

# Second Marriage to Mr. Rich

## Chapter 51

Chapter 51

Zachary and Ingrid turned around.

"Angie!"

"A-Angie!"

Both cried out at the same time.

Angeline was extremely pale under the dim hallway light. She was staring fixedly at Ned with bloodshot eyes.

"You pushed Anne?" Her voice was deathly cold and raspy.

"Angie, Ned didn't mean to! Anne kept pushing Ned, wanting him to look at some photos so Ned just pushed her a little. We were on the sidewalk. None of us expected a car to swerve toward her!" Ingrid hurriedly explained to Angeline.

Ingrid carefully held the latter's arm. "Ned immediately reached out to grab Anne when the car drove onto the sidewalk, but he didn't manage to do so in time. He fractured his arm in the process too. He never expected...."

Angeline wasn't listening to anything Ingrid was saying. The only thing echoing in her mind was Ingrid's words from earlier that the car wouldn't have struck Anne if Ned hadn't pushed her.

Despair and fury consumed Angeline. Tears poured from her eyes as she flung Ingrid's hand away and stormed up to Ned to slap him on the cheek.

Angeline used all her strength to deliver this slap. It made Ned's head turn to the side. His

ears buzzed with the force of it as he stood there, stunned.

"Give Anne back to me, Ned Fletcher!" Angeline roared hysterically, hitting Ned with her fists. But the slap from earlier had taken all of her strength. Ned didn't feel any pain from the strikes at all. Angeline had broken down completely. She kept on wailing for Ned to return Anne to her.

Pain engulfed Angeline. Anne wouldn't have stayed behind in Oceanford, gone to find Ned, and gotten into the car accident if it weren't for Angeline. Angeline had never regretted loving Ned as much as she was regretting now. If she hadn't fallen in love with Ned, none of this would've happened.

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Zachary was about to stop Angeline when Ingrid blocked his way. "Let Angie vent it out!"

Ned stumbled back a little as Angeline struck him with her fists. He was about to erupt from anger too.

When Ingrid saw how shaky Angeline was, she went up to steady her. "Stop it, Angie..."

Angelina shoved Ingrid's hands away in a crazed manner, making Ingrid slip on her high heels. Luckily Zachary caught her before she fell.

Angeline fell against the nearby wall too, but she immediately turned to them and screamed, "Get out of here! All of you! Leave!"

Ned's eyes darkened. Displeased, he grabbed Angeline by the arm and said, "You can hit me all you want, Angeline Emmerson, but don't you dare touch a hair on Ingrid's head!"

Ingrid withstood the pain in her ankles and went to restrain Ned. "Don't treat her like this, Ned! Do you remember what you promised me?"

"Let go of Angie, Ned Fletcher!" Zachary reached out to help Angeline escape Ned's grasp.

But before he could succeed, a large hand had already held Angeline by the shoulder and pried Ned's hand away. Ned was then shoved away, stunned.

Sean's eyes behind his gold-rimmed spectacles were like the dark abyss under the hallway's dim light. He gazed at Angeline who was still wobbling on her feet in his arms and said, "You're the elder sister, Angie. You need to compose yourself now that this has happened."

Angeline's legs nearly buckled when she thought of Henrietta.

If Henrietta knew about her mother's death, she would be so scared!

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## Chapter 52

Chapter 52 .

"Leave! All of you!" Angeline cried, tears still falling down her cheeks. She was quivering as she glared hatefully at Ned, waving her arms. "Leave right now!" "Leave right now!"

Sean turned to Ned. "Or do you need Mr. Fletcher Sr. to personally escort you?"

The coldness in Sean's eyes persuaded Ned to leave. He wrapped an arm around Ingrid and left the floor with her. Before Ned entered the elevator, however, he shot one last look in Angeline's direction. "Thank you for your help today. You should go back home and rest," Sean said to Zachary.

Sean had gotten to know what had happened on his way here. It was Zachary who had helped handle Anne's affairs after her accident.

Zachary gazed at Angeline who was being held up by Sean, unwilling to leave. But Taylor was already gesturing for Zachary to leave. "Mr. Stone..."

"Then please console Angie." Zachary figured Angeline might be more susceptible to Sean's words since they were related.

Just before Zachary entered the elevator, he turned around to see Sean cupping Angeline's head and murmuring something to her. Angeline grabbed onto his coat and started bawling

into his chest.

"Call me if there are any updates," Zachary said to Taylor.

"Of course!" Taylor escorted Zachary into the elevator.

After the elevator went down, Taylor remained beside it, not going over to where Sean and Angeline were.

The morgue staff soon arrived. Angeline powered through her exhaustion as the staff cleaned and dressed Anne's body.

Angeline followed the staff as they placed Anne's body in its unit. She then held her tears back while getting the relevant paperwork. Finally, Angeline curled up into a ball under a streetlamp outside the hospita and wailed into her arms, death certificate in hand.

Sean stood beside her, sheltering her from the rain with an umbrella.

After a long time, Sean crouched down and gently caressed Angeline's head before letting her lean in his arms.

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"I messed up... I really messed up this time..." Angeline mumbled weakly. "I shouldn't have gone back to the Fletchers with Ned. I shouldn't have wanted to be with him. I messed up..." "Taylor," Sean called.

He then handed the umbrella to Taylor and lifted Angeline into his arms, carrying her into

the car.

It was dawn when they reached the villa.

Even in sleep, Angeline's tears never stopped flowing. When Sean tucked her into bed, he noticed that his entire shoulder had been soaked through with moisture.

Sean sat at the bedside, gazing at Angeline as she mumbled in her sleep. He wanted to pry away the hair stuck to her face but stopped right before his fingers made contact with her

skin.

Sean then wiped away Angeline's tears with some tissues from the bedside cabinet.

He went over to pull the curtains shut and switched off the lights in the room before exiting.

"We've gotten the footage, sir." Taylor passed a laptop to Sean when the latter came outside.

The surveillance footage outside the restaurant clearly depicted Ned shoving Anne away impatiently when she tried showing him some pictures in hand. Ned did try to reach out and grab Anne when the car swerved onto the sidewalk, but it was too late.

"The driver just got his license recently. He couldn't react as it all happened so fast," Taylor said in a low voice. "There really is no hidden agenda whatsoever."

## Chapter 53

## Chapter 53

Sean hadn't slept the entire night, so exhaustion was clear on his face. His eyes were vaguely

bloodshot too.

"How is Ms. Angeline?" Taylor asked. He had been working for Sean for so many years, so it was only natural that he knew about Angelina's affairs just as well as Sean did. This was the first time Taylor had seen Angelina in such a terrible state.

Sean didn't answer the question. He returned the laptop to Taylor. "Good work. Get some

rest or a bite to eat."

After Sean gave James a call to inform him of what happened with Angeline, he went to take a shower in the guest room.

When Angeline finally woke up from her dream, her eyes were incredibly swollen and her vision blurry.

She seemed to have dreamt that Anne was gone.

When Angeline saw that she was in Sean's master bedroom in his Oceanford villa, she realized Anne was gone for real.

Angeline blinked quietly as tears fell from her eyes again. She quickly wiped them away and

got off the bed, trying to find a pair of slippers to wear.

Sean was right. Henrietta was still young. If Angeline didn't get herself together right now, Henrietta would be helpless with fear.

Angeline was the elder sister here. She needed to deal with Anne's post-mortem affairs and see to Henrietta's future.

However, she couldn't find any slippers by the bed.

"You're awake." Sean, who had heard the noise coming from the master bedroom, walked to Angeline with a pair of slippers Maria had brought over. He had been resting on the couch .

outside earlier.

Angeline grabbed tightly onto the bed sheets beneath her, feeling overwhelmed.

She was the one who told Sean not to get into contact with her because he was the Lawson family's adopted son. Angeline was scared someone might notice them crossing paths and get to know about her

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biological mother's past.

Gossip had the power to drive someone insane. Angeline didn't want her mother to suffer from it again.

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Yet when Angeline felt powerless last night, it was Sean who reminded her about her duties when she was nearly ready to fight to the end with Ned.

"I'm sorry." Angeline shut her eyes, tears streaming down trouble again."

She choked out, "I...

out, "I... caused you

"Angeline, in everyone else's eyes, we're kin. It's only logical for me to help you when you're facing trouble. Our family won't be affected." Sean squatted down and helped Angeline put on the slippers before meeting her eyes. "You don't

ve to avoid me like the plague."

But they had sex.

It was Angeline's fault, too. She had insisted on it after being drugged and losing consciousness.

Angeline's grip on the sheets tightened. She didn't have the energy to think about this anymore.

She opened her eyes and heaved a long sigh, wiping her tears away as if she'd given herself strength. "I understand. If I ever face any troubles that I can't handle on my own, I'll ask you for help." Sean smiled and glanced at his watch. "Anne's body is already being escorted toward River

Town. Have something to eat first. You can sleep more when you're on the plane later."

Angeline nodded.

She composed herself and looked at her phone, finding messages from Henrietta from the previous night. Henrietta said she was anxious because Anne hadn't replied to her messages

or answered her calls.

After getting her emotions in check, Angeline called Henrietta. The latter answered the call almost instantly.

"Henrietta."

Two knocks rang out from the other end of the call.

Henrietta was mute, so she usually communicated through text messages. If she was on a phone call, she would reply with knocks.

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"Anne and I... will be home tonight."

Henrietta was all alone by herself. That was why Angeline didn't dare break the news of Anne's death to her yet.

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## **Chapter 54**

Chapter 54

Two knocks.

Angeline couldn't hold her tears back anymore. "I'm going to hang up first."

Two more knocks.

food down.

Khoraging up the call, Angeline forced so

Taylor explained what had happened based on the surveillance footage outside the restaurant

to Angeline at the table. He explained that Ned pushed Anne, but he did try to pull her back when the car swerved onto the sidewalk. His arm was fractured because of it.

Taylor didn't want Angeline to watch the footage at first, but Angeline insisted.

Anne was going up to Ned with some photographs in hand. The cameras didn't capture any audio, so Angeline didn't know what Anne was saying. It looked like she was pleading with Ned to look at the photos however.

Angeline's eyes grew reddened. She stopped watching the footage right when Ned reached out to pull Anne from being struck by the car. She then shut the laptop and covered her face with her hands, tears falling uncontrollably.

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Sean took the laptop away and set a warm glass of milk down beside Angeline. He said to Taylor, "Have the company's Oceanford branch's legal team handle this matter. Anne's daughter is still a child. Try and get more compensation."

"Okay!" Taylor said. "I've already bought the flight tickets. The plane will depart at 10:00 am and will reach Glenhill at 12:25 pm. After that, it will take one and a half hours to River Town by car."

Angeline wiped her tears away with some tissues after Taylor finished speaking. She said nasally, "I'll go back to River Town alone."

When Sean turned to her, she said slowly,

Anne has no family besides Henrietta and me. She didn't gain any friends in the years she was abducted by the Emmersons either. Thank you for your help with the lawsuit. Whatever extra compensation you can get will be a great help to

Henrietta's future."

Angeline knew Sean was a busy man. He had already entrusted the car accident lawsuit to his company's lawyers, so there was no need to trouble him with a trip to River Town.

"Okay..." Sean sipped on his coffee. "Let Taylor accompany you."

"Taylor is useless to me if he comes along. I can deal with everything from here on out. I'll just need a lift to the airport."

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+15 BONUS



Angeline seemed to have found a way to cooperate with Sean. She would first refuse his kind gesture, then ask him to help with something that wouldn't delay his personal schedule. That way Sean couldn't refuse.

"Okay." Sean nodded, setting his cup to the side.

After some breakfast, the driver sent Angeline to the airport. Maria had packed some sandwiches for Angeline after seeing her eat so little.

After sending Angeline off, Taylor said to Sean, "Mr. Lawson Senior's assistant called earlier to inform me that Mr. Lawson Senior would like you to attend the concerto tonight with Ms. Monica. The concerto is scheduled to begin at 7:30 pm this evening. Would a flight back to Krontos scheduled at 12:20 pm be fine with you, sir?"

Sean stood in front of the window wall in his study on the second floor, watching Angeline depart in the car outside. "Take a rain check."

Taylor looked up at Sean in shock.

"Just say that I'm busy with our company's Oceanford branch affairs.

Taylor pursed his lips briefly before saying, "Mr. Lawson, I may only be your assistant by name, but after working by your side for so many years, I have a genuine respect for you akin to a brother of my own. Hence I'll be truthful with you... I don't think you should refuse Mr. Lawson Senior's suggestion, sir."

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## Chapter 55

### Chapter 55

When Sean turned to look at Taylor, the latter switched his laptop off.

Taylor withstood the overwhelming pressure he felt and said seriously, "You are no ordinary man, sir. Mr. Lawson Senior doesn't want you to cross paths with Ms. Angeline anymore, yet you still disobeyed his wishes countless times.

"You even helped Fletcher for Ms. Angeline's sake. Mr. Lawson Senior is already worried you'll face hardship in taking his wishes in regards to your marriage, I'm

incredibly displeased by all this. If you

over Lawson Global."

What was more, Sean never revealed the pressure he was under when helping Angeline out. If Angeline was still married into the Fletcher family, she could still potentially help Sean out.

Not only did Angeline not know just how much Sean had secretly helped her, there was no way she could help Sean out now that she had divorced Ned Fletcher.

"Leave." Sean's voice was icy. .

Taylor's lips pulled tight. He retreated from the study, knowing he wouldn't be able to persuade his boss.

When Angeline arrived at the small shop in River Town owned by Anne, Henrietta was at the cash register checking out a customer's items. She was dressed in a sky-blue skirt and had tied her hair into a ponytail.

Henrietta's homework was open on one end of the glass countertop. She bagged the customer's purchase, calculated the price, and accepted the dollar note the customer gave her. She then gave them back their change with a smile.

When Henrietta saw Angeline through the window, she quickly came out from behind the counter. Henrietta didn't question why Anne's luggage was nowhere to be seen. She pulled Angeline over to the small fireplace behind the counter. Angeline's fingers were ice cold by

now.

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A lively fire crackled inside the fireplace. Henrietta poured a glass of hot water for Angeline and gestured for her to warm her hands by the fire.

Henrietta had been worried about Angeline ever since watching the TV program on Friday. But Henrietta still thought the world of her elder sister. When the host, Ian, had mentioned that an audio recording had been prepared, Henrietta had a feeling Angeline was going to make a comeback. Angeline was bound to reveal that heartless pack of wolves for what they were.

Angeline took the glass of water and asked, "Didn't Anne hire someone to help work in the

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shop? What are you doing here?"

Henrietta had no issue with her hearing. They had gotten it checked at the hospital when she was a child. The doctor said nothing was wrong with Henrietta's vocal cords either. Her muteness likely stemmed from childhood trauma.

But Henrietta was opposed to seeing a psychologist. She didn't want to go to therapy for it.

It was because of that reason that Anne had insisted on sending Henrietta to a normal children's school for her studies. That way Henrietta could be more in touch with normal children. Anne was hopeful it would help Henrietta speak one day.

Henrietta used sign language to reply, "Dorothy was hired to work in the shop for 100 dollars per day. I'm free on the weekends, so I take over for her. Where's Mom?"

When Henrietta mentioned Anne, Angeline's grasp around the glass tightened. Tears pricked her eyes.

Angeline looked down, unable to stop her tears from falling.

Henrietta seemed to have sensed something was wrong. She grew pale instantly and stood very still, hands balled into fists beside her.

"Hatty." Angeline closed her eyes and exhaled before looking at Henrietta. "We'll have to live together from now on."

Tears flooded Henrietta's widened eyes.

"What happened to Mom?" She signed.

"Anne got into an accident. She didn't survive. They're sending her back for the funeral as we spoke." Angeline put the glass of water down and enveloped Henrietta in her arms. She began weeping, but still said, "Don't be scared, Hatty!"

Henrietta slumped against Angeline, her tears falling nonstop. Though she was in pain, no sound came out of her mouth as she wept. She could only grab onto Angeline's shirt, shaking

her.

## **Chapter 56**

Chapter 56

Henrietta couldn't accept that the kind-hearted Anne had passed away in a car accident. Anne had lived a hard life. She never got to watch Henrietta and Angeline succeed and live better

lives.

Anne never got to hear Henrietta speak or call her "Mom".

Angeline closed her eyes, but her tears streamed uncontrollably down her face as she held Henrietta tightly.

Early the next morning, Angeline took Henrietta to the funeral home to pay their last respects.

to Anne. They brought Anne's body back from Oceanford for this moment.

Henrietta hadn't slept all night from crying. She looked exhausted, and her eyes were so swollen that she couldn't open them. However, she didn't want to worry forced herself to put on a strong front and keep her spirits up.

Angeline. So, she

Henrietta broke down at the sight of Anne's 6 che felt the urge to rush over to hug Anne, but the staff stopped her.

Anne didn't look as disheveled as she was that day. The staff had applied makeup to her. She looked neat, as though she were just sleeping.

Angeline held Henrietta, who was on the verge of falling. Henrietta opened her mouth desperately, trying to shout, "Mom", but couldn't make a sound.

Even when Anne's body was pushed into the furnace for cremation, Henrietta still couldn't cry

out.

They sat on the bench, waiting for the ashes. Henrietta's tears had already soaked Angeline's clothes. Angeline held Henrietta in her arms with a somewhat calm expression. Yet, she

couldn't hide her sorrow, evident from the redness in her eyes.

Anne's ashes were handed to Angeline in a small urn a while later.

Angeline said, "Let's take Anne home!"

Henrietta nodded as she silently cried.

Anne and Henrietta lived above a small shop. After taking care of Anne's ashes, they set up the enlarged memorial photo from yesterday afternoon and discussed their next steps at the dining table. Angeline said softly, "This semester will end in about two or three weeks. Next semester, I'll take you to a school in Cloudsville. You'll live with me from now on."

Henrietta nodded.

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Angeline continued, "I'll sell the shop downstairs over the holidays! We'll keep this apartment

under your name.

Upon hearing this, Henrietta quickly waved her hands and gestured with sign language: "Mom bought this apartment before adopting me. It's for you! I don't want it!".

Angeline gently replied, "You're familiar with the Emmerson family, right? If the house is under my name, we won't be able to keep it. Anne worked hard for decades to buy this house. She said it was her home. We can't let it fall into someone else's hands."

Henrietta nodded tearfully at Anb Angeline reached out and patted Hen a

head.

"You have school tomorrow. You didn't sleep last night. Go take a nap. I'll cook and call you when it's ready."

Henrietta pointed at the pink wound on Angeline's head and gestured: "You rest instead. I'll do it."

"Listen to me!"

Angeline motioned to Henrietta to rest. Then, she got up to wash her hands before heading to the kitchen to cook.

However, soon after, Henrietta sneaked into the kitchen and stood beside Angeline, who was washing the vegetables. She rolled up her sleeves to help Angeline chop them.

Henrietta gestured before Angeline could chase her away: "I feel at ease when I'm with you." Tears welled up in her eyes again as she signed. She quickly wiped them away with the back of her hand. Angeline didn't insist anymore and asked Henrietta to cook the pasta. .

The two sisters bustled around in the kitchen. Angeline made tomato scrambled eggs and mushroom soup. Angeline cleaned up the kitchen after she had a bite of the meal. Meanwhile, Henrietta rested her head on the dining table while completing her homework. She wiped her tears away secretly.

## Chapter 57

### Chapter 57

When Angeline emerged from the kitchen after mopping the floor, she found Henrietta asleep at the table with tears streaking her face.

Angeline stroked her head and draped a thin blanket over her. She then noticed some bruises on Henrietta's skin peeking out from under the sleeve of her shirt. Frowning, Angeline glanced at Henrietta's profile and carefully pushed the sleeve up.

Before she could take a better look, Henrietta became restless in her sleep, and her body twitched slightly. Angeline hesitated to touch the sleeve again and made a note to ask

Henrietta about it when she was awake.

Angeline received a call from Taylor after she headed downstairs and hung up the "For Sale"

sign.

Taylor informed her, "Riley demanded 1.3 million dollars in compensation from them. They said they needed six months to settle our demanded sum if we insisted. However, they can settle it immediately if the amount is 1.1 million dollars."

Taylor continued, "Riley suggested accepting their offer. It's better to resolve everything at once to avoid any future complications. After all, having the money in hand is more reassuring.

Angeline replied, "Alright, please proceed with Riley then."

Meanwhile, Ned was hospitalized, and his visitors were bustling in and out of the ward from morning until evening.

"I've noticed that Ned's been unlucky since Angeline woke up from her coma!"

"Yeah, he always ends up in the hospital!"

"By the way, Ned... Angeline's gaining popularity now. You should do something about it. What if it affects Ingrid?"

"That's right. I remember when Angeline was clinging to Ned back then. It was right around the time when the paparazzi almost exposed Ned and Ingrid's relationship.

"Later, someone on the internet dug up Ned's past with Angeline. Everyone on the internet labeled Ingrid as a homewrecker and Ned as a scumbag."

Miles said, "We're trying to contain it. The Family Search wants to generate some hype. That's why it's not easy to suppress this news."

"It's fine even if it comes out. at th

W who pushed Ingrid at the airport Angeline's

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+15 BONUS

adoptive mother? If Ingrid is implicated, we can just reveal Angeline's relationship with that woman and say she pushed Ingrid on Angeline's behalf. Let's see who will be blamed then." Miles furrowed his brows in disapproval.

Ned lifted his gaze from reading the news on his phone and coldly said, "And then have the media spread that I pushed Angeline's adoptive mother, causing her fatal car accident? Do you want to send me to prison?"

The ward suddenly fell silent.

The person who spoke up earlier touched his nose awkwardly.

"I didn't mean it like that. I was just spouting nonsense."

"Alright, Ned's tired. I need to head back to the office for overtime. Let's go!"

Miles checked his wristwatch.

He then told Ned, "I'll head out first. Take care of yourself."

After the group left the ward, Ned lowered his gaze and stared at a photo on his phone. It was a picture of Angeline panickedly covering herself with a blanket. It reminded him of the photo Anne had insisted he look at that evening.

Although it was just a glance, Ned had seen it.

It was a summer evening. Angeline was wearing a white shirt, jeans, and white shoes. She was sitting on the stone wall surrounding the river in an ancient town, smiling gently at the camera. Her long hair cascaded over her shoulders, tousled by the evening breeze.

Ned wrapped one arm around her shoulders while using the other to tidy up her hair. His expression was solemn yet gentle.

Frowning, he swiped up on the phone reem in frustration. The people online were digging up information on Angeline. Ned already had peopl

to quiet the buzz.

Even Ingrid's manager was working on it, fearing that the past entanglements between Ingrid, Angeline, and Ned would resurface.

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## Chapter 58

Chapter 58

Ned hadn't officially divorced Angeline when he dated Ingrid.

The attention to "The Family Search" program was irresistible. Moreover, the most recent episode garnered much attention, especially with the recording presented at the end of the last episode. It had caused the fanfare to skyrocket.

However, until now, nobody connected Angeline to the incident four years ago, where Ingrid was criticized online. Even if someone did, it was quickly buried by other comments.

Ned thought that perhaps Sean had someone stifle it.

Anne had pushed Ingrid four years ago. If this event became public knowledge, people wouldn't believe it was an accident. Then, Anne would be in the spotlight.



Angeline and Sean definitely wouldn't want to see that happen.

Ned became more troubled as he thought about Angeline. Since discovering that the medicine Tommy gave Angeline wasn't the truth serum, he'd been wondering if he had made love to Angeline that night.

He had no idea because he couldn't remember anything. As time slipped away, Ned drifted into sleep with mixed emotions.

The chilly winter breeze drifted through the partly shut window of the warm room, softly caressing Ned's nose and lengthy eyelashes.

Ned's hand under his head twitched slightly as he slept.

In his dream, he saw Angeline's sleeping profile with her head resting on her papers. He couldn't help but brush aside strands of her hair. As he restrained his heavy breaths, he slowly lowered his head toward her face. The faint scent of gardenia made his heart race.

He could clearly examine her long and dense eyelashes. He blushed immediately as he touched

her delicate and cold nose with his.

Staring at her rosy lips, he tightened his grip on the chair's armrest and swallowed hard. His eyelashes fluttered nervously. Just as Ned was about to kiss Angeline, her eyes suddenly opened.

The constant chirping of cicadas could be heard from outside the window as the faint hum of the air conditioner filled the room.

Their eyes met. Ned's brain turned into mush as his heart pounded wildly. He jerked his head up and raced downstairs wordlessly.

All he could hear was his racing heartbeat.

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A sudden bang sounded.

The wind blew open the ward window, causing it to slam loudly against the wall. Ned's snapped open as his heart continued to thump into reality.

eyes

With heavy breaths, he stared at the open window and felt thirsty. He wondered if that scene was simply a dream or if it did happen.

Ned couldn't deny the confusion and infatuation in his dream. The feelings were far stronger than anything he'd experienced. He'd never felt anything like that since losing his memory. As he got up, Ned clutched his throbbing head and closed his eyes, trying to recall the dream. He seemed to have a surge of emotion when Angeline's eyes opened in his dream.

His phone rang out suddenly. It jolted Ned back to reality. Noticing it was a call from Ingrid, he subdued the strange and intense sentiment he harbored toward Angeline. After composing himself, he answered the phone, "Baby, is your foot feeling better now?" .

"You don't have to worry about me. Twisting the ankle while wearing high heels is common. It was fine after icing it last night. How about you? Does it still hurt today?" Ingrid asked with

concern.

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## Chapter 59

Chapter 59

Ned smiled and playfully teased Ingrid as usual, "It still hurts! If you come to visit me, the pain will go away."

Ingrid chuckled at his playful banter.

"It sounds like you're fine! I'll see you after I complete my shoot in the next few days."

"Since you're not coming, I'll make time to visit you on the set!"

Ned's voice was full of tenderness.

On the other end of the phone, Ingrid hesitated for a moment before saying, "Ned, if you're still willing, let's get married after I finish filming this movie!"

She added, "The car accident involving Angie's adoptive mother really shook me. I was honestly so scared when I watched the video. I was afraid that you might've been hit by the car!" .

Ingrid's voice choked up. Her whole body trembled when she watched the video. Although the way she thought about Anne's passing was very inappropriate, she genuinely felt relieved that it wasn't Ned who was hit by the car.

Ned felt a pang of heartache upon hearing her choked-up voice.

"Baby..."

Ingrid continued, "We don't know what tomorrow will bring. So, Ned... I want to live in the moment! Angie has moved on, and you've finalized the divorce. The two of you have gone your separate ways. I think you're right. I should let go of the moral constraint and treasure every day we spend together."

Ingrid's words were sincere.

Ned replied softly, "Okay. I'll prepare a grand proposal for you and give you an unforgettable

memory."

After ending the call, Ingrid stared at the phone screen, lost in thought. Ned's reaction when she mentioned their marriage caught her off guard. She thought he would be overjoyed, maybe even jump at the chance to propose right then and there.

Ingrid forced herself not to dwell on it and told her assistant, "Give me the script."

The assistant handed her the script as he helped remove her wig.

The assistant said to Ingrid cautiously as she read the script with her head down, "Ms. Dalton, you're only 24 and already prospering in your career. You're sure to lose many fans by getting married. Ms. Davis wouldn't agree to it either."

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Linda Davis was Ingrid's manager, and she had been supporting Ingrid in her career wholeheartedly throughout the years.

"I'll inform Ms. Davis about it."

Ingrid absentmindedly pretended to make notes on the script with a pen. Although Angeline and Ned had officially divorced and Angeline had given up on Ned, her sense of crisis inexplicably grew stronger. "Ingie!"

Linda burst into the room excitedly.

She continued, "You're amazing!"

Ingrid lifted her gaze and looked at Linda in the mirror puzzledly.

Linda casually tossed her bag onto the makeup table. She then picked up a water bottle, opened it, and took a few sips.

She leaned against the makeup table and told Ingrid, "You've no idea how satisfying today is!

"Today, the second son of the Norwalk family, Simon Norwalk, personally came to our company for an endorsement. I thought they were coming for Charles Brown, the award-winning actor. "Instead, he demanded a female promoter for Norwalk Corporation in Lonla and requested explicitly for you! Who'd have thought that Sabrina Walsh's manager smelled blood and also tried to recommend Sabrina to him?

"We're from the same company, and I didn't expose any dirt on her artists. Yet, she brought up your hidden relationship with Ned Fletcher, the son of the Fletcher family!"

Linda braced herself against the makeup table with her hand. Her eyes lit up as she looked at Ingrid.

"And surprisingly, right after she finished speaking, Simon straightforwardly said that he here for Ned's girlfriend, hoping you'd serve as the endorser for his company! Can you believe

Was

it?"

## **Chapter 60**

Chapter 60

Ingrid was surprised. She wondered why they were coming for Ned.

She didn't think it made sense. The Fletcher family was indeed famous in Oceanford. However, they had no connection to a world-class luxury branded company like Norwalk Corp.

Linda was curious.

"Be honest with me. Did you know Simon was the second son of the Norwalk family when you saved him?"

Ingrid was bewildered.

"What? Did I save him? I don't even know who he is!"

Ingrid seemed to recall something as soon as she said that. Her heartbeat suddenly accelerated. She had a suspicion, but she was reluctant to bring it up.

"He mentioned he was looking for Ned's girlfriend, so maybe... he knows Ned? I'll call Ned

later to ask him about it."

"No!"

Linda frowned.

She continued, "Simon knew I was your manager and asked me to thank you on his behalf. He

said you saved him in Ica seven years ago without leaving your name.

"Before he passed out, he saw your boyfriend stop you from giving him CPR and pull you up. You were angry and called out your boyfriend's name. He also noticed your Oceanford College uniform. He didn't know which school it was, so he could only search for you based on Ned's

name.

"After all these years of searching, he finally found you! Before he left, he said he would like to grab a bite with you if you're free over the next few days."

Ingrid tightened her grip on the script. Ned was still a couple with Angeline seven years ago. If it happened in Ica back then, Ned must have been there to accompany Angeline to a

competition.

Linda also had her speculations when she noticed Ingrid's uncomfortable expression.

She asked softly, "Did Simon mistake you as the person who saved him? Is it possible that... it was Mr. Fletcher's ex-girlfriend who woke up from a coma?" .

Ingrid bit her lip.

"Ms. Davis, let's turn down this endorsement! Simon got the wrong person!"

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"Turn it down? My dear Ingie! You know what an endorsement from Norwalk Corporation means, don't you? This is your chance to rise to the top! Becoming the ambassador for Norwalk Corporation will help you reach the pinnacle of your career!"

Linda leaned in, gripping Ingrid's shoulders.

She added, "Ingie, it may sound a bit unethical, but... since Simon's looking for Ned's girlfriend, he's looking for you. You were also one of the top students at Oceanford College!" Ingrid hesitated.

"But..."

"Mr. Fletcher's ex-girlfriend isn't in the entertainment industry! She doesn't need this opportunity."

Linda quickly put down the water bottle and tried to convince her. She feared the possibility of Ingrid turning down the offer due to her strong sense of morality.

"Become their ambassador first. I'll make sure your schedule is packed during this period. Simon won't stay in the country for long. Let's not have you meet him yet. Once the contract is signed, you can explain to him when you see him that you're not his rescuer. What do you think?"

What mattered the most to Linda was securing the ambassador deal. She wasn't asking Ingrid to deceive Simon but merely delay revealing the truth. After all, Simon was the one who mistook Ingrid as the person who had saved him.

The sight of Ingrid's furrowed brows and struggling expression made Linda squeeze Ingrid's shoulders firmly.

"Ingie! This is your chance to shine! You need it! We'll reveal the truth after the contract is finalized!"

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