

Chapter 7

Leon lifted his brows in mild surprise, nudging his glasses up as he said, "I thought you were going to thank me."

Angela felt heat rise in her cheeks.

She pressed her lips together and said, "I should thank you properly."

He was supposed to rest today, yet because of her request, he came to the hospital and took on the surgery.

"You're not thinking about buying me some expensive gift, are you?"

His voice was low, threaded with quiet amusement. "Doctors aren't allowed to take gifts, you know. Don't go getting me in trouble."

"No," Angela said quickly, forcing a small smile.

She actually had been planning to give him money.

Compared to flashy, useless gifts, she figured cash spoke more sincerely.

Leon caught the brief curve of her lips.

His eyes, clear as spring water, lifted slightly at the corners. Most of the bruising on his face had faded, leaving his features cool and clean.

Angela continued, "I owe you a favor, Dr. Wright. If you ever need anything from me, just say the word."

"Then can I add you on messenger?"

"Of course."

Angela brought up her QR code.



She noticed his username was just a number — “1107.”

She had no idea what it meant.

After adding each other on messenger, she realized he still hadn't answered her earlier question.

She was about to ask again when she spotted the hospital director, Martin Fuller, walking toward them.

Angela gave him a polite nod in greeting.

As he watched her leave, Leon stared at her profile page for a long moment before saving her contact with a single note — her.


...

Before returning to Rosewood Manor, Angela stopped by the research center.

Buying the licensed software went smoothly but also not so smoothly.

The good news was that paying for it gave her access.

The bad news was that she was limited to the older versions she'd bought before and only for as long as the subscription lasted.

This meant she couldn't get upgrades or technical support at all. 

Angela once again considered switching to domestic software.

She had brought it up with Donald more than once.

But Donald insisted those tools were incomplete and would only waste their funding. He'd rather be strangled by foreign suppliers than consider using them.



Angela reorganized her workload, halted all X3 design, and shifted entirely to upgrading X2+.

By the time she returned to Rosewood Manor, it was already nine at night.

Their housekeeper, Zoe, was trying to coax Dolly to sleep.

Dolly refused. "I'm waiting for Daddy and Aunt Nina to come home."

Seeing Angela, Zoe brightened and said to Dolly, "Ma'am is back. Miss, why don't you let her tuck you in tonight?"

Dolly's face immediately fell. "Mom is divorcing Dad. She won't be my mom anymore."

Angela hadn't seen her daughter for a week and had missed her a little.

Now all she felt was a hollow kind of cold.

She ignored Dolly, changed her shoes, and headed straight for the study.

Zoe looked at Dolly with a heavy heart. "Miss, your mother spent a month fighting for her life in Morrow City just to bring you into this world."

Dolly adjusted the red wig on her head in the mirror and said dismissively, "That was the earthquake's fault, not mine. If she hadn't had me, would the earthquake not have happened?"

Zoe was speechless.

It had to be something Nina taught her.

Zoe had seen enough to recognize the kind of nonsense Nina had been feeding the child.



Nina had twisted Angela's sacrifice into something she supposedly "brought on herself."

It was cruel and wrong.

Not long after, Donald and Nina returned.

Nina considerably went to run a bath for Donald.

Donald noticed Angela's shoes and asked Zoe, "Where is she?"

"In the study."

Donald hadn't planned to acknowledge Angela, but the rapid clatter of her keyboard made his polished shoes turn in that direction on their own.

He had to admit that Angela was a beautiful woman.

And her beauty didn't come from fashionable clothes or flawless makeup.

It was something innate.

She carried the warmth of sunlight and the cool clarity of a rising moon, a glow and heat that seemed carved into her bones.

Whenever he brought her to events, aside from Rachel, no one wanted to stand next to Angela.

No one liked being reduced to a backdrop.

Angela noticed Donald at the door and handed him the printed and bound documents.

"Good, you're back. Take a look at this."

Donald saw that the ring on her finger was gone, and his jaw tightened.



"Where's your wedding ring?"

"I threw it away. You should take yours off and toss it too. We're getting divorced."

Angela's tone was light, as if she were talking about something trivial.

Donald lowered his gaze and saw the words "Divorce Agreement," then tore the document apart.

"You want a divorce? What right do you have to ask for one?!"

Angela looked at him calmly. "Dr. Wright just operated on your mother."

"I didn't agree to that!"

"Fine, then we'll handle it through the courts. How about I have the summons delivered to the front desk at HeartLogic headquarters?"

Donald suddenly grew agitated.

"You wouldn't dare! I've treated you too well, Angela. Six years of spoiling and supporting you—when have you ever suffered?"

"Every time you got angry, wasn't I the one who backed down first? You were always above me. You forced me to send Nina away."

"She's just a young girl. She came home terrified after being bullied outside, and you slapped her twice."

"She didn't want to ruin the family's peace, so she begged my mom to take your side. And my mom only wanted to teach you a lesson, yet she's the one lying in the ICU."

"And you still dare talk about divorce? Who do you think you are?"



Angela stared at him, stunned.

The narrow eyes, the ridge-straight nose, the thin, razor-edged mouth.

She'd seen that face soft with tenderness, bright with a wide smile, even cold and distant, but never twisted with rage.

A wave of ache surged from her chest to her throat.

"Stop twisting things, Donald. You and I both know the truth. Every time you reluctantly backed down, wasn't I the one who made peace first?"

"I was the one who brought you a plate of fruit, ironed your shirts, and rubbed your shoulders. Your so-called 'backing down first' was just you taking advantage of it.

"I may have a temper, but I never lorded over you. I hit Nina because she deserved it. And your mother brought every bit of this on herself.

"You're no different, Donald. All of you deserve exactly what you got."

At the study doorway stood Nina in a beige silk dress.

She wore a slight smile, but for an instant a strange glint flickered in her eyes.

"Yes, keep fighting. The uglier it gets, the better tomorrow's show will be."

