

Second Marriage to Mr. Rich

Read Chapter 161

Chapter 161

Marion was always carefree. Suddenly, she remembered her child at home.

She pulled Reese aside by his sleeve and whispered, "Have the housekeeper take our kid to my mom's place. My pregnancy was around the same time as Angeline's. Since Angeline lost her child, I don't want her to feel sad seeing mine."

"Brilliant idea, my dear!" Reese praised Marion.

While chatting with her seniors, Angeline received a call from James. He asked her and Gregory to head to the auditorium first.

After hanging up, Angeline said, "I'll go ahead then."

"Okay! You may go with Gregory first. We'll change and come soon," Marion responded.

Gregory was on his way to the venue but was delayed because he ran into Angeline.

"Alright," Angeline nodded.

While walking with Angeline, Gregory hesitated but asked, "I heard from my cousin that he saw you in Krontos with a young girl by your side."

Angeline didn't mind Gregory's question and smiled at him.

"What about it?"

Gregory felt embarrassed and scratched his head.

"Sorry, Angeline. I was just curious. I admit Ned asked me to inquire, but I won't tell him! It's just that..."

"It's okay," Angeline replied generously, smiling at Gregory.

"The child isn't his! I've said from the beginning that the child isn't his."

Gregory nodded.

"Alright, I won't gossip about it."

The wind blew, rustling the leaves.

Gregory and Angeline walked side by side. Gregory felt the silence was too awkward, so he scratched his head and searched for a topic.

"By the way, the Oceanford graduate swimming team will compete with our team this afternoon. Do you want to go watch?"

"I'd rather not," Angeline said.

"I'm heading back to Oceanford this afternoon."

Gregory nodded. He was unsure of what else to say. He walked ahead, not noticing a basketball flying towards them from the sports field.

"Watch out!"

A shout came from the field. Angeline quickly raised her hand to block it, but the basketball hit her elbow hard and bounced away. Gregory was a bit stunned.

The boy who was playing basketball ran over with his friends.

He picked up the ball and apologized, "Sorry about that..." .

When the boy saw Angeline, he suddenly pointed at her and asked, "Are you Angeline?"

Angeline clearly didn't recognize the boy.

She asked, "Who are you?"

Upon Angeline's admission, the boy's face took on a mocking expression.

He glanced at his friends, then at Gregory, and said to Angeline, "I'm from Oceanford College. I didn't expect to see you here at Cloudsville College."

Angeline's expression darkened.

She said to Gregory, "Let's go."

"Why are you leaving? Are you afraid your past at Oceanford College will be exposed?" the boy taunted while bouncing the basketball.

He laughed at Gregory, "I'm telling you, don't let Angeline's looks fool you. Back at Oceanford College, she was quite the flirt, and who knows how many people she slept with.

"Remember when she drugged the heir of Fletcher Corporation and ended up in his bed? Those naked photos of her were distributed all over. If you're into her, just ask how much for a night. But don't get too attached, okay?"

Angeline clenched her fist. She was about to speak when Gregory punched the boy in the face.

"Shut the hell up!"

Gregory was on top of the boy, throwing punches.

The students playing basketball nearby all ran over at the commotion.

"Stop it!"

Angeline tried to pull Gregory away, but his rage made him shove her, causing her to stumble.

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When students from Oceanford College pinned Gregory down, Cloudsville College students instantly clashed with them.

"Damn! We're here for a basketball match, and you attack our people!" one shouted.

"Who gave you the guts to pick on our Cloudsville people on our turf?" another retorted.

Students from both sides fought fiercely, blurring friend from foe.

Angeline shouted several times, "Stop, or I'll call the police!"

Eventually, they ceased fighting. The thought of police involvement and potential disciplinary action calmed them down while security separated the students.

Gregory spat out blood-stained saliva. He wiped his mouth with his sleeve, glaring fiercely at the Oceanford students.

Soon, the team leader from Oceanford and the teacher coordinating the match from Cloudsville hurried over.

"What's this mess? You're here for a friendly match but end up fighting at the host school?" the Oceanford teacher scolded their students.

The Cloudsville teacher also reprimanded their students.

"What are you doing? They're our guests, and you punch them? Do you want a disciplinary record?"

"It was them! They insulted Cloudsville students first!" Gregory protested, pointing at the opposing side.

"You started it!" an Oceanford student retorted, pointing back at Gregory.

Both sides were ready to erupt again, seeming on the verge of another clash.

Angeline stepped forward to explain the situation to both teachers and played a recording from her phone.

The boy who came over to retrieve the ball hadn't expected Angeline to record their conversation. His face turned pale.

"I reserve the right to pursue legal action," Angeline stated as she pocketed her phone.

She asked the boy, "Which department at Oceanford University are you from? What's your name?"

The boy clenched his fists, lips pressed tightly shut.

"Which department? Your name?" Angeline pressed.

"Biological Sciences. Bradley Floyd," he replied through gritted teeth.

Bradley?

Angeline thought that was interesting.

"Are you third in Biological Sciences at Oceanford College? Scheduled for an internship at Vitality Biotech this year?" Angeline continued.

Bradley was taken aback. He didn't expect Angeline to know this.

"How do you know?"

In recent years, Angeline provided additional scholarships to several universities' biological sciences departments, hoping to boost the field domestically. Bradley was one of the beneficiaries, who was also designated for an internship at Vitality Biotech this year.

Angeline glanced at Bradley but said nothing. She only addressed the Cloudsville teacher coordinating the match.

"There's an alumni exchange meeting today. Professor Dickson asked Gregory to attend. I'll go with him."

Gregory was well-known at Cloudsville College. He was as handsome as a character from a movie and a young prodigy in genetics. He had been single for years. As James' prized student, he was famous among Cloudsville's faculty.

The Cloudsville teacher nodded and gestured towards Gregory.

"Then go ahead! I'll handle this."

As Angeline and Gregory walked away, Bradley watched their retreating figures as he heard the teachers from both schools discuss the situation. His mind, however, was elsewhere.

He was thinking about the meaning behind Angeline's words.

He wondered how she knew he was third in his department and was headed for an internship at Vitality Biotech.

"Are you listening to me?" the Oceanford team leader snapped, smacking Bradley's head.

"Yes!" Bradley responded dully.

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Gregory's suit and shirt were all dirty. While Gregory returned to his dorm to change, Angeline bought medicine and band-aids.

When Gregory came downstairs, Angeline pulled him to sit on a bench and started treating his wounds.

Finally, Gregory couldn't hold back.

"That guy was talking nonsense. Don't take it to heart. I don't believe you would drug someone. But... Did Ned really post your photos?"

"Yes," Angeline responded as she focused on tending to the wound.

Gregory clenched his fist.

"I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault," Angeline said with a light laugh.

"You don't need to feel sorry."

"What exactly happened between you and Ned?"

Gregory looked at Angeline.

"Don't mind me asking. I grew up abroad and only connected with Ned's family five years ago. So I'm not clear about your situation. I heard some really confusing stories." "It's nothing much," Angeline said while dabbing at Gregory's cuts with iodine.

"I accidentally saved Ned when he was kidnapped as a child, and he took me back to the Fletcher family. Later, we got together. Then, on his 22nd birthday, we went to get a marriage certificate. Right after that, there was a car accident. He lost his memory, and I became comatose.

"After Ned lost his memory, he fell in love with someone else. When I woke up, I tried to make him remember our past for two years. Then, he thought I drugged him, so he posted my photos. I transferred to Cloudsville College, and the rest is history."

"So..."

Gregory gripped Angeline's wrist.

"Is the child really Ned's? You didn't have a miscarriage back then?"

Gregory saw Angeline's gaze fall on his hand and quickly let go.

"Sorry."

"The girl isn't Ned's. She's simply mine," Angeline said as she applied a band-aid on Gregory.

"Angeline... Would you forgive my cousin and reconcile with him if he regains his memories and regrets it?"

Gregory seemed anxious.

"I feel like Ned is regaining his memories. I can sense it! His feelings for you... are different, even though he hasn't remembered the past yet." .

"If you were me, and Ned caused your foster mother's death, protected the culprit who made your sister jump off a building, and then came back to you after regaining his memory, would you be with him?" Angeline asked Gregory with a forced smile.

Gregory's lips pressed tightly together.

"Then... Do you regret being with Ned?"

"Ned was a salvation for the old version of me. He pulled me from the gutter, from self-pity, and made me resilient," Angeline said ambiguously.

Yet, she remembered Ned as the person who pushed her back into the gutter, trampled on her dignity, tormented her spirit, and hurt her family. With the same hands that pulled her into the light, he pushed her into a more profound abyss.

She wondered how she would not have any regrets or hatred toward him.

Angeline packed everything into a plastic bag.

"Let's go. Professor Dickson is waiting for us in the auditorium."

James chatted and laughed with some school leaders and well-known scientific personalities in the auditorium. He waved at Angeline and Gregory as soon as he saw them. "Angeline, Gregory, come here!"

James was taken aback when he saw the band-aid on Gregory's face.

"I just stumbled while walking. Angeline has taken care of it," Gregory said with a smile.

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"This is Gregory you were asking about!"

James introduced him to several leading figures in the scientific community.

"Bringing back this genetics prodigy from abroad a few years ago was quite a feat. It really took a lot of effort!"

Gregory greeted everyone with a smile and shook their hands.

"This is Angeline."

James remembered that Angeline had asked not to reveal she was the founder of Vitality Biotech.

He simply smiled and said, "She's currently with Vitality Biotech."

"Angeline, I've heard so much about you! You were brilliant at the exchange meeting in Dmont four years ago."

An older biologist shook hands with Angeline. .

"It's a pity I wasn't there. My colleague spoke so highly of you. We haven't heard from you since. Is it because of your work at Vitality Biotech?"

"Yes," Angeline nodded.

"Many experiments are confidential, but I really enjoy diving into the work in the lab."

Everyone had a great time talking. Angeline's sole focus on her experiments allowed her to brush off anyone trying to probe into the identity of the founder of Vitality Biotech with the excuse of not having seen them or not being interested in anything else.

In the evening, Angeline and her former lab seniors headed to Reese and Marion's place for hotpot.

The housekeeper had prepared everything and had taken the children to Marion's mother's house early. Everyone gathered around the hotpot. They talked and laughed about the funny incidents in the lab over the years, mostly involving Marion, making Angeline laugh until she was nearly in tears.

Gregory's phone kept vibrating in his pocket. He glanced at Angeline, who was wiping away tears of laughter before stepping out onto the balcony to answer the call.

"Ned, stop calling me," Gregory said.

"I won't tell you anything about Angeline or pass on messages for you. I won't even tell you that the child is yours!"

Gregory realized he had slipped up and quickly covered his mouth.

Dead silence followed on the other end of the line.

After a long pause, Gregory said, "Ned, stop bothering with Angeline's life! Go ahead and marry Ingrid. Let go of Angeline!" After hanging up, Gregory returned to the table and enjoyed the lively hotpot meal with Angeline.

On the other end of the phone, Sherryn pressed, "What did he say?"

Ned's mind was thrown into chaos as if something had detonated within.

It turned out Yasmine was indeed his daughter.

Ned's ashen face and his rapid breathing caused Sherryn to become even more anxious, so she tugged at him.

"Is she or isn't she a Fletcher child?"

Ned returned to his senses and looked at his mother. He knew that if he told her, she would definitely try to take the child back.

"Gregory doesn't know either," Ned said.

"Make him ask her again!" Sherryn persisted.

"This morning, I heard Angeline's voice when I was on the phone with Gregory, and then he suddenly hung up. He must have been with Angeline. Ask Gregory if the girl is with Angeline, too! Has Angeline been taking good care of the child?"

"The girl doesn't resemble me at all. Angeline must have adopted her. Don't be too worried about it!"

Ned got up to leave.

Sherryn followed him, "Would I be this stressed if you had settled down earlier and had a stable life? You're set on marrying Ingrid, so just tie the knot and start a family already. Then maybe I won't be constantly on edge."

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Ned stormed out and slammed the door behind him.

Sherryn furrowed her brows. She wrapped her cloak tighter around her in irritation before storming upstairs to her room.

Ned's mind was haunted by Sherryn's words from their morning phone call with Gregory. He could hear Angeline's voice in the background. Specific images in his mind became vivid as he drove with one hand on the steering wheel.

When they were just starting high school and went through military training with another school, a boy from the other school confessed his feelings to Angeline. Ned had hit the

boy without a second thought. Angeline then took him to the infirmary to tend to the wound at the corner of his mouth.

In his memory, Angeline had her hair in two braids, and the sunlight streamed through the window, highlighting her exceptionally fair and delicate features. She had gently dabbed at his wound with a cotton swab and blew on it lightly. The sight of Angeline's plump, rosy lips had impulsively driven Ned to kiss her lightly.

The soft, fragrant sensation on his lips had jolted him back to reality. He had grabbed his camouflage jacket and scrambled out of the infirmary. .

He also remembered how Angeline always managed to secure the top spot in every exam while he lingered at the bottom.

Standing before the score bulletin, Angeline would always look for his score first with her hair in a high ponytail. She accepted congratulations with a calm detachment but would light up with a smile at his improvement, encouraging him to keep it up for the next exam.

Ned recalled Zachary sighing and saying, "Angeline scored 300 in the science comprehensive exam because the test was out of 300! We're not the same..."

Ned's brows furrowed as he lightly touched his lips and recalled the memory of Angeline's touch and the sensation of his heart racing, making him lose control.

He even remembered the slight feeling of inferiority he had felt back then. He felt unworthy of Angeline, who excelled in everything she did. Despite his efforts, he could never catch up to her.

He slammed his hands against the steering wheel and pulled over. He clutched his chest as a pain that was nearly suffocating washed over him. His mind replayed the day he ran into Angeline in the elevator.

A man's coat draped over her arm, and she mentioned she was going to pick up her husband. The pain in his heart intensified, leaving him struggling for breath.

Ned clutched at his chest while his forehead was covered in sweat, as countless voices of Angeline echoed in his mind.

"Angeline, let's go to the amusement park this weekend!"

"If I get 90 in math on this month's test, I'll go!"

"Ned, do you like me?"

"What's there to like? Your narcissism? Your aloofness? Or your scrawny figure with hardly any meat on it?"

"Then why did you kiss me secretly?"

"Ned, we're even now!"

This was Angeline's voice tinged with laughter.

"Ned, we're even now!"

This was Angeline's hoarse voice.

"I tried, but it's too tiring, so Ned... I don't want you anymore."

This was Angeline's voice, breaking with sobs.

Ned lifted his head, his eyes bloodshot and crimson.

"This morning, when I was on the phone with Gregory, I heard Angeline's voice. Gregory suddenly hung up the call. He must be with Angeline!"

A strong impulse surged within Ned as he remembered Sherryn's words from that morning.

He didn't know why he was so eager to see Angeline or what he would say. He turned the car around without a second thought and headed for the airport.

Chapter 166

Ned wanted to go to Cloudsville. He had never felt such a strong desire to see Angeline before.

The next morning, Gregory, with his backpack slung over one shoulder and his hair a tousled mess, hurried towards the laboratory building with breakfast in hand. He was surprised to find Ned sitting on a bench outside the lab.

Gregory's steps halted as he ascended the stairs. He stared at Ned.

"Ned?" Gregory called out.

Ned emanated a chill as though he had spent the night there. He stood up and looked at Gregory.

"Where's Angeline?" he asked.

"She left last night," Gregory replied.

Ned wanted to know more.

"Left? Where to?" he pressed.

Gregory hesitated, then spoke.

"Ned, are you here because of the girl? I've asked, and the girl isn't yours. You're engaged to Ingrid now. Please, stop bothering Angeline."

Ned didn't say anything. He simply started to walk away down the stairs.

Gregory called out to him again, "Ned! I asked Angeline if she regrets being with you!"

Ned heard this and turned back to look at Gregory.

Gregory clenched his fists and said, "She said you were her salvation once. You helped her transform from a self-pitying wretch to a resilient person. But then, you were responsible for her foster mother's death. You covered for her sister's murderer. She will never be with you again. Your presence only brings her pain."

Ned questioned him, "Did she say this to you?"

He thought that he wasn't responsible for the death of her child and that Yasmine belonged to him and Angeline.

Gregory clarified, "Finally... I just wanted to say-please, don't bother her anymore."

Ned gave him a look.

"That's none of your business," he said, then turned and walked away.

Gregory was left speechless. He watched Ned walk away, then returned to the lab in frustration, wondering why Ned came looking for him if it was none of his business.

Meanwhile, Angeline sat in a café, reviewing the photos given to her by a private detective.

"Tommy indulged in all vices abroad. His behavior has worsened since returning. He often brags about his sister Ingrid's fame," the detective explained as he handed more photos to Angeline. "Tommy is generous, though. Most women he's wronged settled with money. If you want to target him, consider his gambling habits."

Angeline studied the photos of Tommy at the gambling table. Her eyes narrowed slightly.

"What about Yates Group?" she asked, putting down the photos and sipping her coffee.

"Following your instructions, we had Yates Group employees report the company's tax evasion last year. It caused a significant setback for them. However," the detective handed a folder to Angeline before he continued, "Fletcher Corporation covered Yates Group's taxes. The executives resigned, and Ingrid made a generous donation on behalf of Yates Group, helping them through the crisis."

Angeline browsed through the folder with a faint smile on her lips.

"That's not surprising. Ned spares no expense for anything related to Ingrid."

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"Oh, right!"

The private detective pulled a medical record from his bag, placed it on the table, and pushed it toward Angeline.

"This is the medical record of Ned, the current CEO of Fletcher Corporation. You might find this interesting. I'll include this as a complimentary service at no charge, as a thank you for the years of support you've provided our detective agency."

After reviewing the donation certificate from Yates Group, Angeline opened Ned's medical record. It clearly stated that Ned's memory was gradually recovering. The detective expected an emotional reaction from Angeline, but her expression remained undecipherable.

He scratched his nose in confusion and remarked, "Ms. Emmerson, your reaction is not what I anticipated."

Angeline closed the medical record and casually placed it on the coffee table.

"In the future, don't overstep on matters I haven't asked you to investigate." .

"Right!"

The detective made an 'okay' gesture and couldn't help but add, "I took the liberty of looking into your history with Mr. Fletcher. What a passionate love affair in your youth! If

Mr. Fletcher recalls your past together, he might even help you go against Yates Group."

"There's no need for that," Angeline said with a smile.

She looked at the detective across from her and lifted her coffee cup.

"I prefer to handle things I can do myself without involving others."

After all, her plan involved taking revenge on Ned as well.

"The coffee is on you," Angeline said, then picked up her bag and left the café.

Just as Angeline exited the café, she ran into Bradley, who had arrived with some classmates.

Bradley saw Angeline and sneered, "Ah, if it isn't Angeline. Just a few days ago, you were flirting with students at Cloudsville College. What brings you to the entrance of Oceanford College today? Are you tired of the students from Cloudsville and looking to make some money here?"

Angeline was about to leave, but then she stopped and asked, "We don't seem to have any connection in our lives. Yet, since our encounter at Cloudsville College yesterday, you seem to harbor intense malice toward me."

"You do know Bradley is Mr. Fletcher's cousin, right? You drugged his family member, so of course, Bradley hates you!" one of Bradley's classmates said mockingly to Angeline.

"Cousin?"

Angeline raised an eyebrow.

"How about you name your price? Bradley might not offer as much as Mr. Fletcher, but he won't shortchange you!" a friend of Bradley's said, elbowing him while sizing up Angeline. "Despite sleeping with many men, your beauty still warrants a decent price. How about two thousand dollars for Bradley?"

"Sure!"

Bradley crossed his arms.

"Two thousand dollars is nothing-just the cost of one meal."

"I grew up with Ned, but I've never seen you before."

Angeline spoke with Oceanford College's president on the phone yesterday. She wasn't inclined to revoke Bradley's scholarship. After all, she felt that earning a scholarship through one's capabilities was commendable.

However, Bradley's name appeared on the list of financially disadvantaged students supported by Angeline, provided by the college president.

This was an additional support program Angeline offered to Oceanford College for financially disadvantaged students. It was meant to ensure that the students wouldn't have to sacrifice their rest to work due to financial strain, allowing them to focus on their studies entirely. If Bradley were truly Ned's cousin, like Gregory, the Fletcher family would surely support him.

She wondered why he needed this support money.

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Throughout the years Angeline and Ned grew up together, she never once heard of a Floyd family member in the Fletcher family.

Angeline did not wish to pursue the reason Bradley impersonated Ned's cousin. However, Angeline was skeptical when she saw Bradley's designer attire and at his casual mention of spending two thousand on a meal.

Bradley might leverage Ned's identity to pose as a wealthy second-generation student at school. Alternatively, there might be issues with managing the financial aid she provided to Oceanford College. Bradley felt guilty but tried to appear calm.

He retorted, "Who are you to question me? Everyone knows my cousin adores Ingrid. You're just a nobody living off the Fetters. What could you possibly know?"

"I know enough to understand that one should not be deceitful or forget their roots," Angeline responded.

Enraged, Bradley raised his hand to hit Angeline. Before he could even touch her, someone firmly caught his hand. Bradley's friends immediately looked alarmed.

"Mr. Fletcher!" they exclaimed.

Bradley's face turned pale.

"N-Ned..." he stammered.

Ned stepped forward and pulled Angeline behind him. He glared at Bradley and, with a grim expression, delivered a fierce kick to Bradley's abdomen. Bradley clutched his stomach and fell to his knees. Ned did not stop there. He gave another kick to Bradley's face.

Bradley crashed to the ground and looked up at Ned in terror. He tried to scramble away.

"N-Ned... I-I..." he stuttered.

Ned had his hands in his pockets. His face bore an expression of sharp, cold indifference. He stepped on Bradley's head and tilted his neck slightly.

Angeline stood behind Ned and clutched her bag tightly. She recalled the times Ned fought back in high school. Now, he fought for her dressed in a suit, but his actions remained unchanged. He would step on his opponent's head and tilt his neck, indifferent but irritated.

In the past, Angeline would approach those Ned had defeated. She would leave money for their medical expenses and issue a warning before she and Ned left the scene. Currently, she remained motionless and simply observed the scene.

Students from Oceanford College who had accompanied Bradley noticed his injuries. They hurried to intervene.

"Mr. Fletcher, please," they pleaded.

"Bradley is said to be your cousin. Spare him."

"Indeed, Mr. Fletcher," another added.

"Bradley was merely trying to defend your honor."

"Mr. Fletcher, it's been years," a third student said.

"But as your cousin, Bradley was only getting angry on your behalf." .

Ned's response was cold.

"When did I ever have a cousin like you?" he asked while his foot still pressed on Bradley's head.

Bradley screamed. He held onto Ned's foot but was too frightened to pull away.

"Mr. Fletcher, we have met before," he cried out.

"You were at Oceanford College last time, and I escorted you to the director's office in the new building. Everyone assumed we were related when they heard me call you 'Ned'. It was all their assumption. I merely didn't correct them. Please, forgive me."

"So, you're saying you owe me an apology?"

Ned exerted more force in his step while staring down at Bradley.

Bradley quickly turned to Angeline and extended his hands.

"Angeline I mean Ms. Emmerson! I'm so sorry, it's all my fault! Please, save me...'

The students who were with Bradley heard this and were shocked. Their eyes widened in fear as they stepped back.

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Since they knew about the incident where Angeline drugged Ned, they naturally also understood his obsession with her before he lost his memory. He had almost killed someone for her then. Rumour had it that he had grabbed a student from Oceanford High School by the collar and almost threw him off the rooftop. If she hadn't intervened, the student would have died long ago. Could it be that Ned had regained his memory?

At Angeline's silence, Ned continued to exert force and shouted, "Not sincere enough!"

Bradley pleaded, "Ms. Emmerson, I am a despicable scoundrel! I impersonated Mr. Fletcher's cousin, but I am nothing! Please ask Mr. Fletcher to spare me.

"I won't dare do this again! If you're unsatisfied, you can kick me a few more times and treat me like dirt! I beg you!"

From what Bradley heard, Ned used to fight to the death if necessary.

He would not listen to anyone who advised him to stop, but as long as Angeline showed up and asked him to go home, he would drop the issue and obediently follow her home like a golden retriever.

So now, Bradley was desperately pleading with her like a drowning man clutching at straws.

"Louder! I can't hear you!" shouted Ned, suppressing his anger but showing no mercy under his foot.

Bradley felt like his head was going to explode from underneath Ned.

"Ms. Emerson, I'm sorry! Please help me. I'm genuinely sorry! I won't do it again. I won't do it again!" he yelled hoarsely.

Angeline stared at Ned's back, feeling somewhat dazed. She couldn't help but wonder what Ned was trying to achieve. Was he forcing Bradley to apologize, or was he forcing her to speak up?

In the past, during their arguments, Ned enjoyed forcing her to speak first.

Bradley continued to yell as he felt more pressure on his head.

"Ned, that's enough!" Angeline finally said, her voice cold and indifferent.

Ned's hand in his pocket tightened, and he finally removed his foot from Bradley's head.

"Thank you, Mr. Fletcher! Thank you, Ms. Emerson!"

As if he had been granted clemency, Bradley quickly got up and ran away with his companions.

Angeline continued to stare at Ned's back, her gaze indifferent as she watched him turn around. Their eyes met.

Ned felt his breathing become rapid as he looked at Angeline, whose features had hardly changed from his memory.

Perhaps it was because he hadn't rested well for the past few days, but the creases on his double eyelids appeared extremely deep, and he had bloodshot eyes.

Angeline looked at him for a while

but ultimately turned to walk toward the traffic light at the intersection without saying anything. Ned chased after her for a few steps and stopped. .

Ned didn't know what he could say once he caught up with her.

He hadn't forgotten what he had done to her after she woke up in the hospital and sought him out. But at the thought of the young girl who had been with Angeline that day, he gritted his teeth and went after her anyway.

"Angeline!" he called out as she was about to cross the road.

She turned around, her eyes full of questions.

He walked up to her and said, "Let's talk."

She looked at him briefly before smiling and replying, "I don't think there's anything left between you and me to discuss."

"It's about the young girl," he blurted, feeling guilty.

"If that girl from that day is my daughter, I have the right to know about her existence."

"She's not yours. I told you last time," she replied bluntly.

"I've admitted it to you at least twice before. Nothing happened between us the night I was drugged, and that was years ago. Stop dwelling on it! The only thing you should feel guilty about is almost killing the children in my womb years ago."

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"Angie, let's not argue over that. I deeply regret letting my emotions get the best of me because of Ingrid, which nearly resulted in the child's death," coaxed Ned. "But considering the kid's age, there was no one else except me during that time."

Angeline was briefly stunned before she smiled and said, "Have you forgotten about the time you drugged me at Regalia Hotel? My child was from then."

"You prepared the drink I had, so you should know better than me what consequences that drug would bring. You were hoping I'd sleep with someone else then, right? "Why? Did you think I'd remain a maiden for you even after you tormented me to death by drugs?"

He suddenly remembered how he gave Angeline the supposed truth serum and forced her to admit that they didn't have sex that night before a crowd of people.

He thought of how he had tried to choke her when she was pregnant and how he had wanted to kill her.

He momentarily felt suffocated, as if a large hand was squeezing on his heart.

"Angie, please don't speak so harshly," he replied, reaching out to touch her.

She avoided his hand and said, "My child was conceived that night at the Regalia Hotel. If you don't believe me, you can run a paternity test using hair samples. The only condition is that you never appear before me ever again. You disgust me."

Her last sentence sliced through his heart like a scalpel.

He had said the same thing to her before. That was when she had just woken up from her vegetative state. She had tried her best to make him remember their past and even brought him to Oceanford High School.

me."

At the time, he had pushed Angeline away and said to her, "I can go with you to Oceanford High School, but this is the last time! I hope from now on, you won't appear in front of me ever again. You disgust

He watched as Angeline was engulfed by the flow of people crossing the street and disappeared from his sight.

His eyes were red, and he clenched his teeth tightly.

It wasn't until his phone rang several times that he snapped back to

attention. He retrieved his phone

from his pocket and saw it was a

call from Ingrid.

Ned didn't feel like answering, so he silenced the phone, put it back into his pocket, then turned and returned to the car.

He was about to start the car to leave when Angeline's words from earlier suddenly echoed in his mind without warning.

"My child was conceived that night at the Regalia Hotel. If you don't believe me, you can run a paternity test using hair samples."

Ned questioned if the kid was .

genuinely conceived at the Regalia

et

Hotel. He doubted it because Gregory had said the child was his. But if Angeline had indeed slept with someone else that night, then he had sent her to another man's bed.

Ned felt all the blood in his body freeze at that realization.

"You prepared the drink I had, so you should know better than me what consequences that drug would bring."

What kind of drug was in that drink?

He took out his phone and dialed Tommy's number. Soon, Tommy answered the phone. Ned could even hear a coquettish woman's voice in the background. "Hello, Ned!" Tommy greeted cheerfully.

"What's up?"

"A few years ago, you prepared this drug for Angeline at the Regalia Hotel. You said you switched it to an aphrodisiac. Was that drug very potent?" he asked while gripping the phone tightly.