

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

Chapter 501

Chapter **501** You Wouldn't Dare

Chapter 501 You Wouldn't Dare

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"You wouldn't dare!" Jane's voice dripped with contempt as she fixed her gaze on Fanny, who visibly sweated under her scrutiny. The tension in the van became palpable as Fanny, feeling the weight of Jane's disdain, struggled to maintain her composure.

"Please find a nearby bathroom to stop at," Jane finally instructed the driver. Without hesitation, the driver followed her instructions, and soon, they stopped at a roadside location.

Fanny, feeling grateful, whispered her thanks before clutching her stomach and making her way to the public restroom.

Meanwhile, Harley and Jane remained in the car, with their bodyguard trailing Fanny to stand watch at the restroom door. Once Fanny disappeared behind the restroom door, Harley broke the silence, "Do you think she's attempting to deceive us?"

Jane shrugged nonchalantly, "It matters little. As long as we have someone monitoring her, she won't escape." Their sole reason for bringing Fanny along was to ensure she didn't flee before seeing Florence.

Whatever other plans she might harbor were inconsequential to them. That's why when Fanny sent a text message to James earlier, they dismissed it without concern.

When Fanny reappeared from the restroom, her demeanor had noticeably shifted, appearing less strained than before.

"Sorry. I had a bit of a stomach ache earlier," Fanny murmured softly to Jane and Harley as she settled back into the van.

Now, Fanny seemed considerably more composed, both physically and mentally.

Having exchanged messages with Christopher, she felt assured of contacting him in front of Florence without the fear of being caught.

Harley shot Fanny a disdainful glance but maintained her silence.

“If you experience discomfort again, bear with it,” Jane stated calmly, giving Fanny a pointed look.

Recognizing the need to remain submissive under someone else’s roof, Fanny didn’t show any signs of frustration and simply responded with a smile.

Jane rolled her eyes in boredom and instructed the driver, “Let’s go. Drive faster. We don’t want to keep Miss Shelton waiting.”

Seated next to Jane, Fanny suddenly asked curiously, “Did you specifically come to pick me

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up to meet Miss Shelton?” Though she didn’t genuinely believe it, she aimed to elicit a response.

Harley cut in before Jane could respond, “Do you really think you’re that important? Jane brought you along because Miss Shelton requested it, and there are some tasks involving you.”

Perplexed, Fanny turned to Harley, questioning, “So, are both of you accompanying me to meet Miss Shelton?”

Finding herself unexpectedly in their company on the way to Florence, Fanny couldn’t help but feel puzzled about their connection.

Jane offered a somewhat affirmative response, “Miss Shelton asked us to bring you along because some tasks we’re handling for her involve you.”

“Involving me?” Fanny’s interest was piqued, though she suspected it might not all be positive. Anticipating the unknown, she preferred being forewarned to prepare

herself.

But Jane remained tight-lipped. Impatiently, Harley shot Fanny a glare, urging, “You’ll find out soon enough. Save your questions for later.”

Jane attempted to placate him, "Harley, calm down." Disgruntled, Harley turned his gaze back to Fanny.

Choosing not to press further, Fanny lowered her head, deep in thought. Jane's cryptic response left her with more questions than answers, stirring her curiosity.

Before she could delve into the mystery, her phone rang, cutting through the tense atmosphere with its incoming call ringtone. Feeling a sudden tension, Fanny noticed both Jane and Harley eyeing her.

"Should I take this?" Fanny hesitated, her hand hovering over her phone as she sought input from Jane and Harley. Harley's response was curt, "Who cares."

Jane, on the other hand, encouraged, "Go ahead." Since she had already sent a text to James about her safety, there was no reason not to answer.

Fanny retrieved her phone, surprised to see the caller's name displayed: Kaydron. Her composed demeanor faltered, brows furrowing at the unexpected call.

Before she could decline the call, Jane interjected, "What?" Harley leaned in, equally puzzled, "Kaydron? How is he still reaching you?"

Learning of their acquaintance with Kaydron only heightened Fanny's unease. Her fingers hesitated over the screen/frozen in uncertainty. "How do you two know him?" Fanny's voice trembled, betraying her apprehension.

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She now suspected that Jane and Harley's involvement with Florence was connected to Kaydron. Jane suggested. "Why don't you answer the call first?"

They understood that the situation with Kaydron was complex and couldn't be easily explained in a few words. Gritting her teeth, Fanny finally answered the

call.

As soon as the call connected, Kaydron's voice, laced with urgency, sent a chill through her veins. "Fanny? Why haven't you come to see me yet?"

Kaydron had called Fanny shortly after his arrest, but after waiting for two hours without her arrival, he was growing impatient.

Especially with the discovery of drugs in his car, along with fingerprints matching his own, he was feeling uneasy. He needed to be bailed out, and he believed Fanny could help.

Sensing his unease, Fanny quickly reassured him. “Mr. Reed, I apologize for the delay. I have some urgent matters to attend to, but I’ll make it a priority to visit you soon.”

Though she had no intention of visiting him, Fanny knew it wasn’t the right time to sever ties while she remained in Northland.

“This is the last time I’m reaching out to you. You better show up before noon! Otherwise, you’ll regret it,” Kaydron threatened before returning the phone to the waiting police officer.

After he hung up the phone, Fanny couldn’t help but let out a disdainful sound. Despite her outward reaction, she was already plotting how to distance herself completely from whatever trouble he had gotten himself into.

#

When it came to dealing with the sinister plot against Angela, Fanny had been meticulous about leaving no trace behind. Every move she made was calculated, every action deliberate. So, when faced with accusations, she had a solid defense: denial. All she needed to do was firmly assert her innocence and shed light on the incident where Kaydron had used her photographs as a weapon of intimidation. In the eyes of the law, his accusations would crumble like a house of cards.

After hanging up the phone, Jane and Harley continued to glance at her with a curious expression.

In such a cramped space, they naturally heard every word Kaydron said.

It was precisely hearing his arrogant demeanor in front of Fanny that made them feel curious.

“Why are you two looking at me like that?” Fanny asked irritably as she lifted her gaze to meet the two pairs of eyes!

Her mood soured **as** she contemplated the unfairness of the situation. Despite her efforts to

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scrub any incriminating evidence from Kaydron’s phone, the fear of his unfounded allegations implicating her in Angela’s abduction lingered ominously.

The noticeable sense of injustice gnawed at her and was made worse by the realization **that** she was being subjected to yet another round of his menacing threats.

Fortunately, once she returned to Riverdon, she wouldn't be afraid of him causing trouble.

This morning, she received two calls from Kaydron, but she didn't dare to ask anything about Angela's whereabouts, just in case the police on the other end suspected her involvement.

She hoped against hope that Kaydron would exercise restraint and refrain from further tarnishing her already precarious reputation with his damning accusations.

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Chapter 502 Wishing Her for a Miserable End

Chapter 502 Wishing Her for a Miserable End

“I **just** find it intriguing,” Jane sighed, her gaze fixed

Fanny.

Harley nodded in agreement, casting a critical eye over Fanny before remarking, “**It’s** no wonder Miss Shelton wanted us to pick you up.”

Intrigued, Fanny asked, “What do you mean?”

“You’ll understand soon,” Harley replied curtly, signaling for Fanny to exit the car.

It dawned on her that they had pulled up outside a lavish club.

Fanny didn't press further. After getting off the car, she followed Jane and Harley to meet Florence.

Upon seeing her, she was engrossed in listening to a man's report. Her expression was grim and the atmosphere felt tense.

“Miss Shelton, we've brought Fanny,” Jane hesitantly spoke up after the other man finished.

Florence, appearing to have just noticed their presence, inquired, "Is everything taken care of?"

Jane swiftly reassured her, "It's all set. We used the bags you provided, and by now, the other side should have noticed."

At the mention of the bags, Fanny felt a pang of recognition. She remembered Florence instructing her to have her bodyguards bring her some bags and to handle them with gloves to obtain Kaydron's fingerprints. She simply followed the instructions to wait for Kaydron to fall asleep. Then, after wearing gloves, she pressed each bag onto his fingers as instructed.

After handing the bags over to the bodyguards, there were no further developments.

Now, **as** Jane spoke, Fanny's unease grew. What had they done with those bags? Despite wearing gloves, could her fingerprints have been left behind?

Noticing Fanny's discomfort, Florence glanced casually at her before acknowledging Jane's report. "Well done."

"Oh, *by the way*, Miss Shelton," Jane interjected with a smile, "Fanny received a call from Kaydron in the **car**, and he threatened to meet her at the police station."

"Is that so?" Florence turned her attention to Fanny.

Fanny nodded quickly. "**Yes**. He threatened me this morning, but I didn't go."

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Chapter 502 Wishing Her for a Miserable End

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Unsure of Florence's stance on Kaydron and still puzzled about the purpose of obtaining fingerprints on the bags, Fanny could only offer a vague response.

remember

"Well, it's a good thing you didn't go. I called you here to make sure you everything before we proceed," Florence said, signaling to the man beside her.

Understanding her cue, the man approached Fanny and said, "Miss Fanny, please come with

me."

Nervously, Fanny followed the man out of the room and into another.

As soon as the door closed, the man laid out several photos on the coffee table.

Fanny was taken aback, her body going cold as she examined the photos closely.

On the coffee table, there they were, all those embarrassing photos from her phone that had somehow resurfaced. They weren't just printed out; they were shamelessly displayed right in front of her. But she had deleted them all last night. So, where on earth did these photos come from?

In a panic, Fanny rushed to the table, gathering the photos and holding them tightly.

"Miss Fanny, please don't panic. As long as you cooperate, no one else will see these photos," the man reassured her.

Clutching the photos tightly, Fanny urgently inquired, "What do you need me to do?" She was desperate to dispose of the embarrassing evidence.

"First, sit down and listen," the man instructed with a smile. Fanny quickly arranged the photos in front of her and settled onto the couch, ready to receive his instructions.

"Kaydron is now suspected of drug possession," the man began. "Miss Shelton wants you to meet him, but your task is to persuade him to accuse Angela."

At the mention of drugs, Fanny felt a wave of dizziness as she finally grasped the purpose behind those bags.

"Kaydron might not heed my words," she interjected, feeling the weight of potential consequences. She doubted Kaydron would cooperate, especially considering her own involvement with the drugs.

"He'll listen," the man assured her. "Didn't you mention your ability to connect with the Collier Family?"

Fanny tensed. "How do you know about that?"

She had used the pretext of being able to establish a relationship with the Collier Family and

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tricked Kaydron into helping her. Only Kaydron and she knew about this.
How *did Florence's people know about it?*

The man's smile remained cryptic. "Think about it. Aren't these photos a part of the puzzle?"

A shiver ran down Fanny's spine as she processed his implications. "How can I convince him to accuse Angela? Won't it be too obvious?"

"Just ask if Angela supplied the drugs," the man suggested casually. "If he's clever, he'll understand."

Florence hadn't pinned her hopes on Kaydron successfully accusing Angela, but since that gambit failed, she saw no harm in unsettling Angela a bit. As the man's words sank in, Fanny realized Florence hadn't solely relied on Kaydron to

te Angela, easing some of the pressure in Fanny's chest.

"If Kaydron turns against me, will Miss Shelton intervene?" Fanny hesitated, recalling her involvement in obtaining the fingerprints on those bags, a source of unease for her.

The man assured her, "If you assist Miss Shelton, she will offer you Pon."

"Alright. I'll visit Kaydron and coax him into accusing Angela," Fanny agreed, taking a deep breath.

through with it just *to* unsettle her. She eagerly anticipated Angela'nny was prepared to go

Even if Kaydron's accusation wouldn't pose a real threat to Angela, Fanny was prepared to go

downfall.

"Excellent." The man nodded in approval, rising from his seat with a smile.

"May I delete the digital copies of these photos?" Fanny stood as well, holding the stacked photos in her hands.

neatly

Fanny was caught off guard when she realized that Florence had managed to obtain and extravagantly print out the photos of Kaydron before she could delete them. She hadn't anticipated Florence keeping a hard copy after printing them, prompting her to inquire about deleting the electronic version.

"If everything is settled, your wish will be granted," the man assured her.

Fanny sensed there was more to Florence's visit than just meeting Kaydron. "Does Miss Shelton have anything else to discuss with me?" she nervously inquired.

The man nodded, indicating she should accompany him to see Florence in person. Fanny followed, suspecting the additional matter might involve Christopher, or perhaps a request to bring him to Northland

When she was brought before Florence again, Jane and Harley had already left.

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As expected, Florence, upon seeing them, exchanged a glance with the man and then said to her, "Contact Christopher and have him come to Northland today."

"I..." Fanny pretended to hesitate before decisively saying, "Alright, Miss Shelton. *I will* contact him now."

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Chapter 503 Reporting Her Sister

Chapter Reporting Her Sister

Florence simply stared at Fanny and remained silent when she heard her words.

Left with no choice, Fanny had to retrieve her handphone and call Christopher.

Fortunately, she had already sorted things out with Christopher prior to her arrival, so as long as she spoke cautiously now, Florence shouldn't be able to figure it out.

After a few seconds, the call was answered, and Christopher's gentle and composed voice came through.

"Fanny?"

The way she was addressed sent shivers down Fanny's spine. With Florence's unwavering gaze fixed on her, she swiftly activated the speakerphone.

"Chris, it's me." Fanny adjusted her tone before responding to Christopher, but she kept stealing a glance toward Florence.

"So, do you want to return to Riverdon?" Christopher smoothly transitioned to the main topic, his voice retaining its gentle demeanor.

Fanny was grateful that she had forewarned Christopher that Florence might ask her to reach out. She was relieved that Christopher was adept at playing along. Otherwise, she would need to learn how to steer the conversation.

"Yes. I want to return to Riverdon today. Could you pick me up in Northland?" Fanny's voice remained composed, despite the racing of her heart.

Although this plan deviated slightly from her prior conversation with Christopher, Fanny hoped he wouldn't raise any objections. With today being the final day of the three-day deadline he had given her, she felt a sense of urgency.

"Sure, Christopher agreed readily, offering a solution. "I am busy this morning, so how about I personally come to Northland to pick you up in the afternoon?"

Fanny glanced at Florence, who calmly nodded. Only then Fanny agreed to Christopher's proposal.

When she ended the call, Fanny let out a sigh of relief, feeling her entire body relax.

"Miss Shelton, since Christopher can only come in the afternoon, should I wait here?" Fanny's voice trailed off, her demeanor tentative and **anxious**.

"Settle your affairs with Kaydron," Florence replied casually, her gaze flickering toward Fanny

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before moving away.

Fanny nodded quickly. “Yes, Miss Shelton.”

Her eagerness to implicate Angela fueled her determination, overshadowing any aversion **she** felt toward dealing with Kaydron.

Even if it meant encountering the distasteful Kaydron, she could suppress her repulsion.

As Fanny left the club, she noticed she was alone, with no sight of Jane or Harley. Florence’s men didn’t send her off. In a quiet spot, she got rid of the stack of photos with a lighter to erase any evidence, then hailed a cab to go straight to the police station.

Fanny knew the station from bailing out Kaydron before and had no trouble finding her way. Despite Kaydron being a suspect, his charges weren’t confirmed yet, so visitation was allowed. Before seeing him, Fanny said she wanted to bail him out.

It was during Fanny’s bail process for Kaydron that the police decided to question her.

Fanny acted surprised, saying, “Mr. Reed is involved in drug activities? Are you sure?” She was careful not to let on any prior knowledge, fearing it might raise suspicion. Hearing about drug deals from Florence, she knew it was important to seem shocked to avoid suspicion.

Her eyes showed she had ulterior motives, driven by her desire to harm Angela. The officers looked confused by Fanny’s sudden change in behavior. The lead officer asked, “What do you think?”

Fanny hesitated, then said, “I think I heard Mr. Reed talking to someone about these activities, but I can’t be sure.”

“Who is this person he’s contacting?” the officer asked, seeking more details.

Fanny hesitated again, appearing conflicted before finally admitting, “It’s my sister.” She quickly added, “I’m not so sure about it. I need to clarify with Mr. Reed.”

The officer meticulously documented Fanny’s statement, offering reassurance, “Rest assured, we’ll look into the information you’ve provided. Even if it’s not entirely accurate, there won’t be any repercussions.”

Acknowledging the officer’s request, Fanny nodded in understanding. “Could you also ask him about the drug issue when you visit?” the officer requested; appreciating Fanny’s cooperation.

Having already questioned Kaydron, who denied knowledge of the drugs found in his car, the police deemed him uncooperative. They hoped Fanny could persuade Kaydron to confess or identify anyone involved, which would be beneficial to the investigation.

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Chapter 503 Reporting Her Sister

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Fanny felt relieved upon hearing this. It seemed the police were receptive to her assistance. “I can ask, but I’m unsure if he’ll cooperate. I also don’t know the extent of his connection with Angela. Fanny replied softly, seeking to distance herself from any implication.

Intrigued, the note-taker interjected, “Who is Angela?”

Fanny quickly responded, “She’s my sister,” prompting the note-taker to record the information and signal for the conversation to continue.

Observing Fanny’s cautious demeanor, the questioning officer reassured her, “Don’t worry. Just do your best to ask.” As Fanny was about to agree, the note-taker suddenly paused, his expression changing as he scribbled something down. He then whispered to his colleague, sparking a brief exchange between them.

Addressing Fanny, one of the officers stated, “We need to verify something, Miss Fanny. Please wait a moment.”

Fanny was anxious as she watched them both get up to leave.

She had merely uttered Angela’s name. Why were they departing?

“Alright.” Despite her jitters, Fanny could only offer a nod as she watched them exit the room.

Once they were gone, one of them inquired, “Is it true?”

It seems so. Mr. Holland and another individual have both referenced it. Angela was Kaydron’s target.”

At this disclosure, they exchanged another glance, both wearing expressions of disbelief.

“Perhaps there’s more to this than meets the eye?” After a moment of contemplation, one of them proposed, “Or maybe there’s been a misunderstanding?”

The other person's mouth twitched slightly before responding, "Let's have the go directly to see Kaydron and hear what she and Kaydron have to say."

person

inside

After all, even if the bail process fell through, a visit was still feasible.

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Chapter 504 Two Peas in a Pod

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As they entered the room, the two of them exchanged a few words before settling down.

Inside, despite the brief wait, Fanny couldn't shake off a growing sense of unease. She replayed their previous conversation in her mind, wondering if she had misspoken or acted too hastily. Bringing up Angela directly might have been a mistake.

As they took their seats across from her, Fanny felt her tension rising. She almost rose from her seat, but they appeared unperturbed by her nervousness, calmly seating themselves.

"May I see Mr. Reed now?" Fanny attempted to maintain a steady voice, noting their silence. The recent incident weighed heavily on her, and she feared it might affect her meeting with Kaydron. Fulfilling Florence's instructions was paramount, especially with all the incriminating evidence still in her possession.

The thought of returning to Riverdon as per Christopher's plan hinged upon completing Florence's tasks, adding to Fanny's impatience.

"You may came the response, cliciting a relieved sigh from Fanny.

Shortly after, she met with Kaydron.

Once escorted to the designated location, they were left alone for their discussion.

However, Fanny discreetly noted a surveillance camera in the corner of the room.

Although not yet common, the police station had installed a few surveillance cameras.

The meeting place where Fanny and Kaydron met was not only separated by iron railings but also under surveillance.

Kaydron, visibly distressed with bloodshot eyes, rushed to the iron railing upon spotting Fanny, trying to get as close to her as possible.

“Fanny! You’re finally here.”

He had waited inside for a long time, even pleading with the police to urge Fanny to come.

He feared she might not show up.

Kaydron had even counted down in his mind, ready to spill all of Fanny’s secrets if she failed.

to arrive.

He harbored no desire for Fanny’s life to be straightforward.

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+5 **Free** Coins

Yet, he hadn’t yet betrayed her, a fact that likely motivated her presence. Otherwise, she might have refused to come altogether.

Stepping back, Fanny maintained a veneer of composure, though beneath it, she harbored a well of disdain. She cut to the chase, her tone direct, “Mr. Reed, did you summon me here to bail you out?”

Her words triggered a flicker of unease in Kaydron. He scrutinized Fanny’s ivory–skin face, to search for any telltale signs of deception but he couldn’t tell what was amissed.

“Yes. I need you to bail me out,” he responded urgently, his focus singularly fixed on this lifeline.

For him, obeying her directives against Angela had become second nature, forging a peculiar bond between them.

Despite the desperation in Kaydron's eyes, Fanny remained cool-headed. She offered a cryptic observation. "Your current predicament differs from the last time, Mr. Reed. Once enmeshed in such matters, extrication becomes a daunting task."

Though her words veiled their true meaning, Kaydron discerned the implication.

At the mention of "such matters," a surge of anticipation coursed through Kaydron. He couldn't suppress his urgency any longer.

"Fanny, I swear I didn't touch it! I've been falsely accused," he protested as he still couldn't figure out why his fingerprints ended up on that bag. Anxious and aggrieved, he grappled with the injustice of his situation.

Fanny sighed, her patience wearing thin. "Mr. Reed, it's futile to confide in me. You must relay this to the authorities. Only by dispelling these suspicions can I assist in securing your release."

Kaydron had exhausted his efforts in explanation, to no avail.

"What am I supposed to tell them? I'm at a loss," Kaydron lamented, frustration evident as he pounded his head, akin to a caged animal fighting for escape.

Sensing the need to take control, Fanny intervened decisively. "Mr. Reed, allow me to guide the conversation. Answer my inquiries."

Initially startled, Kaydron acquiesced, recognizing the logic behind Fanny's approach.

With his compliance, Fanny eased into a series of questions, starting innocuously but laden with insinuations, subtly hinting at her associations with the Collier Family, even casually mentioning plans with Aya.

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+5 Free Coins

As the interrogation progressed, Kaydron felt increasingly disoriented, but it was those earlier probing from Fanny and her subtle hints that suddenly made him realize how she and the Collier Family might be connected.

Could aligning with Fanny lead to his release?

The notion spurred Kaydron to cooperate, answering Fanny's leading questions in line with her implicit intentions.

While complying, Kaydron mulled over his leverage over Fanny, contemplating the consequences should she fail to secure his freedom.

With this bargaining chip in mind, Kaydron became more cooperative, eager to leverage Fanny's connections.

If Fanny couldn't get him released, he would ruin Fanny's reputation. He still held something of Fanny's in his hands.

With this bargaining chip in mind, Kaydron became more cooperative, eager to leverage Fanny's connections.

Satisfied with Kaydron's responsiveness, Fanny smoothly transitioned to the topic of narcotics.

"The substances discovered in your vehicle by law enforcement—were they provided by Angela?" Fanny inquired, catching Kaydron off guard yet receiving a swift affirmation in response.

"Yes."

Internally jubilant, Fanny maintained her composed facade, seeking confirmation once more, "Are you certain?"

"Absolutely. Angela provided me with those drugs," Kaydron affirmed reluctantly, his admission tinged with resentment. "Are we done here? Your incessant questioning won't change the fact that I'm innocent. Figure out how to get me out of here already!"

As Kaydron disclosed to Fanny the source of the drugs, a twinge of remorse gnawed at him.

Never before had he acknowledged his association with those illicit substances, yet under Fanny's coaxing, he implicated Angela as their supplier.

It was as if by Fanny's prompting, he voluntarily confirmed his involvement with the contraband.

Despite his unease, Kaydron clung to hope that Fanny could leverage her ties with the Collier Family for his swift release.

Chapter **504** Two Peas in a Pod

Though Kaydron lashed out at Fanny in a moment of frustration, she harbored no resentment, instead buoyed by her triumph.

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In Kaydron's admission of Angela's involvement, Fanny not only fulfilled Florence's directive. but also successfully implicated Angela in the drug affair.

Regardless of whether Angela will be convicted in the end, Fanny felt extremely relieved at this moment.

Because she was extremely relieved in her heart, Fanny even found Kaydron's angry expression quite pleasing.

Rarely, she spoke to appease Kaydron, "Mr. Reed, don't be angry. It's all good once it's cleared up. Since the drugs are not yours, I will also explain to the police, and I will do my best to bail you out."

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Chapter 505 Anticipating Revenge

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Despite her promise to assist Kaydron, Fanny couldn't mask her disdain for him. Under her

le influence, Kaydron had admitted to Angela's involvement in supplying the drugs.

essentially confessing to his possession of them.

Now facing the grim prospect of a lengthy prison sentence, perhaps even a decade or more, Fanny relished the idea of Kaydron being locked away. But her satisfaction would only be complete once Angela faced the same fate.

The mere thought of Angela behind bars filled Fanny with a vindictive thrill. "I've told you everything." Kaydron urged, gripping the railing tightly. "Fanny, please, find a way to get me

out!"

Feeling the weight of time pressing down, Fanny rose with a troubled expression. "I'll do my best, Mr. Reed. Just give me a moment to figure something out."

But before she could act, the police intervened, signaling their time was up.

Unable to voice the threats he wished to convey, Kaydron silently implored Fanny to assist him sincerely.

Feigning distress, Fanny followed the officers out, her facade crumbling as tears welled in her

eyes.

"I never imagined Angela was behind this," she sobbed, wiping away her tears.

The police offered reassurance, "Don't worry, Miss Fanny. We'll conduct a thorough investigation. Your sister won't be convicted solely on one person's testimony."

But Fanny couldn't shake her dissatisfaction.

Despite Kaydron's damning confession, the police insisted on further inquiry, a process she found frustratingly inefficient.

In her eyes, Angela should be apprehended immediately, detained, and then questioned.

Angela's arrogance and success grated on Fanny, igniting a burning desire to witness her

downfall.

The thought of Angela thriving while Fanny suffered fueled her resentment and envy.

Who did Angela think she was to enjoy such privilege and comfort?

"Well, that's a relief then."/

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Chapter 505 Anticipating Revenge

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Despite a tumult of grievances and envy swirling within her, Fanny managed to muster a semblance of relief in response to the police's assurances.

Following her departure from the police station, authorities resumed their interrogation of Kaydron and launched an inquiry into Angela's involvement.

Angela's cooperation loomed pivotal for the investigation's success.

While law enforcement delved into the matter, Fanny had already made her way home.

En route, she received word of her imminent departure for Riverdon that day.

Despite having arrangements with Christopher, she couldn't immediately join him. She first needed to ensure the departure of other Kins Family members, a prerequisite for executing Christopher's plan.

Their target wasn't just anyone—it was Florence.

With Kaydron's fate hanging in uncertainty, Fanny couldn't depart without tying up loose ends..

Before leaving, she needed to confront Florence once more, risking everything to ensure no incriminating evidence remained against her.

Though it might provoke Florence, Fanny remained undeterred.

Once she returned to Northland, not even Florence could thwart her plans.

With resolve in her heart, Fanny sought out James, needing to explain her decision to deceive Florence with Christopher despite Florence's orders.

Before her departure, she warned James to be wary of Florence's schemes.

"What?" James was taken aback by Fanny's revelation, his focus shifting from Dylan's findings.

Florence was a greater threat than Dylan.

"James, I didn't want this either, but Chris found out and asked for my cooperation. He promised to ensure my safety on the plane," she explained hastily, fearing James' disapproval.

However, James remained silent, deep in thought.

Fanny couldn't help but regret confiding in James.

"Are you certain it's wise to let someone deceive Florence?" James finally voiced his concern.

"I don't know," Fanny admitted, shaking her head.

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Chapter 505 Anticipating Revenge

+5 Free Cora

She wasn't entirely certain, but she felt cornered. Christopher had exposed her. She had no choice but to comply with his plans.

Unless she was willing to forgo returning to Riverdon or marrying Christopher, which she couldn't.

In fact, Fanny was eager to return to Riverdon and marry Christopher.

"Thank goodness you told me. I'll support you," James reassured her, sensing her distress and gently stroking her head. "We'll accompany you. Christopher will arrange distractions for Florence's people, and I'll do the same."

He had been contemplating how to make Dylan pay, and this seemed like a perfect opportunity.

"But aren't you supposed to leave first, James?" Fanny asked, touched by his support.

"We'll go together. There's no rush. Just leave everything to me," James insisted.

Fanny felt a wave of relief wash over her. Then I'll set up a meeting with Chris."

"Alright."

Fanny quickly made an appointment with Christopher at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, asking him to buy a ticket that could get him to Northland before 4 o'clock so she could report to Florence.

When she contacted Christopher, she didn't hide it from James, who took the opportunity to tell Christopher that he would also arrange for people.

Christopher had no objections to James' extra precaution, only asking the two to keep it secret and not delay the already scheduled wedding.

It was only then that Fanny learned that George was in Riverdon and had even set a date for her and Christopher's wedding.

Time was running out. According to the plan, she would go back on the same day and go to the registry office with Christopher, then three days later would be the official wedding.

And it seemed like James knew all about these things, too. After hanging up the phone, Fanny was still a little dazed.

Although she had made the call, it was mostly James and Christopher talking, and she had become the irrelevant one, like a pawn that could be manipulated at will.

"Fanny?" James handed the cell phone to Fanny. "What's wrong with you?"

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09:47 Mon, 6 May

Chapter 505 Anticipating Revenge

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"It's nothing. I'm going to pack up my things." Fanny took the cell phone and told James that she **was** going to pack up her things.

Her mind was in a mess, but she remembered one thing. Not only did she need to pack up her things, but she also needed to confirm something with Florence.

After packing up her things, she contacted Florence.

"Miss Shelton, Kaydron has accused Angela, and Christopher has also bought a ticket to come to Northland. About my photos..."

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Chapter 506

Chapter 506 Irrational Behavior

While Fanny was negotiating with Florence, the police officers approached Jonathan.

Since he was contacted through Yarrison, the latter tagged along, essentially guiding the way. “Hey, Jon,” Yarrison greeted casually after he and his men had found Jonathan.

Jonathan acknowledged Yarrison’s presence, noticing the officers by his side.

“Are you here for more questioning?” he inquired, anticipating the routine procedure despite their prior visit to Kaydron’s car and the involvement of the bodyguard and Yarrison.

“Yes, and we require Miss Angela’s cooperation as well,” the officer informed Jonathan.

Jonathan’s brow furrowed upon hearing this. “Angela is currently in the midst of an exam,” he pointed out.

“Very well, Mr. Lawson, let’s commence with your cooperation. We have several questions for you,” the officer reiterated.

Jonathan nodded in agreement, indicating his willingness to assist, and the officer proceeded with the prepared inquiries.

However, Jonathan’s intuition quickly alerted him to something amiss.

Particularly when a question hinted at any association with drugs, Jonathan’s confusion deepened. “Drugs?”

“Yes,” the officer confirmed.

“No,” Jonathan stated firmly. “Neither Angela nor I have ever used drugs, nor do we intend to.”

He cast a suspicious glance at the officers but opted not to pursue the matter further.

Once all the questions were posed, the officers exchanged contact details with Jonathan before departing.

As they were not considered suspects, Jonathan cooperated fully with the investigation, and the police officers were exceedingly courteous. “Mr. Lawson, once Miss Angela

completes her exam, she can participate in the investigation and reach out to us," they assured him.

Jonathan asked Oliver to escort the officers out. As soon as they departed, he wasted no time in contacting Yarrison, eager to untangle the unfolding situation. "What's happening? Is Kaydron accusing **us**?" he inquired anxiously as soon as Yarrison entered.

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Chapter **506** Irrational Behavior

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You've figured it **out** already? But I doubt the police are taking him seriously," Yarrison replied, his voice tinged with a mix of resignation and frustration.

Before opting to involve the authorities, Yarrison had debated whether to inform Jonathan beforehand. However, he ultimately concluded that Kaydron's attempt to shift blame onto Angela was a desperate ploy. Jonathan's adeptness at handling such situations reassured Yarrison, quelling the need for immediate panic.

"Is Kaydron singling out Angela?" Jonathan probed, seeking clarity amid the unfolding chaos. He couldn't comprehend how Angela could be implicated in such a scandalous affair.

Merely from the officers' keen interest in questioning Angela, Jonathan surmised that Kaydron was not only making baseless accusations but also actively targeting Angela. The mere thought left him feeling exasperated and bewildered.

"But how could Angela be connected to drugs? She would never partake in such activities," Jonathan mused aloud, grappling with the implausibility of the situation.

"Kaydron alleged that the drugs found in his car were supplied by Angela. I have no idea where he got that notion. It's as if he's lost his mind," Yarrison remarked, echoing Jonathan's incredulity.

Yarrison couldn't help but view Kaydron's groundless accusations as the desperate rantings of someone who had lost touch with reality. The situation was spiraling into absurdity, and Jonathan's frustration mirrored his own.

Jonathan couldn't shake the feeling that Kaydron's behavior bordered on both madness and pity.

“Who witnessed it?” Jonathan questioned, struggling to comprehend Kaydron’s erratic actions. If Kaydron claimed Angela had supplied the drugs, it would inevitably implicate him **as** well.

He vividly recalled the morning scene when Yarrison adamantly claimed that Kaydron would never admit to owning the drugs, even if fingerprints were found. It was puzzling how, within just a few hours, he suddenly reversed his stance.

“Well, Fanny saw him, but I’m not sure what she said. And the police station must have footage, considering the surveillance,” Yarrison sighed, indicating the complexity of the situation.

Though he possessed the skills to hack into the police station’s surveillance system, Yarrison opted against it.

There were more skilled individuals than him, and the police station’s system was more complex than a hotel’s system. Erasing all traces would be a challenging task.

2/4

Chapter 506 Irrational Behavior

+5 Free Coins

Furthermore, this issue concerned Jonathan and Angela, so he really didn’t need to intervene in case he complicated things for them.

Observing his expression, Jonathan understood his thoughts and remarked, “You don’t have to meddle in this matter. I have a good idea of who is behind it.”

“Who?” Yarrison became instantly intrigued.

Before Jonathan could respond, a call came in.

Jonathan took out his cell phone, but before he could answer, Yarrison leaned in to check the caller ID.

“It’s Spencer,” Yarrison remarked upon seeing the caller ID, opting to stick around to hear the conversation.

Jonathan didn’t hesitate to answer the call. “What’s up, Spencer?” he greeted, aware that Spencer was aware of his plans to accompany Angela to the outskirts of Northland.

In a subdued tone, Spencer relayed the news, “Miss Shelton has arrived at the company.”

“Tell her I’m not there,” Jonathan replied calmly, unaffected by Florence’s unexpected visit.

Spencer’s voice conveyed a mix of emotions as he continued, “She claims she didn’t come to see you, but to fill in for someone who missed the appointment.”

As he spoke, he stole a glance at Florence, who sat across from him with an air of ease. He hadn’t chosen to sit opposite Florence for his conversation with Jonathan, but her presence was proving to be quite the obstacle. When he rose from the couch to place his call by the windows, she followed suit.

He contemplated making an excuse to retreat to the inner room for his call, but Florence cut him off with a direct question, her tone laced with sarcasm, “Is there something you can’t say in front of me? Or perhaps you want to relay some inconsequential message?”

Spencer found himself at a loss for words, reluctantly sinking back onto the couch under Florence’s mocking gaze.

Meanwhile, Jonathan pressed for clarification, “Does today’s agreement involve the Shelton Family?” He distinctly remembered that the impending collaboration had no ties to them.

Spencer responded cautiously, mindful of Florence’s presence, “Yes. Miss Shelton requests your presence, Jon. If you could hasten to the company to meet her, she assures that the appointment won’t be disrupted.”

Spencer conveyed this information with a tinge of exasperation. It was Florence’s directive, and she had made it clear that he was to relay it to Jonathan in full detail, without any

3/4

omissions.

Having adhered to Florence’s directives, Spencer could discern the satisfaction radiating from her expression.

“Is she right beside you?” Jonathan queried.

From the moment Spencer lowered his voice, Jonathan suspected that Florence might be inhibiting his ability to have a private conversation.

Spencer responded truthfully, “Yes.”

“Put it on speaker,” Jonathan directed.

Spencer anticipated that Jonathan's ensuing words might not be well-received, but Florence's interference warranted it, so he confidently activated the speakerphone.

"Go ahead," he encouraged.

As soon as Spencer concluded his statement, Jonathan's voice resonated from the cellphone.

"I have no inclination to engage in any collaboration with the Shelton Family, Miss Shelton."

Jonathan's tone carried a blend of indifference, detachment, and palpable disdain..

Florence's eyes widened instantly, and she rose abruptly, her complexion flushing with anger "What do you mean by that?"

"Exactly what I said, Miss Shelton. Kindly take your leave."

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Chapter 507

Chapter 507 Unveiling Her True Colors

Chapter 507 Unveiling Her True Colors

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Florence's face betrayed a storm of emotions, her usually composed demeanor on the brink of crumbling.

"Jonathan, if you hurry back to the company, our partnership can thrive as we envisioned," she pressed, fighting to keep her voice steady amidst the chaos swirling within her.

For so long, she had meticulously orchestrated her plans, even manipulating the affairs of the Shelton Family to align with her ambitions. The idea of letting go now felt unfathomable.

While part of her sought to maintain control over Jonathan through their partnership, she also genuinely desired its success.

Yet, Jonathan's perplexing actions left her feeling unsettled..

What had stirred such chaos within him?

Undoubtedly, there was a catalyst behind Jonathan's agitation, a reason Florence struggled to decipher.

When had she ever provoked such a reaction from Jonathan?

"What have I done to deserve this?" she demanded, her confusion evident in her voice.

Jonathan's response was cold and detached. "Miss Shelton, perhaps it's time for you to reflect on your actions."

Florence furrowed her brow, trying to decipher the meaning behind his words.

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Chapter 507 Unveiling Her True Colors

To her, Jonathan's refusal to offer a straightforward explanation suggested a lack of evidence against her. But why avoid confrontation if there was nothing incriminating?

Was he preoccupied with thoughts of Angela?

Despite not needing Jonathan's presence during the exam, he remained in the Western Suburbs unnecessarily. Florence's frustration grew.

She had hoped that by leveraging their partnership, even if Jonathan didn't comply, he would at least soften his stance. Yet, she hadn't anticipated his attitude worsening.

First, he downplayed the importance of their collaboration, and now he was advising her to reflect on herself.

It was clear he didn't take her seriously.

"Why should I reflect on myself? What have I done to deserve such scrutiny? Jonathan, please reconsider. You know how important this partnership is to both of us!" she pleaded, but Jonathan remained unresponsive.

Instead, he instructed Spencer sharply, "Spencer, escort her out and then ignore her," dismissing Florence right in front of her.

Florence's expression darkened as she stared at the cell phone in Spencer's hand, demanding, "Jonathan! Are you trying to provoke me?"

But there was only silence on the other end, as Jonathan had disconnected the call abruptly.

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Chapter 507 Unveiling Her True Colors.

In frustration, Florence reached for the phone to call back, but Spencer intercepted it swiftly.

Observing her frustration, he offered a calm smile. "Miss Shelton, take care."

With Jonathan's order to see Florence out, Spencer had no intention of entertaining her any longer.

Her imperious demeanor unsettled everyone in the room.

"You!" Florence pointed a finger at Spencer, her anger palpable. "Who do you think you are? Just because Jonathan tells you to do something, you comply?"

Stepping back, Spencer remained composed. "Miss Shelton, have you forgotten that this is Jon's company? Naturally, I must follow his instructions."

Incensed by his indifferent response, Florence raised her hand as *if* to strike Spencer.

Swiftly, he grasped her wrist. "Miss Shelton, please calm down. Security will escort you out."

Summoning assistance, he soon found security personnel surrounding Florence.

“Please, Miss Shelton.”

Florence, a familiar figure to the security team due to her past disturbances, found herself surrounded by onlookers.

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Emergency calls only MO

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Chapter 507 Unveiling Her True Colors

Realizing her team was still waiting downstairs, unable to join her, she stormed away in frustration, her high heels clicking loudly against the floor.

Meanwhile, in WindMill City, Jonathan remained composed despite Florence’s outburst.

“Tsk tsk.” Yarrison, on the other hand, seemed quite intrigued. Observing Jonathan’s abrupt end to the call, he inquired, “Why did you hang up so abruptly?”

He found the idea of listening to Florence freaking out, on the phone rather exciting and thought it could pass the time, perhaps even improve his mood.

Jonathan glanced at him. “Do you want to speak with her?”

Yarrison promptly shook his head.

He must be genuinely desperate to want to chat with Florence. Not to mention, he didn’t like Florence; just that she was clinging to Jonathan was enough to keep him away.

She was not someone they could mess with.

Unsure of Yarrison’s thoughts, Jonathan simply pocketed his cell phone and returned.

Yarrison followed suit, matching his pace.

“By the way, Florence made quite a bold statement. Jon, why aren’t

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Emergency **calls only** MA...

Chapter 507 Unveiling Her True Colors

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you the least bit scared?" He had listened to the entire conversation beside Jonathan only because they were close, and Jonathan did not conceal his intentions from him.

"Fear is pointless." Jonathan's voice was steady, and his words were soothing.

Despite saying fear was pointless, he truly felt no fear or apprehension.

"Indeed." Yarrison sighed.

The Shelton Family's influence over Northland was deeply entrenched, and many felt that survival in the region necessitated aligning with them. It was a mindset ingrained in the populace, a product of habit and necessity.

"However, when Florence mentioned breaking the ties, does she intend to do something?" Yarrison voiced his concern,

"She already has," Jonathan responded casually, unfazed by Florence's threat to sever their ties. To him, it was a mere formality. He had contemplated it for some time, and today's events only solidified his decision.

Jonathan couldn't shake the feeling of regret for not cutting ties with Florence sooner. Allowing her to maintain expectations of him only put Angela at risk. Angela didn't deserve to be entangled in Florence's schemes.

This time, Florence merely instructed Kaydron to smear Angela's reputation, but who was to say what she might demand next time? The scope of her schemes could extend far beyond mere.

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Chapter 507 Unveiling Her True Colors

mudslinging onto Angela's character!

"What?" Yarrison's confusion was evident.

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He pondered over the implications of Jonathan's use of the word "already," a sudden realization dawning on him as he connected it to Kaydron's baseless accusations.

"Are you implying that Kaydron's accusation was actually orchestrated by her?" Yarrison voiced his suspicions, finding the idea far-fetched yet compelling enough to consider.

Jonathan's calm but affirmative response confirmed Yarrison's suspicions. "Yes."

Recalling Jonathan's earlier suspicions about Florence's involvement in Fanny's pursuit of Kaydron, Yarrison found no other plausible explanation. Considering the circumstances, Florence appeared to be the only one with a motive.

"How did you come to that conclusion?" Yarrison pressed, eager for insight. However, before Jonathan could elaborate, he was interrupted by a call from Spencer. Despite his curiosity, Yarrison watched Jonathan glance at his watch before heading out, keeping his reasons close.

Quick to follow, Yarrison checked the time and estimated that Angela's exam was nearing its end. Knowing Jonathan would pick her up, he decided to tag along.

"Are we heading to pick up Angela? I'll join you," he offered.

Ignoring Yarrison's request to accompany him, Jonathan descended

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Chapter 507 Unveiling Her True Colors

the stairs and crossed the street without delay.

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Yarrison followed closely behind, persistent in his inquiry. "Can you at least share how you figured it out before we get there?"

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Chapter 508

Chapter 508 Confronting Reality

Chapter 508 Confronting Reality

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As Angela stepped out of the doorway, her eyes caught Jonathan's figure lingering outside.

Picking up her pace, she greeted him with a smile. "Why aren't you waiting at the hotel?"

Across from the examination hall, where they had all gathered earlier, a nearby hotel had been their morning refuge. Angela had ventured into the exam hall, leaving Jonathan with the rest of the group.

"I just came down." Jonathan clasped her hand warmly, his gaze filled with warmth as he asked, "What are you in the mood for?"

Nearby, Yarrison touched his nose as he observed the exchange, his attention briefly shifting to Oliver, who was skilled at being one with the wall. Yarrison couldn't help but wonder, *Oliver has been following Jonathan and Angela for a while now. I have no idea what other benefits he has, but he definitely is on his way to getting diabetes.*

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"Anything is fine," Angela replied as she wasn't picky about food. Suddenly, an idea struck her. "Yaxley should be joining us soon. Shall we wait and dine together?"

Jonathan nodded in agreement, his demeanor as amiable as ever.

"Yarrison, you're here too." Angela turned her attention to Yarrison, her smile genuine.

Returning the smile, Yarrison replied, "Yes, indeed. I had a few errands to take care of."

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Chapter 508 Confronting Reality

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Jonathan's glance at Yarrison triggered a memory of the two police officers stationed at the hotel.

"The police found drugs in Kaydron's car and claimed that you were the one who provided them. Therefore, two police officers have arrived to investigate, and we need to cooperate with them," Jonathan briefed Angela on the urgent situation concisely.

Angela's reaction was swift and intense. "What?" She was taken aback by Kaydron's audacity. Not only had he thwarted their plans earlier, but now he was trying to implicate her in a serious drug-related

matter.

However, Angela quickly reasoned that without evidence, Kaydron's accusations would carry little weight. "It's likely that Florence instructed Fanny to do it," Jonathan speculated, sharing his suspicions with Angela.

Feeling responsible for implicating Angela in this matter, he felt the need to explain it to her.

Understanding the gravity of the situation and appreciating Jonathan's need to inform her, Angela nodded in acknowledgment. Before she could respond further, Yaxley came into view, prompting her to ask, "Should I finish my meal before cooperating?"

Jonathan agreed, confirming, "I've already talked to him. We'll see them after we finish eating."

Assured by Jonathan's guidance, Angela nodded in agreement and turned her attention to Yaxley, who had just emerged from the gate. "Yaxley! Over here," she called out, signaling him to join them.

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Chapter 508 Confronting Reality

Yaxley acknowledged Angela's call and joined the group as they gathered.

With everyone assembled, they exchanged a few words before proceeding to the other side.

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On this side, where the examination hall stood desolate, the opposite was teeming with restaurants and hotels, offering ample choices for lunch.

As the group savored their meal, Fanny meticulously reviewed the plan with James one last time, ensuring every detail was in place before relaying it to Christopher.

With everything confirmed, James departed to purchase the plane tickets, leaving Fanny with a sense of satisfaction.

#

Florence had upheld her end of the bargain, ensuring the compromising photos were entirely erased.

With no leverage remaining, neither Florence nor Kaydron could threaten Fanny upon her return to Riverdon.

Just as James departed to secure the tickets, Zacharias approached Fanny, his troubled expression evident even from a distance. "Fanny."

As Zacharias entered the room, he closed the door behind him, prompting Fanny's mind to race back to the compatibility test they had undergone the previous day.

She remembered the doctor's words about the results being available today, and the anticipation of potentially finding a suitable kidney surged within her.

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Yet, Fanny knew she had to temper her emotions and tried her best to mask it. Even if Zacharias brought news of a match, she couldn't afford to appear too eager or hopeful.

The possibility of a successful transplant couldn't overshadow the need for composure since there was a chance Zacharias could have a change of mind before the transplant.

She didn't want to lose out on something minor like this.

After her internal words, Fanny greeted Zacharias calmly, "What's wrong, Zacharias?"

As the words escaped her lips, Zacharias was consumed by a wave of guilt. The morning had been spent grappling with conflicting emotions, torn between remorse for his family and regret for not trusting them sooner.

However, his foremost concern lay with Fanny.

Despite Joseph already informing her of the initial failed match, Zacharias had subtly hinted at the possibility of an error, inadvertently sparking hope in Fanny's heart.

Now, just a day later, he found himself tasked with crushing that hope. It was a daunting prospect, fully aware of the pain he was about to cause. Nevertheless, Zacharias understood the necessity of confronting the truth head-on.

"Fanny, the matching results are in," he finally uttered, his grip on the wheelchair's armrest betraying the turmoil within him. Each word was measured, an attempt to maintain his composure amidst the storm of emotions raging inside.

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Fanny's eyes lit up almost instantly at the mention of the match, but she quickly masked her excitement, lowering her eyelashes to conceal her emotions.

"Zacharias, is the result the same as before?" Fanny asked, her tone laced with feigned anticipation and concern. "It would be best if it's the same as before, Zacharias. You're weak; you shouldn't donate a kidney to me."

Zacharias felt another pang in his heart, touched by Fanny's selfless worry for him. With a nod, he replied, "Yes."

But Fanny was taken aback, momentarily stunned into silence. She raised her head to gaze at Zacharias with wide eyes, as if searching for any hint of deception in his words.

Did I mishear? Am I hallucinating? Shouldn't he be answering no?

Seeing Fanny lost in disbelief, Zacharias continued, "I apologize, Fanny. I misspoke earlier. The result this time is the same as before. It's not a match."

As he spoke, he reached out and gently clasped Fanny's hand, offering what little comfort he could.

To Fanny, it felt as though she had just heard the cruelest joke from the depths of hell.

After a moment, she forced out a slightly embarrassed smile. “Zacharias, there’s no need to apologize. It’s for the best that the match failed. Even if it had succeeded, I wouldn’t accept your kidney.”

At this, Zacharias simply shook his head with a sigh.

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Chapter 508 Confronting Reality

+5 Free Coins

“I owe you an apology, Fanny. When I return to Riverdon, I will do everything in my power to find a kidney donor for you.”

The little glimmer of hope in Fanny’s heart had vanished, especially now that Zacharias dropped the bombshell on her. She felt a bit lightheaded.

Experiencing both physical and emotional discomfort, she didn’t bother to maintain her facade, opting instead to lower her head and express her gratitude casually. “Thank you, Zacharias.”

Observing her sadness, Zacharias chose to say nothing further and left..

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Chapter 509

Chapter 509 Set Up

After Zacharias left, Fanny sank onto the bed, her eyes empty and her face expressionless.

She stayed motionless for a while, then frustration bubbled up inside her, and she pounded the blanket angrily.

But no matter how hard she tried, the turmoil in her heart wouldn’t

go away.

Gritting her teeth, Fanny wondered why the compatibility results hadn't changed.

Both she and Zacharias had felt something was off. So why were the results the same?

She started to suspect that Zacharias was lying to avoid donating his kidney.

But why would he lie? If he didn't want to donate, he could have just ignored her instead of getting involved.

Was he playing games with her? Did he enjoy manipulating her, setting up this fake scenario to embarrass her?

Thinking about Zacharias made Fanny feel uneasy and upset.

But no matter how she thought about it, she couldn't find any answers. A surge of discontent welled within her. She was thinking that Zacharias was not sincere enough to help her.

And it wasn't just Zacharias; it was the entire Kins Family.

1/6

Chapter 509 Set Up

Even though they seemed nice, they didn't really care about her.

Thinking about how they couldn't find a kidney donor after searching for so long made Fanny feel even more frustrated and sarcastic. Her feelings grew stronger and harder to control, like a wild plant taking over her mind. *

Fanny felt more and more annoyed, and then Kaydron's call interrupted her.

When she saw his incoming call, she hung up right away.

Hanging up gave a very different signal compared to not answering at all, so Kaydron immediately realized that Fanny had hung up on him.

"How dare she hang up on me?" Enraged, Kaydron clenched his phone and dialed again, only to be met with another abrupt disconnection.

Despite making multiple attempts, Fanny showed no inclination to respond.

Resorting to sending a menacing text under the watchful eyes of the police, Kaydron referenced sure photos to coerce Fanny into compliance.

To his surprise, Fanny remained unresponsive to his threats.

Subsequent calls revealed that he had been blocked.

Infuriated, Kaydron hastily scrolled through his photo album, only to find the incriminating photos had vanished into thin air.

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He panicked immediately, but no matter how hard he looked, he couldn't find the photos that had previously been securely stored in

his album.

"Time's up. Give me the phone."

The officer even wanted his phone **at** this time.

He **was** overheated with rage and unable to contain himself, blurted out, "Did you delete the photos inside? Did you?"

His anger was so sudden that the officer who was reaching for his phone was taken aback by his shouting and stepped back.

"What are you raving about?" After stepping back, the officer pulled out his baton and approached him.

In an instant, Kaydron was knocked down by the electrically charged baton, and the officer took back the phone from his hand.

As the officer moved to confiscate his phone, Kaydron desperately pleaded, "Wait! I wish to confess something. The drugs aren't mine or Angela's. They belong to Fanny. It was she who instructed me to blackmail Angela."

Witnessing the officer's departure, Kaydron frantically shouted for attention.

The officer paused for just a moment but didn't stop. Instead, another officer came in and said to him, "Your lawyer is outside. Do you want to see him?"

Kaydron was surprised. *Where did this lawyer come from?*

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could he have a lawyer?

But now that he couldn't reach Fanny, this lawyer arrived just in time.

"Yes. Bring him in."

Kaydron was swiftly arranged to meet with his lawyer.

The lawyer, a middle-aged man with a professional demeanor, was introduced by the officer as Kaydron's legal counsel.

However, Kaydron didn't recognize him at all. He had never seen him before.

The man, wearing glasses and carrying a briefcase, sat down across from Kaydron and spoke, "Hello, Mr. Reed. I am the lawyer hired by Miss Fanny to help you."

"Fanny?"

Kaydron shot up from his seat, leaning forward as if to confront the man directly. If not for the width of the table, he might have lunged at him.

The officers beside him pushed him back into his seat, brandishing their batons. "Calm down!"

Kaydron felt uneasy and sat back quietly, trying not to react.

The lawyer assured him, "Mr. Reed, are you dissatisfied with Miss Fanny in any way? But rest assured, I will prioritize your interests and advocate for you wholeheartedly."

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Kaydron hesitated before asking, "Are you sure?"

"Yes, but I need your help to explain everything clearly," the lawyer replied.

"Okay, I'll help," Kaydron agreed. He remembered how Fanny had made him talk about Angela before, and it worried him.

He felt like he was hurting himself by talking about it.

"Officer, I need to speak with my client alone."

After the lawyer talked to the officers, they left the room.

Upon seeing there were no cameras, he smiled at Kaydron.

Kaydron felt scared but listened as the man talked about his situation.

He thought the man would ask questions, but he didn't expect him **to** know so much.

He even knew how Kaydron found those guys.

Kaydron got more scared as he listened, and he blurted out, "Did Fanny really send you?"

I don't believe it. There's no way Fanny would know sa mich.

Even though he had orchestrated the kidnapping of Angela for Fanny, there was no way she could know the specifics of how he had done it.

"You're smart, Mr. Reed. I won't repeat what happened. You already know," the man said with a wicked smile, ignoring Kaydron's shock.

5/6

Chapter 509 Set Up

"What is it?" Kaydron was very dissatisfied.

The man said quietly, "You've only contacted Fanny, not your family. Do you think they don't know?"

Kaydron felt nervous right away.

"You!" He was sure now that Fanny hadn't sent this person.

He realized that he had been duped by someone through and. through.

He had to find out who was behind this.

"Who is it?" Kaydron asked, staring at him, gritting his teeth.

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Chapter 510

Chapter 510 Understanding the Situation

In the face of urgency, the man remained nonchalant. "Does the identity matter?"

Kaydron's frustration reached its peak. "Of course it matters!"

It *matters immensely*, he seethed inwardly.

The man shook his head helplessly. "I'm sorry, but I cannot tell you. that."

Upon seeing Kaydron's emotions escalated, he hastily interjected, "You can ask anything else, except that."

After he took a moment to compose himself, Kaydron inquired, "Is Fanny involved with this individual too?"

Though he already suspected, Kaydron needed confirmation.

"Yes," the man affirmed.

With that confirmation, Kaydron's complexion paled.

He remembered when he first encountered Fanny, dismissing her as inconsequential. Yet, he never imagined she would conspire against

him.

"Fanny is cunning!" He clenched his fists, slamming them onto the table, his anger evident.

"Do you have any other questions, Mr. Reed?"

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Kaydron glared at him with a gloomy face and demanded, "What is your objective here? To aid me?"

Though not directly employed by Fanny, this man served the same master behind the scenes, making him complicit in Fanny's schemes.

If not for the police station setting, Kaydron would have been tempted to confront him physically to vent his frustration.

"I am here to assist you, should you choose to accept it," the man replied calmly, leaving the decision in Kaydron's hands.

After casually addressing Kaydron's inquiry, the man proceeded without awaiting a response. "You now face two options. One: retain Fanny without causing harm but still accept drug-related charges, leading to imprisonment. Two: truthfully admit possession of the drugs provided by Angela, then undergo rehabilitation during incarceration. All other concerns will be handled for you."

Kaydron fought back a laugh, opting for silence instead.

Recalling the man's earlier mention of his family, Kaydron inquired, "And my family? Are they informed?"

"Yes," the man replied with a gentle smile and nod.

Kaydron clenched his jaw. "If you won't disclose the mastermind's identity, why should I heed your counsel?"

"Even without specifics, you must realize the mastermind is not one to be trifled with. Consider, Mr. Reed, whether your family may comply even if you do not. The choice is yours," the man urged.

2/7

"Still, wisdom lies in knowing when to yield," the man emphasized, fixing his gaze on Kaydron.

"I wish to see Fanny," Kaydron declared at last. "Arrange for her visit, and I'll comply with your terms."

In the end, Kaydron succumbed to the man's veiled threats.

When the man subtly hinted at involving his family, Kaydron understood the game at play.

But he couldn't afford to let his family become the focal point of the conflict, knowing it would only render him vulnerable to

manipulation once again.

Avoiding mention of his family, Kaydron's thoughts immediately turned to Fanny.

Just the thought of her made him queasy. Despite refraining from targeting her for his family's sake, he still harbored a deep-seated urge to curse her existence.

He yearned for a face-to-face confrontation with Fanny, to confront her about her covert actions and persistent manipulation.

Although he had known some of Fanny's intentions before, he was so eager to connect with the Collier Family through Fanny that he never really paid attention to her tricks.

Thinking of the Collier Family, Kaydron suddenly felt a shock of horror.

He looked at the man, trying to discern if he was someone hired by

3/7

the Collier Family.

Seeing Kaydron staring at him in shock, the man casually raised an eyebrow and asked, "So, Mr. Reed, have you made your decision? If you follow through with everything, I will convey your request to meet Fanny."

Conveying the message is one thing, but whether Fanny will come after receiving it is another.

The man looked at Kaydron but chose to keep his thoughts to himself.

Lost in thought, Kaydron blurted out, "Are you sent by the Collier Family?"

The man was initially surprised, then looked at Kaydron with confusion.

He wondered how isolated Kaydron's information was. *How could the Collier Family have hired me?*

Anyone with even a little information would know that Jonathan was training with Angela, and their relationship seemed quite good.

Moreover, if he remembered correctly, Fanny also had a relationship with Yaxley.

How could Kaydron be unaware of this?

Kaydron interpreted the man's expression as confirmation of his guess.

4/7

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"Did I guess correctly?"

If *it* were the Collier Family, he would find it easier to accept. After all, according to Fanny, she had a good relationship with the Collier Family.

The man replied coolly, "There's no need to speculate. It's not beneficial for you to figure it out."

His words implied that Kaydron was utterly mistaken.

Kaydron was immediately stunned.

If it isn't the Collier Family, then who can it be? Has Fanny formed a connection with someone else?

In that moment, Kaydron's initial intention to scold Fanny diminished significantly.

As he speculated about the Collier Family, he had already formulated some calculations in his mind.

He thought that out of respect for the Collier Family, he wouldn't be too harsh on Fanny when she arrived.

He had made a mistake this time, and he accepted it. But his family couldn't afford any more trouble.

In his moment of confusion, Kaydron pondered many things.

However, the man paid no attention to whether Kaydron was confused. After checking the time, he said directly, "Since you've made your decision, you will follow through, right?"

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Chapter

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He was about to leave but needed to confirm once more.

Kaydron, coming back to his senses with a look of despair, finally nodded. "I will follow through."

"Okay, Mr. Reed. As long as you cooperate, your family will be fine."

After negotiating with Kaydron, the man left.

Meanwhile, Fanny received a message from Florence's subordinate shortly after.

"What? I have to go see Kaydron?" Fanny's heart sank.

Kaydron had called her multiple times before, but she always hung up on him.

She believed that she could ignore Kaydron and sever all ties with him by doing so.

“What does this mean? Didn’t Miss Shelton say she would help me with Kaydron’s issues?”

When she met Florence earlier, she mentioned the possibility of Kaydron bothering her, hoping Florence would intervene.

But she never expected Florence to assist Kaydron.

“You misunderstood.” The man on the other end remained calm, with a flat tone compared to Fanny’s distress.

“Miss Shelton has already negotiated with Kaydron. He won’t bother you about Angela or even mention you, but he has a request.”

The man paused, and without hesitation, Fanny asked, “*He* wants *me* to go see him?”

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