

Serve NOTL 121

Chapter 121 I'm Not Likeable

"Alright, alright! It's my fault! I don't know what kind of curse Angela put on you, but let me tell you, Zacharias. It's your business if you like her, but I won't allow you to bully Fanny, or else... Samuel was furious, speaking without restraint, "Or else you won't be my brother anymore!"

Zacharias, who was already sensitive due to his illness, widened his eyes upon hearing this, and his pale lips trembled slightly. "Alright."

Upon saying that, he walked out without looking back.

Samuel was just venting his anger and didn't expect Zacharias to actually agree. He hurriedly caught up. "Zacharias, stop!"

Zacharias's footsteps stopped just before leaving the door, not because of what he said, but because he suddenly turned around and sneered at Samuel.

"I've been able to survive with this useless body because of the medicine and meals Angela prepared for me. Otherwise, I might not even live past twenty. What's wrong with me cherishing my sister after she has put in so much effort for me? Is she so impossible to put up with?"

"Don't just focus on Fanny. Set your sights elsewhere too."

As the door opened, Zacharias walked out. He coughed as he walked and kept his head down, suppressing the cough, with a faintly sickly flush on his cheeks.

He only hated himself for not waking up earlier, and for waiting until Angela had completely broken away from the Kins Family with no chance of reconciliation to see clearly what she had done for him, and how low she had stooped to please her parents and these brothers of his.

Watching Zacharias' stooped and thin figure, Samuel felt a pang of heartache, a fleeting mix of emotions on his face, but he couldn't bring himself to show it. He was sure that Angela had turned him mad too!

Angela... It was all Angela who kicked up a whole fuss at home like a madwoman and not

ot even sparing the family after she left! She was truly a lunatic; their nemesis! She should be locked up in a mental hospital!

Samuel was feeling sulky when he suddenly heard Fanny scream.

“Zacharias!”

When he looked up, he saw that Zacharias had fainted.

“Zacharias!”

Samuel also panicked and rushed forward, only to see that Zacharias’ face had turned pale and lifeless, sickly, almost like a dead man’s.

Soon it was the weekend, but Angela had not found a suitable opportunity to tell Cassie that she wouldn’t go to her friend’s birthday party.

She agreed to let Cassie take her to Springgate Estates to look around, but somehow ended up being

dragged to a bar.

She never expected that Cassie’s good friend would end up being Yusof!

Amongst the small crowd in the private room, she and Cassie were the only females, and the rest were all men that made up Louis group of disreputable friends

As Angela didn't get along with Louis and his group, she found a quiet corner to sit in, like a quiet sculpture. Sipping on her juice, she watched the chaotic dancing in the private room.

Angela lowered her eyes and glanced at the time. It was not even eight o'clock yet. Had Jonathan arrived at the Sanders Residence by now His relationship with the Sanders Family was not good, and she wondered how the dinner went. However, with Old Mr. Sanders present, things should be fine, right?

"Why did you bring her here for my birthday?" Yusof's handsome face showed a hint of displeasure.

He then carefully glanced at Louis, who was sitting at the innermost seat. His brows were cold and clear, with a hint of arrogance. His gray clothes made him appear even more aloof and indifferent.

Yusof averted his gaze and glanced at Angela, who was sitting quietly on the sofa near the door, feeling very annoyed.

In the past week, Angela had been stealing the spotlight. During a joint charity clinic visit to the hospital, Declan unexpectedly gave up his seat to her, allowing her to take charge while he observed from the sidelines, and many curious medical school teachers had gathered around to watch.

She was stealing the limelight, even surpassing Louis in popularity. Rumors were spreading that Angela was a rare medical genius of the century. The last time someone said that was the brilliant Daniel Lockwood!

They all admired Daniel for his innate surgical skills in cardiac surgery, which were unmatched by anyone else. His treatment methods were ingenious and impressive.

Louis couldn't compare to Daniel, but that was understandable. After all, Daniel was truly the cream of the crop among the younger generation However, why was Angela, a newcomer who had recently switched departments, overshadowing everyone?

Yusof couldn't help but feel displeased every time he looked at Angela

Cassie snorted. "I can't stand Winter, that hypocritical little witch Angela truly stepped into my heart when she used Winter as a stepping stone to the top! From now on, Angela is my goddess!"

"Angela?" Yusof crossed his arms, his dark eyes boring into her as if he thought she had lost her mind.

As she recalled the time they had just entered Springgate Estates, Cassie became excited with a nostalgic look on her face.

"You have no idea how amazing Angela's background is. She even lives in Springgate Estates. When I went to pick her up, she took me inside to show me. Oh my god, you wouldn't believe who I saw! I saw the award-winning actor Skyler Sage, and that guy who ranks in the top five on the rich list. Skyler was gorgeous, I couldn't even blink after seeing him. Oh Angela, my sister from another mother!"

Yusof gave Cassie a disdainful look, but was secretly shocked. He hadn't expected Angela, who usually kept a low profile, to be a resident of Springgate Estates. He had never seen a wealthy young lady like her before.

Cassie's eyes lit up as she chattered on and on, but he grew impatient and waved his hand, saying, "You are out of your mind. If you want to worship Angela, go ahead, but don't bring her into our circle. Louis is in a bad mood lately, so be careful!"

With that, Yusof raised his wrist to check the time on his watch. It was almost eight o'clock. "Sarah hasn't arrived yet. I'll give her a call"

Then, he took his phone and walked out,

The noise around her was loud, but Angela felt calm inside. In half an hour, she planned to tell Cassie that she was leaving and go home to read.

Just then, Cassie, who reeked of alcohol, sat down next to her, resting his head on her shoulder. She looked toward the door and sniffed. "Do men all like women that are very feminine, or beautiful women like you who are both pure and seductive?"

Beautiful? It was the first time someone praised Angela for her beauty. In her previous life, she had heard people describe her as awkward, with a dull mouth, plain and even... malicious, not knowing her worth.

Angela blinked and said, "I'm not likable. No one likes me."

"How would they not like you with your looks? They must be blind!" Cassie's eyes were full of shock, then she slumped his shoulders, looking a bit lost as she grumbled, "He's so into Sara. His eyes and

heart are full with her, and he even eagerly goes to pick her up, like a little lapdog!"

"You like Yusof

was twisting in Bela felt a stir in her heart. She lowered her head and looked at Cassie beside her, who

a pretzel, "Have you told him?"

Angela felt a little surprised.

Cassie immediately frowned. "I just like him a little. When he and Sarah get together, I'll just switch to liking someone else.

Chapter 122 A Hundred Times More Handsome Than Louis

Angela was rendered speechless. She was not familiar with Yusof, but judging from his daily attire and extravagant spending, he was probably wealthy or noble.

After all, Cassie's family background was actually quite good. Even though she was not from the best branch of the Hayes Family, it was at least a prominent family in Riverdon and leagues above ordinary people. Since no one from the Hayes Family had intervened, they must be happy to see it happen.

In the past, Angela would have advised Cassie to bravely fight for her love if she liked someone, without leaving any regrets behind! However, she now admired Cassie's magnanimity. A man who loved another woman was like a piece of dog poop, smelly and unsightly.

She reached out and poked Cassie's face. "Yeah, don't be foolish and fall for a man who is already taken. Just move on. The next one will be better."

A crush was like a dazzling but empty firework, and when she met someone truly worth liking, she would slowly forget about it.

Cassie glanced at Angela in surprise, then pouted. "If you can control your feelings, it's not called love anymore! He likes Sarah now, and if I say anything, I probably won't even be able to remain friends with him. I can only watch from afar,"

"However, I heard that Sarah has a boyfriend. Yusof was about to give up, but when her family got into trouble last time, he helped her out a lot, and he took that opportunity to get close to her again."

Angela chuckled. "Isn't that being a third wheel? Find someone with morals to like."

Cassie pursed her lips and didn't say anything. She was just trying hard, and she hadn't succeeded yet.

Suddenly, Angela felt her phone vibrating in her hand, and a small envelope flew across the screen, indicating a text message. She opened it and saw that it was from Jonathan.

"What time does the event end?"

Angela's heart suddenly tightened. Does Jonathan know?

She had forgotten that Oliver was protecting her. When she came here, Jonathan must have known.

She nervously stood up, then told Cassie that she had to go out for a while, and quickly ran out with her phone to make a call.

The call was answered quickly, and Angela hurriedly explained, “Jonathan, I didn’t plan to come, but my friend dragged me here. I was going to leave at eight and go home to read.”

On the other end of the phone, Jonathan chuckled lightly. I’m not blaming you. It’s just that it’s a mixed crowd over there. Be careful, and if anything happens, call Oliver. I’ll pick you up when it ends.”

Bars in the early 2000s were chaotic, with all sorts of people, and there were many cases of girls getting into trouble. Unlike the more open-minded thinking of the next decade, many older people even thought that girls who went to bars were not good people, much less decent girls.

She naturally understood Jonathan’s concern, so she obediently replied. “I’ll wait for the birthday star to come back, wish them a happy birthday, and then leave, probably in half an hour.”

Jonathan replied calmly, “Okay.”

Outside the bar, in the car, Oliver looked at Jonathan’s cold face in the rearview mirror and asked in confusion. “Why didn’t you tell Mrs. Lawson that you had arrived?”

He didn’t quite understand why they were waiting in the car if they were already there.

Jonathan’s dark eyes lowered, glancing over the now darkened phone screen. Let’s wait for later.”

His tone was low and indifferent.

Oliver was even more puzzled. Wait for what?

After hanging up the phone, Angela felt much more relaxed and turned back.

Just as she turned around, she stopped in her tracks, her clear eyes staring calmly at the scene in front of her. A chubby man with a big head and a thin, weak girl were together.

Although the lighting was dim and only half of the girl's face was visible, Angela still recognized her. It was

Linda.

Linda turned her head, and her gaze met Angela's directly. Her already pale face turned even paler, exuding a sense of desperate despair.

Her gaze was like that of a person clinging to the edge of an abyss, as if a single breeze could become the final straw that caused her to plunge into the abyss,

Angela's eyes were cold, and after just one glance, she put away her phone without looking away and continued walking forward, back to the private room.

Linda's eyelashes trembled. Suddenly, she raised her thin arms and fiercely pushed the chubby man away. She hugged herself as she trembled, wishing she were dead.

The chubby man's eyes suddenly revealed a hint of malice as he grabbed her hair and slapped her.

"Now you're acting all high and mighty. Do you know how much money I've spent on you

The private room was still lively. As it was a rare chance to kick back and relax, several people were already drunk and wailed into the microphone, singing so badly that even ghosts would refuse to listen. Meanwhile, Cassie was playing a heated game of dice with someone.

Yusof had returned, but he seemed in a bad mood and he sat next to Louis while drinking heavily with a serious expression.

Angela glanced around, then looked back and set a timer for herself. She decided to leave in twenty minutes/ Judging by Yusof's drunken state, it was questionable whether he would even be awake in half an hour.

When Cassie saw Angela return, she stopped playing and walked over to the door to say something to the waiter before coming back.

Taking Angela's arm, Cassie asked, "Where did you go just now?"

"Making a phone call, Angela replied.

"To who? You seemed so nervous, your parents?" Cassie teased.

Unfazed, Angela replied, "My husband."

Cassie's eyes widened in shock, then she burst into laughter. "Oh, your boyfriend, right? How is he? Is he handsome? How does he compare to Louis? How old is he? Is he from our school?"

After a moment of consideration, Angela nodded emphatically. "Handsome! One hundred Louises can't compare to him. He's not from our school, he's 27."

She couldn't pass the entrance exam for his school.

Louis, who was being dragged into the conversation for no reason at all, turned speechless. He gave her a cold look, his expression turning even more sour.

Then he kicked Yusof, saying, "Get lost and drink somewhere else, you're a mess."

Yusof, feeling wronged, said, "Louis, it's my birthday today, can't you be a bit nicer to me?"

"Stop being so dramatic, I'm out of here." Louis's dark eyes narrowed, his face full of frustration.

Yusof felt disgruntled, but dared not speak.

Cassie was stunned. “Are you kidding me? He’s a hundred times more handsome than Louis?” She blinked. “Are you joking?”

Louis was the most handsome student from the medical department, whose face was always praised as handsome by countless infatuated girls. Was there anyone who could be a hundred times more handsome

than him?

“No, I’m serious,” Angela said seriously, not allowing anyone to question Jonathan.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open, and a waiter came in with a two-tiered cake.

Through the open door, Angela faintly saw the scene downstairs on the first floor, a smile playing on her lips. Things had suddenly become more interesting.

In the noisy bar, with its colorful lights, Christopher had a layer of frost on his handsome face as he pulled Linda behind him. He held a bottle of wine in one hand while pointing at the fat man with the other. “She said no. Are you deaf?”

Chapter 123 How Dare You Seduce My Fiancé?

The fat man stood up with a fierce look on his face, his chubby cheeks shaking like ripples on the water, squinting at the young man who appeared out of nowhere.

Filled with anger from being interrupted, he sneered coldly. “You little brat, are you trying to be a knight in shining armor? Before you act, take a look at yourself. I spent money, so whether she wants to be with me or not is none of your business. I’m not a saint who spends his money on charity,”

Christopher turned to look at the trembling Linda, his eyes darkening. “How much?”

Linda's teeth trembled as she lowered her head, her throat dry as she uttered a string of numbers. "Fifty thousand."

Once upon a time, she was a wealthy and noble young lady, surrounded by people who adored her. She never had to worry about money, casually buying a bag for a few thousand dollars, But now, she sold herself for fifty thousand dollars in one night, and the person who stood up for her in the end, the one she least wanted to see, was Christopher.

Her downfall, her debauchery, was visible to everyone, but how could it be Christopher?

Linda remained silent, her eyes red, unable to lift her head to look at the man beside her.

Christopher was the school's prince charming, with good grades and a good family background. She first saw him from afar at a banquet, the young master of the Sanders Family who was surrounded by admirers, with a fair and handsome face that shone brightly.

From high school to college, she has been following in the footsteps of Christopher. Knowing that he liked Fanny, she became friends with Fanny just to be closer to him. She even fantasized that he would fall in love with her, and they would become a couple that everyone envied.

She liked Christopher and secretly admired him for many years. And yet, at this moment, the string in Linda's mind broke, and her love burned into ashes.

"50 thousand is nothing. I'll give you 100 thousand to help her pay it off" Christopher frowned, coldly scanning the fat man, a chill flashing in his black eyes. "There's exactly 100 thousand in this card, take the money and get lost!"

The fat man looked at the card. He hadn't expected this kid to be so generous.

"Hey, whose young master is this? Look at you spending a fortune for a girl.

Christopher yanked Linda and was about to leave when he turned back to say indifferently, "I'm Christopher Sanders from the Sanders Family, if you see her again, stay away from her!"

With that, he left the bar without looking back.

In the December weather, the wind was so cold that it froze the bones, but the bar was warm. Linda was dressed lightly, and she was shivering from the cold, her face pale.

With a sigh, Christopher took off his coat and put it on her. It still carried his warmth. Linda still lowered her head, but her fingers greedily clutched the coat.

Christopher spoke, Linda, you don't suit a place like this. Don't come here again in the future."

Although the person who owned the bar was powerful and many people did not dare to cause trouble here, there were still many shady customers inside. If they set their sights on someone, the consequences were unimaginable.

At the end of the day, they had been classmates for many years, and Linda was still Fanny's good friend, so Christopher didn't want her to go down an irredeemable path.

Linda had lost a lot of weight, and her originally round face was now thin and delicate, making her eyes appear even larger, and she looked as if she would topple at the slightest breeze.

She tightened her coat, a hint of sadness on her face.

She didn't want to come, but these people were forcing her to repay the debt. Her mother was sick, and the debt collectors even came to the hospital, menacingly blocking them in the ward. To comfort them, the hospital even suggested transferring to another hospital several times.

She left school without completing her education and, with a criminal record, no legitimate company was willing to hire her.

The need for money was overwhelming, keeping her awake for days on end. She went to her uncle's house to borrow some cash, but her aunt pointed at her and scolded, "If you have no money, why don't you sell yourself?"

"Our family's money doesn't come easily. Your uncle works hard for it. Your mother's illness is incurable, and she will die sooner or later. Borrowing money from you is like pouring it into a bottomless pit."

Linda felt exhausted with no way out. She tilted her head slightly, looking at the man with a broad chest in front of her, and hoarsely asked, "Christopher, can I hug you for a moment?"

While her body remained untouched.

Without waiting for Christopher to respond, she reached out her arms and threw herself into his embrace, like a drowning person taking their last breath. She held onto him tightly, his scent filling her nostrils.

Just three seconds, Linda told herself, and after that, she would completely fall into darkness, with no possibility of being with Christopher again.

"Linda, what are you two doing?" Fanny had just come out from the door, her face filled with shock and

anger.

Upon hearing Fanny's voice, Christopher snapped out of it and pushed Linda aside. He hurriedly rushed to Fanny, explaining, "Fanny, it's not what you think."

Christopher then briefly explained the process of saving Linda.

Fanny's expression was twisted with anger, but after listening to his explanation, she squeezed out a smile at him. "Christopher, do you think I'm such a petty person?"

Christopher breathed a sigh of relief. Thank goodness we really understand each other. Fanny.

“James is looking for you because you disappeared after going to the bathroom. Hurry up and go in!”

As soon as Christopher heard that James was looking for him urgently, he didn't think much and immediately turned back to the bar.

Fanny and Linda were good friends, so there shouldn't be any problem.

As soon as Christopher left, Fanny's face darkened. She rushed forward and slapped Linda as hard as she could.

Linda fell to the ground, her coat falling off, revealing her slightly exposing clothes in a disheveled state, which made Fanny cold-eyed.

Fanny, who had just been gentle and charming in front of Christopher, now looked cold and menacing. She grabbed Linda's hair and forced her to look up. “Linda, you shameless woman, how dare you seduce my fiance? Right now, I could easily crush you with just a snap of my fingers!”

Linda struggled to lift her head, her eyes staring calmly at Fanny.

“Fanny, my dad didn't step it was Angela? Why? Why!”

Linda's

down because of an anonymous report. Why did you mislead me into

thinking

gaze was intense, almost bordering on madness. Without Fanny's manipulation, she wouldn't have gone astray and sought revenge for her father, nor would she have targeted Angela.

She wouldn't go to jail, and her mother wouldn't have to sell the last remaining house just to afford her medical bills,

Fanny paused for a moment, then smiled with a hint of contempt in her eyes, lowering her voice as she said. "Who told you to be so naive? You believe whatever I say so easily. You deserve it for being so foolish."

"Fanny! I trusted you so much. Aren't we good friends? What did I do to deserve this?" Linda's eyes were red with tears.

Fanny chuckled, her eyes catching sight of a familiar man's coat on the ground—the one she had bought for Christopher.

"Good friends?" Fanny spoke coldly, "I know you like Christopher, and that's why you befriended me. How does it feel to see me and Christopher be in love right in front of you? Does it taste good?"

Chapter 124 Man—Eating Hell

"You..."

As Linda stared blankly at Fanny's beautiful face, her mind went blank.

It became apparent to her that Fanny had long been aware of Linda's feelings for Christopher, which meant that all of her intimate gestures toward him had been deliberate.

Despite initially getting close to Fanny because of Christopher, Linda had never entertained the thought of coming between them; she genuinely considered Fanny a friend. However, Fanny ultimately treated her like a fool, toying with her emotions.

Linda could almost envision the scornful remarks Fanny would make about her behind her back.

With hatred burning in her eyes, Linda lunged at Fanny. Anticipating the attack, Fanny swiftly dodged out

The security guard at the bar glanced over and motioned with her hand. As she approached, Fanny instructed, "Strip her clothes off and I'll pay you a thousand"

The tall security guard's face lit up with surprise at the fact that he could earn nearly two months' salary just by removing a hostess's clothing.

Agreeing immediately, he said, "Consider it done!"

Trembling with shock, Linda tried to rise unsteadily from the ground. However, before she could take a few steps, her hair was violently yanked, causing her scalp to ache.

The security guard swiftly restrained Linda, holding her hands with one hand while stripping off her clothes with the other. Linda was scantily dressed in a dress, and with a few tugs from the security guard, her body was exposed to the open air.

"No! Fanny, stop him! Fanny!" Linda's face drained of color as she screamed in terror.

Standing at a distance, draped in a fur coat, Fanny appeared elegant and luxurious.

She coldly smiled, her expression cruel and sinister. "You enjoy seducing men, don't you? I'll expose your true nature now and let all the men passing by witness your shame."

She then called out loudly, "Come one, come all! Behold this shameless woman who tried to seduce my husband."

Most of the men at the bar were seeking entertainment.

Despite Linda's recent weight loss, her upbringing in luxury had left her with skin as fair as snow, attracting the attention of many. As men passed by, many shamelessly, their eyes fixed on her bare

form.

leered

With her bare arms wrapped around her body, Linda humbly bowed on the cold, dirty ground, feeling more shame and embarrassment than the pain inflicted by the security guard.

Lying on the ground, tears streamed down her face. The cold wind blew fiercely, causing her to curl up in

an attempt to shield herself.

Fanny adjusted her fur coat, offered a cold smile, then turned and elegantly made her way into the bar.

At that moment, a man approached Linda, leering and asking. "Your skin is so smooth, so fair and delicate. How much for a night? Come play with me, darling."

Linda screamed in fright, desperately avoiding the man's advances. "Stay away, don't touch me!"

"She looks familiar, like the daughter of that Saw Family who recently fell from grace on TV

"Really?" A man's eyes gleamed with interest. "A girl raised in luxury a unique experience to play with her."

will be delicate and tender. It must be

Several men closed in around her, causing Linda to shiver in the cold wind, her body trembling with fear. She bit down on her lower lip so hard that it nearly drew blood.

In despair, Linda closed her eyes, vowing to repay Fanny a hundredfold for the humiliation she had endured. Even in death, she would not let Fanny escape unpunished.

Suddenly, everything fell silent around her, and a warm garment was draped over her, concealing all her shame and humiliation.

George gazed at Linda, furrowing his brow and inquiring. "Are you Mark Saw's daughter? How did you end up in this situation?"

A few years back, George had worked closely with Mark, and the histories of the Kins Family and the Saw Family were quite similar, with both starting from humble beginnings and suddenly achieving wealth.

The long-established aristocratic families, who had been wealthy for generations, looked down on them, and in order to fit into high society, they had to humble themselves. He and Mark had shared a sense of understanding for a while.

Upon hearing about Mark's imprisonment, he had sighed deeply for quite some time.

Linda raised her head, her dark eyes misty as she quickly recognized the man standing before her. It was Fanny's father, as well as her father's business partner.

"George..."

George turned to his men and instructed, "Find out who took the photos just now, delete them all, and pay them off to ensure their silence."

Dressed in a black suit, the henchman nodded and proceeded to handle the situation.

After issuing the orders, George reached out to assist Linda to her feet. "I'll arrange for a room for you and have someone purchase new clothes for you to change into, so your mother won't worry when you return home."

Linda whispered, "Okay, thank you, George."

As they sat in the car, approaching a hospital, George inquired, "Do you need to go to the hospital?"

She had numerous bruises on her body. Being a man, he didn't find it appropriate to ask too many questions.

Linda shook her head. "No, I'll be fine in a few days after recovering from the beating

Upon hearing this, George frowned deeply, his expression turning grim.

Staring out of the car window, Linda absentmindedly observed George's silhouette.

A decade ago, he had amassed a fortune through his business, following in his father's footsteps, starting

from scratch.

Now forty-six, George had been quite handsome in his youth, renowned as a striking figure in the area, and had been the only college student in the village at the time. Perhaps due to proper upkeep and exercise, he had managed to retain his youthful appearance.

In comparison to his rugged father, George exuded a more refined and dignified air, with a hint of the aura of a successful individual.

After making the necessary arrangements, George escorted her inside her room before taking his leave. It a presidential suite, with several bags of clothing on the bed, all from top-tier brands. One of them even happened to be a brand she had once adored.

was

As she turned on the faucet, cold water cascaded down, as if capable of washing away all the grime and shame from her body, causing her to tremble as she stood before the dressing table.

Linda gazed at her reflection in the mirror. A red, swollen handprint was imprinted on her face. Her eyes, large in her petite face, appeared even more pitiful.

She slowly clenched her fists.

Following her father's imprisonment, her once joyful life had taken a sudden turn. Those who had stood by her side now openly ridiculed and belittled her.

The family that had once cherished her now seemed like malevolent spirits, callously turning their backs on her. Not only had they seized her father's company, but they also sought to drain her dry, using her mother as leverage to force her into accompanying clients for business purposes.

She found herself teetering on the edge of a precipice, pushed by Fanny, who had thrust her into a dark, cutthroat abyss.

Having descended into this hellish existence and feeling that life was more unbearable than death, why should Fanny get to live so freely? Determined to drag Fanny down with her, Linda caressed her youthful and beautiful face, her crimson lips slowly curling into a smile.

She was resolved to be with George!

Chapter 125 Have You Been Drinking?

"Have you been drinking?" Linda asked, her eyes falling on the tattered skirt she picked ground.

from the

She lay quietly on the soft bed

After finishing his social obligations, George, originally planning to go home, ended up drinking quite a bit. He reeked of alcohol, and his head was starting to throb.

But then he received a call from the hotel, informing him that a guest in one of the suites had fallen ill.

After hanging up the phone, George paused for a moment, then instructed the driver to turn around and head back to the hotel. As she was Jasper's only daughter, he felt compelled to look after her, as she appeared truly pitiful.

Upon arriving at the hotel, George used his room card to enter and was taken aback by the scene in the bedroom.

"Uncle Donald, am I going to die? I feel so unwell, please help me."

"Hang in there, I will find a doctor for you. You'll be fine soon."

As George reached for his phone to make a call, a warm body pressed against his back.

In the private room of the bar, Angela observed Linda with indifference, showing no concern for her situation.

Her past experiences had taught her not to involve herself in the affairs of insignificant individuals.

Knowing that Jonathan was on his way to pick her up, Angela grew restless, fearing he might have arrived early and be waiting for her.

After enduring over twenty minutes, Angela finally exchanged a word with Cassie and swiftly departed.

As she made her way out of the bar, Angela collided with James, accompanied by Fanny and Christopher.

Despite their harmonious appearance, Angela frowned and quickened her pace without looking back.

Seeing her leave without greeting him, James scolded her with a displeased expression, "Angela, don't you know how to greet people? What about your manners? Can you come to such a place alone? If something happens, it's your own fault. Don't blame it on the Kins Family!"

Angela sneered. "Mr. Kins, I have nothing to do with you anymore. If you want to preach, go tell Fanny. Don't waste your time on me.

How ridiculous to ask such questions. It was normal for them to come here, but it was abnormal for me to be here.

And who was I supposed to greet? We were no longer related, so we were strangers.

For a stranger, why waste words and greetings?

Ignoring James's reprimand, Angela didn't even give him a glance.

After leaving, Angela took a few glances and immediately saw a familiar car parked on the side of the road.

A smile appeared on her face as she hurried to the car.

Just as she approached the car, as if sensing it, the door opened immediately. Angela saw Jonathan sitting in the back seat and smiled, hopping into the car lightly.

Meanwhile, on the other side, the group of people who had just arrived at the door saw Angela get into an expensive car and drive away.

Fanny pursed her lips and gently spoke, "Although Angela is angry with me and Christopher, she shouldn't vent her anger on you. Angela is becoming more and more unreasonable."

James's expression was as cold as ice, annoyed. "Let her be. Anyway, soon she won't be my sister anymore. In the future, whether she lives or dies has nothing to do with us."

Christopher was puzzled and asked, "What's going on?"

James didn't want to say anything, so he walked away quickly.

Fanny felt somewhat helpless. "You are aware that Angela has been experiencing numerous conflicts within her family recently, becoming more rebellious, Well, it is said that family matters should not be made public, but I have no secrets from you. Please do not share this with anyone, but Angela appears

to have married a man impulsively due to our situation. Stella caught a glimpse of it once, and she described him as an elderly gentleman with white hair."

"Her parents are very angry, so they decided to disown Angela and hand her over to Uncle Donald, cutting off all ties with her."

Christopher was silent for a moment, coldly saying. "That is the path she has chosen for herself, to bring shame upon herself. She cannot blame others."

He looked down at the time on his watch.

It was getting late, and James should have finished dinner with the Sanders family by now.

For some reason, Christopher felt like he had seen the car Angela had just entered before as if Jonathan had driven it past the Sanders Mansion.

Putting aside his thoughts, Christopher put his arm around Fanny, 'Let me take you home first. I will pick you up tomorrow and we can have dinner at my place.'

Fanny smiled sweetly and obediently agreed, suppressing the excitement in her heart.

In the car, Angela was about to inquire when Jonathan had arrived.

Suddenly, Jonathan leaned closer to her, lowering his head to gaze into Angela's eyes. "Angela, have you been drinking?"

Chapter 126 I Don't Need Other Women to Like Me

Angela was taken aback when she suddenly heard her name being called. She quickly apologized, her eyes downcast, "I'm sorry. I just had a drink."

It felt like being caught in the act of doing something wrong.

Feeling guilty, Angela behaved especially obediently.

"How's your alcohol tolerance?" Jonathan inquired.

Whatt

Alcohol tolerance?

Angela thought he would reprimand her, but to her surprise, he didn't.

"It's fine." Angela responded modestly

In her previous life, she had trained herself to

ink for James's business negotiations. If she were still in

her previous life, she could have outdrunk all of them tonight.

She could down a kilogram of hard liquor and chug beers without hesitation.

Occasionally, the distant sound of a horn could be heard, or a sedan would speed past them as they turned.

At the same time, she heard Jonathan suggest. "Let's have a drink sometime and test your alcohol tolerance. It's good to be able to hold your liquor, so you won't easily get drunk by others.

Upon hearing this, Angela couldn't help but glance at Jonathan. Has this genius's way of thinking always so unique?

"Sure." Angela agreed.

Due to the cold weather outside, Angela had Oliver turn on the air conditioning before she got into the

The car was warm and cozy, with soft music playing in the background. The ambiance was delightful. Angela had woken up early in the morning, hadn't taken a nap, and had been dragged out by Cassie all day.

At that moment, Angela relaxed and felt her eyelids growing heavy, eventually falling asleep

She slept soundly, nodding off. When the car turned a corner, her head leaned over and landed directly on Jonathan's shoulder.

Jonathan never enjoyed physical contact with others, so he moved out early and lived alone in Springgate Estates.

The atmosphere in the car fell silent for a moment.

Jonathan lowered his head, gazing her leaning against him. He was unable to see her face, only a head of

black hair cascading down, emitting a faint fragrance, lingering around his nose.

Her breathing was soft and fragrant, occasionally feeling uncomfortable with her posture, she would adjust her position.

With such a docile appearance, she resembled the white Angora cat he used to own, delicate and willful.

Jonathan's typically cold eyes softened, shimmering with a hint of warmth.

Suddenly, the car braked abruptly.

Jonathan reached out his arms, swiftly holding Angela, his large hands tightly gripping her waist, pressing her petite body into his embrace.

After stabilizing their posture, he lowered his head to look at her.

Fortunately, she didn't wake up.

"You can't even drive properly?" Jonathan lifted his cool gaze, his eyes slightly chilly.

Oliver's panicked and quickly explained. "There was a child crossing the road just now, so I slowed down."

Jonathan's body suddenly stiffened, not having time to question Oliver, because Angela suddenly reached out and hugged him, her head nuzzling into his arms, making restless noises, and then falling back asleep. Jonathan stared at her, his eyelashes trembling slightly, concealing the fleeting light in his eyes.

He then slightly lowered his head and kissed her on the top of her head.

In the next moment, he tightened his arms around her.

The touch of her hand made Jonathan furrow his brow slightly. Although her body was soft and slender, it

was too thin.

Before long, Bruce called him again. He had already called several times before.

He was asking where he was and if he had gone home.

Every time he went to the Sanders Family for dinner, Bruce would call several times incessantly until he arrived home safely.

Once before, after leaving the Sanders Family, he had an accident on the way, and it was that accident that left a sequela on his leg, exacerbating his existing condition.

So even though he found him annoying, he still answered the phone and said calmly, "Grandpa, this is the third call already. Please stop calling"

On the other hand, Bruce was not pleased. He shouted angrily, "I'm just worried about you, and you're complaining. With your cold and unfeeling attitude, no girl will like you!"

After a moment of silence, Jonathan smirked. "As I'm getting older, there are some things I can't remember. Let me remind you, as a married man, I don't need other women to like me."

Bruce fell silent, and the atmosphere instantly became quiet.

“Angela is sleeping. Your calling will wake her up.” With that, Jonathan hung up the phone.

Bruce, who was hung up on, was not angry but rather very happy.

Furrowing his brows intentionally, he exclaimed loudly, “Oh, this brat. He’s married and doesn’t need his grandfather anymore. He only has eyes for his wife. He even complained when I called and woke her up.

Although he was expressing dissatisfaction, there was no hint of blame in his tone at all.

His face was almost creased with laughter..

Noah sneered, unable to stand the sight of certain people taking advantage and acting coy.

This despicable appearance was intolerable.

“Bruce, when did your grandson get married? Why didn’t you tell me?”

“The young couple have a good relationship. Wait until next year, Bruce, you will be able to hold your great-grandson!”

Bruce was overjoyed, and now he was in a very good mood. “They just got married a few days ago. His wife is still in school, so they got the certificate first. They will have a big celebration when she’s on break. You all better prepare big red envelopes then! My daughter-in-law won’t settle for less!”

Satisfied with his extortion, Bruce was in an especially good mood.

Then he remembered something and quietly called Sebastian, giving him some mysterious instructions.

Angela slept soundly all the way until she was awakened at Springgate Estates.

Especially when she heard from Oliver that she had fallen asleep and snuggled into Jonathan's arms like a koala, the thought of that scene made Angela want to die on the spot.

She could stay asleep forever.

"Jonathan, I think I can explain..." Angela started anxiously.

She didn't mean to take advantage of him.

But before she could finish, Jonathan interrupted her calmly, "Your clothes..."

Angela looked down and immediately saw the wet spot on his chest, where the drool had not dried yet.

Feeling embarrassed, Angela blushed and said, "I'll wash it. I'll go back and clean it up

"Okay," Jonathan replied calmly.

Oliver watched the two of them for a long time until they disappeared, and then he took out his notebook and wrote down another sentence,

"Let her do the laundry."

So, this is how love is expressed. How wonderful.

After entering the room, Angela made an excuse to take a shower and quickly slipped back to her room.

Jonathan couldn't help but smile. She was still just a young girl, so easily teased.

To give Angela some space, Jonathan went to the study to work overtime.

Around nine o'clock in the night, there was a knock on the door.

sol

Sebastian was outside the door, saying, "Master Jonathan, Bruce said you didn't eat enough tonight, so I made

you a bowl of soup Drink it while it's hot

Chapter 127 The Ungrateful Fellow

Jonathan responded, "Please come in Sebastian entered the room with a tray placing the soup bowl on the table.

Upon seeing the bowl, Jonathan furrowed his brow slightly. Due to his fragile health, they often made various soups for him.

To ease their minds, he would obediently consume it.

This time was no different. Jonathan picked up the porcelain white soup bowl, took a few sips, and then resumed reviewing the documents.

Meanwhile, in the bathroom, Angela was washing nervously. A few days earlier, upon returning from school, she discovered various men's belongings in her room, all of which belonged to Jonathan.

She was taken aback and hesitated to inquire about it

She feared that questioning would raise suspicions about the discussions she had with Jonathan.

Given their collaboration, she needed to play her role effectively. She had to be his wife during this period. Fortunately, Jonathan worked late into the night and rose early each morning. They had spent several nights together without any encounters.

As she went to bed, Jonathan remained in the study working. When she woke up, Jonathan had already completed his morning routine, including exercise, tea, and reading the financial news.

What is the most frightening thing in this world?

It's not the lack of money or intelligence. It's the fear of someone who is a hundred or a thousand times wealthier and smarter than you. They work harder than you, and their success could overshadow yours.

The money he earned was rightfully his,

After a leisurely bath, Angela emerged in loose pajamas as usual and paused upon entering the bedroom.

Angela blinked, realizing this was the first time they were alone in the bedroom.

"Jonathan, aren't you working today?" Angela inquired as she reached for a hairdryer.

Jonathan, seated on the sofa, gazed up at Angela and softly replied, "I've been working all this time. Do you think you can have this room all to yourself?"

In recent years, he had been sleep-deprived. When unwell, he couldn't sleep through the night. He worked to pass the sleepless hours.

Those around him hoped he would rest more and spend less time in the study.

Yet, here with Angela, she actually preferred him to work in the study.

Her intentions were clear. Angela smiled awkwardly, then hurriedly fetched the hairdryer, pretending the noise drowned out any further conversation.

After drying her hair, Angela picked up a book, pulled back the covers, and sat on the bed, engrossed in reading.

Although she appeared focused on the book, only Angela knew how anxious she felt.

Oh, my goodness. Being alone with the influential figure in the bedroom.

As Angela was lost in her thoughts, she struggled to concentrate on the book, just as Jonathan was also preoccupied.

A few minutes later, Jonathan, enduring the sharp pain in his knee, wheeled back to the bedside from the sofa, sweat beading on his forehead.

Moving the wheelchair closer to the bed, he reached out his arm and took the medical book from Angela's hand, placing it on the bedside table.

"What's the matter?" Angela exclaimed in surprise.

Jonathan leaned forward slightly, pressing her soft hand against his forehead, and whispered. "Could you check if I'm unwell?"

The warmth of his touch caused Angela's eyes to flicker, sensing his fever.

Quickly taking his hand and checking his pulse, Angela asked after a few moments, "Jonathan, did you consume something very nourishing?"

She lowered her head and suggested softly, "How about taking a cold shower?"

“Angela, it’s winter. Do you think I’m fit to take a cold shower?” Jonathan said softly, pursing his lips. He then suppressed his anger and continued, “You’re a doctor. Don’t you have any treatment?”

Angela quickly glanced at Jonathan, shaking her head in embarrassment. “Your condition is special. It’s a treatment phase now. If I give you acupuncture, it will be counterproductive.”

Jonathan asked coolly, “So what?”

“How about I go downstairs and cook ginger soup for you? You can drink it after taking a shower. I guarantee you won’t catch a cold.” Angela said confidently.

Jonathan closed his eyes.

He then wheeled himself out of the room quickly and immediately saw Sebastian waiting at the top of the stairs, too scared to come closer.

With a stern face and obvious anger, Jonathan made Sebastian jump in fright and quickly apologize.

“Master Jonathan, it was Bruce’s order. I tried to refuse at the time, but he wouldn’t listen!” Mr. Sebastian quickly shifted the blame. A true friend in need was a friend indeed.

“Very well then. Jonathan took a deep breath.

He then returned to the bedroom, his gaze falling on Angela clutching the blanket, her big eyes filled with

caution.

Jonathan said softly. “Aren’t you asleep yet?”

When Angela heard this, she shook her head quickly and lay down, covering herself tightly with the blanket

Jonathan snorted coldly. She slipped away pretty fast.

He went into the bathroom, and soon, the sound of rushing water could be heard.

Chapter 128 You Can't Abandon Me

Angela didn't know how she had drifted off to sleep, and when she suddenly woke up, she saw that it was almost 12 o'clock midnight on the wall clock.

She glanced around the room but found it empty, with no sound of a shower coming from the bathroom.

Where could he have gone?

Angela was concerned about Jonathan's well-being, so she quickly threw off the blanket and got up.

Her plan was to wait for Jonathan to finish his cold shower and then go downstairs to make ginger soup for him to help with the heat, but she couldn't remember falling asleep.

Jonathan was already weak, and she worried that he might catch a cold after all this.

Angela searched the spacious room but found no sign of anyone, even checking the study.

Where did he go?

Before long, the bathroom door opened.

Jonathan extended his long arm, grabbed the crutch beside him, and made his way towards her.

Angela took a step back, managing only two steps.

Just as Angela was starting to recover from her earlier embarrassment, it “Um.... I won’t disturb you, Jonathan. You can continue. I’ll go back to sleep.”

Urfaced, and she stuttered,

“Angela... his deep, raspy voice called her name, sounding like a divine whisper.

Chapter 129 You May Have A Child Soon

Under the enchanting and misty lights, Jonathan seemed to smile faintly, then reached out and turned off the lights on the wall.

In an instant, the room plunged into darkness, with only a faint light filtering through the glass door of the bedroom.

The man narrowed his deep eyes and said, “Close your eyes.”

The next day, sunlight flooded the room through the sheer curtains.

It felt warm, and it felt so hard.

Angela hadn’t yet opened her eyes. Her delicate face creased in confusion. She remembered her bed being soft, as soft as cotton.

Why does it feel so hard now?

In a daze, Angela opened her eyes and gazed up at the white ceiling.

But it was rare for Jonathan to sleep so well, still asleep at 7 a.m.

Since moving in, she had seldom seen Jonathan sleep so soundly. Mr. Sebastian had mentioned that although his sleep had improved slightly since the treatment, it was still far from ideal.

Compared to sleeping one or two hours a day before, it increased to three hours.

He slept in the middle of the night yesterday. Angela calculated that it should have been four hours.

Feeling stuffy, Angela tentatively pushed the covers aside. However, before she could get up, she slipped and fell back.

Coincidentally, she fell on Jonathan.

In the next moment, she was lifted by the awakened man. His strong arms wrapped around her waist as he spoke in a deep, hoarse voice, "Why so careless, like a child."

Am I being careless?

Angela extended her arm to block his chest.

"Are you still angry?"

How can I not be angry?

Angela gritted her teeth. "Although this is an accident, Jonathan, you need to learn to control yourself. Don't allow external influences to cloud your judgment, Fortunately, it is me this time. If it had been another woman, your reaction might have been different."

She added, "I forgive you this time, but there can't be a next time."

Jonathan raised an eyebrow. "Since you're no longer angry, can you assist me in selecting an outfit from the dressing room?"

"Of course."

Angela made her way to the dressing room, feeling irritated with herself.

Angela, you truly are...

Despite still being upset, why do I only consider Jonathan's inconvenience in choosing clothes from the closet?

I should have stubbornly said you would go yourself.

Angela randomly picked an outfit and brought it to the bed, saying. "Done."

Jonathan glanced at the clothes, then looked up at her fair porcelain face for a while. His thin lips parted, "Are you sure?"

Still, being picky?

Angela felt even more irritated. She turned her face away. "Yes, this outfit. I'm going to freshen up." After saying that, she turned and hurried off, disregarding whatever Jonathan might have wanted to say. After freshening up, Angela spent some time in the bathroom, tidying herself before stepping out. As she glanced outside, Jonathan was already dressed, leaving her momentarily stunned.

A brief flutter of her heart.

She had chosen a dark red velvet suit, exuding a hint of European nobility from the tenth century,

Dark red clothes were rarely suitable for men to wear, but Jonathan made them look enchanting and demonic. It was irresistible, akin to a seductive male fairy when paired with his cold, noble countenance.

Observing her reaction, Jonathan's in an instant. He hooked his lips. "Does it look good?"

Regaining her composure, Angela sniffed haughtily, "It's adequate."

"Mr. Lawson, Mrs. Lawson, breakfast is served."

A servant's voice interrupted from outside the door. Angela hastened to open the door and followed the servant downstairs as if avoiding something.

After going downstairs, Angela sat down and exchanged a knowing glance with Mr. Sebastian upon seeing the breakfast spread.

Red dates and lotus seed soup, accompanied by two or three nourishing broths.

"Angela, drink more lotus seed soup so that you may have a child soon. You must have been tired last night. What would you like to eat tonight? Mr. Sebastian will go to the market to buy it," Mr. Sebastian said

with a smile.

Chapter 130 Give You Two Options

Angela had just taken a sip with her spoon when the front door was pushed open. Bruce walked in with happy expression on his face, dressed in festive clothes with the character for "happiness" printed on

them.

Upon seeing Bruce, Angela immediately stood up to greet him, 'Old Mr. Lawson.'

Bruce quickly approached and stopped her. "No need. Angela, sit down and eat well. I just came to see you and Jon.

After what happened last night, Angela felt a little guilty when facing Bruce suddenly.

Bruce was over seventy years old, with white hair at his temples. But he was still energetic, kind, and amiable. Angela quite liked him.

Seeing Angela stop, Bruce pointed to the food on the table, "Go ahead and eat. Don't mind me."

"Okay, Old Mr. Lawson Angela felt uneasy and started eating-

"Angela, I liked you when I first saw you. I wanted you to be my granddaughter-in-law, and now it has come true. H-Ha, Bruce laughed heartily, his eyes full of joy. He added, "Although Jon is my grandson. rest assured, if he dares to bully you or treat you badly, I'll teach him a lesson."

Jonathan is actually very good to me. Angela chuckled. feeling a bit troubled.

At that moment, Simon's voice rang out, "Mr. Lawson, please slow down."

For Jonathan's convenience, the villa has an elevator. Simon pushed the wheelchair and came out from the corner of the elevator.

He went downstairs.

Angela looked up and saw Jonathan wearing the outfit she had picked out, unchanged.

The dark red velvet suit with a crisp black shirt inside, perfectly ironed without a single wrinkle. He sat elegantly in the wheelchair, exuding his inherent grace and nobility.

May followed behind him and held a handkerchief with a trace of blood on it.

May's face was filled with joy. "Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Lawson. Congratulations to the Old Me Lawson, wishing you to have a great-grandchild soon.

"Very well said." Bruce laughed, his eyes squinting as he took out a prepared red envelope, saying, "Take this for good luck, and here are some flowers"

May happily accepted it and continued to say many kind words.

"I started cooking this soup last night, added a lot of special ingredients, and it was very nourishing. It's stewed according to the recipe from my hometown, guaranteed to help you and Mr. Lawson will have twins in three years.

Angela blushed and agreed, implying that Mr. Sebastian and May both assumed that she and Jonathan had

consummated their marriage last night.

Her mind was in a whirl, completely frozen.

What is the deal with the handkerchief stained with blood

Although she and Jonathan had some intimate moments last night, it was definitely not what they were assuming

Angela blushed and looked at Jonathan with wide eyes, seeking an explanation.

Jonathan's wheelchair stopped beside her, and he reached out to grab Angela's hand, playing with it in his palm. Then, he leaned slightly toward her, whispering in her ear, "I did it so that Grandpa won't have

another chance"

In two lifetimes, Angela had never been in love, only unrequited love that ended in vain. She had never even kissed a man, let alone done such things, and remained pure until death.

Realizing this, Angela's snow white cheeks immediately turned red.

At this moment, they were in an intimate posture, with Jonathan leaning in to talk to Angela, resembling a newlywed couple whispering sweet nothings.

Bruce couldn't take his eyes off them, smiling as he watched.

Il 'hitney, can you see this from the underworld? You is getting married. He has found a girl he likes, and soon, there will be a child. You will be a grandmother.

Bruce turned his face away, his eyes gradually moistening

Angela sensitively noticed it and felt a bit at a loss, Jonathan's voice sounded in her ear. "Why aren't you eating? May work hard to make it. You should drink more,"

She lifted her gaze and met the man's slender eyes.

Looking at Jonathan's face, Angela felt a sense of frustration and an inability to speak. She finished her breakfast sulkily.

Jonathan remained busy as usual, leaving for work with Grandpa.

Angela returned to her room. She didn't have classes in the morning and only in the afternoon.

As she was reading, her pager on the table vibrated, displaying an unknown number.

She answered the call, hearing a man's voice on the other end that brooked no refusal. "Angela, come back now, I have something to tell you!"

It was James

She put down her book and raised her eyebrows. "Alright"

She wanted to see what the Kins Family still had to say to her.

When she returned to the Kins Family, almost everyone was there except for Joseph

As Angela walked into the Kins Family hall with a cold expression, the others had various expressions.

Fanny's gaze fell on Angela's clothes, which resembled a master's design style, but that master had long since retired from the design world. Even if he did design, it was only for a select few, and few could wear it.

So, this outfit was definitely a high-quality imitation.

Even so, this outfit still complemented Angela's noble and cold temperament, completely different from her previous pale, thin, and awkward appearance.

It made people's eyes flicker involuntarily.

Looking at the radiant and cold Angela, Fanny felt a strong sense of disgust and confusion. Clearly, Angela had already tarnished the reputation of the Kins Family, so why was she still clinging on and staying in Riverdon?

Did she think she could regain something by attaching herself to an old rich man?

The disdain in her eyes only lasted for a moment. Fanny stood up from the sofa immediately, revealing a gentle smile. "Angela, you're back. We've been waiting for you for a long time."

Angela's dark eyes flickered slightly, giving her a cold glance without any emotion.

"Speak up, what do you want from me?"

James' face immediately darkened, becoming angry. "What kind of manners are these? You don't even greet us when you enter. Do you have no respect for your elders?"

Here we go again.

Angela coldly sneered and glanced at the people in the room. "Respect for elders? Have you ever cared about my life and death? Have you ever treated me as a member of the Kins Family?"

She took out her phone and glanced at the time. "I don't have much time. I need to go home for lunch. Please, if you have something to say, say it quickly. I don't want to stay here any longer."

Every second she spent here felt suffocating.

James' expression froze for a moment, a hint of astonishment flashing in his eyes.

Seeing this, Zacharias, with a pale face, showed a mocking smile.

Looking into Angela's eyes, Zacharias felt guilty and a bit complicated. During the time she was away from the Kins Family, she had been doing well. Her skin had become fairer, and she had grown more beautiful.

Now, she was bright and elegant, her incomparable cold temperament making it hard to look away.

Scarlet spoke lightly from the side, "I'll give you two choices. Either divorce and kneel down to apologize. I'll forgive you because you are like flesh and blood to me. Or, I'll have you adopted by Donald, and from now on, you will have no relation to us."