

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

## Chapter 121

Chapter 121 I'm Not Likeable

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Chapter 121 I'm Not Likeable

“Alright, alright! It’s my fault! I don’t know what kind of curse Angela put on you, but let me tell **you**, Zacharias. It’s your business if you like her, but I won’t allow **you** to bully Fanny, or else... Samuel was furious, speaking **without** restraint, “Or else you won’t be my brother anymore!”

Zacharias, who was already sensitive due to his illness, widened his eyes upon hearing this, and his pale lips trembled slightly. “Alright.”

Upon saying that, he walked out without looking back.

Samuel **was** just venting his anger and didn’t expect Zacharias to actually agree. He hurriedly caught up. “Zacharias, stop!”

Zacharias’s footsteps stopped just before leaving the door, not because of what he said, but because he suddenly turned around **and** sneered at Samuel.

“I’ve been able to survive with this useless body because of the medicine and meals Angela prepared **for** me. Otherwise, I might not even live past twenty. **What’s** wrong with me cherishing my sister after she has put in so much effort for me? Is she so impossible to put up with?”

“Don’t just focus on Fanny. Set your sights elsewhere too.”

As the door opened, Zacharias walked out. He **coughed as** he walked and kept his head down, suppressing the cough, **with** a faintly sickly flush on his cheeks.

He only hated himself for not waking up earlier, and for waiting until Angela had completely broken away from the Kins **Family** with no chance of reconciliation to see clearly what she had done for him, and how low she had stooped to please her parents and these brothers of his.

Watching Zacharias' stooped **and** thin figure, Samuel felt a pang of heartache, a fleeting mix of emotions on **his** face, but he couldn't bring himself to show it. He was sure that Angela had turned him mad too!

Angela... It was all Angela who kicked up a whole fuss at home like a madwoman and not

ot even sparing the family after **she** left! She was truly a lunatic; their nemesis! She should be locked up in a mental hospital!

Samuel was feeling sulky when he suddenly heard Fanny scream.

"Zacharias!"

When he looked up, he saw that **Zacharias** had fainted.

"Zacharias!"

Samuel also panicked and rushed forward, only to see that Zacharias' face had turned pale and lifeless, sickly, **almost** like a dead man's.

**Soon** it was the weekend, but Angela **had** not found a **suitable** opportunity to tell Cassie that she wouldn't go to her friend's birthday party.

She agreed to let **Cassie** take her to Springgate Estates to look **around**, but somehow ended up being

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dragged to a bar.

She never **expected** that Cassie's good friend would end up being Yusof!

Amongst the small crowd in the private room, she and **Cassie** were the only females, and the rest were **all** men that made up Louis group of disreputable friends

As Angela didn't get along with Louis and his group, she found a quiet corner to sit in, like a quiet sculpture. Sipping on her juice, she watched the chaotic **dancing** in the private room.

Angela lowered her eyes and glanced at the time. It was not even eight o'clock yet. Had **Jonathan** arrived at the Sanders Residence by now His relationship with the Sanders Family was not good, and she wondered how the dinner went. However, with Old Mr. Sanders present, things should be fine, right?

"Why did you bring her here for my birthday?" Yusof's handsome face showed a hint of displeasure.

He then carefully glanced at Louis, who was sitting at the innermost seat. His brows were cold and clear. with a hint of arrogance. His gray clothes made him appear even more aloof and indifferent.

Yusof averted his gaze and glanced at **Angela**, who was sitting quietly on the sofa near the door, feeling very annoyed.

In the past week, Angela had been stealing the spotlight. During a joint charity clinic visit to the hospital, Declan unexpectedly gave up his seat to her, allowing her to take charge while he observed from the sidelines, and many curious medical school teachers had gathered around to watch.

She **was** stealing the limelight, even surpassing Louis in popularity. Rumors were spreading that Angela **was** a rare medical genius of the century. The last time someone said that was the brilliant Daniel Lockwood!

They all admired Daniel for his innate surgical skills in cardiac surgery, which were unmatched by anyone else. His treatment methods were ingenious and impressive.

Louis couldn't compare to Daniel, but that **was** understandable. After all, **Daniel was** truly the cream of the crop among the younger generation However, why was **Angela**, a newcomer who had recently switched departments, overshadowing everyone?

Yusof couldn't help but feel displeased every time he looked at Angela

Cassie snorted. "I can't stand Winter, that hypocritical little witch Angela truly stepped into my heart when she used Winter **as** a stepping stone to the top! From now on, Angela is my goddess!"

"Angela?" Yusof crossed his arms, his dark eyes boring into her as if he thought she had lost her mind.

As she recalled the time they had just entered Springgate Estates, Cassie became excited with a nostalgic look **on** her face.

"You **have** no idea how amazing Angela's background is She even lives in Springgate Estates. When I went to pick her up, she took **me** inside to show me Oh my god, you

wouldn't believe who I saw! I saw the award-winning actor Skyler **Sage**, and that guy who ranks in the top five on the rich list Skyler was gorgeous, I couldn't even blink after seeing him Oh Angela, **my** sister from another mother"

Yusof gave Cassie a disdainful look, but was secretly shocked. He hadn't **Angela**, who usually **kept** a low profile, to be a resident of Springgate Estates. He had **never** seen **a** wealthy young lady like her before.

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Cassie's eyes lit up as she chattered on and on, but he grew impatient and waved his hand, saying. "You are of your mind. If you want to worship Angela, go ahead, but don't bring her into our circle. Louis is in a bad mood lately, so be careful!"

With that, Yusof raised his wrist to check the time on his watch. It was almost eight o'clock. "Sarah hasn't arrived yet. I'll give her a call"

Then, he took his phone and walked out,

The noise around her was loud, but Angela felt calm inside. In half an hour, she planned to tell Cassie that she was leaving **and** go home to read.

Just then, Cassie, who reeked of alcohol, sat down next to her, resting his head on her shoulder. She looked toward the door and sniffed. "Do men all like women that are very feminine, or beautiful women like you who are both pure and seductive?"

Beautiful? It was the first time someone praised Angela for her beauty. In her previous life, she had heard people describe her as awkward, with a dull mouth, plain and even... malicious, **not** knowing her worth.

Angela blinked and said, "I'm not likable. No one likes me."

"How would they not like you with your looks? They must be blind!" Cassie's eyes were full of shock, then she slumped his shoulders, looking a bit lost as she grumbled, "He's so into Sara. His eyes and heart are full with her, and he even eagerly goes to pick her up, like a little lapdog!"

"You like Yusof

was twisting in Bela felt a stir in her heart. She lowered her head and looked at Cassie beside her, who

a pretzel, "Have you told him?"

Angela felt a little surprised.

Cassie immediately frowned. "I just like him a little. When he and Sarah get together, I'll just switch to liking someone else.

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## Chapter 122

Chapter 122 A Hundred Times More Handsome Than Louis

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Angela was rendered speechless. She was not familiar with Yusof, but judging from his **daily** attire and extravagant spending, he was probably wealthy or noble.

After all, Cassie's family background was actually quite good. **Even** though she was not from the best branch of the Hayes Family, it was at least a prominent family in Riverdon and leagues above ordinary people. Since no one from the Hayes Family had intervened, they must be happy to see it happen.

In the past, Angela would have advised Cassie to bravely fight for her love if she liked someone, without leaving any regrets behind! However, she **now** admired Cassie's magnanimity. A man who loved another woman was like a piece of dog poop, smelly and unsightly.

She reached out and poked Cassie's face. "Yeah, don't be foolish and fall for a man who is already **taken**. Just move on. The next one will be better."

A crush was like a dazzling but empty firework, **and** when **she** met someone truly worth liking, she **would** slowly forget about it.

**Cassie** glanced at Angela in surprise, then pouted. "If you **can** control your feelings, it's not called love anymore! He likes Sarah now, **and** if I say anything, I probably **won't** even be able to remain friends with him. I can only watch from afar,"

“However, I heard that Sarah has a boyfriend. Yusof was about to give up, but when her family got into trouble last time, he helped her out a lot, and he took that opportunity to **get** close to her again.”

Angela chuckled. “Isn’t that being a third wheel? Find someone with morals to like.”

Cassie pursed her lips and didn’t say anything. She was **just** trying hard, and she hadn’t succeeded yet.

Suddenly, Angela felt her phone vibrating in her hand, and a small envelope flew across the screen, indicating a text **message**. She opened it and saw that it was from Jonathan.

“What time does the event end?”

Angela’s heart **suddenly** tightened. Does Jonathan know?

She had forgotten that Oliver was protecting her. When **she** came here, Jonathan must have known.

She nervously stood up, then told Cassie that she had to **go** out for a while, and quickly ran out with her phone to make a call.

The call was answered quickly, and Angela hurriedly explained, “Jonathan, I didn’t plan to come, but my friend dragged me here. I was going to leave at eight and go home to read.”

On the other **end** of the phone, Jonathan chuckled lightly. I’m not **blaming** you. It’s just that it’s a mixed crowd over there. Be careful, and if anything happens, call Oliver. I’ll pick you up when it ends.”

Bars in the early 2000s were chaotic, with **all** sorts of people, and there were many **cases of girls** getting into trouble. Unlike the more open–minded thinking of the next decade, many older people even thought that girls who went to bars were not good people, much less decent girls.

She naturally understood Jonathan’s concern, so she obediently replied. “I’ll wait for the birthday star to

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come back, wish them a happy birthday, and then leave, probably in half an hour.”

Jonathan replied calmly, “Okay.”

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Outside the bar, in the car, Oliver looked at **Jonathan’s** cold face in the rearview mirror and asked in confusion. “Why didn’t you tell Mrs. Lawson that you had arrived?”

He didn’t quite understand why they were waiting in the car if they were already there.

Jonathan’s dark eyes lowered, glancing over the now darkened phone screen. Let’s wait for later.”

His tone was low and indifferent.

Oliver was even more puzzled. Wait for what?

After hanging **up** the phone, Angela felt much more relaxed and turned back.

Just as she turned around, she stopped in her tracks, her clear eyes staring calmly at the scene in front of her. A chubby man with a big head and a thin, weak girl were together.

Although the lighting was dim and only **half** of the girl’s face was visible, Angela still recognized her. It was

Linda.

Linda turned her head, and her gaze met Angela’s directly. Her already pale face turned even paler. exuding a sense of desperate despair.

Her gaze was like that of a person clinging to the edge of an abyss, as if a single breeze could become the final straw that caused her to plunge into the abyss,

Angela’s eyes were **cold**, and after just one glance, she put away her phone without looking away and continued walking forward, back to the private room.

Linda’s eyelashes trembled. Suddenly, she **raised** her **thin** arms and fiercely pushed the chubby man away She hugged herself as she trembled, wishing she were **dead**.

The **chubby** man’s eyes suddenly revealed a hint of **malice** as he grabbed her **hair** and slapped her.

“Now you’re acting all high and mighty. Do you know how much **money** I’ve spent on you

The private room was still lively. As it was a rare chance to kick **back and** relax, several people were **already** drunk and wailed into the microphone, singing so badly that even ghosts would refuse to listen. Meanwhile, Cassie was playing a heated game of dice with someone.

Yusof had returned, but he seemed in a bad mood and he **sat** next to Louis while drinking heavily with **a** serious expression.

Angela glanced around, then looked back **and** set a timer for herself. She decided to leave in twenty minutes. Judging by Yusof's drunken state, it was questionable whether he would even be awake in half an hour.

When Cassie saw Angela return, she stopped playing **and** walked **over** to the door to say something to the waiter before coming back.

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Taking Angela's arm, Cassie asked, "Where did you go just now?"

"Making a phone call, Angela replied.

"To who? You seemed so nervous, your parents?" Cassie teased.

Unfazed, Angela replied, "My husband."

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Cassie's eyes widened in shock, then she burst into laughter. "Oh, your boyfriend, right? How is he? Is he handsome? How does he compare to Louis? How old is he? Is he from our school?"

After **a** moment of consideration, Angela nodded emphatically. "Handsome! One hundred Louises can't compare to him. He's not from our school, he's 27."

She couldn't pass the entrance exam for his school.

Louis, who was being dragged into the conversation for no reason at all, turned speechless. He gave her a cold look, his expression turning even more sour.

Then he kicked Yusof, saying, "Get lost and drink somewhere else, you're a mess."



Yusof, feeling wronged, said, “Louis, it’s my birthday today, can’t you be a bit nicer to me?”

“Stop being so dramatic, I’m out of here.” Louis’s dark eyes narrowed, his face full of frustration.

Yusof felt disgruntled, but dared not speak.

Cassie was stunned. “Are you kidding me? He’s a hundred times more handsome than Louis?” She blinked. “Are you joking?”

Louis was the most handsome student from the medical department, whose face was always praised as handsome by countless infatuated girls. Was there anyone who could be a hundred times more handsome

than him?

“No, I’m serious,” Angela said seriously, not allowing anyone to question Jonathan.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open, and a waiter came in with a two–tiered cake.

Through the open door, Angela faintly saw the scene downstairs on the first floor, a smile playing on her lips. Things had suddenly become more interesting.

In the noisy bar, with its colorful lights, Christopher had a layer of frost on his handsome face as he pulled Linda behind him. He held a bottle of wine in one hand while pointing at the fat man with the other. “She said no. Are you deaf?”

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## Chapter 123

Chapter 123 How Dare You Seduce My Fiancé?

The fat man stood up with a fierce look on his face, his chubby checks shaking like ripples on the water, **squinting at** the young man who appeared out of **nowhere**.

Filled **with** anger from being interrupted, he sneered coldly. “**You** little brat, are you trying to be a knight in shining armor? Before you act, take a look at yourself. I spent money, so whether she wants to be with me or not is none of your business. I’m not a saint who spends his money on charity,”

Christopher turned to look at the trembling Linda, his eyes darkening. “How much?”

Linda’s teeth trembled as she lowered her head, her throat dry as she uttered a string of numbers. “Fifty

thousand.”

Once upon a time, she was a wealthy and noble young lady, surrounded by people who adored her. She never had to worry about money, casually buying a bag for a few thousand dollars, But now, she sold herself for fifty thousand dollars in one night, and the person who stood up for her in the end, the one she least wanted to see, was Christopher.

Her downfall, her debauchery, was visible to everyone, but how could it be Christopher?

Linda remained silent, her eyes red, unable to lift her head to look at the **man** beside **her**.

Christopher was the school’s prince charming, with good grades and a good family background. She first saw him from afar at a banquet, the young master of the Sanders Family who was surrounded by admirers, with a fair and handsome **face** that shone brightly.

From high school to college, she has been following in the footsteps of Christopher. Knowing that he liked Fanny, she became friends with Fanny just to be closer to him. She even fantasized that he would fall in love with her, and they would become a couple that everyone envied.

She liked Christopher and secretly admired him for many years. And yet, at this moment, the string in Linda’s mind **broke**, and her love burned into ashes.

“50 thousand is nothing. I’ll give you 100 thousand to help her pay it off” Christopher frowned, coldly scanning the fat **man**, a chill flashing in his black eyes. “There’s exactly 100 thousand in this card, take the money and get lost!”

The fat man looked at the card. He hadn’t expected this kid to be so generous.

“Hey, whose young master is this? Look at you spending a fortune for a girl.

Christopher yanked Linda and was about to leave when he turned back to say indifferently, "I'm Christopher Sanders from the Sanders Family, if you see her again, stay away from her!"

With that, he left the **bar** without looking back.

In the December weather, the wind was so cold **that** it froze the bones, but the bar was warm. Linda was dressed lightly, and she was shivering from the cold, her face **pale**.

With a sigh, Christopher took off his coat and put it on her. It still carried his warmth. **Linda** still **lowered** her head, but her fingers greedily clutched the coat.

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Christopher spoke, Linda, you don't suit a place like this. Don't come here again in the future."

**+5** Free Coins

Although the person who owned the bar was powerful and many people did not dare to **cause** trouble **here**, **there** were still many shady customers inside. If they set their sights on someone, the consequences were unimaginable.

At the end of the day, they had been classmates for many years, and Linda was still Fanny's good friend, **so** Christopher didn't want her to go down an irredeemable path.

Linda had lost a lot of weight, and her originally round face was now thin and delicate, making her eyes appear even larger, and she looked as if she would topple at the slightest breeze.

She tightened her coat, a hint of sadness on her face.

She didn't want to come, but these people were forcing her to repay the debt. Her mother was sick, and the debt collectors even came to the hospital, menacingly blocking them in the ward. To comfort them, the hospital even suggested transferring to another hospital several times.

She left school without completing her education and, with a criminal record, no legitimate company was willing to hire her.

The need for money was overwhelming, keeping her awake for days on end. She went to her uncle's house to borrow some cash, but her aunt pointed at her and scolded, "If you have no money, why don't you sell yourself?"

"Our family's money doesn't come easily. Your uncle works hard for it. Your mother's illness is incurable. and she will die sooner or later. Borrowing money from you is like pouring it into a bottomless pit."

Linda felt exhausted with no way out. She tilted her head slightly, looking at the man with a broad chest in front of her, and hoarsely asked, "Christopher, can I hug you for a moment?"

While her body remained untouched.

Without waiting for Christopher to respond, she reached out her arms and threw herself into his embrace, like a drowning person taking their last breath. She held onto him tightly, his scent filling her nostrils.

Just three seconds, Linda told herself, and after that, she would completely fall into darkness, with no possibility of being with Christopher again.

"Linda, what are you two doing?" Fanny had just come out from the door, her face filled with shock **and**

anger.

Upon hearing Fanny's voice, Christopher snapped out of it and pushed Linda aside. He hurriedly rushed to Fanny, explaining, "Fanny, it's not what you think."

Christopher then briefly explained the process of saving Linda.

Fanny's expression was twisted with anger, but after listening to his explanation, she squeezed out a smile at him. "Christopher, do you think I'm such a petty person?"

Christopher breathed a sigh of relief. Thank **goodness** we really understand each other. Fanny.

"James is looking for you because you disappeared after going to the bathroom. Hurry up and go in!"

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Chapter 123 How Dare You Seduce My Fiancé?

As soon **as** Christopher heard that James was looking for him urgently, he didn't think much and immediately turned back to the bar.

Fanny and Linda were good friends, so there shouldn't be any problem.

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+5 Free Coins

As soon as Christopher left, Fanny's face darkened. She rushed forward and slapped Linda as hard as she

could.

Linda fell to the ground, her coat falling off, revealing her slightly exposing clothes in a disheveled state, which made Fanny cold-eyed.

Fanny, who had just been gentle and charming in front of Christopher, now looked cold and menacing. She grabbed Linda's hair and forced her to look up. "Linda, you shameless woman, how dare you seduce my fiance? Right now, I could easily crush you with **just** a snap of my fingers!"

Linda struggled to lift her head, her eyes staring calmly at Fanny.

"Fanny, my dad didn't step it was Angela? Why? Why!"

Linda's

down because of an anonymous report. Why did you mislead me into

thinking

gaze was intense, almost bordering on madness. Without Fanny's manipulation, she wouldn't have gone astray and sought revenge for her father, nor would she have targeted Angela.

She wouldn't go to jail, and her mother wouldn't have to sell the last remaining house just to afford her medical bills,

Fanny paused for a moment, then smiled with a hint of contempt in her eyes, lowering her voice as she said. "Who told you to be so naive? You believe whatever I say so easily. You deserve it for being so foolish."

"Fanny! I trusted you so much. Aren't we good friends? What did I do to deserve this?" Linda's eyes were red with tears.

Fanny chuckled, her eyes catching sight of a familiar man's coat on the ground—the one she had bought for Christopher.

“Good friends?” Fanny spoke coldly, “I know you like Christopher, and that's why you befriended me. How does it feel to see me and Christopher be in love right in front of you? Does it taste good?”

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## Chapter 124

Chapter 124 Man—Eating Hell

Chapter 124 Man—Eating Hell

“You...

As Linda stared blankly at Fanny's beautiful **face**, her mind went blank.

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It became apparent to her **that** Fanny had long been aware of Linda's feelings for Christopher, which meant that all of her intimate gestures toward him had been deliberate.

Despite initially getting close to Fanny because of Christopher, Linda had never entertained the thought of coming between them; she genuinely considered Fanny a friend. However, Fanny ultimately treated her like a fool, toying with her emotions.

Linda could almost envision the scornful remarks Fanny would **make** about her behind her **back**.

With hatred burning in her eyes, Linda lunged at Fanny. Anticipating the attack, Fanny swiftly dodged out.

The security guard at the bar glanced over and motioned with her hand. As she approached, Fanny instructed, “Strip her clothes off and I'll pay you a **thousand**”

The tall security guard's face lit up with surprise at the fact that he could earn nearly two months' **salary** just by removing a hostess's clothing.

Agreeing immediately, he **said**, "Consider it **done!**"

Trembling with shock, Linda tried to rise unsteadily from the ground. However, before she could take a few steps, her hair was violently yanked, causing her scalp to ache.

The security guard swiftly restrained Linda, holding her hands with one hand while stripping off her clothes with the other. Linda was scantily dressed in a dress, and with a few tugs from the security guard, her body was exposed to the open air.

"No! Fanny, stop him! Fanny!" Linda's face drained of color as she screamed in terror.

Standing at a distance, draped in a fur **coat**, Fanny appeared elegant and luxurious.

She coldly smiled, her expression cruel and sinister. "You **enjoy** seducing men, don't you? I'll expose your true nature now and let all the men passing by witness your shame."

She then called out loudly, "Come one, come all! Behold this shameless woman who tried to seduce my husband."

Most of the men at the bar were seeking entertainment.

Despite Linda's recent weight loss, her upbringing in luxury had left her with **skin** as fair as snow, attracting the attention of many. As men passed by, many shamelessly, their eyes fixed on her bare

form.

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With her bare **arms** wrapped around her body, Linda humbly bowed on the cold, dirty ground, feeling more shame and embarrassment than the pain inflicted by the security **guard**.

Lying on the ground, tears streamed down her **face**. The cold wind **blew** fiercely, causing her to curl up in

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**an** attempt to shield herself.

+5 Free Coins

Fanny adjusted her fur coat, offered a cold smile, then turned and elegantly made her way into the bar.

At that moment, a man approached Linda, leering and asking. “Your skin is so smooth, so fair and delicate. How much for a night? Come play with me, darling.”

Linda screamed in fright, desperately avoiding the man’s advances. “Stay away, don’t touch me!”

“She looks familiar, like the daughter of **that** Saw Family who recently fell from grace on TV

“Really?” A man’s eyes gleamed with interest. “A girl raised in luxury a unique experience to play with her.”

*will* be delicate and tender. It must be

Several **men** closed in around her, causing Linda to shiver in the cold wind, her body trembling with fear. She bit down on her lower lip so hard that it nearly **drew** blood.

In despair, Linda closed her eyes, vowing to repay **Fanny** a hundredfold for the humiliation she had endured. Even in death, she would not let Fanny escape unpunished.

Suddenly, everything fell silent around her, and a **warm** garment was draped over her, concealing all her **shame** and humiliation.

George gazed at Linda, furrowing his brow and inquiring. “Are you Mark Saw’s daughter? How did you end up in this situation?”

A few years back, George had worked closely with **Mark**, and the histories of the Kins Family and the Saw Family were quite similar, with both starting from humble beginnings and suddenly achieving wealth.

The long-established aristocratic families, who had been wealthy for generations, looked down on them, and in order to fit into high society, they had to humble themselves. He and Mark had shared a sense of understanding for a while.

Upon hearing about Mark’s imprisonment, he had sighed deeply for quite some time.

Linda raised her **head**, her **dark** eyes misty **as** she quickly recognized the man standing before her. It was Fanny’s father, **as** well as her father’s business partner.



“George...”

George turned to his **men and** instructed, “Find **out** who took the photos **just** now, delete them **all**, and pay them off **to** ensure their silence.”

Dressed in a black suit, the henchman **nodded and** proceeded to handle the situation.

After issuing the orders, George reached out to assist Linda to her feet. “I’ll arrange for a room for you and have someone purchase new clothes for you to change into, so your mother won’t worry when you return home.”

Linda whispered, “Okay, thank you, George.”

As they sat in the car, approaching a hospital, George inquired, “Do you need to go to the hospital?”

She had numerous bruises on her body. Being a man, he didn’t find it appropriate to ask too many

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questions.

Linda shook her head. “No, I’ll be fine in a few days after recovering from the beating

Upon hearing this, George frowned deeply, his expression turning grim.

Staring out of the car window, Linda absentmindedly observed George’s silhouette.

A decade ago, he had amassed a fortune through his business, following in his father’s footsteps, starting

from scratch.

Now forty–six, George had been quite handsome in his youth, renowned as a striking figure in the area, and had been the only college student in the village at the time. Perhaps due to proper upkeep and exercise, he had managed to retain his youthful appearance.

In comparison to his rugged father, George exuded a more refined and dignified air, with a hint of the aura of a successful individual.

After making the necessary arrangements, George escorted her inside her room before taking his leave. It a presidential suite, with several bags of clothing on the bed, all from top-tier brands. One of them even happened to be a brand she **had** once adored.

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As she turned on the faucet, cold water cascaded down, as if capable of washing away all the grime and shame from her body, causing her to tremble as she stood before the dressing table.

Linda gazed at her reflection in the mirror. A red, swollen handprint was imprinted on her face. Her eyes, large in her petite face, appeared even more pitiful.

She slowly clenched her fists.

Following her father's imprisonment, her once joyful life had taken a sudden turn. Those who had stood by her side now openly ridiculed and belittled her.

The family that had once cherished her now seemed like malevolent spirits, callously turning their backs on her. Not only had they seized her father's company, but they also sought to drain her dry, using her mother as leverage to force her into accompanying clients for business. purposes.

She found herself teetering on the edge of a precipice, pushed by Fanny, who had thrust her into a dark, cutthroat abyss.

Having descended into this hellish existence and feeling that life was more unbearable than death, why should Fanny get to live so freely? Determined to drag Fanny down with her, Linda caressed her youthful and beautiful face, her crimson lips slowly curling into a smile.

She was resolved to be with George!

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## Chapter 125

## Chapter 125 Have You Been Drinking?

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“Have you been drinking?” **Linda** asked, her eyes falling on the tattered skirt she picked ground.

from the

She lay quietly on the soft bed

**After** finishing his social obligations, George, originally planning to go home, ended up drinking quite a bit. He reeked of alcohol, **and** his head was starting to **throb**.

But then he received a call from the hotel, informing him that a guest in one of the suites had fallen ill.

After hanging up the phone, George paused for a moment, then instructed the driver to turn around and head back to the hotel. As she was Jasper’s only daughter, he felt compelled to look after her, as she appeared truly pitiful.

Upon arriving at the hotel, George used his room card to enter and was taken aback by **the** scene in the bedroom.

“Uncle **Donald**, am I going to die? I feel so unwell, please help me.”

“Hang in there, I will find a doctor for you. You’ll be fine soon.”

As George reached for his phone to make a call, a **warm** body pressed **against** his **back**.

In the private room of the bar, Angela observed Linda with indifference, showing no concern for her

**situation**.

Her past experiences had taught her not to involve herself in the affairs of **insignificant** individuals.

Knowing that Jonathan was on his way to pick her up. Angela grew restless, fearing he might have arrived early and be waiting for her.

After enduring over twenty minutes, **Angela** finally exchanged a **word** with Cassie and swiftly departed.

As she made her way out of the bar, Angela collided with James, accompanied by Fanny and Christopher.

Despite their harmonious appearance, Angela frowned and quickened her pace without looking back.

Seeing her leave without greeting him, James scolded her with a displeased expression, “Angela, don’t you **know** how to greet people? What about your manners? Can you come to such a place alone? If something happens, it’s your own **fault**. Don’t blame it on the **Kins** Family!”

Angela sneered. “Mr. **Kins**, I have nothing to do with you anymore. If you want to preach, go tell Fanny Don’t waste your time on me.

How ridiculous to **ask** such questions. It was normal for them to come here, but it was abnormal for me to be here.

And who was I supposed to greet? We were no longer related, so we were strangers.

For a stranger, why waste words and greetings?

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Chapter 125 Have You Been Drinking?

Ignoring James’s reprimand, Angela didn’t even give him a glance.

After leaving, Angela took a few glances and immediately saw a familiar car parked on the side of the road.

A smile appeared on her face as she hurried to the car.

Just as she approached the car, as if sensing it, the door opened immediately. Angela saw Jonathan sitting in the back seat and smiled, hopping into the car lightly.

Meanwhile, on the other side, the group of people who had just arrived at the door saw Angela get into an expensive car **and** drive away.

Fanny pursed her lips and gently spoke, "Although Angela is angry with me and Christopher, she shouldn't vent her anger on you. Angela is becoming more and more unreasonable."

James's expression was as cold as ice, annoyed. "Let her be. Anyway, soon she won't be my sister anymore. In the future, whether she lives or dies has nothing to do with **us**."

Christopher was puzzled and asked, "What's going on?"

James didn't want to say anything, so he walked away quickly.

Fanny felt somewhat helpless. "You are aware that Angela has been experiencing numerous conflicts within her family recently, becoming more rebellious. Well, it is said that family matters should not be made public, but I have no secrets from you. Please do not share this with anyone, but Angela appears to have married a man impulsively due to our situation. Stella caught a glimpse of it once, and she described him **as** an elderly gentleman with white hair."

"Her parents are very angry, so they decided **to** disown Angela and hand her over to Uncle Donald, cutting off all ties with her."

Christopher was silent for a moment, coldly saying. "That is the **path** she has chosen for herself, to bring shame upon herself. She cannot blame others."

He looked down at the time on his watch.

It was getting late, and James should have finished dinner with the Sanders family by now.

For some reason, Christopher felt like he had seen the car Angela had just entered before as if Jonathan **had** driven it past the Sanders Mansion.

Putting aside his thoughts, Christopher put his arm around Fanny, "Let me take you home first. I will pick you up tomorrow and we can have dinner at my place."

Fanny smiled sweetly and obediently agreed, suppressing the excitement in her heart.

In the car, Angela was about to inquire when Jonathan had arrived.

Suddenly, Jonathan leaned closer to her, lowering his head to gaze into Angela's eyes. "Angela, have you been drinking?"

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## Chapter 126

Chapter 126 I Don't Need Other Women to Like Me

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Angela was taken **aback when** she suddenly heard her name being called. She quickly apologized, her eyes downcast, "I'm sorry. I just had a drink."

It felt like being caught in the act of doing something wrong.

Feeling guilty, Angela behaved especially obediently.

"How's your alcohol tolerance?" Jonathan inquired.

Whatt

Alcohol tolerance?

Angela thought he would reprimand her, but to her surprise, he didn't.

"It's fine." Angela responded modestly

In her previous life, she had trained herself to

**ink** for James's business negotiations. If she were still in

her previous life, she could have outdrunk all of them tonight.

She could down a kilogram of hard liquor and chug beers without hesitation.

Occasionally, the distant sound of a horn could be heard, or a sedan would speed past them as they

turned.

At the same time, she heard Jonathan suggest. "Let's have a drink sometime and test your alcohol tolerance. It's good to be able to hold your liquor, so you won't easily get drunk by others."

Upon hearing this, **Angela** couldn't help but glance at Jonathan. Has this genius's way of thinking always so unique?

"Sure." **Angela** agreed.

Due to the cold weather outside, Angela had Oliver turn on the air conditioning before she got into the

The car was warm and cozy, with soft music playing in the background. The ambiance was delightful. **Angela** had woken up early in the morning, hadn't taken a nap, and had been dragged out by Cassie all day.

At that moment, **Angela** relaxed and felt her eyelids growing heavy, eventually falling asleep

She slept soundly, nodding off. When the car turned a **corner**, her head leaned over and landed directly on Jonathan's shoulder.

Jonathan never enjoyed physical contact with others, so he moved out early and lived alone in Springgate Estates.

**The** atmosphere in the car fell silent for a moment.

Jonathan lowered his head, gazing her leaning **against** him. He was unable to see her face, only a head of

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Chapter 126 I Don't Need Other Women to Like Me

black hair cascading down, emitting a faint fragrance, lingering around his nose.

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Her breathing was soft and fragrant, occasionally feeling uncomfortable with her posture, she would adjust her position.

With such a docile appearance, she resembled the white Angora cat he used to own, delicate and willful.

Jonathan's typically cold eyes softened, shimmering with a hint of warmth.

Suddenly, the car braked abruptly.

Jonathan reached out his arms, swiftly holding Angela, his large hands tightly gripping her waist, pressing her petite body into his **embrace**.

After stabilizing their posture, he lowered his head to look at her.

Fortunately, she didn't wake up.

"You can't even drive properly?" Jonathan lifted his cool gaze, his eyes slightly chilly.

Oliver's panicked and quickly explained. "There was a child crossing the road just now, so I slowed down."

Jonathan's body suddenly stiffened, not having time to question Oliver, because Angela suddenly reached out and hugged him, her head nuzzling **into** his arms, making restless noises, and then falling back asleep. Jonathan stared at her, his eyelashes trembling slightly, concealing the fleeting light in his eyes.

He then slightly lowered his head and kissed her on the top of her head.

In the next moment, he tightened his arms around her.

The touch of her hand made Jonathan furrow his brow slightly. Although her body was soft and slender, it

**was too** thin.

Before long, Bruce called him again. He had already called several times before.

He was asking where he was and if he had gone home.

Every time he went to the Sanders Family for dinner, Bruce would call several times incessantly until he arrived home safely.

Once before, after leaving the Sanders Family, he had an accident on the way, and it was that accident that left a sequela on his leg, exacerbating his existing condition.

**So** even though he found him annoying, he still answered the phone and said calmly, "Grandpa, this is the third call **already**. Please stop calling"

On the other hand, Bruce was not pleased. He shouted angrily, "**I'm** just worried about you, and you're complaining. With your **cold** and unfeeling attitude, no girl will like you!"

After a moment of silence, **Jonathan** smirked. "As I'm getting older, there are some things I can't remember. Let me remind you, as a married **man**, I don't need other women to like me."



Bruce fell silent, and the atmosphere instantly became quiet.

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Chapter 126 I Don't Need Other Women to Like Me

"Angela is sleeping. Your calling will wake her up." With that, Jonathan hung up the phone.

Bruce, who was hung up on, was not angry but rather very happy.

Furrowing his brows intentionally, he exclaimed loudly, "Oh, this brat. He's married and doesn't need his grandfather anymore. He only has eyes for his wife. He even complained when I called and woke her up.

Although he was expressing dissatisfaction, there was no hint of blame in his tone at **all**.

His face **was** almost creased with laughter..

Noah sneered, unable to stand the sight of certain people taking advantage and acting coy.

This despicable appearance was intolerable.

"Bruce, when did your grandson get married? Why didn't you tell me?"

"The young couple have a good relationship. Wait until next year, Bruce, you will be able to hold your great-grandson!"

Bruce was overjoyed, and now he **was** in a very good mood. "They just got married a few **days** ago. His wife is still in school, so they got the certificate first. They will have a big celebration when she's on break. You all better prepare big red envelopes then! My daughter-in-law won't settle for less!"

Satisfied with his extortion, Bruce was in an especially good mood.

Then he remembered something and quietly called Sebastian, giving him some mysterious instructions.

Angela slept soundly all the way until she was awakened at Springgate Estates.

Especially when she heard from Oliver that she had fallen asleep and snuggled into Jonathan's arms like a koala, the thought of that scene made **Angela** want to die on the spot.

She could stay asleep forever.

"Jonathan, I think I can **explain**..." Angela started anxiously.

She didn't mean to take advantage of him.

But before she could finish, Jonathan interrupted her calmly, "Your clothes..."

Angela looked down and immediately saw the wet spot on his chest, where the drool had not dried yet.

Feeling embarrassed, Angela blushed **and said**, "I'll wash it. I'll go back and clean it up

"Okay," Jonathan replied calmly.

Oliver watched the two of them for a long time until they disappeared, and then he took out his notebook and wrote down another sentence,

"Let her do the laundry."

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Chapter 126 I Don't Need Other Women to Like Me

So, *this is* how love is expressed. How wonderful.

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After entering the room, Angela made an excuse to take a shower and quickly slipped **back** to her room.

Jonathan couldn't help but smile. She was still just a young girl, so easily teased.

To give Angela some space, Jonathan went to the study to work overtime.

Around nine o'clock in the night, there was **a** knock on the door.

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Sebastian was outside the door, saying, "Master Jonathan, Bruce said you didn't eat enough tonight, so I made

you a bowl of soup Drink it while it's hot

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## Chapter 127

Chapter 127 The Ungrateful Fellow

Chapter 127 The Ungrateful Fellow

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Jonathan responded, "Please come in Sebastian entered the room with a tray placing the soup bowl on the table.

Upon seeing the bowl, Jonathan furrowed his brow slightly. Due to his fragile health, they often made various soups for him.

To ease their minds, he would obediently consume it.

This time was no different. Jonathan picked up the porcelain white soup bowl, took a few sips, and then resumed reviewing the documents.

Meanwhile, in the bathroom, Angela was washing nervously. A few days earlier, upon returning from school, she discovered various men's belongings in her room, all of which belonged to Jonathan.

She was taken aback and hesitated to inquire about it

She feared that questioning would raise **suspicious** about the discussions she had with Jonathan.

Given their **collaboration**, she needed to play her role effectively. She had to be his wife during this period. Fortunately, Jonathan worked late into the night and **rose** early each morning. They had spent several nights together without any encounters.

As she went to bed, Jonathan remained in the study working. When she woke up, Jonathan had already completed his morning routine, including exercise, tea, and reading the **financial** news.

What is the most frightening thing in this world?

It's not the lack of money or intelligence. It's the fear of someone who is a hundred or a thousand times wealthier and smarter than you. They work harder than you, and their success could overshadow yours.

The money he earned was rightfully his,

After a leisurely bath, Angela emerged in loose pajamas **as** usual and paused upon entering the bedroom.

Angela blinked, realizing this was the first time they were alone in the bedroom.

**"Jonathan,** aren't you working today?" Angela inquired **as** she reached for a hairdryer.

Jonathan, seated on the sofa, gazed up at Angela and softly replied, I've been working all this time. Do you think you can **have** this room all to yourself?"

In recent years, he had been sleep-deprived. When unwell, he couldn't sleep through the night. He worked to pass the sleepless hours.

Those around him hoped he would rest more and spend less time in the study.

Yet, here with Angela, she actually preferred **him** to work in the study.

Her intentions were clear. Angela smiled awkwardly, then hurriedly fetched the hairdryer, pretending the noise **drowned** out any further conversation.

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Chapter 127 The Ungrateful Fellow

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After drying her hair, Angela picked up a book, pulled back the covers, and sat on the bed, engrossed in reading.

Although she appeared focused on the book, only Angela knew how anxious she felt.

Oh, my goodness. Being alone with the influential figure in the bedroom.

As Angela was lost in her thoughts, she struggled to concentrate on the book, just as Jonathan was also preoccupied.

A few minutes later, Jonathan, enduring the sharp pain in his knee, wheeled back to the bedside from the sofa, sweat beading on his forehead.

Moving the wheelchair closer to the bed, he reached out his arm and took the medical book from Angela's hand, placing it on the bedside table.

"What's the matter?" Angela exclaimed in surprise.

Jonathan leaned forward slightly, pressing her soft hand against his forehead, and whispered. "Could you check if I'm unwell?"

The warmth of his touch caused Angela's eyes to flicker, sensing his fever.

Quickly taking his hand and checking his pulse, Angela asked after a few moments, "Jonathan, did you consume something very nourishing?"

She lowered her head and suggested softly, "How about taking a cold shower?"

"Angela, it's **winter**. Do you think I'm fit to take a cold shower?" Jonathan said softly, pursing his lips. He then suppressed his anger and continued, "You're a doctor. Don't you have any treatment?"

Angela quickly glanced at Jonathan, shaking her head in embarrassment. "Your condition is special. It's a treatment **phase** now. If I give you acupuncture, it will be counterproductive."

Jonathan asked coolly, "So what?"

"How about I go downstairs and cook ginger soup for you? You can drink it after taking a shower. I guarantee you won't catch a cold." Angela said confidently.

Jonathan closed his eyes.

He then wheeled himself out of the room quickly and immediately saw Sebastian waiting at the top of the stairs, too scared to come closer.

With a stern face and obvious anger, Jonathan made Sebastian jump in fright and quickly apologize.

“Master Jonathan, it was Bruce’s order. I tried to refuse at the time, but he **wouldn’t** listen!” Mr. Sebastian quickly shifted the blame. A true friend in need was a friend indeed.

“Very well then. Jonathan took a deep breath.

He then returned to the bedroom, his gaze falling on Angela clutching the blanket, her big eyes filled with

caution.

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Chapter 127 The Ungrateful Fellow

Jonathan said softly. “Aren’t you asleep yet?”

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When Angela heard this, she shook her head quickly and lay down, covering herself tightly with the blanke

Jonathan snorted coldly. She slipped away pretty fast.

He went into the bathroom, and soon, the sound of rushing water could be heard.

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## Chapter 128

Chapter 128 You Can’t Abandon Me

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Angela didn't know how she had drifted off to sleep, and when she suddenly woke up, she saw that it was almost 12 o'clock midnight on the wall clock.

She glanced around the room but found it empty, with no sound of a shower coming from the bathroom.

Where could he have gone?

Angela was concerned about Jonathan's well-being, so she quickly threw off the blanket and got up.

Her plan was to wait for Jonathan to finish his cold shower and then go downstairs to make ginger soup for him to help with the heat, but she couldn't remember falling asleep.

Jonathan was already weak, and she worried that he might catch a cold after all this.

Angela searched the spacious room but found no sign of anyone, even checking the study.

Where did he go?

Before long, the bathroom door opened.

Jonathan extended his long arm, grabbed the crutch beside him, and made his way towards her.

Angela took a step back, managing only two **steps**.

Just as Angela was starting to recover from her earlier embarrassment, it "Um.... I won't disturb you, **Jonathan**. You can continue. I'll go back to sleep."

Urfaced, **and** she stuttered,

"Angela... his deep, raspy voice called her name, sounding like a divine whisper.

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