

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

Chapter 81

Chapter 81 Be My Bridesmaid

Chapter 81 Be My Bridesmaid

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Recently, when Angela's bridesmaid came to visit, Jonathan was always busy. By the time he arrived at the hospital, she was usually asleep.

The next morning, when she woke up, the nurse informed her that Jonathan had been there and stayed for a while before leaving.

Each time he left, it was nearly noon.

Besides that, there was another thing on her mind.

Every morning and evening, she'd receive a text from an unknown number, which were just simple greetings and caring words.

As Angela sipped on the porridge brought by Sebastian, she placed her phone on the table, and it promptly vibrated.

She glanced at the time. It was always the same: eight o'clock in the morning and ten o'clock at night.

Upon putting down her spoon, she picked up her pager and saw the message. Unsurprisingly, it was from the same unfamiliar number.

'Good morning, it's cooler today. Remember to keep warm and close the window after opening it for a while to prevent catching a cold.'

After reading it, Angela calmly deleted the message.

She could guess it was probably Felix who sent it, but who said she had to respond?

If she were still the naive girl from her past life, she might have felt troubled. She would have unintentionally hurt his feelings by showing affection for Christopher.

But after living for several decades across different lifetimes, she could easily see through his attempts to **woo** young girls.

He wouldn't even put in the slightest effort.

Did he really believe sweet words and gestures could win her over?

After finishing her breakfast and rinsing her mouth, she glanced at herself in the mirror. The wound on her forehead had already scabbed over and was slightly itchy. She dared not scratch it for fear of leaving a scar..

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Upon lifting her clothes, she noticed the once bruised and swollen marks on her arm had turned purplish-red and had begun to subside.

Under Jonathan's arrangement, she had also undergone a thorough examination of her arm.

The text results came back, confirming that her arm was only injured on the surface and hadn't **affected** the bones. She let out a sigh of relief.

Back in her hospital bed, Angela took out the book Jessica had brought her and began reading. It **had** been almost a week since she was admitted, and she had fallen behind in her studies.

She studied diligently all morning, but soon, her eyes started to feel strained, and her mind became foggy.

"Just as you're starting to feel better, make sure to rest properly. You can catch up on your coursework later," a familiar voice said.

It was Joseph.

Angela closed the book and turned her gaze toward Joseph. She spoke calmly, "Joseph"

Joseph, dressed in a white coat, came in and pulled up a chair beside her bed. He reached out to pick up the book from the table and quickly glanced through it.

"Pharmacology?" He raised an eyebrow and smiled. "This **is** something you'd typically study in your third year. It seems a bit early for you to be diving into this."

She pursed her lips and replied, "I'm just skimming through."

She glanced down and caught sight of his sturdy fingers, which were quite seemed perfect for holding a surgical knife.

attractive **and**

When she died, he was at the height of his glory. As the youngest medical prodigy in Riverdon, countless people paid a hefty price for a consultation with him. The wealthy and influential sought him out for surgeries, and the demand was endless.

With such a skilled doctor in the family, Scarlet felt assured that if she donated her Joseph could save Fanny.

organs,

Angela suddenly wondered if, in her previous life, he had used his kidney to operate on Fanny.

But after a brief moment of contemplation, she chuckled.

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She was already deceased. There was no way he would have given up on Fanny's life.

The surgery must have been performed.

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In her previous life, she had served the Kins Family and made sacrifices for Fanny until her death.

"What's so funny?" he inquired upon noticing her wry expression mixed with disappointment and a hint of icy sarcasm.

He couldn't quite comprehend it. Ever since the incident where Fanny and Angela were bullied and ended up in the hospital, Angela's actions upon waking up had surprised him.

While she had caused trouble before, she had never shown such determination and indifference to the consequences.

Angela blinked her long lashes and then looked at him. "Joseph, if both Fanny and I were sick at the same time and you could only save one, who would you choose?"

“You are both my sisters. I would save both of you,” he replied earnestly.

She tilted her head slightly. “But what if you had to choose? Saving Fanny would mean my demise, and vice versa.”

Joseph frowned instinctively, and then his expression softened into a smile. “Stop teasing me like that. Talking about life and death isn’t good luck. You’re all grown up, yet you still envy Fanny.”

A mix of emotions surged in Angela’s heart, and in the end, she just felt ridiculous.

“It’s my fault that I wasn’t there to intervene.” He reached out and placed his hand on her weakened shoulder. As he did so, he sighed. “Cut me some slack and forgive Dad, okay? I heard about what happened. Dad was furious, and you really have a knack for getting him worked up.”

“Joseph, if you’re here to talk about this, then please leave,” Angela said calmly and flipped open her book again. “I also think the family would be better off without me. You wouldn’t have such a hard time, and you wouldn’t have to choose between me and Fanny.”

“Alright, I won’t pressure you. Think it over yourself.”

Joseph had a mighty fine temperament.

Then he glanced at the door and said cautiously, “Let’s not dwell on that. Let’s talk about something cheerful. Fanny is outside with some good news.”

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Earlier, Fanny called him to say she couldn’t enter Angela’s hospital room because Jonathan had ordered the bodyguards to block her.

Angela blinked. She realized it was all for Fanny.

Joseph, would you have come today if it weren’t for Fanny?” Her voice turned cold as her words hung in the air, cool and distant.

“What?”

Angelina smiled faintly. “Never mind. Let Fanny come in.”

She was curious about the good news that had Fanny so eager to share.

With Angela's approval, Fanny was finally allowed to enter.

Fanny looked elegant that day, wearing a Chanel-style dress with white boots. Her long hair flowed over her shoulders which gave her a delicate and pure appearance.

"Angela," Fanny said with a smile as she pulled out a red invitation from her bag. "I wanted you to be the first to know. Old Mr. Sanders has agreed to my engagement with Christopher. The engagement is set for next month. Please get better soon and be my bridesmaid, okay?"

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Chapter 82

Chapter 82 I'd Rather Befriend A Dog

Chapter 82 I'd Rather Befriend A Dog

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As Angela gazed at the vibrant invitation card, a bitter chuckle escaped her lips, and her eyes brimmed with scorn.

After taking the invitation card, she tore it up the next second and tossed it into the nearby trash bin.

"Am I losing my mind, or are you?" she spat, her tone icy. "Asking me to be a bridesmaid, pretending it's a celebration when it's more like a funeral! If envy turns to bitterness and I lash out, what then?"

It sickened her that Fanny would invite her, the former fiancée, to stand beside her **as** a bridesmaid and paint herself as virtuous.

"Angela..." Fanny's eyes reddened as she looked anxiously at Angela.

A touch of vulnerability flashed across her face.

“Angela, please don’t say such hurtful things!” Joseph stepped in front of Fanny and spoke softly to Angela. “This is a significant moment in Fanny’s life. She only has you as a sister. It’s natural for her to want you there. Let’s not give others a reason to mock us at such an important time.”

He thought Angela was just in a bad mood because her engagement was broken.

Fanny felt at a loss. She bowed her head and nodded silently.

Angela’s eyes hardened. “Aren’t I already a laughingstock? My fiancé was stolen, and now I have to pretend everything’s fine and offer my blessings.”

“What did I do to deserve such humiliation from you?”

“Get lost, Fanny! I don’t have a shameless sister like you. Stay away from me and spare me your disgust,” Angela’s tone was icy and filled with disdain.

She exuded a chilling aura, and her pale face reflected her gloom and coldness.

“What’s going on, Fanny, Angela?” Christopher’s anxious voice echoed from the doorway.

Angela looked up and saw Christopher striding toward them.

His gaze first fell on the torn invitation card on the ground; then, instinctively, he pulled Fanny into his arms.

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“What’s wrong?”

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“I wanted to invite Angela to our engagement banquet, but she tore the invitation.” Fanny’s delicate face showed a hint of helplessness and vulnerability. Finally, she hesitated before burying her tearful face in his embrace.

That fragile and beautiful appearance was enough to make anyone’s heart ache. Without saying a word, it made people feel that she must have been bullied by someone with deep scheming and jealous madness.

Christopher’s gaze, as he looked at Angela, mirrored a mix of disgust, hatred, and irrationality, a familiar sight to Angela.

Angela sneered, and her lips curled with disdain.

“Don’t pretend to be affectionate in front of me. You break off your engagement with me, then immediately jump into my sister’s arms. The Sanders Family has no shame, but I certainly do.”

“Are there no other girls left in Riverdon? Making your love rival your bridesmaid, you two are truly despicable. Lock yourselves away and spare others from your harm.”

Christopher Sanders’ heart skipped a beat, a mixture of anger and guilt flooded him, and he felt a prickling sensation in his chest.

He couldn’t go against his grandfather’s wishes. He was engaged to Angela, but he hadn’t clarified things with her. It was his fault, but Fanny was innocent.

She was concerned about Angela’s reaction, which is why she kept silent and prioritized Angela’s feelings.

Fanny bit her lip and stepped out of Christopher’s embrace with tears welling up in her eyes. “Love can’t be forced. Before you returned, Christopher and I were childhood sweethearts.

“I know this engagement was meant for you. At the time, I genuinely wanted to wish you. both well. I held back my feelings for him.

“I didn’t want to hurt you either, but once love takes hold, it can’t be denied. I can’t live without him. Even Old Mr. Sanders now approves. Angela, please, I beg you, forgive us, okay?”

Fanny’s tears broke Christopher’s heart.

Angela looked at them coldly. “Do you think you’re so noble that your emotions can make all three of us cry? Why are both of you so despicable? Do you need to use me as a stepping

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stone to make your supposed beautiful love appear tragic?”

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She threw off the covers, endured the pain, and stood up. Upon picking up the trash can containing the shattered invitation cards, she hurled it at Christopher.

“If you ever speak the truth to me again, Angela declared boldly, “I’d rather befriend a dog than associate with you, Christopher!”

The nurse rushed forward to support Angela, who, now bolstered, continued with even more determination, “If you want my blessings, wait until you’re both dead.”

Christopher, struck by a trash can, was visibly pale. He attempted to defend himself but found himself at a loss for words.

The nurse, equally incensed, couldn’t comprehend the audacity of this family.

“In the old days, a girl like her, shamelessly stealing her sister’s fiancé, would’ve been tossed into a pigpen.”

“Being a third wheel and still strutting around in front of everyone, how shameless and malicious.” The nurse couldn’t contain her anger and turned to Christopher. “Hmm, young man, you clearly lack discernment in women. You’re also a coward and not even as good as the uneducated men in my family.”

With that, she helped Angela sit down, then forcefully pushed the two of them out and instructed the bodyguards not to let them back in.

They couldn’t afford to delay Angela’s recovery.

In the room, only Joseph remained.

“Angela... you don’t seem like yourself right now,” he remarked.

Angela looked up at him, her lips pale. “Ever since I was young, whenever Fanny cried, she **got** whatever she wanted. Everything she did was praised, and I couldn’t argue because it meant I was trying to take things away from her. There was no room for both of us.”

Angela paused, a soft chuckle escaping her lips. “Joseph, do you think I should just swallow my pride and be Fanny’s bridesmaid? But does it really matter? I’m practically invisible in the Kins Family. Will anyone even notice me?”

“Fanny is content with her victories over me,” she added bitterly.

Joseph furrowed his brows and looked at Angela. “You’re overthinking this, Angela. Fanny means no harm.”

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Chapter 82 I’d Rather Befriend A Dog

“Even if there’s no malicious intent, am I supposed to accept it?” Angela’s gaze suddenly turned cold, and weariness filled her heart. “Joseph, just go. I’m tired and need some rest,”

Joseph moved his mouth, but in the end, he didn’t say anything.

But as soon as he stepped out of the door and saw the person standing at the entrance, he paused and frowned. “Zacharias, why are you here?”

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“When Angela had an accident, I was still in seclusion at school conducting experiments. I only found out last night and took the opportunity to come and see today.” Zacharias took out a handkerchief and covered his mouth as he coughed. “Joseph, isn’t it too much to ask Angela to be a bridesmaid? We all know how much Angela liked Christopher before.”

Seeing Zacharias struggling with his cough, Joseph furrowed his brow even deeper and led him to his office.

After a moment of silence, Joseph spoke. “Christopher’s heart belongs to Fanny now, and he’s set to join the Kins Family. We gave Angela a chance, but if she can’t win his love, it’s only fair for Fanny to take her place.”

“But suggesting Fanny to have Angela as a bridesmaid is too much!” Zacharias protested.

Joseph’s eyes turned cold as he inserted his hands into the pockets of his white coat. “Since Christopher and Fanny’s relationship is already settled, it’s better for Angela to face reality sooner. She needs to adapt to the fact that Christopher will be her brother-in-law and handle it with grace. I’m willing to be the bad guy here if it means Angela can move forward.”

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Chapter 83

Chapter 83 Jonathan Is More Fearsome

Chapter 83 Jonathan Is More Fearsome

Jonathan, more fearsome than any demon, always prioritized the family's honor and interests, even if it meant sacrificing a few individuals.

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Maintaining connections with the Sanders Family meant the engagement couldn't be called

off.

Upon hearing this, Zacharias' handsome face darkened. Joseph considered things more comprehensively and took the overall situation into account.

Joseph reassured him, "Alright, don't fret. Head to the office, and I'll check on you later. Why have you been coughing so severely lately?"

He recalled that although Zacharias had coughed before, it hadn't been this severe.

Joseph furrowed his brow. "How are the servants attending to you? If it's not satisfactory, I'll make a change and find someone more attentive."

Zacharias had always been frail, with a weak heart and a history of various illnesses since childhood. There were even times when he was on the verge of death, and it caused his parents countless sleepless nights.

In recent years, his health had somewhat improved thanks to careful adjustments.

Zacharias waved his hand dismissively. "It's not because of the servants. Before, Angela took charge of my diet. She cooked medicinal meals every day. But after Angela left, the medicinal meals stopped. When I asked the kitchen staff, I found out Angela personally made them..."

He paused, feeling a twinge of unease.

Whenever Angela brought him those medicinal meals, he'd get annoyed. She not only insisted he eat them daily but also pestered him with reminders. Her demeanor was almost like an old lady.

Often, it was only with Fanny's reassurance that he managed to finish his meal.

So, he warned Angela to stay out of his room, and Fanny began delivering the nightly medicinal meals instead.

Gradually, he began to credit Fanny for the meals and forgot they were made by Angela.

For a moment, a mix of emotions flickered in Zacharias' dark eyes.

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Chapter 83 Jonathan Is More Fearsome

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On the first floor of the hospital, near the elevator, was Christopher holding Fanny's hand. They stepped out of the elevator, only to be surprised by the sight of a man in a wheelchair waiting at the entrance.

Jonathan's cool gaze met Christopher's, then shifted to Fanny beside him.

In Jonathan's presence, Christopher always felt a palpable tension, and his breaths became.

harder.

He immediately straightened his back, respectfully nodded, and took the initiative to greet,

"Mr. Lawson."

Then he squeezed Fanny's hand and nervously said, "This is Fanny. Fanny, meet Mr. Lawson."

For the first time, Christopher introduced Fanny as his fiancée to the Sanders Family.

Fanny instinctively composed herself and offered a graceful smile as she greeted, "Mr. Lawson."

She couldn't help but wonder why Christopher showed such deference to Jonathan, even more than to his father, Michael.

Although Jonathan is in power now, he is crippled and sick. He's dying, right? The future of the Sanders and Lawson Families rests with Christopher! Fanny mused.

Nevertheless, gratitude was owed. Jonathan had tirelessly assisted Christopher in managing the company.

Jonathan glanced away, his demeanor indifferent. "Once Miss Fanny becomes part of the Sander family, then you can call me 'Mr. Lawson. Your father addresses me as Mr. Lawson, and you want to call me Lawson? Is that appropriate?"

His voice, deep and resonant, carried a hint of disdain

Fanny was taken aback, and her face paled. She was already engaged to Christopher, yet. Jonathan was showing such disrespect.

Fanny nervously bit her lip, unsure how to address him. If her father called him Mr. Lawson, what should she call him? Jonathan was intentionally causing trouble for her.

Meanwhile, Jonathan appeared oblivious **as** his black coat accentuated his cold and aloof demeanor.

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Chapter 8 Jonathan Is More Fearsome

"Mr. Lawson, Fanny is just shy. If you have any grievances, take them up with me. It was my decision to marry her, Christopher quickly interjected upon seeing, *Fanny* being harassed. "And I've already apologized to Angela

Jonathan spoke again, "Alright, go home and kneel in front of the ancestral hall for three hours. Inform your Grandfather about what I said"

Christopher's expression tightened, and his jaw clenched as he reluctantly agreed,

Fanny was stunned, and her eyes widened in disbelief. She retorted icily, "Who do you *think* you are, Jonathan, from another father? What gives you the right to punish Christopher? What did he do wrong?"

Jonathan's gaze remained unwavering, "Make it four hours"

"Are you out of your mind?"

"Fanny, enough!" Christopher's voice was sharp as he scolded her sternly. "You're not allowed to speak to him like that."

Fanny's face turned pale again, and tears welled up in her eyes.

Why was Christopher being so harsh on her? She was only trying to help him!

Seeing her distressed state, Christopher softened a bit. He turned away from her and addressed Jonathan, "Mr. Lawson, Fanny is young and inexperienced. Please don't blame her."

Jonathan's voice was cold as he responded, "When have you seen me lose my temper over trivial matters? When I'm discussing matters with Christopher, it's not your place, **as an** outsider, to interfere in the Sanders Family's affairs."

Fanny clenched her fists. The earlier joy had evaporated from her face.

Remembering past encounters, Christopher dared not speak and only offered a sympathetic glance to Fanny.

Then, a single sentence from Jonathan drained all color from Fanny's face, replacing it with fear.

"By the way, Linda has been arrested by the police. As her close friend, shouldn't you visit her? She's mentioned you several times," Jonathan said casually while smiling. "Since you're marrying into the Sanders Family, remember to be cautious at your age. Avoid getting mixed up with the wrong people, or you'll face consequences."

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Chapter 83 Jonathan Is More Fearsome

After saying that, Simon wheeled Jonathan into the elevator, and they disappeared.

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Meanwhile, Fanny stood frozen, cold sweat trickling down her spine, and her eyes fixed on the closed elevator doors.

Christopher frowned. He was puzzled as he asked her, "What did Jonathan **mean**? Do you know Linda?"

Fanny forced a smile, suppressed her fear, and innocently shook her head.

"I'm not certain. I spoke with Linda before Angela's situation arose. We exchanged a few words as classmates," she explained, looking somewhat upset. "Perhaps Linda, in an attempt to alleviate her guilt, began accusing people indiscriminately? Could Jonathan have misunderstood due to her confrontational attitude?"

Christopher intervened, "Linda won't be getting out, and Jonathan is going to deal with someone. No one can save them. Don't contact Linda anymore."

A moment later, Fanny hesitantly asked, "Why are you so afraid of Jonathan? He bullies. like that, and yet you endure it."

you

Christopher's gaze darkened slightly at the mention of Jonathan. "Our family's situation is complicated. I'll explain more in the future."

"But you scared me earlier. I was so frightened," Fanny confessed, looking sad.

Christopher felt guilty and gently embraced Fanny..

He apologized and explained softly, "I wasn't yelling at you earlier. I was trying to protect you. In the Sanders Family, you can upset me and my dad, but don't provoke Jonathan. He... is not to be underestimated."

Christopher's eyes hinted at a secret, suggesting Jonathan's true nature was more terrifying than anyone could imagine.

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Chapter 84

Chapter 84 The Delicate Family Connection

Chapter 84 The Delicate Family Connection

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In the hospital ward, Angela's private nurse, May, assisted her back onto the bed and kindly pulled up the blanket.

Angela was so furious that her heart throbbed. *What* a group of idiots! They *are* so dumb but *want* to achieve what *their intelligence* is not *capable* of

"Physiognomy-wise, your sister doesn't resemble you at all."

Upon hearing this, Angela smiled brightly. "May, can you even read physiognomy? Indeed, we are not blood-related."

"Well, in my hometown, I had a neighbor who was a fortune-teller. She has been studying it for years." May picked up a broom and swept the floor while saying with

excitement, “Your physiognomy is favorable. Your face is round, and your earlobes are plump, which means that the older you get, the more fortunate you will be.”

Fortunate? Angela neither agreed nor disagreed. In her previous life, she had endured so much hardship and misery. How could that be considered good fortune?

After tidying up, May continued, “However, your brow bone is high, and your eyes are close together, indicating a weak bond with your family. Is your relationship with your family not **good**?”

Instinctively, Angela reached out and touched her brow bone, looking at May with curiosity.

It wasn't entirely inaccurate. But the last time May saw her and her family falling out, even a perceptive person could tell that their relationship was not good.

At that moment, the door swung open, and the sound of a wheelchair rolling quietly filled the room.

Angela raised her head and smiled. “Hi, Jonathan. It's only noon. Why are you free to come

over?”

Lately, Jonathan had been very busy. Several times when he came in the evening, she had already fallen asleep. Although he visited frequently, she hadn't seen much of him. Therefore, Angela was quite pleased to see him unexpectedly during the day.

Jonathan said, “I have a meeting this afternoon, so I stopped by to see you and also inform you about the wedding.”

The wedding! Angela widened her clear eyes. **Is** it settled so quickly? Didn't they *say that* marriages

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Chapter 84 The Delicate Family Connection

in *wealthy families* like theirs are *very complicated*?

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After contemplating for a moment, she realized that it would be quite difficult for her to ask Jonathan to marry her.

He had a bad reputation outside—rumors had it that he was dying—but even if he died, he was still the heir of the Sanders and Lawson Families. Women were waiting in line to marry

him.

As a widow, how much inheritance would she receive? Money that couldn't be spent in ten lifetimes.

“Did Mr. Sanders Sr. agree?” Angela asked curiously.

Jonathan would marry her, while Christopher would take Fanny as his wife. Both ladies of the Kins Family getting married to the brothers seemed simply impossible in the world of prestigious families.

Would Kevin agree for the sake of the family's development?

Jonathan calmly replied, “Hmm, once you're feeling better, we'll choose a date for my grandfathers to come and propose. We'll get the marriage certificate first, and then we can plan the wedding according to your preferences, taking it slow.”

Finally, it dawned on Angela that she was about to get married. Although it was a fake marriage, there were still certain procedures that Jonathan had to go through, and the ceremony

had to be grand!

“Then... What about Fanny Kins?” Angela couldn't help but ask. “It's not very pleasant for the sisters from the Kins Family to marry a pair of brothers, is it?”

“Don't worry about what others say,” Jonathan replied calmly, accepting the tea that Sebastian handed to him. He raised his eyes and added, “If Fanny Kins could proceed and marry Christopher, she is considered a part of the Sanders Family.”

Angela fell silent, her eyes rolling as she pondered his words. He made a valid point. Although Fanny and Christopher were engaged, whether she could actually marry into the family was uncertain.

A glimmer of light appeared in Angela's eyes as she noticed that Fanny seemed to have a lot of free time as she frequently visited the hospital. *I need to find something to keep Fanny busy. Since they're getting engaged, I must give her a significant gift.*

Jonathan glanced at Angela. Her fair cheeks had a hint of rosy color, and her previously sunken cheeks appeared slightly fuller. She's being *well taken care of*, he noted.

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Chapter 84 The Delicate Family Connection.

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Then, **he** saw the books on the table and shifted his gaze back to her. “It’s been over a week since you last went to school. Are you keeping up with your coursework? Do you need to ask the teacher for extra **lessons?**”

Individual tutoring from university professors? Their subject teachers had at least a doctoral degree, and most of them were associate professors or professors. It was even rumored that next year, there would be academicians teaching.

Instantly, Angela felt the pressure rise and shook her head frantically. “No, it’s fine. Jessica helped me get the class president’s notes, and with the books, I can manage.

Angela’s current appearance reminded one of a fortunate student who had suddenly caught the attention of the class teacher and was both nervous and bewildered. Jonathan couldn’t help but laugh at her, raising his chin to signal her to put away the book. “Alright, put the book away, and let’s eat. Sebastian has set the table.”

His tone is truly reminiscent of a concerned parent, Angela thought.

If he didn’t die in the future, it would be truly disastrous for his child. Having a genius-level father was too oppressive.

Ever since Angela could move, they had been eating in the small living room of the suite. Otherwise, the room would be filled with the smell of food, and it would take a long time to

air out.

As usual, the lunch today was from Laurel Hotel. Every day, they ordered takeout from Laurel Hotel, and there was a moment when Angela felt it was extravagant.

In this era, the average salary was only a few hundred, and a meal from the Laurel Hotel cost more than the monthly salary of an ordinary family. Over this period, she must have consumed the annual income of an ordinary family.

Feeling guilty, Angela picked up her fork tentatively. *It’s so delicious, and it tastes even better* when it’s free!

After a few bites, she suddenly realized that this seemed to be the first time she was truly eating with Jonathan.

Quickly, she looked up and glanced at him across from her. His charisma was truly innate; even when eating, his movements, not to mention his exceptionally handsome face, were pleasing to the eye. Every aspect of him met her aesthetic requirements.

Even if she wasn't hungry, just looking at his face made her want to eat two more portions of meals. It was really addictive!

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Chapter 84 The Delicate Family Connection.

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"Just now, the doctor told me that you can be discharged this weekend." Jonathan slightly turned his head toward her.

"Can I be discharged from the hospital?" Angela exclaimed with joy, her eyes glowing.

Jonathan put down his fork, and the **edges** of **his** lips curved **up**. "So, remember to prepare. your ID card."

"Okay!" Angela obediently nodded.

"As for the dowry, do you have any requests?"

Angela widened her eyes and spoke firmly, "Marrying you is already beyond my wildest dreams. I don't **dare** to have any other requests, so you can decide. Or... How about not giving any dowry? I'm willing to pay for it!"

This is a fake marriage, *after* all. *The* dowry... This realistic aspect is *unnecessary*, right? *How can I* afford it when we are getting a divorce?

Jonathan chuckled and tapped the table with his slender fingers. "Are you expecting me to get married without offering a dowry? Are you trying to give me **a** bad name?"

"Well... it's up to you. Just a symbolic gesture **is** enough," Angela muttered, pursing her lips.

Chapter 85 Felix Chandler's Information

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Chapter 85

Chapter 85 Felix Chandler's Information.

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After a moment, Jonathan nodded. "Okay, I'll take care of it. *She's young and naive*, not knowing that she *should fight for her* interests. *Let* the two families discuss it when the time comes, *then*.

In any case, she wouldn't be taken advantage of. A woman's second marriage was different from a man's.

While Jonathan **was** contemplating what dowry to give, Angela turned her gaze and said, "Jonathan, if we have to go through this process, will you talk to Uncle Donald about the engagement? If my parents find out that I'm marrying you, I don't know how much trouble they will cause."

"Only if they're capable can they cause trouble for me." Jonathan remained calm and picked up some food for Angela. "Don't be picky. Where did you learn this bad habit?"

Angela opened her mouth, but in the end, she just looked at the food in her bowl and reluctantly said, "Um... okay."

She was almost twenty years old, and with her past life added in, she would be in her fifties or sixties. Yet, she was being scolded for being picky!

Couldn't she eat whatever she wanted? She just didn't like celery and some other vegetables. Was there no joy in life anymore?

Suddenly, the mobile phone placed on the table vibrated a few times. Angela set down her fork and, **as** if trying to avoid something, immediately picked up her phone, unlocking the

screen.

It was an unfamiliar number, but this time, it was a multimedia message. Multimedia messages cost about fifty cents each, which is quite expensive.

'I just took it casually to share today's good mood with you, the text, read, and the illustration. was the street view of the city park.

Ah, this *indescribable desire to share*, Angela thought.

In 2004, when color screen mobile phones were just becoming popular, Felix was hinting to her that his phone already had a camera function. How impressive!

In today's context, he did have something to show off.

For example, her cell phone could only make calls, send text messages, and access the Internet without the function of taking photos or even playing mobile games.

Touchscreen

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phones were probably only produced in the country around 2007.

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As someone who had lived for more than a decade and experienced the rapid revolution and replacement of internet technology, she felt embarrassed to show off such things. It was like trying to impress with a magical castle.

Without hesitation, she deleted the multimedia message.

"What's wrong?"

Angela lazily answered, "Nothing, just junk messages."

However, Felix reminded her of Horace. Her nephew was born in the winter of 2005, and now it was early December, which meant she had at most two or three months left to let Queenie know Horace's true colors.

With this in mind, Angela turned to Jonathan. Though her thoughts were not written on her face, her shimmering eyes were filled with a plea—I need your help.

Wiping his hands with a napkin, Jonathan asked, "Tell me, what's the matter?"

Angela smiled awkwardly, feeling somewhat annoyed. Even before getting married, she was already starting to trouble him. She wondered if he would find her troublesome and was afraid of being a burden.

She didn't like to trouble others and was afraid of being bothered by others, perhaps due to the lessons she learned from her past life.

"It's 1:20 p.m. now, and I have to leave by 1:30 p.m. at the latest." Jonathan rolled up his sleeve, revealing the wristwatch on his wrist, and glanced at the time.

Seeing this, Angela quickly said, "Jonathan, may I borrow your men at the door for a while?" As she spoke, she couldn't help but look toward the door.

Jonathan gazed at her calmly without uttering a word, and she immediately continued, "Don't worry, I won't harm anyone. Do you remember my cousin-in-law, Horace Swine? Although I suspect him of cheating, I have no evidence. Let's have someone follow him, take some photos, and convince my cousin to give up on him and divorce him!"

Jonathan inquired, "Are you close with your cousin?"

Angela nodded, then whispered, "When I first returned to the Kins Family, I was naive and had a rural accent. I couldn't speak properly, and my parents and classmates looked down on me. They mocked me for having a country accent, so I became even more reluctant to speak. That's why my grandmother took me away. Uncle Donald used to bring Queenie and Quincy

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to visit me frequently and even helped me correct my accent by giving me extra lessons.

"Oh, by the way, Uncle Donald is a teacher! He's quite knowledgeable, teaching language and math and occasionally filling in as a history teacher."

Unlike the other members of the Kins Family, Donald's family truly treated her as a family. caring for her deeply. Even when she managed to win over the girl that Quincy liked to please Joseph, deep down, Quincy still cared for her.

He would scold her but give her pocket money and occasionally buy her snacks at the same time. He was more like a brother to her than her real brothers.

Many times, she would rather be Donald's daughter—a sister to Queenie and Quincy—than be born to Scarlet.

Although it was her bad past, and when Angela talked about it, it seemed like it had been many years, and she reminisced about it with calmness and tranquility.

“Have some fruit. These fruits are delicious and very sweet!” May placed the fruits on the table and tried a piece from the cherries and pears imported from abroad. She had never seen them before, but they tasted incredibly delicious!

Jonathan pushed the fruit platter toward Angela and spoke softly, “I'd advise you against getting involved in this matter, as it may affect your relationship with her.”

From his reminder, Angela understood his concerns, and a warm feeling welled up in her chest as she smiled gently. “Do you think I'm that foolish? After gathering the evidence, I will anonymously send it to Queenie and then subtly encourage her from behind.”

Family secrets should not be exposed, and Horace's affair was a private and embarrassing matter for Queenie, so the fewer people who knew about it, the better.

Even though she was close with Queenie, she wouldn't be foolish enough to confront Horace in person and tell Queenie to divorce him.

Life was just like drinking water; only the one drinking it knew its warmth and coldness. To overcome it, Queenie had to rely on herself.

Jonathan was slightly surprised; his thin lips curved, and he reached out to touch her hair. “As long as you understand. I have something to attend to. Enjoy your meal, and don't be picky.”

The man's large and warm palm covered her head, rendering her unable to move. What else could she do besides agreeing? Could she disagree?

After he departed, Angela was relieved, immediately selected the food she liked, and finished

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her meal. Then, she strolled around the ward, counting the days. The pills she had prepared last time should be running out soon for Jonathan. She needed to acquire new pills and also catch up on

the acupuncture treatment that should have been done once a week.

Once she was discharged on the weekend, she not only had to make the honey pills but also had to confirm the acupuncture treatment plan again.

is overall

She was confident that she could cure Jonathan's legs and enable him to walk, but health was really poor. It couldn't be fixed in a short time and would take at least a few years to make adjustments.

The illness inherited from birth, combined with the worsening condition over time and the malicious intentions of some people, an ordinary person wouldn't have made it this far. To be honest, his body was solely sustained by medication.

The more familiar Angela became with his physical condition, the more she realized that perhaps in the past life, Jonathan's death was imminent.

She wrote down the treatment plan and neatly folded it into her small backpack.

Meanwhile, in the hospital's underground parking lot, Jonathan entered the black car. Simon, seated in the passenger seat, turned around and handed over a list along with several photos. "These are the individuals Miss Angela has encountered, along with the information gathered from their conversations at the hospital over the past **few** days. And here is Felix Chandler's dossier.

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Chapter 86

Chapter 86 Her Princess Room

Chapter 86 Her Princess Room

Jonathan reviewed the photos and information, quickly scanning the individuals in the photos before setting them aside. His focus was primarily on Felix's information.

The information was concise, detailing Felix's **past** and criminal records. Although there were no instances of murder or arson, there were numerous fights and brawls, and he had been incarcerated multiple times.

Jonathan read through it swiftly, flipping through a few pages with his slender fingers, and his gaze finally settled on a few lines. It mentioned that Felix had once taken matters into his own hands and, on behalf of Horace, confronted a colleague who had a falling out with him at the company. He didn't hold back, but in the end, Horace covered it up with money.

Scratching his nose, Simon remarked, "It seems like... there is no evidence of anyone else involved with Miss Angela."

Angela's identity was truly unsettling, and the timing of her appearance was remarkably coincidental.

"Hmm..." Jonathan pondered for a moment before speaking calmly, "Handle those suspicious: individuals."

Simon simply replied, "Understood." He pursed his lips and silently criticized in his mind, Just your luck, *Felix* Chandler. You keep making wrong decisions and even *try to get your paws* on the boss' *girlfriend*.

Time flew by, and a few days later, it was time for Angela to be discharged from the hospital. During her stay, she had been resting peacefully in the hospital, receiving excellent care and making a good recovery.

Sebastian personally arrived to pick her up from the hospital, taking note of the doctor's instructions to ensure nothing was overlooked. As they left the hospital, he insisted on carrying everything, leaving Angela to walk ahead empty-handed, feeling slightly uncomfortable.

Although she wasn't accustomed to it, her heart felt warm. In her previous **so**-called family, she had never experienced such care and was even treated as a servant. She never expected.

find a sense of home and warmth from people who weren't related to her by blood.

Especially when comparing it to the last time she was discharged, Fanny was surrounded by many people while Angela was completely forgotten and left at the hospital entrance.

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Sebastian sat in the driver's seat, smiling as he said, "This time, when we return, we will stay at Master Jonathan's place. He specifically instructed someone to prepare a room for you, Angela, See if you like it later"

For a second, Angela was taken aback. Are we going to be *living* together? Is this Jonathan's *idea*?

But **Jonathan** must have his intentions, so Angela obediently agreed, "Okay, thank you, Sebastian"

At the villa.

Compared to the desolation she had witnessed upon her arrival, the courtyard now brimmed with life. Various potted plants and blooming roses adorned the yard, creating a spring-like atmosphere that instantly lifted one's spirits. A beautiful climbing rose was in full bloom.

Sebastian smiled. "Thanks to your suggestion, Angela, the yard looks much more beautiful. after planting the roses."

Angela couldn't help but admire them for a moment. *Is all of this created with money?*

Planting roses **was** no easy task, especially for so many of them. It must have been quite costly because they could be planted in winter for spring bloom.

After crossing the courtyard and entering the villa, May led her to see her room.

"I wasn't sure what you would like, Angela, so I prepared things that girls usually enjoy, such as dolls, trinkets, and princess dresses..." May led her upstairs while muttering, feeling a bit. nervous about Angela's opinion.

Having worked as a caregiver before, May knew how to cook and take care **of** people. Unexpectedly, Jonathan doubled her salary and hired her to continue looking after Angela.

It was like a dream come true, and May was determined to take excellent care of Angela and ensure her satisfaction.

They halted in front of a room, and May opened the door for her. As the scene came into view, Angela was momentarily stunned. She hesitated before entering, taking in the furnishings inside the room at a slow pace.

The room **was** spacious and immaculate, something she could never have imagined before. Every aspect of the room was adorned in a delicate pink color, with the wallpaper, wardrobe, desk, and bedding all perfectly coordinated. It was charming without being gaudy, and one could say it was a room fit for a true princess.

The bedding was neatly arranged, and the silk fabric appeared incredibly soft and smooth. It

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was evident that sleeping on it would be very comfortable.

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In the innermost part of the room was a dressing room, even larger than the storage room where she used to sleep. It was filled with tastefully designed dresses of various colors, along with matching hair accessories and shoes.

Angela stared at all of this and suddenly recalled the day she was first brought to the Kins Family.

She was still young at that time, timidly following the adults through the threshold of the Kins Family. It was easy for her to spot Fanny, who was surrounded by her parents and brothers.

Fanny, who was fair and wore a stunning princess dress, ran over to greet her. She was holding a doll that few children in that era would possess, making her appear like a little princess—noble and reserved.

On the other hand, Angela was just a child from the countryside, with dark and sallow skin, wearing homemade and rustic clothes. Her shoes even had a bit of dust on them, making her seem like a speck of dirt compared to Fanny.

However, Fanny seemed very excited about her arrival, wearing a joyful expression on her face. She took Angela's hand and led her into the house, enthusiastically showing Angela the layout of *her* home and her room.

It was an extremely feminine room, with furniture and bedding that were spotless. There were also dozens of cute and delicate dolls, clearly a princess room that had been meticulously cared for. All of this was something Angela had never seen before. To her, it felt like stepping into another world.

“My parents and brothers arranged all of this for me. Isn’t it beautiful?” Fanny smiled innocently, blinking. “Angela, if you like my room, I will tell Mom and Dad to give this room to **you**.”

At that time, Angela was young and believed in Fanny’s friendliness and generosity. She nodded cautiously and quickly added, “It’s okay, I can stay in another room...”

But in Fanny’s interpretation, it became Angela’s demand for the princess room; otherwise, she wouldn’t stay with the Kins Family.

These words were said behind her back, and as George and Scarlet observed their eldest daughter’s troubled face, they thought Angela was simply causing trouble as soon as she returned. In the end, they decided to let her stay in the storage room.

The contrast between them was simply stunning.

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Angela snapped out of her thoughts and couldn’t help but feel a pang of sadness. A mist clouded her round and clear eyes.

This was her room. In this life, she was no longer alone and helpless.

Suddenly, a phone call came in. Angela took out her phone and pressed the answer button. To her surprise, it was Samuel calling.

Once he confirmed that she could hear his voice, he didn’t even bother with greetings and immediately began questioning her, sounding quite displeased, “Why did **you** suddenly leave. the hospital? You didn’t follow the doctor’s orders or even inform anyone from **home**. I came to pick you up today, but you deliberately avoided me and made me wait outside. Aren’t your being a bit too much?”

After a long silence on the other end of the phone, he impatiently added, “Did you hear me? If you heard, then come back right away.”

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Chapter 87

Chapter 87 The Funeral for Samuel

Chapter 87 The Funeral for Samuel

It proved to be quite a challenge. James was occupied with business negotiations, Joseph was undergoing surgery, and Zacharias was too weak to handle the labor involved.

He was the only one available to take care of it.

When he received Joseph’s call, he took a leave of absence from school and rushed to the hospital.

However, upon arrival, there was no sign of anyone.

Angela must have *deliberately* done this!

“Samuel, have you

lost your

mind? Since when do I need your permission to be discharged? What amount of alcohol have you consumed to reach such an astonishing level of arrogance?” Angela sneered.

“You...”

“What? Have you gone deaf or lost your hearing? I said it last time that I will remove my name from the Kins Family registry and sever all ties with you. Your brain and ears are useless, beyond repair. You should start over.”

Take me home? For what?

Last time, she nearly faced a fatal beating, and Samuel stood by, observing with cold detachment.

Upon hearing her words, Samuel felt his anger rise instantly.

He angrily retorted, “Angela, you truly don’t know how to appreciate kindness! Our family has treated you well all these years, but I never expected you to become such an ungrateful person. Not only do you constantly cause trouble, but you also take advantage of others’ kindness!”

Angela moved her phone away, listening to his accusations, her smile becoming even more mocking.

Treated me well? Is he referring to wearing worn-out clothes laundered until they turn white, sleeping on a broken and frigid bed, and enduring bone-chilling cold in a cramped storage room qualify as good

treatment?

“Today, Fanny personally cooked for you to welcome you back from the hospital. She worked

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tirelessly all morning. Is this how you appreciate someone’s sincere efforts?” Samuel frowned, feeling that Fanny’s efforts were not valued.

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Normally, they would never let Fanny cook. It was only because she insisted on cooking to welcome Angela that they agreed.

Otherwise, they wouldn’t have brought Angela home on Fanny’s special day, causing such a chaotic and unpleasant atmosphere and ruining the mood.

“The food she cooked?” Angela scoffed, not hiding the sarcasm in her tone. “I dare not even taste the ‘delicious’ foods she made. I’m afraid I’ll be poisoned. You and your family can enjoy it.”

In her previous life, she was always busy cooking for them. Fanny never had the chance to cook. Occasionally, she tried a few times, but the food was simply terrible.

Once, Fanny claimed to have baked a cake for her. Angela wanted to please them, so she forced herself to eat it all.

As a result, she had stomach pain and diarrhea that night. She felt completely weak. She had to drag herself to the landline and call for emergency help. In the end, she stayed in the hospital for several days.

But not a single person believed that Fanny had tampered with the cake. They even blamed her for having poor health and wasting money on medical expenses.

Upon thinking back to the past, Angela felt even more disheartened.

“What right do you have to criticize what Fanny has made? What Fanny makes is a thousand times better than what you make!” Samuel was completely enraged.

rolled her eyes. “If it’s so delicious, then eat more. I’ll contact the crematorium for you and arrange your funeral. You don’t need to thank me.”

After saying that, Angela abruptly hung up the phone.

Not one to flatter, but retaliating with full force, it was indeed a joyous day for her.

Suddenly, she heard a familiar deep voice coming from downstairs.

Angela hurriedly went downstairs to see a man in a black hoodie pushing Jonathan into the living room.

Upon hearing her footsteps running downstairs, Jonathan looked up at her and said softly, “Take it easy: your body has just recovered.”

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“The arrangements have been made. We will go out later. Someone will pick up Uncle Donald and the others and take them to the Laurel Hotel to discuss the wedding.” Jonathan paused for a moment and spoke casually, “You haven’t forgotten, have you?”

Wedding?

Angela suddenly widened her eyes. She was the one about to get engaged, and the feeling in her heart suddenly became strange.

“No... I haven’t forgotten.” She coughed and stammered, “Jonathan, isn’t it a bit rushed to discuss the wedding today?”

Angela didn’t expect to discuss the wedding immediately after being discharged from the hospital, which essentially meant on the same day.

So, does that mean *Jonathan* and I will be *getting* our marriage certificate in *the next few days*?

Upon looking at her standing obediently, her innocent and confused face, Jonathan suddenly found it particularly interesting.

He chuckled lightly and said leisurely, “My grandpa and my dad checked the almanac. Today is an auspicious day, where wishes come true, and success comes easily.”

Angela turned on her phone and glanced at the calendar. It was a really good day, suitable for traveling, praying for blessings, and getting engaged.

Upon seeing the words ‘getting engaged’ on the calendar, Angela’s fair earlobes gradually turned crimson. “It really is a good day.”

Jonathan looked at Angela’s clothes, running his hands up and down, and said, “Go upstairs and change into a new outfit.”

Angela felt a bit nervous. Although she had lived for many years, she had never been married and had always been alone in her previous life.

Whatever Jonathan said now, she would do it.

Angela nodded and glanced at her inexpensive clothes, which didn’t cost more than six dollars in total.

This would definitely embarrass Jonathan.

Understanding his intention, Angela went upstairs to change her clothes. She could sacrifice her own image but not Jonathan’s!

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Jonathan looked at May, who immediately understood and followed Angela upstairs to help..

Downstairs, Jonathan stayed in the living room. Sebastian handed him two long lists, saying, "Master Jonathan, these are the gift lists prepared by the two elders."

Jonathan raised an eyebrow and asked, "Why are there two lists?"

Sebastian looked conflicted and said, "They were not satisfied with each other's gift lists, so they each made their own, saying they would give separately."

Jonathan rubbed his temples with a headache.

Meanwhile, at the Kins Residence.

In the living room, Fanny was wearing the new dress she had just received as a birthday gift from James. She twirled happily in front of her family, showcasing the exquisite design and the youthful beauty of her figure.

She stopped and looked at them with anticipation on her small face, smilingly asking, "How **does** this dress look?"

Scarlet smiled and looked at her precious daughter, leading the praise, "Of course it looks beautiful! You're so cute and pretty. You look good in any dress!"

Other people naturally followed suit, with James indulgently saying, "Fanny, whatever style of dress you like, I will buy it for you. Just tell me."

"I don't need so many dresses. What I really want is for our family to always be happy together, Fanny said, coming over and linking her arm with his, her smile radiant.

Upon hearing these words, everyone suddenly felt that she was sensible.

James was satisfied and relieved. Suddenly, he remembered something and snorted coldly, "Fanny is sensible, unlike that troublemaker..."

"James, let's not mention her," Samuel said, even more dissatisfied, still remembering the phone call earlier. "Fanny remembered her on her birthday today, but that heartless person didn't come. Disgusting!"

When will Angela *be* as obedient as Fanny? Samuel thought about Angela's aggressive tone on the phone and felt a bit uncomfortable for some reason.

Upon seeing that the atmosphere was about to turn gloomy, Zacharias took a small gift box

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from the nearby table and placed it in Fanny's hands.

"Fanny, today is your birthday. You're twenty years old now, a grown-up. I had someone bring you a necklace from abroad. Take a look and see if you like it."

"Oh my goodness, this necklace is absolutely stunning, exclaimed Fanny with delight as she opened the box. It was truly a delightful surprise. The necklace was a new design that had been featured in a fashion magazine, making it both expensive and difficult to find. The fact that she was able to acquire it showed Zacharias thoughtfulness. Fanny expressed her gratitude by saying. "Thank you, Zacharias. I will definitely wear it often in the future."

After expressing her gratitude, Fanny noticed another gift box placed beside Zacharias.

Curiosity piqued, Fanny inquired, "Zacharias, what is inside that box??

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Chapter 88

Chapter 88 The Engagement With Jonathan

"Oh, this..." Upon noticing Fanny looked at another gift box, Zacharias hesitated before answering her. He glanced at the others and said, "In theory, today is also Angela's birthday, so I think we should give her a gift as well."

Fanny and Angela were born on the same day, which led to the mix-up.

Although their birthdays coincided, Zacharias recalled that Angela was hardly ever celebrated in the family. Sometimes, she didn't even receive verbal blessings.

With this in mind, Zacharias **felt** something amiss in his heart, so he casually prepared an extra gift.

Moreover, he always felt uneasy about having Angela be Fanny's bridesmaid.

After all, Angela was their sister, too.

Upon hearing that the gift was for Angela, Samuel's expression instantly turned cold.

He walked over quickly, snatched the gift box from the table, and opened it. Then, he coldly said, "Look at her recent attitude toward us, rebellious to no end, sometimes talking nonsense! How can she, who is so immature, wear the same necklace as Fanny?"

"Zacharias, you're showing favoritism." Samuel looked at him with a puzzled expression, not understanding why Zacharias suddenly prepared a gift for Angela. "Today is Fanny's birthday, the most important day of the year. Yet, you're only thinking about Angela."

Zacharias didn't argue back, but his brows furrowed. *Today is the most important day of the year. Isn't it an important day for Angela as well?*

Upon seeing the two of them arguing, Fanny looked worried and said, "Zacharias, Samuel. can you please not be angry? I'm actually very happy to be able to wear the same necklace as Angela, and it's a gift from Zacharias... Angela doesn't have any bad intentions. She might have encountered something recently that makes it difficult for her to control her emotions. and unintentionally upset our parents."

Fanny pursed her lips, as if she had thought of something. Her eyes slightly reddened, giving her an innocent and kind appearance. "Although Angela has always been reluctant to get close to me, I believe that she considers us as a family in her heart."

With these few words, everyone suddenly became even more annoyed with Angela.

Samuel gently touched Fanny's head with a pained expression. "Fanny, when will you

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toughen up and stop defending Angela? We all see how immature she is. She's even moving her household registration, so it doesn't matter what she does."

Fanny bit her lip. "But..."

"There's nothing to argue about. You're not allowed to speak up for her anymore." Samuel cut her off, feeling even more dissatisfied with Angela.

The difference between people is truly significant. Fanny's words are always pleasant to hear, while Angela never fails to infuriate me!

In the midst of their conversation, George urged from downstairs, "It's almost time. Are you all ready?"

They responded and gradually made their way downstairs.

Samuel looked at Fanny with some concern and tried to cheer her up. "Alright, stop thinking about her all the time. Today is your birthday, let's celebrate together. James made the effort to book a private room at the Laurel Hotel. Just tell us what you want to eat."

Upon hearing this, Fanny smiled and playfully said, "Samuel, you all are so good to me."

"You are my sister. Of course, I'll be good to you." Samuel smiled and pinched her nose.

The family happily drove to the Laurel Hotel.

At the Laurel Hotel.

When Donald and the family arrived at the hotel entrance and caught a glimpse of the grand scene from outside the gate, they couldn't help but feel a mix of emotions.

They would never dare to spend money on such a luxurious place in their daily lives. Even if they were to simply have a meal, their monthly living expenses would probably be

gone.

Emilia observed the interior decoration with great interest and sighed. "They must be incredibly wealthy. With the amount of money they spend on just two dishes here, we could buy several bags of groceries at the market!"

Her voice was a bit loud, so Hecate grabbed her, and she reluctantly stopped talking.

"Please follow me. Mr. Lawson is in the private room upstairs." Simon, who was waiting at the entrance, recognized them and gave a slight bow before leading the way.

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Once inside the hotel, the interior decoration and scenery were even more impressive. The atmosphere was serene and luxurious without being gaudy.

Not to mention the various ornaments, they were all expensive..

Upon taking advantage of no one noticing, Emilia surreptitiously reached out and tried to put a crystal ashtray into her pocket.

There are plenty of ashtrays around here, so it doesn't matter if I take this one!

"Mom, what are you doing?" Hecate noticed her stuffing something into her pocket. She frowned and spoke to Emilia in a low voice with a hint of reproach.

Although their family was not wealthy, they shouldn't have engaged in such thieving behavior.

Emilia was stopped and reluctantly put the ashtray back in its place. "Why are you so nervous? I was just curious and wanted to take a look."

I just want to take it to sell and improve our family's lives.

Hecate had a complicated look in her eyes but didn't say anything. Deep down, she had mixed feelings.

During the day, Angela suddenly called Hecate and said she was getting married. The former invited Hecate and the family to come and discuss the marriage proposal with Jonathan's family. Hecate was shocked and thought Angela was joking.

But soon after, someone knocked on the door. Several well-dressed men said they were sent by Jonathan to pick them up.

There were several expensive cars downstairs, clearly indicating wealth.

The groom's family appeared quite affluent, and they couldn't afford to have Angela embarrassed!

On the way upstairs, although Emilia didn't engage in any more shady activities, her mouth was not idle.

Upon thinking about Angela getting engaged to such a wealthy family, she felt a bit bitter in her heart. "I don't know what Angela has to offer. She actually found someone rich and influential. In my opinion, the groom is either disabled or much older. After all, Angela is a rejected woman..."

Upon seeing that Emilia wanted to continue speaking, Quincy interrupted coldly, "Grandma!

Wait until we meet them before saying anything.”

If the situation unfolded as Emilia suggested, he would be the first to oppose Angela marrying someone like that.

Emilia pursed her lips and thought about Angela’s previous engagement with Christopher, speculating.

She felt that Angela didn’t seem like a reliable person. *Maybe she has already done everything she needs to do with Christopher.*

*A girl who isn’t morally upright wouldn’t be able to find a good family. The groom might really be an older man in his fifties or sixties, marrying Angela as his **mistress**. Just like the girl downstairs in our neighborhood, being someone’s mistress.*

Meanwhile, inside the private room.

Angela sat upright, obediently sitting next to Jonathan, enduring the intense scrutiny of the two elderly people.

“Are you hungry, Angela? I’ll have some desserts brought in first for you.” Bruce smiled warmly, very satisfied with this obedient and lovely girl in front of him.

When Jonathan said he wanted to marry Angela, Bruce was so happy that he hardly slept.

Angela was pensive and quickly waved her hand at the words. “It’s okay, Grandpa, I’m not very hungry right now.”

Kevin caressed the jade ring on his thumb. He looked at Angela for a while and then sighed before speaking, “Originally, you were engaged to Jon. After some twists and turns, you ended up marrying Jon. This is a dream come true for your grandpa.”

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Chapter 89

Chapter 89 His Money Will All Be Yours

Angela was taken aback. She only knew that the Kinses and Sanderses had a marriage pact, and that was the extent of it. She didn't know any other details. Moreover, in her past life, she was young at the time, so she didn't think to ask questions.

"A pact with my grandfather? Old Mr. Sanders, do you know my grandfather?" Angela asked curiously. Her grandfather had passed away many years by the time she was brought back from the countryside.

Moreover, her grandmother rarely mentioned him in the few years she lived with her.

Meeting Angela's curious gaze, Kevin, with eyes filled with a hint of lament, asked, "Did your grandmother never mention him to you?"

He couldn't believe Charlotte never mentioned Henry to Angela despite having raised the young woman herself for years.

Angela shook her head in response. "No, my grandmother was never one with many words. and usually prefers to engage with her herbs instead. She barely ever mentioned my grandfather. If anything, all she said was that he died catching a thief."

In an instant, many thoughts crossed Angela's mind.

The Kins should still have been insignificant two decades ago, yet Grandpa managed to make a marriage pact with Old Mr. Sanders!

"That was how Charlotte explained it to you?!" Kevin pondered, sighing under his breath. "There are only so few that I ever admire, and your grandfather happened to be one of them. He was a remarkable figure. Unfortunately, he passed away too soon."

Angela was taken aback. She had seen a photo of her grandparents together before. In that photo, her grandfather looked to be in his forties, with a gentle and warm demeanor, wearing gold-rimmed glasses that showed off his youthful charm. But from his clothing, he seemed like an ordinary person.

Why would Old Mr. Sanders say Grandpa is a remarkable figure? Angela couldn't comprehend it.

Bruce, seeing that Angela's attention was fully on Kevin, clicked his tongue disapprovingly. "Why talk about such gloomy topics? Today is Jon and Angela's engagement. Talk about something cheerful!"

At that, he turned to Angela with a beaming smile. "Angela, if there's anything you want to eat, just speak up. We're not short of money. In the future, whatever is Jon's will all be yours.

Splurge all you want!"

Splurge? Oh, hell *no!* I'll have to return *them* all!

Only she and Jonathan were in on the fake marriage agreement. The fact that the two elders. treated her like their prospective granddaughter-in-law made her guilt-ridden.

Restlessly, Angela nudged Jonathan under the table, then leaned slightly toward him, signaling him to say something to save the situation.

Without batting an eyelid, Jonathan shifted the refreshments on the table toward Angela, then whispered into her ear, "We have to play the full act. Others will only think Grandpa is right. What's mine is yours. Mrs. Lawson can spend however she likes."

Touche... Angela couldn't refute him. Still, she felt the pressure suddenly weighing on her.

Meanwhile, the two elders watched the young couple—one handsome and refined and the other lively and youthful—whisper to each other and thought they made the perfect pair.

Just then, Donald and his family arrived, and Donald's heart skipped a beat when he saw Jonathan in a wheelchair, feeling shocked and somewhat displeased.

Though Angela had mentioned that the groom wasn't in the best of health, he assumed that the man was just lacking in strength. Little did he know that it was to the extent of being wheelchair-bound.

Angela had a difficult childhood, *and* now, even *her* husband's disabled... How can he provide *her* with a *happy and fulfilling life?!*

"Hello, I'm Bruce Lawson, Jonathan's grandfather from his mother's side. You can just call me Bruce," Bruce greeted them warmly, bridging their gap with his words.

Donald shook hands with him and quickly responded, "No, that wouldn't be right. You're an elder. I should call you Mr. Lawson, at least."

As he looked at the elder before him, Donald thought he looked somewhat familiar, and after a moment of recollection, he realized he often saw Bruce on television, a notable figure who had participated in military parades.

Suddenly, his mood grew complicated, and his smile turned somewhat stiffened.

If he's really the guy on TV, then... Donald's heart began racing.

Meanwhile, Kevin snorted disapprovingly, disliking Bruce's tendency to stand out and be in the spotlight. He approached the Kinses and spoke as gently as he could, "Hello, I'm

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Jonathan's grandfather, Kevin Sanders. Please, have a seat and talk over the meal."

Donald widened his eyes in surprise, for he thought Kevin's name also sounded unusually familiar, like one he frequently heard on the financial channels.

At that, he whispered to his son, "Google if these two elders are the same Bruce Lawson and Kevin Sanders on TV."

In two shakes, Quincy handed his phone to his father with a solemn look.

Donald glanced down at the picture and the lengthy introduction of individuals on the screen, and his heart nearly leaped out of his throat as he stiffly handed the phone back to his

son.

Angela finally found her place and quickly introduced Jonathan to her uncle and aunt. "Uncle Donald, Aunt Hecate, this is Jonathan." Then she lowered her head and said to Jonathan, "You can just follow my lead and call them Uncle Donald and Aunt Hecate."

Jonathan raised his head slightly, with a hint of a smile on his lips. "Uncle Donald, Aunt Hecate, I am physically disabled. Please forgive any shortcomings in my service."

Despite being confined to a wheelchair, his elegant demeanor and graceful countenance were impeccable.

Then, Angela turned to her cousin. "This is my cousin, Quincy."

Quincy remained silent as he looked at Jonathan for a while, his expression complex. After a few seconds, he extended his hand. "Mr. Lawson, your name precedes you."

Jonathan's deep gaze swept over him, calmly extending his hand to shake. "We're family now. No need to be so formal. Since Angela and I are getting married, you'll be my brother-in-law."

After Quincy released the handshake, his countenance turned somewhat uneasy. He had a hard time accepting the fact that the formidable Jonathan Lawson of the business world was smiling gently at him.

/ must still be dreaming!

When Angela didn't see the familiar figure, she turned to her aunt. "Aunt Hecate, where's Queenie? Didn't she come?"

"Her mother-in-law suddenly fell ill and needed someone to care for her, so she went over." Hecate sighed. "It happened too suddenly, or Queenie would definitely have come to discuss your marriage."

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Angela nodded and pressed her lips together silently, recalling seeing Horace and Lina embracing.

Queenie had sacrificed a lot of her personal time to care for her mother-in-law and husband. However, not only did she not receive a single gratitude, but she was even being cheated on.

If she were her cousin, she certainly wouldn't let those adulterers off the hook!

After everyone took their seats, they quickly got down to business.

"Donald, though Jon isn't in the best shape, and it may be **unfair** for Angela to marry into our family, rest assured, I will treat Angela **as** my granddaughter! I will never let her suffer **the** slightest grievance!" Bruce grabbed Donald's hand, his expression serious as he made the promise.

One who had always been upright, Bruce's sincere and convincing assurance was particularly credible.

Kevin sneered, shamelessly obsequious.

In the next instant, he timely joined in, "Marriage is a major event in life. As elders, we cannot be careless. We've already saved on the engagement; the rest of the process cannot be neglected. We've prepared the betrothal gifts. Take a look. If there's anything else to add, we can discuss it and accommodate accordingly."

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Then Kevin presented Hecate with a piece of fancy red sprinkled–gold paper containing the gift list.

Bruce muttered a curse under his breath, calling Kevin cunning and sly, then promptly took out his gift list and enthusiastically stuffed it into Hecate’s hand. “Don’t forget mine. Please take a look together.”

Jonathan would turn 28 after the New Year, an age at which his peers would’ve given birth, and their children were already studying in kindergarten.

They had fretted over Jonathan’s illness, fearing any mishap, but despite all the care, his health continued to deteriorate. Now, Jonathan finally had a girl he liked and was getting married. If they could have a child to carry on the bloodline, they would have no regrets.

As long as they could help Jonathan marry Angela, they wouldn’t begrudge any amount of betrothal gifts.

The length of Kevin’s gift list was already astonishing. Now, with Bruce’s added to the mix, anyone would naturally be stunned.

Hecate nervously blushed as she couldn’t read. She had only attended elementary school for a few years before her family stopped her from studying and sent her out to work with relatives to earn money.

“Donald, you take a look. I don’t know much about these things,” she said, passing the two lists to her husband like a hot potato.

Donald took them and was stunned by the densely packed list. S—So many!

Upon closer inspection of the contents, he was even more dumbfounded, instinctively wanting to return them. They couldn’t possibly return the equal amount of dowry even if they drained their family’s resources. However, another thought, made him hesitate and withdraw his hands.

Angela was excellent, beautiful, diligent, and sensible, deserving of such a grand dowry. If her in–laws had only prepared a few things hastily instead, that would be a cause for concern. Furthermore, the lists also reflected the Lawson and Sanders Families’ respect for Angela.

Donald felt somewhat comforted and wanted to accept the gifts on the lists. However, just as he came around, a hand reached out and snatched the betrothal gift lists.

Emilia had long been restless, seeing that her son-in-law spent a long time hesitating to

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accept the gifts and snatched the lists from him.

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She could hardly contain her delight as she looked at the dazzling array of gifts listed, and she gushed, "Wonderful! We're especially pleased. There's nothing to change. Let's just go with this list!"

Emilia's greedy and vulgar behavior made Hecate want to hide in embarrassment. *The groom's elders are still present! Don't you think your behavior would make them look down on us, Angela's family?*

With the Lawsons and Sanderses still present, Hecate couldn't possibly speak harshly, so, with a frown, she tried to reason with her mother, "Mom, we've barely begun to discuss the dowry and betrothal gifts. Don't interfere blindly..."

you mean

Unable to accept being rebuked, Emilia frowned with an elder's attitude. "What do you mean by me blindly interfering? Marriage is a major event. Although I'm not Angela's biological grandmother, I treat her like I treat Queenie! Can I not offer any advice?! Given my age, don't you think I know better than you young ones do? Angela's only in her twenties. It's not safe for her to hold onto so much money. As her family, it's our duty to watch over it for her."

Just like that, she assumed the role of an elder and unilaterally decided where the betrothal gifts should go. As she spoke, the wrinkles on her face squeezed together, exuding the taste of greed and hypocrisy.

Everybody naturally discerned Emilia's thoughts easily. However, Kevin and Bruce merely sipped their tea calmly after exchanging glances.

Donald and Hecate, on the other hand, appeared grimly. Since Emilia was their elder and given the current setting, they couldn't possibly speak harshly.

For a moment, tension filled the room until a chuckle escaped Jonathan, and he spoke up softly, "Grandma has a point. Angela's still young. Holding a large sum of money could indeed attract trouble."

Seeing that Angela's fiancé, of all people, backed her up, Emilia sat upright with a triumphant smile and said, "Only you understand that I have your best interests!"

Angela looked toward Jonathan and couldn't help reaching her hand out to remind him.

Emilia was insatiable and often used her old age to act spoiled and throw tantrums. Previously, when Angela bought medicinal ingredients for Jonathan's diet, some inexplicably went missing, and it turned out that Emilia had stolen them to sell for money. It would be quite a task to take things back from her once they were in her hands.

Jonathan Lawson turned his palm over and held the young girl's delicate hand, using his.

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thumb to gently caress the back of her hand to comfort her. Her skin tingled and went numb instantly, making her forget what she wanted to say..

The **tips** of her snowy white cars turned red, and Angela absentmindedly lowered her head, staring straight at the man holding her hand.

Jonathan and / are holding hands...

Under the table, holding the young girl's hand, Jonathan smiled, his gaze enigmatic. "In due time, I will hire a professional manager to manage this dowry for Angela. Uncle Donald will act as the supervisor, with the monthly profits deposited into a bank account and statements sent to Angela and Uncle Donald regularly. Only they can access this money.

"If Uncle Donald needs assistance, Quincy can oversee it. If I remember correctly, Quincy works at a securities firm, right?"

Quincy's dark eyes narrowed, and he looked coldly at Jonathan.

Donald felt like he was being led by a thread. He was already shocked by the enormous value of the betrothal gifts. Funds, stocks, and several properties—any one of them would be unattainable for them even after several lifetimes of work. Now, whatever Jonathan suggested, Donald agreed to, his face showing a simple-mindedness. “Alright, alright.”

Emilia’s expression turned grimly, and she screeched, “What? How can you do that?!”

Despite her blatant coveting, she still spoke righteously, “A manager is still an outsider. How can you trust him?”

Her eldest son was struggling out there, supporting his wife, educating his children, and doing business. He needed money everywhere. Without this betrothal money, how could she support her son?! Everything would eventually fall into her son-in-law’s hands!

Anxious, Emilia turned to Hecate, hoping she would side with her. “Hecate, speak up! Am I right, or am I right? Angela is still just a student. Those businessmen out there are all so cunning; she could be scammed at any turn!”

At that, she poked Angela, admonishing, “Don’t blame me for criticizing you, Angela, but instead of going home, you insisted on staying with Donald and Hecate. Money doesn’t fall from the sky; we have to fish out extra money to feed another mouth. Would I harm you?”

Angela’s heart turned icy as she silently watched her grandmother bring up old grievances. from across the table.

She had indeed bothered her uncle’s family by staying there, but she had also given them. several hundred for food **expenses**, which all eventually ended up in Emilia’s pockets. Yet, the

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elderly woman seemed to have forgotten all about it.

Wham!

“That’s enough, Mother! Stop talking.” Donald slammed the table in frustration, forcing Emilia to stop her ranting.

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Donald was known for his good temper, so Emilia was startled to see him flip out for the first time.

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