

Serve NOTL 191

Chapter 191 The Child Was Gone

When Scarlet heard the news and rushed to the hospital, only Linda was waiting in the corridor.

Linda claimed she wanted to talk to her. As the legitimate wife, she naturally couldn't refuse. So, she followed Linda to the stairwell without hesitation.

However, Linda unexpectedly used her unborn child as a threat. She was unable to bear it and slapped Linda in frustration. But the cunning woman fell down the stairs, shifting all the blame onto her.

This time, she was completely awake. It was all Linda's deliberate scheme

At such a young age, Linda didn't even care about the child in her belly. It was truly vicious.

Seeing George's uncontrollable anger, Scarlet knew she was done for this time. But she couldn't accept being outsmarted by this young girl.

Joseph quickly stepped forward, pushing the two arguing women into a corner to prevent further embarrassment for the Kins Family.

"Dad, Mom, what's happening here?"

"Mom, the nurse said you killed someone. Who did you hurt?"

Joseph knew his mother's temperament. She was lenient in daily life. But even when dealing with a chicken, she would keep her distance. How could she have the courage to kill

someone?

There must be a misunderstanding.

Scarlet cried as if she had found a lifeline, throwing herself into her son's arms. "Joseph, your father is having an affair. That woman is even pregnant with his child, and she accused me of pushing her down the stairs."

An affair?

Joseph looked

up in shock, staring at George in disbelief. His parents had been married for decades, always deeply in love.

Although some social engagements were outside, they had never crossed any lines.

Joseph furrowed his brow, feeling uneasy at his mother's cries.

"Dad, what's going on? Is she really pregnant with your child?" Joseph asked pointedly.

These days, it is common for someone to claim a child is yours and call her your partner. There are plenty of those.

He was worried that his father had been deceived.

But his father was always cautious and wouldn't be so foolish.

George's eyes flickered, facing his son with a momentary embarrassment, nodding slightly. "It's mine. But your mother actually pushed Linda down the stairs. She's pregnant, and if something happens to both of them..."

Linda? Is she the woman his father has an affair with?

Upon hearing this, Scarlet cried out. "I told you she fell on her own!"

"Alright." Joseph impatiently interrupted. "That woman should have been taken to the hospital by now, right? It's a matter of life and death, Let's wait here for the results."

Perhaps sensing the indifference in his son's words, Scarlet retreated to a corner, curling up and crying, regretting her marriage to George, this shameless man.

If she wanted to deal with Linda, she could have found a thousand ways to make her leave. Why did she have to act against her in front of George?

Time passed slowly, and Scarlet felt like an eternity.

Finally, when the red light above the operating room went out, she saw George rushing anxiously to the door, peering inside with concern. It was quite ironic.

The nurse wheeled Linda, who was still under anesthesia, out of the room.

George hurriedly asked, "Doctor, how is the baby in her belly? Is it okay?"

The doctor recognized him as Dr. Kins' father and could only tell him the truth. "This girl is weak and frail, and the baby in her belly is already unstable. After the impact, there was no way to save the child."

"At least this girl is fine."

The doctor glanced strangely at Joseph, who was not far away with a grim expression, shook his head and walked away.

After his colleague left, Joseph walked over to see what kind of woman his father was

But when he saw Linda's delicate and innocent face, Joseph froze on the spot. His pupils dilated in disbelief, his fists clenched tightly.

Is Jasper Saw's daughter?

And she is Fanny's classmate.

Why would his father choose a classmate of Fanny's to be with?

Joseph felt his face burning hot, and the anger in his heart flared up.

After giving a few instructions to the nurse in charge of Linda, he hurriedly walked away.

Scarlet watched Joseph's angry departure and glared at George with resentment. "It's all because of you, this shameless old man. If anything tarnishes Joseph's reputation, I won't let

you off."

The child was gone, and George was already angry. The accusations from Scarlet only added fuel to the fire. He rushed forward and slapped Scarlet hard across the face. "Shut up!"

With the child gone, Linda, who had already struggled with fertility, felt like her whole life. was ruined.

Scarlet's eyes immediately filled with stars, and she fell uncontrollably to the ground.

Tears fell uncontrollably, splashing onto the floor.

George showed no remorse, instead pointing at Scarlet and shouting angrily, "Scarlet, I worked hard to earn money to give you a comfortable life for most of your life. When have I not given you the glory outside? You can't even tolerate a child. You are truly despicable."

By the time Scarlet emerged from the intense pain, George had already left..

In the hospital room, Linda struggled to open her eyes, recalling every moment that had just happened.

Feeling the tearing and weakness in her body, she was sure that the child was gone.

This was the result she wanted to achieve.

She couldn't keep George's child.

Linda hid the gleam in her eyes, looking at George beside her with tears in her eyes, putting

on a look of heartbreak. "George, is the child really gone?"

Seeing Linda's fragile and painful appearance, George finally showed a rare sense of guilt. He tightly held her hand, his voice choked with emotion. "It's my fault for not protecting you, letting you suffer like this."

As soon as he finished speaking, Linda couldn't help but burst into tears.

She sadly burrowed into George's arms, resting her head on his shoulder as tears streamed uncontrollably. "George, I've said it. This child cannot stay. I don't want him to become a burden on you."

"I know I'm filthy, especially for daring to hope for your love. So, don't blame Scarlet. This child should never have existed in the first place. Now that he's gone, it's for the best."

At the mention of Scarlet, George's expression darkened.

Linda was so kind, even speaking up for Scarlet, unaware that Scarlet had shifted all the blame onto her.

One could easily see through the ulterior motives.

George held Linda tenderly. "It's all my fault for not protecting you and the child in your belly. Forget about that malicious woman. Don't mention her again."

He then promised, "I've already bought a house for you in the Western Suburbs. You can live there peacefully with Angela. I'll have someone take care of you."

Sure enough. The fish took the bait.

A gleam flickered in Linda's eyes. She pretended to be surprised and refused, "But how can that be? George, I can't move in. Since the child is gone, our fate has come to an end."

Chapter 192 Meeting An Important Person

George felt a deep sense of sorrow as Linda appeared so obedient and sensible: He comforted her while gently stroking her hair. "This is what you deserve. The matters with the child have already been unfair to you. I cannot let you suffer any more harm."

Linda still wanted to refuse, but she couldn't resist George's stubborn attitude, so she reluctantly agreed.

As she drew closer to achieving her goal, Linda couldn't contain the excitement bubbling within her heart.

She embraced George's sturdy chest tightly, a smile involuntarily gracing her lips while her eyes sparkled with anticipation.

All of this was the fault of the Kins Family.

She was determined to bring about the downfall of the Kins Family, particularly targeting Fanny, who had looked down on her. She intended to make Fanny pay the price, descending from her pedestal to experience the hardships Linda had once endured.

The next morning.

Sunlight streamed into the room, causing the elegant white curtains to sway gently in the breeze, creating a tranquil ambiance.

Angela awoke from her slumber, instinctively reaching out to find emptiness beside her. She slowly opened her eyes and saw that Jonathan had already left.

How typical, the workaholic capitalist had to toil even on weekends.

Angela got up from bed, stretching like a lazy cat. She murmured, "Not indulging in a lie-in on the weekend is a disservice to the weekend."

During weekends, she could relax without the need to attend classes.

Since taking over Sarah's father's business, she had been engrossed in research every day. It had been a while since she had enjoyed such leisurely moments.

Angela glanced at the clock on the bedside table and realized it was already 10 a.m.

It was already late morning.

Jonathan had been at work for several hours.

After a quick wash. Angela descended the stairs and encountered Mr. Sebastian approaching with a smile. "Mrs. Lawson, you're awake."

“Do you want something to eat? Fill your stomach first. We’ll have lunch later. May has prepared your favorite dish to nourish you. You’ve been working too hard lately!”

Angela forced a smile at the corners of her lips.

Since her marriage, she had been striving to take care of herself.

There was a form of care that elders believed she needed.

“Alright. Thank you, May.”

Mr. Sebastian smiled kindly. “Do not follow the trend of those girls fixated on losing weight. Being excessively thin is unhealthy, especially during pregnancy and childbirth.”

Mrs. Lawson was delicate, requiring nutritious food to fortify her body for the future birth of a little master.

No! A little master or a little miss would be fine.

After all, this was something they had never dared to contemplate before.

Angela couldn’t help but cough a few times. It dawned on her that all her efforts to care for herself and Jonathan were in preparation for having a child.

May handed her a bowl of red date chicken soup, highly nourishing. Angela consumed two bowls in one go.

Upon finishing the meal, Mr. Sebastian approached with a meaningful gaze and whispered, “Mrs. Lawson, I heard from Mr. Lawson that he has a heavy workload today. I am concerned he may forget to eat amidst his busyness, and his health is fragile. Skipping meals may not be conducive to his recovery.”

Seeing Mr. Sebastian's hesitant expression, Angela smiled and inquired, "Mr. Sebastian, what are you suggesting?"

"Mrs. Lawson, why don't you take some lunch to Mr. Lawson? If you bring it, he will surely eat."

The way he phrased it implied that she held significance in Jonathan's heart.

They were merely nominal spouses. Bringing lunch to Jonathan would undoubtedly invite gossip from others in the company.

It was best to avoid unnecessary complications.

However, Angela had a change of heart after considering Jonathan's assistance and cooperation. Yes. It is an opportune moment to visit the company and portray an affectionate image of a couple.

Thus, Angela readily agreed, feeling a sense of excitement about the prospect.

Mr. Sebastian couldn't stop smiling and said, "Thank you, Mrs. Lawson."

Seeing Mr. Sebastian's excited expression, Angela felt a twinge of guilt. It was all just an act fake.

Upon arriving at the company, Angela carried the lunch box and headed toward the elevator.

However, before she could take a few steps, she was stopped by the receptionist. "Hey, miss. Who are you looking for?"

Perhaps due to Angela's casual attire and youthful appearance, the receptionist's attitude was neither warm nor cold, stopping her in a professional manner.

It dawned on Angela that Jonathan was the company's big boss, a prestigious figure. She wouldn't be able to see him in her current state.

Haven't Mr. Sebastian informed Jonathan in advance?

After a moment of contemplation, Angela put on a perfect smile and politely inquired, "Hello. I'm here to see Mr. Lawson. Is he available in his office?"

To see Mr. Lawson?

The receptionist glanced up and down at Angela, not thinking she looked like someone who could have any connection with Mr. Lawson's status.

Therefore, the receptionist said, "Mr. Lawson is currently in a meeting and cannot be disturbed."

Angela took a step back and tried calling Jonathan, but he didn't answer.

How unlucky.

Angela obediently held onto her lunch box strap and chuckled lightly, "I'll wait downstairs for

a while and then go upstairs to find him after his meeting

Observing Angela's behavior, the receptionist simply returned to their duties,

After waiting for a long time, Angela became somewhat anxious.

It was already mid-afternoon.

What important guest could be meeting with him for so long?

Or is it just an excuse from the receptionist?

Unfortunately, she didn't have Simon's number. Otherwise, she could have reached out to him.

"Mr. Christopher, you're here."

"Yes. Where's my dad? I need to talk to him."

Christopher's voice rang out, and Angela instinctively looked up, her gaze meeting Christopher's arrogant expression.

Why do I have to encounter him? I'm so unlucky.

"Mr. Sanders is in his office. He knows you're coming today and has already instructed us." The receptionist responded politely, completely changing her attitude from before.

Christopher nodded, then glanced at Angela in the waiting room. He sneered disdainfully. "How long has she been here?"

The receptionist immediately showed a disdainful expression. "She said she's here to see Mr. Lawson. She looks so obedient but is trying to imitate those flirtatious manners. Mr. Lawson doesn't meet with just-anyone."

Christopher sneered, "I see."

As he turned to leave, he caught sight of Angela waiting in the lobby and chuckled contemptuously as he walked past her.

“Are you waiting for Jonathan?”

She couldn't be bothered to waste time with him and replied with a cold frown. “What else?”

Christopher chuckled disdainfully, “I suggest you go back first. Jonathan will be occupied for a while. He's meeting with a very important guest.”

Why does that sound so awkward?

Sensing Christopher's hidden agenda, Angela lowered her gaze and spoke in a cold tone. “Regardless of who he's meeting, I will wait here for him. Don't need to worry about it.”

“You're overestimating yourself,” Christopher sneered, “Jonathan is meeting with Cassandra. Can you compare to her?”

Chapter 193 Supporting Cassandra

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The mention of Cassandra's name caused Angela's heart to skip a beat, her long eyelashes trembling nervously, and her small hand instinctively clutching the hem of her clothes.

Thinking of what Cassie had said, the Hayes Family intended for Cassandra to marry Jonathan. If she hadn't intervened, considering the timing, both families would probably have discussed the marriage by now.

Angela felt a strange sensation in her heart, a sense of fate, bringing them together once again.

Suddenly, she felt a bit scared. It wasn't the appearance of Cassandra that frightened her, but rather the doubt about the information she had received. Was Jonathan's death truly due to illness-induced suicide?

If not, would her efforts to cure Jonathan be in vain?

Would Jonathan still die due to other reasons?

These thoughts made Angela's pupils contract and her face pale slightly.

"How about it? Do you now realize that you are unworthy of Jonathan?" Christopher arrogantly approached, his tone dripping with mockery.

Angela snapped back to reality, lifting her gaze once again, her clear eyes meeting Christopher.

Regaining her composure, Angela raised her eyes once more and gazed directly at Christopher. She smiled lightly and said, "If every time a woman appears, I start to doubt everything, that would be a lack of trust and an insult to Jonathan. Wouldn't it? In your eyes, is Jonathan a man who would stray?"

Christopher furrowed his brows, a retort on the tip of his tongue.

However, a realization struck Angela, and her lips curled slightly, "Mr. Christopher, please address me as Mr. Lawson the next time we meet."

Do you want me to call you Mr. Lawson?

Christopher's expression darkened, emphasizing, "You may not be aware of Cassandra's background. She is the daughter of the prestigious Hayes Family in Riverdon. If you investigate a little, you'll know what kind of family the Hayes Family is. There's simply no comparison between you and her. She is the ideal match for Mr. Lawson."

Etix words and tone conveyed a genuine admiration for Cassandra.

His

From what she knew about Christopher, he rarely praised anyone, especially women.

She had always thought he preferred delicate, helpless women like Fanny

Yet he was lavishing praise on career-oriented Cassandra.

Angela blinked, a restrained fake smile on her face. "Then why don't you tell your brother to divorce me and marry Cassandra?"

If you like her, why don't you marry her yourself?

"You!"

Christopher was incensed by Angela's words.

"Angela, you're getting too cheeky. After a while, you won't be able to laugh anymore. My brother and Cassandra are a perfect match. Do you think being Mrs. Lawson is an easy position to hold?"

Angela cast a cold glance at Christopher, choosing not to engage in further argument.

She and Jonathan were staunch allies.

Christopher had no chance of disrupting that.

Angela was casually crossing her legs and calmly perused the newspaper on the table. Her demeanor showed indifference.

Christopher's anger intensified when seeing her unaffected. His eyes blazed with fury.

Approaching angrily, he snatched the newspaper from Angela's hand and scolded, "Angela, are you deaf? Ignoring me will have consequences."

Angela narrowed her eyes slightly, giving him a cold, piercing stare. "What do you think the consequences would be if a video of you disrespecting your sister-in-law were to be leaked?"

With no affection for him, she wielded her words effortlessly..

After falling out of love with Christopher, she found it even easier to confront him.

What was there to tolerate?

Christopher's brow furrowed in anger at her words, his fist clenched tightly, "Did you record.

a video?"

Angela shrugged. "Not yet. But perhaps next time."

He gritted his teeth. You should be grateful you're a woman, or I will kill you."

Angela gave a cold snort and turned away, swiftly grabbing a water cup from the table and splashing g it onto his face. "Unfortunately, I don't have that concern."

Splashing water on Christopher's face left Angela feeling refreshed and relieved.

However, as a young master, Christopher had never experienced such humiliation.

"Angela!"

Christopher yelled in frustration, ready to strike Angela.

In the next instant, someone firmly seized his wrist. Simon, with his exceptional strength, held onto Christopher, who was unable to break free.

Christopher's expression changed instantly. His handsome features contorted in pain.

Christopher let out a cry of agony, about to ask Simon to release him, when his gaze landed on the man at the office entrance. Clad in a black suit, with a cold and fierce gaze emanating a powerful and

intimidating aura like a demon, he was both fearsome and commanding.

Now, Jonathan was no longer in a wheelchair. His tall figure exuded an even fiercer aura.

Christopher held back the words he was about to say, clenching his teeth, his face alternating between red and pale as he reluctantly uttered, "Jonathan..."

"Christopher, who gave you the right to lay hands on your sister-in-law?"

Jonathan's voice was icy, sending chills down one's spine. "Or perhaps you have an issue with

me?"

No matter how arrogant Christopher was, he dared not act superior in front of Jonathan. "Jonathan, I was mistaken."

Jonathan ignored Christopher and walked over to Angela, casually picking up the lunch box on the table. "Is it made by May?"

“Yes. It was made by May, along with the soup I prepared for you, a new nourishing recipe.” Angela deliberately moved closer to Jonathan, ignoring Christopher completely.

you eaten it on, would you like to join me?” Jonathan asked gently.

Angela had already eaten, she smiled and replied, “Sure”

was going to deceive, so I’m going to show off our love in front of you.

eyes met, Angela’s smile widened, her eyes sparkling as they glanced at Christopher’s pansest expression.

What a delightful day it was.

As they were about to enter the office, Christopher grew anxious. “Jonathan, please ask Simon to let go.

Jonathan halted tus steps, his black eyes coldly scrutinizing him. His lips parted slightly.

When you acknowledge your mistake, that’s when Simon will release you.”

The already apologized,” Christopher gritted his teeth, breathing heavily, looking perplexed at Jonathan.

Jonathan lowered his gaze, then suddenly wrapped his empty hand around Angela’s shoulder, drawing her close. A faint smile played on his lips as he said, “You admit your mistake to me, not to Angela.”

Angela’s eyelashes fluttered, realizing that Jonathan was standing up for her, supporting her.

In the next moment, Angela straightened her posture, gazing directly at Christopher, awaiting his apology.

Christopher furrowed his brow, staring at Jonathan with a profound and cold gaze, ensuring he was serious, not joking.

Chapter 194 My Trust In You

After a moment of strained silence, Christopher reluctantly muttered, "Sorry"

"Who are you apologizing to?" Angela feigned puzzlement and furrowed her brow.

Christopher's face twisted, and he fell silent for a moment. He glared fiercely at the audacious Angela as if he had never seen her act this way before.

Although Simon's face was innocent, like that of a youth, his martial arts skills created a stark contrast. When he acted, he didn't even blink.

When Christopher fell silent for a while, Simon's hand suddenly moved and swiftly twisted the former's wrist. Instantly. Christopher's wrist turned a horrifying shade of blue, as if it might snap at any moment.

"Mrs. Lawson. I was wrong! It was me... I was confused and talked gibberish. Please, don't hold it against me," he pleaded. His face turned pale as he begged for forgiveness.

Angela cast a glance at Christopher before letting out a soft chuckle. "I'll let it slide this time. but remember to show respect next time we meet."

Only then did Jonathan signal for Simon to release his grip. He fixed a cold stare on Christopher with his dark eyes and calmly stated, "If there's a next time, you'll regret

it."

Christopher grimaced as he rubbed his swollen wrist, with a mix of resentment and fear in his eyes. Finally, he forced out a few words through clenched teeth, "Yes, Jonathan, I won't dare again."

At that moment, Michael's assistant rushed over anxiously. "Master Jonathan, Mr. Sanders is requesting your presence in his office. He mentioned a matter that requires your attention."

Jonathan's icy demeanor caught the assistant off guard, causing his heart to skip a beat, fearing he had misspoken.

Fortunately, Michael had noticed the altercation between Jonathan and Christopher, prompting him to

all the assistant over urgently. Otherwise, the consequences could have

been dire if he had arrived a moment too late..

Christopher was not oblivious to his father's intentions.

"Jonathan. I'll take my leave."

Unlock succeeded

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leave.”

Jonathan nodded slightly. “Go ahead.”

He then placed a hand on Angela's shoulder and guided her into the office.

As Christopher departed, he cast a glance at their retreating figures, rubbed his sore shoulder with a cold expression, and instructed Michael's assistant in a less-than-friendly tone. "Lead the way."

The two entered the office together, and before Angela could speak, she noticed a woman standing by the window.

In the next moment, the woman's gentle and pleasing voice sounded, "Mr. Lawson has visitors? It seems we won't be able to have our discussion today?"

The woman looked elegant and graceful, with her simple beauty drawing everyone's gaze. Her hair flowed smoothly over her shoulders, framing her figure nicely. She wore a nicely fitted dress that showed off her curves, and her smile was warm and charming. Overall, she was really beautiful and caught everyone's eye.

Surely, this must be Cassandra Hayes.

Angela felt a flutter in her heart as she gazed directly at Cassandra. She couldn't help but wonder what kind of person could ultimately gain the approval of the patriarchs from both the Sanders and Lawson

Families and marry Jonathan would look like

She had to admit that Cassandra was truly outstanding, beautiful, capable, and hailed from a prestigious family. It seemed like she was blessed by the heavens because she was similar to Jonathan.

However, Angela subconsciously pinched the strap of her meal box. Oh no, she only brought enough food for one person, but not for Cassandra.

Jonathan glanced at the stunned Angela, and his brow furrowed slightly. Is she suspecting Cassandra and I are having some shady affair?

In the next moment, he put his arm around Angela and led her toward Cassandra

What is he doing? Angela felt a moment of panic and nervously glanced up at Jonathan.

With his arm around her, he introduced softly, "Miss Hayes, this is my wife, Mrs. Angela

Lawson."

Then, he leaned in slightly and whispered in Angela's ear, "Angela, this is Miss Cassandra Hayes. We were just discussing a project collaboration."

Upon hearing his words, there was a glint in her eyes. Although Jonathan remained composed, he seemed to have blurted out everything before she had even asked a question,

as if fearing she might misunderstand something.

Cassandra smiled slightly. "Mrs. Lawson, nice to meet you. I've long heard about the strong bond between you and Mr. Lawson, and seeing you both today confirms it."

She had always thought that someone like Jonathan would prefer someone intellectual and gentle, like herself. But why was he drawn to a girl nearly the same age as his Cassie?

Cassandra's gaze swept back and forth over Angela, hoping to discern any outstanding qualities in her. But aside from her lovely face, she couldn't find anything remarkable.

Maybe Jonathan is simply indulging in novelty for the moment. After all, girls of her age are full of youthfulness, and this man wouldn't be attracted to someone younger?

However, she suspected that once Jonathan grew tired of the novelty, he would naturally cast it aside.

It's a pity that this young girl is ignorant and naive and thinks that people of their status can have a pure marriage.

Since she was Cassie's sister, Angela couldn't help but feel a mixture of curiosity and respect. "Hello, Sister Hayes. I've heard so much about you."

Sister?

Cassandra's graceful expression faltered for a moment. Was this girl flaunting her youth?

She's really just a young girl. We've just met, and she can't help herself.

Cassandra smiled faintly, nodded in acknowledgment, and then looked at Jonathan, "Mr. Lawson, I have something to attend to, so I'll leave you two alone."

She was a smart person and she immediately noticed the lunchbox in Angela's hand. She deduced that the latter had come to the company to deliver lunch to Jonathan. If she hadn't been observant, their conversation might have been ruined before it even began.

With a slight nod, Jonathan silently agreed..

As Cassandra's figure receded into the distance, Angela finally averted her gaze.

Unable to control herself, she blurted out, "She has a sister named Cassie Hayes, who's my friend and in the same grade as me. Cassie has talked about her sister a lot and really admires her. I never expected to meet her today."

Angela talked for a bit but didn't hear any response from him. She couldn't help but glance.

over, looking puzzled. "Is something wrong?"

With his hands in his pockets, Jonathan stepped back a bit and then looked at her. He smiled lightly and said. "Do you need a reminder of your current status? Can't you see? She's trying to get my attention. Is this how you handle competition? Hmm, Mrs. Lawson?"

That last word made Angela feel uneasy.

Quickly realizing the situation, she remembered. "Oh right, right, I'm Mrs. Lawson now. I need to show affection as a married couple in front of others!"

With another woman present, she needed to assert her possessiveness and declare war on any other women!

Angela coughed and carefully brought out the medicinal food she had prepared and pushed it toward Jonathan with a friendly tone. "I know, it's all about my trust in you, right? Jonathan, I made this lunch for you. Eat it while it's still warm."

Chapter 195 Broke

Jonathan sat on the couch, opened the lunch box, and took out the dishes and rice bowl. "Have you eaten the portion for one person!"

Angela nodded. "Yes, I ate before coming"

Then, she began to look around his office. It was her first time here.

A few seconds later, Jonathan murmured in acknowledgment.

They ate in silence.

This style matches perfectly with the decoration of Springgate Estates. Angela figured it was the work of an interior designer.

In less than a minute, the door was pushed open again, and a female secretary brought in a cup of tea.
“Miss Angela, here’s your tea.”

Angela casually replied. “Okay, thank you.”

“Not Miss Angela, it’s Mrs. Lawson.” Jonathan stopped using his cutlery and glanced at the secretary.
“This is my wife. In the future, when she comes, just bring it directly to my office.”

“Okay, Mr. Lawson, Mrs. Lawson. The female secretary looked at Angela with a complicated look, then got up and left the room.

Within a few minutes, there was another knock on the office door.

“Come in.”

The secretary held a lunch box and said nervously, “Mr. Lawson, this is the lunch that was ordered in advance and has been delivered.”

Jonathan didn’t even look up and said softly, “Just leave it there.”

Lunch? Is this what he normally eats if lunch isn’t delivered?

She turned around and happened to see the secretary looking at her. The latter quickly withdrew her gaze and left the office.

Angela curiously asked, “Jonathan, is this your work lunch?”

Jonathan, who was still eating, looked up at her, then glanced at the lunch box placed on the desk by his secretary, and explained, “It’s fine to leave it there. My secretary orders lunch for me every day.”

“Oh.”

Jonathan continued to eat with his head down unhurriedly, and his posture was exceptionally graceful.

Angela suddenly remembered a phrase that had been said too many times. ‘Serious men are the most charming.

Just as she was about to look away, she inadvertently glanced at the lunch box.

After some thought, Angela picked up the lunch box to see what someone like Jonathan, a businessman of his caliber, would eat.

It was a silver insulated container. She turned it around and found no logos or brand markings.

It looked like a personal one, the kind she used to give to George and James for their work lunches, and Fanny would deliver them using the same type of box.

Angela put the lunch box down, unscrewed the lid, and a strong egg fragrance hit her nose.

The first layer was fried eggs, and they were... smiley face fried eggs.

She then carefully removed the layers of dishes. The dishes were very home-cooked, nothing like what one would find in a restaurant. The presentation was also plain, not like how restaurants serve dishes. It looked more like the kind of lunch packed by a young working girl for herself.

Angela placed everything back and casually remarked, “Jonathan, let’s try a different place next time. The presentation here is really unimpressive.”

Jonathan raised his eyes, locked eyes with her for a few seconds, then replied, “Your call.”

On the other side, Christopher was escorted into Michael's office by his assistant. As soon as he pushed the door open, he saw Michael sitting upright in his chair with a stern expression and a furrowed brow.

He immediately realized he was in for a scolding.

"Dad, here are the documents you asked for. I brought them over."

After carefully handing the documents to Michael, Christopher lowered his head nervously, unable to meet his father's eyes

Michael was furious. He slammed the documents on the table and pointed at Christopher, Sternly reprimanding, "What were you thinking? How did you end up arguing with Jonathan again? And that Angela, she's your sister-in-law now. Why do you keep getting involved with

her

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Did he believe that Jonathan was being too lenient with them?

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Feeling guilty and ashamed, Christopher furrowed his brow. He was unable to explain. "Dad, this time, it's not my fault. I just don't want Angela to have anything to do with our family. What right does she, a woman of low status, have?"

Everything went wrong because of that damned woman, Angela.

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Michael's words pierced Christopher's heart like a sharp blade, causing his expression to change instantly.

The label of being illegitimate had been weighing heavily on him for a long time. Although no one pointed fingers at him and called him an illegitimate son, everyone knew his mother had once been his father's mistress.

The humiliation and ridicule from others only festered in the darkness and corners, and he felt powerless to stop it.

Christopher frowned, then narrowed his dark eyes before finally speaking in a deep voice, "I understand. I won't act recklessly like this again."

Upon seeing his son repent, Michael's anger gradually subsided.

"That's better. You may leave."

Yes.

As soon as he left Lawson Group, Christopher's expression darkened, and he drove aimlessly around.

With the car window open, he let the cold wind blow against his face.

After a while, as he drove past a jewelry store on the commercial street, Christopher stopped.

Fanny had mentioned that they had released a new dress, and she really liked it.

Stopping the car casually, Christopher walked in.

As soon as the staff saw him, he rushed over. "Mr. Sanders, it's been a while. We have a new collection, and it's getting great reviews. Would you like to take a look?"

The staff's recommendation happened to be the dress that Fanny had mentioned.

Feeling quite pleased, Christopher asked the staff to wrap it up, thinking that Fanny would be happy to see the dress.

"Mr. Sanders, would you like to pay by card or cash?"

Christopher glanced at him. He pulled out a card, handed it over, and replied in a flat tone, "By card."

The staff took the card and swiped it once, but no money was deducted. Then, he nervously swiped the card again before walking over and hesitantly saying, "Mr. Sanders, it seems your card isn't working. There's no available credit on it. Would you like to try another card?"

"Impossible." Christopher sneered and stared coldly at the staff. "There's plenty of credit on this card. It must be your machine that's faulty."

Jonathan sat on the couch, opened the lunch box, and took out the dishes and rice bowl. "Have you eaten the portion for one person!"

Angela nodded. "Yes, I ate before coming"

Then, she began to look around his office. It was her first time here.

A few seconds later, Jonathan murmured in acknowledgment.

They ate in silence.

This style matches perfectly with the decoration of Springgate Estates. Angela figured it was the work of an interior designer.

In less than a minute, the door was pushed open again, and a female secretary brought in a cup of tea. "Miss Angela, here's your tea."

Angela casually replied. "Okay, thank you."

"Not Miss Angela, it's Mrs. Lawson." Jonathan stopped using his cutlery and glanced at the secretary. "This is my wife. In the future, when she comes, just bring it directly to my office."

"Okay, Mr. Lawson, Mrs. Lawson. The female secretary looked at Angela with a complicated look, then got up and left the room.

Within a few minutes, there was another knock on the office door.

"Come in."

The secretary held a lunch box and said nervously, "Mr. Lawson, this is the lunch that was ordered in advance and has been delivered."

Jonathan didn't even look up and said softly, "Just leave it there."

Lunch? Is this what he normally eats if lunch isn't delivered?

She turned around and happened to see the secretary looking at her. The latter quickly withdrew her gaze and left the office.

Angela curiously asked, "Jonathan, is this your work lunch?"

Jonathan, who was still eating, looked up at her, then glanced at the lunch box placed on the

desk by his secretary, and explained, "It's fine to leave it there. My secretary orders lunch for me every day."

"Oh."

Jonathan continued to eat with his head down unhurriedly, and his posture was exceptionally graceful.

Angela suddenly remembered a phrase that had been said too many times. 'Serious men are the most charming.

Just as she was about to look away, she inadvertently glanced at the lunch box.

After some thought, Angela picked up the lunch box to see what someone like Jonathan, a businessman of his caliber, would eat.

It was a silver insulated container. She turned it around and found no logos or brand markings.

It looked like a personal one, the kind she used to give to George and James for their work lunches, and Fanny would deliver them using the same type of box.

Angela put the lunch box down, unscrewed the lid, and a strong egg fragrance hit her nose.

The first layer was fried eggs, and they were... smiley face fried eggs.

She then carefully removed the layers of dishes. The dishes were very home-cooked, nothing like what one would find in a restaurant. The presentation was also plain, not like how restaurants serve dishes. It looked more like the kind of lunch packed by a young working girl for herself.

Angela placed everything back and casually remarked, "Jonathan, let's try a different place next time. The presentation here is really unimpressive."

Jonathan raised his eyes, locked eyes with her for a few seconds, then replied, "Your call."

On the other side, Christopher was escorted into Michael's office by his assistant. As soon as he pushed the door open, he saw Michael sitting upright in his chair with a stern expression and a furrowed brow.

He immediately realized he was in for a scolding.

"Dad, here are the documents you asked for. I brought them over."

After carefully handing the documents to Michael, Christopher lowered his head nervously. unable to meet his father's eyes

Michael was furious. He slammed the documents on the table and pointed at Christopher, Sternly reprimanding, "What were you thinking? How did you end up arguing with Jonathan again? And that Angela, she's your sister-in-law now. Why do you keep getting involved with

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Chapter 197 Had It Coming

Jonathan pursed his thin lips, his gaze dark and gloomy as he watched Teresa devoutly praying with clasped hands, finding it ridiculous that someone like her would dare to pray. “Prayers of the faithful are effective, while the heavens won’t even bother with the likes of you,” he uttered indifferently, his tone grave as he pronounced Teresa’s guilt.

“Your brother had an accident and is being rescued inside, yet you’re saying these things. Have you come here to intentionally upset us?” Michael couldn’t help but rebuke.

Teresa raised her eyes, a subtle hint of something unreadable passing through her watery gaze. She slowly released her clasped hands, tears welling up in her eyes. “What else can I do now? Even if Heaven is unwilling to help a sinner like me, my son is innocent after all...”

Simon couldn’t stand it anymore and averted his gaze with furrowed brows.

Michael approached her, patting her hand gently to console her. “Christopher will be fine.”

Jonathan's gaze deepened further as he watched the tender interaction between the two. His large hand involuntarily clenched into a fist, a coldness emanating from his expression.

Seeing Teresa's helpless appearance, Angela couldn't help but applaud inwardly. Aw, so delicate and helpless. Do you think you're three, lady? She held Jonathan's hand, giving it a comforting squeeze.

Jonathan lowered his head slightly, and his heart melted, seeing his girl, usually as meek as a kitten, suddenly showed some backbone that day.

Teresa sobbed softly, then slowly approached Jonathan with tear streaks on her face, looking somewhat helpless. "Jonathan, I heard today that you and Christopher had some conflict. Did he offend you in any way?" She then put on a frightened look and hurriedly explained, "Don't get me wrong, I'm just asking."

Jonathan looked down at Teresa with a cold gaze, his eyes filled with sarcasm. "Are you suspecting that I arranged Christopher's accident?"

"Of course not." Teresa softly wiped her tears, then feigned concern. "If Christopher did something to offend you, I apologize on his behalf. You're his brother. How could I suspect you of harming your own brother?"

Her seemingly gentle words sounded kind and harmless, but to Michael, they meant something entirely different. His face changed drastically, and he quickly stepped up to Jonathan, glaring at him without any reservation and angrily demanding, "Did you cause Christopher's accident today? Tell me the truth!"

Considering Jonathan had just reprimanded Christopher at lunchtime, it was entirely possible for Jonathan to harm him for the sake of a little girl now. After all, Jonathan was devoid of any familial

sentiments.

Teresa, with her eyes reddened, looked up fearfully at Jonathan, then tugged at the enraged Michael, softly persuading, "No, Jonathan is a good boy. He wouldn't do such a thing to Christopher."

But the seed of suspicion had been planted, and once it took root, it would only grow stronger. With her back-and-forth, Teresa successfully made Michael believe that she was afraid of Jonathan, hence her reluctance to speak the truth. After all, in Michael's mind, Teresa was nothing but a simple and kind bunny.

Standing behind them, Simon furrowed his brow tightly, staring at Teresa with disgust written all over his face. Having followed Jonathan for many years, he knew Teresa's manipulative ways all too well. She enjoyed playing the innocent victim to Michael, whispering things into his ear, but when it came down to it, she would distance herself completely.

Michael glared at Jonathan, his face grim with regret for ever giving birth to Jonathan, who made it seem as though the entire Sanders Family owed him something.

Even if it was because of Elisa, that was all ancient history from over twenty years ago. He really didn't need to hold a grudge against them all this time. Moreover, Christopher was innocent in that incident.

Michael's expression was grim as he scolded angrily, "Jonathan, no matter what, Christopher is your brother. Even if you care nothing about your elders, you should still show some brotherly affection! Will you only stop after you've angered us to death?"

Jonathan stared at the two, emanating a chilling aura that made Michael's voice quieter and quieter. He let out a disdainful chuckle, "If I wanted Christopher dead, he wouldn't have been born in the first place. So, you should be grateful that I gave you that chance."

Michael's face turned purple with anger, his hand trembling as he pointed at Jonathan. "You!"

Angela tugged at Jonathan and chuckled lightly. "Do you have evidence to prove that it's all Jonathan's doing?"

"Evidence..."

There naturally wasn't any.

With a cold face, Michael sneered, "You do things cleanly. If you really arranged it, how could there be any evidence?" He had to admit that his eldest was well capable.

"Then you should know that if I wanted Christopher dead, he wouldn't survive, and there wouldn't even be a body left for you all," Jonathan retorted solemnly.

Teresa's eyes flickered as she knew she had to pull the reins for the day, and continuing to provoke would only harm Christopher. She quickly changed her tune, looking guilty. "Michael, it's all my fault. Jonathan is Christopher's brother and would never harm him. Let's not misunderstand Jonathan."

Look at that! The same old trick. Even if she changes her story now, Michael wouldn't necessarily agree with her. In fact, he might think his defenseless doxy is a damsel in distress. Simon quirked his lips, his dark eyes staring directly at Teresa. "Why did you immediately assume it was Mr. Lawson who targeted Mr. Sanders then?"

Even if Mr. Lawson later proved innocent, it would still strain their father-son relationship further and raise doubts about whether he would really harm Christopher in the future. After all, who's to say it will never happen? She's cunningly paving the way for her son.

Teresa showed a timid expression, fearfully inching behind Michael like a startled bird. "I... I was confused for a moment and said the wrong thing."

Michael quickly shielded Teresa behind him, glaring at Jonathan. "Is this how you keep your men in line?"

Jonathan slightly lowered his eyes, his sharp gaze seemingly able to pierce through everything like a blade of ice. He had long seen through Teresa's little tricks. "Do you really not know who crossed the line in the first place? Don't appear where you shouldn't be."

Teresa's back tensed from Jonathan's domineering presence, visibly nervous, her voice trembling as she replied, "Jonathan, it's my fault. Don't stoop to my level."

Meanwhile, Michael stood aside, his face grim with no rebuttal.

At that, Jonathan glanced sideways, his peripheral vision looking at Simon as he mumbled,

“Simon.”

“Yes, sir.” Simon nodded and brought the video he held to them, his voice steady. “This is the surveillance video from the scene of Mr. Sanders’ accident, sent by the police. Please take a look.”

Chapter 198 God D*mn Couples.

As Christopher’s car accident unfolded in the video, Michael’s face turned pale instantly, as if he had been slapped hard, and he shamefully and angrily shifted his gaze away, Christopher’s car crashed into the truck on the other side, causing the goods on the truck to spill all over the ground.

Coincidentally, several police officers arrived at the hospital and stood in front of the operating room. “Are you two Christopher’s parents?”

Michael nodded grimly, then glanced angrily at Teresa. At this moment, he wished his son had never existed; his reputation was utterly ruined. “Look at the son you raised so well!”

Teresa lowered her eyes submissively and remained silent.

“Christopher’s actions constitute reckless driving, a serious violation of traffic regulations, and have caused property damage to other drivers. Therefore, he is fully responsible for the accident and must pay fines and compensation accordingly. Which one of you will come with me to the police station?”

Michael’s face turned even grimmer. With Christopher still undergoing surgery, he now had to deal with this mess at the police station. His dignity was wholly lost.

Jonathan glanced at Michael’s indifferent face, smiled, and said nothing more. He signaled to Simon with his eyes. “You go handle it.”

Simon brought his hoodie’s hood up and coldly replied, “Yes, sir.”

The police officers looked at Simon's aloof demeanor with a slight frown, then led him out of the hospital.

After everything was handled properly, the stagnant silence outside the operating room returned.

As soon as the red light above the operating room went out after a long wait, Teresa and Michael hurriedly rushed over.

As the doctor came out, Teresa and Michael surrounded him anxiously. The doctor wore a mask, revealing a pair of slender, attractive eyes with a tall, lean figure.

"Doctor, how is my son? Is he out of danger now?" Teresa grabbed Daniel's sleeve, her eyes filled with tears and nervousness.

"Don't worry,

the surgery went smoothly. He has two fractures in his arm and leg, but there's

no

while. Thing situation now. He'll need to stay in the hospital for observation for a

while. The doctors will prescribe medication for him, and as long as he takes the medicine and IV drips on time, he'll be fine. The doctor paused and continued, "But he should be more careful when driving

next time, or he might not be so lucky"

Teresa frowned at the doctor's words, feeling like it was a curse on Christopher.

him with tears in her eyes, relieved the fo

The next moment, Christopher was wheeled out, pale and still unconscious. Teresa looked at

nothing serious had happened. If anything had happened to Christopher, she wouldn't know how to live. If she could, she would rather suffer these hardships for her son.

Angela glanced at Christopher on the hospital bed. Did he have an accident in his past life? I don't think so. Some things developed along fixed trajectories, while others didn't. Just like the butterfly effect, she didn't know what would change due to her rebirth and what she couldn't change no matter how hard she tried.

Jonathan watched on as Angela stared blankly at Christopher, and his eyes turned cold. He grabbed Angela's collar, pulling her aside to block her view.

Angela was caught off guard, feeling like her destiny had been grabbed by the neck. She protested softly, "Hey, hey, my neck."

Jonathan let go of her, his face stern, and snorted coldly, "What's the big deal if you lose your neck? You still have your eyes."

Angela reached back to touch her neck. "But the neck is also important..."

"Mr. Lawson..." Suddenly, a voice called out.

It was the surgeon. He walked over, lowering his mask and quirked his brow at Jonathan. "As soon as our hospital leaders heard that Christopher had an accident, they immediately assigned me to perform

the surgery, afraid that something might happen to this kid. I operate, and your little brother gets to keep his life." Then, Daniel's eyes landed on Angela. "And this... must be your missus. So young, Mr. Lawson. I can't believe you've become a manther?"

Jonathan frowned slightly, casting a disdainful glance at Daniel.

Angela glanced at Jonathan first, feeling a bit surprised. Oh, they're acquainted!

"Hello." Angela looked at the half-face and felt a sense of familiarity. She must have seen him before.

Jonathan glanced at him indifferently and then explained to Angela, "This is Daniel

He had previously suspected that, given Daniel's character, he might leave surgical instruments or gauze in a patient's abdomen, creating a lasting reputation. But reality had turned Daniel into a renowned surgeon, receiving much recognition. It seemed luck was on his side.

The name clicked in Angela's mind. Daniel Lockwood, the infamous surgeon they used to talk about. He was also Joseph's rival; wherever Daniel was, Joseph's brilliance would be overshadowed.

"Do you know each other? Are you friends?" Angela asked in confusion, feeling even more complicated inside.

Jonathan had medical giants like Terence by his side and even clinical geniuses like Daniel, how did he end up succumbing to illness and eventually committing suicide? The thought sent shivers down her spine.

Daniel approached with a smile, casually putting his arm around Jonathan's shoulder. "Hey, Mr. Lawson, you're keeping secrets tight. You wouldn't introduce her to your brother."

Jonathan lightly parted his lips, "Hands."

Daniel withdrew his hand sheepishly, then joked, "Look at his bad temper. Sweetheart, you should dump him and come with me. I'm gentle, interesting, and not bad-looking. We're in the same profession, much better than him."

Jonathan frowned, feeling like he had been too nice to Daniel.

“Your hospital’s medical team to Mythoria is about to launch, right? How long do you plan to stay there?” he asked.

Daniel chuckled, “Just kidding, just kidding.” He quirked a brow smugly and clicked his tongue with profoundness. Then, with a smirk, he looked at Angela. “I’m very curious. They say the mysterious needle technique has been lost. Angie, where did you learn it from?”

Any doctor would die to learn such a technique.

“I learned it from my grandmother,” Angela replied honestly.

Jonathan stared at Daniel with his dark eyes, sizing him up with furrowed brows. “Watch your language. It’s Angela.”

With his hands in his pockets, Daniel glanced at the indifferent and gloomy Jonathan beside her, then turned to the other side, looking at Angela innocently. “Angie doesn’t seem to mind.

Why are you so bothered? Let me tell you, young girls nowadays want freedom. She’s still so young. You better not micromanage, or she might eventually leave you for someone else.”

Angela widened her eyes instantly and shook her head quickly. “No, no, I’m loyal to Jonathan, unwavering until death.” Such things can’t be said so simply!

Jonathan was seemingly taken aback for a split second, and his furrowed brows instantly smoothed out. With a smirk, he glanced plainly at Daniel, who cussed, You God d*mn couples!

Just as he was about to ask Angela who her grandmother was, urgent cries came from behind them.

“Excuse me, let me through!”

“Please make way. There’s a patient who needs urgent care!”

Following the commotion, a woman covered in blood was wheeled into the ward.

Chapter 199 When Righteousness and Morality Prevail

The woman lay on the stretcher, barely breathing. As she was wheeled past Angela, a strong smell of blood filled the air. The mole on her wrist hung down, giving Angela a sense of familiarity.

It's her! The female driver Samuel killed last lifetime! Angela widened her eyes and glanced at the woman's blood-stained face, but before she could get a better look, the woman was pushed into the emergency room. A group of doctors rushed in and out, frantic and busy.

Angela stepped aside and found a chair to sit down. Although she had had a second chance at life and learned medicine, she still felt uncomfortable when faced with someone soaked in blood. Moreover, she still harbored deep guilt toward that person.

In their previous life, Samuel drove under the influence, violated traffic rules, and hit that woman. Since there was no surveillance footage or eyewitnesses at the scene, her family wanted someone to take the blame. Angela, who was neglected by her parents, naturally became the best choice. It was one of the few instances of weak goodwill shown to her by her so-called family at the time.

"Angela, only you can help Samuel get through this." Scarlet wiped her tears, holding Angela's hand. "If Samuel goes behind bars, his whole life will be done for."

But what about her life? Alas, nobody ever cared about her.

Angela kept a stern face, feeling somewhat unwilling.

James smoked, his brows furrowed, his face looking grim. "Angela, we'll find the best lawyer to handle your case. It's best if we can settle it privately, but if you end up going in... we won't fail you. Still, don't worry too much. I've got everything under control. Everything will be fine!" His tone carried a hint of assurance and coldness.

As reluctant as Angela was, for the sake of so-called family ties, she didn't resist.

On the other hand, the main culprit, Samuel, behaved the most relaxed, lounging comfortably on the couch. “Angela, let’s say, worst–case scenario, if you end up inside, we’ll use money to smooth things over. We won’t let you get bullied in there. If you take this on for me, you’ll be my dearest sister henceforth.”

Fanny, on the side, chimed in softly, “Yes, we’ll visit you often.”

“The other party doesn’t seem to be from a wealthy family anyway. We can just offer them more compensation if needed,” Samuel said impatiently.

“You should be more careful. You shouldn’t drive after drinking their mother scolded.

“Got it, Mom...”

“Learn from your mistakes. Samuel won’t dare to do it again,” Fanny said with a cheerful

smile.

While the victim lay in the emergency room, they chatted as if it were just another day.

Angela didn’t utter a word while they had already resolved all her “worries” Alas, she had to bear this blame, whether she wanted to or not.

She had secretly gone to see the female driver before and had seen the prominent black mole on her wrist, which was why she could recognize the woman almost immediately now.

The woman’s husband used to be a truck driver. After an accident left him disabled with both legs and unable to work, the woman started running a business with a van to make money. Also, she had two children at home, one ten years old and the other seven, as well as a mother–in–law who needed medication year–round. She was practically the breadwinner of the family.

At the time, Angela wondered about whether to find a way to get more compensation for the family so that they wouldn't sue Samuel, and their family could also receive some income. At least for the Kinses, money wasn't an issue. Unfortunately, the woman didn't make it in the end.

The police investigated the scene thoroughly but found no significant clues or evidence. Angela hadn't thought much of it before, but now she couldn't help feeling amazed at James' resourcefulness—bullying a family with no one to support them, using all sorts of tactics. In the end, the woman was determined to be primarily responsible for the accident, and Samuel only had to bear some humanitarian compensation.

Angela felt very guilty. If she hadn't taken the blame, and the woman's family had known that Samuel was driving under the influence, they might not have been able to save her life, but they could have at least demanded more compensation. Angela had suggested this at the time. But how did the Kinses react? They thought she was crazy, disloyal, and had no conscience... In short, they didn't think well of her.

Angela bit her lip, a cold gleam flashing in her eyes. Let's see who will take the blame for him this time. Since you've done wrong, you'll have to pay the price! You're not getting away so easily this time, Samuel.

She stood up and looked toward the emergency room, feeling distressed. She hoped someone could save the woman, for if she died, even if Angela could provide a ton of money now, it wouldn't heal the pain of the children losing their mother. But she also knew that this hope was slim.

Jonathan's eyes flickered slightly as he leaned in to inquire, "Do you know her?"

Angela bit her lip and didn't hide it from him. "Yeah, can she be saved?"

After asking, she felt silly. Jonathan might be powerful, but he wasn't a doctor. Why ask him? Then, her gaze shifted to Daniel beside her.

Daniel blinked in response, then explained, "I think it's unlikely. When I passed by just now, I saw signs of internal bleeding, which is very dangerous. There are probably multiple

fractures, too. Even if she is saved, the subsequent medical expenses would be too much for an ordinary family to bear.”

Does that mean it’s basically impossible to save her? What if money isn’t the issue? The woman in her past life never got to this stage.

Angela looked at Daniel, wanting to ask him for help. Will the chances be greater if Daniel, the genius surgeon, performs the surgery himself? But who am I to beg him? After all, every doctor has their arrangements. Moreover, it’ll be one thing if the surgery, which we seize from another doctor, succeeds. What if it fails? Daniel will be criticized, and it might even affect his career. Unexpectedly, Jonathan spoke up lightly just then, “Daniel, you go.”

The genius surgeon was taken aback, his alluring eyes squinting. “Me?” Dude, have you forgotten that I just got off surgery?!

Jonathan looked at Angela’s anxious expression and pursed his lips slightly. “Saving a life is the noblest act, greater than any worldly accomplishment. Isn’t this what you, as a doctor, should do?”

Daniel couldn’t help finding him ridiculous. When are you ever this righteous and moral? Aren’t you capitalists all ruthless?

Angela’s eyes brightened as she looked hopefully at Daniel, reassuring him, “I promise you, even if she didn’t make it, her family won’t trouble you. Rest assured.”

In her past life, the family members also respected the police’s conclusion very much. They didn’t utter a word of blame to Angela, the scapegoat, and were very grateful for the so-called humanitarian

compensation. They were a kind and honest family but didn’t get a good ending.

Daniel sighed softly, but without much hesitation, he communicated with the medical staff, then immediately changed into surgical attire and returned to the emergency room.

Angela smiled gratefully at Jonathan. "Thank you. This matter is quite complicated. I'll

explain it to you another day."

Jonathan lowered his eyes and comfortingly embraced Angela's shoulder. "Anytime. I'll be waiting."

Angela couldn't help but look up at the man's tense jawline and felt a flutter in her heart a while later.

Chapter 200 Who Will Take the Blame?

The lights in the operating room went out. Daniel stepped out, his expression grave, no longer the playful demeanor he had moments ago.

Seeing this, Angela hurriedly approached. "How did it go?"

Daniel nodded slightly, his voice tinged with exhaustion. "The surgery went relatively well, but she hasn't yet passed the critical period. Whether she wakes up or not is uncertain. It would be best to find her family. Also, her will to survive... is quite low."

Angela's heart skipped a beat. She wasn't worried about finding the woman's family; the police would locate them soon enough.

As she offered to cover some of the woman's hospital expenses, Daniel whistled nearby. "To think you're so kind-hearted, Angie. I've never met someone as generous as you for as long as I've lived. If we hadn't been together just now, I'd have suspected you were the one behind

the wheel."

Angela's eyes flickered. Does this guy ever shut his mouth?

Jonathan shot Daniel a sideways glance. "Enough chatter."

Daniel looked unjustly accused. "I'm just looking out for her. At her young age, with no experience of the world's harsh realities, those who know her think she's kind-hearted, but those who don't might have different ideas." Then, with a yawn, he waved his hand and departed, saying he needed a nap even if the sky fell.

Angela fell silent. She knew Daniel was right. Sometimes, doing nothing was the best option. to avoid trouble. But after being given a second chance at life, she understood one thing—no need to overthink everything. Love who you want to love, do what you want to do, and as long as you have a clear conscience, that's all that matters.

Jonathan watched Angela's profile, his gaze turning profound.

Leaving the hospital, Angela glanced through the car window and saw the limping man and the elderly woman with silver hair entering the hospital with sad expressions. They were the woman's husband and mother-in-law. Supporting each other, they struggled to walk as fast as they could, but it was clearly difficult. Angela felt a mix of emotions. Knowing the truth, she felt compelled to do something.

Lost in her thoughts, Angela stumbled over the threshold when she arrived home, nearly falling to the ground. Jonathan, quick on his feet, caught her waist.

"Sorry, sorry..." Angela held onto Jonathan's arm tightly, looking startled.

Jonathan didn't release his grip on Angela's waist. Instead, he patted her head gently and said softly, "I'm fine. You're the one who needs help."

Angela explained, "I'm just a bit worried."

Jonathan offered a faint smile and reassured her, "Don't worry, Daniel will handle it just fine."

Angela hoped so. Looking up at Jonathan, there was a hint of pleading in her eyes. "Can I ask you for a favor?"

Jonathan continued to guide her inside, smiling quietly. "Of course, what is it?" His lips curved into a delightful smile, happy that Angela could come to him right away and request

assistance.

She wanted to ask him about the progress of the police investigation into the accident. Just like in her previous life, there were no eyewitnesses or surveillance footage. Based on the current situation, the female driver seemingly drove against traffic and hit the guardrail before colliding with the car in front. Due to the impact, Samuel's car crossed the solid line and spun, hitting the guardrail a few times, but his car wasn't severely damaged.

Thinking about it, if Samuel hadn't confessed to the accident from the get-go in her previous life, based solely on the scene of the accident, no one would have believed he was the one responsible. Angela was sure that Samuel would have called the Kinses immediately, and they would have taken care of things, which was why the police didn't find anything

incriminating. However, this time, they had her, and she wouldn't let the Kinses off the hook so easily.

She would expose the truth, and Samuel would pay for his crimes. For all the abuse and damage they caused to her and her home, she would make them pay back with interest.

On the other side, Samuel hurriedly approached James upon seeing his return. "Well, James? How is it?" His face was tense, unusually sober at the moment.

James gave him a slap on the head in response. "How many times have I told you you can fool around and slack off but don't do anything you shouldn't?! Drunk driving, hit-and-run, how could you?! It's not just about hitting someone else. What if you end up risking your life?"

James was livid not because Samuel caused trouble but because he risked his own life.

Samuel looked like a guilty puppy, hanging his head. "I've learned my lesson, James. But, how's the situation over there?"

James sighed, sitting down heavily on the sofa with a hint of triumph and certainty between his brows. "Don't worry, as long as that woman doesn't wake up, everything will be fine. But just in case, it's best to find someone to take the blame." That way, Samuel would be safe even if the woman regained consciousness. He had a strong desire for control and didn't want things to go beyond his control.

"Who should we find?" Samuel was very uneasy when he heard that the woman was saved. "How about we just pay someone off and let them take the blame when the time comes?"

"You idiot!" James wanted to beat up his brainless younger brother. "You can't just find anyone. This is a serious matter. If it goes wrong, we could be blackmailed. Do you realize this is a hit-and-run? What if the woman wakes up, and the person taking the blame spills the beans? That's a whole lot of trouble."

Samuel, too, was exasperated. "I can't believe someone reported to the police!" If the woman died, he could just pay some money, not even that much. But if she woke up, he would not only be in trouble, but the follow-up treatment would be even more troublesome.

Scarlet frowned, her face filled with worry as she asked James, "What should we do now? Who can we find to take the blame?"

If Angela were here, they surely wouldn't hesitate to push her out. However, she wasn't someone they could easily command anymore. Of course, she couldn't bear to let any of her sons take the blame either.

Samuel's eyes darted around, and then he leaned closer to Scarlet. "Mom, what about Zacharias?"

Scarlet's expression darkened. "Don't you dare?! Have you forgotten about condition? How dare you think of using him to take the blame?"

your

brother's

Samuel shrank back and muttered, "Of course, I'm not seriously asking him to go behind bars. Think about it. Because of his poor constitution, we can plea to the court if it does get to that point. Also, we can easily get him medical parole."

Scarlet fell into thought in response. Will this really work?

Seeing Scarlet's softened stance, Samuel grew more confident. "Mom, I've really learned my lesson. I won't dare to do it again. If I go in, my life will be over, but... Zacharias is different."