

Serve NOTL 101

Chapter 101 Angela Surpasses Winter In Pharmacology

Not far away, as soon as the girl in the white coat spoke, numerous skeptical and angry gazes immediately fell upon Angela.

Winter walked over with a solemn expression, pulled Angela aside, and gently removed her mask to reveal a beautiful and apologetic face. She sincerely bowed and said softly, "I'm sorry for interrupting your consultations. I'm Winter Heron, a student of Professor Noah. This is my junior sister, Angela Kins, a sophomore this year. She's still learning and isn't ready to diagnose patients.

"I apologize for Angela's impulsiveness. As a gesture of goodwill, I am willing to offer ten free consultations." She then turned to Declan and said earnestly, "Professor Lambert, Angela has caused you trouble and it's my fault for not supervising her properly."

The crowd erupted into murmurs and began pointing and whispering about Angela.

"She hasn't even finished her studies, yet she dares to diagnose patients. What does she take our patients for? Guinea pigs?"

"It seems like she just wants to show off. Talking about poisoning without proper experience is scary."

"I think the medical school should expel such irresponsible students. They're not fit to be doctors. Dr. Heron truly lives up to being Professor Noah's student. That's what a good doctor with medical ethics and qualities looks like. The future of our country's healthcare."

Winter flicked her hair as she listened to the compliments around her. She smiled gently and confidently. "Those who are willing to be treated by me, please come this way."

For a moment, several patients hesitated, then left Declan's queue and walked toward Winter's direction.

This was Noah's student. Who was Noah? He was a master-level figure. The students of a master would also become masters in the future. Being treated by her meant being treated by a future medical luminary.

Angela raised her chin slightly, her eyes narrowed, and she chuckled.

She casually picked up the water bottle next to her and threw it to the ground to obstruct Winter's path.

"Hold on, did I say you could leave?"

"Well..." Winter's eyes flashed with anger as she quickly fixed her gaze on Angela. "Angela, what do you mean by this? This is a charity clinic, not a place for you to throw a tantrum."

"Speak it for yourself. This is not a place for you to show off." Angela snapped her fingers while putting on a proud and sarcastic look.

"Since you look down on me for being a sophomore and deem me unfit to diagnose, then, do you as a junior, are in any way qualified?"

Winter's face paled, and she responded coldly, "I am different from you. I am a student of Professor Noah. There is a significant gap between us."

"Hehehe..." Angela laughed coldly, "Let me show you what a significant gap looks like."

She pointed at a boy who was about to faint and continued, "The initial symptoms include: nausea, vomiting, abdominal pain, and diarrhea, which are related to the toxin in the Vomicaefera plant. This will be followed by fever, headache, intermittent exacerbation, and

even coma."

the

The old lady held her grandson, who was about to drift off, and recalled his symptoms over

past few days. She widened her eyes in shock when realization dawned on her and quickly said, "Yes, that's right. I thought he was just having a cold."

After getting a confirmation, Angela continued, "Vomicaefera, also known as Golden Bean or False Sophora Root, is a leguminous plant. The symptoms of Vomicaefera poisoning include unclear consciousness, restlessness, cyanosis of the lips, and inhibition of the central nervous system by the toxic protein it contains. Thus, leading to decreased white blood cells and bleeding.

"He already has blood spots on his arms and back. To assess poisoning, we need to check for bleeding on the skin, his mental state, respiratory rate, abdominal tenderness, rebound tenderness, and other signs.

After explaining calmly, she picked up the mineral water bottle she had just thrown.

"Winter, did you ever study such basic pharmacology?" she asked casually.

Suddenly, the lively atmosphere quieted down.

The people in the crowd looked baffled as they whispered to each other and glanced at Angela and Winter,

"This girl sounds so professional. Do any of you understand what she's talking about? Is she right?"

"She spoke a lot, so let's listen to her."

Someone among the crowd asked Winter, "Dr. Herons, is she right? Is the boy really poisoned?"

"If he is poisoned, how should we cure him, Dr. Heron?"

A barrage of questions left Winter feeling tense. Her eyes reddened as she averted her gaze to Declan with a mixture of panic and frustration.

To hell with the Vomicaefera and poisoning! I can't make heads or tails of what she's saying. It all seems like gibberish to me!

Declan, a kind-hearted soul who couldn't bear to see a young girl in distress, stepped in to shield Winter from the inquisitive stares of the patients. He said, "You should go back for now. Your teacher is likely still busy and may need your help."

"Poisoned? Oh dear, what should we do? Miss, you're so knowledgeable. Please treat him. quickly." The old lady clung to her grandson. Tears streamed down her face as she pleaded with Angela for help.

Angela's reassurance eased the old lady's fears. "Please don't worry. It's a minor poisoning, and you brought him in time. It's not life-threatening. First, get him registered for gastric lavage, administer oral egg whites, then the doctor will arrange intravenous glucose saline, oxygen therapy, correct electrolyte imbalance, and administer anticoagulation measures."

Upon hearing that there was hope, the old lady was overjoyed and thanked Angela profusely.

Immediately, volunteers took him and helped support the comatose boy to register for further examination.

Winter's gaze lingered on the direction the boy had been taken and a fierce gleam flashed in her eyes. She turned to Declan and said firmly, "I don't trust her. I'll request a joint consultation for that boy!"

"Winter, I've just re-examined him. Angela is correct that it was indeed poisoning."

Winter raised her voice sharply. "Professor Lambert, have you lost your mind? Angela is just a sophomore and has recently transferred from the Brundelian department. How could someone with a background in Brundelian studies know anything about medicine? On her way here, she was still reading a book on internal medicine. She knows nothing at all!"

Declan furrowed his brows as he exchanged a silent gaze with Winter. After a moment, he sighed and relented. "Fine."

Louis and Winter, both students under the wing of Professor Noah at the medical school, were like shining stars, capturing everyone's attention and earning their admiration. Whenever there was a major event, they would always be invited.

Winter was talented but proud, so she couldn't stand the thought of being outshined by

anyone.

The free clinic was packed like sardines which left little room for them to maneuver. So, they had no choice but to wait for test results while attending to the remaining patients.

Meanwhile, Angela remained composed. She continued to assist Declan in distributing queue numbers and organizing medical records, maintaining order just as she did before.

However, things had taken a turn. Every glance directed at her was filled with curiosity and scrutiny.

Upon completing her tasks, Angela stood to the side and looked on like a bystander.

As someone passed by, she turned her head slightly and uttered in a chilly tone, "I may not have your reputation, but my medical skills speak for themselves."

Winter's gaze turned sharp and fierce as she glared at Angela.

Suddenly, Declan's phone rang. It was a call from the laboratory.

Chapter 102 Shameless Declan

“Give it to me!” Before he could answer, the phone was snatched away by Winter, who pressed the answer button.

Declan chuckled, then asked, “What did the lab say?”

A few seconds later, Winter, biting her lip tightly, abruptly hung up the phone as her fingers trembled with anger. She angrily threw the phone onto the table and stormed off crying.

The phone landed with a thud. Declan screamed in distress and he hurriedly grabbed the phone. After patting it to check if it was okay, he was glad the phone was not damaged.

“Girls nowadays are so hot-tempered and not gentle at all!” he muttered under his breath.

Since Winter was so furious, it proved that the lab results came out positive for poisoning.

And just like Angela said, it was the poison from the Vomicaefera plant.

He just checked the book and discovered that the Vomicaefera, a legume, had mild effects on clearing the liver, improving eyesight, and strengthening the spleen. However, if it was used more than 30g, it could cause severe poisoning.

Declan turned around and looked at Angela, who was sitting idle beside him, and thought that this girl was quite interesting.

The vomicaefera plant is such an obscure herb, yet she can blurt it out so eloquently. I wonder how well-versed she is in pharmacology.

After treating the patient in his hands, Declan turned back to Angela and asked, “The poison is complex, so how did you diagnose it so quickly?”

Angela furrowed her brows and looked a little puzzled by his question. “Isn’t it easy to diagnose? It was quite obvious from the start, wasn’t it?”

After identifying the sig

eyes.

of poisoning, isn't it difficult to diagnose? Declan Lambert blinked his

Feeling somewhat belittled by the young girl, but determined to focus on his academic research, he decided to put aside his pride, ask humbly, and continue learning. "But pharmacology is complex and symptoms can be very similar. How were you able to determine it at a glance?"

Even he struggled to diagnose it immediately.

How did you manage to diagnose it so swiftly?

No wonder Winter was so angry. The pair seemed like a prearranged act, solely meant to highlight Angela's exceptional medical skills.

Many renowned doctors had come for this charity clinic, and the students they brought along valued this opportunity very much, and would rack their brains to stand out.

And here was Angela, just a sophomore student. Who wouldn't envy her?

Angela blinked her bright eyes and said earnestly, "I just need to memorize pharmacology."

"You've memorized pharmacology?" Declan rubbed his ears, doubting if he had heard correctly. "You're quite amusing, Angela, quite the jokester."

"Oh, I have. I've been studying it for many years," she said earnestly, with a hint of playfulness.

in her tone.

Her nonchalant and confident demeanor emitted a sense of credibility, making it hard not to believe her, even if she seemed to be boasting.

Angela was not exaggerating. Her grandmother left her a lot of books, and she never got married in her entire life. She dedicated her life to serving the Kins Family, never had a job, and the only thing she could spend her time on was reading the medical books left by her grandmother.

Moreover, for the sake of Zacharias' illness, she sacrificed sleep daily to pore over medical books to search for ways to treat him.

Her grandmother's clinic, with fair prices and effective medicine, attracted many patients. During the years she spent with her grandmother, besides memorizing pharmacology and prescriptions, she was forced to learn about herbal medicine by observing her grandmother treat patients.

No matter how foolish a person might be, after memorizing something for decades, it became ingrained in their mind and they could recall it instantly.

Declan couldn't help but believe it. He clicked his tongue, borrowed a copy of "Compendium. of Materia Medica" from a colleague, and tested Angela by casually flipping to a page, asking, "What is the function of Polygonatum?"

Angela's mind worked like a computer as she took a moment to consider before responding. "Polygonatum has a sweet and salty taste, with a cold nature and non-toxic properties. It's primarily

used for treating abscesses, burns, and scalds when prepared as a decoction and applied externally..."

She recited it word for word and that made Declan's excitement grow gradually. He enthusiastically tested her on several more, even switching to a different book and asking one question per page.

The result was the same: Angela recited everything flawlessly.

Afterwards, his gaze toward her changed, as if she was a cherished treasure.

My god, what a talented individual and a gem in the medical field!

Seeing the dozen or so patients still waiting. Declan stood up and offered his seat to Angela.

He pulled up an extra chair and settled in beside her. Then, he calmly unscrewed the lid of his thermos, took a sip, and said in a composed tone, “Angela, you handle the consultations and I’ll be here to oversee things.”

After he said that, he addressed the patients behind him. “As you’ve just witnessed, this young lady’s skills are undeniable. She’s as capable as I am. If there’s any issue, feel free to come my office anytime.”

The remaining patients hesitated briefly, then thought, Well, we’ll let the young lady have a look

then.

After all, it was a charity clinic. If she couldn’t solve the problem, they could always come to

Declan.

In one queue, two patients were seen and so far, no harm was done.

Angela pursed her lips, gazed mournfully at Declan swinging his legs casually, and whispered, “Professor Lambert, you just want to finish work early, don’t you?”

“What are you talking about? I’m giving you young people an opportunity to practice. You should be grateful!”

Angela sighed and sat down reluctantly. She began to call out the patients’ queue numbers, “Medical records here, right hand, let me check your pulse...”

Declan and Charlotte shared a similar trait: they both had a penchant for assigning tasks to her whenever they felt like slacking off, and would disguise their laziness as 'training.

Thus, when Noah wrapped up his hectic duties and brought Louis over, this was the scene that greeted them.

Angela sat in the attending doctor's seat, calmly taking pulses, inquiring about symptoms, and then prescribing medication.

Meanwhile, Declan was leisurely drinking tea and reading the newspaper on the side.

Noah couldn't stand it anymore. He walked over angrily and grabbed Declan. "What are you. doing?"

Declan was caught off guard by Noah's intense stare. He flinched before clearing his throat and asserting. "I'm fostering Angela's independence."

"Rubbish! She's perfectly capable on her own. Why don't you come and assist me? I'm so busy that I barely even have time to grab a sip of water, while you're lounging around like a king!"

Noah clenched his teeth. Declan was there to assist students, not leave them to do all the work.

"No, I just sat down to take a break, and the next second you came over," Declan explained with a smile as he tried to bluff his way out.

Noah sneered coldly and ruthlessly exposed him. "I've been watching you for three minutes. You've been enjoying yourself and flipping through the newspaper!"

At that remark, Declan snorted and chose to play dead.

Upon shifting his gaze to Angela, who was still engrossed in her diagnosis, Declan's eyes darted around. He grabbed Noah's arm and pleaded, "Noah, let me take Angela under my wing. I promise to treat her well!"

He's offering up all his years of expertise!

Noah was taken aback by the latter's audacity. He pushed away Declan's hand on his arm, as if it was contaminated with some kind of bacteria, and backed away.

He reached out to stop him from getting closer. "Do you even realize what nonsense you're spouting?"

Meanwhile, on the side, Louis, who had been silent all along, glanced in Angela's direction, his eyes dark and deep.

Chapter 103 A Shining Pearl

She was a radiant beauty on one side, and Louis, who had been silent all along, glanced in her direction.

The girl turned her face to the side. Her hair was tied back simply to reveal a slender, fair- skin neck. In the sunlight, her thick, curly eyelashes fluttered like delicate butterfly wings which brought her features to life.

Although her face showed no extra emotion, her gaze on the patient was focused and meticulous.

Louis' heart stirred, prompting him to look away.

He then listened to Noah and Declan arguing over Angela, both vying for her attention with their words.

This scenario felt familiar, reminiscent of their freshman year when they fought over someone, but now it seemed more intense.

Louis pursed his lips, his dark eyes lowered and he realized he wasn't the only one interest

in her.

Just as he pondered this, Louis heard Noah speak suddenly, "Louis, why are you just standing there? Show some compassion and help your fellow student a bit."

With that, Noah and Declan walked toward the side corridor while conversing in hushed

tones.

Louis was momentarily taken aback, then he made his way toward Angela.

As he approached, he attended to the patient on his side while secretly observing her.

Angela displayed professionalism in her techniques. She asked sharp and precise questions: and did not exhibit any signs of a new student catching up on coursework.

She worked swiftly, leaving little room for others.

With Louis' assistance, the remaining patients were seen in no time.

Once finished, Angela rubbed her sore wrist, and then tidied up the table. It had been a while. since she had seen patients so intensively.

She really couldn't bear it for a while, and her wrists were sore.

Louis stood with his hands in his pockets and his gaze fixed on her. After a moment of silence, he spoke, "You're quite cunning, playing dumb when you're actually quite capable, Angela."

Was she cunning?

She chuckled and glanced at him. "Did I ever say I couldn't handle it?"

She had simply never received formal training, but that didn't mean she couldn't do it.

A few seconds later, she looked up and suddenly said, "So, about Alex's issue, be mindful. As a medical student, the last thing you want to do is ignore medical problems. You're his good friend, so advise him to seek treatment sooner rather than later, to avoid complications."

After saying that, she blinked innocently.

This was her last act of kindness as a classmate.

Louis exhaled sharply, his dark eyes deepened as he gritted his teeth and replied, "I understand. Thank you, classmate."

Classmate?

Angela furrowed her brow in confusion. How could she be a classmate when they were classmates?

"Hey, don't be so affectionate. Call me classmate Kins. I don't want your admirers to think I'm leading you on. I don't need that kind of trouble, thanks."

Louis' expression visibly darkened and his veins bulge on his forehead.

He must have been out of his mind to speak to her like this!

Louis emanated a cold aura as he took long strides to put some distance between himself and Angela.

Left undisturbed, Angela retrieved her book from her backpack and resumed reading.

Meanwhile, down the hallway, Declan hesitated before bringing up Winter's situation. He was present and could provide an objective account of what happened.

Noah responded solemnly, "Yes, Winter has been a bit extreme lately. Her fiery personality needs to be balanced by someone. Now that she has Angela to contend with, it will be

beneficial

Declan hesitated again. Winter's situation was more complex than just needing balance.

But since Winter wasn't his student, he couldn't say much.

Declan stopped the conversation there and talked about some other things. Then the two of them went back to meet Louis and Angela.

"You guys must've been tired after a whole busy morning, huh? Let me take you guys to eat at the hospital cafeteria. Noah invited them to follow.

Declan turned around, with a smile on his face, and added, "This hospital is well-off, the cafeteria's food is outsourced, and it's the best! Otherwise, with your teacher being so picky, he wouldn't go and would just take you out to eat."

At the mention of food, Angela's eyes lit up. "Sounds delicious! What's the specialty dish? Let's hurry, it's already half past twelve, what if there's no food left!"

Upon hearing her words, the two old men quickened their pace. The young girl made a lot of

sense!

They grasped the essence in an instant.

Louis trailed behind while lost in his thoughts.

As the group walked away, on the second floor by the floor-to-ceiling windows, a tall figure of a man, with a toothpick in his mouth, took out his phone and made a call.

Although the man was wearing a white coat, his rugged and fierce face, coupled with a sharp crew cut, didn't look like a doctor; he looked more like a beast in a white coat.

After about ten seconds, the call connected.

Daniel clicked his tongue. "Hey, could you pick up the call? How long has it been ringing? Am I not a priority to you,

bro?"

"Cut to the chase, or I'll end the call, came the icy response.

Daniel grunted in annoyance. With a narrowed gaze, he glanced in the direction the girl had disappeared. "I spotted your wife at the hospital."

As expected, there was silence on the other end.

Upon seeing this, he chuckled mischievously. "I have to say, your wife looks good in a white coat. When you get back, have her put it on for you to see, and you'll be filled with happiness!"

"I don't need my eyes anymore, I'll send Simon to fetch them."

Hey, this guy is getting impatient!

Of course, Jonathan's impatience was understandable for he had a wife who was exceptional, being both reserved and remarkable at the same time.

After joking around, Daniel reported what he had just seen. "Your wife really shined at the joint charity clinic this time, she even sat in Declan's spot. From now on, there will be many people watching her, so you better lay low to avoid any trouble."

Jonathan put down his pen, his slender fingers fiddled with his jade bracelet, and then said calmly, "Since she's a bright pearl, let her shine brightly and outshine everyone else."

Daniel raised an eyebrow, hung up the phone, and glanced in the direction where Angela had disappeared, but she was already gone.

He hummed a tune and turned to leave.

The food in the cafeteria was indeed appetizing. After several hours of work, Angela was so famished.

She felt as though she could devour an entire cow, but despite her hunger, she found herself unable to eat much. Trying to consume more only left her stomach feeling uncomfortable and on the verge of nausea.

They were still eating, so Angela said she would go for a walk to help with her food digestion.

Noah and Declan nodded and did not show any objection.

Just as Angela left the cafeteria and passed by the outdoor square, she suddenly saw a familiar figure.

"Uncle Donald!"

Chapter 104 Annoying Norma

Donald rushed while holding several gift boxes in his hand.

Who is sick? Angela mused when she spotted him.

Upon hearing someone call out his name, he stopped and looked around, before spotting Angela in a white coat.

Angela hurried over and glanced at the gift boxes in his hands. They were all premium. nutritional supplements and fruits, meticulously chosen for their quality.

“Who’s sick?” she asked.

Donald hadn’t expected to run into Angela at the hospital and smiled wryly. “It’s Queenie’s mother-in-law. She’s hospitalized here, so I came to check on her during lunch break.”

Queenie’s mother-in-law?

Angela’s eyes flashed, then she sweetly smiled. “Let me go with you.”

Donald didn’t mind. As they walked, he curiously asked, “What are you doing here? And why are you wearing a doctor’s white coat?”

“I accompanied my mentor to go to the charity clinic to lend a hand.” Angela grabbed some of the fruits and then recollected, “Uncle Donald, you mentioned last time that you weren’t feeling well. Did you get a check-up?”

“With expenses piling up, Donald was hesitant to spend money on that. He shook his head.

“As one gets older, there are always some minor ailments. Resting helps. I don’t need to go to the hospital for a checkup.”

Angela pretended to be annoyed and said, “Look at you, still an intellectual but with such low awareness. You need to address minor issues early, or they could escalate into major ones that are

harder to treat. My teacher is a doctor here, and I, as his student, get discounts. It won't cost much. I'll reimburse you later and accompany you for a check-up."

"You're just a youngster. How can I accept your money?" Donald furrowed his brow and said disapprovingly.

Angela chuckled softly. "You mentioned I've matured last time, and now I'm a prosperous lady. I have the means, I won't spend it. Should I reserve it for other people? I'm looking out for you, so you don't need to help me save."

Donald paused and sighed inwardly. In the blink of an eye, she has grown up and got married.

Seeing her well-dressed, well-fed, and with smooth and light skin which were indications she was healthy, he felt reassured about her marrying into the Lawson family.

"All right then, I won't try to save money for you," he conceded.

With Donald's definitive response, Angela felt somewhat relieved.

In her previous life, she showed very little care to Donald's family. By the time she realized he had cancer, it was too late, and he was in the terminal stage without any hope of

treatment.

Hence, she was unaware of the exact timing of his illness.

As Angela trailed Donald upstairs, she lowered her gaze and contemplated how to persuade him to undergo a biannual check-up.

In this lifetime, she was determined not to let him perish prematurely.

In no time, they reached the fourth floor of the hospital as per the directions, with room number 405.

Angela had been to the hospital several times and was familiar with the hospital, so she found the ward easily.

The ward was a quadruple room, and upon pushing the door ajar, she spotted the busy Queenie inside.

Her hair was hastily tied back, with a few strands disheveled, and her complexion appeared pallid, likely due to excessive exhaustion.

In the farthest hospital bed lay an elderly individual, appearing to be in her fifties or sixties, sporting gray hair and prominent cheekbones. Her sharp and unfriendly gaze hinted that she was not easy to get along with.

“Didn’t you notice my cup was empty? Are you trying to scald me to death with this boiling water? I knew it, the moment I fell ill, you’ve been secretly wishing for me to kick the bucket sooner rather than later, so you can be done with me.”

Queenie sighed softly and mustered a smile as she attempted to reason, “Mom, I didn’t do that. Both Horace and I sincerely hope for you to get better soon.”

“Hmph, whatever. ‘Get better soon, so you won’t have to deal with taking care of me anymore, right?’” Norma shot a cold glance at her and became increasingly annoyed. “I really

can’t understand what Horace saw in you back then. You’re completely useless, just leeching off my son, and can’t even help or care for anyone

Queenie tightly gripped the kettle as a wave of bitterness surged within her, and tears slowly streamed down her cheeks.

Norma sneered. “Cry all you want. I’m not dead yet!”

Upon watching this scene, Angela's anger flared up immediately. Her eyes narrowed with determination as she walked in with confidence and a composed smile gracing her lips. "Mrs. Swine, you've completely misunderstood. Queenie went to the same school as Horace, and her grades were even better. She was highly regarded for her talent.

"She gave up a high-paying job overseas just to return and take care of your family. That was approximately \$50,000 annually, totaling over \$300,000. How much does Horace earn now? Is it five or six hundred thousand?"

Suddenly someone came in. Norma was startled as she stared at Angela who appeared out of nowhere with an unpleasant expression.

Queenie called out softly, "Angela..."

It turned out to be her cousin, Angela Kins.

"500,000 or 600,000? You've got some nerve to boast at such a young age. You probably don't even know how much 500,000 or 600,000 is." Norma rolled her eyes.

She dares to talk big about hundreds of thousands of dollars. Does she think that

free!

grows on the

Her son was a manager who earned a high salary. He only made around a hundred thousand a year. Could Queenie, a woman, really surpass her son?

An empathetic Angela took the water kettle from Queenie's hand and placed it on the communal table against the wall.

Donald stood at the door while holding the gifts. He suppressed his anger and managed to adjust his expression before stepping inside.

He glanced at his daughter before shifting his gaze toward Norma. "Mrs. Swine, Horace told me that you're not feeling well, so I came to see you. Here are some fruits and supplements for you to nourish your body."

Norma casually glanced at them, then haughtily instructed Queenie, "Why are you standing there like a log? Can't you see your dad brought something? Go and take it."

She knew their family's financial situation very well. They were very poor, so what good things could they afford to buy?

Queenie bit her lip. Her face was very pale and her eyes were red as she walked up to Donald and said in a hoarse voice. "Dad, just give it to me."

Listening to his daughter's hoarse voice, Donald couldn't hold back anymore. His expression darkened as he grabbed Queenie's arm and walked out of the hospital room, saying. "Follow

me."

Norma immediately sat up and sharply yelled, "Donald, who are you showing that attitude. to?"

Angela quickly moved her body to block Norma's line of sight.

She sneered and said coldly, "You'll find out soon enough."

"What do you mean?" Norma frowned.

With a light chuckle, Angela brought over a chair and sat down. She grabbed Norma's wrist and stared coldly at her.

“What do you want?” Norma struggled to break free from Angela’s grip, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t shake it off.

“You’re not actually ill, are you? Creating fake medical records to try and extort money?” Angela asked indifferently before casually releasing her hand.

Norma widened her eyes, avoiding Angela’s gaze, and retorted, “How could I not be sick? I’m here in the hospital, aren’t I? You’re just talking nonsense.”

Angela chuckled softly, her demeanor exuding both arrogance and calmness. “Well, considering there are several renowned doctors here today offering free consultations, and since you’re Queenie’s mother-in-law, it might be a good idea to take advantage of this opportunity. Would you like me to help arrange a joint consultation?”

“Oh, and let me introduce myself. I’m Angela Kins, a medical student currently under the guidance of Professor Noah, a nationally acclaimed academician who’s been featured prominently in both newspapers and on television.”

Chapter 105 Cheaper Than a Hooker on the Streets

When Norma heard this, her old face displayed astonishment as she wondered whether Angela was trying to fool her or not. How could the person who had appeared on TV be this brat’s teacher?

She quickly averted her gaze and stammered, “I don’t need such a renowned doctor to treat my minor illness. I can’t afford it, so I don’t want him to treat me.”

“Stop pretending. I don’t have time to beat around the bush. I just checked your pulse, and you’re perfectly healthy.” Angela casually lifted her eyes. “What do you want? Tell me now, or I may change my mind once Uncle Donald returns.”

Instinctively, Norma was about to speak, but then, she remembered her son’s instructions- she shouldn’t easily disclose their plan to others. So, she kept quiet, glanced at Angela, and said nothing. She’s just a little brat. What can she do? She’s just bragging, she thought.

“You want to wait for your son to come, right? Okay, I think he’s almost at the hospital.” Angela’s eyes were indifferent. She had noticed earlier when they entered the ward that Norma had secretly sent a text message on her phone; probably informing Horace.

Norma snorted awkwardly, and before long, Horace hurriedly arrived, panting heavily, and greeted Angela with a friendly smile. “Angela, why are you here? Don’t you have classes?”

Quickly, Norma signaled to her son, wanting to say that Angela had found out about her faking illness, but Horace only glanced at his mother before turning his gaze to Angela, saying, “Queenie was the one who told you, wasn’t it? I told her not to spread the news because it will only cause unnecessary worry.”

Angela couldn’t be bothered to look at Horace’s face and said directly, “Queenie didn’t tell me. I was here with my teacher for a free clinic day and ran into Uncle Donald, so I came over since I had nothing else to do.”

For a moment, Horace was taken aback, then he smiled and said, “Queenie didn’t tell me that you’re studying medicine. Aren’t you studying Brundelian?”

“I switched majors.” Angela’s eyes were cold, and she felt disgusted every time she looked at Horace. “Let’s talk outside so we don’t disturb Mrs. Swine’s rest.” When she mentioned “rest,” her tone was particularly sarcastic, and Norma’s eyelids twitched when she heard this. Who would have known that Queenie’s cousin was studying medicine?

“Okay, let’s talk outside.”

Angela turned and walked out, stopping at the safe passage corner of the stairs.

“Angela, what do you want to say?” Horace had a good temper and used a pleasant tone.

Suddenly, Angela raised her head, and a cold glint flashed in her beautiful eyes. “Horace Swine. Queenie is working like a slave in your family, being bossed around by your mother, who scolds her in her face all the time. What did my cousin do wrong to you? And to top it off, you’re cheating on her! Do you have any conscience at all?”

At the mention of cheating. Horace froze for a moment before smiling. “Angela, you should be careful of what you’re accusing me of. I work hard every day to support my family. Ask any of your relatives,

who wouldn’t envy her for not having to work after graduation? She’s just staying at home, cleaning and cooking. These easy days are all earned by me through hard work outside. You claimed that I cheated, but where’s the evidence?”

He spoke shamelessly, which Angela thought was truly despicable and deserving of contempt! While Queenie was taking care of his mother like a servant, Horace had just climbed out of another woman’s bed!

“Working hard? Are you working so hard that you ended up in Lina Trace’s bed?” Angela said, taking out a few photos from her bag and throwing them in his face. “Tell that shameless. vixen to change her perfume. Her scent is cheaper than a hooker on the streets!”

Chapter 106 Twelve–Month Installment.

Horace was in a state of panic as he caught the photos, and his face fell after a glance. Then, he advanced in anger, gritting his teeth as he demanded, “Did you have someone follow me?”

Angela chuckled. I’m just a student, what power do I have to track you? These photos were sent to Queenie by someone. Lina Trace wants to cause trouble, so she sent the photo of you two together. What are her intentions? You guys are truly despicable! While you’re out fooling around, your mother is here, insulting my cousin. Do you think our family is defenseless? To think that my cousin has been so kind to you... Have you lost all sense of decency?”

“Angela, this is between me and Queenie. You shouldn’t meddle too much.” Horace’s expression darkened, a mix of anger and embarrassment.

As Angela spoke confidently, he was unsure if she was lying to him or if the photo was indeed from Lina. He and Lina had always shared a mutual understanding of physical pleasure. However, Lina had mentioned her desire to settle down as she was getting older at the age of twenty–seven, which made it plausible for her to scheme against him in this manner.

Angela pursed her lips and remarked sarcastically. “Your mother is pretending to be ill just to use Uncle Donald to ask me for money, isn’t she? How much do you want? I’ll give it to you.”

Horace paused, gazing at Angela, and asked, "What do you mean?"

"It's simple, if you divorce Queenie, I'll give you the money." Angela said casually, exuding an air of confidence. "Although I don't understand why you're in such dire need of money, I assume time is running out for the other party, right?"

Otherwise, Horace wouldn't have resorted to such a plan, having his mother feign illness and then seeking money from Donald. With such a substantial sum at stake, if Donald couldn't come up with it, he would inevitably turn to her for help.

Thanks to Axel's recent surveillance, she was well-informed about Horace's recent activities.

Horace furrowed his brows, scrutinized Angela, and suddenly smiled. "Fine, if you want me to divorce your cousin, I'll agree to it, but it will cost you 24,000!"

"No problem. Once you bring up the divorce to Queenie, go through with the proceedings, and I'll give you the money," Angela responded promptly, her lips curling into a grin.

"Give me the money upfront, or there will be no divorce."

Angela frowned, feigning hesitation. "What if you take the money and then refuse to

divorce?"

"What do you propose, then?"

With a flirtatious look, Angela suggested in a clear voice, "Since you're in business, don't you emphasize deposits in contracts? I'll give you a 1,200 deposit first and transfer it to you now. Once you

and my cousin arrive at the city hall and finalize the divorce, I guarantee you that the remaining money will be in your account immediately after you leave the city hall."

Horace smacked his lips, furrowed his brows, and glanced at Angela, whose face displayed innocence. She's just a naive girl who hasn't experienced the real world yet, he thought. She's so easy to manipulate.

He could agree to the,

divorce because he could easily devise a plan to remarry Queenie. After years of marriage, he knew her like the back of his hand. She was merely a beautiful ornament; a traditional woman who viewed her husband as her world, dedicated to managing the household.

In recent years, she had been compliant in everything. With a little effort, he could easily persuade her to remarry. Moreover, as a woman, as long as she had children and he could control them, he was sure that Queenie would allow him to do as he pleased.

Horace was brimming with pride, acting as if he already had Queenie under his control and Angela was his cash cow. "Well, I'll trust you this time, considering you're Queenie's cousin," he said and left, feeling at ease.

As he departed, Angela stared at his retreating figure, cursing him and his ancestors. After venting her anger, she took a deep breath and checked her bank balance to see how much money she had left.

Upon calculation, she found out that she only had a little over two hundred remaining. How could she make up

the remaining sum? She pondered and considered borrowing from Oliver. No, she could do it anytime soon.

borrow money from a worker because she wouldn't be able to repay.

In the end, she took out her phone, gritted her teeth, and dialed a number. Using the capitalist's money for a good cause would be considered a good deed, wouldn't it? This money could save a life, which was better than doing any charity.

As she tried to calm herself down, the call suddenly connected, and Jonathan's deep, magnetic voice said, "Angela?"

"Jonathan, have you had lunch yet?" Angela asked sweetly with a sheepish laugh, behaving exceptionally obedient. In reality, she felt very diffident inside.

On the 15th floor of an office building, Jonathan set down the file in his hand and signaled for the secretary reporting to pause.

The secretary immediately fell silent, afraid to make a sound, thinking in amazement, Wow, just now the boss's voice was so gentle, not at all the usual emotionless tone. He called her Angela... Is it a girl on the phone?

Jonathan replied softly. "I've already eaten, so you can go ahead and tell me what

Biting her lip, Angela wished that he could pretend to be polite just a little.

you need."

"I don't think it's good that I'm asking you for money every time I open my mouth. Will it affect your mood?"

Her voice sounded aggrieved, which made Jonathan smile silently. "How much do

you need?" you

950, is that okay?" Angela asked nervously. "Don't worry, I won't borrow it for long, I'll pay you back in installments! In six—No, in twelve—month installments. I'll pay you back 79.16 each month!"

In the darkness, Oliver was shocked, his eyes filled with confusion. Is this the spice between husband and wife? Angela, who was worth millions, borrowed over nine hundred from her husband, and in twelve-month installments, paying back 79.16 each month.

He didn't understand the situation and reckoned that this was the reason he was still single. Taking out a small notebook, Oliver wrote down the first move in love tactics—borrow money, pay back in installments.

Angela lowered her head, kicking a small stone with her toe. On the other end of the phone, a man's voice said warmly, "I'll round it up for you. Let's make it a hundred each month."

Shocked, Angela thought, This is not rounding up to the nearest whole number! "Jonathan, to round it, shouldn't you round it to eighty?"

Playing with his bracelet casually, he said, "I can make more money if I round it to a hundred."

Angela couldn't help but gasp in disbelief. This was the cunning nature of capitalists—they would even take advantage of passing dogs. But since she was in need, she gritted her teeth. and agreed, "Fine, I'll pay you back a hundred every month!" After saying that, she hung up the phone with a snap. At that moment, the cold-heartedness of the capitalist overshadowed her gratitude.

Oliver had excellent hearing and heard the whole conversation. He took out a notebook and added a note—with interest.

Knowing that Oliver was nearby. Angela called out his name. Oliver finished writing the last note, hid the notebook and pen behind his back, and quickly appeared in front of her.

She took out her bankbook from her bag and handed it to him. "Will you please go to the bank and transfer 1,200 to Horace Swine's account?"

Oliver took the bankbook and asked curiously, "Mrs. Lawson, are you really giving away 24.000

With narrowed eyes, Angela smirked and replied, "Hmph, he doesn't deserve it."

Chapter 107 She Becomes Bland After a While

Horace returned to the ward, and when Norma saw that there was no one behind him, she sat up nervously and asked. "What did that girl say to you? I didn't tell her that I'm pretending to

be sick."

"Well, the money issue has been resolved. We will pack up soon and send you home, Horace announced joyfully.

Upon hearing that the money issue had been resolved, Norma was stunned for a moment and then, asked in confusion, "That's 12,000! Queenie Kins' family is so poor. How did they come up with it?"

"It's 24,000," Horace corrected. Glancing around to ensure no one was listening, he leaned toward her and whispered, "As I mentioned before, this cousin of Queenie's, her family is. very wealthy. Even if she casually drops a little money, it's enough for us to live comfortably for a lifetime."

Moreover, that day at the Laurel Hotel, he noticed that Jonathan and Angela had a close relationship. If Felix could successfully win over Angela, they would have a clear path leading to Jonathan. For the Swine Family, it would be a step toward success.

Shock washed over Norma's face, and she showed two fingers with her wrinkled hand, trembling slightly. "That girl can come up with 24,000? Oh my god, I can't believe that she is

so rich."

She used to think that when people said George from the Kins Family was wealthy, it just meant they were a little better off than ordinary families. After all, if they were really rich, why would Donald cut off ties and not communicate with them? Chasing away a money tree was something that only a fool would do.

Just as her words fell, Horace's phone beeped, indicating a new message. He checked his phone, and a greedy smile appeared on his handsome face as he showed the screen to his mother. "Look, that girl has paid a deposit of 1,200."

These days, 1,200 was the entire annual income for an average family, and Angela gave it to him just as she said she would. It was just a drop in the bucket compared to the remaining amount. Hence, Horace set aside his worries, as if the money would be in his pocket the next second.

Meanwhile, Norma counted seriously. Wow, that's so much money.

"I'm usually busy with work, Mom, so you should urge Felix when you're free. Tell him to act fast and win over Angela Kins," Horace said happily as he closed his phone, grabbed an apple,

and bit into it leisurely. "By then, you will officially be Angela Kins' aunt, and she should respect you. Isn't that right?"

The smile on Norma's face widened as she slapped her thigh and laughed heartily. "That's right! I'm telling you, Felix was raised by me since he was a child, and he lived in our house for many years. His wife should respect me. Why didn't you tell me clearly? I thought she was just slightly wealthier," she

grumbled. "It's all your wife's fault. Since her uncle's family is so wealthy, why doesn't she help you out a bit? After all, you are her husband!

"Is it really so difficult for her uncle to help out so that you don't have to work so hard for this money? He's just sitting in the office and the money rolls in. Your wife is a wicked woman. Very malicious and not a good person," Norma continued, getting more and more angry. From the first time she met Queenie, she didn't like her because she thought Queenie was dull and didn't know how to do anything.

In terms of career, she couldn't help her son, and after several years of marriage, she didn't even produce a child. What was the use of a pretty face?

At the mention of Queenie, Horace's eyes flickered, and he brought up the staged divorce with Queenie, dividing their marital assets evenly. He planned to give the car and some money to Queenie as part of the charade, in hopes of luring her back in the future.

Norma, being old-fashioned, initially disapproved of divorce. However, after listening to his son's logical explanation, she reluctantly agreed to the divorce in order to secure the remaining money.

She had no choice but to support his son's decision. With his son's exceptional abilities, she was confident that everything would be handled smoothly, and deceiving a young girl would be a walk in the park.

"Studying medicine is a good choice, but being a doctor can be demanding. There may be long hours and little time for family in the future." Norma's expression reflected a mix of joy and concern as she was worried about Angela's ability to balance work and family responsibilities.

She muttered to herself, "In the future, Angela should consider resigning. With her family's wealth, Felix can find a lucrative job. While he provides for the family financially, Angela should stay home, take care of the family, and tend to her in-laws."

After finishing the apple, Horace leaned against the window and observed Queenie and her father sitting downstairs. It was almost 1.30 p.m., the perfect time to head to the city hall for the divorce proceedings.

Horace packed up his belongings, instructed his mother to wait in the hospital ward, and went to initiate the divorce process before returning to pick her up.

As he made his way downstairs, Donald caught sight of him turning the corner from the corridor: that was the man he had chosen as his son-in-law.

Donald hurried forward, seized Horace by the collar, and delivered a punch, exclaiming furiously. "You promised to treat my daughter well when you married her, and now you're mistreating her! How could you go back on your word?"

His poor daughter had suffered in the Swine Family, tormented by her mother-in-law while they were unaware. If he hadn't arrived early that day and witnessed it firsthand, he wouldn't have known how much longer he would be kept in the dark. When he saw his daughter in tears, he felt like a dagger had stabbed his heart.

Horace was taken aback by the sudden punch, and his expression darkened. He felt the surge of anger but restrained himself, thinking of the remaining money from Angela.

Queenie rushed over and positioned herself between the two men, shielding her father. "Stop fighting." she implored.

Horace spat out blood, his face grim. "Now that you know, let's proceed with the divorce."

"You!" Donald seethed with rage, wishing he could tear Horace apart.

Queenie's eyes welled up with tears, her hands trembled as she clenched them into fists. She turned to her father, her voice firm as she uttered, "Fine, let's go."

When she had seen those photos that morning, her heart sank as though needles were piercing it. Recalling the intimacy of the previous night made her nauseous, and she wanted to throw up.

Enduring her mother-in-law's unreasonable demands while caring for her at the hospital was bearable, but when her father and Angela arrived, she questioned the purpose of her endurance.

Raised by her grandmother, who emphasized a woman's duty to prioritize her husband and exhibit virtue and generosity to win his heart, Queenie felt she had failed to earn her mother-in-law's favor no matter how hard she tried. Despite that, she believed that her life would be fine with her husband's love.

However, the photos shattered her hopes, crushing her heart and leaving her in despair.

Horace furrowed his brows. Queenie might have been plain and uninteresting, but she was beautiful with her fair skin and pure, gentle appearance. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been so captivated by her and married her right after graduation.

Yet, she had become bland over time. Horace set aside his hesitation and clenched his teeth.

saying, "Let's go now. I'll ask my father to bring the family registration and marriage

certificate.

Chapter 108 Queenie Jumped off the Building.

Queenie was dumbstruck. Did Horace plan everything before my arrival?

"Are you divorcing me because of that woman?" Queenie choked back her tears. She wanted to create a scene to confront Horace without caring about her reputation. She wondered what she had done wrong for him to humiliate her in front of her father like this. To the point, he showed her no respect as his wife.

At that moment, Horace's phone buzzed. He glanced at it before swiftly turning it off. A hint of irritation flickered in his eyes before he raised his head and said, "Does it really matter? After all, we're already getting divorced." He simply wanted a quick divorce and got the 190 thousand promised by Angela.

Horace's tone was cold, and his expression was annoyed, destroying any hope she had.

Looking at him, Queenie felt that the man before her seemed nothing like the man who had proposed to her.

She forced a bitter smile. "Okay."

Donald grabbed her arm and said, "Good. It's not like Queenie only has you as a choice. I was blind back then and didn't notice what a jerk you are!" After scolding Horace, Donald pulled Queenie away, refusing to take Horace's car.

Watching Queenie and Donald leave, Horace was somewhat surprised. He had expected her to cry and beg him not to divorce, considering she had always been so weak and timid. After all, even though he had cheated on her, she had dared not to confront him about it.

However, he didn't think it was a big deal. He felt she would come running back to him after he said some sweet words to her.

Donald had been a teacher for years. He was a strict person, which explained why he had raised a daughter like Queenie.

The type of parents you have shaped the kind of child you become, he thought.

With all the necessary procedures completed, they both agreed to the divorce. The process was swift, and they left the city hall with their divorce certificates.

Donald dragged Queenie away and hailed a taxi. Then, they departed without acknowledging Horace.

Horace eagerly dialed Angela's number. "I have divorced. When will you transfer the money

to me?"

to a Land Rover nearby, Angela saw Horace from the window. Then, she ended the call. She turned to Olives and asked, "Have the police arrived yet?"

Oliver nodded. As per your instructions, I handed over the evidence to the police station half an hour ago. They should be here by now."

As Oliver finished speaking, sirens could be heard from a distance.

The police car pulled up at the city hall, and several officers stepped out. They glanced at the man frantically making a call and said coldly, "Horace, right? We are police officers. You have been reported for suspected corruption, bribery, and misappropriation of public funds. Please follow us to the station for investigation.

Who reported me? Was it Kingston? It must have been him! That scoundrel! We agreed to wait a few more days" Horace's face turned pale, and his voice trembled. "Just give me a little more time. I'll need to make a call!" As he spoke, he backed away while dialing frantically, only to hear a cold, busy tone on the other end.

Looking at Horace, the police officer frowned. He exchanged a glance with his colleague before approaching Horace and restraining him forcefully. They handcuffed him and led him into the car. The phone fell to the ground, causing the battery to pop out upon impact.

Horace stood there in a daze. His eyes were bloodshot and swollen as if he had reached the brink of despair.

I was so close to getting the money. Why didn't he wait a little longer? I was just about to have enough

ney. Damn you, Kingston! Why didn't you keep your word?

Inside the Land Rover, Angela lowered the window and watched as Horace was being taken away. Finally, a sense of satisfaction rose in her heart.

Being able to make Horace divorce Queenie and throw him in jail for several years, she felt that the money she spent was worth it. Her past life was filled with bitterness, a result of her own actions. She was too obsessed with family ties. However, Queenie didn't deserve to end up like she did in her past life. Queenie was kind and had never done anything wrong. She deserved to live a better, happier, and more fulfilling life.

A cool breeze blew into the car and onto Angela's face. Although it was chilling, Angela didn't mind. She even looked happy.

Then, she reached out and tapped the back of the front seat. "Let's go back to school. I still have to attend class."

Angela leaned against the car window and closed her eyes, thinking about whether Riverdon had any famous economic lawyers since she needed to sue Horace, preferably having him

sex

spend a few decades in prison just to ease her hatred.

Almost twenty minutes later, they reached the school.

Having finally settled the matter with Horace, Angela calculated the time and felt that Donald and Queenie should be home by now. Then, she called Donald. However, it was Hecate who answered the phone. She was crying on the other end.

“Aunt Hecate, what’s wrong?” Angela sensed something was wrong and felt anxious,

Hecate choked up momentarily but couldn’t hold back her tears anymore. “Queenie jumped off the building. She is in the emergency room now.”

Hearing her words, Angela felt like her heart was being torn out. Her breathing quickened, and she stood up abruptly. “Aunt Hecate, which hospital are you at? I’m coming over now!”

“At First Mercy Hospital. I’ll meet you at the entrance.”

After hanging up the phone, Angela immediately told Oliver. “Go to First Mercy Hospital.”

The car fell into silence for a moment.

Twelve minutes later, Angela arrived at the hospital.

Hecate had been waiting for her at the door. When she saw Angela, it was like seeing a savior. She grabbed Angela’s hand, her legs almost giving out. “Angela, what should we do? The doctor said Queenie was not going to make it. They want us to sign a DNR...”

Angela’s eyes darkened. As a medical student, she knew precisely what signing a DNR meant.

Outside the emergency room, Donald had already collapsed on the ground. He was a tall man, yet he looked so fragile now.

Emilia was also crying, slapping her thighs in despair.

Quincy stared at the doctor with a pale face as he tried to talk with them. "Doctor, please try to save her. We'll pay whatever it takes!"

Angela bit her lip and was confused.

Why? Why did Queenie still jump off the building? Why did she end up back at the same tragic ending?

Norma, who was supposed to be waiting for Horace to pick her up, suddenly appeared. "The doctor has already said there's no way to save her. What's the point of spending all that money when she is already dead? Just sign the papers already!"

What did you say? Quincy, who was already hot-tempered, spun around at her words. His eyes were red with anger, as if he was ready to strike at her.

Chapter 109 No One Is Allowed In

Norma shrank back in fear and muttered, "What's wrong? It's your sister who got divorced and couldn't bear it. That's why she jumped off the building. Once divorced, she's no longer a part of our Family, I came here out of kindness to take a look. Let me tell you, Queenie jumping off the building has nothing to do with Horace! Is she trying to get back with Horace by attempting suicide? If that's so, she is a vicious woman who should be better off dead."

In that split second, Angela looked up with a cold glare. She walked toward Norma, grabbed her collar, and said coldly, "If Queenie dies, I'm going to let your son rot in prison for the rest.

of his life!"

Norma was dumbfounded. She looked at Angela and said tremblingly, "What did you say..."

"Doctor, the patient is in critical condition." Suddenly, the door of the operating room opened. A young nurse came out, looking flustered as she shouted.

Angela let go of Norma and rushed into the operating room, closing the door with a click.

“Oliver, stop anyone from coming in. No one is allowed in!”

The nurse and doctor were shocked by the situation. Their expressions changed, and they pounded on the door. “What are you doing? Come out! If you mess around, we will call the police!” While pounding on the door, the doctor told the nurse to call the police and have security come up.

Just as the nurse was about to call the police, she was stopped by a tall and imposing figure. The man said with a cold and stern expression. “Stay there. No one is allowed to leave,” he said.

“Who are you? This is a hospital, not a place for you to act tough.” The doctor frowned. “The patient inside is in critical condition. If anything goes wrong, will you take responsibility?”

Oliver’s face was stern as he spoke firmly, “If anything happens, we will take responsibility.”

The nurse was scared and wanted to cry. She hid behind the doctor while the latter gritted his teeth and said, “Such arrogance. That is a human life. Can you bear the responsibility?”

“If my wife can’t bear the responsibility, I will!”

Suddenly, a cold voice echoed in the corridor. Everyone turned around and saw four people who had appeared out of nowhere. In the middle, a man in a wheelchair, dressed in black, looked even more cold.

The doctor was shocked when he saw Jonathan. Then, he stiffly turned his head to look at the operating room. Was that Mrs. Lawson inside? I never heard that Riverdon’s business tycoon, Jonathan, got married.

Upon seeing Jonathan, Oliver breathed a sigh of relief and walked over briskly. “Sir.”

“Where is she?” Jonathan asked faintly.

Oliver pointed to the operating room. “Mrs. Lawson rushed in and told me to stop these people from entering.”

Jonathan’s face remained calm. His eyes were as black as the night. “Do as she says.”

Oliver nodded, then stood like a statue at the operating room door.

Quincy looked tired as he approached Jonathan and spoke hoarsely, “I need your help.

Jonathan replied calmly, “Go ahead.”

“I want to access the surveillance videos from Horace’s family before and after my sister’s accident.” Quincy couldn’t believe that Queenie would commit suicide because of Horace. Queenie may have been gentle, but she was not weak. After all, she endured the hardships. Norma had given her at the Swine Family. Thus, how could she leave her loved ones behind

and end it all?

Hearing his words, Jonathan looked up and instantly understood Quincy’s implied meaning. Queenie didn’t jump off the Swine Family’s building by incident.

“Simon, follow Quincy.”

Simon, who was behind Jonathan, was dressed in his usual black hoodie, with a large mask. covering half of his face. He wore a pair of white flat shoes, giving him a youthful.

appearance.

“Follow me, Mr. Kins.” Simon blinked.

Jonathan pushed the wheelchair toward Donald. Then, he reassured the latter, “Donald, don’t worry. Have faith in Angela. She wouldn’t harm Queenie. I’ve arranged for the best surgeon to be on standby.

Queenie will be okay.”

Donald and Hecate were in tears. Hecate helped Donald stand up and held back tears as she said, “Jon is right. Angela and Queenie are on good terms. We have to trust her.”

Donald nodded slowly as his body slumped.

Meanwhile, Norma finally regained her composure. What did Angela mean? What prison?

Before Norma could comprehend, the phone in her pocket rang loudly. The ringtone sounded abrupt in the quiet comdor. Norma was startled by the bodyguard’s gaze and quickly answered the phone with shaky hands. Then, she exclaimed, “What did Horace was arrested? Okay, I’ll go to the police station immediately.” After hanging up the phone, she ran unsteadily, even losing one of her shoes.

The atmosphere was tense.

you say?

Half an hour later, just as the Kins Family was on the brink of collapse, the lights in the operating room suddenly went out.

“Angela!” Hecate’s heart raced as she rushed forward and grasped Angela’s hand tightly. looking at her desperately.

Angela removed her mask and looked exhausted. “Aunt Hecate, Queenie is fine.”

Tears finally streamed down Hecate’s cheeks. “Really?”

“Yes.”

After Angela came out, Jonathan turned to Noah beside him and said, “Grandpa Noah, thank you.”

Noah waved his hand and sighed before ushering the doctor into the operating room.

Upon receiving the call from Jonathan, he was shocked. So much had occurred in just a few hours, prompting him to rush over.

After Noah and the other doctors entered, they exited within a few minutes and transferred Queenie to the ICU.

Noah’s expression softened as he said, “The patient is indeed stable. Everything will be fine if she rests well and the doctors monitor her condition regularly.” Then, he patted Angela on the shoulder with relief. “Angela, you did an excellent job. You saved her life.”

Angela smiled gently.

With Noah’s approval, everyone was visibly relaxed.

Hecate was eased and leaned weakly against Angela as she burst into tears. “Angela, thank you for saving Queenie’s life.”

Donald’s eyes were also teary. His energy seemed drained from him as he gazed heavily at

Angela without uttering a word.

“Oliver, please take Donald and Aunt Hecate to rest,” Jonathan said faintly.

Oliver nodded and led the two to a resting area.

Once they left, the spacious operating room corridor was left with only Angela and Jonathan.

Looking at Jonathan's calm face, Angela covered her face and wept.

It was all her fault. Her arrogance had nearly cost Queenie's life.

"Why are you crying?" Jonathan's voice was calm and soothing. He reached out and drew her close, pulling her into his embrace.

Chapter 110 The Truth Gets Revealed.

When they came together, the surroundings were eerily quiet, which was broken only by the occasional sound of the girl sobbing.

Jonathan gently patted her back and offered silent support as he listened attentively. He was aware of Horace's predicament.

He also knew that Angela was the one who orchestrated the smooth divorce in the end.

However, the incident of Queenie jumping off the building took everyone by surprise.

After Angela finished crying, she felt embarrassed when she realized that she had dampened Jonathan's clothes, which were now creased and unwearable.

"Take off your clothes, I'll wash them for you." Angela sniffled after her tears.

Jonathan regarded her thoughtfully for a moment before smirking. "Alright, I'll let care of them."

He proceeded to remove his coat and handed it to Angela.

you

take

Angela accepted it and she felt the warmth of the coat that still retained the man's body

y heat.

"Do you have spare clothes in your car? It's chilly now, you shouldn't catch a cold," Angela inquired.

When she saw that Jonathan was only wearing a navy blue sweater underneath, she rummaged through her bag and retrieved a scarf.

As she extended it toward Jonathan, she said, "Here, wear this to keep warm."

The girl's belongings always carried a faint sweet and soft scent, which Jonathan wasn't accustomed to, but he didn't decline either.

"Enough. Angela, come with me!" Noah's stern voice interrupted and his expression was dark as he addressed Angela.

As she observed Noah's displeasure, Angela meekly followed him..

As soon as they turned the corner, she was reprimanded.

"Angela, you have some nerve, flaunting your skills like that!" Noah seethed as he glared at Angela with disdain. "You were praised earlier today and now you've caused me trouble

within hours. Be cautious when you're out in the future, consider this a warning!"

“I fear the patients will berate me.”

Noah’s voice carried and attracted the attention of passersby.

As she admitted defeat, Angela said, “Sir, I was wrong. I won’t dare to intrude into the emergency room again.”

Provoked by Nora’s curse and Queenie’s words, Angela had panicked when she heard the patient was in critical condition, which prompted her impulsive decision to enter. She had no other choice at the time.

She despised being the troublemaker the most, she accepted the scolding as just punishment.

Upon reflection, she acknowledged her hasty actions but stood by her decision at the time.

When she entered the operating room, she saw Queenie hooked up to various tubes and instruments as her complexion was ashen and her breathing barely perceptible. The overwhelming urge to save Queenie consumed her thoughts.

During the rescue efforts, Angela stumbled upon an unexpected discovery.

Noah had been poised to scold her, but her words left him momentarily speechless.

He cleared his throat as he relented, “Very well, since you recognize your mistake, I won’t dwell on it. To avoid future errors, focus on your studies, obtain your medical license and certifications promptly. Without proper credentials, no reputable doctor will trust you or permit your presence.”

“Understood,” Angela replied with a blink and she was now attentive.

When he saw her compliance, Professor Noah sighed deeply and gestured. “I understand your eagerness and you may not be in the mood to listen to an old man like me. Go and wait. to see your sister.”

“No, I will remember it earnestly. Sir, you can be rest assured, I will go back and study diligently, then obtain all the certificates. In the future, I will dedicate myself to saving patients, just like you, giving hope to all the families.”

Angela was truly listening attentively and took it to heart.

In the past she studied medicine just to cure Zacharias and the people around her; it wasn't until today that she truly understood the significance of studying medicine.

Those who have never experienced waiting outside the emergency room will never truly empathize; they placed all their hopes on doctors, even on the feeling of divine intervention.

Even an atheist, because of this situation, would sincerely pray for a higher power.

Noah listened to her words and couldn't help but nod in satisfaction. “Remember what you just said.”

Angela nodded. As she was about to leave, Noah suddenly remembered something and stopped her. “Are you in a relationship with that guy from the Lawson Family... Jonathan?”

She dare to have such a foolish fantasy?

Angela didn't know if she should say it out loud. Just as she hesitated, the sound of a wheelchair rolled behind her.

“It's not dating, it's a legal marriage, Mr. Noah, Jonathan explained calmly as his hands rested. on the wheelchair.

Noah, always serious, showed a shocked and petrified expression. “When did you two get together?”

One was his student, the other was a child he had watched grow up. How could these two get married without him knowing anything about it?

Why didn't Bruce tell me a word about such a big thing like their marriage?

as full

Angela was also surprised, her delicate face was full of confusion. How did Jonathan and Professor Noah know each other?

Jonathan's eyes flickered slightly. "Yesterday."

For a moment, Angela felt awkward. Yesterday... that's right.

They had just obtained their marriage certificate yesterday, there was no room for argument.

"Why didn't anyone inform me about such a big thing like your marriage?" Noah was so angry that he started dialing as he fumed, "Hey! Bruce, you old rascal..."

Angela widened her eyes suddenly, Wow, this is the daily life of the hot-blooded elderly group!

Jonathan coughed lightly as he covered his mouth and glanced at Angela who was watching. with interest. "Aren't you leaving yet?"

Angela snapped out of her thoughts as she quickly pushed Jonathan to make a hasty exit.

Outside the ICU ward, there was only Quincy's cold and distant figure.

"Quincy," Angela called out softly.

Quincy turned around and glanced at the two of them as she handed the cup of warm water to Angela. "I have some."

Quincy's tone was still somewhat stiff.

But compared to before, it was much better.

Angela's eyes lit up and she quickly took the cup.

When she saw Quincy about to leave, she hurriedly grabbed his arm. "Quincy...wait, I have

Quincy's face stiffened, he followed her to the corner with a tense expression.

"Go ahead. What is it?"

Angela looked at Quincy as her expression changed and her eyes gradually became firm. "I

suspect that Queenie's fall from upstairs was not an accident."