

# Rebirth Reclaiming Her Self by Fleur Delacour ( Angela and Joseph )

## Chapter 11

### Chapter 11 A Tantrum Gets You What You Want

Knowing that they were about to have a falling out, they decided to go all the way. Angela wasn't a saint, and she wouldn't give Fanny any special treatment. Jessica was taken aback by Angela's words. Angela had always been the one to avoid delivering bad news. Now Jessica realized that she had been living in such a room in the Kins Family's house. It was truly overwhelming. These words undeniably dealt a heavy blow to Fanny's pride. After hearing Angela's words, everyone's opinion of Fanny changed. Fanny felt a burning pain on her face.

She didn't expect Angela to publicly humiliate her like this. And she didn't even call her sister anymore. She kept referring to her as Miss Kins, clearly trying to distance herself from the Kins Family. "Angela, are you blaming our parents for treating you badly? Our parents work hard to earn money, and we should understand and not be greedy. If you're truly unhappy, then let's switch rooms." As the older sister, Fanny advised Angela with a negotiating tone, making it difficult for anyone to refuse. *Look, this understanding and considerate character is portrayed so well.* Angela was almost moved to tears. *I was deceived by this hypocrite in my past life and slaved away for her.* Angela sneered and said, "Sure, then you move now. Walk the talk, and don't come crying to the brothers later, saying that I stole your room." Upon hearing this, Fanny's expression changed, and she looked at Angela in silence. Her beautiful eyes were filled with tears as if she couldn't believe that Angela could say such things. "Angela, you... fine, I'll move back as long as you come back." Fanny said with a grievance. Fanny's close friend couldn't bear to see this and angrily said, "Angela, you've gone too far. You're so shameless to snatch someone else's room. How can you be so malicious!" *Throw a tantrum, and you get what you want.* Angela had seen this trick for many years. She was truly tired of it. Angela went straight to the point, "Don't tell me to be nice when you haven't gone through the hell I did.

I've lived in that room for years, and I survived. Why can't Fanny? Is she born noble? Why does she get to live in a princess-like room while I don't?" Fanny's face turned pale, and she hurriedly said, "Angela, it's because I have health problems, so Dad and Mom treat me better..." "Oh, shut the f\*ck up. Just say you don't want to switch rooms with me." Angela didn't give Fanny a chance to hesitate. She hit Fanny where it hurt the most and turned to leave with Jessica. Fanny looked at her with teary eyes, appearing pitiful. Just one glance at her, and one couldn't help but feel pity.

Listen, how eloquent she was. This was not something she fought for; it was all given to her by her parents voluntarily, and it had nothing to do with Fanny. If she continued to be aggressive, she would just be bullying a weak and sick person. Jessica was so angry that she stomped her foot. She was her father's only child, but there were many cousins in the family, so she was always favored. She had never seen a family that didn't cherish their own daughter but treated their adopted daughter as a treasure. Today, this opened her eyes. Jessica refused to leave. She rolled up her sleeves and wanted to fight, saying, "Fanny, why are you so hypocritical? That's Angela's room, and she's the real daughter of the family. You're shamelessly clinging on and occupying what should belong to Angela. How dare you cry? You think I'll let this slide—" Fanny's eyebrows furrowed slightly, seemingly frightened. Her

face turned pale, and her body went limp. "Fanny, what's wrong?" "Fanny, wake up quickly! Call 911!" Fanny's friends screamed, and the crowd gathered around. For a moment, the onlookers directed anger and suspicion towards Angela and Jessica. Jessica stared in disbelief. She was eight yards away from Fanny and hadn't done anything. *Is she really that skilled at deception?* No wonder she had managed to fool the Kins Family with her appearance. It was the same old trick again. Angela felt annoyed. She let out a cold grunt, took out her phone, and dialed 911. "Hello, is this 911? Someone has fainted here. Please come quickly. If you don't arrive soon, they might die. Our address is..." After ending the call, Angela disregarded the astonished gazes of the crowd and left with Jessica. *If she wants to create a scene, then she'll become famous for it.* It had happened before. Angela hadn't done anything, yet she would be misunderstood as a bully who took Fanny's belongings. Fanny was like a delicate and precious swan, while Angela was seen as a dirty and vicious bug. Angela pulled Jessica back to the classroom. Jessica puffed her cheeks, clenched her fists, and wore an indignant expression. "Angela, I have truly witnessed the power of your sister. With her fair and delicate face combined with her cunning tactics, she is truly shameless and unbeatable."

Jessica was the only daughter in her family and also the youngest among her extended family. She had many older cousins, and in her mind, older siblings should protect their younger sisters. However, Fanny's actions completely shattered Jessica's beliefs. If she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, it would be hard to believe. Angela smiled and said, "Let's not dwell on unhappy things. After all, don't compare me to that b\*tch, right?" But Angela didn't want to dwell on this issue any longer. She wanted peace of mind. Upon hearing Angela's words, Jessica burst into laughter but hesitated and asked, "Angela, you must be very upset about your family's favoritism, right?" Angela's thick eyelashes trembled slightly, and she smiled gently, "I'm not upset anymore."

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## Chapter 12

### Chapter 12 Jonathan Fell III

Angela had only one major class in the afternoon. After finishing her class, Angela planned to go straight home. Although she now had a place to live, she didn't have much money on her. The Kins Family believed that as long as they provided her with food and she didn't starve, she should be grateful. Angela left the school gate and waited for the bus while opening her phone. Out of habit, she wanted to go online and check if there were any part-time jobs on the app. But when she opened her phone, she felt a bit frustrated. It wasn't a smartphone, so she couldn't really find any jobs with apps. She could only make calls and send text messages.

After a while, a black sedan suddenly stopped in front of her. Subconsciously, she looked into the car and saw the back window slowly rolling down, revealing a man's deep and three-dimensional face. His expression was as cold and indifferent as always, exuding an air of nobility untainted by the mundane world. Jonathan glanced at Angela and said slowly, "Get in the car." Angela was stunned for a moment, not understanding what he meant. The man frowned and said in a low voice, "There's blood on your skirt." Upon hearing this, Angela immediately blushed, anxiously looking behind her. Sure enough, there was a small red mark on the back of her blue skirt. Although it was already September, the weather was still hot, and this was the only skirt she had. Embarrassed and angry, Angela covered the red mark on her skirt with one hand, but unfortunately, Jonathan saw it. She felt so embarrassed that she wanted to disappear on the spot. "Get in the car!"

Jonathan's cold voice came again. At this moment, the driver's door opened, and Sebastian, the driver, got out of the car. He smiled kindly and opened the back door, gesturing for her to get in. After thinking for a moment, Angela didn't want to be overly shy and got into the car, feeling embarrassed. But in her current situation, she didn't dare to sit on the seat, afraid of dirtying it. Angela lowered her head and could only squat down, looking like a helpless little creature. Sebastian closed the car door and sat in the front driver's seat. He turned his head and asked Angela, "Miss, where do you live?" "In the military district compound, on Northcity Avenue," Angela answered cautiously, not knowing where to put her hands and feet due to the embarrassment. Jonathan looked coolly at the crouching Angela and asked, "Isn't it uncomfortable to squat like this?" "It's not uncomfortable. It's fine..." Before she could finish her sentence, Angela, due to nervousness, hit her head on the car roof, causing her pain and making her too afraid to make a sound.

The rebuttal came too quickly, and she felt a bit awkward, burying her head even lower, not daring to breathe loudly. Jonathan pursed his thin lips into a straight line, glanced at her, took off his suit jacket, and threw it onto the nearby seat. "Use this as a cushion." Angela widened her eyes in surprise, her fan-like eyelashes trembling. This suit

obviously had a high price tag. She had to figure out how to afford her meals now, so how could she dare to use such an expensive suit as a makeshift cushion? She couldn't afford it. Seemingly aware of her thoughts, Jonathan raised an eyebrow. "Do you think I need to extort money from a student like you?" Well... Angela accepted it, thanked him, and then carefully stood up and sat in that spot. The car sped along the road, and to avoid awkwardness, Angela kept her gaze fixed on the window. The bright car window reflected Jonathan's profile: handsome and unparalleled, clean, and clear, all while still exuding the maturity of a man. *How could such an outstanding person die two years later?* It was such a pity. Soon, the car stopped at an intersection. Angela breathed a sigh of relief, thanked them, and immediately jumped out of the car. For some reason, Sebastian also opened the car door and called her back. Sebastian hesitated briefly before finally asking, "Miss, have you always lived in the military zone?"

Are you familiar with an elderly woman named Charlotte?" Upon hearing this name, Angela raised her gaze with curiosity. "You know my grandmother?" "Is she your grandmother? Can you tell me where she is now?" Sebastian's voice carried a hint of excitement. Angela nodded, but her expression turned somewhat sad. "My grandmother passed away three years ago." Sebastian seemed to have a hard time accepting this news, disappointment filling his face. Sebastian wanted to say something else, but in the end, he chose not to. He smiled kindly and said, "We arrived too late. Alright, young lady, you may go upstairs." Angela nodded, turned around, and walked back, her mind filled with speculation. *Was Sebastian looking for my grandmother because of Jonathan's illness? In my previous life, did Jonathan die because they couldn't find my grandmother?* Before she took a few steps, a hurried voice came from the car. "Master Jonathan, what's wrong?" "The medicine, where is it?" Sebastian anxiously searched through the car's storage compartment. He distinctly remembered placing spare medicine there, so why couldn't he find it? Angela's footsteps paused, and she quickly ran back, opened the car door, and got in. She saw Jonathan with a pained expression, his brows tightly furrowed, his face as pale as paper, and cold sweat seeping from his forehead. With one hand supporting his head, the veins on his neck were pulsating. *Jonathan fell ill?*

Angela was startled by this scene and instinctively reached out to feel his pulse. A few seconds later, Angela pursed her lips, roughly understanding Jonathan's condition, along with the scent of herbal medicine emanating from his body. There was the aroma of magnolia bark, *Centralis fungi*, and diazepam. And these were all herbs used to treat insomnia, excessive dreaming, and mental weakness. Especially diazepam. Its use indicated that the situation was already very serious. Long-term sleep disorders would make a person irritable and mentally exhausted. Treating it as a simple sleep problem would be futile. Instead, with the passage of time, it would only worsen. Jonathan opened his eyes, his black pupils as cold as ice, with a crimson tint at the corners. He gasped and turned his head, his face shrouded in darkness. With great effort, he managed to utter a few words, "Please keep your distance from me!"

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## Chapter 13

Chapter 13 You Will Die

Chapter 13 You Will Die

Sebastian urged Angela to leave quickly as well. “He becomes a different person when he has an episode. He becomes aggressive and violent. He’ll hurt anyone.

Angela’s eyes flickered, but instead of leaving, she approached and anxiously grabbed Jonathan’s arm. “If we don’t treat him soon, he will die!” Angela exclaimed sternly. “Don’t move!”

The young girl looked fierce, and Sebastian was startled, staring blankly at Angela’s actions.

Angela turned around and took out several silver needles from her bag. “Do you have any alcohol? Or wine?”

Sebastian reacted quickly and hurriedly took out a bottle of Centralis spirit from the car’s trunk, handing it to Angela.

Looking at the prominent words ‘Centralis spirit’ on the bottle, Angela was stunned for three seconds. She felt a slight pang of heartache, then quickly disinfected the silver needles, and skillfully and swiftly pierced the acupoints on Jonathan’s head.

Fortunately, she carried the silver needles for self–defense, or she wouldn’t know where to find them in such a short time.

As Angela displayed her exceptionally skilled acupuncture technique, a hint of surprise flashed in Sebastian’s eyes. He was extremely astonished. Her technique was so experienced and proficient that she must have had at least ten years of experience.

After a session of acupuncture, Jonathan closed his eyes and collapsed. Angela quickly reached out and gently caught his head.

He had fallen asleep.

Angela's eyelashes trembled, her face filled with confusion as she looked at Sebastian....

Sebastian's mouth twitched, disguising a cough, and he quickly opened the other side of the car door. carefully supporting Jonathan.

Only after finishing everything did Sebastian feel a pang of sourness in his heart. In the eyes of outsiders, the young master was a privileged person, possessing a fortune that could never be exhausted in several lifetimes. But no one knew of Jonathan's hardships. At such a young age, he lost his mother, and his father not only had a mistress but also had an illegitimate child who was only a few years younger than the young master, eyeing the family's wealth. After a major illness, his health deteriorated, and nightmares plagued him, depriving him of a good night's sleep. Sleep disorders accompanied by headaches require medication to alleviate some of the pain.

However, in recent years, his drug resistance had been increasing, and the prescribed medication gradually became ineffective. Sometimes, Jonathan only had less than an hour of sleep. No one could function with only one hour of sleep every day.

What was simple for ordinary people was **as** difficult for Jonathan as reaching the heavens. But now, he actually fell asleep. Sebastian looked at Angela with red eyes and asked, "Miss, what's wrong with him?"

Angela glanced at the sleeping Jonathan, and Sebastian immediately understood. The two of them walked

1/3

15 52 Wed, 28 Feb G

Chapter 13 You Will Die

37%

+5 Free Coins

a few steps away.

"I have been **living** with

Angela explained siy grandmother since I was a child, and my medical skills are inherited from her.

Upon hearing this, a gleam of light **appeared** in Sebastian's eyes, **and** his lips trembled. "Then... **can** you take a look and see if you can cure the young master's illness?"

After pondering for a while. Angela **said**, “I **can** give it a try.”

Sebastian cried and laughed at the same time, wiped away his tears, and nodded hesitantly. “Okay, let’s do our best.”

There is always hope, which is always good.

Master Jonathan is such a good person, so he shouldn’t have to suffer like this!

About half an hour later, Jonathan slowly opened his narrow eyes. As soon as he turned his head, he saw a delicate figure squatting at the side of the road.

Noticing that Jonathan had woken up. Sebastian asked with concern how he was feeling.

Angela also stood up and ran a few steps, walking to the side of the car. “Jonathan, how do you feel now? Are you feeling better?”

Looking down at her with his deep black eyes, Jonathan grunted softly.

Sebastian, who was worried, handed the pill he had found to Jonathan. “Master Jonathan, are you really okay? Why don’t you take this pill?”

“Sebastian, can you show me the pill you’re holding?” Angela’s nose twitched, and she spoke up abruptly.

Sebastian didn’t respond; he just glanced at Jonathan, who gave him a look, and he handed the pill to Angela

Sniffing the pill, Angela’s expression changed. Something was amiss with this pill. The other ingredients seemed fine, but there was one ingredient mixed in that elevated it beyond a simple painkiller. Jonathan. do you normally take this pill when you have a headache? How long have you been taking it?”

The person who prescribed this medication was quite cunning, and it would be difficult for ordinary individuals to detect any issues. After all, it was **just a minor** detail that only keen observers would notice. Although it was **a** small ingredient, prolonged use could result in symptoms of chronic poisoning. It was truly despicable to harm someone in such a manner.

Angela couldn’t help but wonder if Jonathan’s untimely death was connected to this pill.

“It’s been a while,” Jonathan looked weary and clearly didn’t want to delve into this topic.

Sebastian suddenly had a thought and said to Angela, "This was given by an old practitioner of alternative medicine when the Sanderses invited a renowned doctor to treat the young master a month ago. Miss, could there be an issue with this pill?"

The doctor invited by the Sanderses.

15:52 Wed, 28 Feb G G→ ·

Chapter 13 You Will Die

37%

+5 Free Coins

"It's hard to say: perhaps it's due to my lack of expertise," Angela's eyes flickered as she smiled faintly. "If you trust me, I can create some other pills for Jonathan"

Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## Chapter 14

Chapter 14 Washed Your Suit, Here You Go

Chapter 14 Washed Your Suit, Here You Go

Jonathan enjoyed a peaceful half-hour of sleep. Now that Sebastian treated Angela like a god, there was no disagreement. Sebastian nodded immediately and asked for the time, promising to bring it later when it **was** ready.

Although Angela was unaware of the grudge between the Sanderses and Jonathan, she couldn't let Jonathan continue taking the problematic pill. She didn't want to cause any conflict either. She suggested changing the medicine. Jonathan was clever enough to investigate any problems himself.

Jonathan's face remained cold and indifferent. His gaze shifted and landed on her skirt. With a slight pursing of his thin lips, Jonathan picked up the black suit that had been used as a cushion and threw it at her, saying, "Put it on!"



Angela felt embarrassed and reluctantly put on the suit. "I'll wash it and return it to you, Jonathan."

Seeing the slightly overwhelmed expression on the girl's face, Jonathan's mood improved a bit. "No need; just throw it away if it's dirty." Angela clenched the suit. In 2004, when the economy hadn't fully recovered, a suit cost hundreds of dollars. And he's throwing it away just like that

Damn capitalists.

Jonathan smiled, turned his head to Sebastian, and said, "Sebastian, drive."

As she watched the car speed away. Angela withdrew her gaze and thought for a moment before putting on Jonathan's suit. It looked oversized on her, but it covered up the marks on her buttocks. Holding her stomach, Angela returned home feeling uncomfortable. If Angela had looked a little longer, she would have seen the car turning into the detached villa in front of the courtyard.

"Sebastian, throw away those pills. Jonathan unexpectedly uttered these words.

Sebastian nodded repeatedly and asked, "What about the Sanderses..."

Jonathan just glanced at Sebastian indifferently, and Sebastian immediately shut his mouth, not daring to say anything **more**.

After Angela finished tidying up, she rested for two hours. In the **evening**, she took the prescription she had written **and** went to the pharmacy to get the medicine. At the pharmacy, Angela handed the prescription to the pharmacist and smiled at him. "Hello, please help me get these medicines and grind them into powder. Thank you."

The pharmacist glanced at the prescription and smiled back, "Okay, please **wait a** moment." A few minutes later, the young man handed a large bag of powdered medicine to Angela, then lowered his head to calculate the price **on** a calculator.

"Your total is ten dollars."

Angela took out **a** stack of coins from the bag, counted them, and handed them to the young man.

Holding the heavy bag of medicine, she suddenly felt a pang of pain. She only had **a** little over thirty dollars, and this bag of stuff cost nearly a third of her money.

She couldn't help but sigh. Money *really* doesn't last long! Finding a part-time job was becoming urgent.

1/2

15 52 Wed, 28 Feb GG.

## Chapter 14 Washed Your Suit, Here You Go

Otherwise, relying on this meager amount of money, she would starve sooner or later.

### 45 Free Cons

After buying some honey, Angela went home and immediately started making the pills. At that moment, her phone rang. Angela took it out, and when she saw the caller's ID, she hung up without hesitation. A few seconds later, the phone rang again. Angela turned off the phone, deciding to ignore it completely.

First, she poured the honey into a pot and boiled it over high heat. Then she switched to low heat and simmered it. She prepared a bowl of water on the side and continued simmering until the honey no longer produced foam. Then she poured in the powdered medicine and slowly stirred it into a sticky consistency. It was ready to be taken off the stove.

After allowing it to cool, she could begin making the small pills, Angela worked for a while and felt her arms growing sore. It had been a while since she had last done this, so she was a bit out of practice. Luckily, she wasn't making a large quantity, and two hours later, she finished. As she looked at the pills of uniform **size** in front of her, Angela felt a sense of accomplishment.

After cleaning up, Angela was so tired that she fell asleep on the bed. The next day, Angela put the small

late the pills into a small bottle and placed it in her bag before heading to school. Due to staying up previous night, she woke up late in the morning. She bought two meat buns at the school gate to satisfy her hunger.

As Angela entered the school gate, someone grabbed her wrist and pulled her aside before she could see who it was. The meat buns in her hand fell to the ground, **and Angela** immediately became angry. She had just bought those large meat buns and had only taken two bites!

When she saw who it was, Angela instantly became furious **and** shouted at Christopher, "Christopher, have you lost your mind? What are you doing so early in the morning?"

Those buns cost her five cents, and now they were gone.

Christopher snorted coldly, "I can't believe you still have an appetite for meat buns."

Of course, I have an appetite for meat buns. I can eat four of them. Angela couldn't be bothered with him. Right now, she only had one thought in mind: cherish life and stay away from lunatics!

Seeing Angela attempting to leave, Christopher grabbed her wrist, his anger evident in his eyes. "Angela, don't you feel guilty at all? I asked you to give up the spot for Fanny, but instead, you turned around and gave it to someone else. What do you mean by this?"

Yesterday afternoon, **Christopher** went to see Mr. Lone to inquire about the Brundelian speech quota, only to discover that Angela had pulled such a stunt. He was so furious that he almost stormed up to Angela and killed her on the spot.

Although he didn't think highly of the Turners, considering them merely nouveau riche, it was a fact that they were wealthy. He heard that the old **man** of the Turners doted on his daughter. It wasn't worth offending the Turners over a quota. But he would help Fanny get back what she deserved.

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## Chapter 15

### Chapter 15 Don't Regret It

Angela smiled calmly and said, "So, is this all for that?" The spot is mine. I can give it to whomever I want, and you have no say in it."

Christopher was shamelessly protecting Fanny, a scumbag. As long as she shed a tear, Christopher had no

resistance.

"You better go tell Mr. Lone that you want to give the **spot** to Fanny or else," Christopher said, almost infuriated. What Angela said could really make one explode with anger. It seemed that her previous obedience and gentleness were all an act. Thinking of this, Christopher's anger surged.

Angela laughed out of anger. Christopher was really going all out for Fanny. When she liked him before, her heart was filled with him. She didn't want him to be unhappy. Even

if she **made** unreasonable demands, as long as she could see Christopher happy, she would reluctantly agree. But now, there was no love in her heart, and her true feelings were revealed. Angela's gaze turned cold. "Why? I've said it before. The spot is mine, and I can give it to whomever I want. My parents and brothers can't control me. Who do you think you are? What makes you think you have the right to meddle in my affairs?"

When she said this, Christopher's face turned red with anger, but he couldn't find the right words to retort. He could only stare blankly.

She forcefully shook off Christopher's **hand** and pointed at his reddened hand without any politeness. "Christopher, you better not provoke me. Otherwise, I don't know what I might do. If there's a next time, I **won't** be so easy to talk to."

After saying that, Angela turned around and left. Meeting someone like Christopher early in the morning ruined her mood for the whole day. It **was** really unlucky.

"Fine, Angela. Since you're so stubborn, don't regret it!" Christopher's face turned dark, and he angrily threatened.

Angela smiled. *As if I'll have a good life if I do as you say.*

She treated them with all her heart and soul, but what was the result? She was pushed down the stairs and died a miserable death in the hospital. Her dear mother only cared about whether her organs were fresh enough after her death and if they could be used for the **sick** Fanny. She couldn't change her previous life.

But now, she was reborn, and she would live in the sunshine **and** bloom her own brilliant flowers. The buns were wasted, so Angela bought two more. Finally, she got her peace **and** quiet, which was great.

Just as she **arrived** in the classroom, Jessica came over to say hello. "Good morning, Angela."

"Jess, good morning!" Angela took a bite of the bun and responded somewhat unclearly.

"**Eating** buns is **not** nutritious. Here, have this." Jessica performed a magic trick and took out a bottle of milk from behind, handing it to Angela.

Angela didn't hesitate and took it, taking several sips.

"I just heard that Christopher came to bother you. Did he do anything? Did Fanny tell on you about how she fainted?" Jessica entered the classroom, so she didn't see Christopher bullying Angela. If she had seen it, she definitely wouldn't have stood by.

15:52 Wed, 28 Feb GG O

## Chapter 15 Don't Regret It

### 45 Free Coins

Angela quickly finished the milk in her hand, slurped a few times, threw the carton into the trash can, and then sat in her **seat**. "It's about the Brundelian speech opportunity." Angela raised an eyebrow and smiled. "What can he do? He's just taking advantage of the fact that I used to like him a little bit and wants to stand **up** for Fanny

*He* thinks he's all that, yelling at me first thing in the morning. And he cost me *my* buns. This was what made Angela. the angriest.

Her money was running out, and she temporarily didn't have any source of income. Christopher was clearly doing this on purpose. But there were **so** many who hated her, so Christopher was nothing special. At most, he was just a former fiancé.

Jessica still had some concerns. "Angela, what if I give the opportunity back to you? I've been thinking about it, and I feel like this isn't right."

"If you give the opportunity back to me, then Christopher will snatch it and give it to Fanny, right?" Angela was reluctant and didn't want to see this kind of outcome, so she took the initiative. She believed **that** Christopher would keep his word. If the opportunity remained in her hands, he would definitely change the name on it to Fanny's as soon as possible. In her previous life, she foolishly handed over the opportunity to others in order to please the Kins Family. But now, she didn't want to do that anymore.

Sighing, Jessica agreed with Angela. If Fanny wanted it, she wouldn't give it! She wouldn't give it even if it rotted and stank in her hands! So, Jessica patted her chest and said with loyalty, "Angela, I'll keep the opportunity with me for now. If you change your mind, you can tell me anytime. Let Fanny dream on!"

Angela sniffled. Jessica was much kinder to her than the members of the Kins Family, who only criticized her. She would be lying if she said she wasn't touched.

In the afternoon, the school cafeteria was crowded with people. Angela and Jessica finally managed to get their food and walked towards the back. Unexpectedly, someone reached out and knocked over Angela's tray, causing the food to spill all over the floor. The tray fell to the ground, making a loud and piercing sound. There were many people eating in the cafeteria, and they all turned to look over, each with their own thoughts as if they were watching a show.

Angela looked up, gave a cold glance, and saw Samuel standing in front of her, looking smugly at her.

She wasn't angry either. An eye for an eye. She snatched the tray from his hand and slammed it on the ground. Giving him a cold look, Angela turned around and went back to line up for her food.

Because of this idiot, she had to spend an extra thirty cents.

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## Chapter 16

### Chapter 16 In The Gutters Of Poverty

Samuel was taken aback by Angela's unexpected action and found it hard to believe. After a moment, Samuel forcefully grabbed her arm and exclaimed, "Who gave you permission to leave, Angela? You've become audacious. First, you stole Fanny's speaking opportunity, and now you dare to spill my food. Have you lost your mind?"

Angela raised her gaze and looked at Samuel with a cold expression. "Samuel, if there's something wrong with your head, **seek** a psychiatrist. Don't embarrass yourself here!"

She and Samuel were twins, sharing a resemblance. He was born a few minutes earlier and ranked fourth in the family. To publicly humiliate her in defense of Fanny, her brother who came into the world with her, was truly pathetic! Angela forcefully shook off Samuel's hand and rubbed her sore arm. Then she looked **up**.

her eyes cold and slightly narrowed. Angela asked coldly, "I didn't steal Fanny's opportunity. Is it rightfully hers? How can someone be so shameless as to claim someone else's belongings as their own?"

Upon hearing Angela's words, Samuel was on the verge of exploding with anger. His bad temper flared up, and he angrily shouted at Angela, "Angela, you clearly promised to give the opportunity to Fanny. What happened? Did you forget your place after you left the family? You're nothing!"

Jessica couldn't bear it any longer. With a loud clap, she slammed her cutlery down on the table and stood up, ready to argue with Samuel. However, Angela stopped her. Angela would handle the Kins Family matters herself and didn't need others to intervene in order to avoid unnecessary trouble.

Although the Turners were wealthy and not afraid of the Kins Family causing any trouble, the Kinses could still annoy them. Angela didn't want Jessica to get involved in the conflicts between her and the Kins Family.

"It's her opportunity if and only if I give it to her. But right now, I'm not in a good mood, so I won't give it to her. Is there a problem?" Angela coldly snorted and retorted without any politeness..

Samuel was so angry that his teeth were grinding, looking as if he wanted to devour her, but she wasn't afraid at all. For someone she didn't care about, whether he was angry or happy, had nothing to do with her.

At that moment, Fanny suddenly appeared from the crowd, holding two plates of food. She handed one of them to Samuel and said. "Samuel, don't be angry with **Angela**. I got a new one for you."

Samuel heard Fanny's voice, and his anger subsided by half. He immediately turned around and smiled as he took the tray. He gently reached out and rubbed Fanny's head. "You're always so considerate, Fanny." *Unlike* Angela, who **only** knows how to provoke others. In his **heart**, he only recognized Fanny as his sister, while Angela wasn't even worthy of licking Fanny's boots.

**Fanny** bit her lip. "I'm sorry, Samuel. It's all because of me that you two fought and made it unpleasant."

"It's not your fault. It's Angela's mistake. She's just a country bumpkin who doesn't have the same Brundelian skills as you. She got lucky and got the **spot**, but if she had any self-awareness, she should **have** given up the **spot and** spared herself the embarrassment."

Fanny raised her innocent face and frowned, acting coquettish. "Samuel, don't say that about Angela. Angela has **worked hard**."

Samuel pursed his lips, clearly disagreeing. "I'm helping you here, and you're still defending her." There's a

**1/2**

Chapter 16 In The Gutters Of Poverty

difference between effort and talent.

Angela felt disgusted and signaled to Jessica. They both left immediately.

As they walked, Jessica couldn't help but complain, "Angela, is that Samuel really your twin brother? He's completely fixated on Fanny. It's **as** if he's blind. People who don't know would think they are the **real** twins"

Angela discovered another restaurant and ordered two servings of chicken and mashed potatoes. She handed one portion to Jessica.

After taking a bite of the chicken, Angela spoke with a slightly muffled voice. The chicken is delicious. You should try it."

Angela was enjoying her meal, but Jessica had no appetite. She even suspected that this girl had lost her mind and was devouring the chicken as if it were a member of the Kins Family. Jessica felt frustrated and pushed her own portion towards Angela. "Eat, it's all yours!"

Angela looked up and sweetly smiled. After finishing their lunch and bidding farewell to Jessica, Angela left the school during the lunch break, ready to find a part-time job. Since moving out, she needed money for everything, and she had already spent almost half of her savings.

If she didn't find a part-time job soon to earn some money, she would truly starve. After wandering around near the school, Angela stopped at a bubble tea shop. She noticed a red sign posted on the glass with the words "Now Hiring" written on it, so she entered.

The bubble tea shop was small, with a counter at the front displaying various samples of milk tea. Neatly arranged rows of white tables and chairs were in the back. There weren't many customers at this time, and a few female students were sitting together, enjoying their drinks.

Behind the counter, a young woman was feeding a boy who appeared to be around five or six years old. Upon seeing Angela enter, the woman set down the bowl in her hand and politely asked what Angela would like **to** drink.

Angela smiled and pointed to the job advertisement posted at **the** entrance, "Hello, I'm here to apply for a job. I'm a freshman at Riverdon University. Can I work part-time here?"

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.



## Chapter 17

### Chapter 17 Save The Kid

Selene examined Angela from head to toe. At that moment, several female students approached, paid.

*ir* bills, and left. Wanting to make a good impression, Angela grabbed a nearby rag and quickly cleaned up the melon seed shells on the table.

“De you **have** experience with this?” Selene asked.

Angela shook her head but added, “I can learn. I **have** a knack for learning and can **pick** things up quickly. Just give me a day to adapt.”

Selene hesitated. She had come up **with** some new products, and business had been good in the past few months. She also had a child to take care of and was too busy, so she wanted to find a part–time worker.

Although the girl spoke sincerely when applying *for a job*, people always say nice things, *don't they?*

She still **wanted** to find someone experienced...

Before she could finish her thoughts, there was **a** sudden loud **noise** behind her, **as** if someone had fallen and knocked over the bowls and chopsticks on the small table, creating a clattering sound. Selene turned around abruptly, her expression changing drastically, and she hurriedly ran over, her face turning pale.

The little boy seemed to be choking, his face turning red, and he was lying on the **ground** kicking his legs. The small table was knocked over.

Selene was at a loss, trying to pry open her son's mouth to remove the object, but it was deeply lodged, and the child was struggling in panic, making it impossible for Selene to do anything. She was so anxious that she almost cried, “Ron, listen to me, don't move around...”

Angela quickly rushed over, pushed Selene aside, **and** sternly shouted, “You can't do it like this. If you reach in, it's even easier to push the foreign object further in.”

“What should we do then...”

“I'll do it,” **Angela** said calmly.

With swift movements, Angela picked up the child from behind and performed the Heimlich maneuver. Then she bent her index finger, middle finger, ring finger, and thumb, placed them on the child's abdomen, and pressed down forcefully.

Once, twice, repeatedly pushing upwards in a rhythmic manner.

After a few attempts, a **glass** marble suddenly shot out from the throat.

The boy, who was about five or six years old and quite heavy, was finally relieved. Angela realized that she was sweating after dealing with the situation.

The frightened child clung to Selene **and** burst **into** tears, his **face** turning red, gasping for breath. Selene's eyes also turned red, **and** she quickly comforted the child. After a while, the child cried himself to exhaustion **and** fell asleep. Selene gently put him down and looked gratefully at Angela. Thank you so much, young lady. If it weren't for you..." Selene choked up, then forced a smile. "You're here **for** a part-time job, right? You're hired!/Here's the deal: whenever **you** have time, come and help me. We have more customers at night, so if you don't have classes, come and give me a hand. We usually close at eight, and as

1/2

TUES for the salary, we'll calculate it by the hour. Once you **start** working, I'll keep track of your hours and pay you accordingly."

Although it was because she saved the child, Angela was still very happy! She immediately nodded and **said**, "When can I start working?"

Selene thought for a moment and said, "If possible, how about tomorrow?"

Angela had no problem with that; the sooner she could start working, the better. With the part-time job settled, **Angela** prepared to leave in a pleasant mood, but suddenly, a chubby little hand grabbed onto her clothes.

The sleeping child had woken up. The little one held a lollipop in his hand and held it up high, handing it to Angela. He said softly, "Lady, thank you. Have the lollipop."

His voice was soft and tender, sounding like a little baby. He looked small and delicate, especially cute. But because he had cried intensely, he still seemed a bit weak.

Unable to resist, Angela gently pinched the chubby little face of the boy and then crouched down, saying. "Be more careful in the future. Look, even your mother was scared and cried. As a young man, you can't let girls cry."

The boy, Ron, nodded earnestly. "Ron understands!"

Selene observed this scene and also smiled, playfully tapping his head.

After securing a part-time job, Angela glanced at the time. It was getting late, and she still had classes in the afternoon. After bidding farewell to Selene, Angela hurriedly returned to school to continue her afternoon classes. Since she intended to **change** majors, Angela knew she had to take action.

As per the school's requirements, in order to switch majors, she not only had to pass the entrance exam for the medicine major but also had to achieve a minimum score of 90 in each subject of her current major. Otherwise, she would not be permitted to transfer.

Now, she had to dedicate her time to studying her major courses while also attending classes in the faculty of medicine. Running **back** and forth in the afternoon, Angela felt exhausted. Dragging her weary body back home, as soon as she reached the stairs, Angela halted in her tracks. She noticed that the lock had been broken and the door was wide open.

Her heart skipped a beat, and she had a foreboding feeling. Frowning, Angela took a few steps and rushed into the house. Everywhere she looked, the room **was** in disarray, with items scattered all over the place. Pots and bowls in the kitchen were strewn on the ground, making it impossible to walk.

Angela sneered as she turned her head and entered the bedroom where she had been sleeping recently. It **was** in a **poor** state as well. The blankets were tossed on the floor, bearing a few distinct footprints. It wasn't a burglary, as no money or valuables were missing.

It seemed that the perpetrator wanted to teach her a lesson. Although she wasn't certain who it was, she could make an educated guess. Who else could it be but them?

Staring at the chaotic room, Angela's gaze turned icy as she retrieved her phone from her backpack.

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## Chapter 18

Chapter 18 How Could They

## Chapter 18 How Could They

Living next door was a retired elderly couple who immediately came out when **they** heard the commotion. They also witnessed the terrifying scene where someone came to vandalize in the afternoon, leaving them too scared to come out again. This girl had grown up under their watchful eyes; she was well-behaved and sensible, and they couldn't understand how she had provoked such individuals.

Genevieve hobbled over, her face filled with worry, and said, "Child, those people are wicked and not good people. Be careful, they might come to bother you again. Why don't you come and stay at my house for a

while?"

Harold excitedly tapped his **cane** and echoed Genevieve's words, "Yes, it's just the two of us at home. Come and stay **with** us; we have a **spare** room for you."

Listening to the words of the two elderly people, Angela felt a warm feeling in her heart. Angela smiled and comforted the old couple, "Genevieve, if they can do it once, they can do it twice. Hiding at your place is not a solution."

Genevieve looked at her and said. "Then..."

"I will call the police." Angela shook her phone. "Leave this kind of thing to the professionals."

Genevieve suddenly realized and nodded repeatedly, "Yes, yes, you're right. We should call the police quickly and apprehend those **wrongdoers!**"

Harold understood and took a few steps back with his wife. He said to Angela, "Angela, don't be afraid, go ahead and call the police! We were **all** there this afternoon; the scene is intact, and no one has entered again. When the police come, we'll testify for you! Trespassing and vandalizing like this can not only result in imprisonment but also make them pay for the damages. Harold **was a** retired soldier; although he was old, he still had a sharp mind and remembered this legal knowledge. He fully supported the girl's actions.

Thank **you**, Harold." Angela smiled sweetly,

Then she took out her phone and called 911 to file a report.

After the call was connected, a sweet female voice came through. "Hello, 911. How can I **assist** you?"

"Hello, I want **to** report a crime. Someone trespassed into a private residence near the military zone's Northcity Avenue..."

Angela provided detailed information and hung up the phone. She instinctively wanted to take a photo, but **as** she looked at the darkened screen, she sighed helplessly.

Half an hour **later**, two police officers arrived and took photos from various angles with a camera before going to the security room to check the surveillance footage. Fortunately, even though it wasn't as advanced as a decade later, surveillance equipment had gradually become more common during this era. Surveillance cameras had been installed two years ago, especially at the main entrance and the entrance to the unit.

When they retrieved the surveillance footage in the security room, Angela saw Samuel carrying **a** bucket of paint appearing in the frame. Although she had already guessed it, seeing it with her own eyes still made her feel disgusted. She clenched her fists tightly. *I'll make him pay.*

1/2

With the surveillance records and eyewitnesses, the police could easily gather evidence. It was basically undeniable. Following the procedure, after taking the statement, the police noted Angela's phone number and told her to wait at home for updates, cautioning her not to wander around these days. Then, they left.

After the police left, Angela started cleaning up the room. Harold and Genevieve also came to help. The walls had been splattered with red paint, which looked so glaring.

As the two elderly people cleaned up, they sighed. How much hatred must there be to destroy a home like

this?

After tidying up the room, Angela moved the useless items downstairs. It seemed that misfortunes never come singly, many things needed to be replaced. However, this time, she wasn't afraid at all. She wouldn't foolishly endure it anymore. Not only did she want to give those people a profound lesson, but she also wanted to make them pay for their actions.

"Miss Kins, what happened to you? Why...?" Suddenly, someone behind her spoke not too far away.

Angela turned around, surprised to see Sebastian holding a large plastic bag, his gaze fixed on the broken items in her hands, wearing a puzzled expression.

Biting her lip slightly. Angela disposed of the items in the trash can before calmly explaining, "It's nothing. just a burglary. Some things got damaged."

Sebastian was taken aback. “A burglary? Are you alright? Do you need any assistance? Master Jonathan **has** an extensive network of connections. We can inform the police.”

“I’m fine, Sebastian. I’ve already reported it to the police!” Angela quickly interjected, feeling curious about why Sebastian was there so late. With this thought in mind, Angela asked him.

Sebastian appeared surprised and smiled. “You didn’t know? We live nearby, just a little further ahead. Master Jonathan lives alone here and occasionally visits the Sanderses.”

Angela was somewhat taken aback. She truly had no idea. It turned out that Jonathan was living alone near her grandmother’s house.

Sebastian had to rush back after going out to buy things. Once he ensured Angela was alright, he departed. Upon arriving home, Sebastian placed the items he purchased in the refrigerator, organized them, and discussed Angela. “I just came back from shopping and bumped into that young girl from the Kins Family. It’s truly heartbreaking to see her living alone at such a tender age. Her house was robbed this afternoon. and I witnessed her holding a bunch of broken things. These despicable individuals didn’t even **spare** a young girl. However, she displayed remarkable bravery. Despite the situation, she didn’t shed a tear and calmly contacted the police.”

On the living room couch, Jonathan propped his head up with one hand and slowly opened his eyes.

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## Chapter 19

Chapter 19 Nothing Good Comes From Escalation

It felt as if a veil had been lifted from a precious gem, revealing its dazzling brilliance. Jonathan closed the book **and** spoke softly. “It’s quite rare.”

Sebastias pondered for a moment and suggested, “Why don’t we inform the police station and request the increased attention? Let’s not be careless and overlook this as a minor issue.”

Only she could treat Master Jonathan's illness. It's only natural to show concern and care.

Jonathan didn't respond immediately. He shifted his gaze, lowered his head, and reopened the book. After a while, he whispered. "Hmm, let's use the home phone to make the call."

Sebastian happily agreed and dialed the number using the landline.

The next day, early in the morning, Genevieve had prepared porridge and came to call Angela for breakfast. Unable to refuse her hospitality, Angela had no choice but to go and drink a bowl of porridge.

A few years ago, Harold suffered a stroke and was paralyzed. It was Charlotte who cured him, and she never accepted any consultation fees. The two **families** were neighbors, so they often interacted. Since returning to the Kins Family a few years ago, Angela didn't like to talk and was insecure and sensitive. The two elderly people genuinely liked her and always thought of her when there was something delicious. It could be said that the years Angela spent with Charlotte were the happiest times.

After finishing the porridge, Angela took the initiative to wash the bowl and then hurriedly went downstairs. When she reached the corner of the stairs, a strong hand grabbed her wrist. The person walked quickly, and Angela couldn't keep up with his pace. He dragged her downstairs, stumbling and bumping along the way, causing Angela pain.

When James reached the last step, he forcefully pulled Angela, causing her to fall from the stairs. Losing her balance, Angela fell onto James' body, twisting her ankle in the process, causing her great pain.

Before she could react, James' grinding teeth could be heard from above. "Angela, you've become bold. How dare you report Samuel to the police, causing him to be taken away for questioning early in the morning. How could you be so malicious and not spare even your own brother?"

The pain in her ankle was excruciating, but Angela gritted her teeth and met James' furious gaze. Although Samuel damaged Genevieve's house, James didn't bother to ask for the reasons and scolded her without any justification. In her past life, when faced with James' questioning, she would have immediately apologized, repented, and felt that she had done something wrong. But now, not only did she not do that. but she also greeted him with the most malicious **words**.

Angela coldly **said**, "Instead of wasting time here glaring at me, you should think about how to get him. released. Otherwise, if he has a criminal record, no matter how much education he gets, it will be useless.

At this moment, Angela was terrifyingly calm. Samuel was a college student, and in order to find a good job in the future, he **had to have** a clean record. If this incident had not been handled well, it would undoubtedly have left a deep **stain** on Samuel's life.

**James** naturally understood this, **which** was why he came over early in the morning. He wanted to take Angela to the police station and explain to the police that this was just a misunderstanding so **that** Samuel could be released on bail. **This** is the fastest and most direct way to release Samuel on bail. "Don't you feel any guilt? He is your own brother. How can you be so heartless **and** say such things?"

1/2

## Chapter 19 Nothing Good Comes From Escaauun

As the eldest of the family, James remained calm and composed. But faced with Angela, who had always been gentle and obedient, suddenly becoming so heartless, he couldn't remain calm. The fact that Angela personally sent her own brother to the police station had caused an uproar in the Kins Family. Everyone was like cats on hot bricks, wishing they could tear Angela apart. Fanny, in particular, was so worried that she hadn't even eaten breakfast.

Angela glanced at the furious James and calmly responded, "Why should I feel guilty? If my own brother doesn't behave properly. I have to use the law to protect my own rights" Faced with James' accusations, Angela remained composed. She had already anticipated this. With such a significant incident, the Kins Family would undoubtedly take action. On the contrary, if Angela had been involved in such a situation, she would probably have been imprisoned. The Kins Family always excluded her. In their eyes, she was merely **an** outsider.

"Angela, how can you say such things? Regardless, he is your brother. How can you personally send your own brother to prison? Are you still human?" Seemingly provoked by Angela, James became agitated. He, who was usually calm, suddenly lost his temper.

Angela raised her gaze indifferently, "Oh? I consider him my brother, but does he consider me his sister? Since he doesn't care about my well-being, why should I care about him?" Seeing through the true nature of the Kins Family, Angela doesn't hold back when confronting them, even if that person was her once highly respected older brother.

James couldn't control himself and slapped Angela's face, then angrily shouted, "Angela, I always thought you were just stubborn, but I never expected you to be so heartless. You don't deserve to be our sister."

The slap left a distinct handprint on Angela's small face; it was a brutal slap. Angela felt her ears ringing and instantly felt a surge of anger. She didn't know if it was because of



the pain or anger, but her whole body trembled. In the past, even if the Kinses were angry, they would only verbally attack Angela, never resorting to physical violence.

But this time, James actually hit her! Who gave him the right to hit her? Finally, touching her swollen cheek, Angela sneered. “This is the last time I’m allowing you to hit me.” Angela’s eyes turned icy as she looked at James coldly.

Originally, James intended to have a civil conversation with Angela, but for some reason, seeing her attitude, he couldn’t engage in a proper discussion. But upon seeing Angela’s frosty demeanor, **James** became even more irritated.

Anger surged in James’ heart, “If you hadn’t promised to give the spot to Fanny only to then give it to Jessica instead, would Samuel have done all these things? Ultimately, it’s your fault. He was just causing a **minor** disturbance. What benefit is there for you to blow things out of proportion?”

“**A** minor disturbance?” Angela’s heart turned cold upon hearing this, her eyes gradually reddening. “He smashed Grandma’s house! It was the only thing Grandma left behind.” It **was** also the only thing left for her after Grandma’s death. But in the eyes of the Kins Family, these things were considered insignificant

matters.

Seeing Angela’s eyes turning red, **James** was momentarily stunned, and then his dark eyes grew deeper, “But you want **Samuel** to **have** a criminal record just for **the** sake of a deceased person?”

**Angela** sneered, “People must be held **accountable** for their actions.” Just like the mistakes of her past life cost her life, James should also face the consequences of **his actions**. After saying that, Angela didn’t want to say anything more. She turned and walked away. She still had classes to attend and a part-time job to go to. There **were** still many things she needed to do; arguing with them would only be **a waste of time**.

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## Chapter 20

Chapter 20 Always An Outsider

## Chapter 20 Always An Outsider

When Angela expressed her desire to leave, James' eyes narrowed, and he immediately grabbed her wrist, forcefully pulling her into the car. "We can't let Samuel have any criminal records. You must come with me to the police station today. Tell the police that this is just a misunderstanding and withdraw the case." Angela refused, yelling and struggling. "I won't go! Let me go!" She tried to break free from James' grip, but her strength was too weak, and she had no ability to resist.

Like stuffing cotton, James pushed Angela into the back seat of the car. Regardless of her pain or discomfort, he carelessly forced her into the car. "You have no choice in this matter!"

Angela fought to get out of the car, but James held her down, closed the door, and quickly got into the car. The car soon drove **away**.

The reflection of her disheveled state was shown on the car window. The left side of her face was swollen, with crimson marks at the corners of her eyes, and her skirt was wrinkled, making her look disheveled. Angela couldn't comprehend how heartless the Kins Family members were. The atmosphere in the car was silent, and no one spoke. Angela's heart also grew calmer.

James drove the car **and** glanced back at Angela. His gaze was as sharp **as a** knife. "Angela, after causing such a commotion for several days, you should stop now. You should know when to stop,"

Angela remained silent, not even giving James a sideways glance. As she watched the scenery outside the car window quickly pass by, she pursed her lips for a while before secretly taking out her phone and sending a message to a number. As they approached the police station, Angela's eyes turned terrifyingly cold, and she remained silent.

When the car stopped at the entrance of the police station, James got out of the car, opened the door, and forcefully pulled Angela out.

He didn't forget to threaten her, "You better cooperate. If you still want to return to the Kins Family, do as I

say.

Angela had been pulled numb and couldn't feel the

interrogation room. Resisting now wouldn't lead to anymore. She allowed James to drag her into the

good.

Inside the interrogation room, two police officers were questioning Samuel. When they saw James bringing Angela over, Samuel's expression became excited. He glared fiercely at Angela and even wanted to rush over and hit her, but he was stopped by the police officer beside him. "Angela, what were you thinking? How dare you call the police to arrest me! Don't stop me; I want to teach this ungrateful troublemaker a lesson."

Facing the emotionally **unstable** Samuel, Angela shrank back, her fair face showing a terrified expression. Nervously, Angela tugged at the sleeve of the police officer next to her and trembled. "Officer, look at his terrible attitude. I'm afraid he will come over and hit me. What should I do?"

James: "..."

The plot twist happened too quickly. She had just acted indifferent, and now she was pretending to be pitiful. The responsible young police officer named Aaron noticed the timid and frail appearance of the young girl and understood how terrible Samuel must have been to her. "Behave yourself; this is a police station!" Aaron slammed the table with authority and turned to Angela, reassuring her, "Don't be afraid,

1/3

Chapter

girl. We won't let hun harm you'

Angela nodded in fear and uncertainty, hiding her calculating gaze. James wanted her to bail out Samuel, but there was no way she would do that! She didn't believe that they would dare to do anything to her in front of the police. So, she wanted to take this opportunity to trip them up,

James glared at Angela, then smiled and explained, "It's a misunderstanding. Samuel always likes to play around with Angela at home. Recently, Angela has been throwing tantrums. Siblings fight, it's normal." Then James looked at Captain Larson and said in a deep voice, "Captain Larson, can we talk privately?"

Captain Larson nodded and instructed his subordinates to keep an eye on things.

Aaron's mouth twitched. He couldn't agree with Mr. Kins' words. They had ended up at the police station, and he thinks it is still just a minor scuffle. He had personally seen the miserable state of Angela's residence. If it weren't for the surveillance footage, he wouldn't have believed that her own brother could do such a thing.

As James left, tears streamed down Angela's face as she choked, "Our school organized a Brundelian speech event, and I happened to get a spot. My parents and my brothers forced me to give the spot to my sister, but I didn't agree, so my brother demolished the place I'm living in now."

They want to use the family card to get out *of* this? Angela wouldn't let them have their way. She couldn't do anything to them, but she could trip them up.

She refused to be defeated by them!

Sure enough, after hearing Angela's words, James was so angry that he gritted his teeth and used his eyes to threaten her, warning her not to speak recklessly..

She pretended not to see **that**, wiped **away** a tear, and continued, "I know I grew up with Grandma **and** have no feelings for them, but they can't force our own sister to death!"

Knowing what the Kins Family cared about, Angela deliberately emphasized the words 'own sister' to infuriate the two brothers..

As soon as Samuel heard this, he exploded. He angrily stood up and raised his handcuffed **hand** to point at Angela but realized his restraints. Frustrated, he tried to rush forward again. "Angela, you will always be an outsider! Fanny is the little princess of our family, and don't call me brother. I am not your brother!"

Samuel disliked her, even to the point of disgust. He didn't even allow her to call **him** brother. In her previous life, she cried many times because of this.

But now, Angela didn't care. *If* Fanny wants to be their sister, she can have it. Angela sneered in her heart, but on the surface, she looked helpless and desolate, evoking sympathy.

Aaron cast a few glances at Samuel and remarked, "It's really strange. **This** is the first time I've witnessed. such favoritism. Fanny is your sister, but **so** is this lady. She's **not** adopted, is she?"

Angela pursed her lips and remained silent. Aaron's words were completely mistaken. It **was** Fanny who was adopted, and she and Samuel were biological siblings.

Samuel was taken aback, his expression frozen for a moment. Reluctantly, he coldly snorted, "Regardless, Fanny is my sister."

Fanny had grown up with him since childhood, possessing an innocent and pure character, as well **as**

2/3

15:53 Wed, 28 Feb G G♫

Chapter 20 Always An Outsider

+5 Free Com

beauty **and** academic excellence. She **was** perfect in every way, resembling more of a daughter of the Kins Family. On the other hand, Samuel felt uneasy whenever he saw Angela. The more Samuel pondered, the more he believed he was not at fault. Angela had brought this upon herself, so how could they be blamed?— If it weren't for her own foolishness, always coveting things that didn't belong to her, he wouldn't despise Angela so much.

Not long after, James finished his conversation with Captain Larson and entered. Behind him **was** a man in a black suit carrying a briefcase. After all, James had been groomed as the heir of the Kins Family. He possessed a dignified appearance and a composed demeanor. He exuded an extraordinary aura.

Especially at this moment. James' handsome face bore a smile, as if he had everything under control. When he caught sight of Angela, he merely glanced at her briefly before heading straight towards Samuel, who had his head lowered.

Samuel lowered his head and, upon seeing the shiny leather shoes, looked up to see James. His expression immediately turned aggrieved. James, when can we leave? I don't want to stay here for even a minute.”

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.