

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

## Chapter 111

Chapter 111 Just A Habit

Chapter 111 Just A Habit

There was no exception, it was just a habit. Quincy's eyes suddenly narrowed and his voice became tense. "How did you know?"

When she heard this, Angela was a little stunned. So Quincy also thought the same?

Angela said, "While administering first aid, I noticed that the head injury on Queenie was caused by an external object, not from a fall" As she paused for a moment, Angela carefully chose her words. "In other words, Queenie **was** initially struck on the head by an external force, leading to her loss of consciousness and then someone pushed her out of the window. We can request a professional **doctor** to provide an assessment report."

After Angela finished speaking, Quincy's eyes darkened. After a moment, he produced a USB drive.

In a cold tone, he stated, "This contains the surveillance video footage that Mr. Lawson helped me retrieve before and after Queenie's incident. I have already reported it to the police."

Angela was taken aback **as** she realized that she and Quincy shared the same suspicion. They both suspected that Queenie could not **have** jumped off the building due to the divorce.

Suddenly, Angela recalled Queenie's death in her previous life. If Queenie's suicide this time was not an accident, then **what** about her past life?

Could it be... just like this time, was Queenie the victim of a malicious plot?

Angela unconsciously tightened her grip on the USB drive and then inquired, "Did you see who it **was**?"

Quincy furrowed his brow as he shook his head. "I didn't see the person. It was an issue with the angle. In the video, I only saw a **pair** of hands pushing Queenie out of the window."

"I'll review the video." Angela wanted to see if she could spot anything different.

"Okay."

**Angela** took the USB drive and found Jonathan still at the ICU entrance. "Jonathan, you're still here? Can I borrow your laptop?"

Jonathan signaled for Simon to retrieve it from the car and asked softly. "Any new discoveries?"

"Yeah, it appears that Queenie didn't commit suicide!" Angela looked resolute, though she already harbored a suspicion in her mind, but she lacked evidence **and** couldn't **find** a motive.

Soon, Simon brought the laptop over.

After **she** inserted the USB drive, Angela selected the video to watch. When she saw **that** familiar figure, her suspicion **was** confirmed, it was Lina.

But why?

The rest of the matter was left for the police to handle and the truth could only be revealed when Queenie woke up.

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After some time passed, a pained murmur suddenly emanated from the ward.

Angela and the others quickly gathered at the door of the ward.

"Queenie!"

"Queenie!"

Donald and the others received the news and hurried over as a group of people congregated in front of

the ward.

When he saw their anxious expressions, Jonathan lowered his gaze as his deep dark eyes fixed on her figure.

But Angela was too preoccupied with checking on Queenie's condition to notice.

**Jonathan** murmured, "Let's go, Simon."

Simon was surprised, were they leaving just like that?

When he received the information relayed by Oliver, the boss canceled the meeting and rushed over directly.

Actually, this kind of situation didn't necessitate the boss's personal intervention.

Was the boss's concern for Angela a bit excessive?

But Angela was also the **only one** who could ignite a fire within the boss.

Simon pushed the wheelchair into the car and couldn't help but **ask**, "Are you really not going to inform Mrs. Lawson?"

The man remained silent and instead, he posed a question, "It seems like she cares deeply about everyone around her.

In the past, due to Christopher, Angela had inquired about the preferences of every member of the Sanders Famil

He had also witnessed her sincere efforts to please every member of the Kins Family.

Now, she was willing to devote herself to her Uncle Donald's family as well.

Kindness seemed to be ingrained in Angela, as she always showed compassion to those around her.

Simon was no different; kindness **was** simply a habit for him.

The atmosphere in the car suddenly turned cold as the stern man with ink-colored eyes gazed out the window, indifferent to the passing scenery.

As he furrowed his brows, Simon felt a mix of complex emotions. Men in love often had ever-changing thoughts.

Inside the hospital room, Queenie weakly opened her eyes as she felt pain throughout her body. However, seeing her family gathered around her brought a **sense** of relief.

She tried to speak, but **only** weak sounds escaped her mouth.

"Mom..."

"I'm here, Queenie. Don't talk for now, be a good girl. Everyone from the family is here," Hecate said **as** she fought back tears.

Angela's heart skipped a beat as she saw **her** sister open her eyes. She asked, "Queenie, were you pushed down the **stairs** by someone? Was it Lina, Horace's mistress?"

As soon as she asked, all eyes turned to Queenie and **Angela**.

Were they implying that their daughter had attempted suicide out of love?

If that was the case, the Swine Family would pay the price!

Queenie glanced at Angela as she hesitated and said, "I was knocked unconscious as soon as I entered the room, so I don't know what happened after that."

She weakly added. "But I did smell a perfume, it seemed like the same one on Horace's clothes that I smelled before."

It was undoubtedly Lina.

After they learned the truth. Angela remembered Jonathan and hurried outside to see, but there was no sign of him in the corridor.

As she stood in the hallway, Angela looked out at the cars passing by on the street through the transparent glass.

She felt indebted to Jonathan once **again**.

To care for Queenie, Angela took several days off from school and stayed with her in the hospital day and night.

Meanwhile, Quincy took **charge** of investigating the attack on Queenie, which turned out to be relatively easy. The police quickly arrested Lina, who confessed to the crime but never revealed the motive.

Hecate knew that Queenie's fall was

no accident **and** the culprit **was** Horace's mistress. This infuriated her which led her to curse the entire Swine Family.

The Swine Family was in chaos, with Queenie divorcing Horace and taking half of the family's assets, while their **son was** also arrested.

Norma cried at the police station every day and insisted **that** her son **was** innocent.

The police were growing tired of the situation.

When she heard this, Angela smirked as she knew that Jonathan had provided her with a lawyer who assured her **that** Lina and Horace could spend the rest of their lives behind bars if they wished.

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At noon, Angela carried a lunchbox and hurried toward Queenie's hospital room.

As she passed a room with a slightly open door, the wind she brought along blew it open.

She apologized and went to close the door. She was stunned to see Zacharias inside.

When she saw no one else in the room, she hesitated before entering.

The young man on the sickbed had a pale face and he was barely breathing. If one didn't look closely, they might mistake him for dead.

But Angela had no doubt; this was exactly how Zacharias used to look.

His medication had only been stopped for a short time and his body had reverted to how it was years ago.

To clear her confusion, Angela placed her hand on Zacharias pulse.

"What are you doing?" The man on the sickbed suddenly opened his eyes.

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## Chapter 112

Chapter 112 Zacharias and Angela

Chapter 112 Zacharias and Angela

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“What pajamas are you wearing?” **Angela** paused for a moment, then quickly withdrew her hand, her eyes cold as if looking at someone irrelevant. “Are you sick?”

She had been treating Zacharias for live years and prescribed medicine for five years. She had already taken good care of his body. In theory, even if he stopped taking the medicine, he would only be slightly weak and not have **such** a big problem.

So she was puzzled.

Zacharias regained his clarity, his face **pale** as he coughed a few times as he propped **himself** up with a pillow.

“Aren’t you the one who hates us the most? Why are you asking this now, caring about me? Or is it because my mother and Fanny asked you to come? Zacharias looked at Angela with dark eyes as he waited for her reply.

Angela touched her chin pointedly. “Zacharias, you have **a** vivid imagination, worthy of the Design Department

“What do you mean?” Zacharias frowned.

“I came to the hospital just to see Queenie, not for you. You’re being presumptuous. I came here just by **chance**. When I came in, I didn’t see anyone else in this room besides you. Angela smiled and **said** leisurely.

“I didn’t come here to treat you. I came to see how long you can hold out without my medicine. Now that I’ve seen it, next time I **treat** another patient, I’ll have an idea. Thank you, I’m leaving

She said it and left without even looking back. She thought Zacharias, with his proud nature, must be quite

angry.

But in contrast to what Angela expected, Zacharias delicate face showed no sign of anger. Instead, he watched her leave with a complex and indescribable emotion in his dark eyes.

After Angela left, the room quickly fell silent.

As Angela had predicted, a long time passed and no one else came to see him in the room.

Where is his mother and Fanny?

Or why hasn't a nurse come yet...

the verse of

The room was so cold **and** quiet that it was unsettling. Zacharias was on being driven crazy by **this** endless **silence**. Unable to restrain himself any longer, he forced himself up from the bed as he wanted

go out **and** find his mother and sister.

To

Just as he got up, the door creaked open.

Zacharias looked over in surprise **and anticipation**.

However, it was a strange woman who stood by the door. "Hello, are you Mr. Zacharias Kins? I **am a**

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Chapter 112 Zacharias and Angela.

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caregiver hired by Miss Fanny, I'm here to see if you need anything before she attends **an** important ball.

Zacharias didn't hear the rest of her words.

Because he stood frozen in place as a hint of mockery played on his lips.

Her voice **calling** for Mr. Kins seemed to come from another world and echoed faintly. It took three times before Zacharias snapped **out** of his **trance**.

His voice was slightly dry as he asked, "Fanny... she's gone to the ball?"

When she saw his strange expression, the care giver explained cautiously, "Yes, Mr. Kins. Actually, it was Mr. Sander who contacted me on behalf of Miss Angela. Is there anything **you** need my help with now?"

**Zacharias** swayed, then he steadied himself and shook his **head**, "No, go wait outside first."

“**But**... your complexion doesn’t look too good, should I go get a nurse for **you** first?”

“No need!” **Zacharias** voice suddenly became more stern.

After he sent the caregiver away, he felt **as** if all his strength had left him and he suddenly slumped back onto the hospital bed.

Infinite silence **once** again engulfed the entire ward.

Zacharias pulled the blanket over his head as closed his eyes heavily and drifted off.

He remembered back when he used to stay in the hospital for a long time due to illness, but he never felt lonely because every time he woke up, no matter when, there would always be Angela’s busy figure by his

side.

Back then, he had a bad temper and always felt that others care was like a mockery of his fragile body which made him feel less **than normal**.

Therefore, when he woke up and saw Angela, he would involuntarily curse at her and tell her to leave.

How did Angela respond at that time?

“Zacharias, you’re awake, do you feel uncomfortable? I’ll call the doctor.”

“You’ve been in a coma for several days, your body is weak, have some food. I made it according to your favorite taste, it must be delicious.

“Zacharias, don’t be angry, I’ll leave now, anger is not conducive to recovery. I’ll go tell Mom, James, **and** Samuel that you’re awake.”

Zacharias’ head started **to** ache and a self-deprecating expression appeared on his face under the blanket.

It seemed that when Angela came back, he also had the intention of being a good brother, but at some point, their focus shifted only to Fanny

Was there no longer room for Angela?

It seemed like it had always been this

**way.**

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## **Chapter 112** Zacharias and Angela

And yet, not quite.

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After she took care of Queenie in the hospital for several days, Quincy finished his work at the police station **and** came to take over **Angela's** shift at night.

With a stern face, he urged Angela to go home and rest and leave the rest to him.

As she faced Quincy, Angela always felt a little guilty and dared not argue with him, so Angela obediently packed up her things and went home.

Jonathan's treatment cannot be interrupted but it had been stopped for several days.

Today, acupuncture must be started quickly to treat his leg, it couldn't be delayed any longer.

**Back** home. May looked at Angela's face, which **had** become thinner. "Oh my, why have you lost so much weight, all the meat you gained before is gone.

Angela touched her face, had she really lost so much weight?

She didn't seem to feel anything

"Where is **Jonathan** Angela looked around **and** it seemed like no one was there.

May looked at the time, then **said**, "Mr. Lawson is almost off work, he'll be back soon."

Angela was taken aback, she looked at the clock on the wall; it **was** almost eight o'clock now and Jonathan hadn't finished work yet?

Jonathan was so busy, a few days ago he even went to the hospital specifically because of Queenie situation, Angela felt even more guilty

It seemed like she had been causing **trouble** for Jonathan all along

Lost in thought, May suddenly held her **hand as** she frowned and said, "It's cold outside, your face is red from the cold and your hands are freezing, go **upstairs** and take a **bath**, I'll call you down for dinner later"

Angela **rubbed** her hands and smiled slightly. "Okay

Then, she went upstairs to her bedroom and took a shower.

It was inconvenient to take a shower **as** she took care of Queenie in the hospital for a few days, **and** it was winter, so she hadn't showered for several days

Angela sniffed herself and the smell of the hospital was **not** pleasant.

After she washed up, Angela wrapped herself in a bathrobe and looked for pajamas in the closet

She **used** to wear her own **pajamas**, but just **realized** that her pajamas **were** missing as they were probably washed by **May**.

After she looked through them, **Angela** blushed at the sight of **a** pile of pajamas, mostly sexy **silk** camisole nightgowns **that** she couldn't possibly wear out!

Chapter 112 Zacharias and Angela.

They must have been prepared for spicing up the relationship between husband and wife.

But she and Jonathan were not like that!

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With a blush on her face, Angela continued to search and finally found a cute fluffy pajama which was very **warm**-looking.

After she put it on, Angela realized how cute the pajamas were, with a little bunny design, a hood with two big ears and a small tail at the back.

As she thought about giving acupuncture to Jonathan, Angela went to  
to find her acupuncture kit.

Suddenly, Angela felt her tail being tugged.

Angela Kins turned around abruptly.

the bedside table and squatted down

A man sat in a wheelchair and looked down at her in all white. "What are you wearing?"

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## Chapter 113

Chapter 113 Knowing How to Care for Someone

Chapter 113 Knowing How to Care for Someone.

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Angela turned around. When she **saw** him, **she** exclaimed, Jonathan, you're back!" Then, she glanced down at her **pajamas** and wondered if anything was wrong with them.

"It's my pajamas. What's the matter with them?"

Since there was heating at home, Jonathan removed his coat, revealing **a** vest and shirt underneath. He rolled up

his sleeves, displaying his muscular forearms and the jade bracelet on his wrist. Reaching out, he grabbed the tail behind her and said as he raised an eyebrow, "I was asking about this."

Angela had just showered, so her **hair** was semi-dry and hanging damply on her shoulders. Her **skin** was fair and delicate.

Pouting, she turned her back to **him and** went to the corner, searching for something. In a cute and silly manner, like a little rabbit.

A delicate girl was in the house of a 27-year-old man. This feeling had never been so intense before. Jonathan loosened his tie and unbuttoned two buttons.

Angela blushed and pulled back. "Let go of it. Why are you still pulling?"

The man let go of his **hand**, looking relaxed as he raised an eyebrow. "Do you like this style?"

Angela was puzzled and wondered what **was** wrong with this style..

Doesn't it look cute? It feels warm too!

Suddenly, Angela paused, sensing the underlying meaning behind the words. In that split second, she blushed furiously.

“The clothes inside were prepared by May. The rest are too revealing, and I can’t wear them. I just found this one...” Angela’s voice **grew** quieter as her face turned flushed. “How was I supposed to know it meant

this?”

No wonder this life.....

outfit was placed next to those sexy nightgowns. It has this meaning! May sure knows how to enjoy

“**Bunnies** are obedient. Jonathan pinched the rabbit ears on her hat and said softly. “What about you?”

Angela said nothing as she bit her lip. Does he mean I look like a bunny?

“Mr. Lawson, Angela, come down for dinner!” May shouted from the staircase.

Angela immediately pulled back her rabbit ears and took a few **steps** back, afraid that someone **would** come **in** and see this scene.

Jonathan’s eyes **drooped**. Looking at her shy appearance, he couldn’t help but smile faintly.

“I won’t tease you anymore. Tidy yourself up and come down for dinner. After saying that, Jonathan turned his wheelchair and left the room.

Angela felt her cheeks heat up at his **words**. She bit her lip and ran to the dressing room. In front of the

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large full-length mirror, she saw her crimson cheeks and the white fluffy pajamas. At a glance, she looked like a giant rabbit.

**Angela** quickly found another outfit and hurriedly changed out of this one. Then, she stuffed it into the bottom of the wardrobe.

Sitting at the dining table, Angela didn’t dare look at Jonathan, even after the meal.

Jonathan couldn’t help but look at Angela, who was dressed very neatly this time in a thin velvet **pajama** set, with her hair hanging on both sides, looking beautiful.

Angela seemed to **have** grown up a bit. She wasn't the same as the first time they met when she was wearing a wet school uniform, with a pair of bewildered eyes **and** calling him Jonathan,"

After dinner, Angela stopped Jonathan and said she wanted to **give** him a leg injection.

Jonathan looked at her and hesitated, "Won't it be too tiring?"

but has been

**Angela** shook her head. "I'm not tired. The injection should have been done a week a delayed for several days. Jonathan was kind to her. The only way she could repay him was to help him stand up as soon as possible! He should be high above and not sitting in a wheelchair, looking up at others.

They went to the study room.

Angela retrieved a silver needle, sterilizing it as she spoke. "Jonathan, I'll do the leg injection first.

Tomorrow **night**. I'll prepare some herbs to aid in your recovery,"

"Alright," the man responded, his gaze tracking Angela's movements.

As Angela prepared the injection, she noticed **that** his pants were still unrolled.

"Jonathan, don't you own shorts?"

The man fell silent for a moment. "No."

"I see. I'll buy some for you tomorrow, Angela **said** casually, as she couldn't properly do the injection without shorts,

**Jonathan** was speechless.

After speaking, she reached out and rolled up his pants.

Having just bathed, she exuded a lingering fragrance. Her hands were soft and tender.

After rolling up his **pants** a few times, Jonathan grabbed her wrist.

Confused, Angela looked up only to be captivated by his dark eyes.

"I'll do it myself, Jonathan **said** softly.

Looking at his strong, well-defined legs, Angela couldn't help but admire, "Jonathan, your ankles and legs are beautiful. They are perfect for study, even more beautiful than the diagrams in our anatomy books! Jonathan's hands, in particular, were elegant too. They were slender and long.

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Chapter 113 Knowing How to Care for Someone

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As a medical student, she was always fascinated with these human body structures. Jonathan's hands and bones were incredibly captivating to her.

"Is that so?" Jonathan chuckled softly, his dark eyes gleaming slightly.

Angela was swift and precise with her needlework. Her technique was as professional as a seasoned traditional medicine practitioner.

**Jonathan** asked, "Do you have any plans for the weekend?"

"No. Do **you** have something in mind?"

"On the fifteenth of every month, visiting the Sanders Family is customary." Jonathan pursed his lips. "Would you like to join me? If not, you can visit Donald's house and spend time with your sister. Or, you can study at home, as you have final exams in a month."

She honestly did not wish to visit the Sanders Family, especially after her pursuit of Christopher. Each encounter with the Sanders served as a reminder of her foolish actions.

"I'll study at home. Then, I'll prepare some new herbal medicine for you." After Queenie's incident, Angela was on edge. Since Jonathan had been so kind to her, she wanted to alleviate his discomfort immediately.

Some things were predetermined by fate and could not be altered by her interference. She hoped to heal **Jonathan** swiftly to prevent his demise a year later.

Jonathan murmured, "Alright. Study well and wait for me."

When it came to studying, Angela became quite anxious. She nodded slowly, determined not to cause him any embarrassment.

Soon, the time arrived, and Angela proceeded with the needles in sequence.

“After a week, you can start doing rehabilitation training. It shouldn’t be too lengthy. Just thirty minutes of exercise each day will do.” Angela bit her lip. It may be quite painful at first.”

After spending several years in a wheelchair, the agony of attempting to stand once more was unbearable for most individual

Jonathan reached out and tousled Angela’s hair. “You have matured and now understand how to care for others.

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## Chapter 114

Chapter 114 Calling Me a Vixen Is the Highest Praise for Met

Chapter 114 Calling Me a Vixen Is the Highest Praise for Mel

After Angela left, Sebastian entered the **room** and closed the door behind him.

“There have been several unfamiliar faces around the villa these days. Simon and the others have taken. care of them.” Sebastian sighed and complained. “Even though you are like this, they still won’t let you go, not even when you are one of them.”

Jonathan turned his wheelchair to the huge French window. He lifted a corner of the curtain and looked outside with darkened eyes. His cold gaze seemed to be able to look through one’s **soul**.

“It’s good this way. I don’t have to show mercy then. Jonathan’s voice was flat. His face under the moonlight appeared demonic.

They want

to help Christopher. Even if they want this position, it depends on whether I am willing to give it to them or not. Then, **Jonathan** withdrew his hand, turned **around**, and looked at Sebastian. "How long has it been since we donated medical equipment to **Riverdon** Medical University?"

"At the beginning of this year, I think, Sebastian thought momentarily.

Because of Jonathan's condition, they have been investing in the medical field every year, hoping that the medical industry will progress and one day cure Jonathan.

"It's been a while. Let's donate another two million," **Jonathan** said.

Sebastian was puzzled for a moment. Is it that long since the last donation? I'm sure it's less than a year.

Jonathan pursed his lips and continued to look at the documents.

"Got it. It's been quite a while." Sebastian was suddenly enlightened, and a smile appeared on his **face**, making him look humble.

"I'll **take** care of it now."

As Sebastian walked to the door, he held the doorknob and then turned back to ask, "Mr. Lawson, do you want Mrs. Lawson to switch to the master bedroom?"

Jonathan's eyes flickered. "No. She likes that room. She might not be comfortable with the change.

Sebastian nodded and left. He found the housekeeper and **said**, "Tomorrow, bedroom and move his things to Mrs. Lawson's room." He thought he would let **Jonathan** switch bedrooms

tidy up Mr. Lawson's **since** Angela's room didn't need to be **changed**.

**Sebastian** was relieved. He used to worry that Jonathan didn't know how to care about girls since he didn't interact with girls much. However, he indeed cared for Angela.

Although Angela was still studying, it wasn't uncommon to study while pregnant. Thus, he wondered if he should start preparing the nursery as well. Thinking about it, **Sebastian** frowned and wondered if he should prepare a baby boy or girl nursery.

What if they have twins?

At that moment, Sebastian felt that things had become lively at home since **Angela's** arrival, and there

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were more things to consider.

The next day, **Angela** got up early to attend her morning class. She couldn't be late.

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**Just** as she found her seat in the classroom and took out her books, a girl suddenly stood in front of her desk.

"Are you Angela?" Her voice was cold, with a hint of coolness.

Angela looked up and saw that the girl in front of her had a cool demeanor. The girl looked down at her with a haughty gaze, quite arrogant but also foolish.

"I **am**." Angela glanced at her and then lowered her eyes, continuing to take out her notebook and pencil **case** from her backpack.

"I declare **that** from today onwards, you are my good friend!" Cassie reached out her hand. "My name is Cassic."

After putting away her things, Angela finally looked at the person in front of her. Cassie.

So, she is Cassie.

Cassie had a cousin named Cassandra.

In her previous life, she had heard from Christopher that the day after Jonathan's death, there had been plans for the two families to discuss a marriage alliance, specifically with Cassandra.

Angela shook hands with her. Seeing that Cassie was still standing there, she asked, "Is there anything else?"

I

"Aren't you curious why I wish to befriend you?" Cassic casually pulled a chair and seated herself in front of **Angela**.

Angela smirked. "Apart from me, who else would want to be your friend?"

Cassie was quite renowned on campus, not for her academic achievements, but for her propensity for troublemaking and getting into fights.

She was a troublesome student who was a headache for the school. The most serious incident involved Cassie hitting someone on the head with a chair, resulting in disciplinary action.

In contrast to her previously low-key demeanor, Cassie led a chaotic and memorable life.

Upon hearing this, Cassie was momentarily taken aback. Then, she slapped the table and burst into laughter. "The enemy of my enemy is my friend. As long as you hate Winter, we are good friends.

It was rumored that Angela had completely outshone Winter at the hospital yesterday, stealing the spotlight and causing Winter to cry **and** flee. Upon hearing this news, Cassie could not have been happier. She was so thrilled **that** she didn't sleep at all.

"Do you have a grudge against Winter?" Angela asked.

Cassie's eyes suddenly turned fierce. She gritted her teeth as she exclaimed, "Winter dumped my brother for someone else after she was done using him!"

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*What?* Angela was momentarily shocked. Then, she asked eagerly, "You have a brother? Why did Winter dump him?"

"For what reason? She looked down on my brother for being poor. My brother was a fool. He was afraid that she was only after his money, so he pretended to be poor," Cassie said with a resentful expression.

Before she could say more, the class bell rang.

"Oh no, I still have class!" Cassie suddenly leaped up and rushed out. Then, she called over her shoulder, "Wait for me after school. Let's go to the cafeteria together!"

Cassie was not from medical school. She was from art school, learning the cello, which was different from her temperament.

The morning was filled with classes. After class, Angela felt mentally drained. The incident at the hospital had spread in school, so the teachers enjoyed calling on her during class. In the morning, out of four courses, she was called on four **times** in one of the classes!

Angela felt like everyone in the class probably knew her, rather than she was just a transparent newcomer like before.

After packing her books, Angela prepared to head to the cafeteria with her backpack.

Just as she reached the classroom door, she overheard her name.

“Hey, is Angela the b\*tch who bullied Winter yesterday at the hospital?”

“It’s her. That woman showed off today. Every teacher called on her to answer questions. It was her personal show all morning! I bet she’s feeling so pleased with herself.”

“You know what? On her first day in class, she deliberately harassed Louis by sitting in his seat. How shameless of her!”

“I can read faces. Angela has the face of a vixen, She is cunning, stepping on Winter and deliberately seducing Louis!”

“Now that you mention it, it does seem that way. She is so disgusting!”

Angela smiled. Then, she walked out of the classroom under the horrified gazes of the others.

“Sorry, should I not be here?” Angela looked innocent, pretending to be distressed, “It’s the first time a girl has called me a vixen. Thank you for calling me that. It’s the highest praise for me.”

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## Chapter 115

Chapter 115 Causing a Scene

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She had transformed from an unknown ugly duckling to a vixen that could charm hearts, completely bewitching them.

Angela touched her face, wondering if this was the power of confidence.

Brushing off the fatigue from class, she hummed a song and happily made her way to the cafeteria.

As for the few people who were caught gossiping, their expressions changed drastically, and they quickly walked away in embarrassment.

After getting her food, Angela sat down at a random table to **cat**,

Then, she took out her phone to reply to Jessica's message.

Jessica was complaining to her about the food **abroad**, saying it was not **good and** they ate the same things. every day. It was either steak or sandwiches, and she was getting tired of it.

She missed the food from home, such as braised short ribs, baked fish, barbecue, and onion soup.

Aside from that, her teachers were very kind to her, and she **was** learning a lot.

She felt like she was getting closer to her dream of becoming a diplomat.

Putting away her phone, Angela felt content. Jessica had no regrets from her past life, and she **was** getting closer to her dream.

Just like Queenie and Horace getting divorced, and they didn't die early either.

The people she cared about were moving in a positive direction.

Angela casually glanced over and thought she saw Linda.

But isn't she supposed to be in jail? Well, *she* looks like her, but not quite.

The woman had lost weight, her clothes hung loosely on her, and she walked with her head down, shrinking back in fear. It was nothing like the proud Linda back then.

Angela was about to take a closer look when someone tapped on her shoulder. She looked up to see **Cassie** holding a tray of food.

“What are you looking at? I told you to wait for me. Why did you leave without waiting for me?” Cassie was quite displeased.

Confused, Angela replied, “I thought I saw Linda... Never mind. You don’t know her.”

“Linda Saw? How could I not know her? I’ve seen her a few times at the banquet, that woman who **thinks** she’s above everyone else. Cassie sat down opposite Angela and continued, “But I heard that ever since her father fell from grace, Linda has been living quite miserably,”

Angela lowered her gaze and remained silent. She had no interest in sympathizing with someone who had almost killed her.

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12:28 Mon, 4 Mar BFD.

Chapter 115 Causing a Scene

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“Recently, I heard that Linda offended someone **and** ended up in prison, causing quite a stir. A friend of mine **said** she was not supposed to be released, the other party had a lot of power, but somehow she was let out. It must have cost a lot of money, and now **she’s** here for class. Her father went to jail for corruption, **and** their house and money were confiscated and auctioned off. Their family was already in debt, and now they’re spending so much money to get her out. I think it would have been better if she **stayed** in. At least they provide meals in jail. Now **that** she’s out, she not only has to repay debts but also take care of her sick mother. Her uncles took over what was left of her father’s **company**, and everything fell apart instantly. My aunt even warned me not to **hang** out with Linda to avoid trouble. Who did she offend, though? She’s really unlucky.”

Cassie spoke with great interest. Meanwhile, Angela finished eating, put down her cutlery, and wiped her mouth with a napkin.

Angela smiled faintly. “You really know a lot.”

“Well, I’m well-connected in the gossip **world**. Where there’s gossip, you’ll find me!” Cassie **said** proudly, looking pleased with herself.

Angela smiled and **remained** neutral.

Cassie's eyes lit up as if she remembered something, **and** she suddenly said, "Do you have time this weekend?"

"What's up?" Angela asked.

"My friend's birthday is coming up this weekend, and I've arranged a get-together. You should join me. You'll surely impress them and leave them speechless! They always joke that there are no attractive people around me, and it's so boring every time we go out." Cassie complained, "It's so frustrating."

A hint of hesitation crossed Angela's delicate face. I'm not sure if I can make it."

Last night, she had promised Jonathan that they would study at home. If she went with Cassie and got caught, Jonathan **would** surely scold her.

Cassie blinked and said confidently, "Not sure means there's a chance, and a chance means it's a yes! Okay, then. It's settled! Where do you live? I'll pick you up this weekend!"

Cassie's thought process was rather unique.

Angela smiled helplessly. After she thought for a moment, she decided to give Cassie her current address.

Cassie looked at it, gasped in surprise, then looked up at Angela with a different expression in her eyes. She appraised her from head to toe, then clapped her hands.

"Springgate Estates, huh? That's impressive, **Angela**. You really are a hidden gem! The property prices in that area must be sky-high." **Cassie** held up five fingers.

She came from a wealthy family but couldn't afford a house in Springgate Estates. There were only **a** dozen or **so** houses, all owned by the elite.

Yet Angela managed to move in...

**Cassie** propped her face with both hands, looking up in admiration as she playfully said, "From now on, you're my sister. You have to show me the ropes. I can't get into Springgate Estates, so can you take me in

Chapter 115 Causing a Scene

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to have a look? Let me see what the legendary gathering place of wealthy families looks like. I'll die without regrets!"

It was the first time someone had been so playful with her, and Angela couldn't resist, so she nodded in

agreement.

With only two classes in the afternoon, she decided not to go to the library to study as usual.

Angela sent a text to Oliver, asking him to pick her up.

In the afternoon, Angela planned to go to the mall **and** the pharmacy to buy ingredients for Jonathan's savory meat broth.

When she reached the school gates, Oliver hadn't arrived yet. Angela took out her notebook and wrote down the ingredients for the broth she planned to make that evening.

She decided to make honey-roasted salmon with spinach salad as the main dish for the evening.

Jonathan has trouble falling asleep and needs....

Suddenly, Angela sensed a strange force rushing towards her.

Instinctively, she stepped back, and although she retreated in time, she was still violently hit by this force, crashing into the nearby utility pole.

The impact made her head spin.

"You're nothing but a troublemaker! It's all because of you that my son ended up in jail! He even served time! At such a young age, you have such a malicious mind, unable to see others happy. You deliberately destroyed your cousin's familial relationship, even forcing Horace into prison. Angela Kins, can you sleep peacefully at night? Do you not have nightmares? Can you harm others at will just because you have money? Do you know that you have ruined a beautiful and happy family?! Release my son now, or I will not let you off the hook!"

Norma rushed through the crowd and pushed Angela hard, pointing and cursing at her like a shrew.

In the bustling university town, many people stopped to watch, and some even started recording videos.

Angela looked at Norma, who was crying heartbreakingly, her fair face darkening as a surge of anger rose

in her heart.

“If you want to release your son, go to the police station. It’s the police who arrested him, not me, Angela said coldly, enduring the pain.

Norma spat, pounding her chest and wailing even louder. “Everyone, come and look at this outrageous woman! My poor son, at such a young age, has been imprisoned and even got a divorce. She endangered

her very cousin–in–law. She’s a real menace!”

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## Chapter 116

Chapter 116 Fanny’s Appearance

Chapter 116 Fanny’s Appearance

+5 Free Cons

As soon as she appeared, a crowd quickly gathered around her, pointing and whispering about Angela with strange looks in their eyes.

“Someone like her, who can’t find happiness in her own life, will always try to disrupt others’ happiness to satisfy herself!TM

“Did you hear what the lady **said**? She even **had** her cousin–in–law, **Horace**, sent to prison.”

Upon hearing this, the girls discussing the matter looked indignant. “What kind of person does that? They’re family! No matter how big the mistake was, how could she send **someone** to prison? And yet, this kind of person managed to get into our school”

“But what if it was her cousin-in-law’s fault? Otherwise, why **would** the police arrest him?” A soft voice chimed in, believing that if the police could arrest someone, it meant they had committed **a** crime.

But *if* they sent someone to prison, how could that be right?

“Well, you never know. Some people are just naturally malicious, causing trouble wherever they go!” Suddenly, a girl in the crowd sneered, looking at Angela with disgust in her eyes.

Someone couldn’t help but ask. “Do you know her?”

“This is Angela Kins, the younger sister of my good friend. When she was at home, she bullied my friend and stole from her! Even though she knew my friend liked Christopher Sanders from the third year, she still interfered in their relationship, shamelessly clinging to him!” Stella grew angrier as she spoke, filled with righteous indignation.

She looked like she wanted to march up and give Angela a good beating.

“Oh... I know Christopher! He’s the heartthrob of the Foreign Language Department, right? I heard that Christopher is engaged!”

Stella said proudly, “Yes, my good friend Fanny is the one engaged to Christopher. Luckily, Fanny and Christopher have a deep bond, and they weren’t torn apart by that malicious Angela.”

“So, she even steals her sister’s man. What wouldn’t she do to break up Horace’s marriage? Stella snorted. coldly, then continued, “Angela was kicked out of the Kins Family, and her uncle Donald and his family kindly took her in. Little did they know they were inviting trouble, ruining his own daughter’s happiness, She’s a doctor, but who would dare let her treat them?”

“Stella, Angela works hard as a doctor, so don’t say that. And I’m doing well with Christopher now. We’re getting married soon, and I don’t blame her.” Fanny appeared out of nowhere.

Fanny still looked ethereal, with her long black hair flowing down to her waist, wearing a designer **coat** over a beige sweater, looking like a pure and elegant young woman.

Stella affectionately linked arms with Fanny. “That’s because you’re kind, and you and Christopher are inseparable. Everyone knows that Christopher has only you in his heart. He loves you to no end,” she teased, her **tone** playful.

Fanny had a shy expression on her pretty face, pretending to be annoyed as she shot Stella **a** sideways

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Chapter 116 Fanny's Appearance

glance.

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Then, her gaze shifted to Angela, who was surrounded by the crowd, "I'm worried about Angela being bullied. Even though she did something wrong, she's still my sister. How can I, as her sister, just stand by and do nothing?"

Fanny sighed and pushed through the crowd, walking in.

"Fanny is so kind."

"If I had a sister like that, I wouldn't even acknowledge her. I'd break her legs and kick her out of the

house!

Listening to the praise from behind, Fanny slowly smiled, a look of satisfaction in her eyes.

Most people in the world were fools. They were easily fooled with a little flattery and would now **sing** her praises.

"Hello, I'm **Angela's** sister. This is the school gate, with a lot of people coming and going. It's not **good** to block the entrance like this, and it's not good for my sister. Can we resolve this privately?"

Fanny looked worried, gently persuading the unruly Norma, even reaching out to try to pull her up.

Norma glanced up and down at Fanny, who suddenly appeared out of nowhere, knowing that she was possibly the favored sister from **Angela's** family. And so, she immediately inquired, "Can **you** help me get my son out?"

Upon being asked to assist in rescuing **someone**, Fanny was momentarily stunned but then composed herself and softly replied, "My brother has connections at the police station. I can reach out to him. If it's a misunderstanding, he will be released promptly."

Realizing that she **couldn't** help, Norma looked disappointed. She rudely pushed away Fanny's hand and disdainfully remarked, "Since you **can't** assist in getting my son out, just **leave**."

"Argh! Fanny's hand was left red from the forceful push, and **she** cried out in **pain**.

She hadn't anticipated the old woman's barbaric **and** rude behavior.

Norma pursed her lips, reflecting on Fanny's **words**. She believed she **was** doing the right thing. Her intention was to tarnish Angela's reputation, and the more people involved, the better.

If **Angela** didn't help her son, Norma would show up at **the** school daily, causing a scene until the former was unable to attend classes, leading to expulsion, and facing **public** criticism. As an elderly woman, she had plenty of time.

She didn't care about her reputation. Her son was gone. Reputation was the last thing on her mind.

At this point, Norma became even more aggressive, wailing louder.

The school security guards were at a loss, unable to disperse the growing crowd. They couldn't use force against an elderly woman, so they promptly informed the school authorities.

Angela glanced at the defeated Fanny, feeling somewhat relieved. Norma, this wicked woman, didn't care if one was young and protected. She would never coax them with gentle **words**.

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Chapter 116 Fanny's Appearance

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Stella witnessed Fanny cry out in pain, and she rushed over. "What happened? Fanny was trying to help you, so why did you hit her?"

"I didn't hit anyone, young lady. Don't speak nonsense. We country folks have strong hands. If you were born in our time, you would struggle and starve!" Norma retorted without hesitation.

Irritated, she added. "If you can't get my son out of jail, don't act all high and mighty. Since you are her sister, tell Angela to release my son!"

Fanny and Stella were both shocked. Can someone *be* released from the police station so easily? *Why* is this *old* woman causing so much trouble?

But Norma seemed to **have** a new plan. She grabbed Angela's hand with her wrinkled old hand, turning to her and stubbornly stating, "Angela, if you don't save my son, neither of you sisters will have a peaceful life! I have your sister in my grasp now. You can leave, but your sister can't!"

Fanny was speechless, struggling in fear.

"Let go of me! Release me right now!"

But Fanny was no match for Norma; coming from the countryside, the latter had strength in her hands.

A hint of joy appeared on Angela's initially cold face, her dark eyes relishing Fanny's panic and resistance.

Apart from the Kins Family and Christopher, Fanny believed everyone would fall for her schemes, yield to her, and pity her.

Angela crossed her arms, observing the scene with great satisfaction. "Yes, yes, our dear Fanny is so kind and gentle. She is more favored at home than me. I believe you know the esteemed Sanders Family, right? Christopher is her fiance, and he's

influential and powerful. Perhaps he can indeed help get your son out. Don't let go of Fanny. You have to hold on tight!"

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## Chapter 117

Chapter 117 Confrontation

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If I'm not happy, I'll make your son suffer Stella's face turned dark with anger as she pointed at **Angela** and cursed, while Fanny struggled with a pale face, hiding behind Stella

"How could you, Angela? Fanny was trying to save you, and you repay her with ingratitude? No wonder your parents and brother don't like you. You're so malicious! Who would like you? You're just reaping what you sow!"

Stella was furious. Fanny tried to help, but not only was she bullied, but now she was being harassed by Norma, who was from the countryside. Meanwhile, Angela, to protect herself, even pushed Fanny out.

With such a malicious sister, Fanny is truly pitiful!

At **that**, Angela sneered lightly, her side profile looking even more delicate. "Just because someone sheds a tear doesn't make them pitiful. If you don't understand the situation, don't meddle. It won't make you seem kind, only foolish in my eyes!"

Fanny, with tears in her eyes, wanted to say something but was coldly interrupted by Angela. "Do you know what crime her son committed? Economic crimes, and embezzlement of public funds amounting to hundreds of thousands. You guys are even better than the police, jumping to conclusions out of thin air!"

The cold wind blew, lifting Angela's slightly curled black hair, making her smirk coldly, like a disdainful sea nymph. "If you want to be a good person, then go save him! Rescuing an economic criminal, huh? You really are a great person. I didn't expect you to **have** a wish to save the world, acting like a **saint!**"

Fanny bit her lip, her eyes slightly red. She looked like a pitiful and helpless kitten, evoking sympathy.

"I didn't know

"You didn't know? Stop meddling, then! Use your brain a bit. At that point, Angela glanced at the group of people, guessing that Oliver should have arrived.

She turned to leave.

Just as she took a few steps, a tall figure appeared in front of her. Felix blocked her way.

Felix looked at the beautiful face in front of him, feeling a slight tremor in his heart. There was a complexity in his eyes that couldn't be expressed.

He reached out and grabbed Angela's arm, his tone slightly cold as he demanded, "The evidence you reported to the police station... Was it you? What deep grudge do you have with Horace to push him to such a desperate situation?"

Angela chuckled lightly as she looked at Felix with disdain.

"Felix, how **dare** you say that to me? People only realize the pain when they are hit with a stick. When you and Horace conspired against me, trying to get me in your clutches, did you have a conscience?"

Felix paused, his eyes darkening.

"Do you think I don't know? Don't treat everyone like fools." Angela forcefully pushed his hand away. "I want Horace to rot in jail. He cheated while making Queenie work like a slave in the Swine Family. Just ask

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+5 Free Cons

Chapter 117 Confrontation

your dear aunt. Has she even taken a good look at Queenie? Queenie is either being beaten or scolded by you, and you even secretly arranged for Horace to have affairs. My cousin has to ask your aunt for a transportation allowance, and **only** after being scolded can she get the money! However, she is now lying in the hospital after being almost killed by Horace's lover. Let me ask you something—what deep hatred does my cousin have with your Swine **Family**? What did my cousin do wrong to deserve this treatment from you? One should not be so shameless in life!"

At that point, Angela saw Oliver open the car door and stride towards them through the **crowd**. She breathed a sigh of relief and couldn't be bothered to deal with Felix any more.

Meanwhile, Felix was left speechless. He always thought that Angela was just an ignorant and rich girl- beautiful, good at studying, and had never experienced the harshness of society.

Angela turned around, glanced at Norma who was still holding onto Fanny, then turned back and raised her dark eyes. She stated calmly. "So, Horace deserves what he's going through now. If he hadn't done those things, I wouldn't have found out. Tell your aunt that if she wants her son to have an easier time there, she should stay away from me. Don't make me unhappy. Otherwise, if I'm not happy, I'll make Horace suffer a hundred times more."

After saying that, Angela walked away.

Felix's eyes darkened as he stared ominously at Angela, recalling the sight of Horace at the police station. The man's eyes were red as if stained with blood, looking haggard and aged, completely devoid of his former vigor.

He begged for help, saying that only the person behind Angela could save h him.

That was why Felix came up with the idea for his aunt to confront Angela at school.

He just realized that there had always been someone protecting Angela, and he and his aunt couldn't get close to her at all.

If he let Angela go like this, Horace's case would be settled, and his whole life would be ruined. Felix's mind was in turmoil. In the end, he gritted his teeth and **chased** after Angela.

Just as he **was** about to grab Angela again, a powerful force suddenly reached out and firmly grasped his outstretched wrist.

In the blink of an eye, Felix's originally calm face twisted into a fierce expression. Oliver, tall as **a** mountain, seemed to exert only a fraction of his **strength**, but Felix was in so much pain that cold **sweat** broke out all over him.

Large beads of sweat dripped from Felix's forehead, but he gritted his teeth and locked eyes with **Oliver's** intimidating black gaze.

"Mrs. Lawson, you go ahead and get in the car. Leave this to me," Oliver **said** calmly.

Angela nodded. Without looking back, she left **and** got into the back seat of the car.

After Angela left, Oliver looked Felix up and down. He snorted coldly and disdainfully **said**, "You're the man who harassed Mrs. Lawson, huh? A jobless drifter and a jack of all trades, but good at **nothing**. Pah! With that sorry look, do you think you're worthy of pursuing **a** girl? If I see you harassing Mrs. Lawson **again**. I'll break your legs. Otherwise, her husband won't be as easygoing as me. Be careful, or he'll send you in to keep your buddy Horace company. If that happens, you can be together in hardship and joy!"

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Chapter 117 Confrontation

Then, Oliver let go of Felix and pushed him away.

Felix stumbled, fell hard to the ground, and groaned in pain.

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Norma was scared when she saw her nephew being beaten, so she immediately let go of Fanny and ran to Felix's side, pointing at Oliver and crying out, "He's hitting someone! Help! Is there no justice these days..."

Oliver, who was tall **and** imposing, gave Norma a fierce look. It made her shut up immediately, too afraid to speak.

With a cold snort, Oliver walked away from the crowd, got into his car, and drove **off** quickly

Norma frowned and muttered, "Felix, are you okay? Where are you hurt? Who *is* that person who dares to hit others? Let's call the police-

Before she could finish speaking. Felix interrupted sharply. "Aunt Norma, stop talking. Isn't it embarrassing enough?"

He then struggled to stand up, gave a meaningful look in the direction the car had left, and left with a frosty expression.

Norma looked at Fanny, then at Felix, and followed after him.

Fanny bit her lip lightly and pretended to be puzzled as she asked Stella, "Stella, did you hear that? That fierce bodyguard addressed Angela as Mrs. Lawson?"

Stella, belatedly realizing it, widened her eyes suddenly. "Who did your sister marry?"

"I don't know.." Fanny looked worried, her eyebrows furrowed. "I'm worried because of my engagement to Christopher... Out of jealousy, Angela won't just marry any man, right?"

Stella's gaze flickered as she suddenly remembered something. "I know who she married!"

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Chapter 118 Nowadays, Young Girls Lack A Sense Of Shame

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## Chapter 118

Chapter 118 Nowadays, Young Girls Lack A Sense Of Shame.

After Angela got into the car, she was met with Jonathan's exquisitely handsome face.

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Jonathan narrowed his eyes and glanced out the window. "Are members of the Swine Family causing trouble for you?"

Angela responded casually, taken aback by Jonathan's sudden appearance and having listened to his inquiry. "Horace ended up in jail because of me, so Norma is bound to come looking for trouble. I used your name **to** intimidate Felix. Pausing for a moment, Angela squinted. "I warned her that if she upsets

**PIA**

I'll **ensure** Horace suffers in jail. I feel Norma definitely won't dare to come and cause trouble again in the future. Despite Norma's sharp and sarcastic demeanor, most mothers worldwide share a common trait. They care deeply for their sons. Threatening her may not be effective, but she will take it seriously if her son is involved.

Upon hearing that Angela had used his name to intimidate others, **Jonathan** shifted his gaze away, faintly curling his lips. "Since the words have been spoken, I will have Simon verify your credibility. The next time she encounters someone, she will naturally believe it."

Angela's eyes flickered, acknowledging the wisdom in **Jonathan's** words, and she nodded in agreement. "**Are** you sure? Will it be too much trouble for you? If so, just teach Horace a lesson. Queenie is still in the hospital. He won't have an easy time in jail. The Swine Family has not faced enough consequences yet, so don't blame me

**Jonathan** reclined against the leather seat, his slender fingers skimming through the documents deliberately, a hint of danger brewing in his dark eyes. "Don't worry. It's no **trouble** at all." Jonathan replied. casually. Handling someone inside the jail is a **simple** task.

Shortly, Oliver returned, started the car with a turn of the key, and accelerated away.

As she watched the car depart, Angela remembered her errand and quickly instructed Oliver to drive to a specific location. The farmer's market over there **has** fresh produce daily. It's the best." This farmer's market was **a** place she frequented when she lived with Charlotte. Now that Charlotte was no longer present, the responsibility fell on her.

The area was **a** residential district with narrow entrances to the farmer's market, making it impossible for the **Land** Rover to enter. Therefore, Oliver had to stop at the entrance.

Angela exited the car and turned to look at Jonathan and his legs. "It's not easy to navigate here and quite chaotic inside. Would you mind waiting in the car, Jonathan? I'll be back shortly after buying everything!" She reasonably suspected that Jonathan had likely never visited a farmer's market before and might not be accustomed to the smells and crowded environment.

Jonathan raised an eyebrow, his tone calm. "Do you disdain that my legs will hinder **and** slow you down?"

What a bold accusation! Angela quickly shook her head, refuting. "I'm just concerned about your comfort."

"I **can** adapt to any situation, even this, Jonathan retorted.

**Angela** thought, with that statement. How can I refuse?

Oliver skillfully retrieved the wheelchair from the **trunk** and unfolded it, **using** his strength to assist Jonathan out of the car. Jonathan's legs were not incapable of walking but rather unsuitable. Excessive use would cause his knees to swell, accompanied by a sharp, piercing pain akin to needles stabbing the

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Chapter 118 Nowadays, Young Girls Lack A Sense Of Shame

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ground. **An intense ache** penetrated his bones, unbearable for most individuals. Over time, it would render him unable to **walk**.

Angela carefully gripped the wheelchair handles, noticing for the first time that **Jonathan** appeared. remarkably tall. Oliver was considered tall among ordinary people, but their heights surprisingly matched as he helped Jonathan out of the car. Jonathan sat in the wheelchair, his elongated legs **appearing** even longer.

Jonathan, you're so tall when you stand up, much **taller** than **me!**" Angela exclaimed, gesturing on tiptoe. He's taller by a head, making me reach his chest when standing next to him.

Jonathan **was** pleased by her gestures. "So don't be picky about food. Who **can** you blame for not growing taller **now**?"

Angela **said**, "Charlotte used **to** say the same thing" Do **all** elders use the exact phrases? Taking a deep breath, Angela led the way forward. After passing through a narrow alley, the bustling noise gradually grew louder, revealing the full view of the market.

"The morning farmer's market will be even busier. The vegetables are freshest at that time. Now that many people have finished work, those who haven't bought groceries will come over to buy ingredients for dinner, Angela said.

"Did you use to come here often?" Jonathan's low, mellow voice sounded in her ears.

Angela pursed her lips, a hint of sadness shining in her clear eyes as she softly said, "Charlotte used to take me to buy groceries. She would do the shopping while I followed behind, helping to carry things."

Angela continued, smiling. I used to be quite quiet back then. The seller who sold vegetables would joke around with Charlotte, asking if I was mute." Looking back, the days spent with Charlotte are my happiest and most carefree days. Since returning to the Kins Family, I don't return *in* years.

with tears

Angela's eyes welled up but she didn't want Jonathan behind her to see. She quickened her pace and stopped at a meat stall. "I'll make you a savory meat broth tonight. It is beef and vegetable savory meat broth to show my gratitude!" Honey-roasted salmon with spinach salad and beef and vegetable savory meat broth is an excellent remedy for insomnia, nourishing the heart and calming the mind. Beef and vegetable savory meat broth is especially effective for insomnia and nervous exhaustion Regular consumption can improve sleep quality and mental well-being

**Jonathan** watched as Angela carefully selected the meat. He had seen her almost crying earlier. She is indeed still a little girl who hasn't grown up yet.

"**Oh**, isn't this Angela? Haven't seen you in years. I'll give you a discount!" Mr. Miller, with a shiny knife, chuckled, and then his gaze shifted to Jonathan sitting behind her. Wow, this guy is handsome! "Is this your man?" Mr. Miller's **hands** moved quickly, **packing** the **meat**.

Angela felt overwhelmed, wanting to shake her head and say no. Our fake marriage is a secret that can't be revealed. She **was** momentarily stupned and turned to Jonathan for help.

Jonathan pushed the wheelchair forward **and** reached for the packaged meat. "Why aren't you **answering**? Did I embarrass **you**?"

Angela's lack of response seemed to sadden Jonathan, his face displaying a lonely expression.

Angela felt puzzled and blinked her clear eyes, feeling a pang in her heart. She quickly turned to Mr.

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Chapter 118 Nowadays, Young Girls Lack A Sense Of Shame

Miller **and** said, "Let me introduce my husband to you. We just got married yesterday."

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Patient's minds are always a bit sensitive. What can I do? Just go with the flow. Angela was smiling on the outside but feeling bitter inside.

Jonathan smirked, his handsome and refined features making him look like a celestial being.

Mr. Miller took a sharp breath and whispered in Angela's ear. "Angela, your man looks extraordinary. You better watch him closely so those little vixens don't come after him. Let me tell you. Nowadays, many young girls lack a sense of shame. They see a handsome man and pounce,"

Angela looked pained, at a loss for words. "Alright, I'll keep a close eye on him."

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## Chapter 119

Chapter 119 Persuading Angela And The Old Guy To Divorce

+5 Free Cons

Throughout the journey, Angela realized that the uncomfortable situation Jonathan failed to adapt to did not arise. Instead, he became increasingly excited to see and touch every stall. Curiosity reached its peak.

Due to **Jonathan's** striking appearance, the folks **would chat** with him every time he reached a stall. Praising his handsomeness. Then, they would kindly ask if he **had** a girlfriend and offer to introduce him

to someone.

At that moment, Jonathan would gaze tenderly at Angela, causing nearly half of the market to realize that this **handsome** man in a wheelchair **was** married, and his wife was Dr. Charlotte's granddaughter.

Angela felt confused. Why is my marital status exposed just by buying some vegetables? How do I deal with the consequences if we divorce in the future? Especially now that Jonathan gains the love and concern of countless people simply because of his appearance. If we divorce, the blame for abandoning Jonathan indeed falls on me. I become the villain in the eyes of the older generation! After completing their purchases, Angela decided not to return to the market.

Once in the car, Jonathan seemed delighted with the shopping trip. With a smile, he praised. The vegetables here are very fresh, and the boss is enthusiastic. Let's come back here next time.

Oliver, **who** was driving, was surprised. How does Mr. Lawson determine the freshness of the vegetables? Does he even know the names of the vegetables?

Angela responded like a lost soul, thinking, there isn't be a next time!

In the Kins Family.

The atmosphere in the living room was tense.

"The photo was taken by my classmate Stella" Fanny spoke softly, her expression full of concern. "Today, Stella and I both heard that the bodyguard who came to pick her up had called her Mrs. Lawson. And that bodyguard seems to be the same one who was with her at the Laurel Hotel last time." Fanny bit her lip. Looking at George and Scarlet.

“Mom and Dad, could it be that the news of my engagement with Christopher might hit Angela pretty hard, and she lost her mind and married this old

**guy?”**

A cell phone on the table displayed a gray-haired older man handing Angela a kraft paper envelope containing money. The older man's face was not visible in the photo, but Angela's face was evident, as well as her actions in taking the envelope. The information in the image **indicates** that Angela had a secret relationship with the old guy.

Samuel, who was nearby, became angry again when he heard **this**, shouting. “Hmph! Fanny, why are you so worried about her? Have you forgotten what she did? Just a few days ago, she barged in with people and ruined

your clothes and things. Our door is still broken because of her. Whether she's willingly marrying an old guy or being kept by him, it **has** nothing to do with us! She said she's cutting ties with our Kins Family!” Samuel glanced at the photo on his cell phone, his expression filled with disdain and contempt.

George was furious. It's hard to believe that Angela is marrying a man even older than me. How will the Kins Family maintain its reputation in the business world in the future? I can almost imagine my business partners mocking me behind my back. The more he thought about it, the angrier George became. He stood in a rage **and** slammed his cell phone on the table.

James also had a severe expression, remaining silent but emanating a chilling coldness.

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Chapter 119 Persuading Angela And The Old Guy To Divorce

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Fanny seemed startled, cautiously walking over to Scarlet and said softly. “Mom, Angela made a mistake, but she can change. Since few people know about it, let's find **Angela** and convince her to divorce this older man, okay)

The term “older man struck a nerve

h Scarlet. Scarlet's face turned pale as she tried to suppress something. Finally, Scarlet **closed** her eyes and **said**, “At Fanny and Christopher's engagement **party**, announce that **Angela** is being adopted by Donald, and from now on, she has no relation to us. After making this decision, Scarlet's expression became even colder. “Angela has blocked all of our cell phone numbers. I don't have the time to look for her.

Since she likes Donald, let her be his daughter. I will pretend she was never born. My daughter is only Fanny

In the living room, everyone was **stunned** and fell silent.

George's eyes flickered, and he agreed in a deep voice. "Alright, I'll find time to talk to Donald and sort this

OUL

As the words fell, Fanny couldn't help but tighten her grip, feeling instantly relieved and brightened. There was a strange smile on her lips, a sense of excitement at getting what she wanted, making her whole demeanor resemble a bright poison apple.

After sending Angela away, the Kins Family felt like a burden had been lifted. Donald took James to the study to discuss matters.

Meanwhile, Samuel seemed particularly happy, suggesting playing with friends and having a few drinks to celebrate.

The only one who remained silent throughout, who hadn't said a word on returning from the hospital, was Zacharias. After Scarlet spoke those words, he gazed at Fanny with a look that didn't go unnoticed. Suddenly irritated, Zacharias pulled his lip and stopped Fanny, who was about to leave the room. "Fanny, haven't we shown you enough love? Why do you keep leading us to believe Angela is guilty of a heinous crime?" he asked.

Fanny paused on the stairs, looking down at Zacharias sitting in the corner of the sofa, her expression filled with confusion. "Zacharias, what **are** you talking about?"

"Whether Angela is married to this older man remains to be proven. Why did you directly accuse Angela of marrying him in front of Mom? Zacharias's delicate features were now covered in a layer of frost. He was staring coldly at Fanny.

"I heard it from Stella. She said she saw it with her own eyes. Angela and the old guy in the photo have a suspicious relationship, Fanny paused slightly, her voice tinged with a hint of grievance. "Zacharias, do you think I am intentionally trying to drive Angela out of the house?" Fanny's eyes instantly turned red. "If I wanted to drive Angela out of the house, why would I keep speaking up for her? I have always spoken up for **Angela**, pleading with our parents to forgive her."

"Forgive?" **Zacharias** suddenly chuckled. "Forgive her for what? For marrying an old guy in his fifties or sixties? Have we even asked her ourselves? Or forgive her for allowing thugs to bully you? But why is her injury **more** severe while you **only** have a minor scratch?"

Fanny fell silent, unable to come up with a quick excuse. “Zacharias,” she panicked, tears welling as she walked to the sofa, cried, and said, “Are you starting to dislike me and like Angela instead? Didn’t you say I **was** the only sister **you** had?”

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She had not brought it up before, but it painfully pierced Zacharias’s heart once she did.

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## Chapter 120

Chapter 120 The Disintegration of the Kins Family Brothers

Chapter 120 The Disintegration of the Kins Family Brothers.

How could Fanny ask such a question? After all these years, isn’t *she* the one who has been assuming Angela’s identity? *He* pamper Fanny even more than before to make her feel included, neglecting Angela and attending to Fanny’s every need. Her confidence note is all thanks to our support. He didn’t give enough, did we? He regretted being young and ignorant, repeatedly saying words that deeply hurt Angela.

Suddenly standing up. Zacharias swayed unsteadily, his handsome face turning pale as he looked disappointedly at Fanny “Angela is also my sister. I care about her. What’s wrong with that? Are you not allowed? Does this family only allow having one daughter, which was you, the only one to be cherished?”

Zacharias couldn’t understand what was happening to them. From the birthday banquet to this hospital stay, a strange emotion gradually rose in his heart My attention to Angela is surprisingly minimal while living under the same roof as his brother. I don’t even know Angela hates snowdrops, and I don’t know anything about her childhood. Not only him but also his parents and brothers. Not a single person cared about Angela. Everyone’s focus unconsciously shifted to Fanny. That day, Angela stormed into the house with a group of people, while the servants vividly described how Angela was arrogant and broke all of Fanny’s belongings Everyone blames Angela, but no one has ever considered why Fanny’s unwanted clothes and belongings are in Angela’s room

The night before last, Zacharias got up in the middle of the night to drink water. He inexplicably opened Angela's bedroom, only to discover that the room she had been living in for so many years was a storage room. The room was narrow, smaller than his bathroom, with corners piled with all sorts of things. A little, poor-quality single bed tightly against the wall was so thin that it was difficult to turn over. He stood at the door, stunned for a long time. It turns out that the Kins Family always talked about being generous to Angela, providing **her with** whatever she needed. Still, they could only ensure that Angela had enough food and wouldn't starve.

In that moment of regret and self-mockery, a surge of emotions overwhelmed his entire body. How could *I* be audacious to tell Angela with righteous indignation that the Kins Family is *very good to her*? Don't be ungrateful. Don't fight with Fanny over things that don't belong to her. Zacharias looked at Fanny angrily and indifferently, then turned and walked away.

Fanny stood still, staring blankly **at** Zacharias's back, her expression extremely grim. She slowly clenched her hands, digging her nails fiercely into her palm. She caught up, flustered, and said, "Zacharias, did Angela say something to you? Or are you angry that Christopher I went to the dance party instead of going to the hospital to take care of you? I was wrong. Zacharias. Can you forgive me?"

Samuel, who had changed his clothes, stomped down the stairs, saw Fanny crying with teary eyes, and immediately rushed over and asked, "Zacharias, what's wrong with you? You're all grown **up** and still bullying Fanny, making her cry!"

"Samuel... Fanny started to speak, tears streaming down her face.

Samuel clenched his fists, feeling heartbroken. He quickly turned to Zacharias and **said**, "Zacharias, you need to apologize to Fanny right now!"

Zacharias turned his head, his handsome face filled with coldness as he glanced at them.

"Samuel, where did you learn to make someone apologize to Fanny without **knowing** the whole story? Did **you** do the same thing to Angela before, without reason, making her apologize to Fanny?" Zacharias sneered, his **face** even colder as he continued.

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Chapter 120 The Disintegration of the Kins Family Brothers

It all because of Angela! Samuel was already angry at Zacharias for making Fanny cry, and now he was even more furious. "Zacharias, do you **think** just because you're sick and everyone in the family caters to you so that you can do no wrong? Being sick for so long has made you think you're a saint. What does Angela **have** to do with Fanny? Are you out of your mind?"

At this, Zacharias started coughing violently, pointing a trembling finger at Samuel. "I'm a saint? That goes for all of you too! Don't think I don't know what you've been up

Now, in a rage, Samuel rolled up his sleeves and demanded. "Oh yeah? Then tell me, what have I done wrong?"

Fanny lowered her eyes, feeling a sense of unease in her heart. She quickly pulled Samuel Kins aside and said, "Samuel, please stop. It's all my fault. Last time at the hospital, I should have been the one taking care of Zacharias, but Christopher said there was an important banquet and wanted me to attend with him. So, I asked the caregiver to look after Zacharias. Understandably, Zacharias is angry"

Samuel became even more dissatisfied and muttered, "Such a grown adult still needing someone to care for you, how melodramatic

"Fanny, you be quiet! Zacharias coughed, his face pale as snow. He calmed down and stared directly at Fanny with his dark, mocking eyes, then turned to Samuel. Do you think you can help Fanny hide things from me, and I wouldn't know? Fanny calls Angela her sister, but she steals Angela's pencil case at school, almost causing her to miss the transfer exam. **She** also secretly wrote a report to the school, accusing her of seducing Uncle Wilster. Is this something a person did? Does she treat Angela as a sister? And you constantly say Angela deserves what she gets. Is it fair for you to treat Angela like this? Angela is your blood

sister!"

As he suddenly revealed all these things, Fanny trembled, biting her lip and shaking her head desperately

Upon seeing Fanny in distress, Samuel felt a pang of heartache and immediately began to panic and defend her. "What do **you** mean by stealing Angela's pencil case? Aren't all the things she using now bought by our Kins Family? If Fanny wants it, of course, she can take it back! And she wants to take the transfer exam. Did she discuss it with the family: She no longer considers herself part of our Kins Family, so why should we still treat her as a sister? Even if we report her, it's what she deserves!"

Upon hearing this response from the two, Zacharias was stunned. He felt like his whole worldview was collapsing. Those are Angela's things. What does he mean? Can Fanny take them back if she wants? And what does he mean? Is it Angela's fault if she gets

reported? When did the family start indulging Fanny like this? No wonder been spoiled rotten and become to selfish and malicious!

Seeing Zacharias standing in a daze, looking like he was about to collapse, Samuel felt regretful. I shouldn't speak harshly, especially since he just returned from *the* hospital. What if he gets sick again? But Zacharias suddenly seemed to be siding with Angela, which irritated Samuel. Zacharias, don't forget, Angela heartlessly sent me to the police station. I still have a record because of her!"

**"That's** what you deserve! Zacharias growled. He suddenly felt that this family was too strange and abnormal, so much so that it scared him. Is this really what an average family should be like?

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