

N Destiny 951

Chapter 951

“If you don’t fancy Annie, who do you fancy then?” Phillip refused to let him drag this out again. He wanted Richard to give him a great-grandson as soon as possible since Phillip wanted to see the next generation of his family while he was still alive.

Richard froze, then decided to maintain the decision he made all this while. “Grandpa, I don’t have any plans of marrying in this lifetime.”

“We’ll talk about this when you get back.” Phillip was so angry he choked on his breath and coughed lightly.

Richard immediately showed concern and asked him, “Grandpa, are you okay?”

“Come home, and we’ll discuss everything.” Phillip was the first to hang up.

Ariel, who was standing in the shade of the trees near the flowerbed, was surprised at the news. It turns out that Richard has a fiancée, yet he’s dating Angela back at the base. Not only that, his fiancée is a woman named Annie, and she’s from the Meyers Family as well.

A scheming look appeared in her eyes as she thought, Angela, you are a shameless mistress, huh? This time, let’s see how high and mighty you can be.

When Ariel returned her attention to her.

surroundings, Richard had already left. She entered the base via the side entrance and proceeded to knock on Angela’s door, wanting to have her revenge, After knocking for some time, no one answered. This made her curious-where could Angela be? She immediately wondered if the woman was in Richard’s room.

At this thought, she quickly headed to his room and knocked on his door. Angela, who had been reading, heard the sound and jumped. She put down her book and got up to open the door.

As soon as she opened it, she saw Ariel crossing her arms with a smirk on her face. “Angela, did you know that you are Richard’s mistress? How shameless of you!”

Angela’s expression darkened and she answered coldly, “What are you talking about?”

“Don’t you know? Richard has a fiancée, so what were you thinking when seducing him? Do you have any respect for her? Aren’t you the mistress?”

Ariel deliberately raised her voice, making it sound shrill. On the other hand, several people nearby immediately looked in their direction after hearing this.

Angela’s face went red. Richard told only her that he had a fiancée, so how did Ariel know about it too? Did he tell her? How was that possible, though? Angela hadn’t even oriented her thoughts properly when Ariel continued to mock her and said, “He isn’t even planning to marry you at all, you know. I heard him mentioning that he never planned to marry while on the phone with his grandfather.”

Angela’s expression changed. Ariel had eavesdropped on his conversation, hadn’t she?

“Did you eavesdrop on his phone conversation?” Angela couldn’t help but ask angrily.

“I was just passing by and accidentally overheard everything. How dare you call that eavesdropping! Angela, I’m asking you this again-did you become involved with him knowing that he has a fiancée? That poor girl! Her fiancé is here being seduced by a wh*re like you, all while she’s waiting fervently for him to return and marry her!”

Angela’s face reddened further. She always had a more sensitive personality, and the way Ariel was calling her a mistress and wh*re was already crossing the line, even for anyone else but her.

“We don’t need you butting in our business.” Angela tried to close the door.

Ariel wasn’t planning on letting her off easily, though. She pushed the door open and pressed against it. “Why? Are you feeling scared or shameful? You’re having an affair with someone’s fiancé, but you’re afraid of ridicule, huh?”

“Ariel! Are you done?” Angela’s mind was whirling as Ariel’s words weighed on her, making her a little short of breath.

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“Nope! I even know who his fiancée is. What a coincidence, her last name is Meyers as well!” Ariel smirked in victory, making Angela stunned yet again. She looked at Ariel, wanting to hear what the woman had to say.

Ariel wasn’t planning on keeping the secret anyway, and she giggled. “Angela, do you even know what her name is? The poor girl probably doesn’t know the existence of a wh*re like you!”

“What’s her name?” Angela took a deep breath and asked.

Ariel didn’t play around now, and she looked at the woman while replying coldly, “That poor girl’s name is Annie. Richard is even planning to cancel their engagement because of you. Huh, you’re incredibly mean, Angela!”

While Ariel spoke, she watched as Angela became pale and held onto the door frame for support. She looked as if someone had taken the soul from her as she staggered backward and collapsed onto the floor.

Ariel stared at Angela, who was sitting on the floor with a face so pale that she looked like she was about to faint. The former became scared and covered her mouth quickly. “W-What’s wrong?”

Angela raised her head, her eyes red as she looked at Ariel. “Is the girl’s name really Annie?”

A slightly offended Ariel responded, “Why would I lie to you?”

Ariel didn’t want to cause any trouble; if anything happened to Angela, Richard would never forgive her, after all. Ariel had her revenge anyway as she was done making fun of Angela, and the girl looked tormented enough. She closed the door before leaving with a hint of mockery so that no one could see Angela’s pale face.

After Ariel left, Angela put her face in her hands, her body shaking as painful sobs emitted from between her fingers. She remembered how excited Annie had been when she called Angela to announce her engagement to an extremely handsome man. Annie had fallen in love with him at first sight, yet she neglected

to mention that his name was Richard Lloyd.

The whole thing had been personally arranged by their grandfather. On the night of the event, Angela had been robbed and nearly killed, so Richard took her to a guardhouse and confiscated her mobile phone. She remembered him coming back late that night, then refusing to return her phone when she angrily sought him out.

It turned out he had gone to get engaged with Annie that night. If she had had her phone with her, she wouldn't have missed the news of the engagement and found out in advance that he was Annie's fiancé.

It was all a strange coincidence; she hadn't known that he had a fiancé or that his fiancée was her cousin, Annie, but he had known all along, hadn't he? He also knew she was Angela's cousin, yet...

She got up from the floor, her eyes blurry with tears, then walked toward the couch to get some tissues to wipe her eyes. Her pain was secondary, and her feelings had been mostly of guilt.

She had betrayed Annie, her grandfather, and her entire family, but at least the whole incident hadn't progressed to an unsalvageable stage. It might be a little too late, but she could sever everything cleanly before then. That way, her relationship with Richard could return to normal.

Angela tried wiping off her tears forcefully, but they couldn't stop falling. She didn't blame him for not telling her because it had been her initiating the relationship. If she hadn't done so, he wouldn't have even interacted with her.

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At that thought, her tears fell again. She pulled off her hairband, letting her long hair fall into her face and hide it from view, then opened the door and left. She ran to the top of the rocky hill via a shortcut, stumbling on exposed rocks and nearly falling because of her blurred vision.

Yet, no matter how much she cried, she couldn't let out the pain she felt. It must've all been one big joke from God. She hated her actions even more now, feeling guilty whenever she thought of Annie. Even now, she could clearly remember Annie's excited voice on the phone.

"Angie, do you know what the man I'm going to be engaged to looks like? Oh my, he looks so handsome. He's the most handsome man I've ever seen! I'm very satisfied with this arrangement."

"Angie, we're getting engaged tomorrow. Would you be able to come?"

Angela closed her eyes in pain and leaned against a rock. Her mind was swirling as Annie's voice and memories of the blossoming relationship between her and Richard replayed in her mind. She felt that she was to blame for everything. After all, she shouldn't have become interested in this man, nor seduced him in different ways. This was all her fault.

Angela cried as the wind blew against her face. The mountaintop was windy, not to mention she was sitting in a deserted area. The chilly wind of early winter made her face cold and pale. She hugged her knees, feeling like her heart was covered in snow too.

All she wanted was to go back to the first time she had met Richard and do everything over again. This way, she could prevent herself from being entangled in a love triangle. She would not look twice at him, instead giving her blessings to Annie and feeling happy for

her since she had found such a great man. As the cold air surrounded her, he suppressed her sobs and felt herself breaking down all over again.

At that moment, Richard entered the base via the main entrance. He had been planning to go to the meeting room, but his feet intuitively took him toward his room instead. When he arrived, he did not knock but opened the door immediately. Since Angela loved sleeping on his couch so much, she might already be asleep and he did not want to wake her.

But when he entered, he discovered that there was no one on the couch or the room itself. Angela had already left, making him feel a stab of

disappointment. Just as he was about to leave, he immediately zeroed in on the balled-up pieces of tissue on the table, as well as another on the floor. He walked over at once and picked them up to take a closer look.

They were all wet, but it didn't seem to be from wiping up spilled water. In fact, the tissues were wet in the middle and dry around the edges, as if someone had used them to wipe their tears.

His heart quickened. What happened to her? He immediately turned and walked out, going toward her room and knocking on the door. No one answered, which meant she wasn't there. When he returned to the meeting room to ask Trevor and the rest, they all said that she had never been there.

"What has happened to Miss Meyers, Richard?"

"She has vanished. Go look for her," Richard ordered in a low voice, for the damp pieces of tissue paper made him extremely worried. All four of them immediately put their work aside and exited the base, going in different directions to find Angela.

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Richard ran along the winding path toward the top of the mountain, and when he arrived and saw the slim figure sitting in the cold, his breathing staggered. Almost immediately, he pulled off his coat and approached her while holding it.

Angela, whose senses had been dulled by faintness, emotional distress, and also the howling wind around them, could not sense him behind her until the warm coat wrapped around her shoulders.

Only then did she turn around in surprise as her swollen eyes made contact with his worried ones. His heart squeezed forcefully at the sight, and he carried her from the rocks aggressively.

"Richard, let me go." She struggled violently against his hold, trying to push him away.

He was afraid that she might hurt herself like this, so he had no choice but to put her down on the edge of a nearby rock. While he stood looking down at her, she looked back at him from her position.

Hearing her words, Richard furrowed his brows. Is she trying to break up with me?

Taking a deep breath, Angela continued, "You can't cancel the engagement. Annie loves you very much. So, you should keep your promise and make her your wife."

Listening to Angela's words, Richard stared at her deeply. Something sparked in his usual cold eyes-it was anger and distress. Distress as to the words she said

and angry because of her attitude.

It was Angela who came on to him first; she wanted to be his girlfriend. Now, it was also her who tried to break up with him.

After finishing her words, Angela noticed that Richard was silent and did not answer. All he did was only stare at her intently.

But she was not afraid of this sight of him and even pushed him for an answer. "Hurry up and promise me that you not hurt Annie," she demanded. Will

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His first sentence made Angela's heart tremble.

"What do you mean by that? We haven't even been on a proper date before. What is there to break up?" At that point, her emotions shot through the roof.

"Secondly, I will call off the engagement," Richard continued speaking.

Angela's face turned pale as she looked at him. At this moment, she wished she could die on the spot.

"You..." Suddenly, her whole body swayed as if she was going to faint.

But before her body landed on the ground, she was held by a pair of strong arms. The next moment, she was back in Richard's warm embrace. Out of instinct, she immediately pushed him away. She would rather hold on to the cold stone beside her as support than be hugged by him.

The chilly wind messed up her long hair and spread it all over her face. Her face was overly pale compared to the darkness

of her hair. It was as if she was so fragile that the wind could sweep her away.

“Let’s talk inside. It’s cold out here.” Richard sighed.

“Leave by yourself then! I want to stay here a little longer,” Angela replied as she didn’t want to walk alongside him.

“Angela, who told you about this matter?” Richard squinted his eyes and asked.

“It was Ariel. She overheard the conversation between you and your grandpa when you were on the phone. You were planning on being unmarried for the rest of your life, is that so?”

she raised her head and confronted him. Recalling the moment when he had a phone call at the parterre, Richard wasn’t too happy about it. He indeed sensed that someone was behind him, but he did not expect that it was Ariel. He ignored the presence as he thought it was someone from the base.

“What else did she say?” Richard trusted that Ariel must have said something else to Angela, as both girls had always been at each other’s throats. Once Ariel got hold of this matter, she would surely use it against Angela.

“It doesn’t matter anymore if she had said any other things. The most important. part is that we are over. I’m sorry, Richard. I was a sc*mbag for seducing you. I’m sorry that I offended you by not knowing any better.” Angela lowered her head as she reflected on herself, thinking. she had committed the crime of the year.

But from Richard’s perspective, it was heartbreaking to see her in this state. Never did he expect that she would draw. back this much after finding out about this matter. Furthermore, she even blamed herself for the whole thing and degraded her own morale.

Suppressing the urge to hold her, Richard.

gripped his knuckles as his face twitched slightly, watching her slim figure wavering because of the wind..

At that moment, the afternoon sky became gloomy, like it was going to rain anytime soon.

As they were still at a stand-off, it started to rain eventually. The rain droplets made a heavy dripping sound as they hit the stones.

“Let’s go back,” Richard said in a low voice. He was not going to let her stay here any longer.

It was also frustrating for Angela that even the weather was picking on her. Just as she was going to vent her frustration by letting herself soak in the rain, a pair of arms locked themselves by her waist. Richard tucked her hair back to reveal her petite face and kissed her cold lips with a mix of and dominance.

In the midst of the rain, he kissed her.

The kiss made Angela dumbstruck as she was mind blown by his action. His kiss was more aggressive than the last time. Out of embarrassment, she tried to push him away but was only being pulled closer by Richard until she had no place to hide.

After some time, Richard finally let go of her. The rain made his dark eyes even darker while gulping sounds came from his throat, and even his breath was uneven.

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“Don’t you dare back away or try to escape from me,” he whispered in her ear, full of dominance.

The next minute, before Angela could react, she was being carried by him.

“Ahhh!” Angela cried out in shock, but Richard was always a tough guy; she couldn’t expect him to be any gentle.

At the entrance of the base, Trevor and the other four men couldn't find them and were panicking as they watched the pouring rain. They wondered where Richard and Angela went as they still weren't back.

Suddenly, Jared raised his hand and pointed in a direction. "Look, they are back!" he exclaimed.

Everyone's gaze followed where Jared had pointed and saw Richard walking his way over while carrying a woman on his back in the rain. It was visible that the woman was struggling as she thrashed his back. They could vaguely hear her saying, "Put me down... Put me down, Richard."

"Miss Meyers is going to hate Richie," Sean whispered.

Even if all eyes were on them, Richard did not flinch and continued to carry Angela back to his room. Compared to the anger in her voice in the beginning, Angela was now almost in tears.

"Let go of me, Richard. You're an asshole!" Her accusation was mixed with resentment.

Those who watched the scene did not dare to get involved in this matter. Even if they heard Angela's wails, they could only give her a sympathetic look as they watched Richard carry her into his room, wondering how she had riled Richard up this much.

Among the crowd was Ariel, but her eyes were filled with jealousy. Anyone who knew Richard would understand that he would only treat the woman he loved this way. If he came across women that he was uninterested in, he wouldn't even spare a glance.

This meant that Angela was just throwing a tantrum and not being tortured. Remembering the words that she had told Angela today, Ariel couldn't help but think that Angela indeed had some tricks up her sleeves.

Great! Just great! Now, she's throwing a fit to win a place in his heart!

Little did the people around know what was on the tantrum-throwing girl's mind.

God! I wish the ground would swallow me up! Ah! Everyone's looking at me!

Angela was thrown to the couch by Richard ruthlessly. Although she did not get hurt by the soft couch, she saw stars.

Not only was she drenched, her hair was also soaked. The sight of her, plus her pale face, made her look miserable and pitiful.

"Go and take a bath." Richard leaned down and ordered her as he propped himself against the couch with one hand and his legs on the table.

Glaring at him with red and puffy eyes, Angela felt furious and painful, as there was still a pang of pain in her heart when she watched him being drenched like her.

"I'm not going. You go!" Angela crossed her arms and looked away. She could only swallow up her sadness even if she was upset.

"Do you want to get sick?" Richard questioned her in a deep voice.

Hearing his words, she shivered as she felt her skin was freezing and her limbs were icy cold. She took a deep breath and said. "Mind your own business."

Richard's expression became gloomy as he heard her words. "Do you want me to clean you up myself?" he asked.

Angela was shocked by his words while her face reddened. "W-What are you saying?" she stammered.

Looking at his serious expression, she knew that he was not joking around. If he had to, he would drag her to the bathroom and clean her up personally.

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"I'll go... I'll wash myself up." Angela knew that he was a man who stood by his words. She quickly scrambled off the couch and rushed to the bathroom.

Watching her figure, Richard breathed a sigh of relief only to realize that she was so frightened that she had not brought any clothing with her when she went to the bathroom. Just as he got up and opened the door, he saw four men

standing by the pole outside the door. All of them looked at him with worry.

“You didn’t have a fight with Miss Meyers, did you, Richie?” Trevor asked hastily.

“Is she hurt?” Sean added.

“Go on with your own things,” Richard replied and walked toward Angela’s room.

Inside the bathroom, Angela stood under the showerhead as the water fell upon her, not knowing if it was water or tears that streamed down her face. She didn’t bother taking off her clothes and just sat on the floor as she closed her eyes, feeling the warm water melt the frigidity of her skin.

Never did Angela think that she would use this kind of action to hurt Annie. Even if Annie had no clue about her and Richard, what had been done was done, and she was guilty about it. At this moment, Angela felt embarrassed, like she had made an unforgivable mistake.

“I’m sorry, Annie,” Angela whispered as she hugged herself.

At that moment, the door was open, and Richard came in with her clothes and even undergarments. He walked up to the bathroom door and knocked on it. Only then did Angela notice that she was still sitting on the floor. She shouted in the door’s direction, “I’ll be out in a second.”

“I left your clothes outside. After you’re done, come out and change into them,” Richard reminded her.

Realizing that she had not taken any

clothes with her, Angela replied, “Okay.”

She pulled herself together, undressed from her wet clothing, and then bathed. After finishing, Angela looked at the only towel hanging there and closed her eyes hopelessly. The towel was the one that Richard used often, and she would take her own towel if she were to take a bath at his place. Now, it seemed like she could only use his towel at the time.

Wrapping the towel around, Angela thought that Richard must have left the room. So, she could quickly get her clothes and change them inside.

She thought as she opened the bathroom door and wore the flip-flops that she had left here. From now onward, Angela felt that everything she had done at this moment was hurting Annie more and more. So she decided that after today, she would not enter Richard's room ever again and would take away the belongings that she had left at his place.

Just as she walked out of the corridor that led to the bathroom and entered the living room, she was shocked. To her surprise, Richard didn't leave as expected and was sitting by the table, looking at her like a soaked-through statue.

Angela was scared to death and immediately wanted to hide back inside the bathroom as she was only half covered, but her flip-flops gave out, and she slipped since the floor was wet.

"Ahh..." The more panicked Angela was, the more she didn't know what to do. In the end, she fell to the ground.

At that moment, Richard stood up from the chair as Angela knelt on the floor, propping herself with one hand while clutching her robe tightly with the other. She looked like a mess. What was even worse was that there was a sharp pain coming from her knee.

Just then, he crouched in front of her. Noticing him, she froze and begged him all of a sudden. "Don't... Don't look at me. Please, I beg you. Leave!" she cried.

No matter how tightly she clutched her robe, she was already an embarrassment. Furthermore, how much could she cover herself up as she only wore a robe?

Looking at her pained expression, he furrowed his eyebrows. Her pleas stung his heart even more; such intense pain was nothing he had ever experienced before.

The more Angela begged him to leave, the more he stood there. Suddenly, he reached his arms out, which startled Angela, making her raise her head and look at him. But, their gaze did not meet with each other. Richard wasn't even looking at her; he was respecting her in his own way.

Angela took a deep breath and trembled when Richard's arms went under her armpits and knees.

Richard carried her bridal style and placed her on the couch. The bleeding wound stuck out like a sore thumb on her fair skin as it was creating bruises around the skin. After covering her up with her jacket, Richard went to the cabinet and returned with a small first aid kit.

Tears were threatening to fall from Angela's eyes, but not from the pain of her wound; it was because she hated how useless and miserable she was now.

The more she wanted to keep her distance from him, the more she couldn't do it. When Richard crouched down, he raised his head and saw the tears that she was holding back. He furrowed his eyebrows and said coldly, "You don't have to be like this. With or without you, I will still cancel the engagement with Annie."

Listening to his words, Angela could only look at him with her eyes widened, and the tears just fell right down.

At this moment, she didn't know whether to feel sorry for Annie or be mad at herself. Either way, this relationship between them shouldn't even exist.

"Annie is a good girl. She is pretty and has a cheerful personality. You should give her a chance," Angela lowered her head and advised him.

Richard was gently using a cotton pad to help her stop the blood. Unlike Angela's usual self, who was scared of pain, she now felt nothing and allowed him to bandage her up.

"I know whom I want to be with. You don't need to tell me that," he replied as he tidied up the first aid kit.

Furious by his answer, Angela bit her lip, coming up with the best argument she could. "You can't do this to Annie,

Richard. She really loves you. The night before the engagement, she called me, saying that she fell in love at first sight with you and was glad you were the one and not any other. You can't disappoint her."

Hearing her words, Richard stopped what he was doing and furrowed his eyebrows. On the engagement day, the whole Meyers Family was supposed to be there, but Angela was left out because she was being protected.

"If only I had gone to the engagement that day, that would be nice. Then, we wouldn't have made this mistake." Angela sighed as if she hated everything she had done up until that moment, not realizing the darkened expression of the man beside her.

"When Annie called me, I should have asked what her fiancé's name was. If I knew that it was you, I would have... I would..." She stopped what she was saying when she came to this point.

"You wouldn't have been in love with me, would you?" Richard continued her words for her coldly.

Angela raised her head abruptly and corrected him. "I am not in love with you. I was just having a good impression of you, and it was not love. Don't you get the wrong idea."

Crossing his arms together, Richard eyed her coldly as he watched her trying to deny her feelings for him, which was not a pleasant sight to see. He wondered how she could be doing so in just a day when she was so into it when courting him.

"So, are you saying that getting to know me is a mistake?" Richard gritted his teeth and asked.

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“It’s not just a mistake, it’s a huge mistake.” Angela replied with a look of annoyance, her beautiful eyes flashing with anxiety as she continued, “I shouldn’t have gotten to know you, and you shouldn’t have appeared in front of me.”

Richard’s expression darkened, and he couldn’t even help but ball his hands into fists.

Her beautiful eyes suddenly turned to him. Seeing that he was still in wet clothes, she hurriedly urged, “Why haven’t you taken a shower yet? Go and take a shower!”

As she finished speaking and saw the way he was staring at her, she couldn’t help but draw her large coat a little closer around her, as if she wanted to cover as much as she could so that he wouldn’t be able to look at her anymore.

However, he had already seen everything he could see, and it was already too late for this woman to only think about covering herself up now.

“Go and take a shower. Don’t catch a cold,” Angela urged him as he was completely drenched as well.

“Why are you worrying about me?” Richard scoffed.

“I’m worried about you as a friend. Don’t misunderstand,” Angela explained, turning her head away.

Just like that, she had retired from the role of his girlfriend to his friend. Richard was filled with anger that he couldn’t seem to let out nor get rid of, and it was all caused by this woman.

He walked to the wardrobe and took his clothes before heading immediately to the public bathhouse, leaving his room to her.

As soon as he left, Angela picked up her clothes and went into the bathroom to change into them, then took her flip flops and the cup on the table with her as well.

She had to try her best to keep her distance from Richard and cut off all of their ties. Now, she thought that for some people, meeting them was a blessing, but not meeting them was also a blessing.

Meanwhile, Ariel was lazing around in her room when someone suddenly knocked on the door, causing her to get up and open the door. Soon after, she saw Carlton, who was still damp, and even his hair was drenched considerably. It turned out that he was wearing a raincoat to take pictures when he saw a rare bird and wanted to shoot it for a documentary in the future.

“Ariel, guess what I just captured?”

“What?”

“Let me show you.” After he finished speaking, he walked into the room mysteriously and closed the door before he quickly took out his camera and opened a video he had just taken, handing it to her.

“Look, I caught a video of Richard and Angela kissing on the mountain. I told you not to waste your time on him. He only cares about Angela.”

As Ariel watched the video and adjusted the video quality to the highest, she could clearly see Richard hugging Angela and kissing her on the lips somewhat aggressively. On the contrary, Angela pushed him away, as if she was unwilling, but the kiss still lasted for about a minute. Ariel was brimming with jealousy at the sight. Did Richard like Angela more? How lucky did she have to be to gain the favor of a man like this?

“Send this video to me. I have a use for it,” she said to Carlton.

“What for? Videos like these are only good for watching,” he complained.

“Just send it to me. Don’t ask so many questions. Anyway, I have a use for it.” Ariel scoffed at Carlton. Thinking of the last time Angela fooled her, she wanted to ruin her life completely.

As she wanted Angela to leave Richard in pain, this video could be her weapon that would allow her to look for Annie in the future and show her this video to let her know what her fiancé had done.

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Not long later, Carlton sent the video to her, and Ariel lay on the bed and admired it repeatedly. The more she looked at it, the angrier she became. Whenever she watched the video and felt Richard's overbearing liking for Angela, her knees went weak when she imagined what it was like to be forcefully kissed by such a man.

Ariel didn't dare to look for Angela at this moment. After all, she was still extremely afraid of Richard. He was just that complicated. He had a kind of charm that made every woman fall for him at a glance, but he also had a regal aura that sent shivers down everyone's spine.

Even so, women always favored men like him, and every woman yearned to see him let down his guard and look at them gently and affectionately.

Angela returned to the room and sat on the bed with her knees in her arms, falling into a daze. She was still overwhelmed by a strong sense of guilt.

She thought that as she was about to go back soon, she was about to see Annie. Therefore, she had to stay away from Richard and erase everything that happened here. She was determined not to harm Annie.

Angela wasn't aware of how long she spent in a daze and ended up forgetting about dinner. In the end, it was Trevor who knocked on her door to call her out.

"Miss Angela, it's time for dinner. Come on out."

Angela opened the door and looked at him with red eyes. "I don't have an appetite. You can eat without me."

"Should I ask the chefs to cook something simple for you?"

"It's all right, thank you. I just want to rest." Angela shook her head.

Trevor looked at her with a pained expression. "Did you argue with Mr. Richard?"

“No, we didn’t argue. Something just came up. Trevor, please tell the others that Captain Lloyd and I are just friends,” Angela instructed.

Trevor was a little surprised. It seemed things had gotten serious! Was Angela denying that she was in a relationship with Richard?

“Oh! Sure, I’ll tell them.” Trevor nodded. Then, due to his sharp eyes, he noticed that Angela’s face was unnaturally red and hurriedly asked, “Are you alright? Do you feel sick anywhere?”

“No, I’m fine.” Angela smiled. Just then, her head spun, causing her to grab onto the door frame before saying to Trevor, “I’m really fine. You don’t have to worry.”

“You look sick to me. Don’t tell me you’ve fallen ill!” Trevor continued to press her in concern.

“I’m completely fine. You should go and eat!” She shot him a smile, then closed the door.

Angela subconsciously touched her forehead, and the heat beneath her fingers startled her. It seemed that she was burning up. It must be because she had gotten wet in the rain, but it wasn’t a big deal, and it wasn’t serious either. Once she went to sleep and sweated it out, she would be fine.

When Trevor returned to the dining hall, he noticed that not only was Angela absent, but Richard was nowhere to be seen as well.

“Is Mr. Richard not coming too?” he asked.

“No. I think he’s not in a good mood,” Sean said with a shrug.

“I don’t know what happened to him and Miss Angela. Just now, Miss Angela told

me not to say anything unnecessary about their relationship in the future, and that they’re just friends.”

“Really? That must be because Mr. Richard hurt Miss Angela’s feelings.”

“That’s possible too. Mr. Richard has never understood a woman’s heart, so Miss Angela must not like people like him.”