


Chapter 4

Angela ignored the man's inexplicable words.

Her eyes stayed fixed on him. "Put the child down first."

He didn't move.

Angela was trained in martial arts since childhood and had once taken down five karate champions in a row.

She wasn't afraid at all. She swung again. 

This time, the man moved with unexpected courtesy.

He blocked with one hand, only dodging and never striking back.

Angela spotted an opening and lifted her leg to kick.

The little girl cried out anxiously, "Ma'am, he's my dad!"

Angela stopped mid-kick, stumbling a few steps before regaining her balance.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a pair of well-made casual sneakers step up to her.

The man's voice was gentle and calm.

"Are you alright?"

Angela didn't answer.

She looked down at the girl. "He's really your father? Then why were you shouting for help?"

The little girl nodded, embarrassed.

"I wanted to light a candle, but Daddy wouldn't let me."

Angela glanced at the man.

He seemed to be around her age, but his aura was complicated.

He was ruthless and precise when he fought, yet now, with that faint smile, he looked calm and almost scholarly.

He adjusted his glasses in a polite, almost understated way as he explained, "There were too many people. I didn't want her to get lost."

"I wouldn't get lost," the girl muttered. "It's Daddy who's the real problem."

She leaned toward Angela and whispered, "Ma'am, my dad looks really impressive, right? But he's actually a super big direction dummy. He can't even follow a GPS."

Angela blinked in surprise.

So, that made him a super big dummy.

The man shot the girl a look, clearly not pleased with the description.

When Angela looked at him, he calmly accepted the label of having no sense of direction.

"Yes, I got lost. Could you help us find the way out of the cemetery?"

Angela didn't respond.

The little girl hopped along in Angela's shadow, happily introducing herself.

"Ma'am, my name is Sunny, like sunshine. My dad is called Leon Wright, like the word 'lion' in English."

She shouldn't have been thinking about anything unrelated at a moment like this, yet one word popped into her mind:

Tranquil.

Angela turned her head and studied Leon beside her.

The crisp white shirt paired perfectly with the understated black trousers.

With his hands clasped behind his back and his gaze lowered, his calm expression carried an air of detached serenity.

But it was nothing more than an illusion.

If he were truly detached from everything, how did he end up with a daughter?!

Maybe she was staring too openly at him, because Leon looked her way.

His tone was as natural as if he were chatting with an old friend.

"You move well. Forgive me for asking, but how did your face get hurt?"

Angela answered plainly, "Isn't it obvious? Someone hit me."

"Who did it?"

Angela shot Leon a look. "That's a question you shouldn't be asking."

"The exit is just ahead. Goodbye." 

Angela walked into the darkness alone, never looking back.


She didn't know the man behind her stood watching, the warmth behind his glasses steeped in something far darker beneath the surface.

Northhaven Airport

Angela had barely stepped off the plane when her assistant, Annie Hayes, called.

"Miss Bailey, I've sent the report on Donald's assets and the transfer records between him and Nina over the past six years to your email."

"Got it. Don't shortchange the private investigator."

After checking the files, Angela steadied herself and called Donald. 

"Where are you?"

"At home. My parents just got back from Westin."


Donald ended the call with a blank expression, then looked up to see Nina cautiously pleading with Richard Turner at the head of the table.

"Mr. Turner, Angela didn't mean to hurt me or Donald. She finally calmed down and came home. Please don't scold her anymore, okay?"

Richard slammed his teacup onto the table.

"Unbelievable! First she hits her sister-in-law, then her husband. If this gets out, the Turner family will be humiliated."

He glared at Donald. "This is your doing. You spoiled her."

"It was clearly Angela's fault. Why blame your son?" 

Yuna Gray immediately shielded Donald, pushing all responsibility onto Angela.

"She's been riding on our favor for too long. When she gets back, she needs to be taught a lesson." 1

Dolly listened to the adults, then walked up to Donald and asked, "Daddy, is Mom coming back?"

Donald ruffled Dolly's hair and told the nanny to take her upstairs to play.

Dolly was completely annoyed. Why was Mom coming back? She only ever made everyone unhappy.

If she came back, she would start controlling everything again. Just the thought of it was exhausting.

Donald felt irritated too.

After their marriage, he kept his distance from other women and only cared about lonely little Nina. He didn't understand why Angela was always jealous.

Hadn't he given her enough security?

Among his friends, not one of them didn't have a couple of women on the side. They all joked he was a strange one for keeping himself in check.

They even claimed that the more a man indulged a woman, the bolder she'd get until she ended up running right over him. 1

Thinking about it now, they weren't entirely wrong.

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Angela soon arrived at Rosewood Manor.

Looking at the exquisite mansion, she remembered how Donald

proposed to her right here.

“The moment I saw you at that campus recruitment event, I told myself I had to marry you and that I’d love you for the rest of my life.”

It had only been six years.

But because Nina returned to the country, everything changed.

She couldn’t help wondering if Donald had loved Nina from the very beginning.

But Nina was only his sister in name.

When he wanted to get married, Nina wasn’t even an adult yet, so he pulled Angela in as a substitute.

Angela’s eyes turned ice-cold.

She left her suitcase at the door and stepped into the foyer when a teacup suddenly flew at her.

She turned her head and dodged.

The cup shattered across the floor, but the scalding tea splashed over her arm, and small blisters rose instantly.

Donald’s expression tightened; he almost stood, then thought of something and sat back down.

Sweat beaded on Angela’s forehead from the pain, her gaze cutting across each face like a blade.

Donald stayed unmoved.

Richard sipped his tea leisurely.

Nina looked pleased.

Yuna let out a cold laugh.

"Angela, this is your lesson. The Turner family won't let you cause trouble. Get on your knees and apologize to Nina and Donald..."

Before Yuna could finish, Angela bent down, grabbed a shard of the broken cup, and hurled it at Donald's head.

Donald never saw it coming; a shard cut his forehead and blood spilled immediately.

Angela looked at Yuna. "You dare hurt me? Then your son can pay twice over."

She wasn't heartless; hurting her own husband still pained her.

But the truth was her husband and his family hurt her first. She wasn't going to spare anyone who harmed her, not even the man she once loved.

"Enough!" Richard slammed the table and jumped to his feet, but before he could erupt, there was a heavy thud.

Yuna collapsed like a bird struck mid-air.

Chaos broke out instantly.

Donald lunged forward, grabbed Angela by the throat, and pinned her against the foyer wall, veins bulging along his arm.

"Angela, you really outdid yourself!"