

My Cheating Husband Regretted Everything After I Married a Powerful Billionaire (Their Betrayal, Mogul's Obsession)

chapter 1

Angela Bailey could never have imagined that the one who destroyed her marriage wasn't some mistress or seductress, but her own sister-in-law, Nina Fox.

Two months earlier, Nina had returned from abroad and slipped seamlessly into every corner of Donald Turner's daily life.

She took care of everything, whether it was making his meals and picking his clothes or peeling his shrimp and linking arms with him on evening walks.

She even prepared his bathwater ahead of time each night.

Angela had been busy developing the third-generation imaging chip and had barely been home during those two months.

When the housekeeper hinted that the two of them seemed far too close for ordinary siblings, Angela didn't think much of it.

After all, Nina was seven years younger than Donald, and he had brought her home from a snowy roadside when she was a child, treating her like a real sister ever since.

Of course they were close.

Besides, Donald had always been distant and indifferent toward other women.

Angela had always trusted him completely until the day she came home without warning...

Angela stood at the bedroom door.

Her smile froze when she saw Nina, dressed in a nightgown, stretched across Donald's chest, his robe hanging loose and his bronzed skin exposed beneath it.

Nina's hands were already sliding inside.

"Get up already. Dolly is already at preschool, and you're still lazing in bed instead of getting dressed..."

Donald let out a laugh, something Angela hardly ever heard.

"That tickles... stop it, Nina. I'm getting up, alright? You win."

"Tell me, aren't I a better alarm clock than Angela?"

Angela expected Donald to say no.

Six years ago, Donald had been so determined to marry Angela that he cut ties with his own family for her.

He'd even made a vow back then: "Angela is always right. And if she ever isn't, go back to rule number one."

Among Northhaven's wealthy circles, people had only one way to describe Donald: a man who loved his wife more than his own life.

Whenever he wanted to sleep in, all Angela had to do was give him a single look, and he would quietly give in...

But the next second, she heard him speaking to Nina in a gentle, indulgent tone: “Of course. You’re the sweetest, most thoughtful one. Angela can’t even compare to you. Happy now?”

Angela froze, a sharp sting running through her chest, cold and brutal, like being stabbed in the back by the one person she trusted most.

Nina pressed her face against Donald’s chest, sounding forlorn.

“If only I could stay by your side like this for the rest of my life.”

Donald said, “Silly girl. This will always be your home.”

This would always be Nina’s home?

Angela let out a bitter laugh.

Donald seemed to have forgotten one thing—this entire estate belonged to her.

She had earned her bachelor’s, master’s, and doctorate in semiconductor materials in only five years, with companies from multiple countries fighting to hire her.

If Donald hadn’t built this rose estate according to her preferences, she never would have stayed in Northhaven.

A cold, sharp light flashed in Angela’s eyes as she turned and headed downstairs.

The housekeeper spotted her. “Ma’am, you’re home.”

“Mm.”

Angela didn’t slow her pace.

She knew Donald and Nina were fully aware she had returned.

She waited for them in the first-floor hall.

...

Angela pulled up the security footage.

So that was the truth—when she was home, Nina acted like a proper, well-behaved little sister.

But the moment she wasn’t around, Nina drank from Donald’s cup, hugged him from behind, and even used his arm as a pillow to sleep.

And Donald never pushed her away. He stayed silent, accepting every boundary she crossed.

On top of that, Nina had even influenced Dolly, constantly telling her how wonderful childhood was for kids overseas, letting her spray perfume and experiment with makeup. Dolly eventually said, with absolute sincerity, “All moms are bad. Only Aunt Nina is the best.”

“Angela, come upstairs. Let me explain,” came his low, cool voice from above her.

Angela looked up and saw Donald in a tailored suit.

At thirty, he was still tall and sharply defined, expression as calm and distant as ever.

Beside him stood petite Nina, teeth lightly biting her soft lower lip, looking utterly innocent.

Knowing he was at fault, Donald tried to explain patiently. “Nina is like a sister to me. You’re my wife. Those are completely different roles. That’s why I said the two of you can’t be compared.”

“Yes, Angela, we were really just fooling around,” Nina added.

“Fooling around?” Angela shot back coldly. “You call straddling him ‘fooling around?’”

Nina’s eyes shimmered with wounded innocence. “Angela...”

“Drop the act. You’re just a hypocrite. Do you think you’re so special?”

“Angela!” Donald’s expression darkened.

“Don’t go too far. Nina is like a younger sister to me. She’s suffered a lot. We should take care of her, shouldn’t we?”

“Sounds more like you want to enjoy having two women at once.”

Angela’s jaw tightened sharply.

“Donald, this is my home. If you still want this marriage, don’t ever let me see her here again.”

The Donald of the past had been disciplined and responsible.

As long as he corrected his mistakes, Angela would have given him another chance.

But Donald grew irritated. “Nina just came back to Northhaven. She has no parents and friends. She’s twenty-three. Where do you expect her to go?”

“A hotel. Under a bridge. Go find a man and get married. And if she can’t survive, she can head straight to the crematorium.”

Angela’s words cut like a blade.

She didn’t spare the two of them another glance and drove back to the research center.

Chip-design logic and circuit diagrams required licensed software.

And she had personal matters to handle in the coming days.

So, she delegated the software purchase to someone else.

At four-thirty, Angela went to pick up Dolly from school.

Dolly was almost five. Angela had been there for every stage of her growth, yet the child wasn’t close to her.

Her way of raising a child clashed with the entire Turner family.

Donald allowed her to play on the phone.

The in-laws indulged her endlessly.

And now Nina was added to the mix.

All of them tried to buy her affection with constant pampering.

She was the only one enforcing rules.

Dolly looked disappointed that Nina wasn’t the one picking her up, and she barely spoke to Angela the whole way home.

When they returned and Dolly realized Nina had left, she went wild and started pounding on Angela.

“It must be you! You chased Aunt Nina away! Every time you’re home, she’s scared and won’t even dare talk loud. Why did you come back? Give Aunt Nina back to me! Give her back!”

Angela felt a heavy ache in her chest.

Dolly had never been close to her, but she had never hit or screamed at her like this.

Angela crouched down to reason with her.

But Dolly seemed bewitched. She grabbed Angela’s arm and bit down hard.

Angela couldn’t believe that her own child was ready to tear off a piece of her flesh for another woman...

Donald strode in, scooped Dolly into his arms, and carried her to the bedroom to calm her down.

Agitated and exhausted, Angela pulled out a cigarette, walked to the window, and lit it.

When Donald stepped out of Dolly’s room, he saw her smoking.

She looked like an empty shell, her eyes void of color or emotion.

A sharp pain pierced Donald’s chest.