

## Chapter 19

Gracewell International Hospital

Nina's IV bag was already more than half-drained, yet her fever refused to come down.

She was trapped in a nightmare, soaked in cold sweat, her fingers twisting the bedsheet into tight creases as she cried out in broken sobs.

"Don't film me! Don't film me! Donald, help me!"

Donald felt every word like a blade to the chest.

Nelson asked, "What on earth happened to her?"

Donald sat in the chair beside the bed, staring at Nina's trembling form.

His throat was dry, the words lodged somewhere he couldn't reach.

Nelson had practically watched Nina grow up, so he cared for her.

He asked again, sharper this time, "I'm asking you—what happened? Why is she begging people not to film her?"

Donald's chest tightened as the memory struck him hard.

He'd been fifteen that winter, when he found Nina abandoned by the roadside on a snowy day.

She was dressed far too thin for the weather, clutching a broken doll in both hands, her eyes wide with fear and helplessness.

He'd felt sorry for her and brought her home, making sure she had food and shelter.



She stayed until she was twelve, and he was nineteen.

That year, he got into a car accident and walked with a crutch.

A few spoiled rich boys mocked him, limping exaggeratedly to imitate him.

Nina tried to stand up for him, only to be shoved to the ground.

Back then, HeartLogic was known in Northhaven, but not powerful enough to match those families.

So, they acted without restraint—cornering Nina when she was alone, pinning her against a wall, tearing her clothes and taking indecent photos.

The incident left a deep scar on her.

From that day on, he'd vowed never to let Nina suffer again, to always stand by her without question.

Nelson's face darkened.

"Who did it?"

"They've already been handled," Donald replied.

After marrying Angela, she took charge of the R&D division while Donald handled operations and management.

Working together as a team, HeartLogic climbed steadily into the Fortune Global 500 in just three years.

Behind her back, Donald dealt with those boys one by one. Some saw their companies collapse.



Some “made mistakes” that landed them in prison, where they still remained.

Nelson asked, “So they're really all taken care of? What about Angela?”

Donald's gaze fell on the pale, trembling Nina, his fists clenching tighter. “She won't get off that easily.”

“Donald, don't go soft just because she's a woman. Leave this to me. She'll be on her knees begging for forgiveness in just three days.”

...

Angela left the apartment hunting to an agent and tried to look for work.

The engineers at HeartLogic's R&D center wanted to help her but were afraid of hurting her pride, so they racked their brains for excuses.

The oldest engineer said, “A friend keeps hounding me to introduce him to a top-tier chip architect. Angela, do me a favor and swing by so he'll stop bothering me.”

The youngest said, “My professor keeps trying to force me to switch companies, but my contract isn't up. How about you take the job for me instead?”

The round-faced woman added, “I've got a headhunting firm calling me every day... driving me crazy...”

Angela knew these were opportunities they swallowed their pride to secure for her.

She couldn't let them down.

But the moment she arrived, every one of those companies changed their



tune.

"Sorry, we're fully staffed."

"Our president is out of town. We'll reschedule."

"Angela... please don't put me in a difficult position..."

Angela could easily guess that someone was pulling strings behind the scenes.

Angela's phone buzzed inside her bag.

She pulled it out and saw Gary's name.

The driver wanted to meet her.

Gary passed her a few freshly washed outfits, and a container of hot homemade dishes Rachel had cooked for her.

Angela called Rachel to thank her.

She tried twice.

Each time, the call rang once and was immediately cut off.

That had never happened before.

She asked Gary, "What was Rachel doing before you left?"

Gary hesitated. "Maybe... maybe she was talking with Mrs. Harper Sr."

Nelson's mother, Jasmine Harper, and Donald's mother had been close friends for almost thirty years.

Neither of them easy to deal with.



"Mrs. Harper Sr. has been staying at Rachel's place?"

"Yes, for three days."

"Were they just talking? Did Mrs. Harper Sr. give Rachel a hard time?"

Angela studied Gary carefully, searching for any flicker of truth.

He kept his head down, refusing to meet her eyes.

"Rachel's grandfather told you to look after her, and you can't even give me a straight answer?" Angela's voice sharpened.

Gary panicked and confessed immediately. "Mrs. Harper told me not to say anything.

"Mrs. Harper Sr... I don't know what's gotten into her. She makes Mrs. Harper get up at four every morning to kneel in that old 'reflection room' of theirs for an hour.

"Mrs. Harper has to cook all her meals, go shopping with her in the morning, serve tea to the other ladies in the afternoon, and at night she still has to go back to the reflection room to keep praying. She hasn't had a moment of rest..."

Angela's expression stayed calm, but inside, her anger was already burning hot.

"Nelson doesn't step in?"

Nelson was never especially good to Rachel, but whenever Jasmine made things difficult, he would at least intervene a little.

Gary replied, "Mr. Harper only went home once in the past three days. He's been ignoring Mrs. Harper completely... even said someone was



sick, so he needed to stay at Gracewell Hospital to keep them company..."

The moment Angela heard that, everything clicked.

Jasmine tormenting Rachel wasn't random.

It was something Nelson and Donald had allowed, and it was aimed at her.

Those two men were absolute bastards.

Angela told Gary to drive her to Gracewell Hospital.

Gary watched her through the rearview mirror.

Arms folded across her chest and her gaze locked on the window, she looked calm with a cold, suffocating tension around her, like the charged stillness before a storm breaks.

"Miss Bailey, I know you're worried about Mrs. Harper, but please... you have to stay calm."

Angela's lips curved with a faint smile. "Do I look anything but calm?"

"You're calm in a way that feels... not calm at all..."

She looked more like someone headed to commit murder.

They reached the underground parking lot of Gracewell International Hospital.

Angela strode toward the elevator and rode it up to the emergency wing.

Three days ago, Leon had told her Nina was in Emergency Wing V, Room 3.



She moved quickly, turning a corner, and collided straight into Leon, who was on his way to a consultation.