

Chapter 14

Angela drifted down the street like a ghost.

She tipped her head back, but the rain and mist stung her eyes until she could barely keep them open.

Tears or rain—she couldn't tell—kept sliding down her cheeks.

A matte-gray Panamera stopped in front of her, the window rolling down to reveal Nina's nauseating smile.


"Angela, your car's a nightmare to drive. I'll tell Donald to dump it at the junkyard.

"And really, I don't like taking what other people throw away. Some things were always meant to be mine. And what isn't mine? I don't want it even if someone hands it to me, like that shabby dress you're wearing."

Nina's grin twisted into something vicious. She reversed ten meters, then shot forward.

By the time Angela realized what she planned to do, it was already too late.

The tires cut through the puddles, launching a wave of muddy water that drenched her from head to toe, soaking her dress and hair until she was unrecognizable—just soaked and humiliated.

Nina shrieked with laughter. "Angela, you look like a stray dog now." 

"Nina Fox!"

Angela roared her name, grief and fury crashing with the thunder above.



She wanted to kill her. She sprinted after the car, ready to tear into Nina with everything she had.

Another car stopped.

Rachel stepped out and grabbed her, pulling her into a tight hold before she could lose control.

"I know, I saw everything. Angela, breathe... calm down. She won't get away with this. Just hold on, hold on, okay?"

A flicker of clarity passed through Angela's bloodshot eyes.

Seeing Rachel's worry dulled the rage, leaving only aching sorrow. Her face crumpled, and she finally cried without holding back.

"Rachel... I was wrong. I was so wrong. I never should've married Donald. I should've left Northhaven and never looked back. I should've taken my parents overseas. If I had, they wouldn't be dead. Rachel... this is all my fault."

Rachel's eyes overflowed with tears.

"It's not your fault. You didn't do anything wrong—they did. Nelson isn't home. Come back with me, please? I even learned how to make those little comfort dishes from Marrow City because I wanted to cook for you."

Angela stared at Rachel in a daze, gathered up the pieces of her shattered heart, and wiped her tears away.

Rachel helped her into the car.

They had barely started moving when a sudden thud hit the rear of the vehicle.



A bulletproof, custom-made Maybach had driven straight into them at a controlled, deliberate speed.

Inside, Angela and Rachel felt the faint jolt, but neither had the energy to care.

Rachel's driver stepped out into the rain with an umbrella to check.

There were scratches along the white BMW's paint.

He was ready to curse out the other driver for hitting them the moment they pulled out, but the words died in his throat the second the Maybach's window rolled down.

He'd assumed someone who could afford a multimillion-dollar car wouldn't drive it themselves.

They'd have a chauffeur.

He didn't expect a young man with an air of quiet authority to be sitting behind the wheel.

The man held a bank card between his fingers, speaking slowly and calmly.

"Settle it privately. Use this card to fix the car first. Then, find a way to get Miss Bailey to accept the rest of the money in it. Understood?"

His tone and expression were utterly composed.

Even the way he handed over the card carried a refined patience, as though he were gently instructing him.

However, the driver didn't dare look twice into those clear and cool eyes.



He felt as if a serpent were coiled above him, silent and waiting. Not devouring him outright but watching with such calm intensity that his skin crawled.

He swallowed hard, took the card, and hurried back into the car.