

Chapter 10

"Sunny?"

Angela's voice slipped out before she realized it.

Hearing her name, Sunny let go of Leon and darted toward Angela like a little bird freed from its cage. 

"It's me! But Daddy saw you first."

Angela and Sunny turned to look at Leon at the same time.

A faint smile touched his refined features, and as he walked toward them, there was a gentle warmth softening his whole presence.

"What a coincidence, Angela."

Most people who weren't close would call her Miss Bailey or Mrs. Turner.

Leon was the first to address her by name so directly.

Angela didn't mind. She stood and said, "You're here for dinner too."

Leon nodded, his gaze briefly sweeping over the two sets of tableware on her table.

"Waiting for someone?"

"They've already left."

Sunny chimed in immediately, "Then can Daddy and I sit with you?"

Angela still hadn't properly thanked Leon for helping with Yuna's surgery, so she answered at once, "Of course. Dinner's on me."

Sunny slid obediently into the seat inside.

Leon took the one across from Angela.

She called the waiter over to order again.

Leon said, "Let's start with what's already here. If you want anything else, we can add to it."

Angela nodded.

She cared more about the wine than the food tonight.

"Do you drink, Leon?"

He smiled lightly, handed her his glass, and asked gently, "Rough day?"

Angela's voice came out rough from the wine, with a hint of bitterness. "Nothing much. I just suddenly saw someone, and a few things, far too clearly. It's a little disorienting."

Leon listened with quiet focus, his tone warm as he said, "Maybe life has something else lined up for you, waiting to be discovered."

"That's why sometimes the truth hits all at once. It's not there to hurt you; it's there to set you free."

Angela stared at him, momentarily stunned.

Maybe all doctors knew a bit of psychology.

She didn't feel nearly as heavy as before.

One worthless man wasn't worth grieving over.

Her eyes hadn't yet moved away from Leon's face when his throat

bobbed under her gaze.

He was fairly sure the tips of his ears had turned red.

"L... I'm going to the restroom."

When he stood, his tall frame swayed a little and he even walked the wrong way.

Sunny shook her head. "My dad's such a hopeless direction dummy. It's painful to watch."

Angela let out a soft laugh.

Hearing it, Sunny turned back, her eyes sparkling like little stars.

"Ma'am, you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

Angela corrected her gently. "In your heart, the most beautiful woman should be your mother."

"But I've never seen her."

Sunny sighed with genuine regret.

Angela recalled Leon bringing Sunny to the Morrow City cemetery.

"Sunny, can you tell me why you and your dad went to the cemetery last time?"

Sunny thought hard. "Daddy was giving a lecture at Morrow Medical College. I wanted to see the candles at the cemetery, so I asked him to take me."

So that was all.

Helen had nothing to do with this father and daughter after all.

Angela was still thinking when her phone chimed twice.

She opened it.

It was an anonymous email.

Attached was the original, unedited footage of her argument with Donald in the study.

Only Nina should have had that, and Nina would never be kind enough to send it.

Angela called Annie and told her to find out who sent it.

Annie answered, "Got it."

Then, she added something strange.

"All the accounts that were smearing you online got banned. And somehow, someone dug up their real identities.

"This afternoon they all got hit with buckets of filthy water and eight rounds of hospital disinfectant couldn't get the smell off."

Angela's mouth fell open in surprise, and yet a sharp, guilty pleasure bloomed in her chest.

When Leon returned, he found a new brightness in her eyes.

He smiled. "Good news?"

Angela said with quiet sincerity, "Feels like someone up there is looking out for me."

Leon replied, "You deserve it."

His words warmed her more than the wine. She lifted her glass and clinked it lightly with Leon's and Sunny's.

Through the red wine, Leon stole a glance at her.

Under the bright lights, strands of her hair caught the glow, casting a soft, gentle sheen along the contours of her face.

He even caught the faint flutter of her lashes and the small, pale mole just beneath her right earlobe.

"The original footage is yours. You'll know how to use it. Remember, you are your own god."

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Angela now had the raw video and the recording.

It was more than enough to tear the mask off Nina and Donald.

But the Turner family wasn't powerless in Northhaven. They had money, connections, and influence.

Even if she exposed everything, she knew Donald could smother the fallout within hours.

And exposing it wouldn't get her divorced any faster. Better to hold onto it and use it when the timing was right.

Angela opened her laptop. HeartLogic's stock had already plunged to its lowest point in five years.

Richard would be forcing Donald to divorce her any day now...

At that moment, inside a luxury suite at Gracewell International Hospital

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Richard sat on the sofa, his expression dark. "Angela asked for a divorce, and you didn't agree?"

Donald's gaze drifted toward Nina.

Richard snapped, "Don't look at her. I told her to say it."

Donald sat off to the side, silent.

The father and son had always been cold with each other.

Richard's tone brooked no argument. "Use this scandal to end the marriage now. Public sentiment will fall completely in your favor and in HeartLogic's."

Donald finally spoke. "I know what to do."

Richard exploded. "And what, wait for her to toss you aside? You once cut ties with this family just to marry that woman. Now that I'm telling you to divorce her, are you planning to cut ties again?"

"Then cut them! HeartLogic doesn't need you, and I can live just fine without a son like you!"

Donald returned to Rosewood Manor long past midnight.

Angela wasn't asleep yet, but the bedroom door was locked, leaving him shut out.

Already seething with anger, he ordered the staff to remove the lock entirely.