



## Chapter 12

She knelt before Angela and spoke through her pain.

"Mr. Turner had my grandfather sent overseas. He's gravely ill, and he's lost both arms. I don't know how he's supposed to survive out there. I... I didn't have a choice but to do what he ordered."

Angela didn't blame Annie, but she would never use her again.

"Go. Those pieces of jewelry have your fingerprints all over them. They disgust me. Take them and get out."

Annie bit down so hard on her lip that blood marked her skin.

"Miss Bailey... after my grandfather passes, I'll come back and beg for your forgiveness."

Angela wasn't someone who cried easily, but the moment Annie turned away, tears slipped down her face as she clutched the hem of her shirt.

Donald truly knew how to strike where it hurt.

Chip engineering demanded extreme precision, and investments in the tens of millions were normal. A single stain on a developer's record could end a career.

He never planned to throw her or Annie in prison.

He simply waited for the scandal of her being a "jealous, unhinged wife" to simmer.

Then he made sure everyone believed she had a motive to leak trade secrets.



He wanted her driven out of the industry.

...

The sky hung heavy and dark, ready to break into rain.

When Angela stepped back into Rosewood Manor, Zoe rushed toward her. "Ma'am, please... just say something to ease Mr. Turner's temper."

No matter how capable she was, she was still just one person with no real power. How could she possibly stand against money and influence and make it out unscathed?

Angela stayed calm. "He didn't kill me, did he?"

As long as she was alive, she could overturn everything.

She walked into the main hall with her back straight.

Donald and Nelson were smoking, while Nina played the part of a delighted servant, brewing tea for the two of them.

Nelson spoke with a smug, cutting tone. "A gentle, considerate woman like Nina is the kind a man should cherish. Those spoiled, loud, clawing types... well, no one wants them."

Angela treated it like a dog barking in the background, her gaze shifting to the divorce papers in front of Donald.

Donald held a cigarette between his teeth and nudged the papers forward.

"You have two choices. If we don't divorce, I'll slowly clean up that terrible reputation of yours..."

"Divorce. And whoever refuses is the real asshole."



Angela cut him off completely.

The cigarette in Donald's mouth snapped clean in half from the force of his bite.

"Fine. Then let's settle the accounts."

"Six years of marriage, and you gave the Turner family only one child. She stays with me. You won't have visitation rights."

"Fine." Angela's face stayed numb.

Donald paused, then continued. "HeartLogic funds Hope Haven every year. You know how much that costs. And the Morrow City packaging facility for the disabled? It loses money annually. You can use Rosewood Manor to offset all that."

He mentioned every loss but didn't utter a word about the profits.

HeartLogic's donations to Hope Haven and the packaging facility earned nationwide praise, sending sales of their electronics soaring to number one.

And Donald himself, thanks to the image of being a devoted husband, had once been crowned the perfect gentleman online.

"Tomorrow I'll release a statement: I'm respecting Angela Bailey's wish for a divorce. As for the four hundred million invested in the early X3 development, Angela is willing to repay it personally."

Donald leaned back slightly, cold eyes fixed on her.

If she had any sense at all, she should have realized this left her with no way out.



Her future would be ruined.

No one would want a woman disgraced, infertile, and buried under debt.

Through all of it, Angela's expression remained calm and steady.

Her brows didn't even twitch.

She picked up the pen, signed the divorce papers, snapped a photo, and uploaded it to her social media with a caption.

[In 30 days, we'll trade this for the divorce certificate. Screenshot it if you want. Whoever backs out is the real asshole!]

The entire sequence was so swift and decisive that Donald froze for a moment.