

## **N Destiny 891**

### Chapter 891

She gave herself a pat on the head as if to knock some sense into herself. She wished she was less sentimental because nothing good ever came out of it.

Back in the day, she had been so duped by Dexter's occasional kindness that she was blind to his other flaws. Now, Richard was being nice to her because it was his duty to protect her, but she was reading too much into it, so much so that she started to fall for him.

She hated that she was so desperate to feel loved.

Closing her eyes, Angela took a deep breath and cleared her mind. When she opened her eyes once more, there were none of the glistening tears or muddled emotions.

Upon returning to base, she fell onto her bed and slept. She had woken up at an ungodly hour that morning, and the arduous hike had left her completely drained.

However, little did she know that Richard had received bad news while she was sleeping.

In the conference room, Richard hung up on the call and clenched his phone tightly, then turned to look at his subordinates. "Angela's mother just met with an accident. She's badly injured and she's been sent to the hospital for emergency treatment."

The four men working in front of their computers exchanged a worried glance. The accident was not entirely unexpected; the criminals who had recently crossed the international borders were ruthless, and instigating the accident to hurt Angela's mother was undoubtedly their plan to lure Angela out from hiding.

"Should we tell Miss Meyers about this?" Willy asked.

"She would be devastated, and she'd insist on going back to see her mother," Jared said sympathetically.

“But she has the right to know,” Sean pointed out.

“Poor Miss Meyers. She’ll be heartbroken!” Trevor said fretfully.

Richard frowned. He had no right keeping this from Angela, which meant he was duty-bound to tell her the truth.

Meanwhile, when Angela had straightened up her bedroom, she sat down on the couch and let her mind wander. One said wandering, but really it just kept replaying the scene on the hiking trail where she had kissed Richard. It had only been a fleeting moment, but it had left a tingling sensation in the pit of her stomach that would not go away.

The more she dwelled on it, the deeper her blush and the faster her heartbeat. That was the first time she had kissed a man on her own initiative, but the fact that he was unfazed by it made her feel like a pathetic loser.

Just as she was drowning in her own embarrassment, a knock came from the door.

She got to her feet and reached to open the door, only to be greeted by Richard, who looked as handsome as he was impassive. The air around her suddenly felt thin, and she blinked as she asked bewilderedly. “What is it?”

“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.

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"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. 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 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.

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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.

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.

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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.

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.

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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.

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In the conference room, Angela was crying as she listened to her parents’ voices on the phone, and she couldn’t help letting out a sob. “Mom, Dad...”

“Angela, things are more drastic here than we imagined. You have to listen to Captain Lloyd and stay at the base where they can keep you safe, okay? We don’t want you getting hurt again,” Gilbert said on the other line, sounding serious more serious than ever before.

“But I don’t want you both to get into danger because of me. It’s all my fault. I’m the one who brought all this trouble. I’m so sorry, Mom.” She wept guiltily.

Daphne comforted softly, “Angela, I’m fine. I know you’re worried about me, but it’s over now, and I’ll be okay. You’re our only daughter, and we can’t let anything happen to you. Do you understand?”

“Everyone in the family will be sent to

someplace safe. We’ll meet again once all this blows over,” Gilbert promised.

“Really? Will the both of you go someplace safe, too? Will you come here to the base?” Angela asked, wanting desperately to be reunited with her parents as soon as possible.

“No, we’ve had other arrangements made. Protecting you is of utmost priority, and you have to stay put where Captain Lloyd can see you. Listen to him and don’t go causing any trouble for him,” Gilbert emphasized.

Disappointment flashed in Angela’s eyes when she heard that her parents would not be living with her anytime soon, but she nodded and said, “Okay. I promise I’ll be on my best behavior.”

Gilbert hummed in response. “Very well, then. We’ll hang up now, and don’t call us unless there’s an emergency. We can’t take too many chances.” He hung up after that, knowing that the criminal organization after Angela had all the means to hack into all telecommunication systems. He couldn’t risk having them track down his daughter.

Angela handed the phone back to Trevor. She sighed as she looked up, only to see four pairs of eyes staring at her worriedly. She felt warmth in her heart as she flashed them a weak smile and said, “I’m fine now. Thank you for your concern, everyone.”

“Miss Meyers, I hope you won’t hold this against our captain. He’s only carrying out his duty to protect you,” Trevor said, speaking up for Richard.

Jared joined in the efforts to paint a better picture of Richard too. “Don’t be too hard on him, Miss Meyers. I know he can come off as mean and heartless, but he’s more loyal and caring than anyone else.”

“And please cooperate with us-Richie especially, so that we can do our jobs,” Willy added.

Upon hearing this, Angela thought about how she had behaved in front of Richard earlier and had the grace to look shamefaced. She stared at the tips of her shoes as she muttered, “I know I was way over the line just now. I’ll try my best to make things easier for you guys from now on..”

“That’s alright, Miss Meyers. You’re only human, after all. You must love your family very much to be that worried about your mother,” Sean consoled empathetically.

“Yeah. I mean, who wouldn’t abandon reason just to save their family? Don’t beat yourself up over it. I’m sure Richie is well over it by now. That man has a heart bigger than the ocean, and he won’t hold it against you,” Trevor chimed in brightly.

“Really? Do you think so?” She looked up at them hopefully, praying that what they said was true and that Richard would forgive her for her irrational outburst earlier.

Just then, the door to the conference room swung open, and Richard came in. He had been standing at the doorway. since he saw Angela walk in, and he heard everything they said loud and clear.

His footfalls made Angela turn to look at him. When she registered his arrival, she quickly lowered her head and said, apologetically to him, ‘I’m sorry about earlier.’”

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“It’s fine,” he replied indifferently, as though he had already forgotten about the incident.

This only served to worsen her guilt. For some reason, his nonchalance only made her even more distressed.

Presently, Richard brushed past her and came to a stop in front of Willy, then bent down slightly to speak to him in hushed tones. His perfectly chiseled side profile was on display. She could just make out the steely gleam in his eyes, which were framed by long eyelashes that curled up ever so slightly. He looked calm and collected like nothing could faze him.

There was something about him, Angela realized, that simply commanded the attention of any room he walked into. More importantly, there was nothing despicable about his job. Rather, it was a respectful one, and this realization only made her more ashamed of how unreasonable and maniacal she had been just now.

“I’ll be in my room,” she mumbled quietly as she rose to leave.

Even after returning to her room, Angela’s arms remained wrapped around herself as fear and unease filled her mind. It was only then that she realized those evil forces would do anything for that lipstick.

Those people were currently looking for her everywhere. The terror she felt had only grown stronger after her mother's death. She thought that danger was far away from her, but now it seemed to be looming over her head like a curse of death.

Deep down, she begged and prayed that no one else would ever be hurt or killed for her sake.

She stayed in her room for the entire night, having no appetite to even eat dinner. The next morning, she woke up haggard with prominent dark circles on her pale face.

Trevor was the first to notice her. "Good morning, Miss Angela!"

"Morning," she responded with a smile.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." Nightmares had filled her dreams the entire night and kept her awake. She shook her head as fatigue overwhelmed her.

"Don't worry. You will be safe with us protecting you," he comforted.

"I know," she replied. She then saw the group running back from their morning job. Her eyes were immediately drawn to the handsome figures, and Richard was one of them.

He was such an eye-catching man. Even among a group of equally handsome and tall men, there was still a unique charm to him.

"Mr. Richard loves coffee in the morning. Can you send a cup up to his room later?" Trevor suggested.

It was a moment before Angela understood what he meant by that. Indeed, she had been looking for a chance to improve her relationship with Richard, especially after how she had treated him the night before. They would be spending a lot of time together, so she did not want things to remain so awkward.

“Very well. I will bring him a cup later.” She was thankful for Trevor’s thoughtful suggestion.

He responded with a chuckle before walking away. She heaved a heavy sigh before turning to look at the group of men exercising under the sun, unknowingly mesmerized by the sight.

Soon, the group dispersed. The change snapped her back to reality, and she hurried away.

She hid behind a pillar and watched as Richard returned to his room. She then seized the chance to get a cup of coffee ready.

Although they did not live in luxury, the kitchen was equipped with a great coffee machine which Angela knew how to operate. Once the cup of coffee was

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“I’m sorry. Can I come in?” She turned her gaze down to look at the floor.

“Sure.” He straightened his shirt before walking over to the couch. He had been expecting a subordinate, not her.

She walked over and bent down to put the cup of coffee on the table before him. However, the unexpected heat coming from the bottom of the cup made her hands jerk, pouring the cup of coffee down onto his pants.

Moreover, the liquid landed on him in the worst place possible.

“Aah!” She instantly darted over with some facial tissues to wipe the liquid away from his pants.

She was in such a state of panic that she forgot where exactly she was touching. She wiped and wiped, and... It was only then that she realized what was going on. Her cheeks were blushing as she stared down at the spot she had been wiping.

“I’m sorry. I am so sorry. I did not mean to do this.” She looked up at him with innocent eyes.

His lips were tightly pressed together as his throat rolled with a swallow. Richard stared at her with his dark eyes as a storm brewed in them.

“You did it on purpose. Richard firmly believed that she was doing this as revenge. Angela’s eyes remained glued to the wet spot on his pants as she gulped. ‘I really did not. It was an accident.’”

“Get out!” he barked without obvious exasperation.

She bit her lip and closed her eyes in frustration. Why did this happen? It was all a bid to make him like her, but now she had hurt him.

‘I’ll get you another cup of coffee.’ She then rushed out of the room with her cheeks flushed red.

He walked over to his closet to grab a pair of pants before heading to the bathroom. In the shower, annoyance swelled in him as his blood boiled with lust.

Although she had only touched him a few times, he still reacted to her touch.

Even now, his mind was still filled with the image of her fair and innocent face. He then realized the fire burning in him was impossible to suppress in just a few seconds.

When he eventually exited the bathroom, he found someone under the table. It was Angela, back to clean his floor. Her hair was tied up in a lazy ponytail. She did not seem to be someone who often cleaned as she cleaned so awkwardly that she accidentally pushed over the rubbish bin.

Thankfully, his bin was only filled with papers. Even though the bin was turned over, the only trash on the floor was scrunched-up balls of paper.

He crossed his arms and admired the sight of her cleaning. He was not going to help at all.

Once Angela was done cleaning up the trash, she moved on to organize the documents on his desk. A strand of long hair slipped out from the back of her ear, making her beautiful face appear even more exquisite.

His eyes narrowed slightly as he continued to admire her figure.

Then, noticing that she was being watched, she turned to smile at him. "Are you done changing?"

She finished cleaning up his desk before walking out of the room. Soon, she was back with a new tray of coffee. This time, she had two cups; one for him while the other was for her.

After a while, Angela realized the most comfortable spot in the room was Richard's couch. Due to her lack of sleep, there was nowhere she wanted to be other than his couch where she would curl up into a ball and read one of his books.

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She even had a cup of coffee to enjoy right now. Overall, it sounded like an extremely wonderful way to spend the morning.

"Here, this is your coffee." She smiled as she placed the cup on his desk. She then turned to his bookshelf, grabbed a book from there, and sat on the couch. With crossed legs, she read as she sipped on her coffee.

For some reason, when he saw that she had taken over his room without asking, he felt happy. This was a sign that she felt safe in the room once more.

He then sat down beside her, pulled out his laptop, and checked his emails. Although they did not speak to each other, they felt at ease sharing the same room.

Angela had selected a book on evolution. Although the book was filled to the brim with concepts that were hard to comprehend, she still forced herself to slowly mull over every word she read. Had he even read this himself?



A few minutes later, a question struck her: Since the coffee was quite hot just now, was he hurt when she spilled it on him?

Could the thin layer of fabric prevent the hot coffee from burning his skin?

"I... Are you okay?" she asked as she bit her lips.

"I'm fine." He continued staring at his laptop, not even looking up to answer her.

"Are you really okay? Do you need to go get it checked out?" Getting hurt in that

spot was no small matter! Injuries like that should not be ignored.

He frowned. "There is no need for that."

His reaction made her realize teasing him could be quite fun. As such, she grew bolder and even went so far as to push his limits.

She moved to sit beside him., then tucked a lock of her hair behind her ear, revealing her fair face, and smiled coquettishly at him.

"Should I take a look at it, Mr. Richard?"

Angela then moved as if to reach down his pants.

Immediately, Richard grabbed her wrist, stopping her. She then slipped down to place her head on his lap. With a tug at the elastic holding her hair together, the long strands sprawled out across his thighs.

Her beautiful slanted eyes softly shimmered up at him. She looked so enticing, yet her gaze looked so clean and innocent.

Sunlight shining in through the window made her skin appear as fair as snow. Her cheeks were gently dusted with an embarrassed blush, and she looked so charming that he was mesmerized.

There was a slight hitch in his breathing. His hand was still wrapped around her wrist, but he did not know what to do next.

Angela was a woman, after all! She knew just how to make a man happy with her pretty looks.

She smiled as her bright eyes shone with pride. "Am I beautiful, Mr. Richard?"

Richard looked back at her with eyes so deep that there was no way to tell what emotions were hiding in them.

"Get up," he coldly commanded.

Realizing how boring he was being, she moved to stand up. Just then, there was a sharp tug on her hair.

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With brows tightly knitted together, he moved to untangle her hair from his belt.

It was at that moment someone pushed open the door. Four pairs of eyes were immediately greeted with the shocking sight of the two in a compromising position.

The men cursed themselves for their bad timing.

Moreover, when were Richard and Angela so close? They were even making out now!

"We will be back later, sir. Please, continue," Will said, pushing the other three out of the room before swiftly closing it behind him.

The other three men had wanted to spend a few more seconds looking at the couple. It was rare for them to see Richard acting all friendly with a girl. How they wished they could have kept staring.

Angela was so embarrassed. It was clear the four men had misunderstood the situation.

Richard did not care about what his subordinates thought though. His broad hands were gently untangling her hair from his belt. As the strands were wrapped tightly around the belt, one mistake and she would be hurt.

“Are you done yet?” she awkwardly asked.

“Soon.” His fingers were unraveling her hair, one strand at a time.

She buried her face in her palms from the embarrassment. How could she look the others in the eye now?

Finally, her hair was free. As soon as she could move, she shot to her feet. Her hair tumbled wildly across her back, emphasizing the innocent beauty of her demure face.

“Trevor and the others must have mistaken what we were doing for something else. Can you clarify things to them?” she asked.

“Clarify what?” he said with a huff.

“Do you not want to clarify what happened?” She pursed her red lips together. She did not care what they thought, but she did not want his image: and reputation to be ruined. He stood up and grabbed his laptop. “You were reading here.”

He then walked out of the room, leaving her all alone.

Watching him leave, her heart stopped pounding with anxiety the moment the door closed behind him. She felt like crying and laughing at the same time. While a strange and sweet sort of giddy joy rose in her.

At that moment, all she wanted to know was if he found her annoying.

The moment Richard stepped into the meeting room, questions began flying his way. "How far have you and Miss Angela gone, Mr. Richard?" asked Trevor.

"Is she going to be your wife?" Jared asked.

Richard calmly looked at them and answered, "Mind your own business." "Stop asking. We will be the first to know if he has any happy news to share," said Willy.

"Yeah, we are waiting for Richard's wedding invitation."

While listening to his subordinates, Richard did not intend to explain much. However, work-related matters were not occupying his brain right now. Instead, he kept rewinding what had happened on the couch earlier. He wondered if she always took the initiative to flirt with a man whenever she met one.

Just then, his phone rang. When he glanced at the number, he reached out to answer it, "Hello!"

"Richard, it's me, Annie." A shy girl's voice sounded on the other end. "I miss you so much, so I asked your grandfather for your personal number. Did I disturb you?"

Richard stood up and walked toward the door of the conference room. When he got out, he responded, "I'm sorry, Miss

Meyers. I'm currently on a mission. Let's talk once I get back."