

Chapter 6

“Wrap your arm in plastic before you shower. Leave the blisters alone and let them settle on their own. That’s the best way to avoid scarring.”

Leon watched Angela as he gave the instructions.

His dark eyes held a warm, steady glow.

Angela nodded. When she stood, her hair brushed lightly against Leon’s jaw.

She caught the faint scent of her own shampoo and the sun-warmed fragrance clinging to Leon’s clothes.

Her heart skipped; only then did she realize how close they were. She instinctively shifted aside.

In her line of sight, she noticed Leon’s hand at his side clench and loosen again, as if he didn’t quite know what to do with himself.

Angela kept her expression calm, and then heard him say, “And try not to rub or press on the area. Rest more.

“Make sure you’re eating properly. Get enough protein and vitamins. Milk, lean meat, fish, and whatever fruit’s in season. Cherries and peaches are especially good...”

Angela frowned slightly.

Leon immediately fell silent.

Was she finding him long-winded?

He still had so much more to say...

Angela thought that if Leon treated every patient this way, Yuna wouldn't need to wait for treatment. She could head straight to the morgue.

"Thank you, Dr. Wright, I..."

She had only spoken half a sentence when her right wrist was suddenly yanked away.

Donald's sharp gaze swept over Leon as he dragged Angela toward the exit.

Angela didn't struggle. She only turned back and said, "Dr. Wright, I'm counting on you!"

Once they stepped out of the emergency wing, Angela forcefully pulled free from Donald's grip.

Donald's face darkened. "Why was Leon here?"

Angela had no intention of speaking to Donald about anything except the divorce.

She tried to walk away, but he yanked her back in irritation.

"I'm talking to you."


"Can you stop already?" Angela's breath came a little fast.

Patients and their families nearby were glancing over, some even lifting their phones to record.

Not wanting to drag Leon into their mess, she answered in a cool, even tone, "I ran into him yesterday at the Morrow City cemetery. I saved his daughter."

Some of the tension in Donald's face eased.

So, it was a debt of gratitude. No wonder Angela could get Leon to help.

A moment ago, he almost thought the two of them had something going on. 

"Donald, what's going on? Is Angela there?"

A woman's voice drifted from somewhere.

Angela looked down at Donald's left hand.

His screen was glowing, the call from Nina still active.

She let out a soft, cold laugh and walked away, leaving the pair of "siblings" to whisper sweet nothings on the phone.

Donald answered Nina's call, still distracted.

Angela was heading toward the hospital cafeteria.

He suddenly remembered she hated airplane meals and probably hadn't eaten anything since morning.

Back then, whenever he picked her up, he always brought food she loved.

Before eating, she would hug him and say how nice it felt to be cared for.

Now that he had started neglecting her, she must have felt awful.

"Don't worry," he said into the phone. "My mom and I are fine. We've had dinner, and Dolly's already resting."

Donald's voice softened, coaxing her the way someone might soothe a child.

Yet his narrow eyes stayed fixed on the direction of the cafeteria.

He thought that if he ignored Angela long enough, she'd start to feel unwanted and eventually accept Nina.

Gracewell International Hospital cafeteria.

The dining area was quiet and spotless.

Angela sipped her soup, her mind drifting.

Helen's husband was from Northhaven and he was also a doctor.

Last night she ran into Leon at the Morrow City cemetery.

Was it possible that Leon was Helen's husband?

Angela set down her spoon, wiped her mouth, and made her way toward the operating wing.

She saw Nina already there, looking up at Donald with tear-filled eyes as she spoke.

Donald cupped Nina's face in both hands, his worry written plainly across his features.

Back when the aloof, self-assured Donald was pursuing her, he once told her.

"If I have you, I'll never lay a hand on another woman."

Those words once made her heart surge. Now, watching him trace another woman's face, she felt nothing at all.

Angela settled into a seat where she felt comfortable.

But Nina still spotted her and walked over. "Angela, where did you just go?"

Angela said, "If you don't want me to hit you, then stay away from me."

"Angela, don't be upset. I just think it's a pity you didn't walk Mrs. Turner into the operating room."

"What's there to pity? It's not like she's going to die in there. You make it sound like a final farewell."

"How... how can you curse Mrs. Turner like that?" Nina's eyes reddened with outrage.

Donald strode over, a flash of annoyance in his gaze as he looked at Angela, then wrapped an arm around Nina's shoulders and led her to sit far away.

Angela was more than happy to see them go.

The surgery would take hours. Angela pulled out her phone and assigned Annie her next tasks:

[Go to Rosewood Manor and open my safe. Sell all the jewelry. Also check the bedroom trash bin and see if the wedding ring is still there. If it is, sell it too. And handle the two hundred million property of Rosewood Manor as soon as possible.]

Annie was also from Morrow City. Her grandfather was the only family she had left, currently living at Hope Haven shelter.

She had followed Angela ever since graduating college five years ago and was now her most trusted and capable assistant.

The light above the operating room finally went dark. Leon stepped out

first, still in olive-green surgical scrubs.

Donald and Nina rushed up. "Dr. Wright, how's my mother?"

Leon didn't look at either of them or respond. His calm eyes, behind silver-rimmed glasses, shifted toward a spot farther away.

Angela stood from the back row, meeting his gaze with a silent question.

Leon removed his mask and said, "The surgery went very well. She was operated on within the six-hour critical window, so she's unlikely to have any lasting complications."

With that, he walked off with the other doctors, discussing the issues they encountered during the procedure.

Nina jumped up joyfully and wrapped her arms around Donald's neck.

"Donald, I knew Mrs. Turner would pull through. I just knew it."

Donald casually pulled Nina into his arms.

"Yes. Whatever you say always comes true, Nina."

A sharp wave of mockery flickered in Angela's eyes.

She let the cheating pair cling to each other and hoped they'd stay that way all the way to hell.

She turned away, her gaze fixed on Leon's retreating figure.

His tall frame threw a dark, clean silhouette against the white wall.

Angela thought for a moment, then followed after him.

"Dr. Wright."

Leon stopped. The other doctors walked past him into the changing room.

He turned slightly, waiting for her.

Angela stepped closer, her cool eyes glimmering with a quiet ripple as she asked, "Forgive me for asking... you're from Northhaven, so why did you bring your daughter to the Morrow City cemetery?"

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