




Chapter 13

When Angela went upstairs to pack her things, she caught sight of the wedding photo.

She had never been someone who smiled easily, and on the day they took those photos, no amount of coaxing from the photographer could produce a natural smile.

Donald had told the photographer, "Other people get married for happiness. Can't I get married for my wife's cold expression?"

She laughed from the heart that day—sweet and genuinely happy.

Back then, she never imagined she and Donald would end up trading venom, standing on opposite sides like enemies. 

A sudden tightness gripped her chest.

She sank to the floor, breath caught painfully in her throat.

Sweat beaded across her forehead in fine drops.

It took a long moment before she could breathe again.

She pushed herself up using the edge of the bed, walked to the lounge area, grabbed a golf club, and brought it down on the wedding photos until the frames splintered.

Then she tore apart the handwritten vow Donald once gave her.

He had knelt before her parents, begging them: "Please entrust Angela to me. I'll cherish her for a lifetime. If I fail her, may I lose love forever and never rise again."



Angela let out a hollow, bitter laugh.

She scattered the shredded paper, then dragged her suitcase downstairs.

Nelson had already left.

Donald and Nina were still in the main hall.

Nina leaned against Donald's side. "I'll never betray you. I'll never leave you."

Donald held her hand. "I know."

From the side, Zoe quietly pursed her lips. When she saw Angela coming down, she hurried over and handed her an umbrella.

"It's raining outside."

Before Angela could thank her, Donald's cold voice cut through the room. "If you want to act tough, don't use anything from this house."

"Come on, Donald, what are you doing? Everything she owns was bought with the Turner family money. Are you expecting her to leave naked?"

The moment the words left her mouth, Angela let out a cold laugh.

Then, as if something snapped, she lost all restraint.

She swung her suitcase with sudden, wild force and hurled it at Nina. 1

Donald reacted fast, pulling Nina into his arms. The suitcase slammed into his shoulder and crashed to the floor, scattering clothes everywhere.

Angela's eyes burned so red she could barely see.

"Everything was bought with the Turner family money, right? Here, take



it.

"My earrings? Take them! My necklace? Take it! My watch? Take that too!"

She threw each item at Donald and Nina's faces, one after another.

"You love picking up what someone else doesn't want? Fine. I'll give you all of it."

She spoke as she yanked off her top. "Here. Take this too."

Only her undergarments remained, and she reached to pull those off as well.

Donald panicked and shouted toward Zoe, "What are you standing there for? Stop her!"

She had completely lost it, and the staff were all present.

There wasn't a shred of dignity left for her to care about.

"I'll walk out of here naked if I have to. At least I'll walk out clean. Unlike the two of you—clinging to each other like this. Playing brother and sister in public, then acting filthier than anyone behind closed doors..."

Zoe hurriedly grabbed a beige embroidered dress from the spilled suitcase and tried to cover Angela with trembling hands.

Angela flung her off at first until she realized the dress was the one her mother had sewn for her.

Her fury broke like glass.

Everything went quiet inside her, leaving only ragged breaths in the



aftermath.

She let Zoe put the dress on her.

Her vision blurred, a fog rising in her eyes.

She tilted her head back, forcing the tears down. "I'll remember today."

She turned, her eyes bloodshot. "Go on, live well. I'll come for you when it's time."

big sale: 100 bonus free fou you

