

Serve NOTL 231

Chapter 231 How Dare Britney?

Just as James was losing his patience, Fanny opened the door.

Her eyes were red.

Fanny looked at James with a resentful expression, saying, "I can't believe you can't even wait for such a short time, James. I just... I'm a bit sad to leave this house. I've lived here for more than ten years. I...

Tears streamed down Fanny's face like a waterfall.

She looked frail and delicate, crying in a way that would break anyone's heart.

James also felt that he was a bit harsh, so he patiently explained, "I'm sorry, Fanny. I should have controlled my emotions."

"It's okay." Fanny wiped her tears, trying to appear strong. "It's all for Zacharias. I just feel a bit upset. But, knowing that my brothers still love me, I feel reassured."

James nodded, assuring her, "Don't worry, this is just a temporary measure. When Zacharias gets better, you will still be the princess of our Kins Family."

"Okay." Fanny smiled brightly, then linked arms with James. "Let's go quickly. Otherwise, we'll be late."

Before long, the car pulled up in front of the police station.

James, Fanny, and Scarlet stepped out of the car and walked straight in.

George and Britney were already waiting there.

Upon seeing Scarlet, George frowned. "What are you doing here?"

Since their last major argument over Linda's situation, this couple had not crossed paths again.

They exchanged looks of mutual disdain, devoid of any affection, making the encounter uncomfortable.

Scarlet snorted at his remark. "Who are you to interfere? Is this your territory?"

George grew angry and retorted, "You shrew, it seems like you haven't realized your mistake yet. If it weren't for-

"Is this a place for you two to fight?" The police officer at the station interjected, clearly displeased.

Realizing this, both parties ceased their argument.

James remained expressionless, saying calmly, "Let's speed up this process."

The Kins Family had a long history of business and were significant taxpayers in the region. Given the urgency of changing the household registration, local leaders helped to coordinate the process.

Special circumstances warranted special treatment, bypassing the standard procedures.

The problem was quickly resolved by the effective work of the police officers stationed there.

Britney held the new household registration with a joyful expression and exclaimed, "Woah! My belly is truly something. How did I give birth to such a sweet daughter?"

Britney looked at Fanny as though she was exposing Fanny, and Fanny felt slightly uncomfortable.

Raising her eyebrows, Britney remarked, "What, not even a 'mom' from you? It appears you are used to being a wealthy young lady and look down on us rural folks. However, once you are in the Lynch Family's household registration, you must show respect."

"And your dad died not too long ago, Our family has lost a valuable worker, so you will have to work harder in the future to support me, understand?"

Britney said that as she ushered Fanny to the exit.

Scarlet's face darkened, and she halted the two individuals in their tracks. "Even though Fanny has updated her household registration, she will continue residing with the Kins Family. Do not involve her in matters concerning the Lynch Family."

Britney coldly snorted, displaying her displeasure. "Oh, then why change the household registration? Are you unwilling to let go because my daughter will marry into wealth in the future? Let me remind you, this is my daughter. She takes after me. It's none of your

concern."

"I have already compensated you for the household registration." Scarlet attempted to maintain her composure. "Now, stop causing trouble."

Britney rolled her eyes, refusing to give in. "The household registration is one thing, but you took my daughter away. Who will take care of me in my old age? I don't care; I expected her to support me in the future."

James furrowed his brow. "How much do you want?"

Britney's eyes darted around as she replied, "You tell me. Fanny's dad spent this much money on hospitalization, and in the end, he passed away. I had to borrow money from relatives and friends for medical expenses, and just the other day-

"Enough with the excuses," Scarlet interrupted. "Just give me a number."

Britney didn't hold back, flipping her hand back and forth. "I don't want much—fifty thousand."

"Fifty thousand?" Scarlet was surprised. "This is unbelievable. You could never make that much money in a lifetime. How dare you ask this much at all?"

When she learned that the child had been switched at birth, she was already aware of this.

Britney and Mike did not have proper jobs. In the past few years, their combined salary was less than two thousand.

Later, they took some money from the Kins Family and started a small business but ended up losing money.

Even if we calculated at two thousand per month, these two would have to work for five hundred thousand without eating or drinking for over two hundred and fifty years.

How dare Britney?

How could she have the nerve to make such a demand?

Scarlet was furious; thinking about her precious daughter, who had been raised by her since childhood, having to follow such a biological mother was heartbreaking.

Her fingers pointed at Britney were slightly trembling as she warned, "I'm telling you, Britney, five hundred thousand is impossible."

Hearing this, James had a headache. Riverdon, although not the most developed city in the country, was not considered poor either. Just a few days ago, he had seen the latest financial newspaper data.

The average salary of Riverdon's employees was just over one thousand one hundred. How could Britney, a peasant worker, possibly earn so much?

Britney immediately raised her voice, shouting directly, "I knew it! You are bullying a widow. Oh God, why is life so difficult for me? This is how my dear daughter, whom I gave birth to with great difficulty, will be taken from me..."

"What sin have committed... My man has just died, and now my daughter is going to be taken

Oh, I don't want to live anymore! I might as well just die and have some peace?

Saying that, Britney pretended to rush toward the white wall.

But no one paid any attention to her

Fanny lowered her eyes, concealing her strong disgust.

you want to die, past die. Why make a fuss here?

How could she be the one who gave birth to her

Fanny was abhorred by what Britney was doing, but for the time being, she dared not speak

out.

Because of how loud it was, the police officers from the police station came out to see what was going on. "What's happening?"

James didn't want to make a scene, so he smiled and said, "It's nothing. Just a little family argument. We'll leave right away!"

With that, he walked over to Britney and said, "If you want money, you better leave now."

She grinned broadly and went right after.

For an instant, Scarlet felt lightheaded, but fortunately, Fanny was there to steady her.

James asked them to get into the car first while he went to negotiate with Britney.

Looking at her, he calmly stated, "Fifty thousand is too much. We can't afford it."

Chapter 232 Moving to the Lynch Family

Britney pouted, "Don't try to deceive me, a country bumpkin. Your Kins Family has such a big boss. Can't even come up with 60,000? I don't believe it."

James knew reasoning with someone like her wouldn't work. He remained indifferent. "Either you come up with a reasonable number or forget about getting anything. Although Fanny is my sister, I don't want her to suffer. But if there's no other way, I believe she will understand me."

Britney was afraid that she wouldn't get any money at all. She quickly changed her tune. "Then how much are you giving me?"

"1,200." James sneered, "This is the cost for Fanny to move to your house. If you perform well, I will continue to give more."

Britney was confused by James' words. "What?"

James explained, "Fanny will be moving to the Lynch Family for a period of time."

"Just now, you said..."

"That was my mother's decision, not mine." James said calmly, "Since Fanny has changed her household registration, it's not suitable for her to continue living in the Kins Family."

And Angela wouldn't allow it either.

Instead of arguing later, he decided to arrange things properly now.

Feeling a bit awkward, Britney hadn't spoken yet when James continued, "If you're not willing, then 1,200 is off the table."

Britney had initially thought they wouldn't want Fanny to move, but now it seemed that tactic wouldn't work.

"1,200 it is." Britney smiled and said, "As long as the money is in place, I guarantee to take good care of her

James nodded. "When Fanny moves into the Lynch Family, I'll give you the money."

He thought for a moment and took out 60 from his pocket. "Here's some advance payment for you. Find someone to clean up the house. Make sure Fanny is comfortable."

Britney took the money with a smile. "Alright. Don't worry. She is my own daughter. How

could I mistreat her?"

After speaking, she left.

Britney had just lost her husband, but there was no trace of sadness in her.

James returned to the car, and Scarlet was still comforting Fanny. "Don't worry. James will handle it. How could we not want you? We care about you the most."

Seeing James enter the you.”

car. Fanny assumed he had resolved the matter. “Mom, James, thank

It was only then that they realized George seemed to have slipped away without anyone noticing.

Scarlet knew George must have gone to that vixen, cursing him silently.

However, things were progressing smoothly, and she would be worry-free once Zacharias recovered from his illness.

James drove back home with a serious expression.

As soon as he entered the living room, he said, “Fanny, pack some basic clothes to change into. You’ll move to the Lynch Family tonight or at the latest tomorrow.”

Scarlet and Fanny were stunned when hearing this.

They looked at James in shock, speaking in unison.

“James, what did you say?”

“James, what do you mean?”

James sighed deeply, then comforted Fanny. “I have promised to give money to Britney. She won’t make you work. You can temporarily go over there for a while, and when Zacharias gets better, we will bring you back.”

“James, is it necessary to do this?” Fanny couldn’t help but get a bit emotional.

I have already changed my household registration, and now you ask me to move out.

Would I really be able to come back then?

No. No matter what, I have to stay.

Scarlet thought for a moment and echoed. "Yeats, James Does Angela care where Fanny but stays Why don't you go talk to her again?"

James shook his head. "What kind of person is she? She refuses to negotiate with us, and time is running out. Mom, think about Zacharias He's already in the intensive care unit."

Scarlet's heart sank.

Fanny ran to Scarlet in tears. "Mom, please don't. It'll move to the Lynch Family, I... ruined. How will the Sanders Family see me then?"

I will be

"And the area where the Lynch Family resides. Fanny Kins looked disdainful. "It must be very chaotic and definitely unsafe at night. Mom, I don't want to go. We've come this far. Does Angela really want to push me to the brink?"

Scarlet's temples throbbed. "James..."

James cut her off, looking at Fanny. "Fanny, stop overreacting. Listen to James. Britney is your biological mother. She won't harm you."

Fanny still disagreed.

Scarlet thought of the critically ill Zacharias and made a tough decision. "Fanny, bear living there, let James find a trustworthy person to take care of you."

Fanny collapsed to the ground.

They all gave up on her.

Why did this have to happen?

if you can't

At James' insistence, Fanny was taken to the Lynch Family overnight. He couldn't wait to call Angela. "It's done, Fanny has moved to the Lynch Family. Angela, are you satisfied?"

"I don't like the sound of that. She sneered, "I still need to verify it."

" "Let's meet tomorrow," James suggested.

The next day, James placed copies of the new household registration and Britney's household registration in front of Angela.

Angela reviewed them and smiled. "It's authentic."

"As for whether Fanny has moved to the Lynch Family..." She paused to take a sip of tea. "I will have it confirmed. If you're deceiving me, you know the consequences."

James nodded. "Don't worry. Zacharias life is in your hands. We wouldn't deceive you,

What kind of conversation is this?

But Angela was in a good mood and didn't want to argue. She then made a request that almost made James furious. "I want to see Mike's body to confirm his death."

"Angela, do you distrust me like this?"

Angela bluntly replied, "Yes."

He sighed, "I will arrange it, but it may not be today. If you confirm it tomorrow, can you cure Zacharias immediately?"

Angela nodded. "Of course."

She was unlike the Kins Family, who only knew how to deceive.

James hurriedly left.

As soon as Mike passed away, Britney was asked to assist in changing the household registration, and the body remained in the hospital morgue.

As long as Britney agreed, there should be no issues on the hospital's end.

After making the arrangements, he promptly informed Angela.

Angela accompanied James to the morgue and indeed saw Mike's body.

At that moment, she was unsure of her emotions.

Mike had not always been kind to her, but there were some fond memories from her childhood.

However, most days were challenging.

For instance, the insincerity of many individuals made her feel that people like Mike and Britney, who were truly malicious, were more authentic.

When a person passes away, debts are settled.

Angela's expression was indifferent as she bowed silently.

After they exited, Angela asked directly, "Where is Zacharias?"

Chapter 233 It Was Shameless

James brought Angela to Zacharias' ward.

However, he was already placed in the intensive care unit, restricting access to ordinary visitors,

Nevertheless, Joseph had a solution.

Joseph took charge since the previous physician could not address Zacharias' condition.

He had Angela change into protective clothing, and the two entered Zacharias' ward.

Zacharias lay pallid on the hospital bed, connected to a ventilator, surrounded by various treatment and life-saving equipment.

Joseph's face was cold and stern, and he had a worried expression as he explained Zacharias' condition. "Currently, his heart rate is unstable, and his breathing is very weak. His autonomous breathing is not strong, and he needs to rely on the oxygen machine. Additionally, he has been in a coma for several days with no signs of awakening."

Angela nodded. She removed her gloves and proceeded to the sink to sterilize her hands with disinfectant.

Since Zacharias' immune system was compromised, any bacteria could be detrimental. However, she needed to assess his pulse to determine his specific condition before proceeding with treatment.

She placed her hand on Zacharias' pulse, silently pondering something.

Previously, Joseph would have reprimanded Angela for this action. Yet now, he understood that only Angela could save Zacharias, and he had to endure her methods.

Angela frowned.

Zacharias' physical condition was worse than she had estimated.

Aren't the Kins Family supposed to be quite wealthy? Yet they are reluctant to spend money even to care for a patient.

No. It should be said that they don't even consider it.

Zacharias' illness requires meticulous care and attention, a delicate process. However, they are unwilling to invest the effort or hire specialized assistance, resulting in his deteriorating condition.

Angela sighed, startling Joseph His face turned serious. "What? Is there nothing you can do?"

She snorted. Let's talk outside"

She explained Zacharias condition briefly to Joseph, then said, "You must understand his condition. I need to give him acupuncture and then slowly adjust it with traditional medicine. Of course, this process will be very long, and also...

Angela emphasized. You have to promise me that you'll follow the methods I prescribe to take care of him afterward. Otherwise, even if he up the same

this time, he'll end next time."

You can't take care of him constantly?"

I'm not a caretaker, Angela paused, "This treatment is a long process. Do you expect me to just spend my whole day revolving around Zacharias?"

Joseph nodded. "You can rest assured. We will follow your guidance to save him."

Angela added, "He is currently in the intensive care unit, and he's in a coma. This is not conducive to me saving him. You have to find a way to wake him up so I can start with the acupuncture."

She planned to use the acupuncture technique her grandmother passed down to her.

Joseph felt that Angela was putting him in a difficult position. "If I can wake him, do we still

need...

To be manipulated by you?

Meeting Angela's gaze, Joseph altered his approach, "Can't you wake him?"

Angela smiled. "It's not difficult to transfer him from the intensive care unit. The difficulty lies in how to prolong his life and make his body recover."

Joseph agreed. "I will find a solution."

Angela turned to leave, and Joseph's voice came from behind her. "Angela, I hope you can really save Zacharias. Otherwise, we won't let you off."

Angela chuckled in frustration.

He was begging me to save a life, yet threatening me before I even started.

Oh God. Are you some ancient emperor who'll be beheaded if the imperial physician fails to save

Angela turned around, her expression cold. Joseph, aren't you supposed to be a respectable doctor? Don't you think what you just said is shameless?

"How would you feel if the family of your patient said such things to y

Joseph also knew he had spoken out of turn. He said lightly. I was just anxious. Apologize

"You're shamelessly carrying on the Kins Family's tradition of shamelessness" Angela no longer wanted to engage with him, turning around and leaving

She needed to return and prepare.

With Zacharias so weak, simply giving injections or medicine wouldn't suffice. It had to be a combination. Traditional and modern medicine needed to work together for his weakened body to recover sooner.

Upon Jonathan's return home, he caught a whiff of traditional medicine in the air.

Following the scent, he discovered Angela hard at work.

He saw a large basin filled with brewed herbal medicine, with many silver needles floating on

top.

“What’s this?” Jonathan was puzzled.

Although he was still taking medicine, his leg was nearly healed, and he no longer required. needle treatments.

Angela flashed a sweet smile when seeing Jonathan. “Jonathan, you’re back. I’m soaking silver needles so that when I treat Zacharias, the medicine can flow through the needles and aid in his recovery.”

Angela’s eyes

when it came to medicine.

“Don’t overexert yourself,” Jonathan said gently.

Saving lives and treating illnesses was a noble pursuit. However, when Angela became busy. she tended to neglect her well-being, which was not what he wanted to see.

Angela looked up, approaching Jonathan. “Jonathan, are you feeling unwell? You don’t look too good.”

Jonathan paused for a moment and admitted, “I’m feeling a bit tired. I probably didn’t rest

well’

Angela nodded. TI have May prepare some calming top later and then arrange for nourishing meals for you tomorrow.”

The recent incident at the villa had taken a toll on Jonathan’s spirits, and with winter approaching, recovering from a cold wouldn’t be easy.

But he would be back on his feet with her assistance and a few days of care.

For some reason, Jonathan found solace in Angela's caring words. He smiled and agreed. "Okay."

Joseph proved to be quite resourceful, acquiring foreign medicine and administering a few injections to Zacharias, resulting in his transfer to a regular ward.

He also arranged for Zacharias to have a private room to facilitate Angela's treatment.

However, it was a standard room, not as luxurious as Angela had previously occupied.

Angela entered the ward with silver needles and herbs in hand.

She glanced at Joseph, who was still lingering on the side. "You can leave now."

Joseph awkwardly inquired, "Don't you need my assistance? I can be an assistant or something."

Angela promptly declined, "Not necessary. If I make a mistake in acupuncture, who would be responsible, you or me? If you don't trust me..."

She smiled at Joseph. Then I'll leave."

"

Joseph hurriedly exited I'll be outside. Let me know if you need anything."

Angela rolled her eyes and walked over to lock the door. "Stay outside and ensure we're not disturbed."

Administering acupuncture requires focus and tranquility, so interruptions should be avoided.

Chapter 234 Will You Leave Me?

After about two hours, Angela finally opened the door to the ward.

She looked extremely exhausted, with beads of sweat on her forehead, leaning wearily against the wall.

Joseph's expression softened, and he asked gently. "How is he?"

Angela lifted her eyelids slightly and glanced at Joseph. "Just hanging on. However, his body is severely depleted, and it's impossible to administer just one round of acupuncture. I will need to administer injections continuously for the next six days."

With that, she handed a prescription to Joseph. "Purchase these herbs and follow the instructions to prepare a medicinal bath for him. This will expedite his recovery."

Joseph accepted the prescription and sincerely said, "Thank you."

"But preparing a medicinal bath in the hospital..." Joseph appeared hesitant. "Isn't that a bit inappropriate?"

Angela sneered, "I don't care where you do it, but it must be done. Additionally, I will only administer the injections near the hospital, nowhere else."

Angela left without another word.

She utilized the mystical needle technique passed down from her grandmother, which was effective but also very draining.

Hence, she intended to rest adequately in the coming days..

Despite the deep-seated conflict with the Kins Family, she was committed to fulfilling her promise to treat Zacharias.

Distinguishing between personal and professional matters had always been her guiding principle.

Jonathan mentioned that he would be working overtime and wouldn't return home to sleep.

Angela provided him with earnest instructions over the phone. "You must eat properly, rest well, and take care of yourself."

Jonathan's voice on the other end of the line was reassuring. "Don't worry."

Angela felt exhausted. She didn't say much more to Jonathan and drifted off to sleep. Subsequently, she resumed administering acupuncture to Zacharias.

The Kins Family displayed resourcefulness by renting a small house near the hospital and facilitating herbal baths for Zacharias.

Joseph adjusted his glasses and informed Angela. "He was briefly awake this morning, then drifted back to sleep. He lacks the strength to converse, only consuming a small amount of porridge."

Angela nodded in understanding.

Over three consecutive days, Zacharias' complexion noticeably improved.

Even the typically proud Joseph couldn't help but admire Angela for her expertise when witnessing this.

However, he remained puzzled about when Angela had acquired such proficiency in acupuncture.

How had they not noticed before?

Upon Angela's return home, she encountered Jonathan, whom she hadn't seen in days.

From a medical standpoint, Jonathan appeared considerably worse.

She knew Jonathan worked tirelessly, neglecting rest. There was no way he could recover properly like that.

Angela asked May to make soup with no other choice and forced him to drink it. "I knew you. wouldn't listen obediently. I didn't say anything when I didn't see it. But now that I have, you have to follow my arrangements."

Jonathan looked quite obedient. "Got it."

Subsequently, they both freshened up and retired to bed.

Angela had been sleeping soundly in recent days, and with Jonathan beside her tonight, she inexplicably felt at ease and soon drifted off to sleep.

In the middle of the night, Angela felt a chill and reached out to find that the person beside

her was gone.

She woke up and turned on the bedside lamp. She realized that Jonathan was not in bed.

After waiting approximately five or six minutes, he had yet to return.

Angela found this peculiar.

She initially thought he had gone to the bathroom in the middle of the night, but she found that the main bedroom's bathroom light was off, and no one was inside.

After deliberating for a moment, Angela quickly put on warm pajamas and went to the study room to look for him.

She guessed that Jonathan might be working in the study room.

What could be so urgent in the middle of the night, especially in this cold weather?

She didn't want to disturb Jonathan. But ever since he came down from the mountain that day, he had been experiencing recurrent fevers. The slow recovery was also attributed to the fever and weakened immunity. With the cold weather, the recovery process would be even slower.

If Jonathan's fever continued to recur, she decided to have him undergo a full-body check-

1. up.

What if there were other underlying health issues?

With these thoughts in mind, Angela arrived at the study room's door. Because it was late at night, despite the house being large enough, Angela was hesitant to disturb the rest of the household, so she lightly knocked on the door.

"Jonathan, are you there?"

There was no response from inside.

Perhaps her voice was too soft.

She grabbed the doorknob, gently turned it, and the door opened.

However, the study room was pitch black, and no one was inside. The heater wasn't turned on either, so a cold draft rushed in as soon as she opened the door.

Angela furrowed her brows in confusion.

Where has Jonathan gone?

She felt a bit disoriented.

Did Jonathan have to attend to in the middle of the night?

Could it be something that required him to leave?

However, according to Jonathan's character, he would have at least sent her a message if that were the case.

Just then, Angela heard a sound

She followed the sound and realized it was coming from the bathroom of another bedroom on the same floor.

She hurried over and found that the light in the bathroom was on.

"Jonathan," Angela's voice carried a hint of annoyance. "What are you doing?"

Angela opened the door and was shocked by what she saw,

Jonathan looked pale, sitting on a stool, leaning against the wall.

He was dressed in dark blue silk pajamas, with faint traces of blood seeping from his arms.

Despite Angela calling out to him, he did not respond.

Angela quickly rolled up his sleeve and saw that the wounds on his arms, the ones he had sustained at the villa, had reopened.

The wounds had scabbed over.

Why have they reopened?

If it were accidental, a bit of reopening would be understandable. But every wound on Jonathan's arm had reopened. If there weren't only the two of them here, she would have suspected foul play.

Jonathan, what are you doing?" Angela couldn't believe it. She quickly grabbed some tissue and began wiping away the blood.

Jonathan seemed to sense something, opening his eyes and looking at Angela. "It's nothing. Don't worry."

Is it nothing?

Angela was at a loss for words.

As she tidied up Jonathan, she questioned, "What's going on with these wounds? Weren't they scabbed over?"

Jonathan didn't answer immediately.

He furrowed his brow as if pondering something. "Well. They were too itchy and uncomfortable... I scratched a few times, and that's how it ended up."

He spoke casually as if discussing the weather.

Angela was on the verge of tears. "Are you still a child? How do you not even realize this?"

Jonathan looked at her and suddenly reached out to hug her waist, his eyes innocent, his expression pitiful. "Will you leave me?"

Chapter 235 Stay With Me

Angela was stunned.

Why does he suddenly ask such a strange question?

She reached out and felt Jonathan's forehead.

It's hot.

Indeed, he has a fever.

"Jonathan, you have a fever." Angela said firmly, "Come back to the room with me. You're not taking care of yourself at all."

Jonathan shook his head. I'm not cold. I'm hot."

"On such a cold day, how can you not feel cold outside?" Angela held his hand and said. gently, "Let's go back together."

Jonathan didn't get up

death?"

immediately. Instead, he asked a strange question. "Will I freeze to

Angela felt that his brain might be temporarily short-circuited due to the fever, so it was impossible to communicate normally at this stage.

She said sternly, "Yes, you will. So hurry up and come back with me."

Suddenly, Jonathan showed a strange smile with a hint of darkness in his eyes. "Death would be a release. I shouldn't be alive."

Upon hearing this, Angela was greatly alarmed.

What is going on with Jonathan?

Why does he suddenly say such things?

She suddenly recollected her past.

Previously, she couldn't comprehend why, with so many medical experts around Jonathan.

he still succumbed in the end.

Could it be?

Angela felt a chill in her heart, her voice softening. "Silly, why would you think like that? I think you are a light to many people. If you shouldn't be alive, then what about the others?"

"A light?"

"Yes." Angela smiled and gestured toward herself. "Just like me. If I hadn't met you, I would have been bullied to death by those scoundrels from the Kins Family. I truly appreciate you, so you must live well."

Jonathan's gaze

seemed unfocused. Under Angela's earnest persuasion, he nodded intermittently. "I won't let them bully you."

Angela nodded resolutely.

After that, she coaxed Jonathan into the room with great effort, using the tone of enticing a child.

The heating here was sufficient. The two, who were almost frozen outside, felt like they had returned from a cold winter to a warm spring as soon as they entered the room.

"Don't go." Jonathan, lying on the bed, was restless. He held Angela's hand and begged, "Don't leave me, okay? Don't go."

Angela was helpless. "I won't leave. I'll go get you some fever medicine. Do you know what your temperature is now? It's 102.2 Fahrenheit. If you don't bring down the fever soon, it will damage your brain."

Jonathan hesitated, seemingly contemplating the significance of Angela's words..

She sighed softly.

She retrieved the fever medication and ensured Jonathan took it. "Go to sleep. You'll feel better once the fever subsides."

He shook his head, still trying to keep his eyes open. "Stay here."

"Alright." Angela replied, "I was going to stay here anyway."

“Forever?”

“Forever.”

“That’s impossible.” Jonathan seemed to sigh, “No one can stay with another person forever.”

Angela suddenly reached out and pinched Jonathan. “You have a fever, but you act like you’re

drunk. If you don’t sleep, can you answer me a question?

Jonathan nodded, looking very obedient.

Angela suddenly felt a little fond of this version of Jonathan.

The current Jonathan seemed more animated and vibrant than the usual Jonathan.

Angela gently pressed on Jonathan’s wound, causing him to furrow his brow in pain.

Now you feel the pain?” Angela couldn’t help but scold. “Why do you torture yourself like

this

Jonathan pondered for a moment. “It’s not torture.”

He paused, then gazed earnestly at Angela. “It’s more comfortable this way.”

This response took Angela aback.

Is self-infliction truly more comfortable?

“Why do you think that?” Angela asked as she sat on the edge of the bed and gently touched

him.

Jonathan pondered for a moment. He seemed unable to answer the question, then replied, “Just a feeling.”

Angela felt a pang in her heart.

She didn’t ask any more questions. She lay down on the other side of the bed, hugged his waist, and said, “Let’s go to sleep. I’m here.”

Jonathan held her hand, and they both closed their eyes.

At first, Angela couldn’t fall asleep. She was thinking about Jonathan.

She felt that Jonathan’s current state was wrong, not just because of the fever.

But if she asked directly, Jonathan would not say anything.

Perhaps I can try to find out indirectly.

Oliver!

No, he doesn’t seem like someone who would know the boss’ secrets.

Pic’s smart, but he’s also shroud and might not tell me. Besides, I’m not very close to him.

It might be worth a try. But what if he doesn't actually know anything? Would he be even more heartbroken if he knew about Jonathan's condition?

Oh. It's so difficult.

and fell a

When it was almost dawn, she was too tired to keep her eyes open heavily.

When she woke up, she found that Jonathan was gone again.

She was startled, but she understood when she looked at the time.

Jonathan probably got up.

After so much trouble yesterday, he could still get up on time. His biological clock was admirable

After the previous day's events, his ability to rise early was truly commendable.

After freshening up. Angela called Jonathan.

She cautiously mentioned, "Your wound... You... be more careful of your wound next time."

She hesitated but refrained from asking directly.

Jonathan's response was casual. "Sure. You've been tired lately. I asked May to make soup for you. Remember to drink it."

"Okay."

After breakfast, Angela proceeded to administer an injection to Zacharias.

He was awake and greeted her warmly. "Joseph told me about yesterday. Thank you, Angela."

Angela waved it off. "No need. I have my conditions."

Zacharias didn't say anything more.

After giving the injection, Angela left but didn't return immediately.

She wanted to find someone to clarify her doubts.

Jonathan's behavior last night was incomprehensible.

She had some guesses, but she dared not confirm them. After all, she only had half- knowledge about those medical conditions.

Since Zacharias lived near the hospital, she quickly found Daniel.

Upon seeing Angela, Daniel's eyes lit up. "Angela, I heard you came specifically to find me?"

Angela nodded. "Yes. I have some questions for you."

Daniel raised an eyebrow. "Oh. What's the matter?"

His eagerness softened Angela's serious expression.

Angela glanced around his office and said, "Can we find a place with fewer people?"

Daniel Lockwood stroked his chin and nodded in agreement.

Chapter 236 Psychological Issues

Daniel took Angela to an area near the hospital, which was under construction,

The view was open, and there were few people around.

“Is it safe to talk here?” Daniel looked at Angela with a puzzled expression. “Angela, are you going to discuss something confidential with me?”

Angela sighed deeply. “I have something to tell you.”

She knew that Daniel was Jonathan’s good friend, so it was okay to talk to him.

Upon hearing this, Daniel’s expression changed. “H—he...”

He was somewhat anxious, speaking in a stuttered manner. “S—so, how is he now?”

Angela hesitated for a moment before expressing her concern, “Everything seems normal. Daniel, what’s going on with Jonathan? I feel like there might be some psychological or mental issues”

Angela carefully chose her words.

In Daniel’s presence, she felt less constrained about her words.

Indeed, even in a more progressive and open-minded society decades later, prejudices persisted against individuals facing mental health challenges.

The reluctance to consult a psychologist was driven not only by the associated high costs but also by the fear of societal judgment.

Daniel's face looked grim. "I don't know either. Actually, Jon had similar situations in the past. But that was years ago, and I thought he was better now. But..."

The more Angela listened, the more concerned she became.

*He had similar situations before?" Angela repeated.

Daniel quickly reassured me in a light-hearted manner, "No need to worry. He's just... a bit pessimistic with his emotions. Sometimes, he might not grasp things fully. I don't think it's a significant concern."

He then returned to his carefree demeanor. "Everyone has some dark moments in their lives. Despite how sunny and handsome I may look, I also have times when I'm not happy. When

you're in a bad mood, it's not hard to do some strange things.

Angela glanced at Daniel. "You better come clean. This is a serious matter, not something trivial. If you don't tell me the truth, what if something happens to Jonathan in the future?"

Daniel twitched his mouth and chuckled, "Oh, don't be so worried. It's not that serious. After all these years, nothing has happened, right?"

"Daniel...

"Angela." Daniel interrupted Angela, "Don't ask me anymore. I only know this much. Even if you ask me more, I won't know. But since you're here, I won't let you leave empty-handed."

Angela looked at Daniel.

He grinned, "There's a delicious barbecue restaurant near the hospital that just opened recently. Would you like to give it a try? My treat."

Angela coldly snorted, "No need. Since you won't tell me, I'll go ask Old Mr. Lawson for the truth."

With that, she turned to leave but was stopped by Daniel.

He sighed, "Oh, you're always like this. Why are you just leaving like that? How can you disturb Old Mr. Lawson at his age with this matter?"

"Since you are so filial and don't want to upset Old Mr. Lawson, just tell me willingly. I am Jonathan's wife. I have an obligation to care for him. Or do you think I am the kind of person who would spread things around carelessly?" Angela tousled her hair.

Daniel quickly shook his head. "You misunderstand. I'm not unwilling to tell you, nor do I distrust you. It's just... I just don't want another person to worry. Because... how should I put it..."

Daniel pondered for a moment before explaining, "Here's the situation. Jon consulted a psychologist, who is a friend of mine. The psychologist suggested that Jon's psychological issues could be serious or minor. However, Jon is reluctant to undergo treatment, and the psychologist advised us to avoid bringing it up whenever possible."

"What does it mean by 'serious or minor'?" Angela was frustrated by this term. "Is it really serious?"

However, based on his self-harming behavior, the issue was clearly not minor.

Daniel appeared helpless. "I'm not very clear on it either."

"So, you're not sure what his psychological problem is?"

"It could be related to his family specifically. But I don't know the details. This involves very private matters. We are good friends, but we still need our own space? Daniel seemed troubled.

Like him, he wouldn't reveal everything to others.

After thinking for a moment, Angela inquired, "Can you share the medical records from when your friend treated Jonathan?"

Perhaps, with some knowledge from her past life, she could assist in his treatment.

Daniel shook his head and gestured. "No, my friend is a psychologist. It would violate professional ethics to access someone's privacy without permission."

Angela felt conflicted as well. "I understand. I didn't mean to take the medical records completely. Could you try to gather more information discreetly? Or, I can provide you with some questions to ask her. Also, we genuinely care about Jonathan. We mean no harm."

After careful consideration, Daniel finally agreed, "I'll give it a shot."

Angela smiled. "Thank you."

"It's all for Jon; there is no need to thank me. I just want what's best for him," Daniel replied, glancing at the time. Suddenly realizing, he exclaimed, "Oh no, I forgot about a meeting later. I'm going to be late, and the dean will be there this time. I'm sure to get reprimanded."

Angela was speechless.

Even in such a rush, he still has time to empathize with me so much.

"I should go now." Daniel hurried off, running back in the direction they came from, looking flustered.

Angela couldn't help but chuckle.

She couldn't fathom how Daniel, renowned as the genius doctor, could be so disorganized.

If his patients know his true self, are they too scared to let him treat them?

Angela shook her head and left the hospital.

On the way back, she pondered Jonathan's issue.

What might be the cause of his psychological problems?

Angela felt a headache coming on.

Just then, her phone rang.

Angela answered.

Linda's voice came from the other end of the phone. "Can you talk right now?"

Angela frowned.

Why did she call me?

The car had just entered the Lawson Residence.

"Wait a minute." Angela got out of the car and walked to a corner of the yard, "What do you have to say?"

Linda's voice came through. "Fanny returned to the Kins Family."

Angela was somewhat surprised. "Are you keeping an eye on her?"

Linda's voice carried a hint of coldness. "Of course, I naturally pay attention to the Kins Family members. Especially Fanny. Am I right?"

"Understood," Angela replied casually.

Linda seemed surprised. "Is that all?"

Chapter 237 Strange Dreams

She certainly wouldn't simply let it slide like this.

Angela hung up the phone, a smirk playing on her lips.

The Kins Family is undeniably hypocritical. Do they believe that, now that I'm in the process of taking over Zacharias, I won't back out halfway? Well, they've guessed right.

Angela definitely wouldn't have given up then.

It wasn't out of kindness but rather her principle as a doctor.

Regardless, Zacharias was her patient, and she wouldn't have been irresponsible due to personal emotions,

But if Fanny thought that was the end of it, she was wrong.

Next, Angela would have given them a big gift.

Hopefully, Fanny would have liked it.

After giving Zacharias another injection, Angela looked at Joseph mockingly. “The Kins Family are so fickle. Do you think I should continue or not with the injections for the next two days?”

Joseph looked puzzled. “What do you mean?”

Angela calmly said, “Fanny has returned to the Kins Family. Don’t you know?”

Joseph was somewhat surprised.

He really didn’t know about this.

Recently, due to the necessity of caring for Zacharias and handling hospital matters, he chose to pack some clothes and stay there.

While Angela was packing her things, she remarked, “Certainly, as a doctor, I will complete the injections. However, considering the deceitful behavior of the Kins Family, they can find someone else to treat Zacharias in the future.”

Joseph panicked. “I really didn’t know about this. But rest assured, we will handle it.”

Angela didn’t make things difficult for him. She simply nodded. “Okay.”

After Angela left, Joseph tightened his lips, his face turning dark.

He immediately called James and explained the situation. He couldn’t free himself up at the moment, so he had to ask James to handle it.

Don’t be deceived by Angela’s present easy-going demeanor. If this situation wasn’t handled properly, even completing a course of treatment for Zacharias wouldn’t have been very effective.

Upon hearing about the situation, James hurried back home from the company.

Recently, his father also gave up, neglecting company matters and leaving everything to him. Along with the workload he had accumulated from managing Zacharias' situation before, he found himself overwhelmed, struggling to keep up.

He had believed that everything was gradually falling into place, only for Fanny to disrupt the equilibrium.

His headache was intensifying.

He had never imagined that his once beloved sister would turn out to be so annoying.

It was simply a case of more trouble than it was worth.

Meanwhile, in the living room at the Kins Residence.

Fanny was complaining to Scarlet, "Mom, look at my dark eyes. I haven't been able to sleep well these past few days. Do you know how big the bugs are over there? And it's so cold... and the room over there smells awful..."

Scarlet hugged Fanny with a look of pity. "Fanny, let me give you some money. You should go back soon. If James or Joseph find out about this, they'll definitely be angry."

Fanny's face turned pale. "Mom, Angela has already started treating Zacharias anyway. If she gives up halfway, it's as good as murder."

Scarlet looked a little embarrassed. She sighed, "Fanny, I know you've been suffering. But since we promised her, we should stick to it. When Angela calms down, I will go and plead with her again."

"While James and Joseph are not at home, you should go back quickly. If they find out that I sheltered you yesterday, they will definitely be unhappy," Scarlet said helplessly.

Fanny was unwilling.

It's impossible to wait for Angela to calm down in this lifetime,

Her little face drooped as she bit her lip, looking aggrieved, "Mom, they won't blame me. I did this very carefully, Angela won't know?

"She already knows." A voice came from outside the door, James looked at Fanny with a gloomy expression. "Are you going to leave on your own, or do I have to carry you out?

James was harsh in his words; he was truly annoyed.

Why does my gentle and sensible sister suddenly become so stubborn?

Upon hearing James' tone, Fanny felt even more upset. Her eyes were red as she said cautiously, "I'm sorry, James. Please don't be angry. I just missed Mom so much. That's why I sneaked back."

"Fanny, you're about to get married. Are you still so immature?" James looked at her with disappointment. "You know what it means when you sneak back, yet you still do it..."

For some reason, he suddenly remembered what Angela had said before.

Before Mike died, Fanny had appeared. Later, he also asked Sarah. She didn't directly say it, but she admitted to seeing Fanny, and she was very nervous.

Fanny wasn't being immature. She was being intentional.

Thinking of this, James' face darkened even more. "Do you want to harm Zacharias?"

Fanny was startled. This accusation could directly erase the affection of the past decade.

She quickly shook her head. “No, how could I do such a thing?”

James rubbed his temples and ordered, “Go. If you have anything else you want to take with you, bring it back this time. Don’t come back until this matter is resolved.”

Fanny’s heart sank bit by bit.

She knew that begging and crying now would be futile. She could only contemplate a solution slowly later on.

Scarlet silently watched all this and could only sigh.

This home feels less and less like a home. Every day, waking up to a cold and empty house only intensifies the chilling feeling. When can we return to the days of the past?

Time flew in the blink of an eye, and Angela administered the final injection to Zacharias,

She said to Joseph. “Follow my prescription from now on. I will come once a week at the beginning, and if the situation improves, I will reduce the frequency, Whether I come to you or you come to me, we’ll discuss it later”

Zacharias looked much better. His eyes were full of gratitude. “Thank you so much, Angela,”

Lately, he felt like he was back to the days when Angela used to take care of him diligently.

For some reason, he had been having strange dreams when he was in a daze lately.

And he felt like that dream was very real,

The Angela in the dream was quite different from the present Angela. She was incredibly humble, giving her all. However, in the dream, her goodness went unnoticed; everything she did was taken for granted, and her contributions were considered expected.

They loved Fanny very much, treating her with utmost care.

Contemplating this, Zacharias felt profound sadness. Why did we, in the dream, act so foolishly, treating Angela like a servant, even...

Zacharias didn't know why, but he always felt like the dream was real.

Angela seemed to sense Zacharias' guilty look.

She felt like she might have misunderstood.

The Kins always think that others' efforts are taken for granted; how could there be guilt?

Her face was pale. "No worries."

After saying that, she turned and left.

At the door, she received a phone call. After answering, her expression became complex and emotionless. "Hmm, I will go."

Chapter 288 Soul-Returning Night

The caller turned out to be a friend from the village where Angela used to live with the Lynches.

He mentioned that there would be a memorial service for Mike in the village as per tradition, and asked if she would like to attend.

Even though Angela was not Mike's biological daughter, she had called him dad for many years, so it felt right for her to pay her respects.

Angela agreed to go.

However, she decided not to stay the night but to attend as a gesture to honor their bond.

In the past few days, Jonathan had shown significant improvement in his condition and seemed to be back to normal, which put her at ease.

Upon hearing that Angela was planning to visit the Lynches', Jonathan suggested, "Take Oliver with you."

Angela accepted the suggestion without hesitation.

The place teemed with people and activity. While there was no immediate danger, caution was advisable.

After a few hours of driving, Angela arrived at the Lynches!

The atmosphere here was lively.

It was bustling with many people engaged in conversations, lending a helping hand, and some preparing to sing.

Several large tables were set up in the courtyard, adorned with a variety of dishes.

Angela raised an eyebrow. Has Britney struck it rich? But this isn't surprising, considering the Kins Family has invested their precious gem here. She has to spend a little to ensure Fanny's safety.

“Why are you here?” Fanny, carrying a basin of water, confronted Angela as she was about to enter the house.

Her expression was unwelcoming, showing no pretense in such a setting.

The opinions of those other people didn’t bother her much. After spending a few days there,

she felt suffocated, and encountering the person responsible for her discomfort, Fanny naturally didn’t hide her displeasure.

Angela glanced at Fanny and proceeded into the room, stating, “I’m here to pay my respects?

Fanny hastily placed the basin down. “You’re just putting on an act. Angela, please leave and don’t disturb my dad.”

Fanny wasn’t trying to defend anything; she simply wanted to oppose Angela at that moment.

“Dad...” Angela smirked, a hint of sarcasm in her eyes. “You’re addressing him so smoothly now. Well done, you’ve assimilated seamlessly. Truly the blood-related daughter of the Lynches.”

Fanny was furious. She approached Angela, lowering her voice, “I warn you, this is not the place for your theatrics. If you have nothing to do, leave immediately.”

Angela appraised Fanny and offered her a meaningful smile. “Fanny, you seem more genuine in this state. It’s almost refreshing.”

Fanny adjusted her clothes, glaring at Angela as if she wanted to devour her.

Living with the Lynches, she couldn't wear the expensive dresses she used to. Not only did they feel out of place, but they could easily get ruined. Moreover, every time she stepped outside, lecherous eyes followed her.

She had no choice but to dress modestly to avoid unwanted attention.

But Angela's mockery was evident.

Before Fanny could respond, Britney emerged.

She appeared despondent, lacking her usual vigor.

Fanny sneered.

You were energetic and bold when asking the Kins Family for money at the police station a few days ago. Now, you're acting like the victim and pretending to be sad.

Upon seeing Angela, Britney burst into tears. "Angela, you're here. Your dad has left me all alone in despair. This heartless man. How can a healthy person just vanish like that..."

Angela furrowed her brow, taking a step back as Britney hurried towards her. "My condolences. And besides..."

She glanced over at Barny "Don't you still have a wonderful daughter? Fanny was raised as a proper young lady, and she will surely take care of you in the future?"

Britney nodded slightly

Fanny stood silently to the side, her gaze fixed on Angela as she paid her respect to Mike,

Angela was lost in thought as she gazed at Mike's portrait,

Feeling uneasy, Fanny approached Angela. "Why are you still here?"

Ignoring Fanny, Angela shifted her attention to Britney, "Today marks... his seventh day, It's also known as the night of returning souls"

Brimey nodded knowingly, "Yes, Mike should come back to visit us, and once he does, he will leave."

"There's also a possibility..." Angela hesitated. She then glanced at Fanny before speaking softly. "I've heard that some people with unfulfilled wishes may return during this time to fulfill them."

Britney furrowed her brow. "Wishes?"

"Yes. It could be concerns for loved ones, regrets, or even... seeking revenge for past wrongs when they were powerless to fight back," Angela continued slowly.

Each time Angela spoke, Fanny's heart trembled.

Britney listened with confusion while Fanny felt a pang of guilt.

She clenched her fists tightly.

No, that can't be true.

She was a modern young woman, a believer in science. All this talk of spirits and haunting nights was nonsense.

Fanny's face paled, her heart racing.

Angela observed silently, then took some money from her purse and handed it to Britney before departing.

Britney observed Angela, pleasantly surprised to discover a hint of conscience in her. It appears our efforts to raise her are not in vain.

After watching Angela leave, Fanny breathed a sigh of relief.

Yet, she couldn't shake the feeling that Angela's actions and words today were inexplicable.

Tonight was the night of vigil.

As Mike's biological daughter, Fanny had no choice but to participate after having moved her household registration here.

Otherwise, she would be inundated with criticism from relatives and friends.

She knelt beside the wreath while others inside and outside the house engaged in playing cards.

Thankfully, she wasn't alone, or she would have been terrified.

Britney was helped to rest in the room by others.

Lying on the bed, she felt a wave of sorrow. Despite their strained relationship, she and Mike had been married for many years. His sudden passing left her feeling a deep sense of loss.

Especially now that Mike was gone, she would have to navigate earning a living and managing the household on her own. The future seemed daunting.

At the thought of this, Britney's mood worsened even more.

At this moment, a woman from the village entered the room, closing and locking the door behind her.

Approaching Britney with a grave expression, she said, "Britney, I have something important to tell you. You must stay strong."

"What is it, Noreen?" Britney asked, noting the seriousness in Noreen's demeanor. It seemed like something significant was unfolding.

Chapter 239 Do You Dare To Swear?

Norcen repeatedly hesitated, torn between the desire to speak and the restraint that held her back.

Her indecisive demeanor made Britney extremely anxious.

"Oh, Noreen. At this moment, what is it that you find difficult to express? Mike is gone, leaving us as orphans and widows. What could be more challenging than this?" Britney clasped her hand.

Her voice trembled with sorrow, mourning her own misfortune.

Noreen took a moment to reflect, not articulating directly but inquiring, "How did Mike pass away? Didn't you mention his condition had improved when you returned?"

Britney sighed, a touch of sadness on her face. "His illness is unpredictable. The doctor also mentioned it's all up to fate. Every day is different. A few days ago, he even mentioned he wanted to eat the strawberries grown in his own yard, claiming his appetite had improved. But then suddenly he couldn't breathe, and the doctor couldn't save him... sigh..."

Noreen consoled, "Don't be disheartened. Fate is beyond anyone's control."

"Why this sudden inquiry?" Britney was curious.

Noreen was conflicted; she sighed, then expressed, “My child overheard people discussing, suggesting that Mike was murdered.”

Britney gasped in shock at these words. She promptly sat up from the bed, tightly gripping Noreen’s hand and asking, “W–what did you say? M–murdered?”

Noreen bit her lip. “A few days ago, my child visited the hospital and happened to run into some classmates. During their brief conversation, they mentioned that someone had gone to the police station and reported that Fanny hired someone to kill her father.”

“W–what?” Britney was astounded.

Noreen continued, “Additionally, the police conducted an investigation at the hospital. Although they didn’t reveal any details, certain rumors have emerged. They suggest that Fanny, for some reason related to household registration, plotted to harm Mike... There are even claims of witnesses seeing Fanny approaching Mike surreptitiously, as if with harmful intentions. The information has spread widely and is known to everyone in the hospital. The police are still actively probing the matter, and Fanny is currently under surveillance by their personnel. It’s anticipated that following Mike’s funeral, they will likely apprehend her.”

Noreen quickly held her tongue back, saying: “Britney, I just wanted to advise you to be cautious. The police currently lack concrete evidence, and even if you confront her now, she likely won’t contest. Nevertheless, the rumors are circulating widely. Many people are discussing it. Even those who are unaware that it involves Fanny. According to my child’s findings, everything matches up their backgrounds, the specific patient, the ailment, and the timing of their passing

“This deceitful h*ll b*tch! How dare she commit murder. S–she is truly audacious... Britney struggled to get out of bed but was gently pushed back by Noreen, who said, “Britney, you need to compose

yourself”

Britney clasped Noreen’s hand and declared, “Help me summon her. Then, wait outside. I–I want to interrogate her.”

Noreen nodded. 'Sure. The police will ask about this sooner or later anyway. It's better if we confront her first"

Noreen left and called for Fanny

Upon Fanny's entrance, she gazed at Britney with an unfriendly expression. "What's the matter?"

Observing her demeanor, Britney sneered, "Your father has passed away. Why aren't you displaying any sorrow?"

Fanny pursed her lips. "I am grieving. I am deeply sorrowful inside. But not all grief needs to be exhibited outwardly."

"Hmph." Britney rose slowly. "Do you anticipate him returning tonight to seek retribution against you?"

Fanny paled and looked at Britney. "What are you saying?"

"Do you not realize what you have done?" Britney's expression turned fierce as she gazed at Fanny, who appeared innocent on the surface. Britney couldn't believe the darkness in her heart.

Turning her head away, Fanny avoided eye contact and said, "It's getting late. If there's nothing else, I'll leave."

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heaven, come back and seek justice. Someone heartless enough to harm her own father is capable of any evil deed."

Startled by Britney's accusations, Fanny asked, "What are you talking about?"

Recalling the unsettling words Angela had spoken earlier, Fanny pressed, "Did Angela say something to you? She has always harbored ill feelings toward me, constantly trying to tarnish my reputation. Don't let her manipulate you."

Getting out of bed, Britney approached Fanny slowly. "Regardless of Angela's faults, I raised her for years. I know her character. She is timid, hardworking, and never complains. She would never do what you are accused of. Despite your wealth, deep down, you are just like

Us..."

Britney pressed on, "Maybe my husband and I are no longer useful, but we're the ones who brought you into this world. You.....grew up in luxury, thinking you could get away with anything. You went so far as to have your own father killed just to avoid changing your registration..."

Fanny went pale, looking shocked. She pondered, How does she know all this? It must be Angela who discloses the information. But I am always present whenever Angela visits. There's no chance for them to speak privately.

Backing away slowly, Fanny felt a sense of fear creeping in. "Mom, please calm down. This is all a misunderstanding... Who told you these things?"

Pointing toward the door, Britney spoke sternly, "Then go swear in front of your father that you are innocent. He will return tonight. Dare you swear?"

Feeling a sudden chill in the air, Fanny hesitated.

Initially dismissing the superstitions, Angela and Britney made her uneasy by repeatedly mentioning events after death.

"Mom, please. This is just superstition..."

"Then swear!"

“I’ve told you this is just superstition.”

“You truly did such a thing. You heartless creature! How could you commit such a heinous act? I will teach you a lesson on behalf of your father today!” Britney gritted her teeth.

Before Fanny could react, she felt a sharp pain in her stomach, followed by a warm sensation spreading.

She screamed in agony.

Clang.

The knife slipped from Britney’s hand to the ground.

She appeared bewildered.

Looking at the blood on her hands and then at Fanny collapsing to the ground, clutching her stomach, Britney felt momentarily lost.

It was not intentional.

She had grabbed the nearest object to discipline her disobedient daughter.

But she had not expected it to be a fruit knife.

Noreen pushed the door open and witnessed the gruesome scene.

Instant regret washed over her. I should not have intervened.

Onlookers gathered, offering assistance. Some called for an ambulance, and some rushed barefoot to seek the village's doctor.

Chapter 240 Sow Discord

After a hectic period, Fanny was admitted to the county hospital, while Britney was temporarily detained by the police.

Once Fanny had her wounds dressed, she contacted the Kins Family. Upon receiving the news, Scarlet immediately arranged for Fanny to be transferred to the large hospital in Riverdon before feeling a sense of relief.

She was horrified to see Fanny lying pale on the hospital bed.

"Fanny, how are you? Are you okay?" Scarlet trembled as she clasped Fanny's hand.

Having nurtured her daughter like a precious jewel for many years, Scarlet was usually too fearful to even raise a finger against her. How does Britney dare to harm Fanny with a knife?

The sight of the knife was terrifying. But in reality, Fanny's injuries were not too severe.

Nevertheless, she was terrified.

She had been pampered and privileged since childhood, commanding many people yet always shielded in a safe environment.

Even when indulging in activities that couldn't be openly done, no one dared to do them publicly.

She never imagined that Britney would have the audacity to do something like this.

Fanny weakly leaned against the hospital bed, allowing Scarlet to hold her hand. She weakly uttered, "Mom, don't cry. I'm fine. The doctor said it's nothing serious."

“What happened? You only mentioned being injured, but how could this suddenly occur?” Scarlet wiped away her tears.

Fanny lowered her head and remained silent.

Scarlet grew anxious. “What’s the matter, Fanny? Is there something you can’t tell me?”

“I... Mom, let’s not dwell on it. I don’t want to talk about it.” Fanny hesitated, displaying a helpless smile.

Scarlet shook her head disapprovingly. “Whoever mistreated you, I’ll handle it for you.”

“That’s right.” James and Joseph burst in energetically from outside.

Despite being interrupted, upon hearing that Fanny was injured and hospitalized, they dropped everything and rushed over

After all, she was their beloved sister whom they had cared for for many years. Naturally, they would be concerned if something happened to her.

When James and Joseph arrived, Fanny pouted and shed more tears.

After crying for about five or six minutes, she sniffled and said, “I really don’t know what happened. I just know that today is Uncle Mike’s funeral...”

“I couldn’t bring myself to address Mike as Dad” in front of the Kins Family.

Fanny paused, then continued, “I was supposed to keep vigil, and many people were assisting. Then, Angela arrived. She said she was there to pay her respects.”

The Kins Family remained silent,

After all, Mike had raised Angela for a few years. Despite not treating her well, he was still her adopted father. Now that Mike had passed away, it was only fitting for Angela to bid him farewell

Then Angela took Aunt Britney aside and appeared to give her some money. I don't know what they were discussing. After Angela left, Aunt Britney summoned me into the room," Fanny spoke softly, her eyes carrying a hint of subtle resentment.

At this point, Fanny's face turned pale once more. She shrank on the bed, trembling slightly. "Then Aunt Britney scolded me, accusing me of killing Uncle Mike. She even called me a heartless person. I have no idea why she would say that..."

She continued, "I tried to explain desperately, but she didn't believe me."

Fanny looked plaintively at the Kins Family members. "And then she stabbed me with a knife. I... I truly don't know..."

She recounted the incident, mixing truth with falsehood.

Angela's visit and the money she gave were genuine, but whether she was alone was hard to determine. With numerous people coming and going, it was uncertain if they had a private

conversation.

Moreover, even if those people accused Fanny of lying, it all depended on who the Kins Family members believed.

Fanny uttered these words merely to sow discord between the Kins Family members and

Angela, without concern for how others perceived her.

Upon hearing Fanny's words, Scarlet's face displayed a flash of anger. "This deceitful girl is so malicious. How dare she incite Britney to harm you. It's unbelievable"

Joseph's eyes flickered slightly as he stood at the side without uttering a word.

Although he cherished Fanny, his intuition told him that Angela wouldn't engage in such behavior. It was not about trusting Angela's character, but rather a feeling that she lacked a

motive.

People always act with a purpose in mind. What is Angela's motive in inciting Britney? Perhaps, Britney is triggered by something herself.

James also listened with evident anger on his face. "How could she do this?"

If Angela didn't have to attend to Zacharias, James genuinely wanted to confront her. They all followed her instructions, yet she still didn't spare Fanny, which was truly despicable.

Joseph stepped forward, his voice gentle. "But now is not the time to hold Angela

accountable. Without evidence, it's all mere speculation. She still needs to continue treating Zacharias. If we offend her...

He didn't finish his sentence, but everyone understood.

Scarlet's eyes displayed a hint of displeasure. "She must be taking advantage of the situation, and that's why she's acting with impunity."

Fanny lowered her gaze, her tone soft. "Joseph is right, I was merely speculating. Perhaps it's just a coincidence... Angela wouldn't do that."

Observing Fanny's meekness, Scarlet felt sorry for her. "Fanny, why are you still defending her? You've helped her before. Being too kind isn't always wise. Some people are ungrateful wolves in sheep's clothing."

"Mom... Please don't say that. It's my fault for causing you worry. I believe the police will conduct a thorough investigation." Fanny shook her head.

She held Scarlet's hand and inquired, "I wonder how Aunt Britney is faring. I heard she was arrested by the police. Do you think the neighbors next door will criticize me when I return?"

"Why would they criticize you? You're the victim." Scarlet was incensed, especially toward Britney.

Fanny's eyes

welled up with tears as she said, "But, regardless, she is still my mother. If I

don't help her. I might be condemned for not caring for my own mother."

Scarlet furrowed her brow. "You're too kind, Fanny. I don't think you should go back there."

"But... if I go back to the Kins Family... Fanny immediately shook her head and glanced at James. "After all, this is my destiny. It's something I must endure."

James recalled that his insistence on sending Fanny back to the Lynch Family previously led to this situation. Feeling remorseful, he suggested, "How about this? We'll rent a house for you in Riverdon, so you don't have to return to the Lynch Family just yet. The police are still investigating the matter, and they will surely bring you justice."

Upon hearing this, a glimmer of hope shone in Fanny's eyes, though she still appeared anxious. "Will Angela be upset about this?"

Scarlet looked indignant. "What more does she want? You're already injured like this, returning would endanger your life. Don't worry, I will talk to her."