

Chapter 17

"Angela, w-what are you doing?"

"You're smart, aren't you? Take a guess."

As the words fell, Angela's expression hardened.

In one sharp motion, she tore the gown straight off Nina's body.

Nina let out a scream.

She scrambled to cover her chest with both hands, left in nothing but stick-on covers and her base layer.

She pleaded through tears, "Angela, you can hit me if you want, just please, give me back my clothes."

"When you destroyed my dress, did you ever think a day like this would come?"

"Nina, this jewelry looks much better on you without clothes. Don't cry, don't shout, just wait here for your dear brother to come find you."

Angela stepped outside, her eyes flashing with cold, unrestrained mockery.

Nina shrank into the corner of the sofa, hugging herself and crying silently.

There was nothing in the room to hide behind, and this was the men's section. 1

Someone could walk in at any moment.



Footsteps passed the door from time to time, each one drilling into her ears like a countdown to disaster.

She didn't dare call for help.

In her mind, she cried out, "Donald... Donald, where are you? Save me..."

Donald was holding a wine glass, chatting about business with a group of men.

A tall figure brushed past him.

He caught a clean, cool scent—quiet and familiar—the exact fragrance Angela used to wear.

He lifted his gaze to follow it.

The back of that woman looked just like Angela.

He was about to go after her to take a closer look when someone nearby spoke up:

"One of the servers just said there's a surprise in one of the men's lounge rooms. Let's go take a look."

Donald didn't think much of it until he heard someone say the "surprise" was a completely naked woman, Donald suddenly remembered something that had happened years ago.

His face tightened.

He threw his wine glass aside and ran toward the lounge to look for Nina...

"Don't film me."

"Don't film me."



Hearing those three words hit Donald like a bolt of lightning.

It was exactly the same as that year.

Nina's hair was a mess, she was curled in the corner, tear-streaked and trembling.

Donald snatched the phone from the man in front and smashed it hard against the wall.

"Anyone else wants to try?"

"Get out. All of you."

He turned, stripped off his suit jacket, and wrapped it tightly around Nina, ignoring all rules and propriety as he dressed her himself, hands shaking from how terrified she looked.

...

When Angela left the venue, she spotted Rachel's car.

She waved and walked over.

Rachel stared at her in confusion. "Why are you dressed like that?"

Angela answered lightly, "To get inside and meet Nina."

"Nina? She's here too? Then I don't want to go in."

"Go in. There's a show to watch."

Rachel looked doubtful but didn't press further. She handed Angela the washed dress.

She walked into the venue and immediately noticed everyone's strange



expressions.

People murmured about some woman who'd been found without clothes, saying the Turner family never ran out of scandals.

Just as she wondered what they meant, she turned and saw Donald carrying Nina out of the lounge, fury carved into his face.

...

Angela felt no satisfaction at all.

Those two still owed her a debt, and none of it had truly been repaid.

She walked toward the city center, hoping the noise and chaos would drown out the loneliness swelling inside her.

Before she knew it, she'd wandered into a bar called Secret Haven.

Rachel once joked that Angela was like an indestructible warrior, and the only thing that could take her down was three drinks.

One would warm her cheeks, two would send her reeling, and three would wipe her out.

Angela refused to believe it, downing three different cocktails back to back.

Soon enough, stars began bursting across her vision.

That was when Leon appeared.

From Angela's blurred perspective, Leon stood there in a white dress shirt, half his figure blending into the hazy, intoxicating atmosphere of the bar.



The top button was undone, his sharp Adam's apple visible.

It was the very picture of mature and effortless seduction.

"You're...?" Angela blinked hard, trying to bring that handsome face into focus.

"Leon," someone answered for her.

Angela grinned in a daze, her unfocused eyes drifting as she pointed off to the side. "Dr. Wright!"

Leon pulled her wandering hand back toward him. "I'm right here."

Angela huffed, "Of course I know you're here."

Leon let out a helpless smile.

"Dr. Wright, let me tell you something, but you can't tell anyone, okay?"

She told him not to tell a soul, yet her voice got louder, almost boastful.

"I stripped Nina's clothes off. Ha... every piece, inside and out. She ruined the dress my mom made, so I made sure she had nothing to wear. And I even pulled off her..."

Leon quickly covered Angela's mouth, coaxing softly, "I know, I know. She deserved every bit of it."

"Deserved it?"

Something clicked in Angela's mind, and her mood plummeted again.

"But Donald will find out, and he'll definitely come after me..."

"Dr. Wright, you're brilliant. Can you fix his brain for me? Why can't he



figure out that I'd never bully Nina for no reason?"

Leon's lashes lowered as he studied the sorrow swimming in her eyes. "You still expect something from him?"

Angela clamped her mouth shut.

Her hands slowly curled into fists, knuckles whitening as her shoulders trembled, like she was desperately trying to hold something back.

Leon gently patted her back.

"It's alright, Angela. Don't think about him anymore. Don't."

Little by little, Angela relaxed and drifted asleep against him.

Leon knew exactly where Angela was staying.

Last night, he'd watched her go into her friend's villa, walk back out, and finally check into a hotel.

He bent slightly, gathered her sleeping body into his arms, hooked one finger through her shopping bag, and walked out of the bar.

Angela slept restlessly.

She dreamed of Donald throwing her into a cell, torturing her... dreamed of Nina tying her up, forcing her to watch as Donald stripped Nina's clothes, the two of them kissing, touching, making love...

Pain, humiliation, fury, desire—so many emotions wrapped around her, crushing her breath.

Her body was soaked in sweat, her heart and chest hollowed out like something had torn through them, cold wind pouring in from every



direction.

She struggled helplessly, yet that emptiness only sharpened.

She wanted to scream, to grab on to something to drown out the frantic chaos inside her.

Someone called softly, "Angela... Angela..."

Angela jolted awake, eyes flying open, breath ragged.

In just two seconds, her eyes flushed red.

She surged upward, grabbing the man leaning over her and pulling him down, his upper body falling fully onto hers.

It felt heavy, solid, and real.

Tears shimmered at the corners of her eyes as she parted her lips and bit the thin silver frame of his glasses right off his face.

Her voice came out dry and hoarse. "Kiss me."