

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

Chapter 21

Chapter 21 Dropping The Case?

“Next time, think before you act!” James furrowed his brow. He had put aside all his work for a day to find Angela early in the morning, for the sake of **his** younger brother. When the police presented the surveillance video evidence and made the arrests, he couldn’t find a single word to refute it. His mind **went** blank. He had arrogantly stormed into the house, breaking things, and everything was captured on

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Samuel had always respected James, but now that he was being scolded, although he didn’t dare to argue back, he couldn’t help feeling resentful. He defended himself, “Angela took Fanny’s place and even bullied her until she fainted. If I don’t stand up for **Fanny**, then...”

“You still have the nerve to argue? Shut **up!**”

Samuel’s face filled with frustration as he tightly pursed his lips.

This trivial matter was giving James **a** headache. He furrowed his brow and **said**, “You’re **even** standing up for Fanny. Fanny knows that you’re worried about her, and she hasn’t even had breakfast.”

Samuel was startled. “Fanny fainted yesterday. How can she not eat?”

“And whose fault is **that?**” James gave him a cold **glance**, but in his heart, he also blamed Angela. She **had.** gone too far with what she did. One brother **was** sent to the police station by her own hands, and the other sister was so worried that she fell ill. The two sisters were like night and day. Angela was so willful and malicious, so it was no wonder they all doted on **Fanny** even more.

On the other side, Angela followed Captain Larson and Logan into a small room.

After entering. Logan smiled and said, “Angela, I heard about what happened between you and Samuel. Samuel was **a** bit too extreme; he lost control of his temper and didn’t hold back. He knows he did something wrong. Whatever losses you suffered, James will take care of it and compensate you twice as much. You two are just like children.

How did a sibling conflict end up in the police station? It's putting a **strain** on your relationship. Won't your parents be heartbroken if they see **this?**"

After hearing this, Angela smiled faintly, "I won't accept any compensation. According to the law, we'll handle it accordingly."

Logan raised an eyebrow unexpectedly, "Angela, don't joke around."

Angela **lowered** her gaze and said softly, "Logan, you were the one who made the joke first."

Grandma had already passed away, *and everything* had been *destroyed*. How could they compensate for that? Can *they* afford it?

Moreover, she **didn't** want compensation; she just wanted an apology from Samuel. Apologize to her deceased grandmother.

Logan was also annoyed. "You child, why are you so unreasonable? Is it necessary to make such a big scene? It's just **making** a spectacle of yourself!"

Captain Larson glanced at Angela and extinguished the cigarette in his hand, "Girl, Logan has a point. You may feel relieved now, but even if Samuel **is** arrested, he won't be detained for long. It won't benefit you to escalate the situation. You have already received compensation, so it's better to compromise."

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Chapter 21 Dropping

Upon hearing Captain Larson's words, Logan smiled and added, "Provoking the Kins Family will **not** benefit you, Angela. You're still young, and you will rely on the Kins Family in the future. If you continue to cause trouble alone, you will eventually have to submit."

Listening to the threatening words, Angela's fingers holding her backpack turned slightly pale, her face looked unpleasant, and her gaze was sharp as she stared at them.

Suddenly, the sound of rolling wheels came from the entrance, and everyone's eyes turned towards the door. Although the man **was** sitting in a wheelchair, his cold and noble demeanor seemed to emanate naturally from his bones, exuding a captivating aura. His well-tailored suit was perfectly ironed, accentuating his slender figure.

From a distance, Angela's gaze met his, and her heart skipped a beat.

Logan, the representative lawyer for the Kins Family, had previously interacted with the Sanderses due to the engagement between the two families. Naturally, he was

acquainted with **Jonathan**, the person in power in the Sanderses. “Hello, Jonathan. What a coincidence to run into you here,” Logan greeted respectfully.

Jonathan tilted his head slightly and smirked. “Do I know you?” Then he raised his hand and beckoned to Angela, saying, “Come here.”

Angela blinked and walked over to Jonathan’s side.

Sebastian had heard that Angela had been arrested and **was** extremely worried. He immediately asked, “Angela, are you okay? What happened to your wrist? Did they hurt you?”

“No.” Angela glanced at the red marks on her wrist and didn’t want Sebastian to worry. She smiled and said, I’m fine, Sebastian.” She was a bit nervous. She hadn’t expected Jonathan to show up. She had sent a text message to Jessica, deliberately stating that she had been arrested by the police, asking her to seek help from Sebastian.

Among the people she knew, only Jonathan had the power to influence James and the Kins Family. But Jonathan was busy with important matters, and Angela could only think of Sebastian. However, she was just testing the waters, hoping that Sebastian would appreciate her efforts in dealing with Jonathan....

Seeing the girl’s nervousness and unease, Jonathan’s heart softened. “Sebastian mentioned that there was a thief in your house and a lot of things were destroyed. Did the police thoroughly investigate it?”

“They asked me to drop the case... to withdraw the report,” Angela quickly replied.

Jonathan furrowed his brows slightly, looking at Logan and the police.

Logan and Captain Larson felt anxious under his gaze and immediately wanted to refute, saying that it wasn’t true. But when the **words** reached their **lips**, Logan hesitated and realized that he couldn’t explain it clearly.

In the end, Logan could only explain with a forced smile, “Jonathan, you misunderstood. It wasn’t a thief, but rather a conflict between Angela and Samuel, her brother. You probably know that Samuel has a bad temper and doesn’t hold back...”

Jonathan remained **calm** and only asked Angela, “Do you want to drop the case?”

Angela pursed her lips and shook her head decisively. “I won’t drop the case.”

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Chapter 21 Dropping The Case?

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“Angela!” James quickly walked in, his face stern as he glared at Angela. “What nonsense are you telling Jonathan?” After scolding Angela, James smiled and looked at Jonathan, apologizing, Jonathan, why did you come here? My sister and Samuel had a little disagreement. It’s just a sibling quarrel, and you know, there’s no real animosity between siblings.” At the same time, James also felt somewhat regretful. Jonathan usually kept a low profile and rarely appeared in public. How did he happen to encounter this situation with Angela

After listening, Jonathan simply said, “I understand.” There was no emotion in his tone, and he remained expressionless, making it difficult to discern his thoughts. He beckoned to Sebastian, who respectfully leaned over and had a brief conversation before leaving.

Jonathan pushed his wheelchair himself and turned back, saying in a low voice, “Aren’t you leaving?”

Jonathan, do you have something to discuss with Angela?” James asked.

Jonathan’s expression was indifferent. “Mr. **Kins**, this is a personal matter.” In other words, he had nothing to disclose.

Only then did Angela realize that Jonathan was helping her out of the situation. She quickly went up to help him push the wheelchair, and the two of them walked out of the police station together.

James frowned, his gaze shifting between Jonathan and Angela’s figures. In the end, he swallowed his

protest.

Samuel stared with wide eyes, watching Angela leave with Jonathan. “James, how did she get to **know** Jonathan?”

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Chapter 22

Chapter 22 Reverse Courtship

James was annoyed, his gaze becoming complicated. “Angela has been persistently pursuing Christopher and even went to the Sanders Residence a few times.”

Samuel looked disdainful, his eyes filled with disgust as he thought of Angela shamelessly clinging to Christopher and audaciously visiting the Sanderses. In Samuel’s mind, just like before, Angela must be shamelessly clinging to Jonathan. And someone like Jonathan would not be interested in Angela. He would surely see through her true nature in a few days and start to grow tired of Angela.

After leaving the gate. Angela breathed a sigh of relief and said to Jonathan, “Jonathan, thank you so much for today.”

Jonathan’s expression was indifferent. “You moved out of the Kins Family’s house? Any conflicts?”

Out of the blue, he suddenly asked such a question, leaving Angela stunned for a moment. Then, she smiled bitterly. “I **have** nothing to do with the Kins Family anymore.” Completely cutting ties with the Kins Family. They were no longer connected.

The man’s dark and deep eyes narrowed slightly, then he faintly nodded.

Suddenly remembering something. Angela took out a prepared bottle of herbal pills from her bag and handed it to Jonathan. Jonathan. I’ve adjusted these herbal pills according to your current physical condition. They will be very helpful when your symptoms act up.”

These were bought at a high price, and the money she spent on making these pills would be enough for her to use for a long time. Although for Jonathan, this money was just a small amount, for her, a poor student with less than 50 dollars to her **name**, it was really a lot.

Jonathan glanced at her, took the medicine bottle, and casually put it in his pocket. “Okay.”

Angela originally wanted to suggest that if he didn’t trust her, he **could** take it to an alternative medicine practitioner, but he accepted it without saying much. There was no need for further explanation. It felt really good to be trusted by someone! She felt a warm and comforting feeling in her heart spreading throughout.

Angela took Jonathan's car back to school, and when Jessica saw her return, she finally let go of the worry in her heart. "Angela, you finally came back. Your message scared me to death. Luckily, you came back safely. Otherwise, I would have called my **cousin**." When Jessica received Angela's message, her mind went blank, and she followed Angela's instructions.

When she made the call, a young man answered. Although she didn't know their relationship, Jessica didn't dare to delay and cried, saying that Angela was arrested and had been taken to the police station. After a few seconds of silence on the other end, the person said they got it and hung up. Jessica was nervous for a long time before remembering that she still had a cousin in a leadership position in the police force.

"It's okay, I'm back safely. I have to thank you for that." Holding Jessica's hand, Angela smiled happily. With Jonathan involved, it **wouldn't** be easy for Samuel to clear his record, but the Kinses wouldn't let the matter end like this. She wasn't afraid, **as** she would face any challenges head-on.

Jessica sighed. This was Angela's brother, who had blood ties with

"Hey, your brother is like your enemy." Not knowing how to coer, but his actions were truly shocking.

Angela, Jessica could only hold her

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hand and say, "Poor thing, stick with me from now on. I'll protect you!"

Angela nodded, feeling touched. She knew that Jessica had always been supportive of her and understood her intentions. That's why she trusted her best friend so much. The morning classes quickly passed, and after lunch, Angela prepared to go to the bubble tea shop for her part-time job.

Someone called out to her from behind, "Angela, where are you going?"

It was Angela's cousin, Queenie Kins.

Hearing this voice, Angela froze for a moment, and with a hoarse voice, she asked, "Queenie?"

George **had** three siblings. He was the eldest, and below him were two younger brothers and a sister. Queenie's father was Zacharias Kins, and due to past events, he and George had not been in contact for

years.

In addition to their grandmother, Charlotte, Uncle Donald had a special affection for Angela. They had lived together when she was young, **and** Uncle Donald was very devoted to their mother and had a soft spot for Angela.

Queenie approached Angela and gently touched the faint scar on her forehead, her eyes filled with pity as she reproached, "If I hadn't come, were you planning to keep this hidden from us? We're still family, you know? This is significant. Although her words carried reproach, there was a strong sense of heartache in

her tone.

Indeed, it was inappropriate not to inform Donald and his family before moving out this time. Angela had intended to settle down before reaching out to them. Unexpectedly, Queenie came to find her, leaving Angela feeling a bit lost, especially since she hadn't seen Donald's family for a long time before her previous life ended.

Thinking of this, Angela guiltily smiled at Queenie. "I was planning to come and see you in a few days."

Donald's family was not very well-off, but they took good care of Angela and her grandmother. They lived nearby, so they often interacted. However, since her grandmother passed away and Angela was brought back to the Kins Family, she had no contact with Donald's family.

During the years she lived with her grandmother, Queenie treated her very well, like a sister, taking care of her even though she was not talkative. She would save anything delicious or fun for her.

Queenie was several years older and already married. She had always been gentle and virtuous. After graduating from university, she married a company executive from a better family background than

Donald's.

She **was** a good person. Unfortunately, fate did not treat her kindly.

During the period before her cousin's death, she had very little contact with Donald's family. She only heard that Queenie had an unhappy marriage, with a terrible husband and a sarcastic and harsh mother-in-law. Unable to bear the humiliation any longer, she jumped off a building after giving birth to a child. At **this moment**, when she saw the lively and gentle Queenie again, Angela's eyes turned red, and a wave of sadness surged in her heart.

Initially, Queenie had intended to **scold** Angela, but upon seeing her eyes turning red, her heart softened. In a gentle voice, Queenie said, "**You've** been gone for a few days,

but you haven't **come** to visit. If my **dad hadn't** informed me about your **situation** when I went **back** to my **parents'** house, I wouldn't have known

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Chapter 22 Reverse Courtsmp

anything.”

The more Queenie expressed her concern in a gentle voice, the more uncomfortable Angela felt. She had distanced herself from Donald's family because the Kins Family disliked them, even though they genuinely cared for her, in order to please the Kins Family. Eventually, they became almost like strangers. Seeing Angela bow her head and remain silent, Queenie sighed and looked at the scars on Angela's forehead, asking with concern, “Does it still hurt?”

Just these words of concern caused tears to well up in Angela's eyes, and her nose tingled. Many things had happened in the past few days, and although some people cared about her, no one asked if she was in pain.

Sniffing. Angela forced a smile and shook her head at Queenie, saying, “It stopped hurting a long time

ago.”

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Chapter 23

Chapter 23 Worthless

Chapter 23 Worthless

Compared to the harm inflicted by the Kins Family, the injuries she had sustained were insignificant Angela **had** long stopped caring about such trivial wounds

Queenie gently held Angela's hand **and** said. “Come home with me after school. Mom and Dad are still upset about your situation. Although our family doesn't have much

money, we are financially stable. Everyone has a job, so it's completely fine to support a college student like you"

When Angela was living with her grandmother, she was the youngest child in the family. Life was a bit difficult, but no one let her suffer. However, ever since she returned to the Kins Family, although it seemed like they were living a comfortable life, in reality, it was worse than being a nanny. They couldn't see Angela's efforts and kindness **at all and** only favored Fanny, who had no blood relation.

These years. Angela has truly been living a difficult life. After thinking for a moment, Angela nodded and agreed so as not to worry Donald and the others. She also wanted to find out why her cousin developed depression and took her own life over it.

Seeing Angela's agreement, Queenie felt relieved. She looked at the time on her wristwatch and was surprised. It was already half past twelve, **and** she had to hurry home to make lunch for her mother-in-law.

"It's getting late. I have to go home **and** make lunch for my mother-in-law, Queenie hurriedly left, only able to give a few instructions. "Angela, pack your things in the afternoon, and I'll come pick you up after you finish school.

Knowing that her cousin's

's family was difficult to deal with, Angela didn't say much. She

chose the nearest bus to send Queenie off. She remembered that after Queenie got married, her husband didn't let her go out to work, but the money in the family was managed by her mother-in-law. Every time she needed money, she could only ask her mother-in-law for it. If she took a cab back, she was afraid that her cousin would be accused of spending money recklessly.

In a hurry. Queenie arrived home a little faster. As soon **as** she opened the door, she **saw** the whole family sitting on the couch, looking at her with unwavering expressions. Queenie apologized with a guilty face, put down her bag, put on an apron, **and** went into the kitchen.

"I'm sorry, guys. I went to the school to see Angela and came back late. I'll cook now, and lunch will be ready soon!" While saying this, Queenie was thinking about what dish to **make**.

Although his wife explained herself, Horace still looked displeased. He walked into the kitchen and angrily said, "Queenie, what's wrong with you? Look **at** the time now. I can't believe you didn't come back to cook. It's already one o'clock, and you're letting our parents go hungry. Is this **how** a daughter-in-law should

behave?

Before she left, she **had** told her mother-in-law that she might come back late.

Besides, *if I didn't* come back, couldn't they have made something themselves and had dinner? After thinking about it, Queenie didn't say these words out loud **so** as not to make her husband angry again. Besides, Angela was going to come and stay for a while, so she needed to discuss it with her husband. Queenie lowered her gaze and said softly, "It's my fault. Next time, if I have something to do, I'll cook the meal first and then go out. By then, my parents can just reheat it and eat."

"Mom is still angry, so apologize to her later." Horace's tone was a bit impatient. "You're already married, so why do you still care so much about your family's affairs?" Before Queenie came back just now, he had

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Chapter 23 Worthless

been scolded by his mother for more than ten minutes.

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Queenie was beautiful, gentle, and obedient to him. Horace quite liked her, but she just couldn't get along well with his mother, **always** making her and her husband angry.

Queenie purred as she washed the vegetables. "It's Angela. There was a break-in at home, and my parents **are** worried. Since I live nearby, I'm going to check on them.

"Angela? Your uncle's daughter?" Horace recalled and realized **that** Queenie was referring to her cousin from her uncle's side of the family. He had briefly seen her at the wedding, and she was quite attractive.

Queenie nodded, surprised that her husband still remembered.

"She's in college, right? Has she started dating?" Horace asked.

Queenie looked at her husband in confusion. "No, why?"

"I think your cousin **is** attractive. If she's **not** in a relationship, I **can** introduce her to someone." Horace pondered for a moment. "My cousin's son from my aunt's side of the family is still single. Felix. You met him **at** our wedding. They would make **a** good match if they hit it off."

"Angela is still young; there's no need to worry about these things." Queenie pursed her lips, not very pleased.

She remembered Felix, thanks to her mother-in-law's constant reminders. He was already in his thirties, still unmarried, enjoyed playing games and drinking, and didn't **have** a stable job. She didn't want to introduce someone like him to Angela.

"What do you mean she's still young? It's better to start dating when you're young and get married after graduation. If **a** woman gets older, it becomes harder for her to find a partner." Horace complained about the greasy fumes in the kitchen and coughed a few times. After uttering a few more words, he left. "Tell your cousin about it. Introduce her, just in case she's interested. She has moved out and is living on her own now. Bring her home so that everyone can get to know her."

You

out first." Queenie pursed her lips, her tone not very pleasant. "You don't like the smell of oil fumes, **and** it's hard to wash off from your clothes. You go out first."

After seeing Queenie off, Angela hurried to the tea shop to save time.

Luckily, it wasn't far away. After about ten minutes, Angela arrived at the shop, panting. As she looked around, she saw groups of female classmates chatting and snacking on nuts. Selene was preparing milk tea behind the counter. It **was** Tuesday, **so** Ron should be at kindergarten.

Spotting Angela, Selene handed her the three cups of milk tea she **had** prepared. "These drinks are for the three girls in the second row. They all ordered **the** same **thing**, so there's no need to separate them."

Angela took a deep breath and nodded, carrying the milk tea to the second row. After placing the drinks on the table, she smiled politely **at** the girls. "Here is the red **bean** milk tea you ordered. Enjoy!"

The three girls paused their **snacking** on **melon** seeds and looked at Angela with different expressions. Wasn't she Fanny's sister? It had only been a few days since she left the **Kins** Family, and now she was working part-time at a milk tea shop.

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Her life had taken a different path. Even if she was the biological daughter of the Kins Family, what did it matter? There was no emotional connection. Fanny had been spoiled by the Kins Family for over ten

years.

One of the girls took out a one-dollar bill and threw **it at** Angela's face. "Consider this money as your tip since you look so pitiful. Go buy something delicious!"

Angela frowned and looked at the girl who threw the money. She didn't know her, but one couldn't argue with money. Angela picked up the money and placed it in the tray, smiling calmly. "Thank you for the tip." Afterward, Angela walked away with the tray and placed **it at** the front counter. She whispered to Selene, "It

uld be great if there were more generous fools like this."

Selene glanced at Angela. Despite her young age, she displayed an impressive composure. Even after being humiliated, she remained unfazed. It was truly rare!

The girl who threw the money at Angela silently chuckled as she saw her pick it up. There was a hint of mockery and a touch of contempt in her eyes. She'd do anything for money. *What* a lowly woman.

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Chapter 24

Chapter 24 Is He Nice To You?

Chapter 24 Is He Nice To You?

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Two hours quickly passed in busyness, and most of the customers in the store were students from Riverdon. As it was close to class time, almost all the customers had left. Angela had classes in the afternoon. After tidying up a bit, she told Selene **that** she had something to do at home in the evening **and** couldn't come over, so she went back to school.

"Have you heard? Angela actually personally took her brother to the police station, and he had to stay there for a week. Fanny is so worried about this matter that she can't even eat."

“Fanny is the true sibling, right? As for Angela, she’s not even worthy of being a daughter of the Kins Family. She doesn’t even spare her own brother. She deserves to be kicked **out**.”

Just as Angela arrived at the classroom door, she overheard a few girls whispering. When they saw Angela coming in, their discussions abruptly stopped. Angela coldly glanced at these girls, and they inexplicably trembled before quickly dispersing.

A group of cowards who bully the weak and fear the strong. However, Angela also heard some news that pleased her. The Kins Family probably never imagined that Jonathan would help a girl like her who **had** no advantages!

Jonathan’s actions were indeed extraordinary. Not only did he successfully suppress the Kins Family, but

he also ensured that Samuel received the punishment he deserved. It’s truly satisfying! Thinking about it, since Jonathan helped her so much, she should find time to visit and express her gratitude.

Sebastian said that their family **lived** near the military zone, and with their wealth, they should be easy to find! There weren’t many Brundelian classes in the afternoon, so Angela went to drop in on a medical **class** instead. Jessica **saw** her working so hard and could only shake her head helplessly.

She didn’t know **what** got into Angela, but her friend insisted on transferring to the faculty of medicine and even took on part-time jobs in her spare time. Does she really think she is invincible and can’t be worn out? “Angela, why don’t you reconsider transferring to the faculty of medicine? Watching you run around every day to study and worry about making a living makes me feel for you.”

Jessica was the only daughter in her family, and her father was a coal mine owner. Although he didn’t have much education, he doted **on** his daughter. So, she had never experienced any hardships since she was young. Seeing Angela’s situation, she also wanted to help. She couldn’t help with other things, but she had no problem providing financial assistance. Angela said she didn’t want to be dependent. She wanted to be self-reliant. Jessica couldn’t persuade her, so she had to give up on the idea.

Angela tidied up the books on the desk and said with a relaxed expression, “It’s okay. It’s not a bad thing to **learn** more while we’re **young**. You should go home quickly; I’m going to class.”

Jessica sighed helplessly, watching Angela’s figure disappear at the classroom door before **leaving** with her books.

When she came out of the medical department, it was almost six o'clock. Although it was autumn, it was still quite hot outside at this time. **Just** as she reached the school gate, she saw Queenie sitting on an electric scooter. Angela's heart warmed, and she walked over quickly. "Queenie, I'm really sorry. I had a **lot** of classes today, so I made you wait for a long time!"

Seeing Angela, Queenie smiled and said, "No, I just arrived **too**." In fact, Queenie didn't know when Angela finished class, and she didn't have her phone number. She had been waiting at the gate since four o'clock.

Chapter 24 Is He Nice To You?

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Queenie handed Angela the helmet from the electric scooter and said, "Angela, let's go to Grandma's house first to get your things. My parents have already tidied up your room and replaced everything with new ones. You will definitely like it."

Angela took the helmet, deeply moved. Donald must be worried that she wouldn't be comfortable living there, so he replaced everything with new ones.

Then, compare that to her own parents. They made her live in the storage room so as not to upset Fanny. Even the sheets and clothes were ones **that** Fanny had used before. Fanny even claimed **that** she was giving her all her beloved things to use. But the sheets were old, and the clothes were outdated. *Who* were they trying to deceive?

But her parents and brothers all believed it without a doubt, and they even thought she was being unreasonable and ungrateful for Fanny's kindness. Thinking about all this, Angela **couldn't** help but find it laughable.

The school was located near the military zone, **and** it only took about ten minutes to ride the electric scooter. They quickly arrived downstairs. After the electric scooter stopped, Angela took off the helmet and got off the scooter. Queenie had also parked the scooter and was about to follow **Angela** upstairs to get her things.

But Angela stopped her. The house was still messy, and she **was** afraid that Queenie would be scared if she saw it. She went upstairs by herself, quickly packed some clothes **and** toiletries, put them in a bag, and then went downstairs.

When Queenie heard the sound of footsteps on the stairs, she walked **over** to help with the luggage. She took it, and it felt light. There were hardly any clothes. Queenie sighed. Uncle's *family* is so wealthy, so why don't they even buy a few clothes for Angela?

She remembered when George's family moved to a new house, and then they invited them over. She saw that Fanny even had a separate walk-in closet because she had too many clothes, shoes, and bags **that** couldn't fit in one place.

But when it came to her own daughter, he didn't even get her enough clothes to fill a suitcase. Queenie smiled and said. This weekend. I'll take you to buy a few sets of clothes. It's still summer, but in another month or two, **these** clothes won't be enough. We'll have to buy warmer ones."

"But it's expensive to buy **row**. We can wait until it gets colder. It'll be cheaper then." Angela said with a smile. If Donald and his wife took her to buy clothes, they definitely wouldn't let her pay. Donald's family. was not well-off, to begin with, and now that she was living with them, it would be burdensome for them. She needed to earn more money in the next few months. Winter clothes are expensive.

After thinking it over, Queenie realized **that** Angela's words were reasonable, so she stopped insisting.

While riding the bike, **Angela** suddenly noticed a bandage on Queenie's finger. It **hadn't** been there at noon. Angela couldn't help but ask, "Queenie, did you injure **your**

"It's nothing. I accidentally cut it while cooking. Queenie replied.

Angela's little face tightened, her eyes filled with concern. It'd have been one o'clock when Queenie got back, and *she* had to cook for *her* in-laws and her family? *It was* already one. *If* they were that starving, couldn't they have cooked something themselves? They had to wait for Queenie to cook for them. "Queenie, does your husband treat you well?" Angela couldn't help but **ask**. They rode on the electric bike, the wind rushing against their faces.

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Chapter 24 Is He Nice To You?

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Queenie glanced at Angela through the rearview mirror. The young girl had a pure and innocent face, with her hair tousled by the wind, giving her **an** endearing innocence. This girl's face was truly beautiful "Why are you asking **that**? I'm his wife, so he must treat me well," Queenie said with a smile.

Angela blinked but didn't say anything. If what her cousin said was true, that her husband treated her well, then **how** did her cousin end up in such **a** situation? In her

previous life, she knew too little about what happened to her cousin, Queenie. By the time she found out the news, her cousin had already taken her own life. The last time she saw her was at her cousin's funeral, looking at her grayscale photograph.

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Chapter 25

Chapter 25 Donald And His Family

The military zone is situated near the residential area of Harry Holeson High. It only took a ten-minute ride on an electric scooter to reach there.

It felt like ages since she last set foot in this place. After returning to the Kins Family in her previous life. Angela never visited again. As she gazed at those old-style buildings, her memories had become somewhat hazy.

Donald lived on the fifth floor of the third row in a three-bedroom apartment. Queenie rummaged through her bag and realized that she **had** forgotten to bring the keys when she hurriedly left home. So, she pressed the doorbell. The doorbell rang for a while, and then a middle-aged man appeared in her line of sight. "Angela, come in quickly!"

When Donald saw Angela, joy was evident in his eyes. It was wonderful that she came to live here.

Angela smiled. "Uncle Donald."

At that moment, a middle-aged woman walked out of the living room. When she saw Angela, her eyes instantly turned red. "Angela, I heard that you **were** injured and hospitalized recently. Come and let me take a look. Where did you get hurt?"

Hecate pulled Angela into the living room and checked her injuries. When Hecate saw the clear scar on Angela's forehead, her eyes filled with heartache.

Girls naturally care about their appearance. Having such a long scar affects her looks. She

Hecate wiped away a tear and said with concern. "Is this how your family treats you? They actually kicked **you** out without any reason. Samuel is also despicable. He

vandalized the **place** where you are currently living. He's trying to make your life a living hell."

"What? That's too much" Donald clenched his fists in anger. He knew about Angela being kicked out, but he had no idea about their belongings being destroyed.

"I just heard about it at the store. It was done by Samuel. He did it for **Fanny** because they wanted to snatch Angela's Brundelian speech opportunity"

The Kins Family treated the fake heiress Fanny as a treasure, but they were not close to their own daughter. Donald knew that about them. They used to have minor conflicts, but **this time, they** went too far. Donald **was** furious, but he still comforted Angela softly, "Angela, don't be afraid. From now on, just live peacefully with me. As long as we are here, the Kins Family won't dare to come looking for you again."

Although George and he were brothers, they had a falling out over a decade ago and hadn't had any

contact since then.

With **tears** welling up in her eyes, Hecate nodded and agreed, "Donald is right. Just settle down here. As long as we have **enough** to eat, you will never go hungry."

Angela's eyes welled up with emotion. It was only with Donald **that** she could feel the warmth of family. It was a warmth she had never experienced in her previous life, despite trying to please the Kins Family her whole life. The more Donald and Aunt Hecate cared for her, the more guilty she felt.

In order to please the Kins Family, she deliberately reduced her interactions with Donald's family. But they didn't hold any grudges and continued to treat her well. She realized how foolish she had been in the

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Chapter 25 Donald And His Family

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past. Instead of enjoying a life where she was loved and cared for, she chose to be a servant. Angela blinked and said, "Donald, Hecate, it wasn't them who drove me out. I came to the realization myself and didn't

cant to stay in that household anymore.

Queenie poured two cups of warm water and handed one to Angela, speaking softly. "It's best if you've come to this realization on your own. The Kins Family is heartless. After they treated you like that, there's nothing worth holding onto."

Taking the cup, Angela took a sip and immediately felt warmth spreading through her body. It wasn't just her physical body, but her entire heart was enveloped in warmth. That long-lost feeling seemed to have returned all at once.

"Queenie is absolutely right. In this family, no one will tolerate any mistreatment towards you. If you have any needs, please don't hesitate to let us know. Consider this place your own home. Holding Angela's hand. Hecate gazed at her with a tender expression. She had watched this child **grow** up since she was little, and Angela had always been obedient and sensible. Hecate couldn't comprehend **how** the Kins Family could be so heartless and do such despicable things to their own daughter. Despite Fanny being raised by them for over a decade **and** having a closer relationship, blood is thicker than water. Angela was Hecate's sister-in-law's flesh and blood. How could she not love her **own** flesh and blood and instead shower affection on a cunning outsider?"

Hecate still vividly remembered when Angela was first brought back; she was thin, quiet, shy, and introverted. Initially, her sister-in-law felt sorry for her, but gradually, she favored Fanny **more**. She believed that Angela was timid and lacked confidence, and she didn't possess the charm **that** Fanny had. Angela was reserved, so Scarlet didn't warm up to her.

It was Charlotte who noticed that Angela wasn't thriving in that household and brought her back to raise her. She raised her for several years. It **was** only when Charlotte's health deteriorated **that** Angela was sent back. But how long had she been back before she was forced to leave again? Hecate felt extremely uneasy.

Donald entered the kitchen, tied an apron around his waist, **and** said to the others, "You guys chat. I'll start cooking."

Hecate took out the fruits from the refrigerator, washed them, and arranged them on a fruit tray in front of Angela. "Just make yourself at home. Help yourself to anything you **want** to eat or drink. If you need anything, just let us know. Don't feel like a stranger."

Angela smiled and nodded, saying, "**Thank you, Aunt Hecate.**"

As she watched Donald busily working in the kitchen, Angela couldn't help but think about her uncle's fate in her previous life, and her heart skipped a beat.

Who would have imagined that he, always strong **and** healthy, would be diagnosed with late-**stage** gastric cancer a few years later? By then, it had become so severe that he struggled to eat, and soon after, he passed away. Reflecting on this. Angela felt uneasy.

The incubation period of **cancer** is excessively long. and she had personally experienced it in her previous life.

Stomachaches were a common **symptom**, and many people underestimated them, believing that **taking** medication could alleviate the pain without the need to go to the hospital. Only when the painkillers ceased to be effective did they **consider** seeking **medical** attention, but by then, it was already too late. She needed to find a way to persuade Uncle **Donald** to undergo a physical examination in order to detect and treat it early, thus avoiding so many troubles.

Peeling an orange for **Angela**, Hecate smiled affectionately. "Silly child, we're all family here; there's not

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need to be so formal with us."

Angela took the orange and popped a segment into her mouth. Mmm, it was truly sweet, even sweeter **than** honey.

The sound of the door opening came from outside; it was Queenie's grandmother and her brother. Quincy Kins, returning.

"Grandma, Quincy, you're **back**. Angela moved in today and will be living with us from now **on**." Queenie approached her grandmother, supporting her, and happily introduced Angela to her. "Grandma, this is Angela; she's also a part of our family now."

Observing the elderly person in front of her, Angela's heart skipped a beat, and she politely greeted her, "Hello, great-aunt."

Queenie's grandmother smiled at her without displaying too much surprise in her eyes, evidently aware that Angela would be arriving today.

Quincy glanced **at** Angela and coldly remarked, "Did the Kirrs **Family** kick you out?"

It was like provoking a hornet's nest. Hecate glared at her own son and angrily slapped Quincy on the shoulder. "Can't

keep quiet."

you watch your words? If you can't say anything nice, then don't say anything at all. Just

After reprimanding her son Quincy, Hecate looked at Angela and noticed her composure, which relieved her. She quickly attempted to smooth things over. “Angela, Quincy isn’t very bright. He’s just a simple **man**. Don’t pay attention to him!”

Chapter 26 Get Something Nice

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Chapter 26

Chapter 26 Get Something Nice

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Angela was overwhelmed with guilt **when** she saw Quincy. She couldn’t help but reflect on how her own foolishness in her previous life had burdened her cousin with guilt for the rest of his life. She wanted to **slap** herself for it.

Quincy had been in love with a girl for many years, but Angela, in an attempt to match Joseph with the girl, did her best to intervene. However, she later discovered that the girl actually had feelings for Quincy. After marrying Joseph, their relationship became strained.

As Angela lowered her gaze and remained silent, Queenie thought that her words **as** the older sister had hurt her. She quickly comforted her, “Angela, don’t be sad. Quincy is just in a bad mood. Actually, he would love for you to move in, right, Quincy?” Queenie nudged her older brother with her elbow and used her eyes to signal him to **say** something nice and comfort their sister.

Quincy coldly snorted as if he couldn’t see anything and expressionlessly went into the kitchen to help their father.

Angela blinked. She didn’t mind Quincy’s attitude. Instead, she felt guilty. She felt responsible for Quincy’s bad mood.

“Don’t mind him. He’s just being stubborn. Treating girls with such a bad attitude, it’s no wonder he’s in his twenties and still can’t bring a girlfriend home.” Hecate glared at Quincy with disapproval in her eyes, very dissatisfied with her son’s behavior.

When Quincy heard the word “girlfriend, his footsteps noticeably paused, but it **was** only for a moment. He then continued with his long strides and quickly entered the kitchen.

Queenie leaned closer to Angela and whispered, “My brother is **in** a bad mood. It seems like the girl he likes **has** a boyfriend” Angela lowered her gaze, her face turning pale.

Donald’s family didn’t know the situation, but she knew it very well. Quincy liked Felicia, and her boyfriend was Joseph Joseph, whom she had tried so hard to match with. She **had** taken away the girl her **cousin** liked, and her cousin only gave her the cold shoulder. He didn’t kick her out, which was considered showing mercy. **Angela** bit her lip and remained silent. Her big, bright, watery eyes flickered. They were not married yet, so she didn’t know if there was still time to win Felicia back from Joseph!

The dishes were all served, and the table **was** filled with dishes that Angela liked to **eat**. She was so touched that she didn’t know what to say. It had been three years, but Donald still remembered her favorite dishes.

Emilia Langdon looked **at** the table full of dishes and couldn’t help but frown and scold Donald.

“How many times have I told you not to cook so many dishes at night? If you can’t finish them, they will go

to waste. Such a waste!”

After a pause, Emilia continued, “You young people haven’t experienced any hardships. You don’t know

the **shame** of **wasting**. In our time, we couldn’t even have enough to eat. Now that times are better, we shouldn’t waste good food like this!”

Donald nodded repeatedly and hurriedly explained, “Mom, I made all these dishes because Angela **came** over, and Queenie and Quincy also came back for a visit. It’s not easy for them, so I thought of making more dishes. It won’t go to waste.”

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Although he said that, Emilia still had a stern face. Making so many delicious **dishes**, how much money would *it* cost? With one more person, there would be more expenses. Angela would have to provide for herself while staying here. She couldn’t just eat, drink, and live for free.

Hecate served a bowl of chicken soup for Angela and reminded her, "Be careful, you're so thin. You need to drink more chicken soup to nourish yourself." Knowing **that** Angela had suffered a lot in the Kins Family, Hecate went to the market early in the morning and bought an old hen. She added red dates and wolfberries and stewed them for several hours. The **aroma** alone was particularly appetizing.

Angela delicately sipped the chicken soup with **a** spoon and smiled, complimenting. "Auntie, your cooking skills **have** improved greatly. **This** chicken soup is delicious."

Upon receiving praise, Hecate generously added a ladleful of chicken soup to Angela's bowl and said, "If it's delicious, have some more. There's plenty left."

Quincy silently continued eating, but upon hearing Angela's flattering words, he couldn't help but sneer a few times.

Hecate, now angry, glared at her son. "Why **are** you being so sarcastic?"

Quincy's tone **was** cold and filled with disdain as he replied, "She should have more, especially to nourish her brain so **she won't** become even more foolish. As he finished **speaking**, a **hint** of pain flashed in Quincy's black eyes.

Donald's family stared at Quincy in disbelief, shocked by his hurtful words.

Angela nervously gripped her cutlery, her face turning red. She took a deep breath and looked at Quincy.

"Quincy, I'm sorry. I **was** wrong about **that** matter. I will explain it **clearly** to Felicia." She accepted the consequences of her actions, even if it meant being scolded or hit by Quincy,

Quincy coldly smiled, "No need!"

Their son had always been exceptional since childhood, **and** they never needed to control him. Hecate couldn't control him either. She looked around anxiously and said, "Quincy, **Angela** is still young. As her older cousin, you should guide her when she makes mistakes. Don't use hurtful **words**."

Quincy pursed his lips and ignored his mother's words. "I'm full. I'm **going back** to the office first." With that, he walked away.

Hecate sighed and turned to comfort Angela, "Angela, don't be angry. Quincy has a temper, but he still cares about you. I'll make him apologize to you when he comes back!"

Angela smiled awkwardly. Hecate favored her, but how could she ask Quincy to apologize? “Aunt Hecate, what Quincy said is correct. I was indeed foolish and made numerous mistakes,” Angela apologized with a sense of guilt.

Hecate gazed at Angela affectionately and served her food, encouraging her to eat more. After finishing the meal, Angela and Queenie wanted to help with the dishes. However, Hecate waved her hand and hurried the younger ones out of the kitchen to watch TV.

As they entered the living room, Angela’s phone in her pocket began **to** ring. Angela **took** it out **and glanced** at the caller ID. It was her estranged father calling. Receiving a call at **this** time, she didn’t know what it could be about, but it surely wouldn’t bring good news because, in the Kins **Family**, good things

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never came her way. She turned and went to the balcony to answer the call. Just as she pressed the answer button, George’s angry voice came from the other side. “Angela, you’re becoming more audacious. Why didn’t you consult with us before transferring faculties? Do you still have any respect for me as your father?”

It seemed that the counselor had already informed George about her plan to transfer faculties. Angela’s expression turned cold. She rubbed her car and ended the call immediately. No matter how much she had explained in the past, they wouldn’t believe her. They trampled on her dignity, taking advantage of her care for them. Now, she didn’t care about any of those people. For those she didn’t care about, Angela didn’t want to waste her time dealing with them.

After ending the **call**, she turned and saw Donald standing at the door, looking at her with concern. “Was that your **dad**?”

She nodded, unsure of how much Donald had overheard.

Donald furrowed his brow and asked in a deep voice. “Does he always speak to you in that manner and with that attitude?” Although he knew that Angela didn’t have a good life in the Kins Family and **that** the Kins Family treated her poorly, hearing George curse at his daughter as if he held a grudge against her. Donald felt a pang of unease in his heart.

She is such a good girl, so why does she seem like trash in George's eyes? George took out an old leather wallet and pulled out two one-dollar bills, placing them in Angela's **hand**. "Take this money and buy yourself something delicious, Look at how thin you've become. You're like a stick."

Angela looked at the money, feeling both amused and tearful. "Is this your secret **stash**?"

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Chapter 27

Chapter 27 Do Not Assist Angela

Chapter 27 Do Not Assist Angela

Back in the Kins Residence, Angela abruptly hung up the phone before George could finish his sentence. Furious, George threw his phone onto the couch "From now on, stop providing any financial support for Angela, **and** you are not allowed to assist her privately! George's face turned red with anger. That ungrateful girl didn't appreciate what she had. He wanted to see how long she could maintain her stubbornness

Zacharias smiled **and** agreed, "Dad, we have never given Angela money privately, and we won't in the future" Even when throwing a tantrum, there should be limits, But Angela's recent actions clearly showed that she had crossed the line, attempting to compete with Fanny in this manner. Angela had chosen the wrong path. As a female college student, she needed money for various things. Without financial

any support, she wouldn't be able to survive. Sooner or later, Angela would come back begging for forgiveness

Hearing the satisfactory response, the expression on George's face softened slightly. "Hmph, without the support of the **Kins** Family, let's see how long she can hold

Scarlet came downstairs with red eyes as if she had been crying. Scarlet gritted her teeth and said coldly. "Even if she kneels in front of us, we won't allow her to come **back**. She didn't spare her own brother. I won't put anything past her."

This wasn't the first time that Samuel and Angela had fought. Usually, she would just let it go. But this time, Angela had gone too far. She had Samuel taken to the police station, and he was detained for an entire week. Samuel had never experienced **any** hardships since he was young. How could he endure the suffering of being in jail? Thinking **about** this, Scarlet couldn't help but shed tears. The old house was filled with worthless things. If they were smashed, so be it. They compromised and said they would compensate Angela twice the amount. But for some reason, Angela didn't want the money. She insisted on having Samuel locked up.

And somehow, Jonathan got involved in this matter. She wondered how Angela deceived him. The cops. wouldn't budge, insisting on following the legal procedures. She's alienating the whole family. Does she even want to come back to us?

At this moment, Fanny walked over with a plate of fruits, gently comforting, "Dad, Mom, **have** some fruit to calm down. Angela is just temporarily upset with the family. She feels that you **have** been too good to her, and she's **jealous**. Once she realizes this after some time, everything will be fine."

Seeing her daughter being so considerate, George felt warmth inside. But when he thought of Angela, his daughter who only made him angry, he couldn't like her at all. After all, she hadn't been raised by them. since childhood, **and** she had picked up all the bad habits from the countryside. Even after being by his mother's side for several years, she still hadn't learned to behave. Now that **his** mother had passed **away**. Angela had no one to control her, and her true nature was **revealed!** Thinking of this, George sighed. "If Angela could be **half as** sensible **as** you, I wouldn't have to worry so much. After all, she was his **own**

daughter. Although she was constantly opposing them now, George still hoped that Angela could be as

obedient **and** sensible **as** Fanny.

Fanny brought them **a** piece of watermelon and **said** with teary eyes, "It's all my fault. If it weren't for **me**, Angela wouldn't have moved out, **and** Samuel wouldn't **have** been detained for a week. It's all my fault."

Scarlet couldn't bear to see her beloved daughter like this. She gently **wiped** away her tears and comforted her softly. "It's not **your** fault. It's Angela who doesn't know how to appreciate it. She moved out for only a few days and already forgot her place, **and** she did such things without considering the consequences."

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Zacharias also chimed in. That's right. Fanny, it's not your fault. Don't blame yourself for everything. It just makes your brothers worry about you."

Joseph sat quietly on the side, occasionally frowning his brow, but he refrained from expressing his opinion

Mrs. Lime placed the final dish on the table, wiped her hands on her apron, and called out to the living room. Madam, it's time to **cat**"

The individuals in the living room all stood up and made their way towards the dining table. Scarlet served Fanny a bowl of fish stew and said affectionately, "Fanny, you haven't eaten anything all day. Have some fish stew to warm your stomach."

Fanny took a sip and couldn't help but frown. It was far inferior to the fish stew Angela made, but she still managed to drink it reluctantly.

James rummaged through his wardrobe in his room, searching for clothes. He had a dinner appointment in the evening and needed to entertain clients. "Mrs. Lime, where did you put my blue shirt?" Usually, Angela would take care of his clothes. If he wanted to wear something, he would simply ask her, and she would know its whereabouts. Now that Angela **was** not here, it was Mrs. Lime who attended to their daily needs. James was busy with work and rarely at home. This time, returning because of Samuel's matter, he always felt a bit empty, as if something was missing.

Mrs. Lime wiped the water stains off her hands with an apron and hurriedly approached, "Master James, what are you looking for? Would you like me to help you find it?"

James glanced at Mrs. Lime, who was covered in grease, and shook his head, "Never mind, Mrs. Lime, you can go about your business. I'll find it myself. When Angela was here, she was always able to accurately locate the clothes he was searching for. She distinguished between the ones he frequently wore and the ones he rarely **wore**, making them easy to find. But now it was different. Looking at the pile of clothes in the wardrobe, James suddenly missed Angela.

He scratched his head irritably, randomly picked a shirt, put it on, and prepared to leave. However, Scarlet stopped him. James, you'll probably have to drink when you go out to socialize. Have some fish stew to fill your belly first!" She then served James a bowl of fish stew. After taking two sips, James couldn't help but frown and almost spat it out.

Reluctantly, he swallowed the stew but lost his appetite. What kind of terrible fish stew was this? It was like **night** and day compared to Angela's culinary skills. "Mom, I'm running late. You guys enjoy the fish stew. I'm leaving James glanced at **his** watch, **put** down the bowl, and left.

That night, Angela slept peacefully. She woke up early, and Hecate had already prepared breakfast. Seeing her awake, Hecate urged her to wash her hands and eat. **Angela** nodded eagerly, finished breakfast, and then rode **on** Queenie's electric bike back to school. Before leaving, she also **gave** her some pocket money to buy snacks.

Holding the warm money in her hands, Angela felt a warmth in her heart. Donald's family treated her so well. The phone in her pocket rang, and Angela took it out and looked at it. It was an unfamiliar number. She hesitated for a moment but decided to answer it. On the other **end** of the phone, there was Jonathan's captivating voice. "Send me your bank account number."

Angela was confused, blinking her big eyes, "Huh?"

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"Medical expenses." Jonathan explained calmly. The voice on the other end of the phone was deep and hoarse, sounding particularly alluring.

Angela's ears turned red, and then she suddenly realized that Jonathan wanted to give her money to cover her medical expenses. However, she didn't have a bank card or anything of the sort. Usually, her family would provide her living expenses in cash. Online payments through apps were not popular yet, and people still used cash or bank cards for transactions. Moreover, she had never considered having to pay a registration fee for seeing a doctor with Jonathan, even though she was really short of money right now.

"I—I don't have a card, but... I can get one."

Angela's voice gradually became quieter, but Jonathan still heard her. "I understand."

After saying that, the call ended. Angela let out a sigh of relief and put her phone back in her pocket. Yesterday at the police station, Jonathan had already done her a favor by coming to her rescue. She couldn't **ask** him to pay for the medical expenses. It would be audacious. **But** as she touched the few remaining bills in her pocket, Angela shed bitter tears. She was truly too poor.

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Chapter 28

Chapter 28 Bowing To Poverty

Chapter 28 Bowing To Poverty.

Angela had only a few morning classes. After finishing two classes, Angela went to the bank and obtained at

Since it **was** still early after leaving the bank, Angela decided to go to work at the milk tea shop.

When Selene saw Angela, she didn't seem surprised. Instead, she casually remarked, "You finished your classes early today!"

Angela responded with a simple mum' and noticed a table in the corner covered in seed shells. Angela grabbed a cloth and went over to clean the table.

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This girl is quite diligent. Selene smiled with satisfaction and then noticed a couple entering the shop.

The couple seemed affectionate, and the girl was looking around as if searching for someone. Selene politely approached and asked, "What would you two like to drink?"

Suddenly. Fanny pointed towards Angela, who was busy cleaning in the corner, **and** asked Christopher beside her, "Christopher, is **that Angela**? How did she end up here... working as a waitress?"

Christopher also noticed Angela. Angela was holding a trash can and sweeping the nut shells from the

table into it.

The daughter of the Kins Family had fallen to the point of working part-time at a milk **tea** shop, but it was **her** own doing. If only Angela didn't have such a strong desire to possess things that didn't belong to her and instead peacefully coexisted without fighting or snatching as the second young miss of the Kins Family, she wouldn't have fallen into such a state. Especially Angela, who had no regard for her own life and even got involved with his older brother. Christopher was truly annoyed.

Looking at Angela, who **was** cleaning up the trash, Christopher **walked** over with a cold expression and kicked the trash can over. The trash can toppled, causing the garbage inside to spill out. Angela looked at the scattered garbage on the ground, raised her head, and stared coldly **at** the man.

The girl's icy gaze made Christopher pause for a moment, and then he immediately said, "Angela, don't think that by clinging to my older brother and trying to **please** him, you can change anything. What doesn't belong to you, even if you fight for it until your head breaks, it still doesn't belong to you! No matter how many people from the Sanderses you try to please, I will never like you!"

"Christopher, **what** are you saying!" Fanny furrowed her eyebrows in anger, pushed Christopher away, and then looked apologetically at **me**. "Angela, don't **blame** Christopher. He's just... I apologize to **you on** behalf of Christopher."

After speaking, Fanny glanced at the trash on the ground and said, "Don't be angry; I'll help you **pick** up

the trash."

With that, she squatted down to pick up the seed shells.

Christopher pulled Fanny up with concern **and** gently patted the dust **off** her white dress. "Let Angela pick it up herself. Don't dirty your dress. This store won't even be worth the cleaning if it gets dirty."

Fanny playfully stuck out her tongue, threw the nut shells into the trash can, and wiped her hands with a tissue. This dress was specially brought back from abroad by Christopher's relatives **as** her birthday gift. It

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was designed by a master, and there was only one in the whole city that she was wearing. Feeling guilty, Fanny said, "I just wanted to help Angela. After all, it's not easy for her to live alone outside. My dad doesn't allow us to help her financially, so we can only help in other ways! After speaking, Fanny took out a red bankbook from her pocket and handed it to Angela.

"Angela, this is some of the lucky money I saved during the holidays, I haven't spent it **all** yet, so take it for emergencies."

Angela looked at the vintage bankbook and sarcastically smiled. "Fanny, drop the act. Let's put aside the act of helping others, okay? Don't come and waste my time anymore."

Fanny was stunned for a moment, a complex expression flashed across her face. “I just wanted to help you. Leaving the Kins Family, Angela, you will regret it.”

Huh. Angela smiled confidently, “Don’t worry, I won’t regret it.”

The girl had black hair and red lips. Her hair was tied up in a high ponytail, revealing a smooth and full forehead. When she smiled, she exuded a pure and beautiful aura. Fanny was a little confused.

Selene was worried that **Angela** would **face** trouble if things escalated, so she quickly brought a broom. Angela hurriedly took it and signaled to Selene that she was fine.

Glancing at Fanny and Christopher, she silently sighed. These two individuals were obviously from wealthy families, **and** she couldn’t afford to offend them.

Holding the broom in her hand, Angela swept the dirty floor and said coldly. “Christopher, a responsible ex–fiance should act as if he were dead, not flaunting his would–be sister–in–law around as if afraid that people wouldn’t **know** you have a relationship. Just leave.” She distanced herself from the Kins Family and no longer sought their favor, but they were the ones who clung to her. They were truly despicable.

Christopher’s dark eyes were filled with coldness **as** he stared intently at Angela, his face pale and

uncertain.

Fanny’s eyes turned red from being talked about, and she grabbed Christopher’s arm with a grievance. whispering, “Christopher, it’s all because of me **that** you two are **arguing**. Let’s go and not disturb Angela’s work.”

But Christopher couldn’t bear to see Fanny being wronged, and his temper flared up.

“Boss, give me fifty cups of different flavored milk tea. Christopher arrogantly slapped two 10–dollar bills on the counter, **pointing at Angela**, and continued, “**And** I specifically request that she be the only one making it. After she finishes, she will give them out for free at the school **gate**. **Anyone can take** them except **for** Angela.”

Selene looked at Angela with concern. This was clearly going too far. Angela had **just** arrived a few days ago and didn’t know how to do anything. Wasn’t this making things difficult for her?

Angela stopped Selene from refusing. She wouldn’t let go of an opportunity to make money. She **dumped** the trash into the bin, clapped her hands to get rid of the dust, and walked to the counter, putting away the two hundred yuan. “Alright, we’ll do it”

Angela wouldn't argue with money. She **wasn't** unintelligent. She was currently in such a dire financial situation **that** she could feel the weight of her poverty. She needed **money**, and if someone foolish wanted to give it to her, she wouldn't refuse.

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Christopher looked at Angela with a gloomy expression, thinking that he had misheard things. However, Angela had already begun working efficiently.

Fanny tugged on Christopher's arm and pouted, complaining, "Christopher, you're going **too** far. Angela still has classes in the afternoon. How long does she have to keep making fifty cups of milk tea?"

Christopher gently touched Fanny's head. "You're just too kind; that's why she keeps taking advantage of you. I'm helping you release your anger, silly."

Fanny seemed a little hesitant. "I've said it many times: Angela has never taken advantage of me, never. Why don't you believe me?"

Following Selene's instructions, Angela poured ice cubes into the milk tea cup, covered it with a lid, and shook it up and down a few times. A cup of refreshing iced milk tea was ready. And then, two cups, three.

cups...

Christopher kept observing them from the counter but soon grew tired of standing and sat down **on a** chair, continuing to wait.

Two hours later, fifty cups of milk tea were prepared. Christopher had someone bring over several large boxes, which were taken away. Before leaving, Christopher looked deeply at Angela as if he hadn't expected that she would actually do it..

Fanny felt guilty and handed a cup of milk tea to Angela, saying, "Angela, you've worked so hard. This is for you.

Christopher snorted coldly, "Fanny, this kind of person doesn't deserve sympathy. I'd rather give it to the dog than give it to someone like her."

With that, he threw the milk tea on the ground, and Selene's dog came out and licked it up.

Angela: ... Watching this despicable couple leave, Angela pinched her slightly aching wrist. She had been working for over two hours, and not only were her wrists sore, but her legs felt almost numb.

They say money can buy anything.

Angela comforted herself, not to compare, not to compete, and not to get angry at bastards like those two.

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Chapter 29

Chapter 29 Uncultured

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Selene noticed that Angela looked exhausted and suggested **that** she take a break for the day and come back tomorrow.

Angela didn't refuse. It **was** only 2004, and milk tea was mostly made with **milk** tea powder. The fifty cups she had just made had already used up most of the milk tea powder for the day. There wasn't much else to do in the shop in the afternoon.

She used the remaining time to study.

Although she wanted to earn more money, studying was still her top priority at the moment. She also had to prepare for the exam to change her major.

It was mealtime, and there were many people at the school gate. Just as Angela arrived at the school gate, she heard someone call out her name.

"Angela!"

Seeing that it **was** Sebastian, Angela was a little surprised. "Sebastian, why are you here?"

After the initial surprise, Angela's heart tightened. Did something happen to Jonathan?

"Angela, Master Jonathan asked me to give you the medical fees. Sebastian handed her a leather bag.

Angela was stunned. She thought **Jonathan** knew that she didn't **have** a bank card, so she put this matter aside for now. Unexpectedly, he sent Sebastian to deliver cash.

Compared to his scumbag younger brother Christopher, Jonathan **was** like night and day.

Thinking about how Jonathan died so early in her previous life, Angela felt even more regretful.

After regaining her composure, a slightly

barrased smile appeared on Angela's beautiful and fair face.

Originally, she didn't want to accept it, but she couldn't resist being poor.

Jonathan was truly a benefactor who saved her from dire straits!

Moreover, she only prescribed a course of treatment. Jonathan's condition would require more time in the future.

With a wealthy patient like Jonathan, she could break free from the Kins Family with more confidence.

Sebastian handed the leather bag to Angela and smiled, "Take it. Thanks to the medicine you prescribed, Master Jonathan's complexion **has improved** a lot after a few days. His future treatment **will** still rely on you."

Angela didn't refuse. After **all**, she had been studying medical books these past few days, preparing to prescribe a medicinal diet for Jonathan.

A course of medicinal diet was not cheaper than taking medicine.

The heavy paper bag felt substantial in her hands!

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Chapter 29 Uncultured

Angela was even more moved in her **heart**. She blinked her eyes and happily said, "Thank you, Sebastian, Then I'll accept it first. I've been studying medicine these days

and was just thinking of preparing a medicinal meal for Jonathan. Combining medicine and food will be better for Jonathan's health."

Sebastian was overjoyed. "That's great! Angela, when should I come to pick up the medicinal meal?"

Originally, Angela planned to buy all the necessary ingredients for the medicinal meal to p proportions and then give the recipe to Sebastian.

prepare the

But from Sebastian's words, did he think she was going to make the medicinal meal for Jonathan?

Angela thought for a moment. **Jonathan** had given her so much money, so she should do more; otherwise, she would feel uneasy about taking the money.

So, Angela smiled and said, "You don't need to come to pick it up. I'll make it and deliver it to you."

How could such a kind person die so young?

Angela touched the leather bag, and her determination to save Jonathan became even stronger!

Sebastian was extremely happy. Looking at Angela, his gaze became even kinder, and then he happily drove **away** in the Mercedes-**Benz parked** on the side of the road.

It was also black but with a different brand, **a Mercedes-Benz**.

It seemed that all of Jonathan's cars were black.

Afterward, Angela walked to the school with the leather bag in her arms. When she opened the bag and took a look, a neat stack of ten-dollar bills was revealed.

How could Jonathan give so **much**?

There's like a few hundred dollars **here**.

Jonathan is so generous! She decided to make him a special version of the medicinal meal tomorrow!

And for some reason, Jonathan had always been in **a wheelchair** as far **as** she could remember. Whenever she had the chance, she would find a way to visit him.

After spending the whole afternoon studying at school, Angela hurriedly went out to buy the ingredients and medicinal herbs needed for the medicinal meal. Soon, she found herself loaded with bags and bags of groceries.

However, there were still some items she **hadn't** purchased. Meat and fish had to be bought on the day of preparing the medicinal **meal** to ensure freshness. After all, not every household had **a** refrigerator **yet**, and Donald's **house** was one of them. These meat products were naturally prone to spoilage.

When Angela returned home with bags **and** bags of groceries, it was still early. Donald and Hecate hadn't come **back** yet; only Emilia was at home. When **Emilia saw Angela** coming back with **so** many things, her eyes **couldn't** help but widen.

"Angela, why did you buy so many things?"

Angela didn't have a good impression of her grandmother. Now, listening to her almost interrogative tone.

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Chapter 29 Uncultured

she vaguely mentioned **that** she was making medicinal meals for others.

"You **can** make medicinal meals?" Emilia had a skeptical expression on her face, but she reached out and took the package from Angela's hand. As soon **as** she opened it and saw that it contained a large amount of dried lotus seeds and dried lily bulbs, she muttered, "So many lotus seeds **and** lily bulbs; this must have

cost a lot of money"

"These ingredients were bought by a gentleman who had them delivered to me. I only earn a small fee for preparing the meals."

"A fee? How much does he give you?" Emilia rolled her eyes. These ingredients were not cheap, so the person who specifically hired someone to make medicinal meals must not be short of money.

Angela was living here for free, and Emilia was just thinking about how to ask her for living expenses. This was the perfect opportunity

"Not much. Emilia. I still have to study, so I'll go back to my room first." **Angela** put the package in the kitchen **and** quickly returned to her own room.

Emilia watched her leave, feeling a bit unhappy. Angela was really lacking in manners. She ran away before the elder finished speaking.

No wonder the Kins Family didn't like this child. She had no manners at all.

She hadn't even had a chance to discuss living expenses.

As Angela listened to the silence behind her, she breathed a sigh of relief because she knew that if she stayed any longer, Emilia would definitely inquire further.

She didn't want others to know about Jonathan.

Just as Angela was pondering this, another thought crossed her mind.

Wait. / consider her an outsider, but Jonathan is my close friend?

She quickly dismissed the idea. Of course not.

Perhaps it was because she treated Jonathan as her own patient that she wanted to protect his privacy. Grandma had mentioned that safeguarding the privacy of one's patients was a doctor's responsibility.

In this lifetime, she aspired to be a proper doctor and not just someone who solely treated Zacharias. Therefore, she believed she was safeguarding her own patient.

Furthermore, she **had** received such **a** substantial amount of money from him. How could she not consider him her benefactor?

Outside the room, Emilia stood at the door, holding her breath, and listening for a while. She didn't hear any sounds of studying and couldn't help **but** mutter to herself, "Angela's not studying in her room. She's just finding excuses to avoid me

She frowned, **contemplating** whether or not to knock on the door to ask for living expenses, but the corner of her eye suddenly caught sight of the items she had just placed in the kitchen. It quickly reminded her of something, and a smile appeared on her lips as she went back to tidy up those things..

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Chapter 30

Chapter 30 What Are You Looking At?

Chapter 30 What Are You Looking At?

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Donald and Hecate arrived home one after the other. They were aware that Angela was going to cook medicinal food, but since she didn't want to elaborate, they didn't inquire further and quickly changed the subject.

Noticing **that** Emilia didn't bring up the matter again, Angela felt relieved and somewhat surprised.

In her memory, Emilia **was a** person who was petty and mean.

When she was ten years old, she came to Donald's house to play with her cousin Queenie. Queenie gave her half of an apple to share, but when she turned around, she saw Emilia, whom she had just met, frowning and staring at her.

Later, she heard from the neighbors' gossip about Grandma's opinion of her-

"An unwanted child with no manners, just coming to her daughter's house to freeload. She's nothing but a glutton who gets greedy at the sight of an apple."

The adults openly mocked her, traumatizing Angela because she was just a child.

Fortunately, Emilia returned to her hometown shortly after, and Angela gradually began to enjoy visiting Donald's place.

Now, Angela **was** no longer the child who could only be ridiculed by others, but the house hadn't been renovated yet, so she had to stay at Donald's house for the time being. She didn't want any conflicts with Grandma that would create an uncomfortable atmosphere at home. As long as Emilia didn't cause trouble, Angela was content to be at ease.

There were no classes the next morning, so after studying at home for a while, she went to the market and selected a plump and delicious sea bass. She asked the vendor to clean it and brought it home to make sea bass soup with lily and cinnamon-vine.

When she opened the plastic jar where she **had** stored the dried lilies yesterday, she was taken aback. She didn't know if it was her imagination, but she felt that there were fewer dried lilies in the jar than when she put them in yesterday.

Initially, Angela didn't pay much attention to it, but when she opened the box of dried cinnamon–vine and the box of wolfberries, she realized something **was** amiss. Each of them had less. She did mention to her family **that** she could use these ingredients for cooking... but the meals they made last night and this morning didn't include any of them.

Angela furrowed her brow, but now she was the only one at home. Donald and Hecate had already gone to work, and Emilia had gone to the park to exercise with the other ladies. She could only set this matter aside for **now**.

After spending an hour in the kitchen, a steaming bowl of **sea** bass soup with lilies and cinnamon–vine was ready. Angela didn't know how much food Jonathan could eat, so she tried her best to fill the insulated lunchbox to the brim.

When she made arrangements with Sebastian yesterday, Angela had already asked for Jonathan's address. It turned out to be in a residential area near the military zone.

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Chapter 30 What Are You Looking At?

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Upon arriving. Angela realized belatedly **that** Jonathan's place was actually very close to her grandmother's house, just around the corner. Behind her grandmother's house was a villa area guarded by security personnel at the entrance. It was no less impressive than the villa areas of the future, even after more **than**

a decade

Unable to enter due to the presence of security guards, Angela called Sebastian, who quickly arrived and brought her inside. It was a beautiful autumn day, with blue skies and white clouds. The villa **area was** filled with blooming flowers, and sparrows flew by from time to time, creating a picturesque scene.

After a short while, Sebastian stopped and pointed to a villa in front, saying, "We've arrived"

Angela looked up and saw a **standalone** villa **that** seemed out of **place**. Not to mention the simple exterior design of the villa; even the small garden outside was bare. Compared to the lush greenery along the way. this place looked like a wasteland.

This... is Jonathan's home?

While Angela was still in a daze, Sebastian had already unlocked the door and greeted her with a smile, "Angela, you're early. Master Jonathan is still in his office. Please wait outside for a moment."

"Okay, Sebastian," she replied, following him. Even though she didn't intend to explore, she couldn't help but be taken aback by the strong minimalist style of the villa's interior.

Sebastian had mentioned that Jonathan lived alone, but the house was excessively monotonous. Every empty space was devoid of any decoration, and even the dining table only had one chair.

Despite wearing flat shoes, Angela could hear the echo of her footsteps as she walked through the empty villa. It was beyond minimalistic. If someone didn't know any better, they would assume that the renovation had just begun and no one had moved in yet.

With Sebastian by her side, Angela didn't feel too overwhelmed. However, when Sebastian entered the room to inform Jonathan, she was left standing outside alone. A sudden **wave** of loneliness washed over her, making it difficult to breathe.

Fortunately, Sebastian soon opened the door **again** and said with a smile, "Angela, come in quickly."

Angela hurriedly entered the room, and a **faint** woody **fragrance** enveloped her. She looked **up and** saw Jonathan's handsome face, which made her inexplicably nervous. She raised the lunchbox in her **hand** and greeted obediently, "**Jonathan.**" She had come to deliver medicinal **meals** to **him**.

Jonathan nodded slightly in response.

Angela approached and placed the food container down. After hesitating for a moment, she took out a small notebook from her pocket and spoke hesitantly in a low voice, "Jonathan, during this period, I have mainly prepared **nourishing** meals for you to regulate your body. Let your physical condition stabilize first, and then you can consume stronger therapeutic meals in the next treatment cycle... These are some precautions I have written for you regarding the use of medicinal meals."

As she spoke, the man remained silent, not even looking at her. Just when Angela thought that he wasn't paying attention, he slowly raised his gaze and accepted the paper she handed over. When Angela wrote those instructions, she hoped **that** Jonathan wouldn't suffer the same fate as his previous life.

She remembered that in her previous life, after Jonathan's death, Christopher ultimately inherited **all** of the Sanderses' assets, which filled her with anger.

I refuse to believe that God takes the good ones young and lets the bad ones live long. Jonathan deserves a good life! Therefore, in addition to the instructions for the medicinal meals, Angela included every detail related to his health on that paper, no matter how trivial. Written in beautiful and elegant handwriting, it was presented to Jonathan.

As they started chatting, Angela relaxed and couldn't help but talk incessantly. "Jonathan, you should consume the medicinal meals while they're still fresh. Reheated medicinal meals won't be as effective." Jonathan's gaze lingered on the beautiful handwriting on the paper for a while. Upon hearing her voice, he turned around, nodded, and glanced at Sebastian. Sebastian quickly went to fetch bowls and chopsticks.

With only Jonathan and Angela left in the room, the atmosphere suddenly became quiet.

Angela felt embarrassed to stare at someone else's room, and there weren't many places within her line of sight. Soon, her gaze fell upon Jonathan's hand.

Tsk....

That hand resting on his suit pants was pale, with distinct finger joints, as if it were meticulously carved by a skilled craftsman out of white jade. It was cold and moist, yet exuded an irresistible allure.

Even his hands were captivating.

Angela couldn't tear her eyes away. *Well, which woman could resist admiring a handsome guy?*

She had always admired handsome men, and her gaze quickly moved up along his slender wrist, but inadvertently shifted to a noticeable bulge between his pants. Angela was momentarily stunned, then realized what it was. Her gaze felt like it had been scorched, and she couldn't help but exclaim in her mind.

And at that very moment, the person involved spoke up. "What are you looking at?"

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