

Serve NOTL 131

Chapter 131 Tear Up Your Mouth

Angela nodded, skipping the cold smile, her gaze cold and serious as she looked at Scarlet,

Many times, in the dead of night, she wondered what she had done wrong that caused Scarlet not to like her.

Is it because my grades weren't as good as Fanny's?

So, Angela worked hard to study and finally achieved first place, but everyone only comforted Fanny, who didn't get that.

They even blamed Angela, asking whether Angela intentionally competed with Fanny and caused her to lose the scholarship.

That was the first time Angela realized that striving for first place was also wrong. It wasn't that she wasn't good enough.

In the family's eyes, only Fanny was excellent. It was normal for her to be excellent, and they even encouraged it.

Angela pulled a chair and sat down, then said, "Why should I get a divorce?"

Does Kins Family know about my marriage?

Since they knew about my marriage to Jonathan, which should have been beneficial to the Kins Family, why would they want me to get a divorce?

Scarlet's face darkened, her eyes glaring at Angela. "You did such shameless things, and you still ask me why."

"I really don't know, Madam Square. Could you please enlighten me? What's my sin?" Angela had a faint gaze while she still had a sarcastic smile.

In the past, she had always hoped to get her mother's attention. It did not matter if Scarlet was angry or unreasonable. Just a few words from Scarlet was enough to make Angela happy for days.

She gambled her whole life to gain the approval of everyone in the Kins Family.

If this had happened in the past, Angela would have admitted her mistake and even obediently apologized, all while begging for forgiveness from Scarlet.

However, that Angela, who died in the stairwell and had her organs taken to save Fanny, was already dead.

She would never again hope for Scarlet's approval. She also would never ever forgive Scarlet either.

Scarlet's well-maintained face had a cloudy expression. Just as Scarlet was about to speak, Samuel suddenly jumped from the couch and sneered aggressively. "For the words that Mom can't say, I can."

"Angela, you're an abnormal person with no shame. The Kins Family still has its dignity. You could've married anyone, but you chose an old man. An old man who's as old as your father. Don't you feel disgusted clinging to him every day and calling him your husband? You're really despicable. I don't have such a shameless sister like you.

"I have said my piece. If you don't immediately divorce and admit your mistake by kneeling at the door, as per Mom's words, you can remain as Uncle Donald's daughter. We cannot endure the disgrace."

Once Samuel had finished rattling his words, he gasped for breath as his eyes shone with anger. He had once felt sorry for Angela before, thinking that she had endured years of hardship, and had even vowed to treat her well.

After the matters that occurred time and time again, his patience had worn thin.

He did not know how the situation had arrived to such a point where even a glance at Angela made him feel sick. We raised Angela and Fanny in the same way, so is there such a stark difference between her and Fanny?

Angela was speechless, but after listening to his words, she couldn't help but laugh out loud until tears fell from her eyes. Then, she pointed to herself. "Me? Who did I marry? An old man?"

Fanny's eyes flashed as she looked at Angela and quickly consoled Angela. "Angela, we understand that you're upset because I'm about to get engaged to Christopher. You can't just marry anyone because of this, though. It'll only sadden our parents and brothers. If you degrade yourself like this, I'll feel guilty even if I were to marry Christopher."

At this, Fanny choked up as she covered her face with her hands. She sadly whispered, "It's all my fault. I... I better not get engaged to Christopher."

"Nonsense." Scarlet's eyes swept over, Her gaze coldly passed over Angela. "Marriage between two families is not a child's play. You can't just change your mind about your marriage to Christopher."

Thinking of the embarrassing things Angela had done, Scarlet felt irritated and frustrated.

After taking a deep breath, she looked at Angela and continued, "It's my fault for not disciplining you properly, which has led to today's situation. No matter how you act, Fanny's marriage to Christopher is set in stone. You've no choice but to accept it."

During this time, Angela remained silent. Let's see what they think of me.

That was why they attributed all of her abnormalities to Christopher.

Angela stood up with mockery in her eyes. She clapped her hands in disdain as she scanned each person in the room before her eyes fell on Fanny.

"Have you said enough?"

"Hmmp! Aren't these just facts? Do you have something else to say?" Samuel sneered.

"First of all, who does Christopher think he is? He's just a coward who lacks the courage to take responsibility. Is he worth it for me to do all these?" Angela had a cold, powerful voice that was laced

with sharpness. "My husband's at least a hundred times better than Christopher. Christopher is nothing compared to my husband!"

In an instant, Fanny's expression stiffened. She bit her lip as she stared at Angela, a hint of malice flashing in her eyes. "Angela, are you admitting you're married?"

"Shut up." Angela coldly rebuked, her gaze icy as she looked at Fanny. "So, you must be the one who told them that the man I married is old enough to be my father. After all, apart from you, no one has paid so much attention to me."

As Fanny tensed up, Angela picked out a photo from her phone and asked, "Is this him?"

Samuel leaned closer to have a look. A smug look emerged on her face as he became more confident. "You still won't admit it, huh? Otherwise, why would there be a picture of this old man on your phone?"

Angela chuckled. "Are you guys blind? This is Mr. Sebastian, Jonathan's butler."

After saying that, Angela enjoyed the sight of them becoming astonished before she smirked. Then, she casually added, "Do you need me to call Jonathan and call for his butler for you guys to confront?"

James had a cold expression as his eyes slightly squinted. "Fanny, what's going on?"

Fanny, who was called out, looked flustered. "I don't know what's going on. Stella told me about it, and she also gave me the photos." After a pause, she gritted her teeth and added, "I'm not trying to cause

trouble. Angela, you can't just get married without informing your family. What if he deceives you? What if he turns out to be someone bad?"

"He's a good man" Angela's expression was unusually serious as she couldn't tolerate Fanny's malicious words about Jonathan. "If you slander him one more time, I'll tear your mouth apart"

Samuel exploded in anger while glaring at Angela. "How dare you!"

Angela tilted her head, a cold glint in her eyes. "Are you sure I won't dare to do it?"

With Samuel blocking between her and Angela, Fanny forced a smile and said, "We're just worried about you. If you think he's good, that's fine. Who is he? When can we meet him?"

Chapter 132 Angela Has The Upper-Hand

As long as Fanny's apology was a distance away, Fanny made her way across the living room, casting a pitiful glance at Angela over the coffee table.

Meanwhile, Scarlet, seated on the couch, wore a displeased expression. After a few seconds of silence, she suppressed her anger and echoed Fanny's sentiments. "Let's go with Fanny's suggestion. Bring the person back, and then we'll decide.

She breathed a sigh of relief after learning Angela wasn't going to marry an older man.

However, as Fanny pointed out, Angela had not even bothered to greet her family. She took her identification papers and got married without considering them at all.

This child seemed to bring nothing but trouble from the moment she appeared.

Dark thoughts crossed Scarlet's mind. If Angela had never come into the picture, Fanny would have stayed as her remarkable and beautiful daughter, and she would have basked in the admiration of the esteemed wives.

Instead, Scarlet had a country girl who struggled to speak properly and stumbled over her words!

After waiting for Angela's response for a long time, Scarlet lost her patience. "Angela, don't you know how to show respect to your elders in our culture?"

Upon hearing that, Angela's expression turned cold as she calmly looked at Fanny. "Have you forgotten something?"

"What?" Scarlet shot her a puzzled look.

"Since you falsely accused me, shouldn't you apologize? When you make a mistake, an apology is in order. Is this the lack of manners you've instilled in your people?" Angela raised her head, her gaze calm and cold.

Fanny looked taken aback. "You want me to apologize to you?"

"Yeah, that's what I want, Angela insisted.

Scarlet stood up suddenly and fixed a piercing gaze on Angela. "We're family, Angela What are you trying to achieve by being so confrontational?*

"And what about all of you? Were you prepared to make me kneel and apologize or hand me over to Uncle Donald? What was your intention?" Angela questioned calmly, her tone edged

with sarcasm.

After keeping silent, Zacharias finally chimed in, his expression showing a mix of emotions as he turned to her. "Fanny needs to apologize to you, and we all owe you an apology too."

Angela paused. Her eyes narrowed as she sized up him.

What kind of game are they playing now? Is this a retreat to advance strategy? Do they really think I wouldn't be able to swallow my pride and accept their apologies just because they say so?

No, Angela wasn't buying into their intentions. She chuckled lightly. "True, but I only want Fanny's apology. I won't accept anyone else's in her place."

Their apologies were irreplaceable.

Zacharias' face had a sickly pallor because her response had brought him some twisted pleasure. "No, I only apologize for myself. If someone needs to apologize, let them do so. I won't intervene."

Angela frowned as she cast a wary glance at him.

What has gotten into Zacharias? Is he ill, neglected, or went mad from sickness? Has his illness affected his judgment?

Subsequently, Fanny, with a mix of shame and indignation on her face, bit her lip and stared at Angela, demanding an apology. It seemed impossible!

For years,

she had looked down on Angela and almost succeeded in erasing the Kins Family name from her. Angela had only thwarted Fanny's efforts in the end.

Does Angela even deserve an apology from me?

"I..." Fanny's eyes welled up with tears as her voice choked with emotion. "Angela... I..."

Just as she was about to finish, Samuel stepped forward, placing himself in front of Fanny, with an anxious expression. "Angela, you're crossing the line here. The photo came from Stella. It's got nothing to do with Fanny. She's just as much a victim as anyone else."

He fell silent for a moment and then added softly, “Angela, don’t burn your bridges. If you really want Fanny to apologize, I’ll do it for her! I’ll say sorry to you three times, okay? Sorry! I’m sorry! I’m very sorry!”

He gritted his teeth with a terrifying expression, and the veins bulged on his forehead.

Meanwhile, Fanny slumped on the couch and wept uncontrollably until her eyes were red.

This scene felt all too familiar.

Everyone surrounded Fanny. Even though it was Fanny’s fault, all Angela wanted was an apology, yet she felt like she had committed an unforgivable act.

Angela’s expression gradually turned cold. Her red lips curled up as she spoke coldly, “I am naturally indifferent and ruthless. I’ve said it already. I want an apology from Fanny, not from you, Samuel”

“Is it so difficult for Fanny to apologize?” She chuckled lightly, her voice icy and calm. “She’s so noble and prestigious, yet when she makes a mistake, she can’t even offer a simple apology? What exactly is so noble about her?”

Before she could finish her sentence, a gust of wind suddenly swept past her ears. Her eyes flashed slightly, but she remained unfazed.

In an instant, Samuel rushed forward, aiming to strike her. But behind her stood Oliver, who swiftly intercepted. His fist landed on Samuel’s face, and it knocked him to the ground in the blink of an eye.

Samuel’s handsome face contorted with pain as beads of cold sweat formed on his forehead due to the agony. He couldn’t help but howl in pain.

His painful cries echoed throughout the living room.

Angela watched without intervening. She felt a sense of satisfaction as she witnessed his

agony.

Fanny turned pale with fear and covered her mouth in shock as she looked at Angela.

Scarlet rushed over, trembling as she reprimanded Angela sternly. "Let Samuel go. He is your own brother. How can you allow this to happen? Wasn't it enough when he was in jail last time?"

Without a word from Angela, Oliver continued to restrain Samuel with even more force.

Samuel's face drained of color, and the sickening sound of bones dislocating filled the air.

She remained cold and indifferent. "Since he hit me, I'm just defending myself. What's wrong with that?"

Changing her stance, she feigned confusion. "Madam Square, did you not see? It was Samuel who attempted to hit me first.

James, who was typically as calm as a cucumber, was boiling with rage. He marched up to

Oliver, fists clenched, and gave him a piercing glare. "Release him! How dare you lay a hand on Samuel in my house! It seems you have a death wish!"

Oliver met James' gaze with a hint of sarcasm. "I only follow the orders of Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, Who do you think you are?"

"Angela Kins!" James' eyes blazed with anger as his face flushed with rage.

Angela remained composed, her gaze fixed on Fanny.

The faint smile playing on her lips hinted at the message she was conveying.

Fanny was caught off guard by the sudden turn of events. She stood frozen. Her expression turned sour, which was a stark contrast to her previous gentle demeanor.

Angela sat down with a faint smile on her lips. "Apologize, and I will release him. Samuel has been nothing but good to you. Aren't you willing to apologize for his sake?"

Chapter 133 Make Sure I Didn't Starve

"Angela, you are truly outrageous. Release your brother now, or I will call the police!" Scarlet was so angry that her face turned red. She turned and shouted to the servant, "Call the police

for me!"

She simply couldn't believe it. Angela dared to act recklessly, and no one seemed able to control her!

Angela smiled faintly as she glanced at Samuel on the ground and said, "Alright then. Let's see who arrives first, the police or your brother's endurance. Oliver is skilled, but I'm worried he might go too far. What if he breaks Samuel's arm or leg? What will we do then?"

The next second, Oliver's expression remained unchanged as he applied what seemed like just a bit of force. However, Samuel was in so much pain that his face twisted, and he couldn't help but scream out loud again.

"Ah... Angela, I... won't let you off."

The servants on the side couldn't help but feel sorry, and even the way they looked at Angela was filled with fear.

This was her own brother she was being so cruel to.

Scarlet's face went from red with anger to pale with shock as her chest heaved with a mix of emotions. She felt a pang of sympathy for Samuel. She mustered up all her courage, turned to Fanny, and pleaded, "Fanny, please, for Samuel's sake, can you just swallow your pride? Say sorry to Angela. You really wanted that designer outfit, didn't you? Mom will get it for you."

As Scarlet's words fell, Fanny's other hand tightened.

In the past, she used to enjoy being all cute and pleading with Scarlet to buy it. Scarlet thought it was too pricey because it cost over ten grand for a set, so she refused.

Now, just to save her son, she agreed to buy it.

Just for that brainless Samuel, I've to endure such hardships? thought Fanny.

Fanny was not even Scarlet's real daughter, so naturally, the treatment wasn't the same. She couldn't help but glance at Angela sitting there. You must be feeling quite satisfied now, but you shouldn't revel in your joy too early! In ten days, I'll become Christopher's fiancée. The grievances I faced today, I'll surely repay them!

"Fanny... usually, you and Samuel have the strongest bond, so you should hurry..."

Fanny suddenly reached out and took Scarlet's arm. She put on a forced smile and said, "Mom, Samuel treats me so well. It's just an apology, so why would I feel wronged? Even if Angela asks me to do something more extreme, I'd do it for Samuel."

After that, she turned to Angela with her eyes red and whispered awkwardly, "Angela, I'm sorry. It was my mistake for not checking with you before speaking out. That caused misunderstandings between my parents and my brother. Can you forgive me and let go

Samuel?"

of

Angela looked at Fanny for a long time, her gaze dark and unfathomable. Then, she suddenly smiled. "Let him go."

Oliver let go of Samuel's hand and shoved him forward before stepping back behind Angela. He watched everyone like a vigilant wolf that was ready to spring into action at any moment.

It felt like he would pounce on anyone if anyone dared to make a move.

Scarlet hurriedly knelt and wrapped her arms around the wincing Samuel. "Samuel, are you okay? Does it hurt?"

Samuel shot a fierce glare at Angela, but as soon as he spotted Oliver behind her, fear crept into his eyes, and he quickly looked back at Scarlet, stuttering, "Mom, it hurts like crazy... Do

think my hand is broken?"

you

Oliver spoke calmly, "It's not broken. I know how much force I used."

Samuel clenched his teeth, feeling frustrated beyond measure. Not broken? And that's supposed to mean you know how much d*mn force you used!?

Scarlet also felt helpless, so she called for a servant to come and support Samuel and requested the doctor to hurry over.

James pressed his lips into a tight line as he frowned and cast a complex gaze at the indifferent Angela.

"Angela, you really crossed the line today."

Angela remained unbothered. "I'm just giving you guys a taste of your own medicine."

She had long grown accustomed to the Kins Family's biased treatment.

It seemed like the family only saw their own mistakes but failed to recognize how they pushed others to their limits.

James' expression turned cold. He was about to say something when Zacharias suddenly rose

on the other side.

Zacharias coughed uncontrollably before hoarsely addressing James, "James, Angela was defending herself. If Samuel hadn't provoked her, he wouldn't have been restrained by Oliver! It was Samuel's fault."

James' eyes narrowed. "Zacharias?!"

Meanwhile, Samuel couldn't contain his anger. "Zacharias! Have you lost your mind?!"

Just a few days back, when Zacharias tried to help Angela, he not only ended up bullying Fanny until she cried but also fell sick himself.

Samuel couldn't comprehend Zacharias' recent actions. Zacharias seemed like a different person and consistently took Angela's side.

Scarlet comforted Samuel while casting a complex look at Zacharias. "Zacharias, do you realize the gravity of your words? Your compassion shouldn't be exploited in such a manner."

"You're unwell," she said before saying to a servant. "Take Zacharias upstairs."

Then, a servant approached and whispered, "Mr. Zacharias, let's head upstairs first so as not to upset Madam."

A hint of mockery flashed in Zacharias' cold eyes.

"One day, you'll regret this!" With that, he turned away, his posture hunched over as he was assisted upstairs by the servant.

Samuel endured the pain and glared at Angela. "Angela, what kind of spell did you put on Zacharias to cloud his judgment?"

"And what about you guys? Are you all treating Fanny like royalty because she has cast some spell on you? Or is it because she once saved your lives?" Angela blinked mischievously while looking at Samuel with a smirk. "And, is Zacharias wrong? Finally, someone in the Kins Family is making some sense."

Scarlet's expression soured as if she had stubbed her toe while glaring fiercely at Angela.. "Angela, take a good, hard look at yourself. Has the Kins Family ever mistreated you all these years?

"I've fed you, clothed you, and put you through school! And what do I get in return? You ungrateful wretch! You brought outsiders to torment Fanny and teamed up with that sickly son of the Lawson Family to have

trying to drive me to death? Samuel put behind bars. Have you no conscience?! Are you

your brother to death? Or drive our whole family to death

before you're satisfied??

James hurriedly intervened by soothing Scarlet and patting her back. "Mom, calm down. It's not worth getting all worked up over this. It'll only mess with your health."

Angela's smirk faded. Her demeanor turned serious as she stood up and kicked the chair beneath her, sending it crashing to the ground with a loud bang.

Everyone jumped in surprise.

entered

your supposed kindness toward me was just making sure I didn't starve. Have you ever

my room all these years? The Kins Family's bathroom is bigger than my room. Every parent-teacher meeting? You only bothered attending with Fanny. Every birthday? It was all about Fanny. Even the gifts were just what she liked."

The injustices were just too much to bear that every time they were brought up, Angela couldn't help but laugh at her own foolishness.

Even though Scarlet and the Kins Family had made it abundantly clear, why did she still stubbornly cling to this impossible thought of family affection?

Angela pursed her thin lips. "Madam Square, stop trying to convince me how good you've been to me. It's really disgusting to hear."

Then, she closed her eyes briefly and turned to leave. When she reached the door, she paused.

"That's it. I won't seek a divorce. You can pick a date to officially transfer me under Uncle Donald's name. Then, you won't have to worry anymore, and you'll also have such a disgraceful daughter like me off your hands."

Chapter 134 These Marks on Me, Done by Your Father

It was your father who did this, Angela thought as she walked out. She looked up at the dazzling sunlight and exhaled softly.

Following that, a brilliant smile appeared on her face. She knew that she was finally leaving this place that she called "home" for good!

From now on, it would be a vast world where she would be free. As for those people and things from the past, they were no longer worth her emotions.

She wanted to pursue her passions with love and dedication, for example...

Helping Jonathan to stand up again! I wanna see him standing proudly in this beautiful world, fearlessly conquering all obstacles and reaching the pinnacle that he deserves!

Oliver sympathized with Mrs. Lawson for having such unkind parents, siblings, and relatives, but...

Mrs. Lawson, if you don't leave now, you won't make it back in time for lunch.

Today, May made her specialty of braised pork and fried chicken.

Oliver couldn't help but remind her, "Mrs. Lawson, it's time to go home for lunch. You have classes in the afternoon."

Angela nodded. Oliver is right to have reminded me. She was in a hurry home, but as she was about to board the car, she heard the sound of rapid footsteps and Fanny's voice.

"Angela, wait a minute."

Angela frowned and turned around in disgust. Fanny was already in front of her and panting from the rush. Fanny had already approached her, panting from the rush. Her delicate face was flushed with a hint of red hue.

She looks pitifully charming.

Angela sneered and said, "Fanny, there's nobody from the Kins Family. No need to keep up the act."

Fanny glanced warily at Oliver behind her and acted gently and amiably. "In ten days, Christopher and I will have our engagement banquet at the Laurel Hotel. Since you can't leave, please remember to attend."

Angela looked at her indifferently and said disdainfully, "Fanny, have you lost your mind? I have no interest in attending your engagement banquet with that man. You can invite me to a funeral instead."

Fanny was taken aback by this response. She failed to see the jealousy and unwillingness she expected on Angela's face. Could it be that Angela does not like Christopher anymore? It seems impossible. He's the most outstanding and prestigious man in all of Riverdon. If it hadn't been for Angela's sudden appearance, I wouldn't need to have put in so much effort over the years and nearly lost my fiancé as a result!

Thankfully, everything had turned out well.

Soon, I'll be the Kins Family's only daughter once again!

As she thought about all these, Fanny gave a gentle smile. "You should still attend, Angela. Apart from my engagement banquet, you won't have many opportunities to attend high-class events with the prestigious identity of the young lady of the Kins Family in the future."

"Thank you for the invitation. Since you have extended it with sincerity, I will definitely attend, and I will do so with an even more prestigious identity!"

With that, Angela got into the car and slammed the door shut.

Oliver chuckled as he glanced at Fanny.

What nonsense is she talking about?

The status of Mrs. Lawson was a thousand times—no, ten thousand times—more prestigious than that of any young lady of the Kins Family!

After getting into the car, Oliver fiercely drove away, spraying Fanny's face with exhaust and splashing her white dress with mud from the tires.

Fanny cried out in shock and instinctively covered her face, looking comical and embarrassed. By the time she reacted, the car had already sped off.

She stomped her feet in anger.

With a fierce glint in her eyes, she vowed to make Angela suffer once she was adopted. She had countless ways to make Angela's life a living hell!

Driving down the road, Oliver couldn't help but glance at Angela, who was resting with her eyes closed through the rearview mirror.

Angela lifted her eyelids slightly. "What do you want to say?"

Oliver's eyes sparkled with excitement as he exclaimed, "Mrs. Lawson, that Fanny is so wicked. She's just like what my teacher said—a person with an evil heart. I'm going to tie her

and teach her a lesson!"

up

Angela was shocked. So, Oliver is legally ignorant?

Feeling the need to educate him, she said, "Assaulting someone, no matter who it is, is illegal. If you get caught, you'll end up in jail."

Oliver blinked and whispered confidently, "I'm good at fighting. I won't get caught."

Angela chuckled and closed her eyes to rest again. "Don't do it. A girl like her can't withstand your beating. If you hurt Fanny, be careful because the Kins Family will trace it back to you."

Although Fanny indeed deserved a beating, the Kins Family was not to be trifled with. Oliver, with no background, would be in serious trouble if he was caught.

"Oh..." Oliver sounded dejected, but then his eyes sparkled again.

Fanny might not be able to handle a beating, and neither could the sickly boy, but the men of the Kins Family, especially Samuel, could. Samuel had always borne a grudge against Mrs. Lawson, so Oliver had planned to tie him up and give him a beating after school.

Oliver wanted to tell Mrs. Lawson about his plan, but seeing her resting with her eyes closed, he decided to keep quiet. Beating Samuel first and surprising her thereafter seemed like a better idea.

After dinner and a short rest at home, Oliver escorted Angela to school.

Angela entered the classroom alone, took out a book from her desk drawer, and found a note inside.

The note read, 'I'll be waiting for you behind the third building.'

It was signed by one Linda Saw.

Why are you looking for me again?

The third building was nearby, but it was not too secluded, with a few summer pavilions and a large artificial lake behind it. It wasn't time for class yet, so there would be many people around.

Angela bit her lip. She tucked the note back into the book and decided to see what Linda was up to.

Upon reaching the location, Angela found Linda sitting in one of the small pavilions. Linda had a frail figure and seemed no more than a skeletal frame under her oversized coat. She had her long black hair tied back in a somewhat disheveled manner.

As their eyes met, a mysterious glint shone in Linda's tired eyes.

Angela sat down in front of her and asked, "What do you want from me? I thought we had nothing to discuss."

In their relationship, Angela felt that not kicking Linda when Linda was down was the last act of kindness she could offer.

Linda straightened up a bit. "If it weren't for Fanny misleading me, I wouldn't have acted against you."

Angela squinted. Then, she chuckled softly, feeling a chill in her heart. Fanny had indeed played a significant role in this situation. She continued to gaze at Linda before asking with a puzzled yet certain tone, "I assume you didn't just come here to tell me that, did you?"

Linda suddenly pulled down her collar, revealing some marks.

"Do

you know who did this?" she asked, looking at Angela with a mix of pride and madness. "Your father, George Kins!"

Chapter 135 What Kind of Girl Does He Like?

Angela's mouth twitched, her mind almost unable to keep up. She had lived for two lifetimes, but it seemed like she had never encountered such an explosive situation before.

It was just ridiculous.

Angela blinked. "Are you okay? Do you want some plum candies?"

“You don’t believe me? It’s true. A few days ago, on the night you saw me at the bar, I was humiliated by Fanny. She had people strip my clothes off in the street and even intended to have me violated. It was your father who saved me in the end.”

That night? Angela pursed her lips. She knew Fanny was malicious, but she hadn’t expected Fanny to go this far.

Christopher was also there that night. Wasn’t Fanny afraid that Christopher would find out and ruin her chances of marrying into the Sanders Family?

Linda’s face was pale as she spoke again, “I know you have been bullied by Fanny for many years, and she even took away your position. You must hate her more than I do!”

She extended her hand, her smile full of anticipation, and her face twisted in an invitation. “Let’s join forces and drag Fanny to hell! We’ll get our revenge and make her life a living nightmare!”

Watching the frenzied Linda, Angela seemed to see herself in her past life, where she was possessed by obsession and heading down a path of no return where she ultimately met a tragic end.

Angela sighed softly. “I’m sorry; I’m not interested.”

With that, she turned to leave.

Linda stood up frantically. “How could you not?! Don’t you

hate Fanny?”

Her voice was almost hoarse, her eyes bloodshot. She was determined not to give up until she got an answer.

The commotion here attracted curious glances from several classmates nearby.

Angela propped her forehead, stood up straight, and looked directly into Fanny's hate-filled eyes. "The Kins Family is not worth my emotions. I won't waste my precious time seeking revenge on anyone.

"Life is short. I want to live happily and cherish those who are worth it. That is the greatest and most powerful revenge against enemies! It also honors my existence in this world. To me, there are many things more important than revenge."

In her past life, she was deceived, spending decades trying to please the Kins Family.

Now, she hoped to see things—better things—she hadn't seen in her previous life.

What difference would it make to entangle myself in vengeance against the Kins Family, just like in my past life?

That was not the future she wanted.

Linda was stunned for a moment before she shook her head frantically. "No, this is all wrong! We must do everything we can to drag them to hell! Make them suffer!"

Angela looked at her calmly for a few seconds. Then, she suddenly smiled. "Well, I wish you success soon. Oh, by the way, do you know what kind of girl my father likes the most?"

At the words, Linda's eyes widened. "What kind?"

"The type like Fanny."

Gentle, obedient, cries easily soft... with the ability to sweet-talk. Girls like that can easily capture his heart.

After saying this, Angela walked away without looking back.

Linda was not a good person, and the people from the Kins Family were even worse. She didn't want to waste her time on them. If they were able to turn on each other, it could be considered "poetic justice."

Inside the pavilion, a cool breeze blew.

Linda's exposed skin felt icy cold, but she was oblivious. Her eyes flashed with a bloodthirsty gleam...

So, the type like Fanny, huh?

Angela was delayed by Linda for quite some time, and when she rushed back to the

classroom, the bell had just rung.

The afternoon classes were light, and after they ended, she quickly packed her books and left.

Honk!

The familiar Land Rover was parked beside her, and she thought it was Oliver coming to pick her up. But when she opened the door, she saw Jonathan's handsome face inside,

His dark eyes were as deep as an ancient well, and he was wearing the dark red handmade custom suit she picked for him.

He sat in the car, holding documents in his hand and wearing gold-rimmed glasses on his eyes. Such an ensemble gave him a colder and more ascetic aura.

Recalling last night's scene, Angela stiffened slightly, and a blush crept onto her face. Jonathan was anything but abstinent.

Jonathan raised his black eyebrows lightly and asked in a low, husky voice, "Aren't you getting in?"

"Yes, of course..." Angela replied. She got into the car and deliberately leaned against the window. "I'm just a bit surprised that you came to pick me up."

Around this time, Jonathan usually hasn't finished work, right?

"Just finished a business meeting, and happened to pass by here."

Jonathan's casual reply made Angela pursed her lips.

Oh, it isn't an apology.

He just happened to pick her up along the way.

Angela murmured an "oh" and suddenly ran out of things to say. She looked out the window, trying not to think about the incident in the bathroom last night. It kept reminding her that she had been dazzled by male beauty.

Upon arriving at the villa, Oliver unfolded the wheelchair from the trunk and helped Jonathan into it.

Angela then naturally took over the wheelchair and pushed him inside.

Halfway there, a flicker of annoyance crossed her eyes. Wasn't she supposed to still be angry? Why was she serving Jonathan so eagerly?

Oliver stood still, pulling out a notebook to quickly jot down what he deemed an important lesson in romance. Giving your girlfriend the chance to take care of you!

May had already prepared dinner. Seeing them return together, she lit up with a smile.

“Angela, Mr. Lawson, you’re back. Dinner is ready,” she said.

Angela glanced at May, sensing something in her smile. Before Angela could ponder further, she noticed a bowl of soup on the table.

Wasn’t that May’s famous fertility soup?

Angela’s mouth twitched.

Jonathan noticed her reaction and a faint smile crossed his deep eyes. “May, please take the soup away.”

Angela’s eyes brightened, and she looked even more obedient.

“No, Mr. Lawson.” May shook her head repeatedly, saying seriously, “You need to drink it for a week to see the effects. Many young wives in our hometown drink this and end up having twins!”

They couldn’t even have one child, and now they were expected to have twins?

May’s expectations were perhaps too high.

Angela pursed her lips, realizing that May would be disappointed. Not to mention twins, by next year, she wouldn’t even be Mrs. Lawson anymore. This soup should be saved for someone who truly needs it.

Moreover, she believed Jonathan’s capabilities... didn’t require this soup.

Just as Angela was thinking this, a deep voice sounded, "Why bother? Let nature take its course. We don't need it."

May looked at Jonathan, then at Angela, and suddenly understood. She clapped her hand and chuckled. "Haha, I see. You young couple don't need these aids. I'll take it away then."

Angela almost choked on her own saliva. Jonathan, do you even realize what you just said?

After May took the soup away, Angela blushed and sneakily glanced at Jonathan, who was calmly eating his meal.

She shot a look at May walking away. Then, she lowered her voice and said, "Jonathan, if you say things like that, May will get the wrong idea!"

Chapter 136 You're Still Young, You Can't Have Children

"What will she misunderstand?" Jonathan looked up and met a pair of eyes so beautiful they looked as if they were filled with scattered starlight. He pursed his lips suddenly. "Just eat your meal. Don't talk while eating or sleeping."

Angela had the words she wanted to say stuck in her throat. But then, she realized that he was having double standards by not allowing her to speak while he could.

"I—I was just about to say..." She plucked up her courage. "Ms. May will misunderstand that I will bear you twins next year."

Jonathan paused with his fork in his hand and raised an eyebrow. "You're still young, so you can't have children." Let's wait and see, he added silently.

"I'm already twenty. How am I still young?" After saying this, Angela immediately regretted it and bit her lip, feeling so embarrassed that she could dig a hole to hide in. What am I even saying?

She stole a sneaky glance at Jonathan, hoping he hadn't heard what she had just said, but she found the man looking at her, and he had taken her words seriously. "Do you want to have children?"

How did the situation turn out that I wanted to have children with Jonathan?

Feeling flustered, Angela hurriedly explained, "That's not what I meant. I mean, we are in a fake marriage, and it's all fake. How can we have children? May and Grandpa-"

Will be disappointed, she wanted to say, but before she could finish her sentence, Jonathan interrupted her with a heavy tone, "I know, but do you want everyone to know?"

Immediately, Angela stopped and glanced at his stunning profile as he calmly looked down with no extra emotions on his face. Watching him, she felt depressed and unable to focus on the upcoming meal.

After dinner, Jonathan had business to attend to. Angela didn't dare to speak up. Instead, she quickly stopped him from working and firmly guided him into the study before giving him acupuncture.

Jonathan was very cooperative, and the whole process went smoothly. However, Angela sensed that since she had said that thing earlier, there was a stronger coldness emanating from him.

Even after it was over, she couldn't understand what she had said wrongly.

Back in her room, Angela shook off her frustration as she tried to read for a while but couldn't focus and decisively called Donald.

On the other end, Donald seemed tired, but upon hearing her voice, he immediately perked

1. up.

"Uncle Donald, they've decided to have me adopted by you today. I would like to know your opinion." Angela got straight to the point without beating around the bush.

"Adopted?" Donald paused for two seconds, not asking for specifics about what had happened.

He knew better than anyone how his elder brother treated Angela. Now, they were suggesting to him to adopt Angela. Angela must have been heartbroken upon hearing that.

Donald felt conflicted, but he smiled and said, "Angela, I cannot be happier."

Angela didn't say much, hung up with Donald, and found Scarlet's number in her blacklist.

The phone was answered immediately, and Scarlet's harsh voice pierced into Angela's ears as Scarlet yelled, "How dare you call back! Do you know that Samuel is lying in the hospital? The doctor said if we wait any longer, he might lose his arm."

Furrowing in disgust, Angela held the phone away from her ear and casually replied, "Too bad. If I had known, I would have let Oliver loosen his grip on him a bit later."

"What did you say?! Angela Kins, do

you

have any--"

Angela interrupted, "Let's just get the adoption done tomorrow at 9 a.m. at Grandma's old house. I can't stand being your daughter for another day. It makes me sick!"

There was a moment of silence on the other end. Scarlet stood up abruptly, gritting her teeth, but she quickly put on a well-maintained smile. "I was worried you would cling to me and want to be my daughter, but since you're so eager, it's just as I wish. Tomorrow--"

Before she could finish her sentence, Angela hung up the call, refusing to say another word to her.

As Scarlet listened to the busy tone on the phone, her chest heaved with anger. For a moment, it seemed like there were a few more fine lines at the corners of her eyes.

At the bottom of the stairs, Fanny, who had been standing for a while, walked over gracefully. “Mom, what happened? Why are you so angry?”

“It’s Angela Kins. She called to rush the adoption process!”

“Mom...” Fanny bit her lip, looking worried. “You’re not going to agree, are you?”

“Of course! This matter is non–negotiable!”

“Mom, Angela just wants to upset us with the marriage thing and doesn’t really want to cut ties with us. You can’t take it seriously. What if she comes to her senses later on?”

Scarlet’s face darkened as she sat back on the couch. “Even if she gets down on her knees in front of me in regret, I will never let her step foot into the Kins Family again.”

“Mom–”

“Fanny, don’t ask about this. From now on, you are my only precious daughter. Be good. Tonight, I will accompany you to buy that dress.”

A shallow smile of success flashed past the relieved Fanny, but she quickly returned to her obedient and gentle demeanor.

Suddenly, a voice came from the entrance, and George walked in with a black briefcase under his arm.

Joyfully, Fanny called out “Dad” and rushed over like a little butterfly. However, George seemed a bit slow in his reaction today. By the time Fanny reached him, he smiled gently. “Hey, Fanny.”

As soon as Scarlet saw her husband, she brought up Angela. He was not at home at the time and did not know such a terrible thing had happened.

After hearing her, George frowned, and when he heard her urging for the adoption to take place tomorrow, his previous hesitation disappeared. "Alright, I'll cancel the morning meeting tomorrow."

"Dad, although Samuel was beaten badly, Angela didn't mean to-

"Fanny." Scarlet looked gently at Fanny. "Don't say anymore. This matter is already settled. Let's go and don't let it affect our mood. Let's buy the dress."

She approached Fanny and pulled her out, leaving George alone in the house. He leaned back on the couch, massaging his temples with his hand.

Thinking of the pitiful girl, he sighed with a sense of regret. How did I lose control like that?

The phone in the inside pocket of his suit vibrated, and he sat up straight. After checking his phone and seeing the content on it, his pupils dilated, and his mind turned blank.

On the screen, there was a colored picture of a girl. He knew what it was and switched to the next photo, which was a selfie of Linda.

George tightly pursed his lips. After a few seconds, he reluctantly moved his eyes away from the screen, thought for a moment, and typed a line of words.

Chapter 137 Why Did He Hold Her While Sleeping?

88% 12:30

+5 Free Coins

'What do you mean by sending these?' George gripped his phone with slightly furrowed brows, unable to hide his anxiousness as he waited for a reply.

After a while, the phone vibrated again. 'Mr. Kins, please don't be angry. I just don't know how to deal with these wounds. I'm scared... I don't dare ask anyone, so I could only come to you!'

George's tense heart relaxed a bit, and his eyes flickered. Did he get the wrong idea about her? He had thought too ill of the young girl.

Then, he let out a sigh. 'Go to the pharmacy and buy some medicine for external wounds.'

'But... I'm alone, and I'm still scared. Mr. Kins... Will you buy it and bring it to me?'

George stared at the message, still not sure of her intentions. Then, another message appeared on the screen. 'Forget it, I won't trouble you. I know it's my fault. Let's just treat this as a misunderstanding, and I won't appear in front of you again in the future, Mr. Kins.'

George hesitated for a while, and suddenly, the broken and fragile image of Linda appeared in his mind. His heart softened, and he replied, 'I'll bring the medicine tomorrow afternoon.'

George felt guilty for misunderstanding his good friend's daughter after sleeping with her, thinking that she was trying to blackmail him like a vicious woman.

If it were any other woman, George would have sent her away with money long ago.

'Thank you, Mr. Kins. I know that you're a good person.'

George stared at the words "good person" for a few seconds, then quickly deleted their conversation, including the two photos.

The night gradually grew darker.

In Springgate Estates, the last light was extinguished by May, and she pulled her coat tightly around her as she returned to the servant's quarters to rest.

In the study on the second floor, Jonathan finished dealing with the documents, and the expression on Angela's face as she tried to deny their relationship popped up in his mind, which caused a sense of unease to rise in his heart.

After sitting quietly for a while, he lightly pursed his lips, turned his wheelchair, and pushed open the door of the room.

Angela lay on her side on the bed. A small wall lamp was shining on the headboard, casting a warm yellow light over her entire face, serene and soft.

As she was still young, she slept messily in bed; the blanket was pulled down to her waist, and the buttons on her nightgown were undone, revealing a patch of pure white skin and a hint of cleavage.

The knot in Jonathan's throat rolled up and down, and he felt that his mouth and tongue were dry. He pursed his lips and was about to avert his gaze when the person on the bed suddenly whimpered softly in her dreams. Then, she moved her body and continued to sleep.

The depths of Jonathan's eyes were dark as he pushed the wheelchair to the bedside. Enduring the pain coming from his bones, he transferred himself and lay down in bed.

Face to face with Angel, he smelled the scent of roses on her, a faint fragrance that was intoxicating.

There was a dark, bloodthirsty monster living inside him, imprisoned in a cage.

In fact, he was not as good as he appeared on the surface. He was paranoid and dark, his hands stained with countless sins. Born with guilt, he was not expected and should not have been born at all.

Before Angela appeared, he had never felt any joy in life. After all, countless people around him were waiting for his death, including his father and even his mother.

His only pleasure was to see the expressions of anticipation turning into disappointment on those people's faces.

Besides his grandfather and grandmother, Angela was the only person who hoped so strongly that he could stay alive.

As time passed, the despicable idea of keeping her close to him became more intense. He didn't know how much longer he could hold out.

Forcefully, he suppressed his impulses, shifted his body to move closer to her, and silently stared at her.

Their bodies were almost pressed together, like two perfectly fitting pieces of art.

Jonathan took his time to close his eyes. With Angela by his side, falling asleep had become a less challenging task.

A peaceful night passed, and Angela slowly opened her sleepy eyes, only to be met with a

magnified handsome face in front of her. She blinked and closed her eyes again, thinking she was dreaming.

Wait a minute?!

Suddenly, she opened her eyes again. This time, she met a pair of calm, black eyes. The air was silent for a moment until Jonathan spoke first, "Are you awake?"

His voice was as deep and melodious as a cello, with a hint of hoarseness from just waking

Then, the man calmly released the arm that was holding her.

1. up.

Momentarily, Angela was enchanted, nodding and saying, "Good morning."

Realizing the situation, she instinctively reached under the blanket. When she felt the clothes on her body were still intact, she thought in relief that she hadn't done anything to him.

But that's not the point! Trying to stay calm, Angela asked, "Why did you... sleep with your arms around me?"

"You don't remember?" Jonathan casually got up, his expression unchanged. "Do you know that

you have a bad sleeping posture? If I hadn't stopped you, you'd have ended up falling to the ground. Is half a bed not enough for you to sleep on? Do you want me to sleep on the couch or throw you on it?"

With these words, Angela felt a bit embarrassed. It turned out that Jonathan was worried she would fall to the floor, but was there no other way besides hugging her?

Angela blinked, feeling a bit frustrated. She used to sleep alone very properly.

Jonathan composed himself and sat back in the wheelchair. "Stop dawdling. It's almost time for class. Finish your breakfast, and I'll drop you off."

Angela hesitated and called out to him, "Jonathan..." She told him about not going to school today and the matter of transferring guardianship.

Jonathan immediately said, "Since you've decided to transfer guardianship, I'll have a lawyer draw up a contract and follow the proper procedures to ensure there are no future issues." After speaking, he didn't wait for her to say anything else and went straight into the bathroom.

The unpleasantness from last night seemed to suddenly disappear.

After dinner, Logan arrived with a prepared agreement to sever ties and an adoption agreement. Angela read through them and couldn't help but admire Logan's professionalism.

She had originally planned to pick up Donald's family and resolve things face to face, but with these two documents, Donald's family wouldn't need to meet with George's family, with whom they had been estranged for

years.

Angela was about to leave with Logan when she heard that Jonathan wanted to join them. "Jonathan, this is a small matter, and having Logan is enough," she said, feeling guilty about delaying Jonathan's work for her own affairs.

Jonathan gave her a deep look. "It's okay. I'll wait for you in the car. You can bring Oliver with you."

Angela replied, "Okay."

The group soon arrived at Charlotte's old house. It was exactly 9 a.m., and the three of them waited for more than ten minutes, but no one showed up.

Angela frowned and was about to urge Scarlet when she heard Samuel's displeased voice outside the door. "Angela is doing this on purpose. Why did she choose this shabby, old place?"

Then, Scarlet and George walked in. Seeing the scene inside the house, the latter furrowed his brow.

Samuel had seen Logan at the police station before, not to mention Oliver, who was the reason his arm was still wrapped in bandages. He glared fiercely at Angela, feeling that she was greedy and

shameless. "Did you bring a lawyer with you to make outrageous demands from us before we kick you out?!"

Scarlet heard his youngest son's words and agreed with him, feeling disappointed and angry. "Angela, don't think you deserve something you shouldn't have."

Angela raised her clear eyes and said softly, "You are mistaken. I don't want anything from the Kins Family because it brings bad luck!"

Chapter 138 Do You Want to Burn Bridges?

Angela glanced at Logan, who stepped forward and handed Scarlet the agreement to sever ties. "Miss Angela

will take care will not take a penny from the Kins Family. This is the agreement, and it

once you sign it."

Samuel took it and passed it to George. Frowning, he couldn't shake the feeling that he had seen this Logan somewhere else before.

Meanwhile, George read through the agreement with a grim expression. By the end, his face was as long as it could be, especially when he read the part that stated, 'George Kins and his wife have no relation to Angela Kins in life or death, and Angela Kins has no obligation to support them.

Scarlet, who had been reading the whole time, turned pale with anger. "Angela, are you cursing us? We will never stoop so low as to let you interfere in our affairs!"

Angela sneered, "Then hurry up and sign it."

George stared at Angela and suddenly said, "Although our family ties are shallow, I still want to remind you. Since you are married now, no matter the reason, live your life well in the future and stay away from any dirty business with Mr. Lawson.

"There are rumors that he is already married, and his wife is Professor Fuchs' student. Although we don't know her identity, anyone who can marry Jonathan Lawson and is Mr. Fuchs' student must be a

wealthy heiress from a high society. If it gets out that you have been involved with Jonathan in any shady dealings, it won't sound good."

Angela's eyes were clear as she looked at the self-righteous George. If they would care a little more about her, they would know that she was Terence's undisclosed student.

A bright smile flashed across her face. "You don't need to worry about

my affairs."

After George finished speaking, Samuel finally recalled that Logan was the one who got him into trouble last time, and he ended up locked up for a week! He was Jonathan's man!

So, Angela is already married but shamelessly flirted with Jonathan! She's really shameless! Samuel thought. "Dad, don't waste your time talking to her and quickly sign the papers. Having such a person in our family is like inviting misfortune," he urged..

Embarrassed, George did not say much, waved his hand, and signed the followed the procedure as well and signed her name clearly below his.

papers.

Scarlet

Angela watched their expressions in silence. Just as she had expected, they couldn't wait. She

pursed her lips, divided the agreement into two, and felt exceptionally relaxed.

The long-cherished wish after rebirth—to break free from the Kins Family—was finally realized at this moment. Looking at them with bright eyes, Angela said, "Mr. and Mrs. Kins, goodbye!"

The two who were addressed like this were stunned, their faces becoming more and more unpleasant.

Samuel was about to curse, but Angela suddenly thought of something. She took a step back and looked at Scarlet with a smile. "Mrs. Kins, I wish you and your husband eternal love and harmony without any mistresses!"

She deliberately emphasized "mistresses," and after saying that, she lightly glanced at George, who hesitated for a moment. He furrowed his brows and wanted to reprimand her, but she calmly walked away.

Scarlet glared at her angrily but didn't think much of it, assuming that Angela was deliberately trying to disgust her.

After coming downstairs, Angela asked for another adoption agreement from Logan. "Logan, I won't bother you anymore. As long as Uncle Donald's family signs on it, it's fine."

He was Jonathan's lawyer, responsible for handling all the issues of the Sanders and Lawson families' companies, so he must be very busy.

"Okay, Mrs. Lawson." Logan changed the way he addressed Angela, looking thoughtfully at her and the Kins Family not far away. Things are getting interesting, he thought.

Countless people could only dream of fawning over Angela, who had married the man in charge of the Sanders and Lawson families, but the Kins Family couldn't wait to get rid of her. Instead, they only

avored Fanny, whom no one knew whether she could eventually marry into the Sanders Family or not.

They were really shortsighted.

After watching Logan get into another car and leave, Angela walked toward Jonathan's car. Then, she heard George's slightly urgent voice behind her. "Angela."

She stopped with a smirk. "Is there something else, Mr. Kins?"

“You...” George glanced at Oliver, straightened his tie, and asked seriously, “What did you mean just now?”

“What are you talking about, Mr. Kins? I don’t understand.” Angela blinked innocently. “Will.

you explain it in detail?”

George stared at her for a while, unable to discern anything. Just as he thought, he was overthinking.

Angela then playfully said, “The weather is getting colder, so take care and don’t overwork yourself. At your age, you should rest more at night.”

He felt a chill down his spine and suddenly understood. Only he and Linda knew about this, and Angela and Linda were attending the same school. Therefore, she must have known it from Linda!

Seeing him trying hard to suppress his emotions, Angela smiled triumphantly and left with

Oliver.

The scene of Angela leaving by car happened to be witnessed by Scarlet and Samuel, who came down later.

Samuel snorted disdainfully. “She really got involved with a man she can’t show in public! It’s a good thing she has nothing to do with us now. No matter what she does in the future, she won’t disgrace our family.”

Scarlet breathed a sigh of relief at finally sending away this “daughter.” “Hey, what is your dad doing standing there?”

In the car, Angela looked back and forth at George’s and Scarlet’s signature with a bright smile on her face. “Jonathan, I finally broke free from the Kins Family. I’ve come this far, thanks to your help.” Angela

said sincerely, "I've finished my business, so we can end this marriage at any time. Sorry for keeping you waiting."

"Let me remind you what the contract says. Jonathan looked at her face and calmly stated, "After using my influence to break away from the Kins Family, are you going to burn the bridge after crossing the river?"

Angela looked guilty at being called out. "I haven't forgotten. Don't worry. Even if we divorce, I will cure your illness and leg condition. I have medical ethics. Angela assured, feeling guilty. "If there is someone who likes you, you may miss out on her."

They were in a fake marriage, but she kept occupying the position of Jonathan's wife. The lady from the Hayes Family was the person Jonathan should have married in his past life.

Suddenly, a cold atmosphere rose in the car, and Jonathan lowered his gaze, saying lightly. "That's not something you should consider. I marry who I like. It's not about who likes me."

"Oh." Angela nodded awkwardly.

The car soon arrived downstairs of Donald's building. This time, Jonathan went upstairs with Angela.

After receiving a call from Angela about her adoption last night, Donald had informed the whole family, and now, everyone was eagerly waiting in the living room.

When Angela came in, she saw this scene at a glance, and her nose couldn't help but feel a bit sour. She could sense the importance Donald's family placed on her.

Jonathan noticed her emotions and held her hand by his side, enveloping it completely.

Subconsciously, Angela looked at him and heard his deep, hoarse voice. "Don't just cry and forget about greeting everyone. They are your parents now."

Chapter 139 Achieved Freedom

+5 Free Coins

Angela glanced back at the people in the living room and put on a radiant smile. "Okay."

"Angela. Mr. Lawson, welcome. Please have a seat."

When Donald saw Angela, he instantly smiled. Meanwhile, Hecate offered a selection of fruits and snacks.

Zacharias remained quiet on the other side, his expression subdued. However, the faint smile on his lips betrayed his emotions.

Queenie sat beside Angela. Having been discharged from the hospital just two days prior, Queenie's body was still weak. She didn't even want to be here.

After some casual conversation, Angela took out the adoption agreement.

Donald and Hecate signed without hesitation. They then passed the household registration. to Angela.

As Angela held the document, her emotions surged.

She was now free from that family. The tragedies of her past life would never be repeated.

She had finally achieved complete and lasting freedom. A life of independence and autonomy was ahead of her.

Unlike the jovial atmosphere here, George sat in the car, gloomily waiting for Linda near her. house.

After waiting for several minutes, Linda finally arrived.

As soon as she entered the car, he spoke solemnly. "Did you tell Angela about us?"

A flicker of emotion crossed her eyes. She bit her lip and gazed up at George with an

expression of innocence and grievance. Her soft voice carried a hint of tremor. "What are you talking about, Uncle Donald? I would never tell anyone about such things."

"You're sure you haven't said anything?"

George felt a moment of confusion. How would Angela know, then? Am I overthinking?

"I swear, Uncle Donald, I'll keep it a secret and won't affect you in any way."

Linda adjusted her position to meet George's gaze directly, Tears welled up in her eyes as she spoke. "That night will remain our secret forever"

She reached out to wipe away her tears, her voice faltering. "I was in so much pain and didn't know what else to do. If not, I wouldn't have... reached out to you"

George furrowed his brow. "Enough tears. Here's the ointment. Tend to the wounds yourself. Let me think about this matter. I'll provide you with an explanation."

He handed a white plastic bag to Linda.

Tearfully, she looked at him, pleading, "Uncle George, there are wounds on my back. I... can't reach them. Could you help me, please?"

It was the simplest request, but George took out the ointment from the plastic after a brief hesitation.

The cramped space of the car was dimly lit.

As George's fingers touched Linda's fair skin, marked with scars, her shoulders trembled. She turned to him. "Uncle George, please be gentle. It hurts..."

He paused his movements and remained silent, biting his lips.

But she could feel him being gentler. She said softly, "Uncle George, the clothes you gave me last time were quite expensive. I can't accept them without repaying you."

"I've found a part-time job now, so please give me some time. After I cover my mother's medical expenses, I'll save up to pay you back."

Upon hearing this, George narrowed his eyes. His tone tinged with displeasure as he said, "How much can a young girl like you earn? You don't need to worry about it."

He was a person of status and reputation. How would he care about such a trivial amount of money?

Linda's eyes welled up with tears. Suddenly, she turned to face George. "Uncle George... will I ever have the chance to see you again?"

"What do you mean?"

George's expression darkened slightly. Frowning, he looked at her with caution,

"I'm sorry, Uncle George. Please don't misunderstand." Linda's tearful eyes widened. I'm not trying to cling to you, but I just haven't felt warmth in a long time... After my

dad was

imprisoned, those people immediately cut ties with my family

At that moment, George felt that he had misunderstood her again. A touch of guilt rose in his heart.

After some consideration, he took out a card from his wallet and handed it to her.

Linda briefly glanced at the bank card, then at his face. She asked in surprise, "What do you mean by this?"

"Your mother's medical expenses are quite a large amount. This money can help in emergencies. Consider it... as compensation to you."

"Uncle George, that night... wasn't your fault. I was also at fault." Linda's voice trembled as she was on the verge of tears. "I don't blame you."

"Take it. It's getting late. You should go back now."

George placed the bank card in the plastic bag and tucked it into her arms, along with some medicine.

Linda hesitated for a moment but ultimately accepted it.

Before the car drove away, he suddenly rolled down the window and whispered, "These things--"

Before he could finish, Linda interrupted him and said seriously, "I understand. Don't worry, Uncle George. I won't come looking for you again."

With that, Linda tidied up her thin clothes, opened the car door, and quickly got out, leaving behind a slender figure that eventually disappeared.

George frowned slightly, feeling a mix of emotions. That is not what I mean.

Her words made him a heartless man who left as soon as he was done.

As long as it didn't affect the situation at home, George was willing to help Linda if she needed it.

At the corner, Linda watched the car disappear at the end of the road. Then, she clenched her hand tightly, smiling seductively. Oh, dear Uncle George. I'm looking forward to our next meeting.

When Angela and Jonathan returned to Springgate Estates, it was already 10:30 p.m.

Even though she had classes the next day, she was unusually excited. As they left Donald's

house, they happened to run into Emilia. Only then did Angela realize that Donald and Hecate had deliberately sent Emilia away.

They were worried Emilia might say something unpleasant and upset her.

Putting her thoughts aside, Angela patted her checks. I haven't forgotten the task at hand!

She had to focus and work hard to treat Jonathan's leg. She wasn't an ungrateful person.

After knocking on the study door, Angela waited for a moment before hearing Jonathan's low, hoarse voice say, "Come in."

In the room, Simon was standing with his hands behind his back next to Jonathan. When Simon saw her come in, his handsome face remained expressionless as he looked elsewhere.

It seemed like Simon was reporting something important.

Angela blinked. "Jonathan, am I interrupting you? I'll come back later to treat you. continue."

You guys

"It's not urgent. Just a small matter," Jonathan said, raising his cold eyes. "Simon, wait outside."

Simon's mouth twitched. "Okay."

A deal worth hundreds of thousands becomes nothing in front of Mrs. Lawson. Something's really

wrong

with Mr. Lawson.

Angela began to give Jonathan acupuncture while kneeling on the soft carpet.

May was good at cooking and taking care of people. In these few months, she had turned the once thin and pale Angela into a fair and tender beauty with skin as smooth as a doll's.

Under the bright light, she appeared ethereal.

Jonathan lowered his eyes slightly and looked at Angela, his gaze becoming deeper.

But Angela didn't notice anything. Her attention was all on Jonathan's body. After so many years of care, his body had not been greatly affected. Even the muscles in his legs were firm.

It could be imagined that Jonathan had a very good physical condition.

He has such a good physique, and yet he had experienced such things. He didn't get married in his previous life and didn't even have a woman before dying at a young age. It's a real pity for the women.

Chapter 140 New Treatment Plan

After Angela was done with the acupuncture, she did not leave immediately. She stood up and looked at Jonathan seriously. "Jonathan, we can proceed to the next stage of treatment next week.

"Starting tomorrow, you'll have half an hour of rehabilitation training every day. This process will be very tough. You... have to endure it."

Tought

Jonathan has never found anything tough.

Angela felt that she might have been too subtle, so she whispered, "What I mean is, due to medication and training, your hormones may be disrupted, but for the sake of your health, you need to abstain."

She blinked awkwardly. Do you understand? No intense sexual activities.

After a few seconds of silence, Jonathan looked at Angela. "You should be worried about yourself."

Suddenly, Angela blushed. Right, I'll be the one in danger in this situation.

"Then... should we sleep in separate rooms first?"

Jonathan pursed his lips, looking at Angela, but didn't say anything.

Angela felt guilty from his stare. After a few seconds, she couldn't hold on and found a way out for herself. "Hehe, that's not a good idea, right? We just started living together. Sleeping in separate rooms might make the elders think our relationship is not good."

Jonathan said, "It's good that you understand."

When Angela came out of the study, she saw Simon standing in the corridor. He greeted her with a nod and then quickly walked in.

Angela had just taken a few steps when she heard Simon's cold voice coming from the study. "Mr. Lawson, our people are investigating. We will have results soon, and also...."

She instinctively stopped in her tracks to listen carefully but then thought better of it and forced herself to keep walking.

However, Angela couldn't fall asleep, no matter how hard she tried lying in bed.

Are the Sanderses trying to harm Jonathan again?

Angela felt a surge of anger. How could those people be so persistent? They're even worse than the Kinses!

Throwing off the covers, Angela got out of bed and delved back into researching medical techniques to treat Jonathan.

I need to heal Jonathan's leg quickly and shatter those people's dreams. I'll make them watch Jonathan secure his position as the head of both the Sanders Family and Lawson Family. Give them a slap in the face!

Few people noticed that when Angela got serious, she had a stubborn streak in her. She was willing to overcome any difficulty and never gave up until she reached her goal.

Time passed unnoticed, and the night grew darker. As Angela looked at the more detailed treatment plan in her hands, her vision blurred slightly.

Glancing at the time, she was shocked to see it was already 2 a.m. She shook her head vigorously, trying to stay awake for a while longer. Eventually, she succumbed to drowsiness, leaning on the table and falling asleep.

She didn't know how long it had been when Angela vaguely felt herself falling into a broad embrace.

Feeling a tickle on her nose, she let out a little hum. The sensation of being suspended made her uncomfortable, so she instinctively reached out to grab onto something. She adjusted her position and continued sleeping.

Moments ago, Jonathan walked into the room and saw the scene of Angela sleeping on the table. His attention was all on Angela, and he didn't notice the new treatment plan that was being pressed under her hand.

He gently picked her up and held her in his arms. However, as he set her down, she suddenly hugged his arm tightly. She then turned over and unexpectedly pulled him down.

Jonathan lay down next to her. With a deep gaze, he stared at Angela's peaceful, sleeping face.

Is she always this defenseless, or has she never seen me as a normal man?

Jonathan pressed his lips together, got off the bed, and sat in the wheelchair, turning the wheels with a very faint expression.

The wheels made a faint rumbling sound as they rolled across the floor and into the study.

Angela woke

up at 7:30 am. Realizing she had classes that day, she hurried into the bathroom. to freshen up and neatly stashed away her hard work from the previous night in a drawer.

When she passed by the study, she paused and knocked on the door.

Jonathan, are you in there?"

When she woke up, the other side of the bed was neatly made, showing no signs of anyone sleeping in it.

Did Jonathan not sleep at all? Was his insomnia acting up again?

There was no response.

Has he already left for work?

Angela felt a twinge of worry. His insomnia was supposed to be getting better, so why did it act up again?

After breakfast downstairs, Oliver drove her to school.

With Oliver's fast pace, Angela made it to the classroom just as the bell rang.

As soon as she entered the classroom, she was met with a few unfriendly glances. She paid them no mind and took her seat, avoiding the group of people who thrived on gossip and belittling others.

As she began to study, the chair next to her was suddenly pulled out, and a cold figure sat down.

Louis gave her a cool look. "I informed Alex about that matter."

During their last meeting at the hospital, Angela reminded Louis to inform Alex about his sexual issue.

Angela continued to flip through her book nonchalantly. "Oh," she responded.

She had done her part. Whether Alex chose to confront the issue or continue to evade, it was up to him.

After all, she couldn't persuade a stubborn person.

Just then, Alex walked in.

When he caught sight of Angela, his eyes flickered. He casually took a seat on the other side of her, retrieving a book from his drawer.

After ensuring no one was paying attention, he lowered his voice and said, "Angela, are you... Well, how do I put this."

Angela couldn't concentrate on her book with his rambling beside her. She turned to him and teased, "Weren't you quite articulate before? Why are you stumbling over your words now?"

Alex wasn't exactly angry at her words, but he couldn't help but feel a bit embarrassed,

Taking a deep breath, he inquired, "Angela, you must have a solution to cure me, right?"

Despite his question, Alex sounded resolute.

He had discovered this issue during his teenage years but was too proud to seek help. He secretly consulted doctors, but none could provide a cure.

Eventually, he decided to study medicine himself, determined to 'save himself

However, his academic performance was just mediocre.

Sensing his pride and dignity eroding and Angela easily seeing through his facade, he couldn't bear to expose his vulnerability for the sake of his

ego.

It wasn't until Louis pushed him and he heard of Angela's reputation in consultations that Alex reluctantly approached her.

Angela skeptically asked, "Alex, are you sure you want me to treat you?"

As a doctor, she treated all patients equally. Despite her disdain for this group of people, her grandmother's teachings compelled her to see a patient's condition worsen on the sidelines.

However, observing Alex's discomfort, she feared the treatment process might be challenging.

Gritting his teeth, Alex declared, "Angela! I'm ready!"

Angela found his reaction amusing. Just as she wanted to respond, Louis, who had been listening, interjected coldly, "Alex, have you lost your mind?"