

## Chapter 11

Angela snapped back to her senses, clamped her mouth shut, and turned her head away.

Donald didn't get what he wanted and came at her again like a raging bull.

Angela raised her hand to strike him, but Donald caught her wrist and pinned it above her head.

His anger flared hotter. "You really think you can stop me if I want to touch you?"

Angela glared at him with pure fury.

Donald held the upper hand, pinning both her arms while his knee pressed down hard, trapping her legs.

She was bound in every way, turning her head with all her strength to avoid his mouth.

But he was relentless and rough, his lips brushing past her ear more than once.

Thinking of all the intimacy between Donald and Nina made Angela gag, nausea rising in her throat.

Donald stopped, panting heavily.

He leaned close to her ear. "If you can get Dad to forgive you, we can go back to the way we were."

Angela spat at him. "Go to hell."



A vein throbbed at Donald's temple. "Don't test me. I can lift you up just as easily as I can ruin you."

Angela let out a cold laugh. "Then sign the divorce papers."

Donald's eyes went bloodshot, like an enraged beast.

"Fine! I'll sign! Angela, I'll make sure you regret it enough to come crawling back."

Less than ten hours later, Angela realized he meant every word.

A crowd gathered outside the research center.

Officers seemed to be waiting for her. "You're Angela Bailey?"

Annie was already restrained by uniformed officers, sobbing uncontrollably. "Miss Bailey, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry."

Before Angela could even understand what was happening, the officers presented their documents.

"Angela Bailey, you're suspected of unlawfully obtaining trade secrets. We need you to come with us for questioning."

Annie cried as she spoke. "It was all me. It has nothing to do with her. Let her go, please... let her go..."

While Angela was being led toward the police car, countless reporters aimed their cameras at her face.

People in the crowd spat at her as if she were some kind of traitor.

In the chaos, Angela spotted Dolly.

Her chest tightened with real, cutting pain.



No mother wanted her child to see her being taken away like this.

Dolly burst into tears. "I don't want a mom like this! I don't want her!"

Nina scooped Dolly into her arms and walked over to Angela with a smile.

In Angela's clear, sharp gaze, that smile warped into something grotesque.

"My brother belongs to me.

"How does it feel being taken down by the man you loved and the assistant you trusted most?"

Angela's face darkened, her hands trembling.

"You threatened Annie, didn't you? You used Hope Haven... you used her grandfather to force her, didn't you?"

Nina snorted. "Tell the police, Angela."

The officers formally questioned Angela—did she order Annie to leak the X3 chip schematics and package the design parameters for a foreign buyer?

Angela denied everything.

And Annie admitted the truth. The extra jewelry she had was something Angela told her to sell, not a reward. She was the one who sold the information, not Angela.

After questioning Angela, the authorities determined she had not committed a crime. She was released immediately, with an official release certificate.



Annie was then let out by Donald.

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