

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

Read Chapter 129

Chapter 129

Chapter 129 You May Have A Child Soon

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Under the enchanting and misty lights, Jonathan seemed to smile faintly, then reached out **and** turned off the lights on the wall.

In **an** instant, the room plunged into darkness, with only a faint light filtering through the glass door of the bedroom.

The man narrowed his deep eyes and said, "Close your eyes."

The next day, sunlight flooded the room through the sheer curtains.

It felt warm, **and** it felt so hard.

Angela hadn't yet opened her eyes. Her delicate face creased in confusion. She remembered her bed being soft, **as** soft **as** cotton.

Why does it feel so hard now?

In a daze, Angela opened her eyes and gazed up at the white ceiling.

But it **was** rare for Jonathan to sleep so well, still asleep at 7 a.m.

Since moving in, she had seldom seen Jonathan sleep so soundly. Mr. Sebastian had **mentioned** that although his sleep had improved slightly **since** the treatment, it was still far from ideal.

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Compared to sleeping one or two hours **a** day before, it increased to three hours.

He slept in the middle of the night yesterday. Angela calculated that it should have been four hours.

Feeling stuffy, Angela tentatively pushed the covers aside. However, before she could get up, she slipped and fell back.

Coincidentally, she fell on Jonathan.

In the next moment, she was lifted by the awakened man. His strong arms wrapped around her waist as he spoke in a deep, hoarse voice, "Why so careless, like a child."

Am I being careless?

Angela extended her arm to block his chest.

"Are you still angry?"

How can I not be angry?

Angela gritted her teeth. "Although this is an accident, Jonathan, you need to learn to control yourself. Don't allow external influences to cloud your judgment, Fortunately, it is me this time. If it had been another woman, **your** reaction might have been different."

She added, "I forgive you this time, but there **can't** be a next time."

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Jonathan raised an eyebrow. "Since you're no longer angry, can you assist me in selecting an outfit from the dressing room?"

"Of course."

Angela made her way to the dressing room, feeling irritated with herself.

Angela, you truly are...

Despite still being upset, why do I only consider Jonathan's inconvenience in choosing clothes from the closet?

I should have stubbornly said you would go yourself.

Angela randomly picked an outfit and brought it to the bed, saying. "Done."

Jonathan glanced at the clothes, then looked up at her fair porcelain face for a while. His thin lips parted, "Are you sure?"

Still, being picky?

Angela felt even more irritated. She turned her face away. "Yes, this outfit. I'm going to freshen up." After saying that, she turned and hurried off, disregarding whatever Jonathan might have wanted to say. After freshening up, Angela spent some time in the bathroom, tidying herself before stepping out. As she glanced outside, Jonathan was already dressed, leaving her momentarily stunned.

A brief flutter of her heart.

She had chosen a dark red velvet suit, exuding a hint of European nobility from the tenth century,

Dark red clothes were rarely suitable for men to wear, but Jonathan made them look enchanting and demonic. It was irresistible, akin to a seductive male fairy when paired with his cold, noble countenance.

Observing her reaction, Jonathan's in an instant. He hooked his lips. "Does it look good?"

Regaining her composure, Angela sniffed haughtily, "It's adequate."

"Mr. Lawson, Mrs. Lawson, breakfast is served."

A servant's voice interrupted from outside the door. Angela hastened to open the door and followed the servant downstairs as if avoiding something.

After going downstairs, Angela sat down **and** exchanged a knowing glance with Mr. Sebastian upon seeing the breakfast spread.

Red dates and lotus seed soup, accompanied by two or three nourishing broths.

"Angela, drink more lotus seed soup so that you may have a child **soon**. You must have been **tired** last night. What would you like to eat tonight? Mr. Sebastian will go to the market to buy it," Mr. Sebastian **said**

with a smile.

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Chapter 130 Give You Two Options.

Chapter 130 Give You Two Options

Angela had just taken a sip with her spoon when the front door was pushed open. Bruce walked in with happy expression on his face, dressed in festive clothes with the character for “happiness” printed on

them.

Upon seeing Bruce, Angela immediately stood up to greet **him**, ‘Old Mr. Lawson.’”

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Bruce quickly approached and stopped her. “No need. Angela, sit down and eat well. I just came to see **you and** Jon.

After what happened last night, Angela **felt a** little guilty when facing Bruce suddenly.

Bruce was over seventy years old, with white hair at his temples. But he was still energetic, kind, and amiable. Angela quite liked him.

Seeing Angela stop, Bruce pointed to the food on the table, “Go ahead and eat. Don’t mind me.”

“Okay, Old Mr. Lawson Angela felt uneasy and started eating-

“Angela, I liked you when I first saw you. I wanted you to be my granddaughter-in-law, and now it has come true. H-Ha, Bruce laughed heartily, his eyes full of joy. He added, “Although Jon is my grandson. rest assured, if he dares to bully you or treat you badly, I’ll teach him a lesson.”

Jonathan is actually very good to me. Angela chuckled. feeling a bit troubled.

At **that** moment, Simon’s voice rang out, “Mr. Lawson, please slow down.”

For Jonathan’s convenience, the villa **has** an elevator. Simon pushed the wheelchair and came out from the corner of the elevator.

He went downstairs.

Angela looked **up** and **saw Jonathan** wearing the outfit she had picked out, unchanged.

The **dark** red velvet suit with **a** crisp black shirt inside, perfectly ironed without a single wrinkle. He sat elegantly in the wheelchair, exuding his inherent grace **and** nobility.

May **followed** behind him and held a handkerchief with a trace of blood on it.

May's face was filled with joy. "Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. **Lawson**. Congratulations to the Old Me Lawson, wishing you to have a great-grandchild soon.

"Very well **said**." Bruce laughed, his eyes squinting as he took out a prepared red envelope, saying, "Take this for good luck, and here are some flowers"

May happily accepted it **and** continued to say many kind words.

"I started cooking this soup **last** night, added a lot of special ingredients, and it was very nourishing. It's stewed according to the recipe from my hometown, **guaranteed** to help you and Mr. Lawson will have twins in three years.

Angela blushed and agreed, implying that Mr. Sebastian and May both assumed that she and Jonathan had

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consummated their marriage last night.

Her mind **was** in a whirl, completely frozen.

What is the deal with the handkerchief stained with blood

Although she and Jonathan had some intimate moments last night, it was definitely not what they were assuming

Angela blushed and looked at Jonathan with wide eyes, seeking an explanation.

Jonathan's wheelchair stopped beside her, and he reached out to grab Angela's hand, playing with it in his palm. Then, he leaned slightly toward her, whispering in her ear, "I did it so that Grandpa won't have

another chance"

In two lifetimes, Angela had never been in love, only unrequited love that ended in vain. She had never even kissed a man, let alone done such things, and retained pure until death.

Realizing this, Angela's snow white carlobes immediately turned red.

At this moment, they were in an intimate posture, with Jonathan leaning in to talk to Angela, resembling a newlywed couple whispering sweet nothings.

Bruce couldn't take his **eyes** off them, smiling as he watched.

Il 'hitney, can you see this from the underworld? Jou is getting married. He has found a girl he likes, and soon, there will be a child. You will be a grandmother.

Bruce turned his face away, his eyes gradually moistening

Angela sensitively noticed it and felt a bit at a loss, Jonathan's voice sounded in her ear. "Why aren't you. eating? May work hard to make it. You should drink more,"

She lifted her gaze and met the man's slender eyes.

Looking at Jonathan's face, Angela felt a sense of frustration and an inability to **speak**. She finished her breakfast sulkily.

Jonathan remained busy as usual, leaving for work with Grandpa.

Angela returned to her room. She didn't have classes in the morning and only in the afternoon.

As she was reading, her pager on the table vibrated, displaying an unknown number.

She **answered** the call, hearing a man's voice on the other end that brooked no refusal. "Angela, come **back** now, I have something to tell you!"

It was James

She put down her **book** and raised her eyebrows. "Alright"

She wanted to see what the Kins Family still had to say to her.

When she returned to the Kins Family, almost everyone was there except for Joseph

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As Angela walked into the **Kins** Family hall with a cold expression, the others had various expressions.

Fanny's gaze fell on Angela's clothes, which resembled a master's design style, but that master had long **since** retired from the design world. Even if he did design, it was only for a select few, and few could wear it.

So, this outfit was definitely a high-quality imitation.

Even so, this outfit still complemented Angela's noble and cold temperament, completely different from her previous pale, thin, and awkward appearance.

It made people's eyes flicker involuntarily.

Looking at the radiant and cold Angela, Fanny felt a strong sense of disgust and confusion. Clearly, Angela had already tarnished the reputation of the Kins Family, so why was she still clinging on and staying in Riverdon?

Did she think she could regain something by attaching herself to an old rich man?

The disdain in her eyes only lasted for a moment. Fanny stood up from the sofa immediately, revealing a gentle smile. "**Angela**, you're back. We've been waiting for you for a long time."

Angela's dark eyes flickered slightly, giving her a cold glance without any emotion.

"Speak up, what do you want from me?"

James' face immediately darkened, **becoming** angry. "What kind of manners are these? You don't even greet us when you enter. Do you have no respect for your elders?"

Here we go again.

Angela coldly sneered and glanced at the people in the room. "Respect for elders? Have you ever cared about my life and death? Have you ever treated me as a member of the Kins Family?"

She **took** out her phone and glanced at the time. “I don’t have much time. I need to go home for lunch. Please, if you have something to say, say it quickly. I don’t want to stay here any longer.”

Every second she spent here felt suffocating.

James’ expression froze for a moment, a hint of astonishment flashing in his eyes.

Seeing this, Zacharias, with a pale face, showed a mocking smile.

Looking into Angela’s eyes, Zacharias felt guilty and a bit complicated. During the time she was **away** from the Kins Family, she had been doing well. Her skin had become fairer, and she had grown more beautiful.

Now, she was bright and elegant, her incomparable cold temperament making it hard to look away.

Scarlet spoke lightly from the side, “I’ll give you two choices. Either divorce and kneel down to apologize. I’ll forgive you because you are like flesh and blood to me. Or, I’ll have you adopted by Donald, and from now on, **you** will have no relation to us.”

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Chapter 131 Tear Up Your Mouth

Chapter 131 Tear Up Your Mouth

Angela nodded, skipping **the** cold smile, her **gaze** cold and serious **as** she looked at Scarlet,

Many times, in the dead of night, **she** wondered what she had done wrong that caused Scarlet not to like her.

*Is it because my grades weren’t **as good as Fanny’s**?*

So, Angela worked hard to study and finally achieved first place, but everyone only comforted Fanny, who didn’t **get** that.

They even blamed Angela, asking whether Angela intentionally competed with Fanny and caused her to lose the scholarship.

That was the first time Angela realized that striving for first place **was** also wrong. It wasn't that she wasn't good enough.

In the family's eyes, only Fanny **was** excellent. It was normal for her to be excellent, and they even encouraged it.

Angela pulled a chair and sat down, then **said**, "Why should I get a divorce?"

*Does Kins **Family** know **about my marriage**?*

Since they knew ***about my marriage to Jonathan***, which should have been beneficial to the Kins Family, *why would they want me to **get a divorce**?*

Scarlet's face darkened, her **eyes** glaring at Angela. "You did such shameless things, and you still ask me why."

"I really don't know, Madam Square. Could you please enlighten me? What's my sin?" Angela had a faint gaze while she still had **a sarcastic** smile.

In the past, she had always hoped to **get** her mother's attention. **It** did not matter if Scarlet was angry or unreasonable. **Just a** few words from Scarlet **was** enough to make Angela happy for days.

She gambled her whole life to gain the approval of everyone in the Kins Family.

If this had happened in the past, Angela would have admitted her mistake and even obediently apologized, all while begging for forgiveness from Scarlet.

However, that Angela, who died in the stairwell and had her organs taken to save Fanny, was

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already dead.

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She would never again hope for Scarlet's approval. She also would never ever forgive Scarlet either.

Scarlet's well-maintained face had a cloudy expression. Just as Scarlet was about to speak, Samuel suddenly jumped from the couch and sneered aggressively. "For the words that Mom can't say, I can."

"Angela, you're an abnormal person with no shame. The Kins Family still has its dignity. You could've married anyone, but you chose an old man. An old man who's as old as your father. Don't you feel disgusted clinging to him every day and calling him your husband? You're really despicable. I don't have such a shameless sister like you.

"I have said my piece. If you don't immediately divorce and admit your mistake by kneeling at the door, as per Mom's words, you can remain as Uncle Donald's daughter. We cannot endure the disgrace."

Once Samuel had finished rattling his words, he gasped for breath as his eyes shone with anger. He had once felt sorry for Angela before, thinking that she had endured years of hardship, and had even vowed to treat her **well**.

After the matters that occurred time and time again, his patience had worn thin.

He did not know how the situation had arrived *to* such a point where even a glance at Angela made him feel sick. *We raised Angela and Fanny in the same way, so is there such a stark difference between her and Fanny?*

Angela was speechless, but after listening to his words, she couldn't help but laugh out loud until tears fell from her eyes. Then, she pointed to herself. "Me? Who did I marry? An old man?"

Fanny's eyes flashed as she looked at Angela and quickly consoled Angela. "Angela, we understand that you're upset because I'm about to get engaged to Christopher. You can't just marry anyone because of this, though. It'll only sadden our parents and brothers. If you degrade yourself like this, I'll feel guilty even if I were to marry Christopher."

At this, Fanny choked up as she covered her face with her hands. She sadly whispered, "It's all my fault. I... I better not **get** engaged to Christopher."

"Nonsense." Scarlet's eyes swept over, Her gaze coldly passed over Angela. "Marriage between two families is not a child's play. You can't just change your mind about your marriage to Christopher."

Thinking of the embarrassing things Angela had done, Scarlet felt irritated and frustrated.

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After taking a deep breath, she looked at Angela and continued, "It's my fault for not disciplining you properly, which has led to today's situation. No matter how you act, Fanny's marriage to Christopher is set in stone. You've no choice but to accept it."

During this time, Angela remained silent. *Let's see what they think of me.*

That was why they attributed all of her abnormalities to Christopher.

Angela stood up with mockery in her eyes. She clapped her hands in disdain as she scanned each person in the room before her **eyes** fell on Fanny.

"Have you said enough?"

"Hmmp! Aren't these just facts? Do you have something else to say?" Samuel sneered.

"First of all, who does Christopher think he is? He's just a coward who lacks the courage to take responsibility. Is he worth it for me to do all these?" Angela had a cold, powerful voice that was laced with sharpness. "My husband's at least a hundred times better than Christopher. Christopher is nothing compared to my husband!"

In an instant, Fanny's expression stiffened. She bit her lip as she stared at Angela, a hint of malice flashing in her eyes. "Angela, are you admitting you're married?"

"Shut up." Angela coldly rebuked, her gaze icy **as** she looked at Fanny. "So, you must be the one who told them that the man I married is old enough to be my father. After all, apart from you, no one has paid so much attention to me."

As Fanny tensed up, Angela picked out a photo from her phone and asked, "Is this him?"

Samuel leaned closer to have a look. A smug look emerged on her face as he became more confident. "You still won't admit it, huh? Otherwise, why would there be a picture of this old man on your phone?"

Angela chuckled. "Are you guys blind? This is Mr. Sebastian, Jonathan's butler."

After saying that, Angela enjoyed the sight of them becoming astonished before she smirked. Then, she casually added, “Do you need me to call Jonathan and call for his butler for you guys to confront?”

James had a cold expression as his eyes slightly squinted. “Fanny, what’s going on?”

Fanny, who was called out, looked flustered. “I don’t know what’s going on. Stella told me about it, and she also gave me the photos.” After a pause, she gritted her teeth and added, “I’m not trying to cause trouble. Angela, you can’t just get married without informing your family. What if he deceives you? What if he turns out to be someone bad-”

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“He’s a good man” Angela’s expression was unusually serious as she couldn’t tolerate Fanny’s malicious words about Jonathan. “If you slander him one more time, I’ll tear your mouth apart”

Samuel exploded in anger while glaring at Angela. “How dare you!”

Angela tilted her head, a cold glint in her eyes. “Are you sure I won’t dare to do it?”

With Samuel blocking between her and Angela, Fanny forced a smile and said, “We’re just worried about you. If you think he’s good, that’s fine. Who is he? When can we meet him?”

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Chapter 132 Angela Has The Upper-Hand

As long as Fanny's apology was a distance away, Fanny made her way across the living room, casting a pitiful glance at Angela over the coffee table.

Meanwhile, Scarlet, seated on the couch, wore a displeased expression. After a few seconds of silence, she suppressed her anger and echoed Fanny's sentiments. "Let's go with Fanny's suggestion. Bring the person back, and then we'll decide."

She breathed a sigh of relief after learning Angela wasn't going to marry an older man.

However, as Fanny pointed out, Angela had not even bothered to greet her family. She took her identification papers and got married without considering them at all.

This child seemed to bring nothing but trouble from the moment she appeared.

Dark thoughts crossed Scarlet's mind. If Angela had never come into the picture, Fanny would have stayed as her remarkable and beautiful daughter, and she would have basked in the admiration of the esteemed wives.

Instead, Scarlet had a country girl who struggled to speak properly and stumbled over her words!

After waiting for Angela's response for a long time, Scarlet lost her patience. "Angela, don't you know how to show respect to your elders in our culture?"

Upon hearing that, Angela's expression turned cold as she calmly looked at Fanny. "Have you forgotten something?"

"What?" Scarlet shot her a puzzled look.

"Since you falsely accused me, shouldn't you apologize? When you make a mistake, an apology is in order. Is this the lack of manners you've instilled in your people?" Angela raised her head, her gaze calm and cold.

Fanny looked taken aback. "You want me to apologize to you?"

"Yeah, that's what I want, Angela insisted.

Scarlet stood up suddenly and fixed a piercing gaze on Angela. "We're family, Angela. What are you trying to achieve by being so confrontational?*

"And what about all of you? Were you prepared to make me kneel and apologize or **hand** me over to Uncle Donald? What was your intention?" Angela questioned calmly, her tone edged

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with sarcasm.

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After keeping silent, Zacharias finally chimed in, his expression showing a mix of emotions as he turned to her. "Fanny needs to apologize to you, and we all owe you an apology too."

Angela paused. Her eyes narrowed as she sized up him.

*What kind of game are they playing now? Is this a retreat to advance strategy? Do they really think I wouldn't be able to swallow my pride and accept their apologies **just** because they say so?*

No, Angela wasn't buying into their intentions. She chuckled lightly. "True, but I only want Fanny's apology. I won't accept anyone else's in her place."

Their apologies were irreplaceable.

Zacharias' face had a sickly pallor because her response had brought him some twisted pleasure. "No, I only apologize for myself. **If** someone needs to apologize, let them do so. I won't intervene."

Angela frowned as she cast a wary glance at him.

What has gotten into Zacharias? Is he ill, neglected, or went mad from sickness? Has his illness affected his judgment?

Subsequently, Fanny, with a mix of shame and indignation on her face, bit her lip and stared at Angela, demanding an apology. It seemed impossible!

For years,

she had looked down on Angela and almost succeeded in erasing the Kins Family name from her. Angela had only thwarted Fanny's efforts in the end.

Does Angela even deserve an apology from me?

"I..." Fanny's eyes welled up with tears as her voice choked with emotion. "Angela... I..."

Just as she was about to finish, Samuel stepped forward, placing himself in front of Fanny, with an anxious expression. “Angela, you’re crossing the line here. The photo came from Stella. It’s got nothing to do with Fanny. She’s just as much a victim as anyone else.”

He fell silent for a moment and then added softly, “Angela, don’t burn your bridges. If you really want Fanny to apologize, I’ll do it for her! I’ll say sorry to you three times, okay? Sorry! I’m sorry! I’m very sorry!”

He gritted his teeth with a terrifying expression, and the veins bulged on his forehead.

Meanwhile, Fanny slumped on the couch and wept uncontrollably until her eyes were red.

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Chapter 132 Angela Has The Upper-Hand

This scene felt all too familiar.

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Everyone surrounded Fanny. Even though it was Fanny’s fault, all Angela wanted was an apology, yet she felt like she had committed an unforgivable act.

Angela’s expression gradually turned cold. Her red lips curled **up as** she spoke coldly, “I am naturally indifferent and ruthless. I’ve said it already. I want an apology from Fanny, not from you, Samuel”

“Is it so difficult for Fanny to apologize?” She chuckled lightly, her voice icy and calm. “She’s so noble and prestigious, yet when she makes a mistake, she can’t even offer a simple apology? What exactly is so noble about her?”

Before she could finish her sentence, a gust of wind suddenly swept past her ears. Her eyes flashed slightly, but she remained unfazed.

In an instant, Samuel rushed forward, aiming to strike her. But behind her stood Oliver, who swiftly intercepted. His **fist** landed on Samuel’s face, and it knocked him to the ground in the blink of **an eye**.

Samuel’s handsome **face** contorted with **pain** as beads of cold sweat formed on his forehead due to the agony. He couldn’t help but howl in **pain**.

His painful cries echoed throughout **the** living room.

Angela watched without intervening. She **felt** a sense **of** satisfaction as she witnessed his
agony.

Fanny turned pale with **fear** and covered her mouth **in** shock as she looked at Angela.

Scarlet rushed **over**, trembling **as** she reprimanded Angela sternly. "Let Samuel go. He is your own brother. How can you allow this to happen? **Wasn't it** enough when he **was** in jail last time?"

Without a word from **Angela**, Oliver continued to restrain Samuel with even more force.

Samuel's **face** drained of color, and the sickening sound of bones dislocating filled the air.

She remained cold and indifferent. "Since he hit me, I'm just defending myself. What's wrong with that?"

Changing her stance, she feigned confusion. "Madam Square, did you not **see? It** was Samuel who attempted to hit me first.

James, who was typically as calm **as a** cucumber, was boiling with rage. He marched up to

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Chapter 132 Angela Has The Upper-Hand

Oliver, fists clenched, and gave him a piercing glare. "Release him! How dare you lay a hand on Samuel in my house! It seems you have a death wish!"

Oliver met James' gaze with a hint of sarcasm. "I only follow the orders of Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, Who do you think you are?"

"Angela Kins!" James' eyes blazed with anger as his face flushed with rage.

Angela remained composed, her gaze fixed on Fanny.

The faint smile playing on her lips hinted at the message she was conveying.

Fanny was caught off guard by the sudden turn of events. She stood frozen. Her expression turned sour, which was a stark contrast to her previous gentle demeanor.

Angela sat down with a faint smile on her lips. “Apologize, and I will release him. Samuel has been nothing but good to you. Aren’t you willing to apologize for his sake?”

Chapter 133 Make Sure I Didn’t Starve

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“Angela, you are truly outrageous. Release your brother now, or I will call the police!” Scarlet was so angry that her face turned red. She turned and shouted to the servant, “Call the police

for me!”

She simply couldn’t believe it. Angela dared to act recklessly, and no one seemed able to control her!

Angela smiled faintly **as** she glanced at Samuel on the ground and said, “Alright then. Let’s see who arrives first, the police or your brother’s endurance. Oliver is skilled, but I’m worried he might go too far. What if he breaks Samuel’s arm or leg? What will we do then?”

The next second, Oliver’s expression remained unchanged as he applied what seemed like just a bit of force. However, Samuel was in so much pain that his face twisted, and he couldn’t help but scream out loud again.

“Ah... Angela, I... won’t let you off.”

The servants on the side couldn't help but **feel** sorry, and even the way they looked at Angela was filled with fear.

This was her own brother she was being **so** cruel to.

Scarlet's face went from red with anger to pale with shock as her chest heaved with a mix of emotions. She felt a pang of sympathy for Samuel. She mustered up all her courage, turned to Fanny, and pleaded, "Fanny, please, for Samuel's sake, can you just swallow your pride? Say sorry to Angela. You really wanted that designer outfit, didn't you? Mom will get it for you."

As Scarlet's words fell, Fanny's other hand tightened.

In the past, she used to enjoy being all cute and pleading with Scarlet to buy it. Scarlet thought it was too pricey because it cost over **ten** grand for a set, so she refused.

Now, just to save her son, she agreed to buy it.

Just *for that brainless* Samuel, *I've to* endure such hardships? thought Fanny.

Fanny was not even Scarlet's real daughter, so naturally, the treatment wasn't the same. She couldn't help but glance at Angela sitting there. *You must be feeling quite satisfied now, but you shouldn't revel in your joy too early! In ten days, I'll become Christopher's fiancée. The grievances I faced today, I'll surely repay them!*

"Fanny... usually, you and Samuel have the strongest bond, so you should hurry..."

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Fanny suddenly reached out and took Scarlet's arm. She put on a forced smile and said, "Mom, Samuel treats me so well. It's just an apology, so why would I feel wronged? Even if Angela asks me to do something more extreme, I'd do it for Samuel."

After that, she turned to Angela with her eyes red and whispered awkwardly, "Angela, I'm sorry. It was my mistake for not checking with you before speaking out. That caused misunderstandings between my parents and my brother. Can you forgive me and let go

Samuel?"

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Angela looked at Fanny for a long time, her gaze dark and unfathomable. Then, she suddenly smiled. "Let him go."

Oliver let go of Samuel's hand and shoved him forward before stepping back behind Angela. He watched everyone like a vigilant wolf that was ready to spring into action at any moment.

It felt like he would pounce on anyone if anyone dared to make a move.

Scarlet hurriedly knelt and wrapped her arms around the wincing Samuel. "Samuel, are you okay? Does it hurt?"

Samuel shot a fierce glare at Angela, but as soon as he spotted Oliver behind her, fear crept into his eyes, and he quickly looked back at Scarlet, stuttering, "Mom, it hurts like crazy... Do

think my hand is broken?"

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Oliver spoke calmly, "It's not broken. I know how much force I used."

Samuel clenched his teeth, feeling frustrated beyond measure. *Not broken? And that's supposed to mean you know how **much** d*mn force you **used**!?*

Scarlet also felt helpless, **so** she called for a servant to come and support Samuel and requested the doctor to hurry over.

James pressed his lips into a tight line as he frowned and cast a complex gaze at the indifferent Angela.

"Angela, you really crossed the line today."

Angela remained unbothered. "I'm just giving you guys a taste of your own medicine."

She had long grown accustomed to the Kins Family's biased treatment.

It seemed like the family only saw their own mistakes but failed to recognize how they pushed others to their limits.

James' expression turned cold. He was about to say something when Zacharias suddenly rose

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Chapter 133 Make Sure I Didn't Starve

on the other side.

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+5 Free Coins

Zacharias coughed uncontrollably before hoarsely addressing James, "James, Angela was defending herself. If Samuel hadn't provoked her, he wouldn't have been restrained by Oliver! **It** was Samuel's fault."

James' eyes narrowed. "Zacharias?!"

Meanwhile, Samuel couldn't contain his anger. "Zacharias! Have you lost your mind?!"

Just a few days back, when Zacharias tried to help Angela, he not only ended up bullying Fanny until she cried but also fell sick himself.

Samuel couldn't comprehend Zacharias' recent actions. Zacharias seemed like a different person and consistently took Angela's side.

Scarlet comforted Samuel while casting a complex look at Zacharias. "Zacharias, do you realize the gravity of your words? Your compassion shouldn't be exploited in such a manner."

"You're unwell," she said before saying to a servant. "Take Zacharias upstairs."

Then, a servant approached and whispered, "Mr. Zacharias, let's head upstairs first **so** as not to upset Madam."

A hint of mockery flashed in Zacharias' cold eyes.

"One day, you'll regret this!" With that, he turned away, his posture hunched over as he was assisted upstairs by the servant.

Samuel endured the pain and glared at Angela. "Angela, what kind of spell did you put on Zacharias to cloud his judgment?"

"And what about you guys? Are you all treating Fanny like royalty because she has **cast** some spell on you? Or is it because she once saved your lives?" Angela blinked mischievously while looking at Samuel with a smirk. "And, is Zacharias wrong? Finally, someone in the Kins Family is making some sense."

11

Scarlet's expression soured as if she had stubbed her toe while glaring fiercely at Angela.. "Angela, take a good, hard look at yourself. Has the Kins Family ever mistreated you all these years?

"I've fed you, clothed you, and put you through school! And what do I get in return? You ungrateful wretch! You brought outsiders to torment Fanny and teamed up with that sickly son of the Lawson Family to have

trying to drive me to death? Driv amuel put behind bars. Have you no conscience?! Are you

your brother to death? Or drive our whole family to death

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Chapter 188 Make Sure I Didn't Starve

before you're satisfied??

James hurriedly intervened by soothing Scarlet and patting her back. "Mom, calm down. It's not worth getting all worked up over this. It'll only mess with your health."

Angela's smirk faded. Her demeanor turned serious as she stood up and kicked the chair beneath her, sending it crashing to the ground with a loud bang.

Everyone jumped in surprise.

entered

your supposed kindness toward me was just making sure I didn't starve. Have you ever

my room all these years? The Kins Family's bathroom is bigger than my room. Every parent-teacher meeting? You only bothered attending with Fanny. Every birthday? It was all about Fanny. Even the gifts were just what she liked."

The injustices were just too much to bear that every time they were brought up, Angela couldn't help but laugh at her own foolishness.

Even though Scarlet and the Kins Family had made it abundantly clear, why did she still stubbornly cling to this impossible thought of family affection?

Angela pursed her thin lips. “Madam Square, stop trying to convince me how good you’ve been to me. It’s really disgusting to hear.”

Then, she closed her eyes briefly and turned to leave. When she reached the door, she paused.

“That’s it. I won’t seek a divorce. You can pick a date to officially transfer me under Uncle Donald’s name. Then, you won’t **have** to worry anymore, and you’ll also have such a disgraceful daughter like me off your hands.”

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Chapter 134

Chapter 134 These Marks on Me, Done by Your Father

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*It was your father who did **this***, Angela thought as she walked out. She looked up at the dazzling sunlight and exhaled softly.

Following that, a brilliant smile appeared on her face. She knew that she was finally leaving this place that she called “home” for good!

From now on, it would be a vast world where she would be free. As for those people and things from the past, they were no longer worth her emotions.

She wanted to pursue her passions with love and dedication, for example...

*Helping Jonathan **to stand up again!** I **wanna see** him standing proudly in this **beautiful** world, *fearlessly conquering all **obstacles and reaching the pinnacle** that he **deserves!****

Oliver sympathized with Mrs. Lawson for having such unkind parents, siblings, and relatives, but...

Mrs. Lawson, *if you **don’t** leave now, you **won’t make** it back in time for lunch.*

Today, May made her specialty of braised pork and fried chicken.

Oliver couldn't help but remind her, "Mrs. Lawson, **it's** time to go home for lunch. You have classes in the afternoon."

Angela nodded. *Oliver is right to have **reminded me**.* She was in a hurry home, but as she was about to board the car, she heard the sound of rapid footsteps and Fanny's voice.

"Angela, wait a minute."

Angela frowned and turned around in disgust. Fanny was already in front of her and panting from the rush. Fanny had already approached her, panting from the rush. Her delicate face was flushed with a hint of red hue.

She looks pitifully charming.

Angela sneered and said, "Fanny, there's nobody from the Kins Family. No need to keep up the act."

Fanny glanced warily at Oliver behind her and **acted** gently and amiably. "In ten **days**, Christopher and I will have our engagement banquet at the Laurel Hotel. Since you **can't** leave, please remember to attend."

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Chapter 134 These Marks on Me, Done by Your Father

+5 Free Cons

Angela looked at her indifferently and said disdainfully, "Fanny, have you lost your mind? I have no interest in attending your engagement banquet with that man. You can invite me to a funeral instead."

Fanny was taken aback by this response. She failed to see the jealousy and unwillingness she expected on Angela's face. Could it be that Angela does not like Christopher anymore? It seems impossible. *He's* the most outstanding and prestigious man in all of Riverdon. If it **hadn't** been for Angela's sudden appearance, *I* wouldn't need to have put in so much effort over the years and nearly *lost* my fiancé as a result!

Thankfully, everything had turned out well.

Soon, *I'll* be the Kins Family's only daughter once again!

As she thought about all these, Fanny gave a gentle smile. "You should still attend, Angela. Apart from my engagement banquet, you won't have many opportunities to

attend high- class events with the prestigious identity of the young lady of the Kins Family in the future.”

“Thank you for the invitation. Since you have extended it with sincerity, I will definitely attend, and I will do so with an even more prestigious identity!”

With that, Angela got into the car and slammed the door shut.

Oliver chuckled as he glanced at Fanny.

What nonsense is she talking about?

The status of Mrs. Lawson was a thousand times—no, ten thousand times—more prestigious than that of any young lady of the Kins Family!

After getting into the car, Oliver fiercely drove away, spraying Fanny’s face with exhaust and splashing her white dress with mud from the tires.

Fanny cried out in shock and instinctively covered her face, looking comical and embarrassed. By the time she reacted, the car had already sped off.

She stomped her feet in anger.

With a fierce glint in her eyes, she vowed to make Angela suffer once she was adopted. She had countless ways to make Angela’s life a living hell!

Driving down the road, Oliver couldn’t help but glance at Angela, who was resting with her eyes closed through the rearview mirror.

Angela lifted her eyelids slightly. “What do you want to say?”

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Chapter 134 These Marks on Me, Done by Your Father

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Oliver’s eyes sparkled with excitement as he exclaimed, “Mrs. Lawson, that Fanny is so wicked. She’s just like what my teacher said—a person with an evil heart. I’m going to tie her

and teach her a lesson!”

up

Angela was shocked. So, Oliver is legally *ignorant*?

Feeling the need to educate him, she said, "Assaulting someone, no matter who it is, is illegal. If you get caught, you'll end up in jail."

Oliver blinked and whispered confidently, "I'm good at fighting. I won't get caught."

Angela chuckled and closed her eyes to rest again. "Don't do it. A girl like her can't withstand your beating. If you hurt Fanny, be careful because the Kins Family will trace it back to you."

Although Fanny indeed deserved a beating, the Kins Family was not to be trifled with. Oliver, with no background, would be in serious trouble if he was caught.

"Oh..." Oliver sounded dejected, but then his eyes sparkled again.

Fanny might not be able to handle a beating, and neither could the sickly boy, but the men of the Kins Family, especially Samuel, could. Samuel had always borne a grudge against Mrs. Lawson, so Oliver had planned to tie him up and give him a beating after school.

Oliver wanted to tell Mrs. Lawson about **his** plan, but seeing her resting with her eyes closed, he decided to keep quiet. Beating Samuel first and surprising her thereafter seemed like a better idea.

After dinner and a short rest at home, Oliver escorted Angela to school.

Angela entered the classroom alone, took out a book from her desk drawer, and found a note inside.

The note read, 'I'll be waiting for you behind the third building.'

It was signed by one Linda Saw.

Why are you looking for me again?

The third building was nearby, but it was not too secluded, with **a** few summer pavilions and a large artificial lake behind it. It **wasn't** time for class yet, **so** there would be many people around.

Angela bit her lip. She tucked the note back into the book and decided to **see** what Linda was up to.

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Chapter 134 These Marks on Me, Done by Your Father

Upon reaching the location, Angela found Linda sitting in one of the small pavilions. Linda had a frail figure and seemed no more than a skeletal frame under her oversized coat. She had her long black hair tied back in a somewhat disheveled manner.

As their eyes met, a mysterious glint shone in Linda's tired eyes.

Angela sat down in front of her and asked, "What do you want from me? I thought we had nothing to discuss."

In their relationship, Angela felt that not kicking Linda when Linda was down was the last act of kindness she could offer.

Linda straightened up a bit. "If it weren't for Fanny misleading me, I wouldn't have acted against you."

Angela squinted. Then, she chuckled softly, feeling a chill in her heart. Fanny had indeed played a significant role in this situation. She continued to gaze at Linda before asking with a puzzled yet certain tone, "I assume you didn't just come here to tell me that, did you?"

Linda suddenly pulled down her collar, revealing some marks.

"Do

you know who did this?" she asked, looking at Angela with a mix of pride and madness. "Your father, George Kins!"

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Chapter 135

Chapter 135 What Kind of Girl Does He Like?

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Angela's mouth twitched, her mind almost unable to keep up. She had lived for two lifetimes, but it seemed like she had never encountered such an explosive situation before.

It was just ridiculous.

Angela blinked. "Are you okay? Do you want some plum candies?"

"You don't believe me? It's true. A few days ago, on the night you saw me at the bar, I was humiliated by Fanny. She had people strip my clothes off in the street and even intended to have me violated. It was your father who saved me in the end."

That night? Angela pursed her lips. She knew Fanny was malicious, but she hadn't expected Fanny to go this far.

Christopher was also there that night. *Wasn't Fanny afraid that Christopher would find out and ruin her chances of marrying into the Sanders Family?*

Linda's face was pale as she spoke again, "I know you have been bullied by Fanny for many years, and she even took away your position. You must hate her more than I do!"

She extended her hand, her smile full of anticipation, and her face twisted in an invitation. "Let's join forces and drag Fanny to hell! We'll get our revenge and make her life a living nightmare!"

Watching the frenzied Linda, Angela seemed to see herself in her past life, where she was possessed by obsession and heading down a path of no return where she ultimately met a tragic end.

Angela sighed softly. "I'm sorry; I'm not interested."

With that, she turned to leave.

Linda stood up frantically. "How could you not?! Don't you

hate Fanny?”

Her voice was almost hoarse, her eyes bloodshot. She was determined not to give up until she got an answer.

The commotion here attracted curious glances from several classmates nearby.

Angela propped her forehead, stood up straight, and looked directly into Fanny’s hate-filled eyes. “The Kins Family is not worth my emotions. I won’t waste my precious time seeking revenge on anyone.

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MM M

Chapter 135 What Kind of Girl Does He Like?

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“Life is short. I want to live happily and cherish those who are worth it. That is the greatest and most powerful revenge against enemies! It also honors my existence in this world. To me, there are many things more important than revenge.”

In her past life, she was deceived, spending decades trying to please the Kins Family.

Now, she hoped to see things—better things—she hadn’t seen in her previous life.

What difference would it make *to entangle myself in vengeance against the Kins Family, just like in my past life?*

That was not the future she wanted.

Linda was stunned for a moment before she shook her head frantically. “No, this is **all** wrong! We must do everything we can to drag them to hell! Make them suffer!”

Angela looked at her calmly for a few seconds. Then, she suddenly smiled. “Well, I wish you success soon. Oh, by the way, do you know what kind of girl my father likes the most?”

At the words, Linda’s eyes widened. “What kind?”

“The type like Fanny.”

Gentle, obedient, *cries easily soft...* with the *ability to sweet-talk*. *Girls like that can easily capture his heart.*

After saying this, Angela walked away without looking back.

Linda was not a good person, and the people from the Kins Family were even worse. She didn't want to waste her time on them. If they were able to turn on each other, it could be considered "poetic justice."

Inside the pavilion, a cool breeze blew.

Linda's exposed skin felt icy cold, but she was oblivious. Her eyes flashed with a bloodthirsty gleam...

So, the *type* like *Fanny*, huh?

Angela was delayed by Linda for quite some time, and when she rushed back to the classroom, the bell had just rung.

The afternoon classes were light, and after they ended, she quickly packed her books and left.

Honk!

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Chapter 135 What Kind of Girl Does He Like?

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The familiar Land Rover was parked beside her, and she thought it was Oliver coming to pick her up. But when she opened the door, she saw Jonathan's handsome face inside,

His dark eyes were as deep as an ancient well, and he was wearing the dark red handmade custom suit she picked for him.

He sat in the car, holding documents in his hand and wearing gold-rimmed glasses on his eyes. Such an ensemble gave him a colder and more ascetic aura.

Recalling last night's scene, Angela stiffened slightly, and a blush crept onto her face. Jonathan was anything but abstinent.

Jonathan raised his black eyebrows lightly and asked in a low, husky voice, "Aren't you getting

in?"

"Yes, of course..." Angela replied. She got into the car and deliberately leaned against the window. "I'm just a bit surprised that you came to pick me up."

Around this time, Jonathan usually hasn't finished work, right?

"Just finished a business meeting, and happened to pass by here."

Jonathan's **casual** reply made Angela pursed her **lips**.

*Oh, it isn't **an** apology.*

He just happened to pick her up along the way.

Angela murmured an "oh" and suddenly ran out of things to say. She looked out the window, trying not to think about the incident in the bathroom last night. It kept reminding her that she had been dazzled by male beauty.

Upon arriving at the villa, Oliver unfolded the wheelchair from the trunk and helped Jonathan into it.

Angela then naturally took over the wheelchair and pushed him inside.

Halfway there, a flicker of annoyance crossed her eyes. Wasn't she supposed to still be angry? Why was she serving Jonathan so eagerly?

Oliver stood still, pulling out a notebook to quickly jot down what he deemed an important lesson in romance. *Giving your girlfriend the chance to take care of you!*

May had already prepared dinner. Seeing them return together, she lit up with a smile.

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MM M

Chapter 135 What Kind of Girl Does He Like?

"Angela, Mr. Lawson, you're back. Dinner **is** ready," she said.

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Angela glanced at May, sensing something in her smile. Before Angela could ponder further, she noticed a bowl of soup on the table.

Wasn't that May's famous fertility soup?

Angela's mouth twitched.

Jonathan noticed her reaction and a faint smile crossed his deep eyes. "May, please take the soup away."

Angela's eyes brightened, and she looked even more obedient.

"No, Mr. Lawson." May shook her head repeatedly, saying seriously, "You need to drink it for a week to see the effects. Many young wives in our hometown drink this and end up having twins!"

They couldn't even have one child, and now they were expected to have twins?

May's expectations were perhaps too high.

Angela pursed her lips, realizing that May would be disappointed. Not to mention twins, by next year, she wouldn't even be Mrs. Lawson anymore. *This **soup** should be saved **for** someone who *truly* needs it.*

Moreover, she believed Jonathan's capabilities... didn't require this soup.

Just as Angela was thinking this, a deep voice sounded, "Why bother? Let nature take its course. We don't need it."

May looked at Jonathan, then at Angela, and suddenly understood. She clapped her hand and chuckled. "Haha, I see. You young couple don't need these aids. I'll take it away then."

Angela almost choked on her own saliva. *Jonathan, **do** you even realize what you just said?*

After May took the soup away, Angela blushed and sneakily glanced at Jonathan, who was calmly eating his meal.

She shot a look at May walking away. Then, she lowered her voice and said, "Jonathan, if you say things like that, May will get the wrong idea!"

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Chapter 136 You're Still Young, You Can't Have Children

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Chapter 136 You're Still Young, You Can't Have Children

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"What **will** she misunderstand?" Jonathan looked up and met a pair of eyes so beautiful they looked as if they were filled with scattered starlight. He pursed his **lips** suddenly. "Just eat your meal. Don't talk while eating or sleeping."

Angela had the words she wanted to say stuck in her throat. But then, she realized that he was having double standards by not allowing her to speak while he could.

"I—I was just about to say..." She plucked up her courage. "Ms. May will misunderstand that I will bear you twins next year."

Jonathan paused with his fork in his hand and raised an eyebrow. "You're still young, so you can't have children." *Let's wait and see*, he added silently.

"I'm already twenty. How am I still young?" After saying this, Angela immediately regretted it and bit her lip, feeling so embarrassed that she could dig a hole to hide in. *What am I even saying?*

She stole a sneaky glance at Jonathan, hoping he hadn't heard what she had just said, but she found the man looking at her, and he had taken her words seriously. "Do you want to have children?"

How *did* the *situation* **turn out** that I wanted to have children with Jonathan?

Feeling flustered, Angela hurriedly explained, "That's not what I meant. I mean, we are in a fake marriage, and it's all fake. How can we have children? May and Grandpa—"

Will be disappointed, she wanted to say, but before she could finish her sentence, Jonathan interrupted her with a heavy tone, "I know, but do you want everyone to know?"

Immediately, Angela stopped and glanced at his stunning profile as he calmly looked down with no extra emotions on his face. Watching him, she felt depressed and unable to focus on the upcoming meal.

After dinner, Jonathan had business to attend to. Angela didn't dare to speak up. Instead, she quickly stopped him from working and firmly guided him into the study before giving him acupuncture.

Jonathan was very cooperative, and the whole process **went** smoothly. However, Angela sensed that since she had said that thing earlier, there was a stronger coldness emanating from him.

Even after it was over, she couldn't understand what she had said wrongly.

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MM M

Chapter 136 You're Still Young, You Can't Have Children

Back in her room, Angela shook off her frustration **as** she tried to read for a while but couldn't focus and decisively called Donald.

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On the other end, Donald seemed tired, but upon hearing her voice, he immediately perked

1. up.

"Uncle Donald, they've decided to have me adopted by you today. I would like to know your opinion." Angela got straight to the point without beating around the bush.

"Adopted?" Donald paused for two seconds, not asking for specifics about what had happened.

He knew better than anyone how his elder brother treated Angela. Now, they were suggesting to him to adopt

Angela. *Angela **must** have **been** heartbroken upon hearing **that**.*

Donald felt conflicted, but he smiled and said, "Angela, I cannot be happier."

Angela didn't say much, hung up with Donald, and found Scarlet's number in her blacklist.

The phone was answered immediately, and Scarlet's harsh voice pierced into Angela's ears as Scarlet yelled, "How dare you call back! Do you know that Samuel is lying in the hospital? The doctor said if we wait any longer, he might lose his arm."

Furrowing in disgust, Angela held the phone away from her ear and casually replied, "Too bad. If I had known, I would have let Oliver loosen his grip on him a bit later."

"What did you **say**?! Angela Kins, do

you

have any-"

Angela interrupted, "**Let's** just get the adoption done tomorrow at 9 a.m. at Grandma's old house. I can't stand being your daughter for another day. It makes me sick!"

There was a moment of silence on the other end. Scarlet stood up abruptly, gritting her teeth, but she quickly put on a well-maintained smile. "I was worried you would cling to me and want to be my daughter, but since you're so eager, it's just as I wish. Tomorrow-

Before she could finish her sentence, Angela hung up the call, refusing to say another word to her.

As Scarlet listened to the busy tone on the phone, her chest heaved with anger. For a moment, it seemed like there were a few more fine lines at the corners of her eyes.

At the bottom of the stairs, Fanny, who had been standing for a while, walked over gracefully. "Mom, what happened? Why are you so angry?"

"It's Angela Kins. She called to rush the adoption process!"

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Chapter 136 You're Still Young, You Can't Have Children

"Mom..." Fanny bit her lip, looking worried. "You're not going to agree, are you?"

"Of course! This matter is non-negotiable!"

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“Mom, Angela just wants to upset us with the marriage thing and doesn’t really want to cut ties with us. You can’t take it seriously. What if she comes to her senses later on?”

Scarlet’s face darkened as she sat back on the couch. “Even if she gets down on her knees in front of me in regret, I will never let her step foot into the Kins Family again.”

“Mom-”

“Fanny, don’t ask about this. From now on, you are my only precious daughter. Be good. Tonight, I will accompany you to buy that dress.”

A shallow smile of **success** flashed past the relieved Fanny, but she quickly returned to her obedient and gentle demeanor.

Suddenly, a voice came from the entrance, and George walked in with a black briefcase under his arm.

Joyfully, Fanny called out “Dad” and rushed over like a little butterfly. However, George seemed a bit slow in his reaction today. By the time Fanny reached him, he smiled gently. “Hey, Fanny.”

As soon as Scarlet saw her husband, she brought up Angela. He was not at home at the time and did not know such a terrible thing had happened.

After hearing her, George frowned, and when he heard her urging for the adoption to take place tomorrow, his previous hesitation disappeared. “Alright, I’ll cancel the morning meeting tomorrow.”

“Dad, although Samuel was beaten badly, Angela didn’t mean to-

“Fanny.” Scarlet looked gently at Fanny. “Don’t say anymore. This matter is already settled. Let’s go and don’t let it affect our mood. Let’s buy the dress.”

She approached Fanny and pulled her out, leaving George alone in the house. He leaned back on the couch, massaging his temples with his hand.

Thinking of the pitiful girl, he sighed with a sense of regret. *How did I lose control like that?*

The phone in the inside pocket of his suit vibrated, and he sat up straight. After checking his phone and seeing the content on it, his pupils dilated, and his mind turned blank.

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Chapter 136 You're Still Young, You Can't Have Children

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On the screen, there was a colored picture of a girl. He knew what it was and switched to the next photo, which was a selfie of Linda.

George tightly pursed his lips. After a few seconds, he reluctantly moved his eyes away from the screen, thought for a moment, and typed a line of words.

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Chapter 137 Why Did He Hold Her While Sleeping?

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Chapter 137

Chapter 137 Why Did He Hold Her While Sleeping?

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'What do you mean by sending these?' George gripped his phone with slightly furrowed brows, unable to hide his anxiousness as he waited for a reply.

After a while, the phone vibrated again. 'Mr. Kins, please don't be angry. I just don't know how to deal with these wounds. I'm scared... I don't dare ask anyone, so I could only come to you!'

George's tense heart relaxed a bit, and his eyes flickered. Did he get the wrong idea about her? He had thought too ill of the young girl.

Then, he let out a sigh. 'Go to the pharmacy and buy some medicine for external wounds.'

‘But... I’m alone, and I’m **still** scared. Mr. Kins... Will you buy it and bring it to me?’

George stared at the message, still not sure of her intentions. Then, another message appeared on the screen. ‘Forget it, I won’t trouble you. I know it’s my fault. Let’s just treat this as a misunderstanding, and I won’t appear in front of you again in the future, Mr. Kins.’

George hesitated for a while, and suddenly, the broken and fragile image of Linda appeared in his mind. His heart softened, and he replied, ‘I’ll bring the medicine tomorrow afternoon.’

George felt guilty for misunderstanding his good friend’s daughter after sleeping with her, thinking that she was trying to blackmail him like a vicious woman.

If it were any other woman, George would have sent her away with money long ago.

‘Thank you, Mr. Kins. I know that you’re a good person.’

George stared at the words “good person” for a few seconds, then quickly deleted their conversation, including the two photos.

The night gradually grew darker.

In Springgate Estates, the last light was extinguished by May, and she pulled her coat tightly around her **as** she returned to the servant’s quarters to **rest**.

In the study on the second floor, Jonathan finished dealing with the documents, and the expression on Angela’s face as she tried to deny their relationship popped up in his mind, which caused a sense of unease to rise in his heart.

After sitting quietly for a while, he lightly pursed his lips, turned his wheelchair, and pushed open the door of the room.

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Chapter 137 Why Did He Hold Her While Sleeping?

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Angela lay on her side on the bed. A small wall lamp was shining on the headboard, casting a warm yellow light over her entire face, serene and soft.

As she was still young, she slept messily in bed; the blanket was pulled down to her waist, and the buttons on her nightgown were undone, revealing a patch of pure white skin and a hint of cleavage.

The knot in Jonathan's throat rolled up and down, and he felt that his mouth and tongue were dry. He pursed his lips and was about to avert his **gaze** when the person on the bed suddenly whimpered softly in her dreams. Then, she moved her body and continued to sleep.

The depths of Jonathan's eyes were dark as he pushed the wheelchair to the bedside. Enduring the pain coming from his bones, he transferred himself and lay down in bed.

Face to face with Angel, he smelled the scent of roses on her, a faint fragrance that was intoxicating.

There was a dark, bloodthirsty monster living inside him, imprisoned in a cage.

In fact, he was not as good as he appeared on the surface. He was paranoid and dark, his hands stained with countless sins. Born with guilt, he was not expected and should not have been born at all.

Before Angela appeared, he had never felt any joy in life. After all, countless people around him were waiting for his death, including his father and even his mother.

His only pleasure was to see the expressions of anticipation turning into disappointment on those people's faces.

Besides his grandfather and grandmother, Angela **was** the only person who hoped so strongly that he could stay alive.

As time passed, the despicable idea of keeping her close to him became more intense. He didn't know how much longer he could hold out.

Forcefully, **he** suppressed his impulses, shifted his body to move closer to her, and silently stared at her.

Their bodies were almost pressed together, like two perfectly fitting pieces of art.

Jonathan took his time to close his eyes. With Angela by his side, falling asleep had become a less challenging task.

A peaceful night passed, and Angela slowly opened her sleepy eyes, only to be met with a

MM M

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magnified handsome face in front of her. She blinked and closed her eyes again, thinking she was dreaming.

Wait a minute?!

Suddenly, she opened **her** eyes again. This time, she met a pair of calm, black eyes. The air was silent for a moment until Jonathan spoke first, "Are you awake?"

His voice was as deep and melodious as a cello, with a hint of hoarseness from just waking

Then, the man calmly released the arm that was holding her.

1. up.

Momentarily, Angela was enchanted, nodding and saying, "Good morning."

Realizing the situation, she instinctively reached under the blanket. When she felt the clothes on her body were still intact, she thought in relief that she hadn't done anything to him.

But that's not *the* point! Trying to stay calm, Angela asked, "Why did you... sleep with your arms around me?"

"You don't remember?" Jonathan casually got up, his expression unchanged. "Do you know that

you have a bad sleeping posture? If I hadn't stopped you, you'd have ended up falling to the ground. Is half a bed not enough for you to sleep on? Do you want me to sleep on the couch or throw you on it?"

With these words, Angela felt a bit embarrassed. It turned out that Jonathan was worried she would fall to the floor, but was there no other way besides hugging her?

Angela blinked, feeling a bit frustrated. She used to sleep alone very properly.

Jonathan composed himself and sat back in the wheelchair. "Stop dawdling. It's almost time for class. Finish your breakfast, and I'll drop you off."

Angela hesitated and called out to him, “Jonathan...” She told him about not going to school today and the matter of transferring guardianship.

Jonathan immediately said, “Since you’ve decided to transfer guardianship, I’ll have a lawyer draw up a contract and follow the proper procedures to ensure there are no future issues.” After speaking, he didn’t wait for her to say anything else and went straight into the bathroom.

The unpleasantness from **last night** seemed to suddenly disappear.

After dinner, Logan arrived with a prepared agreement to sever ties and an adoption agreement. Angela read through them and couldn’t help but admire Logan’s professionalism.

3/4

MM M

Chapter 137 Why Did He Hold Her While Sleeping?

88% 12:39

She had originally planned to pick up Donald’s family and resolve things face to face, but with these two documents, Donald’s family wouldn’t need to meet with George’s family, with whom they had been estranged for

years.

Angela was about to **leave** with Logan when she heard that Jonathan wanted to join them. “Jonathan, this is a small matter, and having Logan is enough,” she said, feeling guilty about delaying Jonathan’s work for her **own** affairs.

Jonathan gave her a deep look. “It’s okay. **I’ll wait** for you in the **car**. You can bring Oliver with you.”

Angela replied, “Okay.”

The group soon arrived at Charlotte’s old house. It **was** exactly 9 a.m., and the three of them waited for more than ten minutes, but no one showed up.

Angela frowned and **was** about to urge Scarlet when she heard Samuel’s displeased voice outside the door. “Angela is doing this on purpose. Why did she choose this shabby, old place?”

Then, Scarlet and George walked in. Seeing the scene inside the house, the latter furrowed his brow.

Samuel had seen Logan at the police station before, not to mention Oliver, who was the reason his arm was **still** wrapped in bandages. He glared fiercely **at** Angela, feeling that she was greedy and shameless. “Did you bring a lawyer with you *to* make outrageous demands from us before we kick you out?!”

Scarlet heard his youngest son’s words and **agreed** with him, feeling disappointed and angry. “Angela, don’t think you deserve something you shouldn’t have.”

Angela raised her clear **eyes** and said softly, “You are mistaken. I don’t want anything from the Kins Family because it brings bad luck!”

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Chapter 138

Chapter 138 Do You Want to Burn Bridges?

Chapter 138 Do You Want to Burn Bridges?

Angela glanced at Logan, who stepped forward and handed Scarlet the agreement to sever ties. “Miss Angela

will take cffe will not take a penny from the Kins Family. This is the agreement, and it once you sign it.”

Samuel took it and passed it to George. Frowning, he couldn’t shake the feeling that he had seen this Logan somewhere else before.

Meanwhile, George read through the agreement with a grim expression. By the end, his face was as long as it could be, especially when he read the part that stated, ‘George Kins and his wife have no relation to Angela Kins in life or death, and Angela Kins has no obligation to support them.

Scarlet, who had been reading the whole time, turned pale with anger. “Angela, are **you** cursing us? We will never stoop so low as to let you interfere in our affairs!”

Angela sneered, “Then hurry up and sign it.”

George stared at Angela and suddenly said, "Although our family ties are shallow, I still want to remind you. Since you are married now, no matter the reason, live your life well in the future and stay away from any dirty business with Mr. Lawson.

"There are rumors that he is already married, and his wife is Professor Fuchs' student. Although we don't know her identity, anyone who can marry Jonathan Lawson and is Mr. Fuchs' student must be a wealthy heiress from a high society. If it gets out that you have been involved with Jonathan in any shady dealings, it won't sound good."

Angela's eyes were clear as she looked at the self-righteous George. If they would care a little more about her, they would know that she **was** Terence's undisclosed student.

A bright smile flashed across her face. "You don't need to worry about my affairs."

After George finished speaking, Samuel finally recalled that Logan was the one who got him into trouble last time, and he ended up locked up for a week! He was Jonathan's man!

So, Angela is *already married* but shamelessly flirted with Jonathan! *She's really* shameless! Samuel thought. "Dad, don't waste your time talking to her and quickly sign the papers. Having such a person in our family is like inviting misfortune," he urged..

Embarrassed, George did not say much, waved his hand, and signed the followed the procedure as well and signed her name clearly below his.

papers.

Scarlet

1/4

Angela watched their expressions in silence. Just as she had expected, they couldn't wait. She

NBB

Chapter 138 Do You Want to Burn Bridges?

pursed her lips, divided the agreement into two, and felt exceptionally relaxed.

The long-cherished wish after rebirth—to break free from the Kins Family—was finally realized at this moment. Looking at them with bright eyes, Angela said, "Mr. and Mrs. Kins, goodbye!"

The two who were addressed like this were stunned, their faces becoming more and more unpleasant.

13:07

Samuel was about to curse, but Angela suddenly thought of something. She took a step back and looked at Scarlet with a smile. "Mrs. Kins, I wish you and your husband eternal love and harmony without any mistresses!"

She deliberately emphasized "mistresses," and after saying that, she lightly glanced at George, who hesitated for a moment. He furrowed his brows and wanted to reprimand her, but she calmly walked away.

Scarlet glared at her angrily but didn't think much of it, assuming that Angela was deliberately trying to disgust her.

After coming downstairs, Angela asked for another adoption agreement from Logan. "Logan, I won't bother you anymore. As long as Uncle Donald's family signs on it, it's fine."

He was Jonathan's lawyer, responsible for handling all the issues of the Sanders and Lawson families' companies, so he must be very busy.

"Okay, Mrs. Lawson." Logan changed the way he addressed Angela, looking thoughtfully at her and the Kins Family not far away. *Things* are getting interesting, he thought.

Countless people could only dream of fawning over Angela, who had married the man in charge of the Sanders and Lawson families, but the Kins Family couldn't wait to get rid of her. Instead, they only favored Fanny, whom no one knew whether she could eventually marry into the Sanders Family or not.

They were really shortsighted.

After watching Logan get into another car and leave, Angela walked toward Jonathan's car. Then, she heard George's slightly urgent voice behind her. "Angela."

She stopped with a smirk. "Is there something else, Mr. Kins?"

"You..." George glanced at Oliver, straightened his tie, and asked seriously, "What did you mean just now?"

"What are you talking about, Mr. Kins? I don't understand." Angela blinked innocently. "Will."

2/4

MBBMM

Chapter 138 Do You Want to Burn Bridges?

you explain it in detail?”

13:07

+5 free Cos

George stared at her for a while, unable to discern anything. Just as he thought, he was overthinking.

Angela then playfully said, “The weather is getting colder, so take care and don’t overwork yourself. At your age, you should rest more at night.”

He felt a chill down his spine and suddenly understood. Only he and Linda knew about this, and Angela and Linda were attending the same school. Therefore, she must have known it from Linda!

Seeing him trying hard to suppress his emotions, Angela smiled triumphantly and left with

Oliver.

The scene of Angela leaving by car happened to be witnessed by Scarlet **and** Samuel, who came down later.

Samuel snorted disdainfully. “She really got involved with a man she can’t show in public! It’s a good thing she has nothing to do with us **now**. No matter what she does in the future, she won’t disgrace our family.”

Scarlet breathed a sigh of relief at finally sending away this “daughter.” “Hey, what is your dad doing standing there?”

In the car, Angela looked back and forth at George’s and Scarlet’s signature with a bright smile on her face. “Jonathan, I finally broke free from the Kins Family. I’ve come this far, thanks to your help.” Angela said sincerely, “I’ve finished my business, so we can end this. marriage at any time. Sorry for keeping you **waiting**.”

“Let me remind you what the contract says. Jonathan looked at her face and calmly stated, “After using my influence to break away from the Kins Family, are you going to burn the bridge after crossing the river?”

Angela looked guilty at being called out. “I haven’t forgotten. Don’t worry. Even if we divorce, I will cure your illness and leg condition. I have medical ethics. Angela assured, feeling guilty. “If there is someone who likes you, you may miss out on her.”

They were in a fake marriage, but she kept occupying the position of Jonathan’s wife. The lady from the Hayes Family was the person Jonathan should have married in his past life.

Suddenly, a cold atmosphere rose in the **car**, and Jonathan lowered his gaze, saying lightly. “That’s **not** something you should consider. I marry who I like. It’s not about who likes me.”

3/1

INNOS

86% 13:08

Chapter 138 Do You Want to Burn Bridges?

“Oh.” Angela nodded awkwardly.

The car soon arrived downstairs of Donald’s building. This time, Jonathan went upstairs with Angela.

After receiving a call from Angela about her adoption last night, Donald had informed the whole family, and now, everyone was eagerly waiting in the living room.

When Angela came in, she saw this scene at a glance, and her nose couldn’t help but feel a bit sour. She could sense the importance Donald’s family placed on her.

Jonathan noticed her emotions and held her hand by his side, enveloping it completely.

Subconsciously, Angela looked at him and heard his deep, hoarse voice. “Don’t just cry and forget about greeting everyone. They are your parents now.”

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Chapter 139

Chapter 139 Achieved Freedom

Chapter 139 Achieved Freedom

+5 Free Coins

Angela glanced back at the people in the living room and put on a radiant smile.
“Okay.”

“Angela. Mr. Lawson, welcome. Please have a seat.”

When Donald saw Angela, he instantly smiled. Meanwhile, Hecate offered a selection of fruits and snacks.

Zacharias remained quiet on the other side, his expression subdued. However, the faint smile on his lips betrayed his emotions.

Queenie sat beside Angela. Having been discharged from the hospital just two days prior, Queenie’s body was still weak. She didn’t even want to be here.

After some casual conversation, Angela took out the adoption agreement.

Donald and Hecate signed without hesitation. They then passed the household registration. to Angela.

As Angela held the document, her emotions surged.

She was now free from that family. The tragedies of her past life would never be repeated.

She had finally achieved complete and lasting freedom. A life of independence and autonomy **was** ahead of her.

Unlike the jovial atmosphere here, George sat in the car, gloomily waiting for Linda near her. house.

After waiting for several minutes, Linda finally arrived.

As soon as she entered the car, he spoke solemnly. “Did you tell Angela about us?”

A flicker of emotion crossed her eyes. She bit her lip and gazed up at George with an expression of innocence and grievance. Her soft voice carried a hint of tremor. “What are you talking about, Uncle Donald? I would never tell anyone about such things.”

“You’re sure you haven’t said anything?”

George felt a moment of confusion. *How would* Angela know, then? Am I overthinking?

“I swear, Uncle Donald, I’ll keep it a secret and won’t affect you in any way.”

1/4

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Chapter 139 Achieved Freedom

Linda adjusted her position to meet George’s gaze directly, Tears welled up in her eyes as she spoke. “**That** night will remain our secret forever”

She reached out to wipe away her tears, her voice faltering. “I was in so much pain and didn’t know what else to do. If not, I wouldn’t have... reached out to you”

George furrowed his brow. “Enough tears. Here’s the ointment. Tend to the wounds yourself. Let me think about this matter. I’ll provide you with an explanation.”

He handed a white plastic bag to Linda.

Tearfully, she looked at him, pleading, “Uncle George, there are wounds on my back. I... can’t reach them. Could you help me, please?”

It was the simplest request, but George took out the ointment from the plastic after a brief hesitation.

The cramped space of the car was dimly lit.

As George’s fingers touched Linda’s fair skin, marked with scars, her shoulders trembled. She turned to him. “Uncle George, please be gentle. It hurts...”

He paused his movements and remained silent, biting his lips.

But she could feel him being gentler. She said softly, “Uncle George, the clothes you gave me last time were quite expensive. I can’t accept them without repaying you.

“I’ve found a part-time job now, so please give me some time. After I cover my mother’s medical expenses, I’ll save up to pay you back.”

Upon hearing this, George narrowed his eyes. His tone tinged with displeasure as he said, “How much can a young girl like you earn? You don’t need to worry about it.”

He was a person of status and reputation. How would he **care** about such a trivial amount of money?

Linda's eyes welled up with tears. Suddenly, she turned to face George. "Uncle George... will I ever have the chance to see you again?"

"What do you mean?"

George's expression darkened slightly. Frowning, he looked at her with caution,

"I'm sorry, Uncle George. Please don't misunderstand." Linda's tearful eyes widened. I'm not trying to cling to you, but I just haven't felt warmth in a long time... After my

dad **was**

2/4

MBBM M

Chapter 139 Achieved Freedom

imprisoned, those people immediately cut ties with my family

86% 13:88

+5 Free Coins

At that moment, George felt that he had misunderstood her again. A touch of guilt rose in his

heart.

After some consideration, he took out a card from his wallet and handed it to her.

Linda briefly glanced at the bank card, then at his face. She asked in surprise, "What do you mean by this?"

"Your mother's medical expenses are quite a large amount. This money can help in emergencies. Consider it... as compensation to you."

"Uncle George, that night... wasn't your fault. I was also at fault." Linda's voice trembled as she was **on** the verge of tears. "I don't blame you."

"Take it. It's getting late. You should go back now."

George placed the bank card in the plastic bag and tucked it into her arms, along with some medicine.

Linda hesitated for a moment but ultimately accepted it.

Before the car drove away, he suddenly rolled down the window and whispered, "These things-"

Before he could finish, Linda interrupted him and said seriously, "I understand. Don't worry, Uncle George. I won't come looking for you again."

With that, Linda tidied up her thin clothes, opened the car door, and quickly got out, leaving behind a slender figure that eventually disappeared.

George frowned slightly, feeling a mix of emotions. That is not what I mean.

Her words made him a heartless man who left as soon as he was done.

As long as it didn't affect the situation at home, George was willing to help Linda if she needed it.

At the corner, Linda watched the car disappear at the end of the road. Then, she clenched her hand tightly, smiling seductively. Oh, dear Uncle George. I'm *looking* forward to our next meeting.

When Angela and Jonathan returned to Springgate Estates, it was already 10:30 p.m.

Even though she had classes the next day, she was unusually excited. As they left Donald's

3/4

MBBM M

Chapter 139 Achieved Freedom

+5 Free Coins

house, they happened to run into Emilia. Only then did Angela realize that Donald and Hecate had deliberately sent Emilia away.

They were worried Emilia might say something unpleasant and upset her.

Putting her thoughts aside, Angela patted her checks. I haven't *forgotten* the task at *hand!*

She had to focus and work hard to treat Jonathan's leg. She wasn't an ungrateful person.

After knocking on the study door, Angela waited for a moment before hearing Jonathan's low, hoarse voice say, "Come in."

In the room, Simon was standing with his hands behind his back next to Jonathan. When Simon saw her come in, his handsome face remained expressionless as he looked elsewhere.

It seemed like Simon was reporting something important.

Angela blinked. "Jonathan, am I interrupting you? I'll come back later to treat you. continue."

You guys

"It's not urgent. Just a small matter," Jonathan said, raising his cold eyes. "Simon, wait outside."

Simon's mouth twitched. "Okay."

A deal
worth *hundreds of thousands* becomes nothing *in front of Mrs. Lawson. Something's really*

wrong

with Mr. Lawson.

Angela began to give Jonathan acupuncture while kneeling on the soft carpet.

May was good at cooking and taking care of people. In these few months, she had turned the once thin and pale Angela into a fair and tender beauty with skin as smooth as a doll's.

Under the bright light, she appeared ethereal.

Jonathan lowered his eyes slightly and looked at Angela, his gaze becoming deeper.

But Angela didn't notice anything. Her attention was all on Jonathan's body. After so many years of care, his body had not been greatly affected. Even the muscles in his legs were firm.

It could be imagined that Jonathan had a very good physical condition.

He has such a good physique, and yet he had experienced such things. He didn't get married in his previous life and didn't even have a woman before dying at a young age. It's a real pity for the women.

BEN 13:08

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Chapter 140

Chapter 140 New Treatment Plan

After Angela was done with the acupuncture, she did not leave immediately. She stood up and looked at Jonathan seriously. “Jonathan, we can proceed to the next stage of treatment next week.

“Starting tomorrow, you’ll have half an hour of rehabilitation training every day. This process will be very tough. You... have to endure it.”

Tought

Jonathan has never found anything tough.

Angela felt that she might have been too subtle, so she whispered, “What I mean is, due to medication and training, your hormones may be disrupted, but for the sake of your health, you need to abstain.”

She blinked awkwardly. *Do you understand? No intense sexual activities.*

After a few seconds of silence, Jonathan looked at Angela. “You should be worried about yourself.”

Suddenly, Angela blushed. *Right, I’ll be the one in danger in this situation.*

“Then... should we sleep in separate rooms first?”

Jonathan pursed his lips, looking at Angela, but didn’t say anything.

Angela felt guilty from his stare. After a few seconds, she couldn’t hold on and found a way out for herself. “Hehe, that’s not a good idea, right? We just started living together. Sleeping **in** separate rooms might make the elders think our relationship is not good.”

Jonathan said, “It’s good that you understand.”

When Angela came out of the study, she saw Simon standing in the corridor. He greeted her with a nod and then quickly walked in.

Angela had just taken a few steps when she heard Simon's cold voice coming from the study. "Mr. Lawson, our people are investigating. We will have results soon, and also...."

She instinctively stopped in her tracks to listen carefully but then thought better of it and forced herself to keep walking.

However, Angela couldn't fall asleep, no matter how hard she tried lying in bed.

1/4

MBBNN

Chapter 140 New Treatment Plan

Are the Sanderses trying to harm Jonathan again?

86% 13:08

+5 Free Cons

Angela felt a surge of anger. *How could those people be so persistent? They're even worse than the Kinses!*

Throwing off the covers, Angela got out of bed and delved back into researching medical techniques to treat Jonathan.

I need to heal Jonathan's leg quickly and shatter those people's dreams. I'll make them watch Jonathan secure his position as the head of both the Sanders Family and Lawson Family. Give them a slap in the face!

Few people noticed that when Angela got serious, she had a stubborn streak in her. She was willing to overcome any difficulty and never gave up until she reached her goal.

Time passed unnoticed, and the night grew darker. As Angela looked at the more detailed treatment plan in her hands, her vision blurred slightly.

Glancing at the time, she was shocked to see it was already 2 a.m. She shook her head vigorously, trying to stay awake for a while longer. Eventually, she succumbed to drowsiness, leaning on the table and falling asleep.

She didn't know how long it had been when Angela vaguely felt herself falling into a broad embrace.

Feeling a tickle on her nose, she let **out** a little hum. The sensation of being suspended made her uncomfortable, so she instinctively reached out to grab onto something. She adjusted her position and continued sleeping.

Moments ago, Jonathan walked into the room and saw the scene of Angela sleeping on the table. His attention was all on Angela, and he didn't notice the new treatment plan that **was** being pressed under her hand.

He gently picked her up and held her in his arms. However, as he set her down, she suddenly hugged his arm tightly. She then turned over and unexpectedly pulled him down.

Jonathan lay down next to her. With a deep gaze, he stared at Angela's peaceful, sleeping face.

Is *she* always this *defenseless*, or has *she* never seen *me* as a *normal* man?

Jonathan pressed his lips together, got off the bed, and sat in the wheelchair, turning the wheels with a very faint expression.

The wheels made a faint rumbling sound as they rolled across the floor and into the study.

2/1

MBGMM

Chapter 140 New Treatment Plan

Angela woke

up at 7:30 am. Realizing she had classes that day, she hurried into the bathroom. to freshen **up** and neatly stashed away her hard work from the previous night in a drawer.

When she passed by the study, she paused and knocked on the door.

Jonathan, are you in there?"

When she woke up, the other side of the bed was neatly made, showing no signs of anyone sleeping in it.

Did Jonathan not *sleep* at all? Was his insomnia acting up again?

There was no response.

Has *he already left for work?*

Angela felt a twinge of worry. *His* insomnia was supposed to *be* getting better, so why did it act up again?

After breakfast downstairs, Oliver drove her to school.

With Oliver's fast pace, Angela made it to the classroom just as the bell rang.

As soon as she entered the classroom, she was met with a few unfriendly glances. She paid them no mind and took her seat, avoiding the group of people who thrived on gossip and belittling others.

As she began to study, the chair next to her was suddenly pulled out, and a cold figure **sat** down.

Louis gave her a cool look. "I informed Alex about that matter."

During their last meeting at the hospital, Angela reminded Louis to inform Alex about his sexual issue.

Angela continued to flip through her book nonchalantly. "Oh," she responded.

She had done her part. Whether Alex chose to confront the issue or continue to evade, it was up to him.

After all, she couldn't persuade a stubborn person.

Just then, Alex walked in.

3/4

Chapter 140 New Treatment Plan

When he caught sight of Angela, his eyes flickered. He casually took a seat on the other side of her, retrieving a book from his drawer.

After ensuring no one was paying attention, he lowered his voice and said, "Angela, *are* you... Well, how do I put this."

Angela couldn't concentrate on her book with his rambling beside her. She turned to him and teased, "Weren't you quite articulate before? Why are you stumbling over your words now?"

Alex wasn't exactly angry at her words, but he couldn't help but feel a bit embarrassed,

Taking a deep breath, he inquired, "Angela, you must have a solution to cure me, right?"

Despite his question, Alex sounded resolute.

He had discovered this issue during his teenage years but was too proud to seek help. He secretly consulted doctors, but none could provide a cure.

Eventually, he decided to study medicine himself, determined to 'save himself

However, his academic performance was just mediocre.

Sensing his pride and dignity eroding and Angela easily seeing through his facade, he couldn't bear to expose his vulnerability for the sake of his

ego.

It wasn't until Louis pushed him and he heard of Angela's reputation in consultations that Alex reluctantly approached her.

Angela skeptically asked, "Alex, are you sure you want me to treat you?"

As a doctor, she treated all patients equally. Despite her disdain for this group of people, her grandmother's teachings compelled her to see a patient's condition worsen on the sidelines.

However, observing Alex's discomfort, she feared the treatment process might be challenging.

Gritting his teeth, Alex declared, "Angela I'm ready!"

Angela found his reaction amusing. Just as she wanted to respond, Louis, who had been listening, interjected coldly, "Alex, have you lost your mind?"

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Chapter 141

Chapter 141 He Stood Up

Chapter 141 He Stood Up

Angela raised her eyebrows and glanced at Louis simultaneously with Alex.

Louis' dark eyes were profound. His expression **was** clear and cold, tinged with a hint of arrogance. "I'm right here, you know? Yet you asked for her help instead. Do you doubt my skills?"

Alex scratched his head. "I-"

"What, what? Let's grab a drink tonight and bring me all your previous reports."

After his words, Louis turned to Angela. His rugged face sported a faint smile, but his tone was quite provocative. "What do you say, Angie?"

"I'm thrilled. Also... Angela forced a polite smile. "I've told you before. Don't call me Angie, please.

Louis' expression immediately darkened.

Slamming the book on the table, he tried to make amends. "A slip of the tongue, Angela."

With that, he stood up and left without looking back, although it was still class time.

Alex was already used to Louis' temper. He smiled at Angela. "Angela, don't mind him. He's just being his usual crazy self."

Then he went to talk to Louis.

Angela paid no attention to their conversation. After all, Louis and Alex were both men, so they could communicate more easily.

After the morning class ended, Angela settled her lunch in the cafeteria, but now she was holding a lunch box in the sick bay, taking care of Cassie.

Cassie was wearing a black down jacket on the outside, with a basketball jersey underneath in the same color scheme. Her pants were pulled up high, revealing a red and swollen ankle with a hint of bruising.

Angela glanced over. "From basketball?"

After a nod, Cassie replied while eating, "Yeah, that kid on the other team was playing dirty,

1/4

MBBM M

Chapter 141 He Stood Up

86% 13:09

+5 Free Coins

fouling me! He deliberately bumped into me. It got me so mad. Next time I see him, I'm going to confront him and give him a piece of my mind. Let him know that I'm not a pushover!"

The more she spoke, the angrier she became. With one last big **gulp**, she finished her meal.

After a while, the young school doctor, Tobias Stewart, who had also finished eating, approached. Seeing Angela, he was first surprised, then smiled. "What ailment can't you handle that you had to come to me?"

Although he said that, he still sat down and lifted Cassie's leg. After a few glances, he pressed on it a few times, causing Cassie to grimace in pain.

"Sir, can you be gentler? Are you trying to break my foot?" Cassie gasped, wincing in pain.

She looked quite pitiful.

Tobias glared at her. "You have the nerve **to** complain? Who did you fight with to end up like this? The school might give you a serious warning. If your sister finds

out, you'll be in big

trouble."

Cassie felt wronged and swore by the heavens that it wasn't her fault.

It was someone else playing dirty in the game, targeting her.

Tobias frowned even deeper when he heard this. "Cassie, you're a girl. If you want to play basketball, play with girls. Why did you play with the boys? That's not really nice."

After speaking, he realized **Angela** was present, so he asked her, "You're Professor Terence's disciple. You don't need me to prescribe medication for this minor injury, right? You can handle it yourself."

With that, he hummed a tune, turned on the radio, and went about his business.

Cassie was taken aback. "Hey, you're the doctor. How can you say that? Where's your professionalism?"

"Hey, appreciate my good intentions. Angela is much more skilled than me in medicine. Isn't it better to let her treat you? Once she starts seeing patients, you might not even be able to get an appointment."

Angela glanced past **him**. After a sigh, she lowered her head again and turned to Cassie's ankle. "It's a bone injury. You should go to the hospital. The medicine here is incomplete. Take a medical

report and

go to your counselor for leave. You need to rest well for at least

half a month."

2/4

MBBM

Chapter 141 He Stood Up

She had already examined Cassie **as** soon as she arrived.

m 13:00

Cassie's eyes widened. "Half a month? It's that serious? Once I'm better, watch me beat that guy to a pulp!"

"Cassie, if you talk so rudely again, I'll tell your sister." **Tobias** chuckled ominously.

Cassie pursed her lips and didn't say anything.

Angela pondered. Cassie is an *only child*, so the person he's referring to should *be her* cousin,

Cassandra.

Angela took Cassie to the hospital and had an **X**-ray taken.

The result was a minor bone fracture. She needed to restrict her activities and rest, similar to the diagnosis made by Angela.

The orthopedic doctor prescribed some medication, which Angela checked and found to be average medication.

Angela decided to bring some homemade pills to school the next day for Cassie to help her recover faster.

Angela asked Cassie to wait on the bench while she went upstairs to the pharmacy.

Just as she took a few steps around the corner, she almost collided with someone who suddenly rushed out.

Upon closer inspection, it was Yusof.

Yusof also saw her and exclaimed, "What the heck? Angela, what are you doing here?"

Before Angela could respond, she heard Cassie's voice from behind.

"Yusof."

Cassie pressed her lips together. Seeing Yusof sweat profusely and carrying medicine and a lunch box, she immediately understood.

She had heard earlier that Sarah's father was ill, and Yusof had been busy running around.

So, it's this hospital.

Yusof looked at Cassie with a frown as he saw her in a cast. "What happened to you?"

3/4

MGGMM

Chapter 141 He Stood Up

Feeling cared for, Cassie snorted and briefly explained the reason.

OOL? N

86% 13:09

"I told you not to play **so** aggressively. You almost bumped into me before-

Yusof was about to retort but seemed to remember something and quickly walked away. "I'm sorry. Sarah hasn't eaten breakfast. I need to hurry and take it to her."

Angela glanced at the medicine box he was carrying.

One of the boxes contained Vitaline Forte Capsules, which were usually used for serious heart conditions.

Just as she was lost **in** thought, Cassie came to her side and said, "I'm so annoyed. Yusof is really a lapdog among the lapdogs. Sarah didn't even show up on his birthday. I heard she was with her boyfriend, which no one had ever seen before.

"He was heartbroken all night. I tried to persuade him for half the night and ended up throwing up all night. It hasn't been long, and he's already here to help her."

Angela didn't know much about Sarah, only that she was the campus beauty of the medical department. She was usually quite low-key.

Recently, her father had a sudden heart attack and almost didn't make it through the rescue. The family's **company** also faced a crisis, **so** she hadn't been to school during this time.

Angela looked at Cassie and noticed a hint of bitterness in her eyes. She patted her on the back and said, "Let's go. The pharmacy is upstairs. Let's take the elevator together."

Cassie glanced back and saw that Yusof was long gone. She frowned and walked away.

After getting the medicine, Cassie also took a leave of absence from school. Angela sent her off in a cab and then returned to Springgate Estates.

As soon as she entered, she saw Jonathan in the yard. Despite the cold weather, he was dressed very lightly.

After admiring him for a few seconds, Angela suddenly froze. Jonathan actually stood up!

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Chapter 142

Chapter 142 Future Fiancée

Chapter 142 Future Fiancée.

Angela stood at the door, her gaze burning as she looked over at Jonathan, who was standing

for the first time.

The cool breeze blew the black shirt on his body slightly, revealing his thin waistline. **His** forehead was **wet** with sweat, and his messy hair was hanging down, covering his eyes.

Seeing her return, he smiled faintly.

Angela's heart skipped a beat, feeling that on this night, the standing Jonathan was enchanting to the extreme.

After taking a deep breath, she walked in and noticed some professional rehabilitation training equipment placed next to him.

He must have consulted a rehabilitation doctor.

"Didn't I say we were starting next week? Why are you training today?" Angela asked, puzzled.

Although starting training early could help him get used to it sooner, his leg injury had not healed yet. The difficulty of training now would be greater, and it would be more painful.

Jonathan replied, "I've been sitting for too long. I want to quickly stand up."

Lowering her eyes, Angela glanced at his long legs.

A flash of clarity passed through Angela's eyes. Although Jonathan, who was sitting in a wheelchair, could command effortlessly without standing up, who would want to be half a head shorter and look **up** at others when they could stand?

"You're so tall standing up." Angela reached out and gestured from the top of her head. "Look, you're so much taller than me."

Wearing flat shoes, she only reached Jonathan's chest.

The closer she stood, the more she could feel the pressure emanating from him.

Jonathan smirked. With one hand leaning on the railing, he freed the other hand to ruffle her hair. "Don't be picky. Eat everything May makes."

"I got it." Angela pouted, looking somewhat dissatisfied.

Then she ran off into the living room.

1/4

13:10

Chapter 142 Future Fiancée

Angela didn't look back. She felt that Jonathan, being his proud self, probably wouldn't want anyone to see him in a miserable and painful state during his rehabilitation training.

After Angela left, Jonathan stood still for a few seconds.

Then he tightened his lips and mobilized his long legs. Enduring the pain drilling into his bone, he took step by step forward.

Back in her room, Angela took out the herbs and started making pills for Cassie.

When she was done, she called Cassie, since tomorrow was Saturday, and Cassie should take the pills as soon as possible for the best treatment effect.

On the other end, Cassie wailed, "My dad has restricted my freedom! My life is tragic. I'm going to be bedridden this afternoon."

Angela thought for a moment and said, "Tell me your address. I'll bring it to you."

Cassie exclaimed, "Angela, you're so kind!" Then she gave Angela the address.

As Angela went out, she looked toward the yard and saw that Jonathan was no longer there.

The rehabilitation equipment had also been put away.

May had just come out of the kitchen and saw her looking outside. She smiled and said, "Mrs. Lawson, Mr. Lawson has gone to the company."

Angela stuck out her tongue. "Oh."

It's so late, and he's still going to the *company*? *He should be resting after training.*

The scariest thing is that someone *smarter than you* is working harder than *you*. He's truly... a *ruthless* capitalist.

After saying goodbye to May, Angela left.

Cassie lived in a high-end villa area, not as luxurious as Springgate Estates but still out of reach for ordinary people.

Angela took a bus transfer and arrived quickly.

She was about to call Cassie when she saw a lady coming out of the Hayes Residence.

Angela was quite far away, and with the dim light, she couldn't see the person's face clearly.

2/41

HDD HH

Chapter 142 Future Fiancée

a 13:18

However, she could sense the gentle temperament emanating from the lady. Judging from her figure and attire, she appeared slightly older than Cassie.

Almost immediately. Angela deduced her identity.

Jonathan's future fiancée, Cassandra.

Angela's curiosity was piqued, so she moved closer, **eager** to get **a** better look at Cassandra.

However, before she could see clearly, a car pulled up in front of her. Someone opened the door, and the car sped away.

Angela clicked her tongue in disappointment.

At that moment, a gentle voice spoke. "You must be Miss Kins. Miss Cassie asked me to come and welcome you."

It was the butler at Cassie's house. Angela thanked him and followed him to Cassie's room.

Upon seeing her, Cassie wanted to rush over, but she was stopped by Angela and the butler simultaneously.

“You don’t want your leg **to** recover?” Angela pressed her down and handed her the pill before explaining the dosage and usage.

Tears of gratitude welled up in Cassie’s eyes.

Angela held her hand. After checking her pulse, she sighed. “Don’t stay up until 3 a.m.. steer clear of spicy food during this time.”

and

Cassie looked alarmed. “You’re so scary. You know I stayed up until 3 **a.m.?**”

“I have some observational and deductive skills.” Angela smirked, then asked, “Is the who just left your cousin, Cassandra?”

person

Cassie nodded. While examining the pill curiously, she answered Angela, “Cassandra is amazing. She’s fluent in four languages, always ranking first in exams, never below the top three.

“She’s beautiful and strong, and she’s currently interning at our family’s company. I’ve heard she has already completed several impressive projects since starting.

“I’ve grown up in her shadow. Every time my dad scolds me, he compares me to her, saying if I had even a tenth of Cassandra’s abilities, he would be grateful.”

3/4

es 13:19

Chapter 142 Future Fiancée

Angela was well aware of Cassandra’s impressive credentials. Christopher had mentioned them, and he was rarely one to praise others.

He had even stated that if anyone in the world could match Jonathan, it would be Cassandra.

“By the way, I heard that my Uncle Trent wants Cassandra to marry Jonathan, the mysterious tycoon of Riverdon who controls the Sanders and Lawson Families. I think they’re insane.

“Everyone knows that Jonathan doesn’t have long to live, and he’s disabled, always in a wheelchair. Uncle Trent actually wants to push Cassandra into such a pit. Cassie shook her head, displaying great disbelief.

Although *we may not be* as wealthy as Jonathan, we’re still considered a prestigious and well-known family.

Have all the outstanding wealthy heirs of Riverdon perished? *Can’t* they find anyone suitable for Cassandra

Angela blinked and coughed awkwardly. “But... I heard that Jonathan is already married.”

And the person in question, Mrs. Lawson, is right in front of Cassie.

Cassie exclaimed in surprise, “The richest man in Riverdon is married? I didn’t even know about such an important piece of gossip. This doesn’t seem right. Is Uncle Trent trying to make Cassandra a mistress and break up someone else’s family?”

“Although he’s obsessed with money, a gentleman should earn the money by legitimate means. I don’t **think** this is a good idea.”

Since Angela was a resident of Springgate Estates, Cassie had no doubt about her information. It must be true.

“They have a secret marriage, no wedding ceremony, and his wife is still in school.” Angela quickly fabricated a lie. “I heard that Jonathan loves his wife dearly and fears for her safety, so they maintain a low profile and keep it private.”

Cassie admired. “Angela, you’re incredible. How do you know all this so clearly?”

NG GM MI

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Chapter 143

Chapter 143 The Patient Doesn’t Listen

Angela blinked her long eyelashes and hesitated. "My teacher is Professor Terence, who has a strong connection with the Lawson Family."

Upon hearing this, Cassie became even more convinced.

After spending some time with Angela, she departed.

However, Cassie pondered the situation and decided she needed to inform Cassandra about this since George wanted her to intervene in the marriage.

Interfering with the marriage of the wealthiest family was inviting trouble.

Upon returning to Springgate Estates, Angela had dinner and then immersed herself in her studies in her room.

Time flew by, and it was late at night, but Jonathan had not returned yet.

Angela frowned and sent him a message. Jonathan, you haven't returned yet? It's a crucial time, so you

shouldn't overwork yourself. Make sure to rest well, or it will have **negative** consequences.'

Two minutes later, Jonathan replied, 'Okay. Got it. Go sleep first.'

She wanted to **say** more but decided against it.

That night, she slept alone peacefully.

During breakfast, Angela received a call from Donald.

Donald sounded hesitant on the phone, so Angela set down her fork and spoon and said directly, "What's wrong, Dad? Just tell me."

"Angela, it's... Uncle George and Fanny have invited us to their engagement party"

Angela's lips curled into a mocking smile when she heard this.

Donald and George had been estranged for many years, so this invitation must have been

ion must have been

Her little scheming is truly beneath contempt. Angela pursed her lips and said, "Since she has invited us, let's just go."

NNDS

Chapter 143 The Patient Doesn't Listen.

She calculated the time, and it was time to start preparing for her "big gift."

86% 13:10

After dinner, she made some preparations and finally handed an envelope to Oliver to send to a certain place.

Jonathan found out about it shortly after, but he didn't know what was inside the envelope. He didn't inquire much and let the young girl do as she pleased.

On Monday, when Angela got out of the car at school, she was stopped by Fanny, who was accompanied by Stella.

Fanny handed Angela another invitation.

Angela stared at her indifferently. "Are you done?"

"This invitation is for Uncle Donald. Now that you are family, just pass it on to him for me."

Angela directly discarded it. "We don't need the Kins Family's invitation."

"But without the invitation, you won't be able to enter a place like Laurel Hotel. Fanny bit her lip while looking concerned.

"You don't need to worry about that. Just mind your own business."

Stella **was** infuriated by Angela's arrogance. **She** pointed at Angela and shouted, "You don't know what's good for you! Do you know how many people in school want to attend Fanny's engagement party but can't?! Now, this invitation is as precious as gold!"

Upon seeing the situation, Oliver, who was in the car, wanted to get out immediately and teach Stella a lesson. *How dare she* point at Angela like that? I'm so ready to scold that *woman!*

Angela noticed his movement and raised her hand to stop him. Then, she looked at Stella with a playful and mocking expression. "Oh. Why don't you pick it up quickly and sell it then?"

Stella came from a humble background. After entering college, she met the wealthy and pampered Fanny. From then on, she stuck to Fanny like glue and served as Fanny's assistant.

When Angela spoke, Stella felt humiliated and angry. She glared at Angela without being able to say a word.

Angela's gaze shifted lightly from Stella's face to Fanny. "You don't need to worry about how I enter. Are **you** done? Move aside!"

With that, she bumped into Fanny's shoulder and walked inside.

2/5

86% 13:18

Chapter 143 The Patient Doesn't Listen

Stella hurried to comfort her.

+5 Free Coins

"Never mind. I'll personally deliver the invitation. Angela was kicked out of her house, so it's only fair for her to be upset with me." Fanny intentionally raised her voice, and the surrounding students heard clearly.

The gossip spread around quickly.

Just then, the sound of a car engine starting rang out, and Fanny immediately stepped back. However, she realized it was too late as she was splattered with mud by Oliver.

Her friend Stella was not spared either. Her face was splattered with mud, and it ruined the two hours of makeup she had carefully applied that morning.

"Ah... Do you know how to drive?!" Stella exclaimed in distress while wiping her clothes frantically.

These were clothes specially given to her by Fanny. They were worth several thousand, which she could never afford on her own.

Fanny's face darkened, and there was a flash of anger in her eyes.

After Angela entered the classroom, she heard many excited discussions about how luxurious. Fanny's engagement banquet was and how much the Kins Family valued her.

She was stealing the spotlight.

The discussion also turned to what was happening outside the school gates, but with much exaggeration, painting Angela as a wicked woman in the mouths of those people.

Bang!

With a loud bang, Louis suddenly slammed a thick book on the table.

“Shut up, all of you! You’re all chattering away so early in the morning. Can’t I have some sleep?!”

The classroom fell silent instantly.

Angela looked at Louis, who had already laid his head back on the table to sleep.

Alex was also absent from class. Angela wanted to ask about Alex’s condition, but after some thought, she sat down behind Louis.

After taking out her book, she poked Louis with a pen.

3/5

MBBM M

Chapter 143 The Patient Doesn’t Listen

Louis didn’t move.

+5 Free Coins

She frowned and continued to poke him. He suddenly turned around. His face was dark as he stared at her coldly and said, “Angela, you better have a good reason for bothering me.”

“This is the prescription I made for Alex. Since he didn’t come to class today, you can give it to him,” Angela said softly.

The next moment, she placed the neatly folded prescription on the table.

Then, she started reading her book and did not bother to interfere any further. After all, it wasn’t her good friend who was sick, so she didn’t really care.

Upon staring at Angela’s calm and bright face, Louis took the prescription with a cold expression, laid back on the table, and went back to sleep.

In the evening, Angela returned to Springgate Estates after school and saw Jonathan in the living room.

He must have just returned as he was still dressed in a suit, with a hint of gloom in his features and a faint sense of fatigue all over him.

Without even checking his pulse, she knew that he probably hadn't had a good night's sleep for several days.

Angela frowned. "Jonathan, it's time for acupuncture. Look at you. You must have been too busy with work to rest properly."

Jonathan glanced at the young girl, leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, and let her treat him. "I'm fine," he said hoarsely.

Angela first took his pulse, and sure enough, the situation had worsened a bit, so she quickly started acupuncture.

During the process, she kept observing Jonathan's expression. She saw him gradually relax and slowly drift into sleep, which made her breathe a sigh of relief.

After finishing the acupuncture, she gently covered him with a blanket and got up to the kitchen to start making medicinal food.

By the time the medicinal food was ready, an hour had passed. When Angela came out, Jonathan had just woken up.

He sat up calmly while pressing his temples with force, and his face was tense.

4/5

TW TW

Chapter 143 The Patient Doesn't Listen

>

864 13:11

+5 Free Coins

"Jonathan, eat this. Let's pause tomorrow's recovery training and resume it the day after tomorrow after adjusting your body. You really can't overwork yourself anymore in the future."

Angela placed the medicinal food in front of him and couldn't help but add, "Extending the treatment time is not the most serious issue. The most serious thing is that it will worsen your condition repeatedly. If it happens too often, your body won't be able to handle it."

Jonathan glanced at her with a hint of a smile playing on his lips. "You're quite talkative for someone so young."

Angela couldn't help but say, "Because the patient doesn't listen."

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Chapter 144

Chapter 144 You're Worthy

Chapter 144 You're Worthy

13:11

+5 Free Cos

After dinner, Angela returned to her room quickly. She was unable to sit still as she listened to the sound of water in the bathroom.

Today, Jonathan skipped his usual study session and headed straight to the bathroom for a

shower.

He was back, so were they going to sleep together?

Angela lay under the blanket and wrapped herself tightly. She even used her body to press down on the corners and edges to prevent herself from sleeping improperly. She didn't want to end up in his arms and get too handsy with him.

Wrapping herself so securely should limit her restless movements, right?

After a while, the sound of water stopped, and Jonathan came out in a bathrobe. He casually dried his hair while looking at Angela, who had wrapped herself into a cocoon, with a momentary pause.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

Angela narrowed her eyes. "This way, I won't disturb your sleep."

He pursed his lips and continued drying his hair. "Go to sleep early. Tomorrow is Christopher's engagement banquet, and as my wife, you need to attend with me."

"Okay." Angela blinked as she sensed an underlying meaning in his words. "Aren't you going to sleep early?"

Jonathan said in a low voice, "I'm going to the study."

Is he going to *the study* to work *for* another night?

Did he really not take her advice to heart?

Angela lifted her gaze and quickly scrutinized him before lecturing sternly. "You haven't rested properly for two or three days. You can't work anymore, Jonathan. Let's go to sleep."

Then, she silently shifted to the other side of the bed while pointing to the vast space in front. "This is your spot."

After a moment, she grabbed a cartoon plush toy from the bedside table and placed it in the middle. "This is the boundary line. I will not cross it to avoid affecting you."

1/5

MBBM M

Chapter 144 You're Worthy

Jonathan stared at the boundary in the middle with faint eyes and then lay down expressionlessly.

Upon seeing him actually lay down, Angela was a bit stunned.

She also felt somewhat gratified that he finally listened.

15 From Curs

Angela lay back down in satisfaction and tried to sleep. However, after turning off the lights, her auditory senses became more sensitive.

Although there was a boundary line between them, in reality, the two were very close. With her eyes closed, she could even hear the man's subtle breathing.

It was faint, but to her, it sounded particularly loud, knocking at her ears one after another

Furthermore, the man carried a fresh and invigorating scent after his shower.

It was very pleasant.

“Can’t sleep?” Jonathan suddenly asked. “I’ll... go to the study then.”

Is he going to the *study* again?

Is it *really* because of *her*?

A strong sense of guilt rose in Angela’s heart. She hurriedly said, “No. No. It’s just... tomorrow, when we go together, will our grandparents announce the news of our marriage?”

And what about Cassandra?

By doing this, was she breaking up Cassandra and Jonathan?

“Do you know why I’ve been so busy lately?”

“Why?” Angela turned her head and asked out of curiosity.

Isn’t it because of work?

In the darkness, Jonathan pressed his lips and spoke slowly, and his voice was faint. “In their eyes, **I am** a dying man, yet I have no wife and no heir.”

Angela instantly understood. *So, those people think that Jonathan is about to die and are trying to force him to abdicate?*

Those people are really wicked!

2/5

MBBM M

Chapter 144 You’re Worthy

NN

No **13:11**

“Jonathan, I understand. Let’s do as our grandparents say and announce the news of our marriage. It will let those people know that you are already married and might cause fewer troubles for you.” Angela said earnestly with a look of indignation.

This way, Jonathan could focus on treatment and recovery.

As long as she could help Jonathan, she was willing to do anything.

Moreover, according to the agreement, this was also her duty—to play the role of Jonathan’s

wife.

Jonathan’s eyes narrowed slightly, and he spoke warmly. “I’ll rely on you for this year then.”

“It’s only fair. We are allies, and you have helped me so much. Just tell me what you need me to do.” Angela promised while patting her chest.

She was very dedicated to keeping her promises.

This time, she quickly drifted off to sleep.

Listening to Angela’s steady breathing, Jonathan turned slightly, and his **eyes** darkened a few shades as he whispered, “Fool, don’t easily believe a man’s words.”

Then, he reached out, pulled her into his arms, and breathed in the fragrance of the young girl before closing his eyes again.

The next morning, when Angela woke up, Jonathan was already awake.

She was preparing to leave after washing up when there was a knock on the door.

May brought in three or four people who were carrying two sets of clothes.

Angela looked at them with a sense of familiarity. It seemed like they were a renowned international styling team.

To secure the services of this team, one needed not only money and power but also luck, as they spent most of their time in seclusion and were not easily swayed by new clients.

Angela blinked; this was the power of a capitalist.

The individuals in the room were crafting a unique style tailored specifically for her.

As Angela descended the stairs, Jonathan was in the living room listening to Simon report something.

3/5

MBB MADA

Chapter 144 You're Worthy

NN

Upon hearing movement, he looked up.

86% 13:11

+5 Free Cons

In his line of sight, she wore a snow-white feather dress with an off-the-shoulder design, revealing a small heart-shaped pink diamond on her delicate collarbone.

Her face resembled that of a porcelain doll, and the feather dress she wore did not seem extravagant but rather gentle and playful like a little angel newly arrived on earth.

The expression in Jonathan's eyes deepened, and he tightened his thin lips subconsciously.

Simon glanced at his boss' reaction, then at Angela. He finally understood why his boss was becoming more absent-minded.

Hmm... *It* all made sense.

As Angela approached Jonathan, he had already concealed all emotions and returned to his usual self.

"Jonathan, I'm ready."

"Okay." Jonathan's gaze fell on Simon's face, and Simon nodded before leaving silently.

Once they were in the car, Angela's feather dress took up almost half of the back seat.

She felt a bit embarrassed and said, "Jonathan, you don't have to make such a big deal out of it. This outfit must be expensive, and so is that styling team."

Jonathan replied, "You are now young madam of the Lawson Family."

Angela blushed. “Hehe... True. I can’t embarrass you.”

“I mean.” Jonathan furrowed his brows slightly, and his faint eyes looked at her. “You deserve

it.”

Angela’s mind didn’t catch up for a moment.

Was Jonathan saying she deserved the clothes or... the status?

There was silence in the carriage for a while, and soon, they arrived at Laurel Hotel.

The two entered the venue through the VIP channel, and the ceremony had not yet begun.

However, the venue was crowded with guests, with all the prominent figures from Riverdon

in attendance.

4/5

MBBM

Chapter 144 You’re Worthy

OOF ZN

1% 13:11

Fanny was at the entrance, wearing a floor-length silver fishtail gown and standing next to Christopher, who was in a suit and leather shoes, smiling gracefully and greeting guests warmly.

On the other side, the Kins Family sat neatly and harmoniously in the VIP **room**.

Angela only glanced at them before looking away.

Then, she surveyed the scene.

The Sanders Family had booked an entire top floor, and the venue was decorated to the highest standards.

Even the flowers were flown in from overseas.

This was definitely making a statement for the year.

“Look over there.”

Suddenly, Jonathan’s voice sounded beside her.

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Chapter 145

Chapter 115 Your Biological Mother Is Here

Chapter 145 Your Biological Mother Is Here

Angela looked over and **saw** Donald and his family sitting in the front

Her eyes curved up, and she smiled.

Jonathan went over with her but **was** called away after a few words.

The butler who was working for Kevin said that Kevin had something to tell Jonathan

Before leaving, Jonathan **said** to Angela, “Go on and have fun. Take care of yourself.

Angela felt a tremor in her **heart** and sensed an underlying meaning

Does Jonathan know something?

Afraid to **think** further, she left and walked to where **Donald** was.

“That **outfit** looks **great** on you, Angela. Hecate sized Angela up, and her eyes were filled with joy.

Donald had an honest smile on **his** face. “I see you **have** gotten fairer and fatter. Are you and Jon doing well?”

Regarding **Donald** and Hecate’s concern, **Angela** felt a warm feeling in her heart. They cared about whether she was doing well.

They could even see her changes **at** a glance. She **was** indeed fatter **and** fairer.

While her biological parents and brother would only **warn** her in **a harsh** tone **not** to disgrace the Kins Family.

Angela's eyes narrowed slightly. "**Jonathan** has been very **good** to me; otherwise, could he have fed me well!"

The scene of Angela with **Donald's** family **was** soon discovered by Fanny

WIS

Especially when she **saw** the dress on Angela, her perfect makeup face instantly showed astonishment.

Wasn't that the masterpiece of the internationally renowned MR styling team?

She had just seen a preview of it in a **fashion** magazine yesterday.

There was only one in the world!

At **that** time, she was still feeling lost and regretted **that** she didn't **have** time to buy this dress. Otherwise, she would definitely find a way to get this dress!

She **would** wear it **as a** wedding dress for herself, and it would be absolutely **incredible**.

But it was only out yesterday... and Angela **was** already wearing it?

It was impossible. The Sanders Family couldn't even get it, let **alone** Angela. Fanny's eyes **flashed** with disdain. She thought Angela had some powerful backing

48%

Chapter 145 Your Biological Mother Is Here

+5 Free Cons

On such a grand occasion, she actually chose to wear a knockoff dress. It was probably to deceive people. like Angela, who—**lacked** discernment and experience.

After dealing with a guest in front of her. Fanny deliberately exclaimed in surprise while pulling Christopher to look. "Christopher, look. It's Angela. How wonderful! I knew she would come to our engagement banquet."

Christopher looked over and saw Angela in the crowd. The evening dress accentuated her slender and graceful figure, revealing her petite face. She was stunningly beautiful and radiant, catching everyone's

attention.

He quickly pursed his lips. "She still has the nerve to come?"

"Oh, Christopher. It's okay. Angela must have come sincerely to bless us. Come. Let's go say hello to her."

Angela hadn't eaten anything in the morning and was already hungry. She was choosing desserts at the dessert table when a shadow suddenly fell in front of her.

"Angela, welcome. Fanny smiled innocently.

Christopher glared at her, and his eyes seemed to warn her. Angela, since you're here, just behave yourself and don't do anything that will embarrass both families.

Angela's expression remained calm, with a sense of indifference. "Christopher, are you still fantasizing at this point?"

What do you mean?"

"About the fact that I'm not interested in you anymore. I've said it eight hundred times already. Christopher, can you use your **brain** a little bit!"

Christopher's face immediately darkened, **and** his hands squeaked as he clenched them.

Fanny gently tried to comfort him, then turned to Angela with red eyes. "Angela, I know you're not feeling good. But I hope you can be as happy as me and stay with the man you truly like, not ruin your whole life for some... reasons.

She glanced at Angela's clothes. "Especially those... who are **too** stingy to buy you authentic ones and make **you** wear knock-offs."

People from high society would never wear knock-offs even if they could not afford authentic items; it was considered quite embarrassing.

Angela lowered her eyelids gracefully.

If the stylist overheard this conversation, their reaction would be priceless.

Angela adjusted the fluffy hem of her dress **and** remarked **casually**, "Oh. Don't worry about it. You can't see enough with just one pair of eyes, so why not grow a few more."

Just then, a few more influential figures **made** their entrance.

Upon spotting them, Christopher moved to pull Fanny away before saying, “Fanny, don’t waste your time on someone like her. Come. Let me introduce you to some important people.”

2/4

Chapter 145 Your Biological Mother Is Here

Before leaving, Fanny couldn’t help but say, “Angels, do as you please. Don’t feel obligated. Just be happy”

Angela’s smile widened as she glanced at her phone; the time was almost up

At that moment. Jonathan also returned and immediately noticed Angela. Then, he strode toward

Upon noticing her empty plate, he asked in a deep voice, “Is there nothing you like to eat?”

“Not particularly...

Angela paused for a moment and chose not to repeat Fanny’s words **to** avoid tarnishing Jonathan’s ears,

She had a special “gift” prepared to teach Fanny a lesson.

Angela smiled playfully and **said**. “Jonathan, there are so many options. I haven’t decided what to eat yet.”

The man chuckled, and his gaze was deep as he lifted his hand to tousle her **hair**. Take your time to choose slowly. You must eat more.”

Once she had selected her dessert **and** sat down with Jonathan, Kevin **took** the stage and announced the official start of the engagement ceremony in his deep voice.

Applause filled the room.

Fanny linked arms with Christopher as they walked up to the stage under the watchful eyes of the crowd.

With her beautiful eyes and charming smile, she completed each sacred ritual gracefully.

As Angela **savored** the delicious treats, she observed the proceedings on stage.

Whenever she found something particularly delicious, she would discreetly nudge Jonathan and offer him a dessert while shining with excitement. **Jonathan**, try this. It's really good."

Jonathan's gaze shifted from her face to the dessert and he said, I'll pass."

She didn't say another word and enjoyed the treats by herself.

It was now time for the bride **and** groom to offer a toast to the future parents-in-law.

Angela set **down** her dessert, **sat** up straight, **and** smiled as she watched the scene unfold on stage.

Fanny, who **was** holding a glass of wine, **was** filled with excitement and happiness as she approached Michael with Christopher.

At **that** moment, only Michael was seated there. Christopher's mother, Mariam Morton, had never been acknowledged by the Sanders Family and, therefore, had no right to sit there.

Michael was already irritated by **this** fact. He struggled to maintain his smile upon seeing Fanny **approaching**.

He was still hesitant to accept the improper identity of the young lady from the Kins Family.

Despite her favoritism, she was merely a maid with no blood relation to the Kins Family, leaving the future uncertain.

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Chapter 145 Your Biological Mother Is Here

Whether the Kins Family could provide support for his **son** was also a topic of debate.

As the glass of wine was handed to him, he accepted it reluctantly.

Fanny watched him drink. Then, she walked over to George and his wife with Christopher.

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The couple looked at the young couple with joy, while Scarlet **was so** excited that her eyes were teary.

She had truly raised this daughter well!

She took Christopher's glass, gazed at her son-in-law with great satisfaction, and **was** about to give him a toast when suddenly, a rough voice erupted at the door.

"My good daughter, did you give the wrong person a **toast**? Your biological mother is right here."

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Chapter 146

Chapter 146 The Granddaughter-In-Law, Angela Kins

Chapter 146 The Granddaughter-In-Law, Angela Kins

With the resounding rough voice, all eyes in the room immediately turned toward the lady.

She was a middle-aged woman wearing a coarse floral jacket and black trousers.

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Her face was weathered, with deep and numerous wrinkles, and her hair was piled high on top of her head.

Her cloudy eyes were fixed **on** Fanny.

When Fanny saw the woman standing at the door, her face went pale.

Scarlet and George were also taken aback.

This **was** Fanny's birth mother, Britney Kourt, whom the couple had only met briefly once before.

She was an unreasonable shrew, lacking manners, **and** was both unattractive and **vulgar**.

It was that meeting that had convinced Scarlet not to send Fanny **back** to her for fear of ruining her.

So, Scarlet gave Britney some money and asked Britney to never appear again, as if Britney had no daughter at all.

Britney walked toward the **stage** step by step while clutching her waist. “Fanny, you haven’t come home to see me all these years, and you didn’t even invite me on such a big day. Do you only care about your wealthy foster mother now and have completely forgotten about your birth mother?”

Every word she spoke felt like a cut on Fanny’s face, exposing unsavory background to everyone

present.

The room was filled with whispers and gossip.

Many people were pointing **and** talking.

The engagement banquet was grandiose. Despite Michael’s disapproval of his son marrying Fanny, this **was** still the engagement for the son he had high hopes for. Michael also invited many business partners with whom he cooperated,

Some came uninvited, seeking to curry **favor** with the Sanders Family.

The admiring glances from before now turned into mockery.

“I heard that the two daughters of the Kins Family were adopted by mistake, and it turns out that this one **on** stage has such a birth mother.”

“The Sanders Family is really generous, not minding her background, but Miss Fanny’s character isn’t very good.”

“Exactly. She did not even invite her birth mother to origins, not just stay wherever there **is** money.”

the wedding. One should always remember their

“Miss Fanny must be ashamed of her birth mother. This **is** unacceptable!”

Chapter 116 The Granddaughter–In–Law, Angela Kins

Fanny couldn't bear the memories flooding back, and she bit her lip tightly.

Suddenly realizing something, she immediately looked toward the audience and saw Angela sitting there with a smirk on her face.

It must be Angela's doing!

Fine. It must make Angela suffer!

Britney had already come up on stage.

Fanny trembled, **and** tears quickly streamed down **as** she looked up with a helpless face at Christopher.

"Christopher. I'm scared... **What** should I do? I don't know how this could happen."

Christopher pulled Fanny behind him **with** a stern **face** and looked coldly at the woman in front of him. "Don't disrupt the procession here. You can go out and wait. We can talk about it in private if there's anything."

"Oh my. Listen to this. Is this what a future son-in-law should say?"

Britney's finger pointed straight at Christopher's face, and she raised her voice several degrees. "Let **me** tell you. The one behind you crawled out of my belly. Don't you look down on me. When you two get married, you will definitely have to call me 'Mom!'"

When had Christopher ever been treated like this? His face looked so unpleasant that it turned black.

You...

"What? Aren't you big shots in the city the most rule-**abiding**?"

With a snort, Britney rolled her eyes. "Even a three-year-old child understands this, and **you** all don't? Let me tell you. Today, you have to give me, the birth mother, a toast. As for others, they can forget it!" she **said** while glancing sideways at Scarlet.

Scarlet was **so** angry that she was shaking. She **was unable to** hold the glass of wine in her hand.

With a loud bang, she set down the glass and declared, "Fanny is my daughter. She has no connection to you anymore. Stop causing a scene here. Someone, come and escort her out!"

Several bodyguards swiftly approached from the crowd.

Upon witnessing this, Britney promptly sat on the ground while shouting, “This is unacceptable! Even at birth mother can’t attend her daughter’s wedding. You wealthy people truly lack manners.”

She continued to cry and lament. “Is there no justice in this world? Where can I seek fairness? Who will advocate for me...

George couldn’t remain seated. He tried to compose himself as he **rose and** stated calmly, “This is not the appropriate place for you to create a disturbance. Please follow me to the backstage. Let’s discuss this **matter** properly.”

“Don’t try to deceive me. **I am** going to attend my daughter’s wedding today.”

Britney had discovered that her future son-in-law **was** the young master of the esteemed Sanders Family,

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Chapter 146 The Granddaughter-In-Law, Angela Kins

and all the family’s riches would eventually be his.

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Today, she must use this grand event to make it known to everyone that she was Fanny’s birth mother.

In the future, she would be the true relative of the Sanders Family!

Not the hypocritical and ostentatious Scarlet.

Kevin observed as the situation was escalating, and he gazed at Fanny with furrowed brows. “Since she is your biological mother, it’s only right to offer her a toast.”

Fanny widened her eyes, and tears streamed down her face even more. “Grandpa, I, I...”

Christopher strongly objected. “Grandpa, how can she be here? We should simply drive her away!”

Michael whispered, reprimanding. “Listen to your grandfather! Isn’t it embarrassing enough? If we kick her out now, the Sanders Family’s reputation will be completely tarnished in Riverdon!”

With the situation reaching a critical point, the only solution was to end this charade as quickly as possible.

Christopher's **face** turned icy. While suppressing his frustration, he ordered, "Bring a chair."

Fanny, who was standing nearby, heard that she was expected to give a toast to this rural woman, and the last hint of color drained from her face.

Her eyes were red. She tugged on Christopher's sleeve **as** if seeking **assistance**.

Christopher couldn't let **things** deteriorate any further. He could only look at her with pity in his heart.

The chair was brought **over** swiftly and placed on the left side of Scarlet. Britney stood up, patted her bottom, and took a seat defiantly.

Fanny held the **glass** of wine and listened to the various **unpleasant** comments around her with her teeth clenched. Together with Christopher, she gave a toast once more.

Scarlet watched as Britney drank the wine **that** should have been hers alone. It was a blow that left her feeling dizzy.

On the sidelines, Samuel's forehead bulged with veins. If it weren't for Jonathan holding him back, he **would** have charged to remove that woman.

Joseph, who was usually composed, also wore a somber expression at **that** moment.

James didn't fare well, either. He had believed that his younger sister marrying into the Sanders Family would bring honor to the Kins Family, and he would benefit greatly in the business world.

But now he had become a laughingstock...

Angela remained seated with a light heart while watching the ceremony on stage.

"Are you happy?"

Suddenly, a man's deep and captivating voice reached her ears. Angela blinked and looked toward Jonathan instinctively.

Chapter 146 The Granddaughter-In-Law, Angela Kins

So, he was aware after all.

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Jonathan noticed her gaze. He reached out and held Angela's hand. Then, he leaned in and whispered, "The real deal **is** about to begin."

Just then, Kevin cleared his throat and picked up the microphone with a smile. "Ladies and gentlemen, this minor incident has brought some amusement. Haha... The important matter of the engagement has been settled, so do not fret. Allow me to announce another joyous occasion regarding the eldest grandson, Jon."

"Not long ago, the young couple had a discreet wedding. The woman by Jon's side is not only the granddaughter-in-law of the Sanders Family but also the future matriarch of the Sanders and the Lawsons -Angela Kins."

Chapter 147 Angela's Your Daughter!

The VIP spot was placed and designed in **an** extremely strategic manner. The occupant of that seat had a clear view of the entire scene but remained discreetly out of sight for the rest of the crowd. Following Kevin's announcement, the person in the VIP spot was brought into the spotlight.

Angela happened to be facing Jonathan. Her face was obscured from the rest of the crowd, but they **could** clearly see her gorgeous figure and strong aura. Everyone began to express their opinions on how well-suited they appeared together. The crowd was quick to congratulate the couple, although their stance seemed to have been different earlier on.

While Angela's face remained hidden from the crowd's sight, Fanny and Christopher, who were on the opposite side of the VIP seat, **had** a clear view. Fanny blinked her eyes a few times, but she still found herself staring directly at Angela's stunning appearance,

How could this b... This is unbelievable! Christopher furrowed his brow as his body trembled with shock. He could barely make sense of the situation. How could Angela be the one married to Jonathan?! She's a woman I divorced. She lacks talent and virtue, and she's known for her deceitful nature!

Despite rumors of Jonathan's failing health, he still held the reins of power over the Sanders and Lawson Families. As long as he remained alive, the vast empire would remain under his control. Furthermore, Angela then appeared out of nowhere and assumed the role of head of the Sanders and Lawson **Families**. If she were to bear children.....

In an instant, Angela captured the attention of many individuals. Those who were quick-witted promptly brought their wives forward to offer congratulations while showering them with blessings and praise. Upon noticing this, the rest of the crowd began to flock

over. Those without a wife by their side hurried to introduce their female companions, urging them to win Mrs. Lawson over.

Setting into Angela's good books would provide an opportunity for these people to get close to Jonathan. Soon, those who had been focused on Fanny shifted their attention to Angela, forming a circle around Angela. The rest of the Kins Family also observed Angela with looks of shock and disbelief on their faces.

This shock soon turned to anger

"No wonder she was so eager to sever ties with us. She's gotten close to Jonathan." Samuel's complexion paled. "I wonder what methods she used!"

Scarlet looked away, snorting. "So what if she got the title? Once the Sanders and Lawson Families see through that girl's true colors, they'll kick her out immediately! She won't continue bringing disgrace to the Kins Family then."

George knitted his brows as he felt a headache forming. "Enough. Have you all forgotten about the trouble backstage?" After Fanny and Christopher had given them a toast, the Kins Family went through a lot of hassle just to get Britney to go backstage.

Dad, what's the big deal? There's no one backstage. We should just knock her out and dump her **back** here she came from," Samuel suggested while rolling up his sleeves and preparing to act.

James shot him a cold look. "Nonsense! Do you **think** she's going to let that slide? You'll end up at the police station. You wouldn't just embarrass yourself; you'd also risk getting arrested," he hissed.

Joseph stared at Samuel **as** if he were foolish.

Samuel threw his hands up in frustration. "What do you propose we do?" he exclaimed.

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Chapter 147

Chapter 147 Angela's Your Daughter!

“Offer her money and send her away! With years of experience in the business world, George believed that money could resolve most issues.

James didn't think that things would be resolved that easily, but George had already brought his men along and was already headed in that direction.

Upon casting a **glance** at Angela, James pursed his lips and followed behind with a conflicted expression on his face. In the backstage area, Britney sat in a chair, one leg propped up on the dressing table, with **an** expensive compact powder in her hand.

This must be a laury brand, right? I saw it advertised on T1 for several hundred! George thought

When the Kins Family arrived without Fanny among them, Britney immediately stood up before staring at them with wide eyes. “Where is my daughter? Bring her here. Her father is now bedridden, and I want to take her home to care for him.” Upon hearing this, the faces of the Kins' darkened.

George approached her with a mix of kindness and firmness in his tone. I gave you money previously, and you promised not to come back here. Well, since you have broken your promise and returned... we Kins are not stingy. There is 20,000 on this card. Take it and sign another agreement. In the future, Fanny **has** no connection to you. If you dare to return, the Kins Family will not tolerate it.”

Scarlet immediately nodded in agreement with George's approach. She regretted not being more cautious in the past she figured that they wouldn't have ended up in this situation if so.

You want me to sign some meaningless agreement, huh? Do you think I don't know how deceitful you wealthy people can be?” Britney looked disdainfully at the **bank** card in George's hand. “You've taken advantage of both my daughters, and now you want to use this little money to send me away. Dream on, you despicable person!”

George was about to respond when Scarlet intervened. She spoke with her fingers clutching tightly onto her bag. “Look for Angela. She's much wealthier than us now. Furthermore, she's a medical student, so she's better equipped to care for your husband. Fanny **has** been spoiled since childhood. Even if she goes back with you, she can't do anything!”

Samuel clapped his hands excitedly. “Yes, exactly! Angela is your daughter! Let me tell you. She's out there right now, leading a glamorous life.”

George was surprised at first, but he **also** thought that this was a good solution.

That way, Fanny wouldn't have to suffer anymore.

Britney rolled her eyes in disbelief. She wasn't sure what kind of game they were playing. She had been insistent on claiming Fanny for herself precisely because she thought that Angela wasn't biologically related to her. She hadn't expected them to offer Angela to her.

Samuel grew impatient when he saw her hesitation. He grabbed Britney **and** headed outside. "She's now Mrs. Lawson of the Lawson Family. Just a tiny fraction of her wealth is enough for you to survive for a lifetime."

As he **was** dragging Britney out, he **saw** Angela standing **at** the door.

Angela's face was cold, with a hint of mockery in her eyes. Jonathan **had** been chatting with some business partners at the venue, while Angela found herself surrounded by other women, her face frozen in a smile. Eventually, she slipped away and waited for Jonathan in the lounge as she felt uncomfortable around the

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Chapter 147 Angela's Your Daughter!

people.

As a result, she happened to overhear everything.

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The Kins Family was even more despicable and shameless than she had thought. *Not only do* they not care, but they don't even see me as a person now.

The moment Samuel and the Kins Family saw Angela, they were all stunned.

Samuel, who was the closest to her, was the first to speak. "That's Angela! Quick, go to her." With that, he pushed Britney forward and took a few steps back, crossing his arms and looking as if he was ready to enjoy the show.

James suddenly felt uneasy as he stared at Angela.

Britney looked Angela up and down, unable to reconcile her with the skinny, timid, and sloppy girl in her memory. But the Kins Family claims that she's Angela, so it must *be* true. Looking at the way she was dressed so elegantly and beautifully Britney figured that Angela was a wealthy and beautiful heiress.

"I've missed you so much, Angela. Let me have a good look at you. What have you been up to all these years?" Britney reached out to touch Angela's face.

However, Angela narrowed her eyes before she clutched onto Britney's wrist.

With a little force, Britney let out a scream.

“Who are you, madam? Are you mistaking me for someone else?” Angela hissed.

Scarlet stepped forward to lecture Angela. “You’re being ungrateful, Angela. She raised you! She is your mother!

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Chapter 148 The Phoenix

Angela pushed Britney aside without paying attention to Scarlet’s anger. “Are you sure you are my legal mother? Are you sure you want me to acknowledge you? Huh?” Angela gave Britney an icy glare while speaking in a chilly tone.

Britney rubbed the painful spot on her wrist. She was in too much pain to speak for a moment, but this also gave her some time to clear her mind. When Angela was young, she was always treated as a burden. As a child, she was either scolded, beaten, or used as free labor—food was only given as a means of keeping her alive. Now that she’s successful, and especially since she’s not my biological child, *she* really isn’t obligated to do anything for me. How could I expect her to come back to me? Britney thought

Fanny was her biological child, and they were connected by blood. Fanny was someone who wouldn’t be able to get rid of her. Moreover, the Kins Family clearly only cared about her biological child, so she had to hold on tightly to her own flesh and blood!

After sorting it out, Britney straightened her back, snorted, and swept past the people of the Kins Family. “I almost got fooled by you guys! She is not my biological daughter. Don’t try to deceive me just because I can’t find my biological daughter! If you don’t call my biological daughter over now, I will make the whole Riverdon know **that** you are keeping my daughter away from me and bullying a **country** bumpkin like

me.”

Angela rubbed her palms together as she looked at the scene before her eyes with a smile on her face. This is more *like* it, she thought. Samuel was **so** angry that his chest

heaved violently. His face was burning, and he clenched his fists in preparation to smash Angela's face. At this moment, Oliver rushed out from a corner before fiercely grabbing Samuel's

arm and throwing him over his shoulder. Thud! Then, Oliver quickly twisted Samuel's arm and pressed it against his back.

Both the sound of bones cracking and Samuel's screams filled the air simultaneously. Aside from Angela, the Kins and Britney were all shocked by this sudden turn of events. Scarlet screamed and was about to rush over, but James held her back. "Mom, she belongs to Jonathan now," he whispered.

Scenes of the past replayed themselves as Samuel writhed in **pain**. Hatred suddenly bubbled in his chest, along with a hint of regret. I should have... found a place where no one was around, he thought. Angela **glanced over** at James and George, who were holding themselves back. A mocking smile surfaced on her lips as she looked at Samuel. "You truly are the most brainless one in the Kins Family."

"Angela!" Scarlet pointed at her angrily. "You're becoming more audacious! Just because you've attached yourself to Jonathan, you think you're soaring like a phoenix above all of us. You never know when you might fall down!" Scarlet shouted.

As her words fell, another cold and **indifferent voice** spoke up. "My lady can be audacious if she wants to. As long as I support her, she won't fall." **Jonathan** was wheeled over by Simon, and Angela's eyes lit up when she saw him. "Jonathan, weren't you busy? Why did you suddenly come?" she asked.

I'm done with my work. I came to pick you up. Jonathan's tone changed into one that was gentler as he **took** her hand into his. George couldn't help but feel **nervous** when he saw the situation. He glanced at James, whose expression also showed a hint of unease.

The father and son exchanged a glance before they both put on a smile and approached Jonathan. George bent down **with** a warm **smile**, "Mr. Lawson, **my** wife didn't mean **what** she **said** just now. It was all

a misunderstanding. She was upset that Angela married you without telling us. Fanny is engaged to Christopher, and now Angela is married to you. Our families are really getting closer."

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Chapter 148 The Phoenix

Jonathan raised an eyebrow as he shifted his intimidating gaze to George. The look in Jonathan's eyes sent shivers down George's spine. "If I remember correctly, Angela has

already been adopted by the Donald Fanuby, so she has nothing to do with the Kins Family, right?"

Jonathan's gaze shifted back to see the calm look on Angela's face, and a hint of a smile surfaced on his lips. Is that correct. Angela

Yes." Angela replied.

George's smile froze, and he felt a wave of regret and frustration. How could Angela keep this from them for so long, especially when she had been married to Jonathan for almost two weeks already? Realizing that Angela had planned this all along, George felt a surge of anger.

Jonathan gently stroked her soft hand with his thumb as he looked at George with a relaxed expression. "I heard that the latest municipal project has already been offered to the Kins Family"

George paled when he came back to his senses. "Mr. Lawson..."

"Mr. Kins Jonathan interrupted him casually, his tone amused. "That project is quite large. It's not easy to complete it. In order to thank the Kins Family for taking care of Angela, the Lawson Family has helped you bear some of the burden. In the future, if there are similar challenges, the Lawson Family will also be happy to assist."

The new government project was the result of George and James efforts for nearly six months, and they didn't know how much money they had invested in it. However, if the Lawson Family wanted to take it away, they would be able to do so with the snap of a finger. Moreover, the connections they had painstakingly built in the city government would also be severed.

And Jonathan's casual remark about the Lawson Family helping with similar challenges meant that the Kins Family would never be able to grow in Riverdon. They wouldn't have the chance to secure any major contracts in the future. George was sweating profusely as he tried to come up with a response.

James' lips were tight, and his voice steady as he spoke. "Mr. Lawson, this is just a minor issue. There's no need to blow it out of proportion. Angela is my sister, and we were just joking around." After speaking. James looked at Angela as if saying. Hurry up and resolve this for me. Angela!

Angela wanted to laugh. Why is James acting all noble and haughty? Angela tilted her head and tucked her hair behind her ear while pretending not to understand his message. James pursed his lips as the color drained out of his face. Scarlet had also lost her momentum and rage at that point, but deep down, she was still unhappy about the situation. It's my right to discipline Angela! What right does Jonathan have to

interfere?! Even if Angela marries Jonathan, I'm still his mother-in-law, and Samuel is still his nephew. How **can** she treat her nephew like this?

But since her husband didn't dare to speak up. Scarlet had no choice but to hold her anger in. The rage that she suppressed within her chest was so intense that she felt like she was about to explode. Jonathan slowly lowered his gaze to glance at Samuel, who was still lying on the ground. Samuel was in too much pain to speak.

Although his expression was as cold as ice, there **was** a hint of ruthlessness in **his** eyes. "I don't like to play around," he hissed.

James' face darkened. He stood frozen in his spot, and he felt like there was a lump in his throat that stopped him from speaking. Angela pursed her lips to form a scorn on her delicate face. Jonathan is right. I have already been adopted by Uncle Donald's family. James, **even** if you consider me your sister, I'm

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actually just your cousin."

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"It's best for elders not to meddle in other people's affairs," **Jonathan** spoke calmly before looking at Angela with a gentle smile on his face. "Are you tired? Let's go back **and** have May make us something to eat." Angela smiled slightly. "Okay." As she spoke, she naturally took the wheelchair from Simon before pushing it and striding off with Jonathan.

George tried to contain his fear as he wiped his sweat and dragged James along with him. He wasn't ready to give up on going after them.

Simon shot him a cold glance as he extended his arm out. "You should know your limits, Mr. Sanders." All of a sudden, there was a crisp sound of bones breaking, followed by a muffled groan from Samuel.

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Chapter 149 Take This Money and Leave

The Kins Family members turned to Samuel in horror, only to see his eyes roll backward before he fainted. Oliver released his arm, stood up, and dusted his hands. As the Kins Family members **rushed** towards Same: I in anger, he strode towards Simon.

“Wait for me, Simon,” Oliver uttered. Simon chuckled. “Don’t harm anyone. You should be gentle with your actions.” Oliver scratched his head as he put on an innocent look. He knew how to be gentle in his actions—it was just a minor bone fracture and nothing fatal. If he acted recklessly, it would be a disaster. and that wouldn’t be good.

When Jonathan **appeared**, Britney could tell **that** this **man was** not to be trifled with, so she quietly retreated to the corner. **She** planned to wait for him to leave before causing trouble with the Kins Family. Seeing how he had easily injured Samuel’s arm, she was relieved to have made the right choice.

As Britney walked out from the corner with her hands on her waist, she saw Joseph giving first aid to Samuel. Both Joseph and James **were** about to help carry Samuel away when she stood before the doorway and held her arms out. “What is this? Do you think you can sneak away when I’m not **around**?!”

Scarlet was infuriated to see Britney causing trouble **at** a time like this. She was so angry that she **couldn’t** help but take action. “Move aside. If anything happens to my son, I won’t spare you.”

George couldn’t control himself as well—he reached out to push Britney away. However, Britney swung her arm out and shoved him aside. Then, she rolled up her sleeves and stared at Scarlet with her eyes **widened**. “Why are you getting mad at me? Did I break your son’s arm?” Britney shouted while jabbing Scarlet’s forehead with her index finger.

“Why didn’t you show your crazy attitude to **that** man just now? What do you mean you won’t spare me: Do you think I’m easy to bully just because I come from the countryside? I’m telling you, if you don’t bring my daughter to me right now, **you** won’t even have a chance to leave this place!” Britney continued.

Scarlet came from a **well**–to–do family and had lived a pampered life for many years. People like Britney seemed to overpower her naturally, and she couldn’t help but give in in the end. Britney continued to attack Scarlet, her loud and shrill voice piercing the ears of the Kins Family.

James **was** worried about attracting attention from others, so he wanted to put down Samuel and stop her, but **when** he saw her strong and sturdy figure, he furrowed his brow. If it weren't for the fact **that** she was Fanny's biological mother, he would have had security throw her out long ago. He needed to find someone **to** pass on the message and get Christopher to take Fanny away quickly.

Meanwhile, in a secluded corner of the **venue**, Christopher **had** one arm around Fanny as he tried to comfort her. Fanny looked like a startled little **rabbit**—her nose and eyes were red. Christopher's heart ached as he watched her.

As Britney's voice reached them, Fanny's expression crumbled even more. She clung to Christopher as she looked at him with her teary eyes. "Christopher, why hasn't she left yet? What should we do? What is she trying to **do**..."

Christopher gently touched her cheek. "It's okay, Fanny. I'll go with you to take a look." When Fanny and Christopher arrived backstage, the situation **was** still tense. Scarlet's face was burning with humiliation from Britney's attempts at shaming her. When **Fanny** approached, Scarlet felt **as** if she had found her

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Chapter 149 Take This Money and Leave

However, James frowned even more **than** before. *Why* did Christopher bring Fanny *over*?! "Fanny Searler

muttered

"Mom." Fenny, whose eyes were filled with tears, hurried toward Scarlet's arms. As she passed by Britney, Britney swiftly grabbed onto her. "Oh! My daughter, where are you going? Come here and give your mom a hug. She raised her strong arms to embrace **Fanny**."

A repugnant odor of sweat assaulted Fanny's nostrils, and the grip on her arm felt painful and sticky. **She** attempted to resist the woman's force. "Christopher. Help me!" In a bout of panic, Fanny cried out for Christopher.

Christopher knitted his brow before he stepped over to stop Britney. Yet, Britney's strength was unexpectedly formidable. Christopher **had** to exert considerable effort to pry Fanny away **from** her. Fanny's complexion, once **again**, turned pale **and** ashen. There were tears brimming in her eyes **as** she attempted to process how she had just been embraced by such an unsavory individual. Upon finding refuge behind Christopher, her gaze turned fierce.

Britney seethed with fury. "You are my son-in-law. How dare you treat your mother-in-law in this manner!" A sense of disgust surged within Christopher. He wanted

no **association** with such a coarse woman. “Stop trying to associate yourself with us. This is not the appropriate setting for your outbursts.”

George seized this opportunity to speak up. “Let’s hurry and get Samuel to the hospital.” Scarlet nodded in agreement. The doctor had warned them the last time about how Samuel nearly lost his arm. The severity of his injury this time was still uncertain.....

Tears welled up in Fanny’s eyes instantly, “Dad, Mom, guys... What will I do if you guys leave me?”

George paused for a moment before offering Christopher an apologetic look. “Christopher, I’ll need you to handle things here for the time being. Christopher pursed his lips and kept quiet. The family took this as consent. However, Fanny, who was still trembling, clutched onto Scarlet’s **hand**. “Mom, I want to come with you. Don’t leave me here alone.”

Scarlet felt a pang of sorrow. She was about to speak up to stay and comfort her, but Britney interjected. “I am your mother. Your real mother!”

“What is this? Are you trying to fight me for our daughter here!” Scarlet hissed. George, who lacked the empathy of a mother, knew that Britney wouldn’t back down until Scarlet left. “Fanny, Samuel needs immediate medical attention, and we can’t leave him alone. With Christopher here, everything will be

fine.

Scarlet made a difficult decision to let go of Fanny’s **hand** eventually. “Fanny, your father is right. We’ll be back soon. Don’t be afraid.” James wanted to stay, but he had to take Samuel to the hospital. Joseph remained silent throughout.

Fanny bit her lower lip as tears of resentment welled in her eyes. As the Kins Family departed, the lines at the corners of Britney’s eyes deepened as she forced her lips into a smile. “My dear daughter... With no outsiders around, can I finally have a good **look** at you?” For years, the Kins Family had prevented her from seeing her daughter, and she had not laid eyes on her since.

She reached out to touch Fanny once more, but a bank card suddenly appeared before her. Britney rolled her eyes. “The Kins Family has resorted to this trick before! I **just**...”

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Chapter 149 Take This Money and Leave

Christopher interrupted her. “200,000. Is **that** sufficient?” he asked icily.

200,000 Britney's gaze flickered. Christopher knew that the issue wasn't in the strategy but rather the amount that the Kins Family was willing to offer. He disdainfully tossed the bank card at her. This sum enough to sever your ties with Fanny. Do not return to Riverdon. Considering the fact that you're Fanny's biological mother, the Sanders Family will not pursue legal action against yo

despite the harm that

you've done today."

Unbeknownst to Christopher, his confident assumption was incorrect. Britney—a coarse, rural woman **with an** invalid, bedridden husband who took up all her money—was far too greedy to be satisfied with 200,000. Britney gazed at the bank card on the ground. Her eyes darted around a few times before a sly smile spread across her face. She bent down to retrieve it.

After securely stashing the bank card in the inner pocket of her floral **jacket**, she looked past Christopher and truly saw Fanny for the first time. Fanny bore no resemblance to her—the young **woman** was fair-skinned, delicate, and as fragile as porcelain. It was fortunate that Britney had made a mistake back then. If Britney had taken Fanny in, Fanny surely wouldn't **have** been able to toil the land like Angela did in the **past**. Fanny probably wouldn't even **have** survived her childhood.

Then, not only would Britney have suffered **a great loss**, but she **also** wouldn't have a cash cow in the present moment. As she stroked the bank card that she had earned **that** day, Britney grinned contentedly **as** she decided that it was time to depart.

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Chapter 150

Chapter 150 Destroying You and the Kins Family

Chapter 150 Destroying You and the Kins Family

Britney fixed the bun on the **back** of her head as she sighed sadly. "As a mother, I can now leave with some peace of mind knowing that you're living a good life with a good family"

Fanny tightly clenched her fists without saying a word.

Christopher's expression was as hard as a rock. "Take that way out," he uttered while pointing at the exit.

The guests at the venue outside had not dispersed yet, and there had already been enough embarrassment for the family that night. He hadn't even had the chance to explain things to his father and grandfather, and he couldn't let her appear in front of the guests again.

If they continued to gossip, it would be even harder to salvage the situation.

Britney looked in the direction he pointed, only to see a small and low door. She licked her dry lips before

wish."

speaking with a hint of rescue in her **voice**. "Okay. I'll leave from there, **as** you

Fanny stared at Britney's back without blinking. Her clenched fists only relaxed upon seeing the woman's figure disappear through the back door. Christopher was also bothered by the woman, and he took a while to gather himself before turning around to comfort Fanny.

Fanny obediently leaned into his arms before she raised her head. Her eyelashes quivered as she looked at him guiltily. "I'm fine, Christopher. I'm **just** sorry for you and the Sanders Family. Because of my background, I almost ruined our long-awaited engagement ceremony."

That day, she should have been the center of attention. This was supposed to be the peak of her life! Instead, she had her dignity crushed, and she was made a fool by everyone. They all mocked her for having such a lowly **and** vulgar biological mother. All the limelight was stolen by Angela.

"Fanny," Christopher stroked her head **as** he softened his tone. "You are the kindest girl in the world. This is not your fault."

"Christopher, are you sure you don't blame me?"

"Of course not. No one could've expected this. You didn't know she would suddenly show up." At this, Fanny shuddered before lowering her head in panic. It was as if she was hiding some secret.

He frowned **as** he pinched her chin and gently lifted her face up. "Fanny, is there something you're not telling me?" He coaxed her gently with his eyes fixed on hers.

“Christopher, I don’t want to say anything. Please, stop asking.”

“Fanny, come on. Speak up. Don’t be afraid,” he uttered.

Tears quickly filled Fanny’s eyes, **and** soon, she was sobbing. “I should only... only... Angela can contact that woman.”

think of Angela like that, but

Christopher frowned in disgust. Fanny, do your parents **know** about this?”

“I didn’t tell them... Fanny wiped the tears from the corner of her eyes. “After all, Angela is my sister. I believe she **was** just impulsive. I’m sure she **didn’t** actually want **to** ruin our engagement ceremony.”

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Chapter 150 Destroying You and the Kins Family

Christopher pursed his lips before he straightened his hack and pulled Fanny along with him. “Christopher Ponny exclaimed.

We need to go to the hospital and tell everyone **about** this

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In the hospital **ward**, Samuel had just regained consciousness after receiving treatment. His arm was severely injured for the second time. If this led to osteoporosis, he wouldn’t be **able** to lift heavy objects in the future. His arm would pretty much be like a decoration piece.

Meanwhile. George and James had both gone to the company

to discuss some plans.

Joseph was speaking to the orthopedic specialist in the hospital as he wanted to know if there was a better way to treat Samuel’s arm.

Scarlet was the only one who **stayed** with Samuel. At this moment, he lay in bed in pain, **and** after hearing Christopher’s words, he gritted his teeth as he tried to sit up. “I’m going to kill Angela, that wicked woman!”

However, as soon as he made **a** move, he felt a splitting **pain** in his arm. He could only shout angrily, “Angela, I’m not done **with** you!”

Scarlet wore a grim look on her face. “We raised her for so **many** years, yet she doesn’t appreciate our efforts at all. Now, she’s even trying to destroy the Kins Family **and you.**”

Fanny reached out and grabbed Scarlet’s sleeve, her voice trembling as she spoke. “Mom, please don’t be angry. Maybe I’m overthinking it. That woman might’ve come on her own. This might have nothing to do with Angela.

Scarlet was puzzled by Britney’s sudden appearance. Britney hadn’t shown up for so many years, so why **did** she suddenly show up? **And** why did she **cause** such a scene at **the** meeting?

Scarlet held Fanny’s hand with concern **as** she gently stroked Fanny’s long hair. “Fanny, Angela not only tarnished the reputation of our families but also ruined an important day for you. Don’t worry, I will handle this. I will make Angela kneel down and apologize to you!”

Just an apology is not sufficient! She has the means now, so she should return all the money our family spent on raising her!” Samuel growled. “We should even charge her some interest!”

Christopher frowned in uncertainty. *If* Jonathan was deceived into marrying Angela, then *the* Kins Family’s logic might make sense. But if this is something else, then... Things might not be so straightforward.

Suddenly, the door of the **ward** swung open, and Samuel immediately scanned the visitors

The person at the door coughed a few times while covering his mouth with one **hand**. “Isn’t the situation clear enough now? How long do **you** want to keep arguing?”

Zacharias had fainted a few days ago and was only discovered three hours later by Scarlet and Fanny, who had been out shopping. He was urgently taken to the hospital. As a result, he missed Fanny’s engagement ceremony. Seeing that his **condition** hadn’t improved, Scarlet rushed over, her chest tightening as she hurried over to help him.

Samuel couldn’t help but make a fuss. “Don’t worry, Mom. He still has the strength to defend Angela! I can tell **that** his condition is improving!”

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Upon hearing this, Zacharias' black pupils narrowed slightly as he pressed his pale lips tightly. "Samuel, I'm just speaking the truth. I'm not defending anyone.

As he spoke, his gaze landed on Fanny's face. Her actions were subtle, but Fanny clenched her teeth silently. Has Zacharias loyalty shifted toward Angela?

"**Zacharias**, did Angela put some sort of curse on you? Don't **you realize** how much she has humiliated Fanny

"Britney is Fanny's biological mother, and it's only right for her to attend the engagement ceremony." Zacharias coughed a few more times as he summoned his strength to stand upright. "Isn't Fanny the kindest? On such an important day, why didn't you invite her yourself? Or... Were Britney's words true? You don't like your biological mother, and you just want to be with a wealthy mother."

Fanny was on the verge of collapse. Tears streamed down her face. "Zacharias, I.... I...."

Samuel flew into a rage as he grabbed a pillow and moved to strike Zacharias. However, he lacked the strength to follow through, and the pillow fell to the ground just before it got to Zacharias. "Zacharias! You are out of your mind! Fanny doesn't need to invite an unrelated old woman! What are you trying to imply by questioning her?!"

Christopher also wore a stern expression. He pulled Fanny into his arms **as** he cast a contemplative glance at Zacharias. The atmosphere was tense, with a looming sense of conflict.

Scarlet was also angry, but she restrained herself from exploding in anger. She **was** afraid that she would worsen her son's condition. Instead, she sighed and comforted him. "Zacharias, your health is the most important thing right now. You don't need to concern yourself with family matters. I believe your recent illness has clouded your judgment. Once you recover, you won't be deceived by Angela."

Once *I* recover... Zacharias curled his lips to let out a self-deprecating scoff. He fell silent for a moment as he wondered to himself. Do I still have time?

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