

Chapter 5

Angela had come here intending to talk openly about divorce, not expecting the situation to nearly turn fatal.

Yuna's fury sent her blood pressure soaring; her hardened vessels burst, causing a cerebral hemorrhage.

The bleeding was extensive, and even with surgery, she would most likely end up in a vegetative state.

The doctors kept their distance.

With the Turner family's influence looming over them, none of them dared take on a case where doing their best might still lead to blame.

The director of Gracewell International Hospital recommended a medical doctor who had just returned from abroad—Leon Wright.

But Leon wouldn't officially start until tomorrow.

He still gave Donald the contact information and told him to try reaching out.

An hour later, Donald came back, wearing a rare look of defeat.

Leon was gentle in manner, but his temperament was so strange it was impossible to read.

At first, Donald called, introduced himself, stated the situation, and even offered an enormous payment.

Leon simply replied, calm and indifferent, "Sorry, Mr. Turner. You should find someone else."

Donald then went to the address the director provided, hoping a face-to-face request would work.

Leon stared at the cut on his forehead for a long moment, then asked thoughtfully, "Who did that?"


What did that have to do with anything? And what did it have to do with asking him to operate on his mother?

Donald didn't answer and was shut out on the spot.

He couldn't explain it, but Leon seemed to harbor some inexplicable hostility toward him.

Richard didn't allow any argument. "This surgery must be done by Leon Wright."

Then he shot Angela a malicious look.

"I don't care how you do it. Get him here. If anything happens to Yuna... think carefully about the Hope Haven shelter in Morrow City." 

The Hope Haven shelter in Morrow City had been built under Angela and Donald's names through HeartLogic Technologies.

The residents were all earthquake survivors who could no longer live independently.

Richard, as chairman of HeartLogic Technologies, had full authority over Hope Haven.

Angela felt as though someone had seized her lifeline; her fingers tightened in front of her.

Richard left, and Donald didn't even look at Angela as he told the director


to schedule another surgeon.

He didn't believe Angela could convince Leon.


He had brought priceless collectibles, and Leon didn't even glance at them.

Angela held her scalded arm and called out to Donald as he walked toward the doctors' offices.

He turned, his handsome face devoid of warmth.

Angela said, "I have one condition. If I can get Dr. Wright to operate on your mother, you agree to a clean divorce." 

Donald's shoulders visibly tightened for a moment. "Get him here first, then we'll talk."

Who did she think she was? 

Aside from him, what man would ever indulge her?

And he would never indulge her again.

Angela stared at the phone number in her hand and let out a long, heavy breath.

If she had known she would end up needing Leon's help, she should have treated him better yesterday in Morrow City.

But things had come to this.

She could only swallow her pride and try.

Angela dialed the number.

As she waited for the call to connect, her heartbeat, steady for years, suddenly turned chaotic.

The line picked up just before the final ring.

A clear, gentle male voice came through, carrying the faintest tremor. 1

"This is Leon Wright. May I ask who's calling?"

His politeness left Angela momentarily unsure of what to say.

"L... this is Angela Bailey." 2

Then she realized Leon had no reason to know her name, so she quickly added, "We met last night in Morrow City... I led you and your daughter out of the cemetery."

"Yes, I remember."

Angela chose her words carefully. "I'm sorry to bother you so abruptly, but I have a difficult request. My mother-in-law had a cerebral hemorrhage and she's at Gracewell Hospital..."

"I'll head over immediately."

"Hm?" Angela froze, wondering if she misheard.

He added, "I can be there in about fifteen minutes."

"Oh, okay!"

Even after hanging up, Angela still felt a beat behind reality.

He agreed just like that?

It must have been because she helped Sunny last night.

So, kindness really could return as unexpected blessings.

...

Angela hadn't eaten lunch, and as she pressed a hand against the dull ache in her stomach, Leon's voice sounded above her.

"You're hurt again?"

Angela slowly lifted her head and saw Leon staring at the blisters on her arm.

His chiseled features were almost impossibly handsome, marked by a gentle, refined calm.

"Dr. Wright."

Angela stood, ready to explain Yuna's condition, but Leon spoke first.

"I'll treat your injury first."

His voice was warm, like a breeze in early spring.

Angela said, "No need. There's a far more serious patient waiting for you."

Leon paused for a moment. "I treat patients in the order they come to me. If I don't handle your injury properly, I won't be able to focus on the next one."

Angela lifted her brows in surprise.

"Fine."

They walked side by side, keeping a polite distance.

A male doctor in a white coat spotted Leon and turned a corner to greet him.

"Leon, I thought you weren't starting until tomorrow?"

His gaze drifted to Angela, and awe flickered briefly across his eyes.

"Hey, isn't she..."

Leon cut him off immediately. "Dr. Shea, I'm in the middle of a consultation. If you're busy, go ahead."

The doctor seemed to understand the message and drew out a long, knowing sound. "Ohhh... Alright, alright."

Angela's shoulder-length curls had been casually tucked behind her ear when she sat down, revealing the delicate, porcelain clarity of her ear's curve.

She wasn't someone who smiled easily, and in a moment like this, she couldn't force one.

The cool, distant air around her felt even more pronounced.

But Leon seemed unusually talkative, as if he'd known her for years, and asked whether the injuries on her face and arm had anything to do with her husband.

Angela never shared her troubles with strangers, so she shifted the topic immediately.

"Dr. Wright, my mother-in-law has struggled with unstable blood pressure for years. She got upset, her temper spiked, and it triggered a cerebral hemorrhage.

"Please do everything you can. If she recovers without complications, it would mean a great deal to me."

Leon paused in the middle of applying the ointment. "You and your mother-in-law... are close?"

"No. Our relationship is terrible. Either way, I'm asking you to help her. Life is long, and I'll repay the favor when the opportunity comes. I won't forget it."

Leon looked at Angela for a moment.

Even with those clear, bright eyes and the emotional words she spoke, her gaze was icy, carrying a faint trace of quiet hardship.

She hadn't been living well these past years at all.

Donald stepped out of the doctor's office and immediately called Nina.

He knew how easily frightened she was.

She must have been terrified earlier.

Sure enough, she was still crying when she answered.

Her trembling voice sounded like she was walking on thin ice.

"Donald, how's Mrs. Turner? Is your cut still bleeding? I was so scared something would happen to you both. Is Angela still there? I want to go to the hospital, but I'm afraid she'll be upset..."

Donald didn't respond, his eyes fixed on the pair not far away.

They were standing close.

Leon was slightly bent forward, his shadow completely covering Angela.

And on the ground, their silhouettes overlapped as one...