miss Meyers!" he shouted. "Miss

Meyers! Good news! Your mother's fine. She only suffered a broken leg!"

Angela's hand fell to the side when she heard this. She tossed her bag onto the floor and ran to meet Trevor halfway. When she came up to him, she clutched his shoulders and urged, "Really? Is my mom really okay?"

"She is! Your dad just called, and he said your mom is fine save for the broken femur and a mild concussion. The doctor told him she'll be fine after half a month's rest!"

Trevor answered, but he was still in the midst of conveying the good news when Angela suddenly threw her arms around him in relief.

She hugged him tight as she muttered, "Thank you, Trevor! I can't thank you enough!"

Trevor was stumped by how overwhelmed she was.

Meanwhile, behind her, Richard looked considerably stormy, and he narrowed his eyes dangerously as he watched the woman hugging his subordinate.

The air grew colder, and Trevor immediately realized that he was overstepping his boundaries by letting Angela hug him. Gently pushing her away, he cleared his throat and said, "Miss Meyers, your dad also requested that you stay put here for your own safety. He doesn't want you getting into danger."

"Is he still on the line?" she asked.

Trevor patted his head as if to berate himself for forgetting about this. "He is. Go on, you must be dying to talk to him." Before he could say anything, Angela took him by the hand and pulled him alongside her as she ran toward the conference room.

Richard suddenly felt as if a weight had been taken off his shoulders. He let out a huge sigh of relief, secretly thanking Trevor for the timely interruption that saved him from betraying his own work principles. Had the news not come in time, he would have risked everything just to personally drive Angela home to see her mother.