

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

Chapter 461

Chapter 461 They Were Not Together

spite of **two cars** trailing behind, the lead car maintained its speed unaffected.

Soon **after**, Jonathan's pair **of** vehicles pulled up outside the company building.

Florence instructed the driver to park nearby, while James positioned his car adjacent to **Florence's**.

Unbeknownst to him, James had been tailing Florence's car, mistaking it for Jonathan's.

Therefore, when he parked, he assumed the occupants exiting the vehicle were Jonathan's associates.

His aim was to find Angela, intending to explain his motives directly to whoever emerged.

However, upon seeing the person exiting the car, he was momentarily taken aback. "Miss Florence Shelton?"

James had been briefed about Florence by Hugh beforehand, and he had also gained insights into the achievements of the Shelton Family from a friend before his arrival in Northland. He knew Florence, recognized as the lady of the Shelton Family, had assumed the role **of** heir to the family.

Thus, even though they hadn't formally met, he had glimpsed her photograph in the newspaper provided by his friend.

As someone acknowledged her presence, Florence casually turned her head, seemingly. indifferent to James.

Despite being informed by her companions in the car that they were being trailed, Florence remained unperturbed.

She was confident that no one would dare to challenge her in Northland for the time being.

In a moment of inadvertence, James spoke up, only **to** swiftly realize his mistake. Initially contemplating avoiding Florence, he discovered her superior skill in ignoring others.

Because at that moment, she was already making her way toward Jonathan and his companions.

Without hesitation, he followed suit.

He needed to meet Angela today, as he needed to identify who was pressuring the police station and hindering his efforts to secure Joseph's release on bail.

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While Florence paid **no** attention **to the** discreet tail following her, **those around** her were

len. One individual promptly stepped forward and blocked James' **path**.

"Who are you? Why are you following Miss Shelton?" the individual questioned.

Observing James in formal attire but alone in the car with no other occupants, the individual became less **guarded**.

Upon recognizing Florence, James felt a twinge **of** apprehension and instinctively opted to candidly reveal his intentions.

With a positive demeanor, he explained his purpose to the individual. In response, the person simply stated, "You wait back here for now."

James didn't dare to protest. Observing his compliance, the individual swiftly turned and

caught up with Florence and the others. Subsequently, he briefed the leader on James intentions.

"Is he seeking Jonathan too?" Florence casually inquired after being informed.

With two cars, Jonathan's group hurriedly entered the company building as if escaping **a flood** or **a wild animal**.

Florence's car wasn't parked nearby, and she was detained outside the building after a brief pursuit.

She hadn't anticipated losing them and was now feeling frustrated.

Furthermore, she couldn't help but speculate whether Jonathan's apparent lack of awareness of their presence was a result of her team's exceptional tracking skills, or if Jonathan was deliberately feigning ignorance to lose them.

Despite her team's earlier exchange of pleasantries with the receptionist, they were met with the same composed demeanor in response. Nevertheless, they remained waiting in the downstairs reception lobby.

Upon inquiry, her subordinate promptly responded, "Well, sounds like it. He mentioned that he was here to see Angela."

"Angela?" Florence repeated the name with a disapproving tone, recalling the incident where Angela had turned her away at the door, solidifying her negative opinion of her.

Moreover, Angela was her rival.

Even though Florence hadn't yet plotted any harm against Angela, it was also implausible for her to treat Angela overly kindly.

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Did he mention anything else?" Florence asked casually while awaiting further details from Jonathan's group.

"No, Miss Shelton. But don't worry, I told him to wait behind us," reassured her subordinate.

Florence impatiently clapped her hands. "Bring him here," she demanded.

In Florence's opinion, even though they weren't together, that man might still be useful.

She thought to herself, he's here *for Angela* and *she* is willing to meet him, *then there might be a chance for me to meet Jonathan. And since he recognizes me and obediently follows my **team's** orders*, he surely wouldn't *refuse my request*.

Upon receiving Florence's instructions, her subordinate hurried to fetch James.

When James was called, his expression was somewhat complex.

"Miss Shelton, is there something you need from me?" he asked.

Florence lazily glanced at him before inquiring, "Why are you seeking Angela? Will she agree to meet you?"

She didn't want to waste time on small talk, as her time was valuable.

“I need to discuss something with her.” James replied, his face slightly tense.

He hadn’t expected to encounter Florence right after hearing about her from Hugh. *What* a coincidence.

“Can you guarantee she’ll agree to see you?” Florence questioned.

James promptly replied. “I’m Angela’s brother. If I show up, she should be willing to meet

1. me.

In truth, he wasn’t entirely sure of his statement, but under Florence’s suspicious gaze, he blurted out the bold claim without much thought.

Immediately after speaking, he regretted his words and wished to retract them. However, before he could, Florence clapped her hands and exclaimed, “So you indeed are Angela’s brother?”

Florence was genuinely delighted, as she had been contemplating how to arrange a meeting with Jonathan. If James could successfully meet Angela, perhaps she wouldn’t need to worry about meeting Jonathan herself.

“Yes, indeed.” James felt a prickling sensation on his scalp but chose to remain silent.

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“I’ll go with you. You **go** and inform the receptionist,” Florence urged, nudging James toward the front desk without waiting for his response.

Confused, James complied with the instructions and approached the receptionist.

The receptionist greeted him warmly, noted James’ purpose, and said, “Sir, please wait in the lobby. I have informed Mrs. Lawson. However, whether Mrs. Lawson will meet you or not depends on her own decision.”

The current receptionists at Jonathan’s company were not the same individuals as before; they had been replaced by bolder personnel. Additionally, there were security personnel stationed in the hall at all times, which actually bolstered her confidence a bit more.

Upon hearing Angela referred to as “Mrs. Lawson,” James subtly frowned. However, remembering his need to speak with Angela, he obediently took a seat on the side.

James refrained from getting too close to Florence, recalling Hugh's warning about her past actions—after Fanny was taken away by Jane, she was taken over by Florence.

Even though Fanny had returned, Florence was still not to be underestimated.

Two groups of people waited downstairs, each with their own thoughts.

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Chapter 462 Love My Everything

As Angela and Jonathan made their way up the stairs, they spotted Spencer approaching to **greet** them. Before he even reached them, Spencer remarked, “No wonder there are people downstairs looking for Jon and Angela.”

Spencer appeared slightly fatigued, likely having taken time out of his schedule to come and see them.

Initially, Angela felt a bit uneasy with Spencer referring to her as Jonathan's wife, but she found herself growing more accustomed to it over time.

As she heard Spencer's words, she instinctively tightened her grasp on Jonathan's hand.

Upon hearing Spencer's remarks, Jonathan responded with a cold tone, “It's Florence. We don't need to pay attention to her. Let's stay in the company for a while.” Then he instructed Spencer, “You can just send her away directly.”

Spencer frowned upon hearing Florence's name.

Regarding Jonathan's handling of the situation, he nodded in agreement. Just as the two were about to pass by him, he quickly stopped them and said, “But there's someone downstairs looking for Angela as well,” Spencer said, turning to Angela and asking, “Do you want to meet them?”

“Could it be that it's not Florence who's looking for me?” Angela asked, although she had no other options in mind.

After all, there were only two cars following them before. Florence always had a grand presence outside, so it was normal for two cars to come and go.

However, Angela was a bit puzzled. *Is it possible that Florence thinks she can't meet Jonathan using his name, but can she meet him using mine?*

Considering that this possibility could indeed exist, Angela was momentarily at a loss for words.

Spencer realized her misunderstanding and explained, "One group is here for Jon. It's Florence. The other person is here for Angela, and he gave his name as James."

When Spencer mentioned James' name, his expression remained unchanged.

But he could also guess that since James had the same surname as Angela, he was probably related to her by blood or acquaintanceship.

"**He's** here at the company?" Angela couldn't help but furrow her brows.

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Chapter 489 Love *My* Everything

How dare he! He can't *reach me on the phone*, so he actually comes straight here!

"Yes, Spencer affirmed, noticing Angela's unsettled expression, inferring there might be some disagreement between them. He then asked seriously, "Shall I send him away?"

Angela recalled that James had been persistently calling her phone, only to realize he had been following her all along.

Presumably, even if she had avoided James at that moment, he would still have sought out Jonathan later. After all, Jonathan's company was right here. If he had come to bother Jonathan every day, it would have been a problem.

Angela had always avoided causing trouble and inconvenience for Jonathan, so she decided to meet James.

She halted Spencer and said, "It's okay, I'll go meet him."

She believed she had already made herself clear enough on the phone before, but James still came to find her. She wanted to see what James wanted to do.

After Angela finished speaking, she intended to withdraw her hand from Jonathan's, but instead of releasing it, Jonathan tightened his grip on Angela's hand.

“I’ll go with you,” Jonathan said.

Angela smiled softly and quipped, “You might want to stay put; Florence is still downstairs.”

Florence is akin to a persistent fly; once she settles, she’s not easily swayed away. If Jonathan goes downstairs now, won’t he just be spotted by her? Furthermore, Florence clearly brings along her entourage. Although we have our companions, this territory is our domain, so engaging in conflict wouldn’t bode well.

Jonathan also couldn’t shake Florence from his thoughts. He was genuinely vexed by her unwavering pursuit, knowing well that even if he stirred trouble for the Shelton family, it wouldn’t deter Florence’s relentless chase. This troubled him deeply.

After pondering for a moment, Jonathan remarked, “Then **have** someone bring James up here.”

He couldn’t leave Angela unattended downstairs. So, it seemed best to reluctantly have James.

come **up**.

Angela sensed his concern for her safety and agreed nonchalantly, “Then arrange a guest room for me.”

As he witnessed their resolution, Spencer proceeded downstairs to relay the message.

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Angela found an unoccupied guest room and then instructed Jonathan, “You **go** and **keep** yourself occupied.

Observing Spencer’s fatigue, she knew Jonathan’s presence would ease Spencer’s burden. Angela also held Jonathan’s friends in high regard, showcasing her care for everything associated with him.

However, Jonathan shook his head, asserting, “I’ll stay here with you.”

Feeling helpless, Angela glanced at Oliver by her side and said to Jonathan, “You can go assist Mr. Lorenzo. With Oliver here, he can protect me.”

The Northland branch had been fully placed under Spencer’s management. Hence, he should now be referred to not just as a deputy general manager but as Mr. Lorenzo.

After all, whether Jonathan returned to Riverdon or accompanied her abroad later, the Northland company would need to be under Spencer's command.

However, with the handover being recent and no suitable deputy currently available to assist Spencer, he was understandably feeling a bit overwhelmed.

Due to his concern for Angela, Jonathan had been dedicating a considerable amount of time to picking her up and dropping her off lately, consequently leaving him with even less time

for work

Angela didn't want anything to go awry with Jonathan's company, so she preferred not to occupy his time further at this juncture:

Moreover, she harbored another selfish motive.

She foresaw herself not being very welcoming to James later and preferred not to have Jonathan witness her unfavorable behavior.

With that in mind, Angela smiled at Jonathan, subtly conveying her request..

At that moment, Oliver spoke up at just the right time, "Mr. Lawson, rest assured. I will definitely protect Mrs. Lawson!"

Seeing Angela's pleading smile, Jonathan affectionately rubbed her head and agreed.

"I'll allow one more person in, so if you need anything, have them call me."

This meant that Angela should have at least two people with her.

Angela nodded, saying, "Okay."

Jonathan glanced at her with concern before leaving. Oliver promptly followed the arrangement and called another person to accompany Angela.

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Soon, James was escorted upstairs by someone.

However, to Angela's surprise, Florence also appeared, following James.

Fortunately, Florence's group of subordinates were not permitted to come up.

Upon entering the meeting room, Florence's gaze swept over Angela briefly before shifting around the room. Noticing only three people present, she furrowed her brow and inquired, "Where is Jonathan?"

Seeing Florence, Angela silently thought to herself, Luckily, *Jonathan* has left.

Otherwise, she would have felt quite uncomfortable. That was exactly how Angela felt at that

moment.

Jonathan belonged to her, and if he were seen by someone else, especially someone with impure motives like Florence, it would have been a loss for her!

After Florence queried Angela about Jonathan's whereabouts, she shot Angela a disapproving look.

Clearly, there was no such thing as equal love in Florence's eyes.

After all, in Florence's view, Angela was truly her love rival.

"Jonathan is not here. Miss Shelton, you may leave now," Angela asserted, then turned her **attention** to James asking "What about you? **Are** you **here** to meet me or Jonathan?"

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Chapter 463 | Can't **Bear To Leave Her**

Chapter 463 | Can't **Bear To Leave Her**

Florence's expression **shifted**. "Jonathan **must** be around." She observed, eyeing **them**. **James**, **noticing** Angela's cold **reception**, **composed** himself. "**I've come to talk**," he said.

Angela, **firm**, turned **to** Florence. "Since **you're** not here for **me** and doubted **me**, **wait downstairs**. You might see Jonathan tomorrow."

Florence hesitated, displeased. Angela insisted she leave. “Miss Shelton, I need to talk to him. **Can you step outside?**”

Florence, feeling slighted, **sat** down defiantly. Angela suggested, “If you **prefer, stay.** Mr. Kins, **shall we** move?”

James, surprised by Angela’s bluntness, stayed quiet, not wanting to **escalate.** He hadn’t **expected** Angela to **be** so abrupt with Florence.

Unaware of Angela’s growing annoyance at his silence, James watched as she left the room, followed by Oliver and the bodyguard. Once they were gone, Oliver discreetly informed Jonathan.

After Angela’s departure, James turned to Florence with a polite tone. “Miss Shelton, I must excuse myself. I have urgent matters to attend to.” Although he hadn’t invited her, Florence **saw** his presence as a gesture of goodwill and seized the opportunity to engage with him.

He had hoped to discuss Florence’s interaction with Fanny after speaking with Angela, but Florence’s disapproving glare shut down any further conversation.

James was puzzled by Florence’s reaction, and his initial inquiries faded away instantly. Meanwhile, Spencer informed Jonathan that Florence had gone upstairs, causing him frustration. Despite this, Jonathan remained calm, trusting Angela to handle the situation.

Even though he felt tempted to intervene, the presence of Angela and her associates reassured him. Seeing Jonathan’s composed demeanor, Spencer handed him a stack of documents, urging him to begin his tasks.

Jonathan leaned forward, concern etched on his features. “Any luck finding a suitable candidate?” he asked, suggesting they appoint a deputy to ease his workload. Spencer shook his head, expressing their ongoing struggle to find the right fit despite numerous interviews.

Though they preferred internal promotions, the lack of suitable candidates required external recruitment. “Got it,” Jonathan acknowledged.

Noticing Jonathan’s distant expression, Spencer probed, “Are you really planning to leave?” Given the swift developments in Northland, Jonathan’s presence could expedite progress.

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Chapter 463 | Can't Bear To Leave Her

Jonathan nodded slightly, “**Yes**”

Is it because of your health?” Spencer asked, recalling Angela’s recent medical tests in Northland, Despite her brief absence, Jonathan’s health remained a concern, especially after **Spencer** noticed scars on **his** body.

While Yarrison had mentioned Jonathan’s illness before. Spencer hadn’t paid much attention, assuming Angela’s treatment had resolved the issue. However, he was surprised by Jonathan’s deteriorating appearance and signs of self-harm after only a brief separation from Angela. Jonathan’s unexpected behavior unsettled Spencer, despite their busy schedules.

If he had been away from Angela longer, his condition might have worsened. Jonathan was momentarily stunned before grasping Spencer’s meaning.

After a brief pause, he admitted, “Partly due to my illness, but mostly because I can’t bear to be apart from her.” Despite the low risk of falling ill now, he dreaded Angela’s distress upon learning his condition might resurface if they separated.

He didn’t want Angela to worry, fearing the devastation she’d endure, knowing his illness could return after leaving her. Spencer agreed, advising. “Then stay with her.” Jonathan, puzzled by Spencer’s insight, found solace in his silence regarding his illness.

In the meeting room, Angela gestured for James to sit opposite her while Oliver and the bodyguard stood by, nearly invisible. James, acknowledging their presence, began, “Angela, maybe we should let them...”

Interrupting him, Angela’s tone turned icy. “What’s on your mind? Don’t waste my time.” Her demeanor allowed no room for pleasantries. James winced at her directness, momentarily clenching his fists and gritting his teeth.

“I came to ask if you’re aware of the pressure on the police station. They’re refusing to release Joseph on bail,” James explained, recalling his earlier accusation. Angela had abruptly ended the call, leaving him to handle the matter alone. Surprised he hadn’t uncovered the truth yet, she asked, “And who’s behind this?”

Skeptical, James pressed, “You honestly don’t know?”

“If that’s all, then leave,” Angela bluntly stated, rising to usher him out, unwilling to continue the discussion. James quickly stood up to placate her. “It’s my fault. I shouldn’t have doubted you, but I don’t know who’s preventing Joseph from being bailed out. Can you help me find out?”

“Why should I help you?” Angela felt James was audacious to make such a request. Furious, **James** slammed the table. “Angela, I’m your brother, and Joseph is your brother too!”

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Angela, **with a lazy** tone, remarked, “I **misted** that,” her **eyes** indifferent, fixed on **James, whose chest** swelled **with anger, fists** clenched. His expression hardened—a striking contrast. **Amidst the flood** of **words**, a hint of regret lingered.

Impulsive words spilled out, but now, James had other matters to discuss. Did Angela know who pressured Joseph? He needed answers. He sighed heavily, pondering, sinking into his chair. “Angela, I acted impulsively earlier. Let’s talk.”

Angela eyed him suspiciously but took a seat, awaiting his next words. James, somewhat relieved, changed his tone. “**If** you truly don’t know who’s targeting Joseph, it’s fine. I’ll **investigate**. But you still need to meet Zacharias.”

His tone softened, conveying helplessness and care, like an older sibling. Believing Angela wouldn’t assist with Joseph, James focused on Zacharias, hoping for reciprocity.

Angela should have reciprocated and helped Zacharias if he had already expressed this much. This way, he wouldn’t have to worry about Zacharias’ well-being.

Angela found James’ words amusing. Seeing through the insincerity on his face, she casually inquired, “Joseph? Zacharias? Why have I never heard of them?”

*Did he expect her to continue treating Zacharia Kins for free and endure the criticisms from the Kins **Family**? Dream on!*

The Kins Family had long ceased to acknowledge her, but she had been blinded by the obstacles before her. Now that she saw clearly, she no longer cared about the blood ties James brought up.

She had heard about the commotion at the hospital, where Scarlet demanded that she donate a kidney to Fanny. She wasn't about to repeat the mistakes of her past life.

"What do you mean, Angela?" James' face twisted in anger as he pointed a finger at Angela. Though separated by a table, James couldn't physically reach Angela. Still, the two individuals standing behind her subtly moved a step forward in response to his actions, ready to intervene at any moment.

Tension hung in the air, and James noticed the threat from the two individuals. After hesitating for a moment, he retracted his finger. Angela paid no heed to his actions and kindly responded to his question.

"I'm telling you, I have no brothers." James' expression darkened, thinking Angela was upset about the recent conflict between her, Joseph, and Zacharias in Northland. Through gritted teeth, he coldly stated, "What about me? I am your brother, too."

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What are you talking about? Who **are you?**" **Angela** looked at James **with a puzzled expression**. **Under James' gaze**, **Angela** regained **her** composure and **gently drew a line**, **saying**, "Don't **try to flatter** yourself. **I've said it before—**I don't **have** brothers."

She had **conveyed** the same **message** to Joseph **as well**. **However**, Joseph **was already** on his way **to the police** station, **so Angela** couldn't **see** his **expression** when he heard those words.

But now, **saying** this in front of James, she could **see his** expression. Initially, there **was** confusion and puzzlement in **his eyes**, then **his facial** muscles twitched with emotion, appearing both angry and rigid. But soon, he seemed to realize something. His **gaze** darkened, and he pursed his lips.

James maintained his silence. Across from him, Angela observed him silently, her head tilted to **the** side. **As** a minute passed, Angela grew impatient, feeling she had spent enough time today entertaining and mocking the Kins Family.

Just as Angela was on the verge of getting up to leave, James suddenly clenched his fist and inquired, "Are you upset that we didn't kick Fanny out?" Perplexed by his sudden mention of Fanny, Angela responded, "What?" But she clarified, "No."

Her current demeanor wasn't solely due to one incident but stemmed from a culmination of past events. Suddenly, everything became clear to her. Throughout her lives, the Kins Family had never regarded her as one of their own.

past and

present

In her previous life, she had yearned desperately for acceptance and love from the family, but fate had been unkind. In this new life, Angela's sole desire post-rebirth was to maintain her distance.

She only intended to pursue them if they sought her out first. Despite harboring resentment, their connection remained unbreakable, bound by their shared bloodline. Despite consistent exclusion by the Kins Family, Angela's time in Riverdon revealed more than mere alienation; she faced outright contempt.

Their dynamic was far from familial; it was adversarial. James found solace in Angela's denial, as long as it wasn't because they hadn't expelled Fanny.

He always cherished Fanny's flaws and couldn't mistreat her, even if he required Angela's aid. Despite his relief, James remained puzzled and frustrated.

"If not because of Fanny, then why?" he prodded. Angela's impatience became palpable.

"You have many inquiries," she retorted, unfazed by James' evident frustration. Struggling to contain his irritation at her dismissive tone, James asserted, "Angela, you bear the Kins surname. The family requires assistance, and your contribution **is** essential!"

Even after their direct conversation, he hadn't anticipated Angela's continued disrespect. **Her** assertion that she had no brothers left James questioning if she considered them **dead** or

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simply didn't care about the Kins Family.

What further infuriated him was her insinuation that he had myriad issues. To him, it was **akin** to being told he spoke nonsense. Regrettably, James found himself unable to **confront Angela** at that moment.

Despite his inner turmoil, he suppressed his anger again, raising his voice to emphasize, “Angela, you can’t simply stand by when our family is in trouble!”

Undeterred, Angela asked, “Why should I trouble myself with the Kins Family’s problems? Not actively opposing them is already showing mercy.” James, consumed by fury, slammed **his** hand on **the** table in frustration. His anger threatened to engulf him.

In response to James’ outburst, Angela met his gaze with icy indifference. Feeling Angela’s staring at him, James rose from his seat, prepared to confront her head-on. However, Oliver firmly grasped his arm before he could act, restraining him.

With Oliver’s ‘grip tightening, James grimaced in pain, unable to pursue further confrontation. “Ouch!”

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Chapter 465 Awaiting Your Arrival

James felt a pulsating ache **in** his arms and **wrists**, frustration surging through him, his face flushed **with anger**. “**Angela!**” His **glare** dripped with disdain, and features contorted in **displeasure**. Oliver’s grip held firm **as James** shot a glance at Angela.

Seated casually across the table, Angela had **James** nearly pressed against its surface. “What’s **the matter?**” **she asked** nonchalantly, scrutinizing him.

It had been a **while** since she **last saw** James, expecting some growth, but his impulsive behavior **caught** her off guard..

As tensions **rose**, James’ composed facade shattered. Angela remained oblivious to his turmoil. Mentally prepared for the meeting, James aimed to stay calm. However, an **unexpected** encounter with Florence downstairs, followed by her coercion to join them **upstairs**, ignited his anger like a firestorm.

In the face of Angela’s taunts and icy stare, James erupted like a volcano, his frustration bubbling to the surface. Adding insult to injury, Oliver effortlessly subdued James’ outburst, leaving him seething with frustration.

“**Release** me!” James demanded through gritted teeth, his once–immaculate suit now crumpled and his meticulously styled hair in disarray. Angela, seemingly innocent, shrugged off his plea. “I didn’t tie you up, so how can I release you?”

Oliver, unable to contain his amusement, chuckled softly at the absurdity of the situation. **However**, he quickly intervened, his tone cold and authoritative. “Mrs. Lawson wouldn’t lay a hand on you; she deems you unclean.”

Sensing the need to diffuse the tension, Angela decided to put an end to the spectacle. With **exams** looming and her time with Jonathan precious, she had no patience for drawn–out confrontations with inconsequential individuals.

With a **critical gaze** fixed on the flushed James, Angela cut to the **chase**, her tone tinged with **impatience**. “Is **there** anything else you wish to convey?”

James, undeterred, **issued** a stern warning, feeling the numbness creep up his pinned arm. “Order **your** people **to release** me promptly or prepare to face legal action.”

Angela’s response **was** nonchalant, **her laughter** light. “**Feel free** to sue me. Oliver, hold him **for** another two minutes before **releasing** him.”

Oliver, though sullen, couldn’t **conceal** his amusement. “Understood,” he responded, **visibly** tickled by **the unfolding** drama. **Angela headed** for the door. **She** delegated responsibility **to the waiting bodyguard**. “**You take over,**” **she** instructed, ensuring James remained under restraint, **intensifying** the pressure on him.

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With a **stifled cry of** frustration, James bore the discomfort as Angela turned back to deliver **her** final word. “I prefer not to encounter anyone from the Kins Family, so it’s best to refrain from bothering **me again.**”

Exiting alongside Oliver, Angela couldn’t help but ponder his earlier remark, “Mr. Lamon, **you’re** remarkable.” Curious, Angela probed further. “In what way am I remarkable?”

Reflecting on Oliver’s timely intervention, Angela found solace in the thought that it had mitigated the discomfort from past encounters with the Kins **Family**.

Reflecting on the mistreatment she endured from the Kins Family in both her past and present lives, Angela felt a sense of gratitude for Oliver’s timely intervention.

“Your words are sharp enough to drive even James to the brink of madness, Oliver remarked cheerfully, his smile radiant.

Observing Oliver’s demeanor, Angela couldn’t help but wonder if he had overlooked the fact that she, too, bore the Kins surname. Nevertheless, she preferred being overlooked, the Kins name held little significance to her.

“He’s sensitive, which is why he was provoked. What I said was sincere and true, it takes a certain sensitivity to be affected by it,” Angela explained calmly. Oliver nodded in agreement. “You’re absolutely right about that.”

Angela offered a smile before making her way toward Spencer’s office. However, just as she stepped out, she spotted Florence.

Surprised by Florence’s lingering presence, Angela couldn’t help but wonder why she hadn’t left yet. Not only did Florence remain, but she also emerged from the guest room immediately after Angela exited the neighboring room.

Initially intending to visit Spencer’s office, Florence was intercepted by someone along the **way**. Afterward, she returned to the vicinity of the guest room, identified Angela’s whereabouts, and waited nearby.

Had she followed Angela immediately, Florence might have crossed paths with Jonathan. However, Angela’s delayed appearance led Florence to grow impatient, prompting her to briefly detour to the pantry before returning.

“Angela, Florence called out upon seeing her. Angela remained composed. “Miss Shelton, are **you** looking for me **since you haven’t left** yet?”

Florence said without reservation, “I’m not here for **you**. I’m looking for Jonathan.” While scanning the **area**, **she** spoke **as if** trying to **locate** Jonathan visually.

Jonathan was likely **occupied assisting** Spencer so that Florence **wouldn’t** find him that way. “**What do you want with** Jonathan?” She **was a guest**, and **Angela’s** attitude towards her was

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much more polite than towards James.

+5 Free Coin

Florence snorted impatiently and directed her gaze downward toward Angela. “What **else** could it be? **I want** him to divorce you and marry me.” Angela found herself **at a loss** for **words**.

Standing steadfast behind Angela, Oliver interjected, “Mr. Lawson will not divorce Mrs. **Lawson**, let alone marry you.”

“And who says so?” Florence countered. “It’s not a matter of who says so; it’s a fact,” Oliver replied firmly.

Caught between the two, Angela felt a headache looming. “You two can continue. I’m going to take a break,” she announced, attempting to bypass Florence and head toward Spencer’s office.

Observing Angela’s departure, Florence ceased her argument with Oliver and trailed after her. Noticing Florence’s presence, Angela turned around and questioned, “Why are you following me, Miss Shelton?”

“I’m sure you’re going to find Jonathan, and since I’m looking for him, I have to follow you,” Florence retorted. Angela sighed in resignation. “He’s not here. I’m going to speak with Mr. Lorenzo.”

“Are you suggesting I’m blind? I trailed your car earlier and saw you with Jonathan!” Florence asserted, her gaze unwavering. “You must be mistaken,” Angela replied calmly, seeking to ease the tension.

Florence’s glare intensified. “No mistake.” Opting to avoid further conflict, Angela swiftly decided. “Never mind. I’ll leave,” she announced, unwilling to get further involved with Florence and Jonathan. Seeing Angela’s departure, Oliver escorted her out while sending a message to Jonathan.

Meanwhile, James was escorted by another bodyguard, his arms restrained. The guard had a cold and stern demeanor, dressed in black, while James looked slightly disheveled, with wrinkled clothes and tousled hair.

Spotting Angela, James shot her a fierce glare, bordering on comical rather than intimidating. Observing James’ demeanor, Florence voiced her curiosity. “What’s happening here?”

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Chapter 466

Chapter 466 I Like To Stare at Him

At Florence's inquiry, **Angela** shifted her gaze to the bodyguard and James, contemplating the unfolding scene. Catching Angela's glance, the bodyguard promptly announced, "Time to **go. Escort** him out."

Recalling **her** earlier instruction, Angela realized the time had elapsed as the bodyguard led James **away**. "Release him," she instructed calmly.

Following her directive, the bodyguard freed James. Momentarily released, James stood still, his disbelief evident as he locked eyes with Angela, who seemed distant.

Sensing the tension, Angela averted her gaze, stating, "I won't see you off." James' expression betrayed a mix of emotions, understanding that lingering would serve no purpose. He departed hastily, disappearing into the elevator.

As James left, Angela turned to Florence, extending an invitation, "I'm heading home. Would you like to join me, Miss Shelton?" Florence, however, ignored the offer and posed a question instead, "Did you hit your brother?"

Angela refuted the accusation calmly, "He's not my brother, and I didn't hit him." Florence persisted. "If you hit him, just admit it. Why deny it?" Angela carefully studied Florence's expression and noticed a hint of excitement, unable to decipher her intentions.

Unable to comprehend, she decided to walk towards the elevator. "Let's go, Miss Shelton." Florence shook her head. "You go your way. I'll stay here and keep an eye on Jonathan." Angela started to feel irritated. Anyone would feel uncomfortable having their spouse stared **at** like this.

"Miss Shelton, perhaps it's best to refrain from fixating on other people's spouses. There are plenty of other options out there," Angela remarked calmly, noting Florence's brazen behavior. Despite her seeming irrationality, Florence's directness contrasted sharply with the underhanded tactics typical of the Kins Family, particularly Fanny, who thrived on causing constant unease and annoyance.

Florence's defiant stare didn't **waver**. "I simply enjoy his company, whether he's taken or not. **What's** it to you?" Florence defiantly stared at Angela. She was confident that Angela wouldn't **treat** her the same way she treated James, hence her bold attitude.

“She **won’t** intervene because you’re not worth the effort.” A deep voice interrupted, ending **the** standoff between the two. Florence pivoted and found Jonathan in her line **of** sight, his unwavering attention fixed on Angela, who met his **gaze** with a mix of intrigue and affection. **The** connection between them **was** palpable.

“**Jonathan,**” **Angela’s voice rang** out, deliberate in **its** warmth, **as** she sought to **showcase their bond before Florence.**

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Chapter 466 I Like To **Stare** at Him

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A soft smile played on **Angela’s lips**, her **eyes** sparkling **with** amusement. Jonathan, **unfazed by** Florence’s **presence**, strode purposefully towards Angela, disregarding Florence entirely, “Shall **we head** home?” Jonathan’s tone was gentle yet resolute as he reached Angela’s side, **their shared** connection **evident.**

Florence, trailing behind them, couldn’t contain her frustration. “Jonathan, after **all** this effort to find you, and you don’t even acknowledge me?” she protested. Jonathan spared her a fleeting glance, a hint of sarcasm in his response. However, he remained focused on Angela, dismissing Florence with practiced indifference.

Jonathan wrapped his arm around Angela’s waist as they stepped into the elevator, sharing a brief embrace before the doors slid open once more. With Oliver and the bodyguard in tow, they filled the confined space, leaving Florence stranded outside, obstructed by the imposing figures of the guards.

“Please, I need to get in!” Florence’s frustration boiled over, her ire now directed towards Oliver and the entourage. Angela’s voice, gentle yet firm, intervened, “Miss Shelton, the elevator is at capacity. You’ll have to wait for the next one.”

“How can it be full with just four people? Jonathan, is this how you treat your guests?”. Florence’s accusation hung in the air, met with Angela’s serene smile. Angela’s smile carried a hint of innocence as she remarked, “Isn’t it full? It certainly appears that way to me. Right, Jonathan?”

Jonathan’s smirk conveyed a sense of amusement as he indulged her, saying, “Yes, indeed. It’s full.” Undeterred, Florence made another attempt to halt the elevator’s descent, only to have her arm firmly grasped by another vigilant bodyguard. With a smooth motion, the doors closed, sealing off any chance of interference.

Even as the elevator carried them away, Angela couldn't resist stealing glances *at* Florence's escalating frustration, finding a strange satisfaction in the sight.

Pleased with Jonathan's playful cooperation, Angela felt a warm glow of contentment wash over her as she reflected on their shared moment.

Concerned for her well-being, Jonathan's gentle voice broke through the tension, "Are you okay?" Angela shook her head with a reassuring smile. "I'm fine."

With Oliver standing steadfastly beside her, Angela felt shielded from any harm, especially when confronted by individuals like James and Florence. Jonathan's smile echoed her sentiment. "That's good."

As they ascended, the atmosphere inside the elevator remained both harmonious and **tense**. Florence's futile attempts **to** break free from the bodyguard's **grasp** only added to the tension, a **silent** reminder of the brewing conflict that **lay** ahead.

After the elevator descended, her arm **was** finally **released**, and she raised her hand **as** if to

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Chapter

strike **someone**.

The bodyguard blocked her, but Florence cursed, "How dare you stop **me**? **Just** wait and see!" **Spencer** appeared at the opportune moment, looking nonchalant as he asked, "Is Miss **Shelton** causing trouble on our turf?"

Florence coldly replied, "I came to **see** Jonathan, and your people are stopping me! Who's causing trouble here? I think it's him." Spencer innocently said, "Those **are** not **my** people. They belong to Jon."

The bodyguard, expressionless, said, "Miss Shelton, I apologize for the previous offense, but stopping you was indeed Mr. Lawson's intention."

Florence's expression darkened, and she was about to say something when Spencer interjected, "Jon and his wife have already left. Why don't you go and protect them?"

Upon hearing this, the bodyguard nodded at Spencer and then walked past Florence to wait for the elevator.

Feeling completely ignored, Florence was about to explode, but then she heard Spencer say, “Miss Shelton, are you looking for someone to chat with? How about chatting with me?”

He deliberately misunderstood Florence’s intent to meet Jonathan, hoping to agitate her into **leaving**. Yet, to his surprise, Florence simply looked at him and said, “Sure. Let’s talk.” Spencer’s smile faltered, but Florence felt immensely satisfied.

Observing Spencer’s hesitation, she took charge and suggested, “Lead the way. Let’s talk in your office.”

Unable to reach Jonathan and with Spencer’s approach, she decided to play along and enjoy **herself**.

Regretting the absence of allies, she entertained the thought of at least giving Spencer a minor scare.

Met with her suspicious **gaze**, Spencer proposed, “The office is a mess. **Let’s** chat in **the** meeting room.”

Unable to bring her to his office, he aimed to exchange a few words and send her on her **way**. **Florence agreed**, heading to the meeting room.

Reluctantly following, **Spencer** hoped to **glean** some information about the Shelton **Family from their** conversation, which **was** not an entirely unwelcome **prospect**.

As Florence impulsively agreed to chat with Spencer, she **also considered probing him about** Jonathan. **Consequently, their** conversation veered off **course**. **After** a few **exchanges, Spencer interjected**, “**Miss Shelton, I’m rather busy today. How about we chat another time?**”

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Chapter 468

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Chapter 468 The Last Option

After **wrapping up** his call, Christopher found himself approached **by** a man who wasted no time **in questioning**. “Was it truly Fanny?” At first glance, the **man** appeared unassuming **yet** emanated **an** aura of roughness that distinguished him. In the **past**, Christopher would have steered clear of associating with someone of his sort.

Once, the Sanders Family held a much stronger footing, but circumstances had shifted, leaving Christopher **wary** of further tarnishing his reputation amid the Martinez Family’s troubles. Returning to Riverdon and reintegrating into his former social circle proved to be a challenge. Christopher found himself reluctantly accepting invitations from individuals he once considered beneath him.

While he **had** long placed blame on the Martinez Family for his misfortunes, recent events had him reevaluating Fanny’s role in his downfall. Lost in contemplation, Christopher remained unresponsive to the man’s inquiry. Sensing his distraction, the man pressed once more, “Mr. Sanders, was it Fanny?” Christopher snapped out of his reverie, responding disdainfully, “Yes.”

Noting Christopher’s displeasure, the man wisely opted not to delve further into the matter. Despite extending an invitation to witness his demise, he understood the importance of maintaining a cordial relationship with the Sanders Family, even amidst their decline.

Seeking to maintain a favorable rapport, he shifted gears. “Mr. Sanders, I heard your father sent you to the company for training. Is there anything I can assist with?”

Christopher eyed him warily, sensing a potential ploy to exploit the Sanders Group. Despite his suspicions, he held his tongue. In a town where few were willing to engage with him, even **a nouveau riche** from modest beginnings held some appeal over the average family,

“I’ll reach out if I need anything,” Christopher replied curtly as he rose from his seat. “I must take my leave. There are matters I must attend to.”

As Christopher headed for the exit, the man rose to bid him farewell, but Christopher halted him with a gesture. It was only upon leaving the private room that Christopher felt a semblance of relief.

Socializing was not his forte, but his father insisted on his involvement in Riverdon’s social circles. Yet, his circle had shrunk drastically. Former friends distanced themselves, leaving him with few companions. Reluctant to stoop to their level,

Christopher found himself mingling with individuals of lesser status, a concession he made begrudgingly.

Deep in thought, Christopher continued down the corridor. However, as he rounded a corner, a group of intoxicated individuals approached, their conversation turning to him. Quietly, Christopher retrieved his phone, feigning disinterest as he listened in.

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Like **father, like son!** Christopher can't **compare to** his mother's **side** of the family."

You mean Christopher **Sanders**? What if he **hears** us? **He's** been **back** in Riverdon **for days now. He might** have **contacts** among us."

Why should **we care?** Does he deserve our respect?"

"I **heard that** upon his **return**, he may have realized that academia wasn't his forte, so he abandoned **his** studies. **Now**, he **is** assisting at their family's struggling company."

"The Sanders Group is indeed in dire straits."

"The Martinez Family **is** ruthless. They're willing to harm themselves just to thwart the **Sanders** Family."

"The Martinez Family is acting out of spite towards Christopher for their daughter."

"With the Martinez Family behaving this way, no one dares to deal with Christopher anymore."

Christopher stood in the corridor, gripping his phone tightly, his expression dark. Previously, he had found it perplexing that despite his absence from Riverdon, upon his return, the unresolved issues with the Martinez Family still lingered.

Some individuals who previously had a close relationship with him appeared to be deliberately avoiding him. Initially, he dismissed it as his imagination, but upon hearing remarks from those few individuals, he realized that the Martinez Family was behind it all.

Not only were they targeting him, but they were also seizing the opportunity to undermine his family's company. Despite accompanying Michael to the company in recent days, he was not fully engaged in the company's affairs. Since Michael had not brought up anything, he had yet to notice these developments.

Christopher's anger reached a boiling point, causing him to halt in his tracks while walking abruptly. He feared being discovered, but the few individuals seemed too preoccupied to notice his unease.

As the group of people passed by, engrossed in discussing him, none of them acknowledged **his** presence. This left Christopher feeling a mix of anger, defeat, and, oddly, relief.

Christopher suspected that if this group caught wind of their gossip, the embarrassment would fall on him, not them. From their disdainful tone, he could sense the Sanders Family was **in** dire straits.

Although he had occasionally assisted Michael at the company, he had never taken charge **of the** Sanders Group. Unaware of its operations, he simply followed Michael's directives **to pass** the time.

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Before departing Riverdon, Teresa and Michael had warned him about the company's **precarious** situation and the need for his assistance **to** stabilize **it**. However, his mishandling **of** the marriage situation had attracted the Martinez Family's attention, resulting in widespread knowledge of the past scandal in Riverdon.

Now, **it** appeared that half of Riverdon's businessmen were eagerly anticipating the Sanders Group's downfall to mock them.

The younger generation that had just passed by seemed eager for Christopher's downfall, their whispers lingering in his mind long after they dispersed. Reflecting on the wisdom of avoiding confrontation with them, engaging would only invite ridicule.

Frustrated and angered, Christopher returned home to find Michael waiting for him. "Dad, I don't have to marry Fanny. I can marry someone else," he declared abruptly. Michael's sigh spoke volumes. "Christopher, the Martinez Family incident has caused quite a stir. No one else is willing to associate with us."

Christopher grasped the unspoken implications. Stunned, he realized Fanny might be his only option now.

Seeing his bewilderment, Michael suppressed his own frustration and inquired, "Is there an issue between you and Fanny? Why the sudden change of heart about marrying her?" After all, Christopher had nearly estranged himself from his family in pursuit of marrying Fanny before his trip to Northland.

How could a single journey to Northland prompt such a drastic shift in Christopher's feelings towards Fanny? Michael was perplexed.

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Chapter 467

Chapter 467 Persuading Him

Florence **felt a** twinge of annoyance, deerning the encounter a waste of her time, With an **eye roll**, **she** declared, "I'm busy another day. No need for a chat."

Without bothering **to gauge** Spencer's reaction, she turned on her heel and departed without a second glance. A smile tugged at Spencer's lips as he watched her leave.

Meanwhile, Angela and Jonathan descended to the basement garage and boarded the *car*.

On the first floor, **James** encountered Florence's associates. Frustration was evident on his face, and he explained to Florence's bodyguard that she was in discussion with Jonathan.

After relaying this information, James attempted to depart but was once again intercepted by Florence's entourage.

James calmly explained, "Miss Shelton is in a discussion with Jonathan. They've been in contact before my arrival."

After conveying this, James attempted to depart but found himself halted once more by Florence's associates. His demeanor stiffened visibly.

"You're free to leave when she's ready," one of them stated firmly.

James suppressed his frustration and disappointment, though he felt a pang of heartache. Resigned, he chose not to cause a scene and silently took a seat beside them.

Although confined to waiting, James was permitted to use his phone. Frustratedly waiting for Florence's descent, he noticed a flurry of missed calls and messages from Hugh.

Having previously silenced his phone to avoid disruption during negotiations with Angela, he hadn't noticed until now. Upon glimpsing the messages, James' expression shifted abruptly.

He immediately called Hugh back. Although Hugh's text message had already explained the situation, there were some details he still needed to clarify.

Soon, **Hugh** answered the phone. "Is what you told me true?" James inquired, hoping against hope that Hugh's message was a jest.

"It's confirmed," Hugh affirmed, dispelling any lingering doubts. James felt a throbbing headache emerging. He had sought Hugh's confirmation regarding Zacharias' intention to donate a kidney to Fanny, a decision he had tasked Hugh with monitoring to prevent **any**

clandestine actions.

Unexpectedly, Zacharias seemed eager to arrange the procedure without informing Scarlet

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Chapter 467 Persuading **Him**

or himself **shortly after** being discharged from **the** hospital. After a brief **pause**, **Hugh inquired**, "What's **your strategy?**"

James, still reeling from **Angela's** confrontation, felt a surge of frustration and confusion. **Uncertain of his** next **move**, he asked, "**Does** Fanny have any knowledge of this?"

Believing Zacharias' emotional **state** could be manipulated to disrupt the plan, James aimed **to** prevent the transplant **by** ensuring Fanny's lack of cooperation.

I'm not certain, but your brother **has** a meeting scheduled for tomorrow," Hugh informed, advising **James to** maintain composure until then.

Relieved that the meeting was not immediate, James **saw** a glimmer of hope to intervene. "**Can you assist** me tomorrow, Hugh?" James, reflecting on the day's events, sought support.

Hugh, always willing to lend a hand, readily agreed. “Of course. I’ll meet you tomorrow.” After concluding the call, James remained uneasy, unnoticed by Florence’s bodyguards.

Contemplating his exit strategy, he spotted Florence emerging from the elevator. “Miss still Shelton, James greeted warmly. Florence regarded him with disdain. “Why are you here?”

James’ expression stiffened. “Your people won’t let me leave.” Perplexed, Florence addressed her staff, “Why are you detaining him?” Upon receiving her order, Florence’s staff escorted James out. “Mr. Kins, please accompany us.”

Despite his frustration, James seized the chance to depart, recognizing Florence’s unpredictable nature. As the car drove away, James finally breathed a sigh of relief. Meanwhile, Fanny engaged in conversation with Christopher, eagerly awaiting his arrival in Northland and inquiring about the specific time.

She hoped for an earlier pick–up time and for Christopher to provide reassurance. Christopher, sounding slightly impatient, continued their conversation.

Fanny could hear other voices in the background, indicating Christopher was with friends, which made her uneasy. “Aren’t you supposed to be back at school for classes?”

Christopher, who had been joking around with friends before answering Fanny’s call, lightly responded, “What can one learn at school? Fanny, have you learned anything?”

Fanny was momentarily speechless, realizing she had no right to demand anything from **Christopher**. As the conversation continued, a voice teased, “Still chatting? Is it Fanny?” Christopher replied, “Yes. I’m chatting with her.”

He assured Fanny that he would inform her of the pick–up time once confirmed, **as** it was not solely his **decision**. Fanny, feeling less dissatisfied, accepted his explanation. Before ending the **call**, **she urged** him to return home promptly, but he disregarded her **plea** once the call

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Chapter 469

Chapter 469 No Longer **As** Fond Of Her As Before

As Michael posed his **gentle** question, a hint of bitterness flickered in Christopher's **eyes**. **While** he **had** often heard murmurs about **Michael's** favoritism towards him, he had never **dwelled** on it. Yet, amidst the evolution of the Sanders Family situation and Michael's **consistent care**, Christopher's heart warmed deeply.

Michael possessed a profound understanding of Christopher. Observing his furrowed brow and pursed **lips**, Michael detected **subtle** signs of emotional turmoil and inquired, "Is everything alright?"

Reflecting, Michael acknowledged, Despite Fanny's lack of biological ties to the Kins Family, their genuine kindness towards her was unmistakable. Despite encountering some internal challenges within the Kins Family company, the alliance between the two families yielded more benefits than drawbacks.

Furthermore, Michael had taken the initiative to visit George, ensuring the smooth

progression of the marriage between the Kins Family and the Sanders Family. While James held authority within the Kins Family, George's involvement necessitated his participation in Fanny's marriage. This communication could lay the groundwork for future mutually advantageous agreements with the Kins Family.

Nevertheless, Michael experienced discomfort during his encounter with George. Previously, he harbored a negative perception of Fanny and the Kins Family, making it especially difficult for him to regard George, the incompetent leader of the Kins Family, with respect. **George's** lack of competence and involvement in multiple scandals in Riverdon have been **well**-documented. George's relationship with Linda remained a subject of conversation and an exemplary example within certain social circles.

After the Martinez Family incident, Michael found Fanny to be the most fitting daughter-in-**law**, and he could no longer dismiss the Kins Family or George.

Michael and his company desperately needed an opportunity, while he and Teresa were **enthusiastic** about the prospect of having a grandchild. Hence, the optimal situation would involve Christopher getting married shortly. Coincidentally, Fanny was someone Christopher harbored affection towards, fulfilling Christopher's desires. To his disapproval of Fanny as a **daughter-in-law**, one potential solution could involve her promptly conceiving **a** grandchild after marriage, subsequently allowing them to reside apart. In this manner, they could concentrate on their grandchild's upbringing.

Christopher **was** unaware **that** Michael had already formulated an alternative plan. Upon hearing Michael's worried inquiry, Christopher quickly shook his head. "Nothing's wrong. I brought up

the topic of marriage with her, and she agreed."

Christopher had not **disclosed** to Michael that he had communicated with Fanny, who had **previously** consented to **marriage**, due **to** an emotional barrier within him. However, he has

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now surpassed **that barrier**.

Upon hearing Christopher's reassuring response, he quickly asked, "When **will** she return to Riverdon? Let's expedite the marriage registration and ceremony."

Christopher was momentarily stunned, but he didn't offer any rebuttal. "I will discuss the timeline with her later, and then I will go to Northland to fetch her," Christopher stated this with no intention of consulting Fanny. He understood Fanny's eagerness for him to visit Northland and pick her up, but he **was** unable to dispel the notion that it might not be the most appropriate course of action.

A specific figure came to Christopher's mind unexpectedly. The mere contemplation of that individual elicited an indescribable pang in his heart.

"Alright, the sooner, the better." Michael, fearing potential complications from delays, urged Christopher to bring Fanny back promptly.

Before their conversation progressed, Teresa approached, appearing as though she had something urgent to discuss with Michael.

Christopher did not stay in the study. Instead, he messaged Fanny.

Fanny, appearing engrossed in her phone, immediately contacted him upon receiving his text. Fanny answered the phone and inquired, "Christopher, have you heard anything?" She felt a little uneasy as she asked this question. The message Christopher had sent her was questioning why he needed to go to Northland to meet her and if someone had instructed her to do so. She suspected Christopher had guessed that Florence had found her.

"Yeah, I heard." Christopher's voice came through with a hint of indifference. "If you still want to proceed with our marriage, please return to Riverdon alone within the next three days."

Fanny felt a tightness in her chest and thought, *He truly knows*. She couldn't help but flustered and quickly said, "But, Christopher, if you don't come to Northland, I won't even be able to get to the airport." Even if she left home and proceeded directly to the

airport, she would be intercepted by Florence's people. She may encounter physical harm as a result.

Florence's people tended to inflict pain in areas that hurt a lot but didn't leave visible marks.

"Is that so? Are you being watched? How are you able to talk to me?" Christopher's voice became increasingly frigid.

Fanny felt even more flustered and quickly explained. "Christopher, I'm currently at home with Florence's people outside. You had promised to come pick me up, but then my cell phone was returned to me." She was temporarily free from Florence now, but she was **still under** surveillance. Her cell phone would be confiscated whenever she **was** out. The return of her **cell** phone was prompted by Christopher's previous mention of visiting Northland. **Despite this**, she had limited privacy in public spaces. Privacy **was** only attainable for her at

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Chapter **469 No Long**

home. Currently, she was conversing with Christopher within **the confines** of her room, **trying to lower her voice to** prevent potential eavesdropping from individuals outside the

room.

After receiving an explanation from Fanny, Christopher asked, "Florence wants to lure me to Northland and threaten Jonathan?"

Fanny appeared to be somewhat perplexed. She knew that Florence intended to entice Christopher to Northland, yet she was uncertain about the motive, **as** Florence didn't divulge it to her. "I'm not sure. She just asked me to bring you to Northland as soon as possible. But Christopher, I didn't intend to keep it from you. If I hadn't followed her instructions at that time, her people would have continued to harm me.

Fanny harbored concerns that Christopher might harbor resentment towards her or reconsider their marriage. Eager to return to Riverdon promptly, she pondered her future living arrangements. Given the Kins Family's financial struggles, she realized she needed to secure a better quality of life by marrying into the Sanders Family, especially considering Christopher's affection for her.

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Unaware of Fanny's internal turmoil, Christopher simply replied, "I understand." Having experienced Florence's manipulative tactics firsthand, he was well-acquainted with her methods.

"So, what's our next move, Christopher?" Fanny asked, feeling perplexed by their situation. As she contemplated the persistent individuals trailing her, the prospect of departing from Northland seemed daunting.

"Let's stage a performance for Florence," Christopher proposed casually, outlining a plan. "We'll set a time, make it appear as though I've arrived in Northland to pick you up. You head straight to the airport. I'll call Florence to distract her people at the designated time, and you can board the plane."

Upon hearing this risky plan, which implicated only herself, Fanny couldn't suppress her unease. She couldn't shake the feeling that Christopher had undergone a transformation and **was** no longer as fond of her as before.

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Chapter 470

Chapter 470 Like A Dream

Christopher, **do you think this** plan will work? What if Florence's people only **release** me **after** they see you?" Fanny voiced her concerns.

Having been coerced into Florence's scheme to deceive Christopher into coming to Northland, Fanny had already contemplated the possibility of being unable to evade **Florence's** people before Christopher's arrival. Christopher remained unperturbed, directing her to seize an opportunity to board the plane. Yet, even if she found a chance, could she truly **escape two** robust men? She might have to confront them directly on that day.

Christopher fell silent. Anxiously, Fanny called out, "Christopher?"

"Yeah," Christopher replied before offering reassurance. "Nevertheless, I'll try to distract Florence's people for you. When the moment arises, give it your all."

The thought of giving her utmost effort filled Fanny with fear. Her complexion paled, and she hesitated to contemplate the consequences of failing to return to Riverdon triumphantly. Would Christopher choose to marry someone else? Dizziness washed over her, leaving her feeling profoundly helpless.

Despite her apprehension, Christopher provided limited guidance, instructing Fanny to confirm the time and contact him. He remained willing to collaborate with her.

After the call concluded, Fanny experienced a sense of coldness in her heart. She deliberated on whether to adhere to Christopher's directives. After careful consideration, she realized she did not wish to stay in Northland. Not only did Florence pose a threat, but Kaydrone also had a repulsive presence. If she failed to return within the three-day timeframe as instructed by Christopher, she was apprehensive that his ultimate verdict would lead to the loss of everything she had.

Christopher emerged not only as Fanny's final choice but also as her optimal selection. Upon her return to Riverdon, bearing the reputation she had previously established, her only viable option was Christopher.

Despite Fanny's profound concern. She was only able to assume the risk. Despite the necessity of her departure, she still needed to confront Kaydrone, if only to ensure the destruction of the photos. Additionally, she was required to convince Zacharias to accompany her back. Nevertheless, persuading Zacharias to accompany her back to Riverdon could be challenging, especially with Joseph still in custody.

In the midst of Fanny's anxiety, George unexpectedly contacted her. She was taken aback and thought, **Why is Dad trying to communicate with me?** After a short pause, she responded to the phone call. "Dad? Is there anything you require assistance with from me?" **she** inquired cautiously.

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Fanny thought, Since Dad was compelled to return to Riverdon by Joseph, we have lost contact. What is the rationale behind his decision to contact me at this moment?

George inquired, "Why would I contact you if everything was in order? Please return promptly to Riverdon. An arranged marriage alliance with the Sanders Family has already been organized for you. The wedding can take place upon your return."

Fanny **was** surprised. She had not expected George to encourage her to go back to Riverdon. **A marriage alliance?** She thought, **Is it Christopher from the Sanders Family with whom a marriage alliance must be formed?**

Fanny had not anticipated that Christopher had been truthful in the past. Michael consented **to their** marriage, **as** George was also aware of the alliance.

“What? **Have you** not been informed of this yet? Michael has already communicated with me **to resolve** all prior misunderstandings. You and Christopher have harbored mutual feelings for **each** other consistently. It’s only natural for you to be together.” George expressed this with apprehension, as though he was concerned that Fanny might reconsider.

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Upon George’s words, Fanny experienced a tumult of emotions, yet she dutifully responded. “I comprehend, Dad. I will return promptly.” She thought, *If it were not for Northland’s turmoil, I **would** promptly return by air.*

Upon receiving assurance from Fanny, George chose not to prolong the conversation and promptly terminated the call. He proceeded to call Christopher. “Christopher, I have provided encouragement to Fanny, and she has indicated that she will return shortly.” He conveyed in a markedly gentler manner compared to his interactions with Fanny, subtly infused with unintended flattery.

“Thank you, Mr. Sanders,” Christopher responded. He was reluctant to delay any further, apprehensive that circumstances could alter. He specifically requested George to encourage Fanny, which contributed to his sense of reassurance, regardless of its effectiveness.

“There is no need for gratitude. The money you lent me previously has been fully expended, **so** for now...” George hesitated. His voice trailed off, gradually diminishing to a mere whisper.

On the opposite side of the conversation, Christopher displayed a frown, conveying a sense of impatience. “Therefore, please refrain from hastening the repayment process. Just return **it** when you have the money.”

George, taken **aback**, did not hear the customary refusal to repay, which made him feel **uneasy**. “I will reimburse you once I am in possession of the funds. Do you possess additional funds, Christopher? Could you please provide me with additional assistance?” However, his **lack** of shame enabled him to inquire, even in such circumstances.

Upon George’s return to Riverdon, his gambling addiction was not entirely eradicated. After engaging in clandestine gambling activities on several occasions without James’ knowledge,

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George ended up losing nearly all of his funds. In his desire to regain it, he contemplated seeking a loan from an individual. However, the Kins Family's financial status declined, and his reputation deteriorated. He requested financial assistance, yet he could not secure a loan from anyone.

Fortunately, George encountered Christopher and perceived that Christopher held a favorable opinion of Fanny. This led George to believe Christopher would be willing to lend him money. Indeed, Christopher loaned him money. One event precipitated another. Afterward, he requested money from Christopher once more, and Christopher loaned it to him. His fortune in gambling experienced a notable enhancement, leading to the recovery of the funds previously lost.

However, George had become greedy once more and lost all the money he had previously won. Perceiving it as unfortunate to squander such a significant amount, he once more sought financial assistance from Christopher, only to experience further losses. At that time, he was considering requesting money from Christopher again. Subsequently, Christopher approached him, asked that he summon Fanny, and urged her to expedite her return.

"What amount are you seeking to borrow, and for what specific purpose? Is there a necessity for a purchase to be made? I can easily buy it for you," Christopher stated. He did not explicitly agree to lend money. Instead, he inquired about the purpose of George's loan request. Christopher thought, *I've only been back in Riverdon for a few days, yet he's already borrowed money from me three times. Not only does my pocket money decrease significantly, but even if it were the same as before, it wouldn't be able to sustain his frequent borrowing.*

George said, "Ah, there's no necessity for that. How may I be of assistance to you? Just give me the funds, and I will address the issue autonomously. Furthermore, in light of your forthcoming union with Fanny, you may commence addressing me as Dad at an earlier juncture."

Christopher exhibited notable impatience while listening to George's efforts to flatter him. He thought, *Call him 'Dad'? I have never held a favorable opinion of him. He wishes to alter the manner in which I previously referred to him. It is akin to a dream.*

Despite harboring feelings of disdain, Christopher maintained a gentle tone in his speech. "Mr. Sanders, I have utilized all of my discretionary funds to buy gifts for Fanny and organize surprises for her. I am currently unable to procure the necessary funds. Should I inquire with my Dad on your behalf?"

Upon learning of Christopher's intention to approach Michael, George promptly rejected the idea. "There's no need," he mused. *I've already met with Michael that day. If I had the chance to ask for money, I would've approached him directly. Why involve Christopher in the conversation?*

George refrained from seeking a loan from Michael due to the potential risk of James discovering the transaction. His only fear was that James, the current head of the Kins Family company, might cease transferring money to his account if he found out about George's gambling activities. George hesitated to give up his primary source of income and was keen

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to keep the situation hidden from James.

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