

Second Marriage to Mr. Rich

Chapter 211

"Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Reilly told me Fletcher Corporation had leaked Vitality Biotech Group's formula. Oh, was it your cousin-in-law, Tommy, who did it?" Angeline mocked. "I wonder how you'll save your cousin-in-law this time, Mr. Fletcher. Or is it the 30 billion dollars of liquidated damage that Fletcher Corporation has to pay you're worrying about?"

"How did you know?" Ned stared at Angeline. "Did Danny tell you?"

Angeline let out a cold laugh and walked toward Ned before jeering, "Let's see how far you'll go for Ms. Dalton. Are you going to sacrifice your whole company to save her precious cousin? I'm so curious!" Angeline walked past Ned after mocking him.

"You were drinking." Ned grabbed Angeline's arm. "Here, I'll send you home."

"If you have the time to send your ex-wife home, you should think about how to save Fletcher Corporation, Mr. Fletcher!" Angeline said as she pulled her arm away.

As Ned watched Angeline call and get in a taxi, he closed his eyes and clenched his fist.

Angeline received a call from Danny as she got in the taxi.

"Hello, Boss! It seems like Ned still has feelings for you! Just look at how protective he was toward you!" Danny still sounded slightly drunk.

"Do you want me to tell Heather?" Angeline asked nonchalantly.

"Boss, please don't! I'm just calling to ask if your ex-husband is Yasmine and Xavier's biological dad?" Danny asked.

"No, he's not," Angeline answered honestly. "You've drank too much tonight. Remember to take some hangover medicine and rest well. I'm sure Ned will find you to discuss private settlement." "So, should I tell him you're the founder of Vitality Biotech Group?" Danny asked.

Angeline would never forget the incident four years ago. At a hotel in River Town, Ned had threatened Angeline not to send Tommy to jail by sending the Emmersons to cause trouble at the Lawson residence. Angeline wanted revenge, but she would never hurt Sean and the Lawson family, not even a little bit.

"No, don't tell him," Angeline answered. "Never tell anyone."

Danny felt confused. "But boss, won't it be satisfying to see Ned's reaction when he finds out you're the founder of Vitality Biotech Group when Fletcher Corporation goes bankrupt?" .

"You've watched too much drama, Danny!" Angeline laughed and hung up the phone.

The cold wind blew onto Angeline's face through the opened backseat window, making her feel more tipsy.

Angeline leaned her head against

the window and looked out at

Krontos's bustling nightlife, remembering Henrietta once said she would bring Anne to Krontos

when she grew up.

Now that Angeline was at Krontos, Anne and Henrietta were no longer around.

As Angeline was drifting to sleep, the taxi arrived at her home.

"Miss, we've arrived!" said the driver as he turned around.

Angeline got out of the car and saw Sean's car stop behind the taxi.

She headed toward the car and tapped on the window of the passenger's seat. However, the window of the backseat rolled down instead.

"Over here Angeline heard Sean's

delighted voice and moved toward

the backseat. She bent over and asked, "Why are you here? Aren't Yasmine and Xavier at the Lawson residence?"

Taylor got out of the driver's seat and said with a smile, "Mr. Lawson saw you having dinner with Vitality Biotech Group's Mr. Reilly when he was in a business dinner. "He was worried because he saw that you had some drink, so we followed you home."

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"I drank, but not a lot. The wind made the alcohol go to my head." Angeline smiled. She bent over and said to Sean, "Now that you've ensured I reached home safely, you may go home and rest now, Mr. Lawson."

As Angeline turned around to leave, she couldn't move her leg. She looked down and saw her heel stuck in the drain cover.

Sean looked down and exited the car from the other side. Angeline took off her heels with one hand against the car and bent over to grab the heels. Below her fair ankle, a wound caused by her heels chafing was visible.

Just when Angeline had removed the heel from the drain cover, Sean carried Angeline in his arms. .

Angeline gasped in surprise while wrapping her arms around Sean's neck. "M-Mr. Lawson, what are you doing?"

"You've hurt your feet. I'll carry you to your house." Sean ascended the stairs with Angeline in his arms. "Is there a first aid kit in your house? I can send Taylor to get one if there isn't."

"Yes, there is," Angeline replied and quickly continued, "Umm, it's okay, Mr. Lawson. We're already at the elevator. I can walk by myself."

Taylor held the elevator open for them and pressed the floor button. He then stayed and waited for them downstairs.

Angeline's heart thumped as she was in Sean's embrace inside the elevator. She felt like she had sobered up and dared not look at Sean's chiseled side profile. Angeline was at a loss.

The elevator mirror reflected Sean and Angeline. He wore formal clothing, with a shirt, vest, a well-fitted suit, and straight trousers, perfectly accentuating his tall and slender figure. Sean looked meticulous. Even when carrying Angeline, he showed no sign of exhaustion.

As Angeline observed Sean through the reflection, her eyes met with Sean's deep-set eyes behind his gold-rimmed glasses.

Angeline blushed and clenched her heels. She finally realized why the celebrities and aristocrats had said that Sean fulfilled the criteria of an ideal partner.

Not only was it because of his attractive appearance and wealthy background, but also the strong sense of security he gave due to his maturity, brought about by years of honing and tempering.

Just then, the elevator arrived.

As the elevator door opened, Angeline said, "We're at the door already. You can put me down now!"

Sean walked toward the door with Angeline still in his arms and asked, "What's the password?"

"The kids' birthday," Angeline answered.

After putting in the password, Sean entered the house, closed the door with his foot, and put Angeline on

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couch. He removed his suit and placed it on the couch. Then he

removed his cuff links and

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wristwatch. "Where's the first aid kit?"

"It's in the TV cabinet," Angeline replied. Her face blushed even redder.

Sean took out the first aid kit and sat on the coffee table opposite Angeline. He placed her feet on his thigh, but Angeline quickly retracted it can do this myself!" Content

Sean looked at Angeline while opening a pack of cotton swabs. He dipped the swab in iodine solution before grabbing her feet back to his leg and lightly dabbed the wound.

With one foot in Sean's warm hand, Angeline felt embarrassed and grabbed the armrest. Even her neck was flushing in bright red.

"Do you know Mr. Reilly of Vitality Biotech Group?" Sean asked while tearing open a bandage and sticking it onto the wound. "I heard him calling you boss."

"Yeah. We met each other during a competition abroad," Angeline replied, lowering her eyes. "He helped me a lot when I was abroad."

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Sean carefully placed Angeline's feet on the carpet and tidied up the first aid kit. "He helped you a lot?" He then queried, "Is he pursuing you?"

Angeline laughed off the implication. "What are you thinking about? Danny actually likes..." She paused, then continued with a smile, "A friend of mine. He drank so much today because of her." Sean fetched Angeline's slippers and set them by her feet.

"Thanks!" Angeline said, slipping into her shoes and standing up. "What would you like to drink?"

"I could have some hangover tea from the upper left cabinet. I had too much tonight, and it's not sitting well."

"Got it! I'll brew some for you." Angeline stepped away from Sean and headed to the kitchen.

She reached for the tea box on tiptoe and glanced back at Sean. "The hangover tea is indeed here. He knows my place better than I do."

After washing her hands and shaking off the dizziness from the alcohol, Angeline brought the tea out just as Sean emerged from the bathroom.

She set the tea on the coffee table and announced, "Your tea..."

"Thanks." Sean pulled out a tissue to wipe his hands.

Seeing Angeline's flushed face, he reached out to touch her forehead. "Are you feeling better?"

"Much better, thanks. Perhaps it's

the effect of the alcohol," Angeline said and moved away from his touch. She sat down on the single-seater couch and tried to start a conversation. "Yasmine and Xavier mentioned you've been dining with them at the old residence whenever possible. I appreciate it."

"It's what a father should do," Sean replied while cleaning his glasses. "After all, you've been raising them abroad alone for years. I haven't been doing my duty as their father. I owe you and the kids." Content

Angeline reassured him, "It's not on you. I know you wanted to be there for us. It was my choice to leave."

Angeline felt that perhaps the wine made her speak up, but she found herself opening up willingly. "You've always been my pillar. I owe you so much. When I left, we weren't even officially divorced..."

"If you feel you're indebted to me,

you can think about how you should

repay me," Sean suggested with an intense gaze. His cold look and chiseled features made him look exceptionally domineering under the warm light. He fixed his sharp and deep-set eyes, which were tinged with a hint of smile, on her silently.

Angeline's fingers stalled on the pillow's tassels. Her thoughts were in turmoil. Sean's aloofness was usually intimidating, but it seemed to soften with his feelings laid bare.

It was hard not to be moved by such attention. Angeline could feel her resolve waver.

She wondered if they were truly right for each other. In terms of family, Sean was essentially her uncle. This thought bound her emotions with a sense of impropriety.

Sean's patience waned as he donned his glasses again. He firmly grasped Angeline's wrist to draw her close.

Their eyes locked, and Angeline's heart skipped a beat. It wasn't from fear but a tumultuous mix of emotions she couldn't name.

Sean gently held her in place as she tried to compose herself on his lap.

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"S-Sean," Angeline stammered. Her ears were filled with the thunderous noise of her blood racing, paralyzing her brain.

Sean gazed into Angeline's eyes, admiring her delicate, sharp nose and lustrous lips. His eyes finally rested on her slightly trembling pupils. His slender fingers gently caressed the corner of her lips. Angeline clasped Sean's strong wrist as her eyelashes fluttered even more intensely.

"Shane..." Sean's prominent nose touched Angeline's. He slowly leaned in and nearly made her stop breathing.

"My real name is Shane Kingston," Sean revealed. His Adam's apple moved as he spoke. His rich voice filled the air, and his lips almost touched Angeline's. Those words carried a seductive charm. Angeline felt her heart pounding. It threatened to burst out of her chest. She grabbed Sean's vest tightly, attempting to pull away. Sean held her by the back of her head.

He pressed his lips down on hers, causing her body to shiver with goosebumps.

Angeline found solace in Sean's arms despite the turmoil in her mind.

Angeline's hold on Sean's shirt grew tighter as her lips parted. She pushed him away suddenly. "Sean, don't... Please don't do this."

Sean grazed her lips with his fingertips. He removed his glasses and started to unbutton his vest. He kissed her again as he pinned her down on the couch.

Angeline placed her arms between them, pushing against Sean's shoulders. She struggled to move him away.

His familiar scent enveloped her while his lips and tongue dominated hers in a kiss. It felt like he was consuming her.

Their lips and saliva mixed in an intimacy that left Angeline powerless. Her body went limp, and her spine tensed with the intensity of the moment.

The silence was broken by the ringtone of Angeline's phone. Sean stopped his movements.

As if snapped out of a trance, Angeline pushed him away.

She fixed her clothes hastily and avoided his gaze as she reached for her phone on the coffee table.

It was a video call from Yasmine.

Angeline's heart raced as she answered the call after quickly fixing her hair.

"Mommy!" Yasmine's happy face appeared with a teddy bear. "Look, Mommy! Beautiful Ms. Lawson and Xavier won this prize for me! Isn't it super cute?"

Angeline smiled at the sight. "Yes, it's super cute! But it's not as cute as you, Yasmine."

"Mommy, why is your face so red? Are you sick?" Xavier's face appeared on the screen, too. His concern was evident in his furrowed brow.

Angeline touched her hot cheeks

and laughed it off. "I'm not sick. drank a bit too much at the dinner

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with Mr. Reilly. It's okay. I'll be fine Soon."

Xavier's keen eyes caught the shifting shadow behind Angeline and a glimpse of a suit jacket, and he furrowed his brows worriedly.

"Mommy, are you sure you're okay? Do you feel like throwing up? Did you take any hangover medicine?"

Yasmine asked with conce

setting down her teddy bear

"I'm fine, sweetie. There's no need to worry about me. Both of you know Mr. Reilly can hold his liquor well."

Taking advantage of the conversation, Xavier slipped into the bathroom. He dialed Sean's number on his phone watch.

As expected, there was a phone ringing from Angelin's end.

Sean saw Xavier's name on his phone. He glanced at Angeline, who was still on the video call. Sean then stood up and walked to the balcony to answer the call.

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"Are you with my mom?" Xavier's youthful and steady voice came from the other end of the phone.

Sean looked back at Angeline and responded, "Yes."

"You'd better not bully my mom! I haven't accepted you as my and Yasmine's dad yet!" Xavier warned.

"Alright. Rest assured. I won't bully your mom," Sean replied, a smile tugging at his lips.

Over Angeline's phone, Yasmine waved at Angeline. "Mommy, you should rest early! I'll call you again tomorrow. Xavier? Where did he go?"

Yasmine shouted, "Xavier, don't you want to say goodbye to mom?"

"Forget it. Xavier might have gone out. You and Xavier, be good, okay? I'll hang up now," Angeline said gently.

"Okay! Bye, Mommy."

After hanging up, Angeline clutched her phone tightly and met Sean's smiling eyes. He said, "Xavier called me, asking me to stay and take care of you."

"No wonder he disappeared," Angeline replied while standing up with her phone in hand.

"Can I sleep in the guest room tonight?" Sean asked.

"I'm fine. You don't need to stay just to take care of me..."

Sean took off his vest and draped it over his arm. He wasn't giving Angeline a chance to refuse. "I drank a bit too much, and I feel a bit dizzy. Are my clothes in the guest room?" "Yes, they're still there." Angeline nodded.

"I'll go take a shower." Sean decided as he approached the guest room.

Angeline bit her lip as she felt a stinging sensation. She then realized Sean had caused her lips to swell with his kisses.

She couldn't lie to herself. When Sean held her in his embrace and kissed her, he stirred intense feelings within her. She felt that she had never resisted any of Sean's kisses. His masculine scent and the warm temperature of his strong body always made her shiver uncontrollably.

Angeline recalled their first night together. Sean's defined hands were gripping the pillow. The veins on his arms were bulging as he pinned her against the door in the dark while he passionately kissed her. She realized she needed to stop thinking about this.

Feeling her whole body heating up, Angeline rushed back to the master bedroom in her slippers, took her clothes, and showered in slightly cooler water.

Just after showering, she received a video call from Heather before she could dry her hair.

"Angeline, we used the same

reagents, and the experimental data

keeps coming out different from all the data produced by the quantum computer," Heather said with

frustration. "I don't know what the problem is."

"I'll take a look Don't worry for now," Angeline reassured. Noticing the dark circles under Heather's eyes on the screen, she added, "You haven't rested for a long time, have you? Go take a nap. I'll watch the video experiment, and it's not too late to work hard once we find the reason."

Heather took off her glasses and pinched the bridge of her nose tiredly. "Alright, I'll sleep for a bit. Let me know when you find the conclusion."

"Okay, it's been tough on you in the lab in my absence," Angeline said with a smile.

After ending the video call, Angeline logged into the lab's monitoring system to review the experimental surveillance videos.

Angeline pressed the pause button after watching the video for over an hour. She was about to make a cup of coffee to continue when she saw Sean making a phone call on the balcony.

Sean's hair, still damp and disheveled, hung before his eyes. He wore an unbuttoned shirt while leaning against the balcony railing with his long legs crossed.

There was a cigarette at the corner of his mouth. He held his phone with one hand while lighting the cigarette with a lighter with the other.

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Sean kept the lighter in his pocket when he saw Angeline. White smoke curled from his lips as he moved the cigarette aside and spoke into the phone. "Send it over as soon as possible." After hanging up, Sean began to button up his shirt from bottom to top. .

The visual impact of the man with dark hair, deep-set eyes, high nose bridge, sharp jawline, the cigarette at his lips, and the slender fingers buttoning his shirt was intense and filled with tension. Angeline's heart beat rapidly again.

She cleared her throat and turned to enter the kitchen. Pouring coffee beans into the machine, she started brewing coffee for herself. Seeing Sean put out his cigarette and enter from the balcony, she asked, "Do you want some coffee?"

"Coffee at this hour?"

Sean placed his phone on the dining table and walked toward the open kitchen counter.

"The data from several experiments in the lab are all incorrect, but I can't find the reason. I need to stay up tonight to watch the experiment videos," Angeline explained. Remembering the phone call Sean had just made, she supported herself on the coffee machine and asked, "Do you also have matters to attend to in your company?" "My pajamas seem to be in the main bedroom. I thought you were resting, so I called Taylor to bring a set over."

Angeline looked at the fresh shirt and trousers Sean had changed and said, "Then I'll get your pajamas for you. No need to trouble Taylor to make a trip this late." As they brushed past each other, Sean suddenly reached out to pull Angeline toward him.

"Hmm?"

Angeline turned to look at Sean, only to find him staring at her hair and reaching out to touch it.

"Didn't you blow your hair dry?"

"I just finished showering and got a call from a colleague. I got caught up watching the videos..." Angeline touched her half-dry hair and smiled. "I'll go get your pajamas first, and then..." "Sean!" Angeline exclaimed as she found herself being lifted and seated on the counter.

"You don't have to rush to get the pajamas. Dry your hair first. Wait here."

Sean rolled up the sleeves of his

black shirt. As he was familiar with

the house, he took a hal

from

the cabinet under the guest

bathroom sink and dried Angeline's

hair.

Sitting on the counter, Angeline was at the perfect height. Sean's slender fingers combed through her long hair while gently drying it.

The kitchen was filled with the

aroma of coffee and the scent of Angeline's shampoo. She jumped down from the counter with one hand supporting herself. "I'll go get your pajamas."

"Thank you."

Angeline almost fled the open kitchen. Sean was standing at the main bedroom entrance when she came out of the wardrobe with Sean's pajamas.

She instinctively clutched Sean's pajamas and handed them to him. "Here's your pajamas."

For some reason, despite having shared the most intimate moments with Sean, Angeline still felt nervous under his gaze.

Sean reached for the pajamas but grabbed Angeline's wrist instead pulling her into his embrace. His large hand cradled the back of her head as his fingers threaded through her loose, dark hair.

"Sean..." Angeline's voice trembled slightly.

"I've told you my name." Sean's voice was deep. "I'm not a true Lawson family member."

"Shane Kingston?" Angeline asked.

"I'm here," Sean whispered as he lowered his head to kiss Angeline.

Angeline tightened her grip on Sean's sturdy arms. The pajamas dropped to the floor. Her lips parted again as Sean led her into the bedroom with unsteady steps in his embrace.

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Sean used his foot to hook the bedroom door closed. He pressed Angeline against the wall. His scorching body pressed tightly against hers, leaving no room for her to struggle. The hand against the wall turned off the light.

Darkness enveloped the bedroom. The sudden loss of sight heightened all of Angeline's senses. She heard Sean's heavy breathing and her own rapid heartbeat. Through the thin fabric of his shirt, she felt the bulging veins on Sean's sturdy arms. His heat burned like his kisses.

Sean's kisses overwhelmed Angeline like a beast overpowering its prey. She could hardly breathe, losing the strength to push him away. While the kisses dazed Angeline, Sean lifted her and threw her onto the bed.

The sensation of falling momentarily cleared her mind. She propped herself up on her elbows and gasped for air. Sean was at the bed's edge, unbuttoning his shirt. Angeline clutched the sheets while her breathing was erratic. "Sean... We shouldn't make this mistake again."

Sean leaned over and kissed Angeline again. He silenced her and swiftly unbuttoned his shirt. Angeline trembled, unable to resist. She weakened on the bed, her hands losing the strength to push him away. Angeline felt ignited with all constraints of reason and morality burnt away. She surrendered to instinct as she wrapped her arms around Sean's neck.

"Angeline, be mine. Okay?"

Sean's breath was hot against her ear, causing her toes to curl.

"B-But this is wrong..."

"We're legally married. It's not wrong!" Sean insisted while cradling her face for another kiss.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

Angeline snapped out of her daze. She was overwhelmed by shame and hastily pushed him away. "The door... The doorbell!"

Sean frowned, his lips pressed tightly in displeasure. He recalled that he'd forgotten to call Taylor and tell him not to come.

He was reluctant to care.

"It must be Taylor with your pajamas!" Angeline's heart raced as she pushed again. "Hurry!"

Sean rose reluctantly.

Angeline took the moment Sean
picked up his shirt to rush to the
bedroom door. She straightened her
clothes and hair at the entrance. othes

Then she opened the door for Taylor.

"Ms. Angeline!" Taylor handed over the bag. "Here are Mr. Lawson's pajamas."

"Thank you. You shouldn't have to make this trip so late," Angeline thanked Taylor with a smile.

"It's my duty!"

Taylor glanced up and saw Sean

buttoning his shirt. Sean's cold gaze made Taylor shiver. Taylor noticed Angeline's flushed cheeks and

swollen lips. He realized his timing might have been inconvenient.

Taylor didn't linger and quickly said, "Then... I'll be leaving! My mom is waiting at home! Goodbye, Mr. Lawson, Ms. Angeline!"

After speaking, Taylor hurried to the

elevator. He pressed the button and closed his eyes in regret. He thought he should have just hung the pajamas on the door handle and sent a message instead of ringing the doorbell.

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Taylor hoped Sean wouldn't be angry enough to dock his bonus. Angeline closed the door and placed the pajamas on the couch, avoiding eye contact with Sean. "I still need to watch the lab videos. You should rest early," she said softly.

"Angeline..." Sean lit a cigarette and asked, "Should we talk about our relationship?" .

Angeline gripped the hem of her clothes tightly. Sean's affection for her was evident and unmasked. Did she like Sean? She thought she did, but Robert would never accept her being with Sean. "Let's find a time to file for a divorce." Angeline mustered the courage to look at Sean.

Sean didn't get angry at her words. He sat on the arm of the couch and pulled Angeline close. "Ask yourself. Do you dislike my kisses and dislike being with me?" Sean's voice was steady. "I can feel that you long for me, which means you like me at least, right?"

"I admit it." Angeline clenched her fists and met Sean's gaze. "I like you."

Her heart raced even with the slightest accidental touch, eye contact, or even when he was holding her wrist like this. This was a feeling she never got from Ned. Her desire for Sean seemed to magnify endlessly.

Every look, every movement, and his scent were irresistible to her. This feeling was weird yet thrilling. She wasn't sure if it was love, but it was undoubtedly feelings, mostly desire for Sean.

It was somewhat shameful but true for Angeline, who had only been in love once. "But our relationship is too complicated. Would Mr. Lawson Senior allow us to be together? How would others view the Lawson family if we were together? I care about these things more than anything, including my life." Angeline's eyes turned red as she spoke.

"Very soon, I'll no longer be a Lawson. Over the years, Lawson Global has grown strong enough not to be easily toppled. Consider it my repayment for the Lawson family's kindness." Sean looked down as he caressed Angeline's wrist. "When you can officially take over the Lawson family, I must return to my own family."

"Your family?" Angeline was astonished. "I thought you had no relatives left."

Sean pulled Angeline into his embrace with a slight tug, his hand supporting her slender waist. "Didn't I tell you my original name?"

"You have a family? Does Mr. Lawson Senior know?"

Sean took a puff of his cigarette and saw Angeline frown. With a chuckle, he stubbed out the cigarette in the ashtray on the small table. "I do have a family. You, Xavier, and Yasmine are my family." "I mean your original family."

"Yes, my original family members are all gone, and I'm the only one left. That's the reason why I must return. So don't worry about our current status. Just ask yourself if you're willing to be with me and if you like me." Sean tucked the stray hair behind Angeline's ear. "Even if you simply like the feeling of kissing me or sleeping with me."

Sean's frank words made Angeline's tightly clenched hands sweat.

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Amid tension and embarrassment, Angeline sensed something unusual about Sean that day. Looking up at him, she inquired, "Are you asking this because you're leaving the

Lawson family?" Sean chuckled softly at her words. "I've said it before that you're very smart."

"Where are you going?" Angeline asked instinctively.

Sean tightened his hand around Angeline's waist and pulled her closer. "Will you miss me?" he teased.

She placed her hands between them and expressed her concern. "When are you leaving? Does Mr. Lawson Senior know? Have you two discussed this?"

Sean revealed, "At Mr. Lawson Senior's birthday party this month, your identity as a Lawson family member will be announced. I'll leave after the party. Mr. Lawson Senior is aware of it."

"You can't go!" Angeline clutched Sean's shirt. "Lawson Global can't do without you right now. Besides... you have a stronger bond with Mr. Lawson Senior than I do! I can see that he cares a lot about you!" Angeline suddenly remembered an incident from four years ago in Oceanford. She had overheard Sean talking on the phone with Robert about her being a true member of the Lawson family.

"Is it because of me? Do you feel that since I'm part of the Lawson family, you want to return the Lawson family to me? I've never wanted Lawson Global!" she hurriedly explained.

Seeing Angeline's anxious demeanor, Sean couldn't help but kiss her lips gently without delving deeper. "You've got it backward. I want to leave... That's why I'm returning the Lawson family and Lawson Global to you!"

Previously, Robert didn't accept Angeline's return to the Lawson family. Now, not only did Robert have Angeline, but he also had the company of his great-grandchildren, Xavier and Yasmine. Sean could finally leave with peace of mind, even eagerly.

"Then... What about after you leave the Lawson family? Will you still be in contact with the Lawson family? Will you still contact Mr. Lawson Senior?" Angeline asked.

"Whether I'll stay in touch with the Lawson family after I leave mainly depends on you," Sean said while his lips curved into a faint smile. "It depends on how you handle our relationship."

Angeline looked down. She was too nervous to meet Sean's sharply defined features. Her heart fluttered wildly.

"I love you, Angeline." Sean caressed

her neck and kissed her lips again. He rested his forehead against hers and softly confessed his feelings. e "You still have time to think before the birthday banquet. If you decide you don't want to be with me, I'll divorce you. But if you're willing to be with me..."

Sean couldn't help but kiss her again and hold her tightly in his arms. The rest of his words were lost as he kissed Angeline. His hand cradled the back of her head, making her lips and tongue tingle.

He felt that if Angeline's affection for him was strong enough to make her be with him forever, his uncontrollable infatuation and liking for Angeline would no longer be restrained.

"Sean... Sean Lawson." Angeline tried to sound calm, but her voice trembled uncontrollably.

"Do you want it?" Sean brushed the stray hair from her lips and kissed her blushing lips, his voice husky. "Do you want to sleep with me?"

She felt that her heart nearly burst through her chest while her emotions and reason were on the verge of collapse. Her breathing was erratic.

Soon, instinct took over. She wrapped her arms around Sean's neck and kissed him back eagerly. "Yes..."

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That one word unlocked the cage in Sean's heart and released the beast

within. He kissed Angeline back with

even more force as if wanting to meld her into himself. He lifted

Angeline and headed toward the bedroom.

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Chapter 220

After the door slammed loudly, the living room stayed lit. Only the faucet that was not fully turned off was left. It was dripping and echoing throughout the night.

Angeline woke up the next day in her darkened bedroom. Her body felt so sore that she could barely lift her arms. It was nearly 11:00 am when she checked her phone. She had dozens of missed calls.

A note from Sean was on the bedside table: "Your phone was on silent to ensure you slept well. Breakfast is warm in the pot. I've gone to the office. I'll be back this afternoon to have lunch with you." Angeline put on her robe and slippers. Her legs gave out as soon as she stood up, and she fell back onto the bed. Memories of the night with Sean flashed through her mind. They had gone to the bathroom for a shower, but things escalated.

Angeline covered her face with her hands. She had never thought of herself in such a light. Her phone vibrated again. It was Sean calling. Biting her swollen lip, she answered, "Hello..."

Immediately after speaking, Angeline covered her mouth. Her voice was unexpectedly hoarse. Sean's warm and tender voice came from the other end. "Are you awake? Have you eaten?" Angeline cleared her throat and replied, "No..."

Her voice didn't sound better. Angeline covered her face again as her mind raced back to the previous night. She told herself to stop thinking about it, but Sean's voice made it difficult. Scenes from the previous night kept replaying in her mind.

"I left some throat lozenges for you on the dining table," Sean said. He then asked, perhaps intentionally, "What are your plans for today?" .

Angeline had planned to choose a birthday gift for Robert. Considering her voice, she said, "I'll stay at home."

"To watch the lab videos?" Sean asked.

"Yes..."

"Alright, I understand. Remember to eat your breakfast and the lozenges," Sean advised.

"Okay."

After the call ended, Angeline lay back on the bed. She pulled the covers over her face, feeling incredibly embarrassed. Amid her embarrassment, she remembered the time they conceived Xavier and Yasmine.

They had taken no precautions the night before.

Angeline quickly sat up and ordered emergency contraception online.

After breakfast, she returned Danny's call.

"Boss, you finally called back." Danny's voice was low. "Fletcher Corporation will deliver as usual this afternoon. Should we refuse directly due to their formula leak, or accept the goods and sue separately?"

"Fletcher Corporation is more passive and anxious than us. Delay the delivery. They won't dare say much. Tie up Fletcher Corporation's cash flow. They'll come to negotiate the formula leak. You can listen to them but tell them that the decisions depend on the founder's approval," Angeline suggested. Content

"Understood."

After ending the call with Danny, Angeline called Billy with a different number.

"Ms. Emerson, Fletcher Corporation wanted to buy the formula. I avoided them, as you said. But they've dug up everything about me overnight. Now they're blockading my house!" Billy reported.