



## Chapter 8

Angela answered Donald's hysteria with a calm so cold it seemed drained of life.

His fury swept past her like a passing winter wind, barely stirring her at all.

With no reaction from her, his anger only grew. He slammed the door on his way out and went to find Nelson Harper for a drink.

Nelson had been Donald's buddy since they were little kids.

He was a well-known Northhaven attorney and HeartLogic's legal advisor and had never lost a case.

When Donald told him Angela wanted a divorce, Nelson let out a shameless laugh.

"I told you before not to spoil a woman. The more you indulge her, the more arrogant she gets. You were only keeping a 'little sister' around, and she still made it into a whole drama."

Nelson leaned against the bar, lazily lighting a cigarette, looking effortlessly charming.

"I don't get why you look like the world just fell apart. Angela isn't the only woman on earth. It had been six years. Playtime's over. Just toss her."

Donald lifted his glass and drained it in one swallow. "She thinks she can leave just because she wants to? What does she take me for?"

"So by that logic, you don't want a divorce. Then it's easy."



Donald looked over, signaling him to continue.

Nelson exhaled a smoke ring, a crooked smile on his face.

"As long as you refuse to divorce, the only path Angela has left is to sue. And that's when you can file jurisdiction objections, skip hearings, and request postponements. You can drag it out indefinitely..."

Donald stared into his glass, thinking.

Nelson bumped his arm. "Donald, I'm curious, between Angela and Nina, who matters more to you now?"

After a long silence, Donald finally said, "I'm not giving up Nina again. Angela needs to back off."

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Exhausted in every way, Angela locked her bedroom door and slept fitfully for a few hours.

When she woke, her thoughts about the divorce were clearer.

Legally, as long as one party refused to agree, the process would turn complicated and drag on for at least a year or maybe longer.

She went out to consult a lawyer about the fastest path to end the marriage.

The lawyer was blunt.

"In a first divorce filing, the chances of approval are very low. The best approach is to separate immediately once the judgment takes effect. Keep your evidence. Then file again a year later."



Angela paid the consultation fee and stepped out of the law office.

Her fingers held a cigarette. She took a light drag but didn't exhale for a long time.

Annie's call came out of nowhere.

"Miss Bailey, something really bad happened..."

Angela wondered, "How bad could it be?"

Moments later, she saw the trending video Annie forwarded.

She didn't even click on it yet, but the title already hit her square in the face:

[Men who spoil their women never meet a good end.]

It was a cruel title, crafted to turn men and women against each other.

Angela tapped the triangle in the middle, and the video started.

The background music carried the ache of unrequited love.

Donald's furious shouting had been edited into something choked and pitiful.

"I've spoiled you and supported you for six years. I never wronged you once. I only wanted my sister to stay with us, but you couldn't even accept that.

"You forced me to send her away. She came home terrified after being bullied, and you hit her..."

"And now my mom ended up in the ICU because of you. How have I ever failed you, Angela? Tell me."

When it cut to Angela's line, the music surged dramatically, framing her like some out-of-control shrew screaming:

"Yes, I'm domineering! And you deserve to back down like a dog! Nina deserved to be slapped! You and your mother deserved everything you got!"

In just two hours, the video had been shared hundreds of thousands of times, shooting straight to the top of the trending list.

Male commenters were cursing her, saying she deserved to die.

Female commenters were tearing her apart, saying she'd embarrassed all women.

Someone even dug up their identities: "This is Donald Turner, CEO of HeartLogic Technologies, and his wife Angela Bailey. I've seen them at a gala."

Someone else asked, "What are they like in person? The same as in the video?"

The reply came fast.

"Mr. Turner looks hard to approach, but he's extremely polite and attentive, especially toward his wife. As for her, she barely speaks, acts superior, and looks down on everyone."

Comments piled up.

"That woman deserves it. She ruined a perfectly good man!"

Angela's face went pale, a furious flush burning beneath the skin.

Annie said, "Miss Bailey, I can call a PR team. We can bury the trending



tag with another story first."

"Let me think."

Angela forced herself to calm down.

The video came from surveillance footage. That meant someone had installed a camera in the second-floor study.

It had to be either Donald or Nina.

But judging from Donald's explosive reaction last night, it wasn't likely him.

Which left only Nina...

Angela called the police immediately and reported illegal camera installation in her home.

After the call, the thought of that twisted 'sibling' relationship churned her stomach until she nearly retched.

But the lawyer had said a divorce lawsuit might take a year or more. She didn't have that kind of time.

After thinking it over, Angela said, "Let them talk. They can say whatever they want."

Annie was stunned. "Miss Bailey, do you know how vicious those comments are?"

Angela met her eyes directly. "You lose something to gain something."

This time, the video painted her as a "jealous, vicious wife."

The nature of it was nasty enough that it would likely impact

HeartLogic's products and stock price.

Richard, Donald's overbearing father, would never sit back and let that happen.

With his selfish nature, he would put all the blame on her and force Donald to sign the divorce papers.

She had no power or backing. All she had was luck, and she was betting it against reality.

It was the fastest path to a divorce she could think of.

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Leon lowered his head, his dark, deep eyes fixed on the messenger contact saved under the note: "her."

Didn't she say she wanted to thank him?

Sixteen hours had passed. Why hadn't she asked to meet?

Nathan Shea walked in without knocking, still in his white coat, and handed his phone to Leon.

"Leon, look at this woman. Doesn't she look like the girl you've been hiding in your notes?"

Leon lifted his gaze, and sure enough, it was Angela...

Commented [Ma1]: