

## Chapter 15

Angela cried for barely three minutes before wiping her face dry.

Her expression steadied little by little until she looked unbreakable again.

When they reached the Harper villa, she went to the guest bathroom to shower.

A hot shower revived her, bringing her back to life.

As she headed toward the kitchen to look for Rachel, she overheard her on the phone.

"You're all teaming up to tear Angela apart, is that it? She sleeps in my room, wears my clothes, eats my food—I make sure she doesn't take a thing from any of you, and it's still not enough? Hello? Nelson...?"

Angela's nails dug into her palm.

After a moment, she turned and slipped away quietly.

She finished all the small comfort dishes Rachel had made for her and lied, saying she still had property, savings, and insisted on leaving.

Rachel tried to keep her. "Your dress is still soaking."

To ease her worry, Angela said, "Then I'll trouble you to wash it for me."

Rachel's expression softened. "Alright. Tomorrow night, I'm attending the SR private preview dinner on my mother-in-law's behalf. When it's over, let's meet."

Angela nodded.



But once she stepped out of the villa, her mind drifted.

In the spending records she'd asked Annie to check, Donald had spent over two million at SR for Nina. There was no doubt Nina was on the invitation list for that private dinner...

How ironic.

Nina would arrive draped in jewels, while she might be fighting a place to sleep alongside the homeless tonight.

"Angela, Angela... You always thought so highly of yourself. How did you let your life fall this low?"

She let out a bitter laugh at herself, eyes empty, stripped of even a flicker of hope.

Behind her, Rachel's driver, Gary Wood, called out, "Miss Bailey, Miss Bailey."

Angela turned back.

Gary hurried over, panting, and held out a card with both hands.

It was a black card, the bank unmarked, with a single letter "W" engraved on it.

Angela didn't take it, staring at Gary in confusion.

"He insisted it was for you. He even knew your last name."

"He didn't say who he was?"

"No."

"What did he look like?"



“Pretty intimidating. I didn't dare look long.”

Angela thought of the person who had been sending her anonymous emails.

Whoever it was lingered somewhere near her life, knowing her situation too well, willing to help her, yet never overstepping.

She hesitated for a moment, then took the card.

Right now, money was what she lacked most.

And she knew perfectly well that no one in this world offered a free meal.

Whoever “Mr. W” was, he definitely wanted something.

But she couldn't think that far ahead. Survival came first.

Using the card, Angela booked a hotel room and handed the female manager some cash, asking her to buy toiletries, cosmetics, clothes, handbags—everything she needed.

It was almost dawn by the time she finally lay down.

The moment she closed her eyes, all she could see was Nina dazzling the entire SR private gala.

The image wouldn't leave her mind. She couldn't calm down.

At first light, she got up and headed straight for the SR luxury gala venue.

SR's main clientele were wealthy wives and young socialites. To avoid their servers stealing attention, the staff were required to wear plain uniforms and veils, which gave Angela the perfect chance.

She followed one of the servers into the parking lot.