

## Chapter 16

"I need your spot to get inside the gala. I'll pay you forty thousand. How about it?"

The server's eyes widened in disbelief.

Twenty minutes later, Angela slipped smoothly into the venue.

Night had just fallen when Nina arrived with Donald at her side.

Angela remembered how Donald used to hate these showy, socialite events, and never let her attend them.

However, now...

Nina was the treasure he couldn't bear to part with.

"Donald, everyone here looks so elegant and glamorous. If you weren't with me, I'd honestly be nervous."

Donald brushed a few loose strands from Nina's forehead. "It's your first time at an event like this. Of course, I'm staying with you."

Nina leaned sweetly against his shoulder. "It's so good having you here."

Angela watched them with cold detachment. Beyond the hatred, there wasn't a ripple left inside her.

The Turner family carried weight in Northhaven; at events like this, flattery and fawning were inevitable.

Donald couldn't slip away easily, so Nina said she'd wander around on her own.



Angela stepped forward to serve her.

With a veil and her head lowered, Nina didn't recognize her.

Donald paused for half a second but dismissed the thought and returned to his conversation.

Angela purposely guided Nina toward the men's section.

But Nina clearly had her own plans.

If she wanted to be Donald's perfect partner, she needed to build connections, so she drifted straight toward the wives' circle instead.

Nina was calculated—playing the smart, smooth, and impossibly polished newcomer flawlessly.

She lowered her posture just enough, accepting their coldness without losing her composure.

She'd obviously done her homework too, knowing each woman's hobbies and tastes by heart.

The wives warmed up to Nina quickly.

"I don't know much about any of this. Having all of you guide me tonight is such an honor. Honestly, I know this set of jewelry doesn't really suit me, but since my sister-in-law gave it to me, I treasure it.

"She said it was perfect for me and told me to wear it on important occasions."

The expressions on the wives' faces shifted instantly, each more dramatic than the last.



Angela clenched her teeth silently.

Everyone present knew she would never give Nina a multimillion-dollar jewelry set.

Nina's little performance served two purposes:

First, it made her look kind, gracious, and so forgiving that even after being "mistreated" by her sister-in-law, she still tried to speak well of Angela.

Second, it made Angela look vile, like she'd wronged a girl who only ever thought of her.

Angela had to admit that Nina was exceptionally good at acting soft and pitiful.

So, Angela decided to throw a little more fuel on the fire, to make Nina look even softer, and even more fragile...

She guided Nina into a private lounge.

When she closed the door, the corner of her lips curled.

"Miss Fox, you just said that jewelry set came from your sister-in-law, didn't you? Then let's return it to its rightful owner."

Her voice was still soft, but laced with a cold edge, her narrowed eyes gleaming with something dangerous.

Nina's face went pale. "W-Who are you?"

"I'm here to settle the score."

Angela pulled off her veil, and just as Nina opened her mouth to scream,



she shoved it straight between her lips.

Then, using her height to her advantage, she hauled Nina onto the sofa and said in a low, chilling voice, “Thanks to you, I’m now a jobless woman with four hundred million in debt.”

“From now on, I won’t do anything except follow you—every hour, every day. You’d better cling to Donald for dear life. Don’t you dare get caught alone.”

Nina’s eyes reddened. “Angela, don’t do anything reckless. Someone could walk in at any moment.”

“Good. I’m counting on it.”

Angela’s smile cut sharp and cold, her voice was relaxed to the point of indifference, yet it carried a quiet, undeniable force.

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