

# Second Marriage to Mr. Rich

## Chapter 21

### Chapter 21

"Ms. Dalton," Angeline interrupted. "I'm not your boyfriend, so I can't provide you a sense of security. But once I've decided to give up on something, I won't ever turn back. That's something you can trust "I'm sorry, Angie. I'm just ... I just don't know who else I can speak to about these things." Ingrid bit her lip. "I'll talk to Ned about dropping the case against your adoptive mother. Don't worry about it." "Well... will I still need to head to Regalia Hotel this evening?" Angeline asked.

"What?" Ingrid was lost.

"Ned told me to meet him at Regalia Hotel at 7:00 pm to explain everything to him in person. Otherwise, he'd have Anne spend the rest of her life in prison."

Angeline had to admit that she had a hidden agenda by telling Ingrid about this. Now, she no longer dared to

place her faith in anyone's scruples and conscience. She hoped Ingrid could stop her and Ned from meeting again.

After all, no one would want their significant other to meet their ex. And Ned couldn't say no to Ingrid.

"I understand. I'll call Ned about this." Ingrid added, "His bark has always been worse than his bite; I'm sure you understand that. Don't take it to heart."

"Thanks," Angeline said earnestly. "I'll pay for all your hospital bills. I know you don't need it, but it's something I want to do. I hope you won't turn me down."

Ingrid knew what Angeline was like. She didn't turn her down. "Alright. I'll have my assistant send you the bill when I'm discharged."

After hanging up, Angeline felt like the weight on her shoulders had lifted slightly. She got out of bed and freshened up. The unknown number that had woken her up called her again. When she answered it, it turned out to be a member of The Family Search's crew.

They had come to Angeline for the same reason they'd approached Anne-they hoped Angeline, who shared

the same parents as Benjamin, could provide some information on her birth mother. They also invited her to join the TV program.

Angeline rubbed her fingers together. She wasn't in a rush to agree to anything. Judging from The Family

Search's viewership, she would cause yet another wave of chaos if she were to appear on TV. It was the opposite of the quiet, nondescript life that she wanted.

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But now, the matter with Ingrid being pushed down the stairs by an anti-fan and Ned protecting her was going viral. Anne was being insulted, mocked, and cyberbullied..

If anyone were to find out about Angeline and Anne being connected, they would immediately assume Anne had harmed Ingrid for her sake, just like what Ned and Tommy thought.

If that happened, Anne's life would still be affected even if she were to be released by the police. .

That was why Angeline had to use the TV program as an avenue to clear the air. She had to do it before the netizens found out about her and Anne's relationship and linked them to Ingrid and Ned. She also had to release the complete video of what had happened at the airport. It would prove that Anne running into Ingrid at the airport and pushing her was nothing but an accident. Angeline was only one person; she couldn't achieve much on her own. If she could use the TV program's reach to spread the truth, it would have a much better effect with so many people watching. More importantly, if she refused to participate... who knew what the Emmersons would say about her birth mother? And how would they extort her grandfather?

When the young woman from The Family Search didn't receive a response, she urged, "Ms. Emmerson?"

Angeline slowly said, "I can agree to join your program, but I have two conditions."

The young woman hadn't expected Angeline to agree. She was overjoyed. "Please, do let me know what they are!"

"Firstly, I want your crew to publish a tweet about Anne coming to Oceanford because of the TV program. Your crew's the one who arranged her flight, so you can prove she wasn't at the airport for Ingrid's sake "I also hope you can contact the airport to get the complete surveillance footage. You guys will get something out of this, of course. Now that this matter has gone viral, clearing the air will only make more peop

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"That won't be a problem. We've already had a meeting over this earlier-we have to clear the air. Our crew will also contact the airport," the young woman said. "What about your second condition?" "Don't disturb Professor Lawson," Angeline said.

"Of course. Rest assured, we won't." In truth, the crew had already contacted Robert before speaking to Angeline. He was unwilling to have anything to do with the program.

At 2:00 pm, Oceanford's police force released a statement that a man

with the last name Houston had been taken away for investigation. At the same time, the crew of The Family Search published a long tweet.

They explained the

situation from A to Z, including the reason they'd invited Anne to join the program. Since she didn't know how to purchase a flight ticket, the crew had arranged everything for her before informing her of the time They weren't speaking without proof. The

tweet came with a recording of the phone conversation between Anne and the crew. In the recording, it was obvious that Anne was a woman from the countryside who knew nothing about the world. When members of the crew had asked Anne about when she wanted to come to Oceanford, she'd told them to arrange everything. She'd also asked them about the details of boarding a flight. There was also another video included in the tweet-the complete video of Anne pushing Ingrid. From the video, it was clear that Anne had been forced into the crowd.

When she saw Ned, she wanted to head toward him, but a man behind her who'd been shoving people around and even throwing things at Ned had pushed Anne hard. That was why she'd staggered forward a

It had to be said that the crew of The Family Search knew how to hype things up. They'd tagged Ingrid in their tweet, expressing their hope that she wouldn't let the true culprit off the hook while asking her to prove Anne's innocence.

They also said that they didn't want the netizens to continue cyberbullying an innocent woman over a video that had been deliberately edited to make Anne look bad.

With this tweet, everyone started going after the person who'd first released the video where Anne being pushed by the man had been edited out. At the same time, their interest in The Family Search grew.

The Family Search had most definitely secured the viewership for their next episode.

As more and more people retweeted The Family Search's tweet, more and more people saw that Anne had only crashed into Ingrid after being shoved by

someone. They also saw that she'd tried to salvage the situation after knocking into Ingrid; she just hadn't had the chance.

Of course, there were still netizens who reprimanded Anne for pushing her way through a crowd at her age, but in general, things were getting better.

At 4:30 pm, Angeline saw a familiar number on her phone screen. She answered the call.

"What did you say to Ingrid?" Ned's angry voice rang out.

"Ms. Dalton called me this morning to check whether we'd really divorced; I answered her truthfully. I also promised her I wouldn't turn back." Angeline stared at the webpage where the comments and retweets were still growing.

She continued, "Ms. Dalton seemed to be really insecure, so I asked her whether I still needed to meet you at Regalia Hotel tonight. That's all we talked about."3

Ned fell silent. She could only hear his breathing on the other end of the line; it was heavy with his rage.

## Chapter 23

### Chapter 23

"Now that we're divorced, it's best if we don't see each other from now on. We shouldn't even have

anything to do with each other. It's the only way for you to make Ms. Dalton feel secure." Angeline still held some hope for Ned's conscience. "It's the best for you, for me, and for Ms. Dalton." Ned hung up without another word. Angeline put down the phone, feeling empty inside. She could only hope Anne's matter would end here.

Now that she could relax, she ate something before calling Zachary and asking him whether he could get Anne out of the police station.

"Things aren't going too well, Angie," Zachary said grimly. "I don't know what the guy who pushed Anne said to the police, but I'm thinking of something. Don't panic, okay?"

Angeline tightened her grip on her glass of water. "Okay. Thanks for this."

As soon as she hung up, her phone started vibrating again. She hurriedly answered it and said, "Hello?"

"Angeline Emmerson?" The voice sounded familiar.

"This is she," she answered.

"Come to Regalia Hotel at 7:00 pm tonight. If you don't, you can watch that York woman end up in jail!" It was Tommy.

Angeline connected the dots when she thought about Zachary saying that things weren't going well. She clutched the phone tightly. "We live in a civilized society; things like this require evidence. "The surveillance footage from the airport is enough to prove Anne's innocence. No one can turn lies into the truth and accuse her of something she didn't do."

"Ha. Is that really what you think? Give it a try, then." Tommy sneered. "Anyway, that York woman seems to have adopted a 14-year-old mute last year. If you don't come ... I'll have no choice but to go after her."

Angeline tensed. Tommy continued nonchalantly, "I know you know your rights; you also love teaching others about theirs. Don't worry-I won't go after her in person and leave any traces behind. "If I'm not mistaken, she's in middle school now, right? Do you think she'd be afraid of being bullied at school? I heard many people have taken their lives over that in recent years. Maybe ..."

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The angrier Angeline was, the calmer she became. Her hand trembled as she held her phone up, though. "Did Ned ask you to call me?"

"Where else do you think I would've gotten your number from? I'll see

you at 7:00 pm at Regalia Hotel, at Room 3020, the Seacloud Pavilion. You have less than two hours to go, and Oceanford's traffic is at its worse now. Let's hope you make it here on time." Tommy hung up. Angeline's throat was dry. Her chest heaved, taking a while for her to calm down. After going through bullying herself, there was no way she would allow Henrietta York to go through what she'd experienced. She gritted her teeth at the thought of Henrietta's bright smile. Then, she quickly put on her coat, wrapped her scarf around her, and grabbed her phone and identification. She hailed a cab to Regalia Hotel. "You can't listen to everything Ingrid says, Ned! Look-it wasn't easy for

me to get you these drugs. Once Angeline has them in her system, we can record a video of her to prove your innocence to Ingrid-" The room's doors flew open. Angeline stood there. At the same time, the

grandfather clock placed in a corner of the room started chiming, stopping after seven chimes.

Ned looked up, seemingly surprised by Angeline's appearance.

"You're pretty punctual, Ms. Emmerson!" Tommy nudged Ned with his elbow. He lowered his voice and said, "This is the perfect chance to prove yourself to Ingrid, Ned. Don't let my drugs go to waste!" He turned to Angeline and said at a normal volume, "I don't mean anything else by inviting you here today, Ms. Emmerson."

He flipped his messy hair as he stood up and smiled. "Since you and Ned have already divorced, I'm sure you wouldn't mind drinking a few drinks with all of us acting as witnesses.

"At the same time, I'm sure you wouldn't mind swearing that you won't pester Ned anymore. Gotta put an end to the things you've started, right?"

## Chapter 24

### Chapter 24

As Tommy spoke, he glanced at Ned. "Besides, whether or not that York woman meant to push Ingrid, there's no changing that Ingrid was injured because of her. Even if you want to plead on her behalf... you

"Exactly! Have a few drinks to show your sincerity!" someone cried. "If you can't handle hard liquor, I'm sure you can still handle a few glasses of red wine!"

Angeline stood at the entrance. She looked straight at Ned, who sat casually in the middle of the room. She walked toward the table, removing her scarf and revealing her face as she moved.

Then, she draped her scarf over the back of a chair before grabbing a large wineglass and placing it before her. She turned

the turntable, bringing a decanter filled with scotch to her. She poured some into the wineglass before her.

Angeline's skin was extremely fair; it made the bruises on the side of her face, jaw, and neck all the more obvious. "When we met at 12, I had pesticide on me. If not for me stopping to save you, I would've drank it all."

She picked up a second decanter and poured some of it into her wineglass." Actually, rather than saying that I saved you from getting kidnapped... I should say you saved me."

When she'd taken the blade for him, she'd truly lost the will to live. If not for Ned throwing a tantrum and insisting

and taking her back to the Fletcher residence with him, she probably would've found other ways to take her life.

"I'm not the same as you. You grew up in a warm and happy environment, but all the warmth and happiness in my life that I can remember came from the time I spent with you. You barged into my life and made me think someone would actually love this dirty, unwanted life."

Ned had been the only source of light in Angeline's pitch-black life. That was why when they'd gotten into that accident, the thought that had horrified her wasn't her own death- it was Ned's.

It was also why she hadn't beared to let him go despite knowing he'd fallen for someone else and would only humiliate her after losing his memories.

It was also why she felt like she'd been stabbed countless times over when he'd looked at her in contempt and said she was disgusting when they'd ended up in bed together after having laced drinks.

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Ned looked taken aback. His Adam's apple bobbed. .

Angeline continued, "On your 18th birthday, the first wish you made was that Ned Fletcher would be the only person to bring Angeline Emmerson all the happiness in her life."

She turned the turntable and picked up the third decanter. "You didn't make your second and third wish, though. You said they would definitely have to do with me, so you wanted to keep them for another time. "But no matter when you made those wishes, you wanted me to help you make them come through. You wanted that as my gift to you. I agreed. You made your second wish on your 22nd birthday- you wanted me to marry you. And so, I did."

Angeline had done it despite knowing the Fletcher and Lawson families didn't want to see them together. But as long as Ned wanted it, she was willing to go against both families.

The liquor from the three decanters filled the wineglass to the brim. Angeline looked at Ned. "You don't need to threaten me with Anne and Henrietta. I'll do whatever you want- all you need to do is say the word.

"After all, I owe you one last wish. Even without that, I would agree to anything you asked of me."

Angeline thought she would cry incessantly when tearing open these wounds and saying these things. She didn't, though, even if her eyes burned with unshed tears.

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## Chapter 25

### Chapter 25

Ned turned to look at Tommy at the mention of Henrietta. Only then did he realize Angeline was here because she'd been threatened.

"Where's the drug?" Her voice was so calm it was almost devoid of emotion. "You wanted me to come so you could lace my drink, right? I've already prepared my drink." Silence descended upon the room. The people who'd been watching the circus fell eerily silent.

Tommy thought Ned had told Angeline about their plan. He nudged the latter and said, "Don't tell me you can't bear to go through with it, Ned."

Ned merely stared silently at Angeline. Tommy grabbed the small bottle before Ned and walked over to Angeline. He poured the powder inside the bottle into Angeline's wine glass and stirred it. "This is a truth serum, Ms. Emerson. Drink it so that Ned can ask you a few questions."

Truth serum?

If not for Angeline overhearing Ned and Tommy's conversation at the hospital, and if not for them pulling all sorts of tricks to get her to the hotel, she would've believed them.

She picked up the full wine glass and said to Ned, "Once I drink this, let Anne and Henrietta off the hook. Don't bother them anymore."



Ned said, "Deal."

Angeline nodded. Then, she downed the liquor in one breath. It burned her throat on its way down; it burned her all the way to her heart.

On Ned's 26th birthday, Angeline chose to give up on him. On this day, she chose to kill the side of her

that had loved him deeply. She put down the wine glass and supported herself against the table. "Ask away."

"Don't be in such a rush, Ms. Emerson. The truth serum will take ten minutes to take effect." Tommy pulled out a chair for her and considerately poured her a glass of juice. "Here, have some juice to keep the "Once Ned's done questioning you, Zachary should be here. He'll be just in time to take you home."

Having Zachary drop by was just part of their plan to make her and Zachary sleep together. Angeline sat down, looking calm. Soon, the drug started taking effect.

She glanced at the clock-time was up. She said hoarsely, "It's time. Ask away."

"Angeline." Ned leaned against his seat, pretending to look leisurely, He looked right at her and asked, "Did I fuck you that night?"

"Do you want me to say it happened? Or do you want me to say nothing happened?" Angeline asked in return.

"Answer me!"

She looked him in the eye and said firmly, "Nothing happened. Can I go now?"

She was starting to burn up. A gaping emptiness surged in her; she felt her strength leave her. It was getting hard to sit still.

"Hold it. What's the rush?" Tommy pulled out his phone and started recording." Sorry, Ms. Emerson. I didn't record your confession earlier. This is for Ingrid, so I'll have to ask you to repeat yourself."

"On the night that Ned and I were drugged, nothing happened between us." Angeline turned to look at Tommy's camera. "Because Ned called out Ingrid's name while holding me."

Through the phone screen, Tommy could clearly see that Angeline's clear eyes were shrouded in a veil of mistiness. Obviously, she was starting to lose her rationality to the drug.

He smirked and glanced at her slender figure. His gaze was determined. He would have her.

Angeline got to her feet with a hand on the table.

"Sit down! Zachary can take you home when he gets here," Ned said irritably.

Angeline didn't know whether it was because of the drug, but she couldn't hold her tears back anymore. It was almost as if she were suppressing something as she said, "Ned Fletcher, I swear that if I ever get involved with you again in this lifetime, I'll be trapped in Emmerson Village forever. I'll be stuck there until the day I die!"

## Chapter 26

Angeline seemed to be fighting against something; she refused to beg for mercy. She tried to stop herself from trembling as she looked at Ned. "Now, can I leave on my own?" Though she knew Ned and Tommy had threatened her to come to the hotel so they could force her to sleep with Zachary, she still harbored one last sliver of hope for Ned's conscience.

"Why are you being so stubborn?" Ned's voice was cold. "That dump you're staying at doesn't even have streetlights around it. Do you want something to happen to you without someone taking you home?" Even without his memories, he knew Angeline's biggest nightmare was Emmerson Village. It was precisely because he knew that that Angeline's admission under the truth serum made him angrier. Dizziness and dazedness washed over Angeline. She felt like countless ants were crawling into her bones. She knew she couldn't hold out for much longer.

Her mind was starting to turn murky, but she remembered that she didn't want anyone to see her so out of it. Almost subconsciously, she staggered toward the door.

Ned's gaze darkened. He kicked his chair away and easily caught up with her, grabbing her by the arm and turning her to face him. "Angeline!"

When he saw the tears on her face, he felt like a fist was clenching around his heart. His anger immediately dissipated. His Adam's apple bobbed. He could see Angeline wasn't feeling well, but he refused to see pride.

He said, "You still owe me a wish. This is my final one-allow someone to take you home." .

Certain emotions that Angeline had been suppressing underneath her mask of calmness rose to the surface. They grew stronger under the

influence of the drug. Her eyes dimmed as she dug her nails into her palms.

Her body was burning up, but she only felt cold all over. Angeline looked at Ned's incredibly familiar face. She thought about how he'd looked at her as a bright-eyed 18-year-old, saying that he wanted to save his remaining two wishes.

He told her that no matter when he made those wishes, she had to make them come true. He'd been so proud and spirited at the time.

Sure enough, his wish had to do with her. She hadn't expected him to use it like this, though. Did he really have to force her to sleep with someone else?

Angeline shut her eyes. When she opened them again, they were bloodshot but devoid of any other emotion. She laughed almost inaudibly and said, "If that's the only way to make you believe I won't pester you anymore, so be it."

Since waking up from her coma, Ned had disappointed her time and time again. She didn't know whether he'd changed after the accident or whether he'd always been like this. Perhaps she'd been blinded by her love for him in the past; maybe it had stopped her from seeing his true colors. Maybe she'd never truly known him.

Angeline shook off Ned's hand, which was still gripping her. As another wave of hollowness washed over her, her weak legs made her stumble backward and fall to the floor.

The pain from digging her nails into her palms was no longer enough to keep the emptiness and torment at bay. The drug's effects were much stronger than Angeline had expected; it was the only thing she could feel right now.

"Oh, no! What's wrong, Ms. Emmerson?" Tommy hurriedly helped her up before Ned could do anything. He said to Ned, "Since Ms. Emmerson doesn't want Zachary to take her home, I'll help her downstairs so she can hail a cab." Ned's brows were furrowed with an inexplicable hostility.

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## Chapter 27

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"I can still find my way around the hotel." Angeline made to break free of Tommy's grip.

"Let's not be so polite with each other, Ms. Emmerson!" Tommy was almost holding Angeline hostage as he dragged her out of the room and toward the elevator.

As the drug's effects took over, Angeline's mind grew murkier. Her strength was also leaving her. She struggled but failed to get away from Tommy. "Let me go!"

At the elevators, some people glanced in Tommy and Angeline's direction. Tommy wrapped an arm around her and pretended to give her a doting look as he said, "I told you you couldn't hold your liquor, but you insisted. C'mon, settle down. I'll take you back to the room so you can get some rest!"

Then, he smiled apologetically at the other people. He pressed the call button for the elevator, leaning close to Angeline's ear to whisper, "Ned's final wish is for someone to take you home. What, are you gonn your word?"

Angeline's gaze was already unfocused, but she could still see Tommy had pressed the button for the elevator

to head upstairs, not down. And Zachary hadn't shown up

If Ned and Tommy could drug her, there was no saying they couldn't do the same to Zachary. She guessed

that Zachary had also been drugged and locked in a hotel room upstairs.

Since this was Ned's final wish, she could do as he wanted. But why did it have to be Zachary?

"C'mon, be good. Stop kicking up a fuss! You're drunk; you need to head back to your room to get some rest, okay?" Tommy half-led, half-dragged Angeline into

the elevator and pressed the button for the 57th floor.

Angeline, who couldn't even stand upright anymore, clenched a fist around the key card in her pocket. She'd reserved a hotel room for herself just in case, and it happened to also be on the 57th floor. "You still owe me a wish. This is my final one-allow someone to take you home."

Ned's words reverberated in her mind. She clutched the key card so tightly that it felt like she was holding a

cactus-it stabbed at her.

Her will to resist slowly started crumbling from within. This was the final wish she owed Ned. She didn't know whether she was hallucinating, but the self-destructive thoughts she'd had in the past were taking over her

mind again.

Dazedly, she felt like she saw Sean walk past the elevator. The sight of him woke her up a little. She could die

in any way possible, but she couldn't allow anyone to leave photos and evidence of her to shame the Lawson family.

Angeline's voice trembled with the amount of control she was exerting.

"You and Ned forced me to come here and drugged me. Now, you're making me go to the 57th floor. Is it because Zachary's in a room there? Have you installed cameras in the room?"

Tommy held her flush against his body. He sniffed her sweet-smelling hair like the freak he was. His Adam's

studying at Oceanford High School. I've long since wanted to have a taste of you, Angeline.

"Don't worry about what's gonna happen. Tonight, I'll show you what it feels like to go to heaven!"

Angeline pushed him away and leaned against the elevator's walls. But she slumped to the floor because she was out of strength. "F\*\*k off!"

The drug's effects washed over her again. She curled into a ball and bit her lip hard as she groaned. If she were with Zachary, she had faith that she could protect herself before the ambulance arrived. In fact, she could probably even escape. But if she were with Tommy. She had to think of something!

Since Angeline's room was also on the 57th floor, she had to make her way to room 5716 as quickly as possible.

As the elevator continued ascending, Tommy pulled Angeline to her feet and wrapped his arms around her tightly. He caressed her face

and whispered into her ear, "It's not a crime to want to pleasure you. Don't worry; I'll record every second of it so you can see just how much pleasure I'm giving you."

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## Chapter 28

Chapter 28

Tommy brushed away the loose strands of sweat-dampened hair by Angeline's forehead. His tone was lecherous as he said, "I want you to see how slutty you look when you're begging me to fuck you." Angeline clenched her jaw, remaining silent. She secretly unlocked her phone and called 911, forcing herself to remember the way to the room she'd reserved half an hour earlier. After exiting the elevator, she had to make her way to room 5716.

When the elevator arrived and the doors slid open, she shoved Tommy aside and darted out of the elevator. She staggered in the direction of room 5716.

Tommy snickered. He tucked his hands in his pockets as he strolled out of the elevator. He had a disgusting look in his eyes as he watched Angeline "helplessly" flee while keeping a hand on the wall to support herself. He was like a cat watching a mouse trying to escape from its claws.

"The faster you run now, Angeline, the harder you'll be begging me to fuck you later. I'm in no rush; go ahead and run!" He started unbuttoning his shirt as he followed her leisurely, looking like a predator playing with its

prey.

Angeline felt like her legs didn't belong to her anymore. She was slowly starting to lose her grip on her senses,

and her vision was blurring.

Room 5713.

Her palm was clammy as she gripped her key card tightly with one hand on the wall. She was almost there. "What, out of strength already?" The smile in Tommy's voice was obvious. He clucked his tongue. "Should I help you out?"

Room 5716! .

Angeline grabbed the doorknob and quickly pulled out the key card. When the lock beeped, Tommy's expression changed. Seeing that his prey was about to disappear, he darted forward, but he was too late. The door had already swung open; Angeline had locked him out. She collapsed inside the room.

"Open the door, Angeline! Did you hear me?" Tommy pounded on the door, looking menacing. When there was no response, he threatened, "Don't forget about that little mute. Open the door, and I'll let her off the hook."

"If you don't even if I kill her, Ned will make sure nothing happens to me. Try me if you don't believe me!"



When Angeline still didn't respond, Tommy sneered. He looked down at his watch, his voice filled with venom as he said, "I guess you don't care whether that little mute lives or dies. It doesn't matter, though. You'll only

be able to hold out for another ten minutes at max.

"In ten minutes, you're going to beg me to fuck you like a dog!" As soon as the words were out of Tommy's

mouth, someone kicked him, sending him flying.

"Fuck y-" Tommy looked up, hissing with pain. But when he saw the person standing before him, he paled. "M-

Mr. Lawson."

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It was Sean; he wore a long, dark coat. His bodyguard and assistant stood before him. His expression was

dark as he stood before room 5716, holding his phone up to one ear as he knocked with his other hand. "Open the door, Angeline! It's me, Sean Lawson!"

Tommy scrambled to his feet, wanting to run. The bodyguard stood in his way, looking menacing.

Inside the hotel room, Angeline curled into a ball atop the gray carpet. She tensed as the drug took over her mind. All she knew was how desperately she wanted a man to have his way with her. She was starting to lose

her mind.

Amidst the torment the drug was causing, Angeline vaguely heard someone knocking on the door and calling out her name. She pulled out her phone with trembling hands; it was in the middle of a call. She said to the person on the other end of the line, "I ... I'm at Regalia Hotel's room 5716, and I've been drugged. Please, call me an ambulance!"

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## Chapter 29

## Chapter 29

Then, the drug took over Angeline. She dropped her phone and pinched her thigh as hard as she could to force herself to stay lucid. Still, the pain

was no match for the desire that blazed through her. She clenched her jaw and moaned.

"You still owe me a wish. This is my final one-allow someone to take you home."

Ned's words continued to reverberate in her murky mind. She was drenched in sweat as she held herself. She didn't know whether her physical or emotional discomfort was getting to her, but the tears wouldn't come.

She was burning up. Molten lava was coursing through her veins.

Cold water! Yes, that was what she needed. Before meeting with Ned, she'd asked the hotel to prepare a few

buckets of ice for her. She'd also asked them to draw her a cold bath.

This was just like the last time. All she had to do was wait it out. Angeline forced herself to clamber to her feet

before stumbling into the bathroom and into the ice-filled tub. .

Outside the door, Sean heard the sound of water through the phone. He gripped it so tightly that it was almost twisted out of shape. After hanging up, he said to his assistant, "Have the hotel manager open the

the car to the entrance."

The assistant nodded and stepped aside to make the call. Soon, the manager hurried over with some staff.

They opened the door.

Only then did Sean turn to look at Tommy, who didn't look like he was doing to tell. Behind his gold-rimmed glasses, his gaze was icy and terrifying. "Hand him over to the cops."

"Mr. Lawson, I'm Ned Fletcher's brother-in-law! Whatever happened today has nothing to do with me-I was

just acting on someone's instructions! Ned's in room 3020, the Seacloud Pavilion! We came here together; if you don't believe me, you can-"

"Take him to Ned Fletcher, then. Tell him that I want a proper answer for this," Sean said impatiently. Then, he strode into the room and to the bathroom.

Angeline, who still had her coat on, was soaking in the tub. Her hair was dripping wet, and she leaned her head against the side of the tub. There were ice cubes and water all over the marble floor, having sloshed. She didn't know whether it was the potency of the drug or whether the water was too cold, but she couldn't stop trembling as she gripped the tub. Her knuckles had turned white from the force. Sean swiftly took off his coat and suit jacket before lifting Angeline out of the freezing water. It had soaked her coat through. Sean took it off before carrying her out of the bathroom.

The ice-cold water had been the only thing helping Angeline keep her burning desire under control. Now, there was a source of warmth holding

her and the smell of masculinity enveloping her. The heat from Sean's body was transferred to her through her soaked clothes.

She was already burning, to begin with, so this only added fuel to the fire. Angeline thoroughly lost control of her rationality.

When the source of warmth placed her on

the bed and left her, she opened her eyes with difficulty. Her gaze was dazed. From her angle, she could see Sean's sharp jaw and bobbing Adam's apple. She also saw the shirt that was clinging to his defined chest now that it was wet.

All of this were incredibly stimulating to her. When Sean reached for the blanket to wrap it around her, she grabbed his tie and kissed him almost instinctively.

Sean, who'd been propping himself up with one hand on the bed, gripped the bed tightly. His muscles tensed

as he stiffened.

Angeline's kiss lacked skill. Her consciousness had been taken over by the effects of the drug; all that was left

was her raw, basal need.

Sean grabbed the slender wrist holding onto his tie. Before he could tug Angeline away, she'd slipped her hands around his neck, pulling him lower and deepening the kiss. At the same time, she tried to slip he stubbornly.

A fire burned within her, but she couldn't stop trembling. The contrast made Angeline feel like she was dying. She pressed herself flush against Sean's burning body; it was almost as if he were the buoy that wo her from drowning.

Her consciousness was murky, and every inch of her body had been taken over by the drug. Her desire for a

man was the only thing she could sense, but the tears wouldn't stop coming. Sean held her face and pinned her to the bed.

## Chapter 30

Chapter 30

To Sean's surprise, Angeline turned her head to kiss his fingers. She wrapped her cold hands around his arm.

The veins bulged in Sean's hands. Electricity shot from the tip of his thumb, numbing his right hand before going to the rest of his body. His gaze was dark as he pulled his hand away, pinning Angeline down to the bed again. "Angeline!"

She opened her eyes, looking dazed. Outside the floor-to-ceiling windows, flashing neon lights illuminated his face. His tall nose and thin lips were inches away from her face. When she recognized him, she murmured, "M- Mr. Lawson, I feel horrible ..."

"Don't be scared. I'll take you to the hospital." Sean tugged his tie out of Angeline's grip, then used it to tie her hands together before wrapping the blanket around her.

The lust and emptiness coursing through Angeline's veins only grew stronger as she felt Sean's arms wrap around her, his scent enveloped her. She bit her lip and moaned, curling into a ball as her breathing grew

heavy.

She grabbed his hand as he held the blanket around her. "Help me, please!"

Sean paused; his eyes were like deep pools. "I'm not Ned Fletcher, Angeline. I can't help you."

Ned's name was like a needle that stabbed the softest part of her heart. The ants crawling through her bones seemed to break free of whatever had been holding them back. They ran through her body, biting her as they

went...

Tommy hadn't been lying. As time passed, the drug's effects would only grow stronger. Angeline couldn't take it anymore. She lost all sense of rationality. All she knew was that she wanted Sean! Half her face was buried in the blanket while the other half was covered by her wet hair. Her voice was hoarse and tormented as she cried, "Sean, please! Help me!"

The way Angeline called his name made Sean feel like a feather had brushed across his heart. It rekindled the lava of a long-dormant volcano, breaking the seals he'd placed on it and erupting in his heart. His gaze darkened, and his breathing grew heavy. His heart pounded.

Sean's grip tightened on Angeline's bound wrists. His veins bulged with the force. With his other hand, he brushed away her wet hair. His Adam's apple bobbed, and his eyes blazed with flames. "Are you sure you won't regret this, Angeline?"

"Please, just help me." Angeline was out of it. Her lusty, wanton voice tempted him like a siren's song. It lured him in, making him willingly fall into her trap.

The next thing Angeline knew was that the warmth around her pinned her to the soft bed, making her sink into it. Slender fingers gripped her jaw; a tongue pried open her teeth and slipped into her mouth even more urgently than she'd done before. It explored every inch of her mouth.

Their tongues rubbed against each other in a passionate dance. Having Sean's masculine scent envelop her only made the drug's effects intensify. A single touch was enough to make Angeline tremble uncontrollably, let

Angeline was almost running out of oxygen; her mind had gone blank. Sean's strong, toned body pressed against hers. The heat he exuded enveloped her cold body, making her feel like she could be burned to a crisp at any second.

She could barely register anything. She didn't know when Sean took off her clothes; all she knew was that his phone, which had fallen onto the floor, wouldn't stop buzzing. Still, she didn't miss the look in Sean's eyes as he stared at her. It was enough to drive her wild.

As they kissed, a sudden pain made her grip the sheets tightly. She cried out Sean's name, but a pair of lips sealed hers, making her fall silent.

Angeline didn't know whether it was pain or extreme pleasure that made her fingers curl up. Slender hands pried them open and gripped them, interlacing their fingers.

She spent the whole night being controlled by the drug-induced lust. She submerged and surfaced like a boat caught in the middle of a storm while out at sea.

