

Chapter 3

Angela asked Dolly, "Do you really have to celebrate your birthday on your grandparents' memorial day?"

Dolly snapped back, "Yes! It's your fault for giving birth to me on that day."

"All right. Then I won't be part of your birthday this year. I'm leaving for Morrow City, and when I'm back in a week, your father and I will divorce. You'd better think carefully about who you want to stay with."

Dolly blurted out, "I'm staying with Daddy! I don't want you. You're a bad mom! I want Aunt Nina to be my mom!"

All the color drained from Angela's face. It took her a long moment before she managed to say,

"Suit yourself."

Up on the second floor, Nina's lips curved slightly.

Those two slaps had been worth it.

Angela finally wanted a divorce.

She went to the bedroom to test Donald's attitude. The moment she stepped inside, tears slipped down her swollen cheeks.

"Donald, Angela left for Morrow City."

A radiating ache shot through Donald's back, and he was still simmering with anger.

"Good. She'd better not come back."

Nina felt a surge of secret delight.

Donald, the heir everyone admired, was proud to the bone.

Angela throwing him over her shoulder was no different from smashing his dignity on the floor.

“But Donald, I’m really scared she’ll act on impulse... and talk about separating from you...”

Donald lifted a brow, a flicker of surprise crossing his face before he said coldly, “Let her. If she wants a divorce, I won’t stop her.”

In this world, Angela had only two family members left — Donald and Dolly.

Whenever either of them fell sick, she always wished she could suffer in their place.

Divorce?

Angela would never have the heart to go through with it.

...

Angela had already arrived at the airport, but her emotions were still far from settled.

She wanted a cigarette, yet she couldn’t find a smoking area.

So, she held the unlit cigarette between her teeth and took a slow, steady breath.

During her six years of marriage to Donald, she had developed two generations of imaging chips for HeartLogic Technologies.

The X2+ model sent flagship phone sales soaring worldwide, turning the two of them into a shared financial powerhouse.

Divorcing Donald meant one thing—dividing the assets would be a nightmare.

After thinking it over for a long moment, she took out her phone and sent a message to her assistant:

“In one week, I want everything checked—Donald's debts, assets, and all transfers between him and Nina Fox...”

“Ma'am, you can't smoke here.”

Angela felt a small tug on the corner of her coat.

She looked down and saw a little girl in plain clothes gazing up at her.

Her double-lidded eyes weren't large, but they were bright and strikingly clear.

Angela frowned and pulled the unlit cigarette from her mouth, holding it between two fingers.

“Little girl, sticking your nose into things can get you into trouble, you know that?”

“I know, but I'm not scared,” the girl said with a sunny smile.

She reached into her pocket and pulled out a piece of candy, holding it out to Angela.

“My dad only lets me have one piece a day. Today I want to give it to you. If you eat it, your face won't hurt so much.”

Angela was startled for a moment, then took the candy from her small hand. 1

It was rare, almost unreal, to meet a little girl with that much kindness.

With just one piece of candy, she managed to bring a small, unexpected sweetness into Angela's awful day.

Morrow City Cemetery. 1

Wearing a mask, Angela sat between her parents' gravestones, as if sitting beside them again.

She had never found her father's body.

When the earthquake hit, the ground split open without warning, swallowing countless lives.

Her father was among those swallowed by the earth.

Angela knelt and cleaned her parents' gravestones.

A cemetery patrol guard walked over and asked, "Miss Bailey, did Mr. Turner not come with you this year?"

Angela replied, "He's busy."

He was busy comforting and pampering the "little sister" he raised like treasure.

A sister?

What nonsense.

She was nothing more than a lover-in-waiting.

He raised her himself and couldn't bear the thought of anyone else getting close.

He wanted to claim her, yet still hadn't crossed the last line of his own moral boundary...

The thought of the two of them made Angela fear they would taint the very path of her parents' afterlife.

She said her farewells and walked with the patrol guard toward the exit.

Ahead lay an expanse of gravestones.

Angela looked toward them, her eyes dark.

"Sir, has Dr. Helen York's family still not come?"

The guard shook his head. "No. I've had people watching for them."

Angela nodded heavily.

When they pulled her from the rubble, she was already on the brink of death.

Helen was the one who performed the emergency C-section to save the baby and even gave Angela her own blood.

But that same day, while trying to save the newborn of a woman who had already passed, she died in the aftershock.

Angela had asked Donald to track down Helen's family.

She wanted to help them however she could.

Donald used every connection he had, but all he uncovered was that Helen was originally from Northhaven, married, and that her husband

was also a doctor...

Angela straightened her clothes and bowed solemnly before Helen's grave.

When the Memorial Day finally came, she still hadn't heard a word from Donald or Dolly.

Only Rachel Rowan, who was close to Angela, sent several messages to comfort her.

That evening, the city organized a candlelight vigil at the cemetery to honor the victims of the earthquake. [1](#)

A wish for the strength to keep that inner light burning, and for everyone to one day find a little hope again.

Many families who missed their loved ones broke down in tears.

Angela's eyes were red as she wished quietly, "Dad, Mom, I hope in your next life you'll live long and healthy and still want me as your daughter."

She placed her candle at the memorial and watched its small glow flicker into the night.

Just then, a video from Nina popped up.

The location was one of HeartLogic's hotels.

Dolly stood in the middle of a crowd, shouting happily,

"Celebrating my birthday on the actual day is the best! I hope every year can be just like this, with Daddy and Aunt Nina."

Donald and Nina were standing hand in hand, fingers interlocked,

smiling at each other.

Under the shifting lights, the look they shared carried a heat and restraint that belonged to lovers in the middle of an affair.

Angela's knuckles whitened around her phone from how tightly she held it.

She stepped farther away and pulled off her mask, breathing hard.

Suddenly she heard a child calling for help not far from where she stood.

Angela turned her head.

She saw a tall figure in white striding quickly away, carrying a little girl in one arm.

Because she couldn't be sure whether the man was a trafficker, Angela didn't strike immediately.

She only said, "Stop. Put the child down first."

The little girl lifted her head at the sound, eyes lighting up. "Ma'am, it's me! It's me!"

Angela recognized her.

It was the girl who'd given her candy at the airport.

She didn't hesitate anymore. She tightened her fist and aimed a punch at the back of the man's neck.

He sensed the rush of air behind him and dodged swiftly, countering with a single sharp strike.

His movement was fast and precise—one hit would've left her with no

chance to fight back.

Angela twisted out of the way just in time, and their eyes met.

The man was tall and lean, his expression calm.

Silver-rimmed glasses sat on the bridge of his nose, catching the streetlight with a cool glint that made him look even more commanding.

But that edge vanished the moment his gaze settled on her.

"It's you?!"