

Serve NOTL 241

Chapter 241 The Karma

When Fanny finally achieved her goal, she stopped crying.

Constantly scheming and calculating had been exhausting. Although her injury was not serious, she had lost a lot of blood. It was something she had never experienced before.

Scarlet arranged a VIP single room for Fanny,

It was not as luxurious as Angela's previous room, but much more comfortable than the ordinary rooms.

Daily meals were sent to her, and dedicated medical staff took care of her. Despite being in the hospital, her days here were far more comfortable than those spent at the Lynches.

One afternoon, while Fanny was lying on the couch reading a book, someone entered the

ward.

Assuming it was Scarlet, she didn't bother turning her head. She casually said, "Mom, did you forget something again?"

To her surprise, a mocking laugh filled the room.

Fanny turned around to see Linda standing there in designer clothes, with a designer bag and exquisite makeup.

Linda questioned, "Hasn't your household registration been transferred to the Lynch Family? I heard your mother is still detained at the police station. Who are you calling for?"

Linda's eyes held sarcasm as she added, "You should really change your habit of falsely recognizing a mother, or people will think you have no shame."

Fanny demanded, "Who let you in?"

Ignoring her, Linda placed a fruit basket on the table and said, "I came to see you, my old

you welcome me?"

friend. Don't

Fanny coldly snorted, her eyes filled with disdain. "Are you really that kind-hearted?"

Linda casually tossed her hair, cast a critical glance at Fanny, and remarked, "I just dropped by to witness your streak of bad luck. Tsk! How did things turn out like this? It seems that karma catches up with those who indulge in too much mischief."

Fanny grasped that Linda was there to revel in her misfortune.

Clean tenet, Patung jodord inwand the dam and declared. I don't welcome you here.

Naturally, Lands paul na feed in Tanny's request. She strutted a few steps, counted onto the runch and casually crussed her legs. "Don't you want to know why Writney daddad quer

Fanny's expression shined repeatedly, a trace of confusion in her eyes. "You know?"

Linda nodded, stating, "I was the one who exposed it

"Treported you" Linda laughed heartily, showing no fear of fanny. She went on. "I knew about your attempt to hire someone for murder, so I reported it. And then...

A sense of satisfaction played on her face as she continued, "I gathered a few people, discussed it in the neighborhood where you live, and things turned out like this. However, I didn't expect Britney to go this far. I just wanted her to give you a good beating, but she turned out to be more formidable than I thought."

Fanny was furious. "Linda, you b*tch! Making a false report can land you in jail. You've gone to such absurd lengths just for revenge.

Compared to Fanny's exasperation, Linda remained more composed. She sneered, "You know best whether it's false or not. You may think it's fake, but here I am, sitting comfortably. In a few days, I believe the police will come asking you questions. Do you think you can escape this time?"

Fanny was stunned. How is this possible? What I did is obviously a well-kept secret. How could Linda know? She's currently relying on Dad, but even with some money, it's not plausible for her to be aware of these things. This just doesn't make sense.

Upon seeing Fanny's expression, Linda became even more convinced that the information Angela had provided was accurate.

Despite Angela's motives, they were at least in agreement when it came to dealing with Fanny,

A look of panic crossed Fanny's face. "Stop talking nonsense! I'm fine... Linda, do you think I'll be afraid of your vague words?"

Linda shook her head innocently. "Why would you be afraid? You are the precious daughter in the Kins Family. But I wonder if the Kins Family would be shocked to know how ruthless you can be?"

"You killed your own father to avoid the household registration. What if..." Linda's red lips parted slightly, her voice carrying a hint of coldness. She pressed on, "What if the Kins Family disappoints you? Would you resort to the same tactics?"

Fanny forced herself to remain calm and said, "I will sue you if you continue to accuse me."

Linda was undeterred. She stood up from the couch and said, "Go ahead. I can't wait to expose this. Do you think the Kins Family can cover everything up? This will not end well."

The sky outside gradually darkened, with few people coming and going on the VIP floor.

Because of Linda's words, the ward became even eerily quiet.

Fanny's heart raced, her limbs weak.

"You should focus on clearing your name." Linda's voice rang out again. She looked at Fanny with a sense of satisfaction.

Then, she asked, "Do you remember what you did to me?"

Before Fanny could respond, Linda added, "Fanny, this is karma. But compared to what I endured, this is nothing. You will never have peace again."

There was a vengeful pleasure on Linda's face, her voice sharp and piercing.

Fanny remained silent, staring intensely at Linda.

Linda smirked, "Enjoy what's to come."

With that, she left.

As she exited the hospital, she took a deep breath.

Since her family's bankruptcy and her humiliation, this was the most satisfying moment for her.

Thinking about this, she made a phone call.

A somewhat cold voice answered.

"I just visited her at the hospital."

"Oh?"

"She's very angry."

"Mm."

"Thank you." Linda said sincerely.

"No worries. I just do what I can when I come across injustice," Angela calmly replied.

After a moment of contemplation, she advised Linda, "Although venting your anger may feel good momentarily, the goal is to defeat the enemy."

Linda frowned.

Angela continued, "Fanny will surely gain sympathy from the Kins family through this incident. She was transferred to Riverdon Hospital overnight, wasn't she?"

Linda's expression turned serious. "She's playing games. I wonder about the intelligence of the Kins Family; not a single, smart person among them."

"So..." Angela said, "There is no concrete evidence yet, and investigating will take time. If the Kins Family finds a loophole to clear Fanny, all your efforts will be in vain."

"I understand. I will ensure this is brought to light and not allow the Kins Family to bury it," Linda said solemnly.

The call ended.

Chapter 242 International Medical Association

As the school reopened, Riverdon welcomed consecutive sunny days as the cold weather finally gave way to a hint of warmth.

Fanny also faced questioning from the police at the hospital, not only about the case of Britney injuring someone but also about the case of hiring someone to commit murder.

The case of injuring someone was straightforward.

After all, there was ample testimonial and physical evidence, so it was just a matter of how the prosecution would proceed.

However, the case of hiring someone to commit murder was more complex.

This case was reported by someone personally, but the information provided was not very detailed. The police visited the hospital and reviewed surveillance footage, which showed Fanny going to the hospital.

Fanny appeared fragile. "I'm sure you have investigated my situation thoroughly by now. Although he is my biological father, he has never raised me. We have no emotional connection, but when he fell ill, I felt obligated to visit him as his daughter. Besides, even though I didn't do much, my biological mother also used my name to ask the Kins Family for money. My brothers also contributed... I just wanted to at least pay a visit."

"But, you seem..." The police officer paused while trying to find the right words to express his thoughts.

Fanny chuckled bitterly. "Are you trying to say that I look suspicious?"

The police officer felt a bit embarrassed.

"I had no other choice." Fanny sighed softly. "You should know what kind of person my biological mother is. If I didn't go discreetly, she would definitely ask me for money if she found out. The money belongs to my brother... I can't let them be exploited like this forever," Fanny said as tears welled up in her eyes.

Upon seeing that she was a girl and was also injured, the police didn't ask much and just asked a few key questions.

In the end, the police said, "That's all for now. If we find out anything else in the future, we will need your cooperation."

As the police left, she didn't feel relieved but rather more nervous.

This couldn't go on.

Sooner or later, the police would find out something.

She looked outside and was deep in thought.

7Meanwhile, Joseph had specifically told Angela that Fanny wouldn't be returning to the Stuart Family for now and asked Angela not to have any objections at his mother's request.

Angela simply nodded in understanding.

He thought it would take a lot of effort to explain, but surprisingly, the communication went smoothly. He felt like he saw the old Angela who used to be so obedient to them.

Perhaps their relationship could return to what it used to be with this development.

As the start of the school year approached, Angela became busier.

She had to treat Zacharias, study for exams, and find time to observe Jonathan, who thankfully seemed to be acting normally lately.

Therefore, she didn't have much time to worry about whether Fanny would return to the Stuart Family.

After all, what Fanny had gotten herself into this time was no small matter.

She hoped Fanny would like the gift she had sent.

But her biggest concern now was Jonathan.

She had asked Daniel several times about Jonathan's medical records, but Daniel always hesitated and asked for more time.

She felt that Daniel was too slow in handling things.

The holiday ended in this busy hustle and bustle, and everyone welcomed the start of the new school year.

Although the ice and snow were slowly melting, the chill still lingered around without quickly dissipating.

The students all wrapped themselves in thick clothes as they entered the classroom.

Although there was no air conditioning in the classroom, the advantage of having many people was that the carbon dioxide circulated with each breath, gradually warming up the

classroom.

Starting university was much simpler than high school.

The class monitor and counselor said a few words, then found a few boys to move the books. After the books were moved, the students could each take their own and leave.

The medical students' books were much thicker than those of other departments.

Seven or eight boys volunteered to assist in expediting the retrieval of the books. Before long, the first boy returned with the books in hand.

After setting the books down, he approached Angela and informed her, "Angela, Professor Terence is looking for you."

She expressed her gratitude and promptly made her way to Terence's office.

She tapped on the door lightly.

"Come in." Came the familiar deep and steady voice from within.

Angela approached Terence. "Professor Terence, you were looking for me?"

Upon seeing her, he paused before commenting, "Have you lost weight?"

What has this girl been doing during the holidays?

Angela touched her face and replied, "A little."

She probably had quite a few things to keep her busy recently.

Terence sighed softly before remarking, “Are you trying to lose weight like others? Young girls always seem to be fixated on such things. What’s the point of looking like a clothes hanger?”

She understood his concern and nodded obediently before assuring him that she would not engage in unnecessary weight loss.

In this world, life revolved around eating and drinking.

Apart from seeking revenge on certain individuals in this lifetime, Angela was determined not to mistreat herself.

Upon observing Angela’s response, Terence handed her a form and said, “This is the application form for the International Medical Association. It opens once every two years and only accepts four new members at a time. Despite age and qualifications, I believe you have the potential, so I reserved one for you.”

She took the form. She had some knowledge about the International Medical Association.

Established in 1866, the International Medical Association was a prestigious medical organization based in a developed foreign country. Its primary focus was on advancing global health and medical progress,

With over a hundred member countries and regions, the organization held a prominent position in the international medical community,

While each country would nominate candidates, becoming a member required exceptional abilities and high professional standards. The organization’s leaders would conduct thorough assessments, making the process challenging,

However, the most attractive aspect was that this organization would recruit talents from around the world without discrimination based on qualifications. Even young individuals with exceptional skills have the opportunity to join.

Entering this organization would not only allow one to learn a lot but also contribute to the country's prestige, which was an honor in itself.

"What do you think?" Terence glanced at Angela, who was holding the form. "Aren't you interested?"

After a moment of contemplation, Angela asked, "Professor, may I have some time to consider?"

Terence agreed. "Of course. But..." He was perplexed. "Aren't you eager to seize this remarkable opportunity?"

Considering her recent busyness, she explained, "I'm afraid I may not have the energy to fully commit at the moment."

He nodded. "Take your time. The deadline for submissions is in three days, so make your decision promptly."

Although he really hoped she would seize this opportunity, he wasn't the type to force others blindly.

He knew she wasn't an immature child. If she had to consider something, it was probably something difficult and definitely not trivial.

Chapter 243 Registration Form

Angela took the registration form and returned to the classroom after collecting her books. She sat alone in the classroom while lost in thought.

Her classmates dispersed, leaving her in a relatively quiet atmosphere.

Jessica and Cassie hurried over after they called her.

Jessica grabbed Angela. "Let's go. We haven't gathered in a long time. Let's go out for a nice meal today."

She was enthusiastic. Her voice was light and cheerful, dispelling the surrounding silence.

“International Medical Association application form?” Cassie saw the form that Angela had placed on the table, picked it up, and read it.

A hint of surprise appeared in her eyes. “Wow! Angela, are you going to participate in this?”

Jessica looked at Cassie. “What is this?”

Cassie briefly explained the International Medical Association, but she sounded quite envious. “Do you know? There are only 100 spots available nationwide for this. The first round will be screened by

internal mentors, and then 40 participants will be selected.”

“Only 100 spots nationwide?”

“Yeah.” Cassie nodded. “There are currently about eighty medical universities in the country and each university will have one spot so that some good universities will have a few extra spots. Like our school, we generally have 3 to 4 spots.”

The more Cassie spoke, the more amazed Jessica felt.

Jessica looked at the thin registration form in Cassie’s hand and instantly felt that it had become precious.

She looked excitedly at Angela. “Angela, this is amazing. This registration form is from Professor Terence, right? Since you are his student and he gave it to you, he must have a lot of confidence in you.”

Cassie also thought so.

After some thought, she continued, "However, after passing the first round of selection, the applicants will have to go abroad for training in the second round. It will be for three

months, usually in chaotic and underdeveloped countries, so it could be quite dangerous."

Jessica's face wrinkled again when she heard this.

"So, Angela, are you going?" Jessica pondered. "Will there be someone to protect the medical students who participate?"

Cassie nodded. "Of course. But since they're going to chaotic places, there might still be risks to one's life. No one can guarantee such things. You've seen it in the news, right?"

Jessica fell into contemplation. Many places abroad were indeed very chaotic.

They were safe in the country because of the protection of the country.

Upon seeing them discussing so happily, Angela didn't interrupt. Now that they had stopped, she said, "You're overthinking it. I didn't say I'm going."

"What?"

"Huh?"

Cassie and Jessica were both surprised.

Angela rubbed her forehead. "I told Professor Terence that I needed to think about it for three days. But I don't really want to go."

Jonathan seemed stable these days, but who knew what would happen next?

If she really joined this association, she would have to devote a lot of energy to it, and then she wouldn't be able to take care of him properly.

As for what kind of life-threatening danger she would face in the second round, she didn't care too much. It was just that, for some reason, she slowly felt some other concerns in her heart.

This feeling made it impossible for her to think rationally.

There were also two conflicting thoughts in her mind.

One thought said that this was a rare opportunity. Some people might never get this application form in their lifetime and although going abroad might be dangerous, the probability was not that high.

The main thing was that completing my studies was a significant achievement in my life. It would enable her to help and assist more people.

This practical experience and contact with top-notch professionals in the medical field was much more practical than furthering one's studies abroad.

The other thought suggested that it was important to prioritize herself in life. Being surrounded by significant individuals was what truly mattered, so it was best not to take unnecessary risks.

While pursuing great achievements might seem appealing, they were just ordinary individuals without lofty ideals, and no one would blame her for that.

In summary, she felt overwhelmed by her thoughts.

Angela's statement took Jessica and Cassie aback.

This was an opportunity that many people dream of, yet Angela surprisingly expressed her reluctance to participate.

Jessica frowned and attempted to persuade her. “If you’re concerned about the risks in the second round, I can ask my father to look into it. We can also arrange for additional security if needed.”

Cassie nodded in agreement. “While there is a potential danger, the likelihood is quite low. It’s similar to flying on a plane—the chances of an incident are minimal, but if something does occur, the outcome is severe.”

Angela sighed softly. “Let me consider it.”

Upon observing Angela’s demeanor, Jessica and Cassie comprehended that she had other matters weighing on her mind.

They didn’t press her further. Instead, they opted to engage in light-hearted conversation and treat Angela to a nice meal.

Following their meal, Angela received a call from Jonathan and departed.

Meanwhile, Jessica and Cassie strolled around the campus before settling on a bench to rest.

“Did you hear that Winter also received the registration form for the International Medical

Association?”

“Indeed. Winter’s accomplishments are remarkable, so it’s no surprise.”

“I’m envious. I hope to achieve similar success one day.”

Jessica and Cassie exchanged glances before moving a short distance away and stopping

when they realized they were alone.

Casse wore a look of disbelief. "If Winter can participate. I believe Angela should as well. Angela has a higher chance of advancing to the second round, which would bring honor to the school

Jessica didn't quite understand this. "Isn't Winter exceptional?"

Cassic shook her head while expressing impartially. "While she excels academically, I believe there's still a significant gap between her and Angela."

Her opinion was not influenced by her friendship with Angela; it was based on facts.

After a moment of contemplation, Jessica said, "But Angela doesn't seem eager to participate."

Cassie leaned in and whispered to Jessica, "If she doesn't go..."

As Jessica listened, her smile widened, and she eagerly nodded in agreement.

Two days later, on the final day of the registration deadline, Cassie discovered that Angela had yet to complete the form, and she felt extremely anxious.

She hesitated to speak, and Angela gave her a puzzled look. "Just tell me what you're thinking.

Cassie wanted to speak, but Angela immediately interjected, "If it's about the registration, there's no need to discuss it."

Cassie was speechless.

What should I say

then?

“Angela.” A slightly sweet voice came; Winter walked over with a classmate toward Angela and Cassie.

Angela offered a faint smile out of courtesy.

Cassie observed the interaction while rolling her eyes in silence.

Chapter 244 Don't Play This Kind of Joke

Winter looked at Angela and said. “Theard that Professor Terence gave you an application Form for the boternational Medical Association.

Angela frowned.

Before she could speak. Cassie interjected, “Do you want to go?”

Although she knew Winter also had one, she found her approach impolite.

Winter shook her head, maintaining a gentle demeanor. “I heard you don't want to go. Why not give the spot to another student?”

The student beside her looked at Angela hopefully.

Angela pondered for a moment, realizing Winter's point was valid.

“Of course. We should go Cassie asserted. “I believe she has made up her mind.”

Angela glanced at Cassie, unsure of her intentions, but she didn't want to embarrass her friend in front of others.

The disappointed expression on the student next to Winter was evident.

Winter appeared helpless as she sighed softly. "Angela, I understand you may have some reservations about me. But please don't act impulsively just because you disagree with me, thereby depriving others of opportunities."

Angela furrowed her brow, looking puzzled. "What do you mean?"

She then pulled her classmate over and introduced her, "This is Lily. Despite her modest background, she excels academically and puts in a lot of effort. I've heard that if she secures a spot in the International Medical Association this time, both the school and society will offer her a generous scholarship. This opportunity could significantly alleviate her family's financial struggles."

"So?" Winter spoke sincerely, "Please don't make light of this situation. If I have offended you in any way, I apologize."

Angela remained silent, prompting Cassie to speak out. "Winter, what kind of moral dilemma are you creating here? If you want to assist Lily, why not relinquish your spot? Are you trying to showcase your altruism while actually repulsing others?"

Winter quickly waved her hand, appearing innocent. "I submitted my application form in the teacher's office at the designated time, just like everyone else. I assumed Angela wasn't participating since she took so long"

Cassie snorted. "You're quite presumptuous"

Winter gritted her teeth and continued, "Angela, despite Professor Terence praising your talent, I noticed you were still reviewing basic internal medicine during our last encounter This subject demands

thorough revision, and your foundation seems relatively weak, potentially putting you at a disadvantage in the International Medical Association?

Angela gave Winter a cold glance, "In the end, you just want me to give up my spot, right?"

Winter shook her head. "I'm doing this for your benefit, Technically, the spot belongs to Lily. It's just that Professor Terence favors you."

"Are you implying Professor Terence is biased?" Cassie exclaimed. "Winter, stop trying to sow discord. Angela took some extra time to consider it and still submitted her form by the deadline."

Winter quickly refuted, "I didn't. Angela is Professor Terence's favored student, I wouldn't dare suggest otherwise."

Upon hearing this, Lily sighed self-deprecatingly. "It's futile; we lack connections and aren't adept at flattery. This world is harshly realistic. Winter, let's not complicate matters."

Cassie exploded. "Enough with the insinuations. If you're so capable, secure the spot yourself. If not, refrain from baseless accusations."

Lily sneered. "Our only strength lies in diligent study, unlike some who excel at networking"

Cassie was about to say something else, but Angela pulled her back, flashing a gentle smile. "Even if I don't go, there are plenty of backup students waiting for Professor Terence's approval. It's not solely up to him to decide who gets the spot, as it's evaluated by all the

teachers."

"So, there's no such thing as 'the spot belongs to who.'" Angela's gaze was cold, her expression serious. "As medical students, we shouldn't think too highly of ourselves, nor should we wallow in self-pity. If we keep imposing our own ideas on others, how will we face our future patients?"

Lily was silenced by Angela's words and didn't dare say anything more.

Winter chuckled, breaking the awkward tension. "Of course. It's my fault for rushing and bringing Lily here. Sorry about that, we'll think of another solution."

Cassie rolled her eyes at their backs. "They really think highly of themselves. Angela, can you stand this? Such a person should be directly suppressed

Angela smiled.

Having lived two lives, she would not make any hasty decisions out of impulse.

Seeing Angela's indifferent demeanor, Cassie became anxious. "Angela, you really don't plan to go?"

Angela nodded.

Cassie thought for a moment. "Then I'll take the form back to Professor Terence for you, and explain to him. Otherwise you will definitely suffer a barrage of phone calls."

Angela thought about it and agreed.

Cassie took the registration form Angela gave and went straight ahead, then turned and called Jessica.

Half an hour later, the two of them helped Angela fill out the registration form in the
classroom.

After filling it out, Jessica hesitated, "Do we really have to submit it? Will we get scolded later?"

Angela was not like her. She was impulsive and fiery. Since she had considered not going, they were going against Angela's wishes.

Cassie scratched her head and said, "It's no big deal to be scolded a few times. But, it's really a pity not to go to such a good opportunity. It's not just about Winter showing off, but it will greatly benefit Angela's future development. I really can't think of a reason not to let her go."

Jessica also nodded in agreement.

She paused, then asked, "So, when should we tell her?"

Cassie felt a little guilty, then said, "Anytime is fine. I think she will definitely find out. It doesn't matter who tells her."

So, the two of them handed in the registration form like that.

That night, Professor Terence called Angela directly.

He cheerfully said, "I knew you would go. Come to my office tomorrow, I'll give you a few sets of books, you must read them carefully. Strive to make it to the second round, and then

go abroad for training."

What is the professor talking about?

After finishing his words, Professor Terence hung up directly.

Angela thought for a moment and knew what was going on.

She called Cassie.

Cassie declined several calls. When Angela called for the fifth time, she could only answer reluctantly.

“Don’t you think you owe me an explanation?” Angela raised her eyebrows with a hint of questioning.

On the other end, Cassie hesitated, finally managed to say a complete sentence, “Angela, I really wanted to return the registration form at that time, but I didn’t want to disappoint Professor Terence, so I... I...”

Angela frowned.

To be honest, no one can remain calm when faced with Professor Terence’s eager eyes.

It’s not entirely Cassie’s fault.

Angela sighed. “Forget it. Since it has come to this, I can only go and participate.”

“Participate in what?”

Angela turned around and saw Jonathan standing behind her, not knowing when he had appeared.

Chapter 245 Find Someone Else To Help

Angela would not hold back any information from Jonathan as she explained all about the International Medical Association.

Jonathan’s brow relaxed upon hearing this. “That’s great. Why do you still seem hesitant?”

Angela bit her lip and gazed at Jonathan. “It’s because I have to go abroad for three months. I’ve never left this place since I was young. Going to such a faraway place all of a sudden makes me nervous.”

She didn’t mention that her concern was for Jonathan, as it would only add to his burden.

Jonathan smiled and gently patted Angela on the head. “Don’t worry. It’s just another place abroad. The place you’re going to is probably much less developed than our country. Safety is indeed a concern.”

“But you don’t have to worry too much,” Jonathan reassured her. “If you really have to go abroad, I will arrange everything through my contacts.”

Angela smiled gratefully and said, “Wouldn’t that be too much trouble?”

What do you think?” Jonathan’s gaze was intense, causing Angela to feel a bit embarrassed.

She turned her head away. “Let’s just follow your lead.”

Submitting the application form, she was uncertain whether she could make it to the second round, but since she had successfully applied, she was determined to give it her all and not intentionally get eliminated.

While Angela’s days became more fulfilling, Fanny was not faring well.

Representatives from the Stuart Family visited Fanny, and she reluctantly let them in. They began pleading for Britney, claiming she was her biological mother and shouldn’t be so heartless.

Fanny endured their anger without making any statements until Scarlet arrived, prompting the visitors to leave..

Scarlet’s expression darkened. “I shouldn’t have let those people in. There are country folks who cause a commotion without manners. It’s really unfortunate.”

Fanny gently comforted her, “Mom, I might have to go back there later. If things get too difficult, I won’t be able to stay there.”

Scarlet retorted. “You’re not going back. Don’t worry, Fanny, even if you rent a house in Riverdon later. I won’t allow you to return to the Stuart Family. If you insist on going back. I’ll move in with you. That way, Angela won’t have any reason, right?”

Upon hearing Scarlet's promise, Fanny was overjoyed. "Mom, you're amazing

Scarlet smiled with relief but hesitated before speaking.

Fanny was surprised and asked, "Mom, do you have something to say? If you do, just say it directly. We shouldn't hide things from each other."

Scarlet sighed softly, furrowing her brow. "Your situation is causing quite a stir now. Although the police haven't made a determination yet, some unscrupulous media outlets have started reporting and insinuating."

Fanny's face paled.

Scarlet continued. "There are some news reports online that we can't suppress. It should have been manageable in the past, but as you know, your father is not in charge now, and with someone stirring things up behind the scenes, the situation has escalated."

Fanny knew who was behind it. It must be Linda, possibly getting George involved.

But George was now infatuated with Linda, so having a daughter who was not even registered in the household was of no use.

The situation was becoming more complicated.

Scarlet held Fanny's hand and said, "The situation isn't too serious at the moment, but we're concerned that if it continues. Things will escalate and eventually become a reality."

"You know, building a good reputation and image is as challenging. But once a person's reputation is tarnished, it can happen in just a few days," Scarlet expressed with concern. "So, we need to find someone to help."

Fanny was also feeling perplexed.

Who could I turn to for help at this time?

Suddenly, a figure flashed in her mind- her fiancé, Christopher.

Scarlet then continued. "It seems like we can only seek help from Christopher now, as he is your fiancé. If your reputation is affected, the Sanders Family will also be impacted."

Fanny felt disheartened.

During her hospital stay, many people came to visit her, including those from the village who had just left in the morning. However, Christopher had not shown up.

Not even a phone call

She sent a message, but it was met with silence.

She probably would be ousted from the Sanders Family soon,

Scarlet noticed that Fanny didn't look very happy and couldn't help but ask, "Has Christopher been in touch with you recently?"

Fanny shook her head, "No, Mom, the Sanders Family may be afraid of trouble and might abandon me."

At this point, she couldn't keep in anymore,

Scarlet's expression darkened. "The Sanders Family is really something, thinking of distancing themselves from us over such a trivial matter? Does Christopher have any sense of responsibility at

all?"

Fanny quickly said, "Mom, Christopher is not like that. Maybe he's been held up by something."

Scarlet didn't say anything; just stated, "I will find a way to contact him and get him to come see you. Whether he can help or not, it depends on you."

Fanny nodded.

After Scarlet left, she felt a bit anxious.

There had been too much going on recently, and she hadn't expected to not have any contact or meetings with Christopher for so many days.

She twisted the corner of her clothes in frustration, thinking bitterly to herself that it must be that woman, Teresa, who was preventing Christopher from coming to see her.

Scarlet entrusted the task of contacting Christopher to James, and for some reason, Christopher did come to the hospital to see Fanny.

Fanny was prepared for Christopher's visit.

When Christopher stepped into the hospital room, he saw Fanny lying on the hospital bed, looking pale and haggard.

Upon seeing Christopher approaching, Fanny struggled to sit up.

Christopher... Fanny wanted to get out of bed to greet Christopher anxiously but accidentally fell to the ground.

Christopher quickly went to help her. "Just lie down. There's no need to get up."

Fanny's eyes were slightly red. "I want to go get you some water."

Christopher let out a soft sigh, helping Fanny back onto the bed. His brow furrowed, "How serious are your injuries? Why haven't you improved after all these days of rest?"

She looked so weak.

Fanny shook her head, forcing a smile. "I'm fine. Christopher, don't worry. You must have been very busy lately. I'm really happy that you came to see me."

Upon hearing Fanny's words, Christopher lowered his head, feeling a bit guilty.

Chapter 246 Conspiring Together

Fanny could sense from Christopher's guilty expression that something was amiss.

Despite this, she remained understanding and put on a brave front. "It's alright, Christopher. I'm just glad you're here. Don't worry, I'll manage. I can handle this on my own."

While speaking, Fanny suddenly bowed her head, tears streaming down uncontrollably.

However, she didn't want Christopher to witness her vulnerability, so she purposely turned away. "I'm sorry, Christopher. I need to use the restroom."

As she moved to leave the bed, Christopher reached out and stopped her. "Fanny, I apologize. It's my fault. I've been extremely busy lately. The company landed a major project, and I need to excel for our future."

Fanny nestled into Christopher's embrace. "I understand."

Christopher felt powerless.

It wasn't that he didn't want to visit or that he ignored Fanny's messages and calls.

Rumors had circulated that Fanny had hired someone to harm her father, and when Teresa found out, she strictly prohibited him from seeing her. Initially, he had planned to visit and clarify things regardless.

However, his father, Michael, intervened.

He intended to wait until the situation calmed down before visiting, but it only worsened.

It wasn't until James personally came to visit that Michael, albeit reluctantly, relented.

After sharing a tender embrace, Fanny and Christopher slowly parted.

With tears in her eyes, Fanny looked up at Christopher and asked, "Christopher, do believe I would do such a thing?"

you

Christopher immediately shook his head. "Absolutely not. Why else would I be here?"

He had always placed his trust in Fanny, even over his own parents. Yet, his parents' concerns were not entirely unfounded, leaving him torn.

Upon hearing Christopher's reassurance, Fanny felt a glimmer of relief and softly replied, "But the rumors are spreading like wildfire. It's frightening how easily people are swayed by

gossip. I fear that once I leave the hospital and my injuries heal, the rumors about me will only escalate."

Christopher gently wiped away Fanny's tears, "That won't happen. The truth will prevail, and if there was any truth to the rumors, the police would have taken action by now, right?"

Fanny paled.

The reason she hadn't been arrested was simply due to a lack of evidence at the moment.

However, the investigation would undoubtedly continue.

Despite her meticulous planning, what if something went awry?

Therefore, she and the Kins Family had agreed to keep the matter discreet. With the police inundated with cases daily, this wasn't a top priority. As time passed and evidence grew scarce, the issue would fade away.

Yet, with the rumors circulating and heightened scrutiny, the police might allocate more resources to the case.

Fanny sighed. "Gossip has a way of inciting emotions. Remember the actress who portrayed a villain in a popular TV series? She was so convincing that she was pelted with eggs at the

market."

Reflecting on this, Fanny felt a sense of unease. "If this continues to spread, some individuals unaware of the truth may believe the accusations. Look at Bri... Look at her. Didn't she harm me?"

Though unnamed, Christopher grasped Fanny's implication.

After a moment of contemplation, he inquired, "Fanny, how did this situation escalate? Do you know who is maligning you behind your back?"

A glint of coldness flickered in Fanny's eyes, yet her expression betrayed a hint of resignation. "It's Linda. Since her family's bankruptcy, she's been acting irrationally, and things have spiraled out of control. I don't understand why."

"Does she hold a grudge against you?"

"Of course not," Fanny explained quickly. "I don't understand why she's singling me out. She came to the hospital last time and personally told me that she had reported me to the police

brother. by name. It's crazy, and she even mentioned being envious of my loving parents, and wonderful fiancé like you."

"Reported by name?" Christopher was taken aback.

If that's the case, does it mean that Linda really has something in her hands?

He gave Fanny a slightly suspicious look.

He had always trusted Fanny's integrity.

Fanny noticed Christopher's suspicion and realized she had misspoken. She hurriedly added, "Linda's behavior has been erratic lately. She even tried to seduce my father. Their significant.

Christopher agreed. "Her actions are indeed puzzling."

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Fanny quickly added, "So, I doubt she actually filed a formal report. She probably just said that to intimidate me. But I have nothing to hide, so why should I be afraid?"

"I think she made an anonymous report," Fanny continued, feeling more confident as she spoke. "Even if it's anonymous, the police would have to investigate if it involves a murder case. It's standard procedure."

She knew Christopher well. Once he believed something, he wouldn't bother to verify it. And even if he did inquire at the police station, they wouldn't disclose anything to him.

Only a few high-ranking officers at the police station would be aware of a formal report.

Christopher nodded in agreement with Fanny, finding her reasoning logical.

He changed the topic and asked, "So, she did all this out of jealousy towards you?"

It was truly bizarre.

Fanny also found it hard to believe such a flimsy motive. She added, "Lately, she seems to be getting closer to Angela. Angela has always held a grudge against me and even expressed a desire for me to lose everything I have."

As Christopher listened, his expression grew colder. "So, they conspired together to frame you using a deceased person?"

Fanny shook her head innocently. "I really don't know. These are baseless accusations, and it's difficult to confront them directly. I'm not sure how to make them stop targeting me."

Christopher felt even more sympathetic towards Fanny. "Don't worry, you're doing great. It's their malicious intentions that are at fault, capable of such despicable acts."

Fanny bit her lip and looked at Christopher with a pleading expression. "Christopher, I have no other option now. I can only seek your help. I swear I did not harm my father. If I did, then let me suffer for the rest of my life."

She mentioned her father deliberately, but it was merely a vague promise she made to herself.

Despite her belief in science, she couldn't shake off the feeling of something ominous looming over her.

She was hesitant to make a solemn vow, fearing potential consequences in the future.

Chapter 247 Blind Date

Christopher swiftly took Fanny's hand and reassured her, "Silly girl, I have faith in you."

"Can you

assist me then?" Fanny said with a distraught look. "I've been having trouble eating and sleeping lately. Just the other day, some villagers came to threaten me in a group, and I-

I..."

Tears streamed down her face as she spoke, and she sought solace in Christopher's embrace.

Christopher gently patted her back and firmly stated, "Don't worry. I'll help you, but I need to involve my parents. I can't do it alone."

Fanny understood that even the Kins Family might struggle with this issue, so expecting him to handle it alone was unreasonable. However, things would become much more manageable with Michael on board.

She smiled, tenderly kissed his cheeks, and whispered, "Christopher, I knew you wouldn't abandon me. You are my pillar from now on, and I will always stand by your side."

She expressed her affectionate words like a newlywed couple throughout the afternoon, albeit with restraint due to the hospital setting. Upon leaving the hospital, Christopher headed straight home. As he was preparing to call his father to inquire about his return, he noticed the presence of guests.

Teresa spotted Christopher and furrowed her brow. "Christopher, where were you this afternoon? I called you multiple times and sent several messages, but you didn't respond."

Despite her reproachful tone, there was a hint of leniency in her voice.

Christopher felt slightly sheepish. "I'm sorry, Mom. I was out with my friends, and my phone was silent."

Having just returned from the hospital, he had not checked his phone promptly.

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Teresa smiled and did not dwell on the matter. She gestured to the girl beside her and said, "Allow me to introduce Miss Martinez. Sophia, this is my inept son. I hope you can guide him in the future so he doesn't remain clueless."

Sophia blushed slightly, "Ms. Webb, you're teasing me. I'm not that remarkable,"

Sophia had a beautiful, long black hair that was slightly curled, giving her a vibrant appearance. Her visage was delicate, with refined features and a gentle smile that revealed a set of pristine, white teeth. On top of that, her complexion was smooth and fair, exuding a

She extended her hand to Christopher and said, "Hello, I'm Sophia Martinez. Ms. Webb was proactive during our conversation, so I decided to come over and meet you."

Sophia was slender, elegantly attired, and carried herself with grace and warmth, emanating a sense of comfort and ease.

Christopher shook her hand out of courtesy. "I'm Christopher."

Teresa observed their interaction with a smile, contemplating Sophia's beauty, confidence, and elegance. She believed a woman like her would be a suitable partner for her son, aiding him in business.

Unlike Fanny, who feigned weakness, Sophia displayed generosity and initiative in conversing with Christopher. Despite any underlying intentions Christopher might have had, he was influenced by her bubbly personality and engaged in dialogue.

While they were having their time, Teresa prepared dinner in the kitchen.

As evening approached, Sophia suggested departing, but Teresa insisted she stay for dinner, asserting, "You must stay for dinner tonight, no excuses."

Sophia replied with a hint of embarrassment, "I've been here all afternoon. I don't want to be a bother for your family time."

Teresa dismissed her concerns by saying, "You're not bothering us. In fact, you young folks have been patient enough to keep this old lady company all afternoon. I'm truly delighted, not inconvenienced in the least."

Sophia chuckled. "Ms. Webb, you look like Christopher's sister, not an old lady. So, don't say that."

Teresa felt genuinely pleased. She did not consider herself old. It was just a modest way of speaking. With a few words, Sophia stopped declining and agreed to stay for dinner. Michael, who had been informed early, returned home early to join them for dinner. He understood Teresa's intentions.

Teresa set up this blind date with Sophia for Christopher, and he was willing to go along. Whoever she was, she was certainly better than Fanny. The idea of a commoner marrying into the Sanders Family seemed far-fetched.

The dinner proceeded smoothly, with everyone enjoying themselves. As Sophia prepared to leave, Teresa asked Christopher to escort her directly.

Sophia waved her hand, saying, "It's fine, Ms. Webb. I have already called the driver from home. He will be here soon."

Teresa gently insisted, "It's okay. Christopher doesn't have anything to do anyway. You can call the driver and tell him not to come. Christopher, Miss Martinez is a guest. You should give her a ride."

Michael also chimed in, "Yes, go ahead."

Christopher had no choice but to agree, as he still had matters to discuss with his father. Sophia was not shy and understood the situation, welcoming more opportunities to get to know each other.

Watching them walk away, Teresa felt increasingly satisfied with how well they matched. During the ride, Christopher was preoccupied and did not say much.

After some contemplation, Sophia starts the conversation by saying, "You don't seem very fond of me."

Christopher was surprised with his furrowed eyebrow, "Pardon?"

"Do you know the purpose of this meeting?"

"Huh?"

"We are on a blind date," Sophia explained. "But I feel like you are not fully present."

Although it had not been explicitly stated, Christopher understood. However, burdened with his thoughts, he did not want to dwell on them. He knew that Sophia was a girl approved by both parents, and he did not want to offend her.

He carefully replied, "I-I... have been facing some difficulties with the company recently. Hence, I have been preoccupied. I'm sorry. I will present myself differently next time if I am given another chance."

Christopher's words made Sophia somewhat happy. After dropping her off at home, he was warmly welcomed by the Martinez family's parents before making an excuse to return home for business matters.

Upon arriving home, he hurried to Michael's study. Seeing him back, Michael smiled rarely. "Miss Martinez's father just called me and mentioned that you're not bad."

Christopher replied with a bright smile. "Dad, I need to discuss something with you."

In a good mood, Michael nodded. "Go ahead."

Christopher furrowed his brow, trying to figure out how to articulate his thoughts.

Chapter 248 End the Engagement??

Michael could sense that something significant was unfolding just by observing Christopher's hesitant expression. His keen eyes scrutinized Christopher.

We had always been candid with each other, whether the news was good or bad. Could Christopher's troubling issue be connected to that woman, Fanny?

At that moment, Michael's expression darkened.

As anticipated, Christopher appeared resolute, then nervously inquired, "Dad, can you assist with Fanny's predicament?"

Michael snorted. "Assist? How can I assist her? Don't you understand the trouble Fanny is in? Have you forgotten my previous warnings?"

Christopher recoiled under Michael's scolding. He knew his father would not approve.

Just as he was about to speak, Michael seemed to have a realization. He narrowed his eyes and exuded a menacing aura, "Did you see her today?"

Christopher did not try to hide it..

"Yes," he met his father's gaze head-on. Fanny only had him. He could not back down. "Dad. Fanny is my fiancée. She's in trouble now, so I have to help her."

Michael slammed the table, scolding angrily, "You fool, when will you mature? Is now the appropriate time for you to show off your abilities to her? If you have the capability, then help her. If you can assist her without utilizing the resources of the Sanders Family, I won't object!"

Christopher sighed inwardly. Every time Fanny is mentioned, his father becomes indignant. When the Kins Family was still prosperous, the father was already displeased with this engagement. Now that Fanny has encountered legal issues, the father must harbor even more disdain for her. He could even perceive the repulsion in his father's eyes.

Christopher could only plead, "Dad, Fanny is in a pitiful state now. Moreover, none of this is her fault. Her classmates and Angela envy her, so they framed her."

Michael did not erupt angrily but smiled, gazing directly at Christopher, "Are you saying that someone set her up?"

Christopher nodded. His eyes were brimming with determination.

He solemnly recounted the words that Fanny had shared with him in the hospital.

Finally, Christopher expressed indignation, "Do you find Angela excessively malicious? Fortunately, I decisively terminated the engagement at that time. Otherwise, it would have been a catastrophe if I had married her."

As he spoke, relief seemed to wash over his face.

However, Michael regarded Christopher as if he were a fool.

Is this the son I had painstakingly nurtured for over twenty years? Is this the son he had intended to groom to compete with Jonathan? he thought.

With such a tender heart, he would not shake Jonathan's position even if he exerted all efforts to assist him now. If he were no longer present in the future, he would be completely taken advantage of.

Michael rose to his feet with his face consumed by uncontrollable anger. He pointed at Christopher and scolded furiously, "I believe Fanny has clouded your mind. How can such grave accusations be casually thrown around? Do you think law enforcement officers are as inept as you? Do you think that they don't they possess the ability to discern between truth. and falsehood?"

Christopher was slightly dissatisfied. "Therefore, there is no definitive conclusion yet. The authorities are still investigating, and perhaps Fanny won't face any repercussions. Furthermore, I simply want you to assist me in containing the situation so that we won't be under constant scrutiny and it won't be inconvenient for others to probe."

Michael settled back into his chair with a somber expression but remained silent.

He felt that the current Christopher was akin to a king enchanted by the fox spirit Fanny and was unable to heed any counsel from others.

Christopher continued to implore his father with emotion and logic, "Also, regardless of the circumstances, Fanny is now my fiancée, the future Mrs. Sanders of the Kins Family. At this juncture,

even if others can turn a blind eye, if we do the same, we will undoubtedly be subject to gossip behind our backs."

"If you could be so heartless towards his future daughter-in-law, you would be even more ruthless towards your business partners. Could someone with such a demeanor still effectively collaborate? Many individuals may have doubts and considerations, which could indirectly impact the company's operations," Christopher said with a stern tone.

Michael's expression became even grimmer after hearing his reasoning. However, he had to acknowledge that Christopher was correct in his assessment. Ultimately, it was his moment

of weakness that led to their engagement. Outsiders would not delve into the reasons behind it; they would only see the outcome.

Michael could not help but relent. "I can assist her, but the condition is that you call off the engagement."

"What?" Christopher appeared surprised, stood up abruptly, and gazed down at Michael, "Dad, how can you be so snobbish?" Michael sneered.

Was I a snobbish man?

He coldly confronted Christopher and stated without hesitation, "You pride yourself on loyalty and righteousness. Fine, from now on, you can relinquish your position as Master Jonathan of the Sanders Family. Let's see how long your devotion to her will endure."

He believed that his son had been indulged and had lost his.

way.

He disregarded the constant reminders and warnings. How could he compete with Jonathan in this manner? he thought.

Christopher lowered his head, furrowing his brows in discontent, "Dad, why do you insist on me ending things with Fanny? She is a wonderful girl. I can't abandon her when she needs

me the most.

Michael could not help but feel regret for his son. What kind of predicament had he landed himself in? His son was either too capable yet disobedient or too foolish and disobedient.

He felt as though he was on the brink of madness. Trying to control his emotions, he calmly stated, "If Fanny is truly kind and innocent, she wouldn't have found herself in this

predicament. Christopher, think carefully about it."

Christopher remained silent. He was at a loss on how to persuade his parents.

Should I truly end the engagement? But what about Fanny?

Observing Christopher in this state, Michael grew frustrated with his son's decision on his partner. He knew that Christopher was typically compliant, but when it came to Fanny, it was as if his logic had been clouded, and he could not critically reason the situation.

He understood that he could not push him too forcefully, but this situation with Fanny causing trouble presented a prime opportunity to end the engagement.

Michael's complexion paled, his voice conveying authority, "You state your terms, and I'll state mine. If you agree to end the engagement with Fanny and be engaged to Miss Martinez, I will agree to assist Fanny. It's time to think for yourself carefully."

Christopher sighed helplessly and contemplated for a moment, "Dad, Miss Martinez, and I have only just met. How can we already be engaged?"

Seeing his son's less resistant reaction, Michael softened his tone, "Who said you have to be engaged immediately? There's still time. Just spend more time with Miss Martinez, and feelings will naturally develop."

Christopher opened his mouth as if to speak but ultimately remained silent.

He rose, reflected for a moment, and then uttered, "Let me think it over for a few days."

Michael also recognized no need to rush this matter, so he gestured for Christopher to depart.

As Christopher exited the study, he felt somewhat disheartened. He could not comprehend how things had unfolded in this manner.

Chapter 249 Is It Difficult to Love Him?

We are husband and wife. I'm so fond of Fanny because she is beautiful and kind-hearted. Her delicate appearance always triggers my protective instincts, unlike Angela, who is assertive, or Sophia, who is outgoing. Fanny could not live without him, he thought.

However, if he wants to seek his father's help to save Fanny, he can only agree to the condition of breaking off the engagement. He was very irritated and did not want to remain in this house full of depressing vibes. So, he left directly by car to meet friends and have a drink to ease his frustration.

As the saying goes, determination is the key to success. After a week of persistent efforts, Daniel finally obtained some information about Jonathan's condition from his psychiatrist

friend.

"Self-injury disorder. Angela frowned as she heard Daniel mention the name.

She never expected such a condition to exist.

Daniel nodded, and his expression unusually serious. "Yes, due to Jon's past experiences. You also know that his parents' relationship was never good, and Mr. Sanders was always away from home."

Daniel hesitated. Although he disapproved of Michael's actions, he didn't want to criticize him behind his back. Angela understood all of this in her heart. Jonathan's parents had an arranged marriage, and their relationship was strained.

Michael had a rebellious attitude. The more pressure he felt at home, the more he wanted to rebel to demonstrate his ability and presence. So he sought out Teresa and then fathered Christopher.

Teresa is a woman with a pitiful background. She came from a poor family. Her father was ill, and her mother worked hard to support the family. The young Teresa had to work to earn money with no other option. Without money or power and with a certain amount of beauty, Teresa naturally attracted unwanted attention. Fortunately, she met the hero, Michael, who rescued her.

In Michael's eyes, Teresa was vulnerable and in need of protection and care, completely reliant on him. This person could trigger Michael's protective instincts, leading to an affair. When Jonathan's mother discovered this, it naturally caused a commotion. The more this occurred, the more repulsed Michael became, resulting in arguments and fights and making Jonathan's childhood a torment.

With his mother passing away early and his father being indifferent, Jonathan's childhood was unhappy. Since his childhood was not very pleasant, so it was only natural for him to develop psychological issues.

Angela could not help but show her displeasure towards Michael. "He will get his comeuppance for what he's done. Having such a talented and outstanding son who doesn't like him, and yet he goes and does unnecessary actions."

But who could she blame?

In her past life, wasn't she just as blind, liking the likes of Christopher, a hypocritical and incompetent playboy?

Michael did not completely win his battle with Jonathan's mother, and now he was focusing his competitive spirit on Christopher and Jonathan. He hoped Christopher would surpass Jonathan, his true victory.

Daniel's expression turned slightly awkward. After all, Michael was Jonathan's biological father regardless of everything, and it was bad to speak ill of an elder behind their back.

He cleared his throat a few times, then said, "I think we should focus on studying this illness

first."

Angela nodded in agreement, feeling a bit puzzled. "What did your friend say about it?"

Daniel sat upright, slowly saying, "My friend described it as the behaviors of this condition. include self-harm, hitting, burning, etc. These methods relieve emotional stress or alleviate some inner pain."

Angela's eyes flickered. When she asked why Jonathan was self-harming he said it felt comforting. He must have been through a lot since he was young, causing minor turmoil. She longed to be by Jonathan's side, offering comfort, embracing him, and assuring him that everything would be alright. These thoughts caused Angela to display a hint of sorrow.

Daniel then went on, "Self-harming behaviors may stem from psychological trauma, depression, anxiety, feelings of inferiority, and necessitate comprehensive treatment. Involving psychological therapy and medication."

"Depression?" Angela

was sensitive to these words.

In the subsequent years, this term became increasingly common on the internet. As people's living standards improved and material needs were met, many began to grapple with mental health issues. The internet was saturated with negative emotions, almost as if having depression was a prerequisite for making friends. This environment appeared very unhealthy to Angela.

For those genuinely battling depression, feelings of helplessness, hopelessness, and despair often lead to self-harm as a coping mechanism. Angela was somewhat shocked. She had never comprehended why Jonathan, surrounded by so many talented individuals, had passed away at such a young age due to illness.

Now, it seemed to dawn on her Jonathan likely took his own life rather than succumbing to a challenging illness at a young age.

Unaware of Angela's increasingly pallid complexion, Daniel continued, Jon harbors self-harm, and he plunges into negative emotions during episodes. My friend did not clearly articulate the specific triggers or thoughts. However, I suspect it is linked to his childhood experiences. Jon has always lacked parental affection. It's no wonder he is this way. I believed nothing could defeat him, but now it is untrue."

Angela felt anguished and apprehensive. "Did your friend mention any specific treatment?"

Perhaps Jonathan currently only exhibits mild self-harm tendencies, but if left unaddressed. who knows if his condition will deteriorate? If it progresses to severe depression, medical intervention may not suffice, she thought.

Daniel's demeanor softened slightly, "There are treatment options. According to my friend. Jon's condition is not too severe presently, so there is still hope."

Angela listened intently with a serious expression.

Daniel narrowed his eyes, then proclaimed to Angela, Jonathan lacks affection."

Angela

taken aback and responded, "I know about this, but how do we address this?"

Daniel appeared somewhat helpless, "His behavior stems from a lack of love. So why don't you show him love, give him affection, shower him with love? Wouldn't

that be beneficial?"

until his

Initially shocked by his friend's response, Daniel persisted in seeking G. His friend patiently explained the approach to him. He embraced this treatment-method only after confirming that his friend was serious and not dismissing him.

Angela was astonished.

No medication or therapy sessions, but just shower Jonathan with love?

She felt her cheeks flush while contemplating this in her mind.

Observing Angela's expression, which seemed to indicate understanding, Daniel felt a tinge of suspicion and asked her, "Is this task proving challenging for you? After all, you two are married:

Chapter 250 Cooking from Scratch

She then changed her perspective on the issue. Jonathan's parents are also a couple, and they are not at odds,

Angela rolled her eyes silently. Yes, they are a couple, but they are more like allies, she thought.

Although she thought Jonathan was quite nice, matters of the heart must be mutual. She was deeply in love with Christopher in her past life, but what was the outcome?

Angela thought momentarily and asked, "Um, the lack of love can also be the love of your brothers, friends, or relatives, Isn't that very intense as well? Does it have to be between a man and a woman

Daniel smiled with a hint of ambiguity. "Well, you see, we have loved him a lot over the years. But he is still the same. Besides, guys are nonchalant. How can they be as attentive as you women?" Daniel continued, So, he may lack the love between a man and a woman. Angie, whether Jon can recover depends on you now."

A hint of pleading on his face, "Now, only you can help him."

Angela did not hesitate at all and nodded. "Of course. You can rest assured. I will take care of Jonathan's matters. It's just that..."

How can I make up for this lack of love? In theory, Jonathan lacks his parents' love. I had never experienced this love, so how could I make others feel it if I had not? she thought.

Daniel looked at Angel with a hint of hesitation and said, "Don't worry. I believe you can do it. And I can see that Jon is different from you. J—Just... follow your heart."

Jonathan noticed the special treatment Angela received from Jon as a long-time friend. Of course, he could see it at a glance. However, based on his years of experience in the dating scene, he could tell that both were clueless, testing each other and, most importantly, lacking confidence in themselves. Some things were clear to outsiders, but the parties involved were confused.

After listening to his words, Angela nodded and replied confidently, "I'll try it."

When she returned home, Jonathan was already there. He was sitting on the living room couch reading the newspaper, and when he heard the noise, he turned to look at Angela, "What's wrong? Are you tired from class today? You don't look too good."

Angela shook her head, "No. It's just the beginning of the school year, so the classes are manageable."

Then, she sat down next to Jonathan. She stared straight at him for a few minutes until he started to feel uncomfortable.

Jonathan stiffly turned his head and curiously asked, "Is there something on my face?"

"No," Angela replied truthfully, then blurted out, "I just suddenly wanted to look at you."

He was speechless.

"Erhem. Jonathan furrowed his brows slightly, turned his head, and said awkwardly, "What's wrong? Are you afraid you won't see me when I go for training abroad?"

Angela was taken aback, not sure what to say yet. Jonathan leaned in, his voice spreading in Angela's ear. "So, you want to take this opportunity to look at me more?"

Angela subtly distanced herself, which led them to lock eyes with each other. Jonathan's eyes were sincere, with a hint of a smile at the corners, as if he was earnestly asking the question.

Angela smiled at Jonathan and then readily admitted, "Yes. So, would you just let me look at you briefly, Jonathan?"

Her radiant eyes were full of warmth as she looked at Jonathan. They were waiting to see who would back down first.

In the end, Jonathan looked away first, casually pulling out the newspaper he had placed beside him, pretending to be calm, "If you want to see, go ahead."

"Thank you, Jonathan," Angela said as she linked arms with him and rested her head on his shoulder. Jonathan, you got off work early today. Has the company been quiet lately?"

He sat up straight, "It's been okay lately. What do you feel like eating tonight?"

He found Angela to be acting differently today.

Although their relationship was good, they had never been this close before when talking. They usually sat beside each other and chatted more like friends. But he was quite content with this distance.

Angela's cheerful voice again said, "I heard a classmate share a recipe for braised beef today. She said it's delicious, and the meat won't be tough if you follow her method. I'm going to try it tonight."

Jonathan was slightly surprised, "You're going to cook by yourself?"

Angela stood up and headed towards the kitchen. "Yes, Jonathan, you can look forward to my culinary skills tonight."

Jonathan simply responded with a faint "Hmm."

But when Angela wasn't looking, his smile deepened even more.

May was initially going to refuse when she heard that Angela wanted to cook herself, but when she found out it was for Jonathan, she could not help but smile. This kind of small stuff helps strengthen their relationship.

She glanced around and then walked into the living room, "Sir, I've been feeling a bit unwell for the past few days. Mrs. Lawson probably can't handle everything on her own. How about you go and help her?"

Jonathan glanced at May and nodded in agreement. He could see through May's little scheme but was willing to go along.

Angela did not object, either.

According to the advice of Daniel's psychologist friend, giving Jonathan a lot of love and care was important, and interacting with each other was part of it.

It's not that I can let Jonathan be a woodblock while I'm all fired up, she thought.

So, the two of them got busy in the kitchen. Angela started directing Jonathan to do things, having him chop vegetables, boil water, and peel garlic.

Halfway through the cooking session, Angela took an apron from the kitchen cabinet and handed it to Jonathan, "Here, put this on."

Jonathan frowned slightly, reluctant, but he silently refused to say a word.

Angela did not bother to care about his silence. She put the apron on Jonathan and said. "You're helping in the kitchen all dressed up in your suit, no hint of smoke or fire. If my dish doesn't turn out well, it's all your fault."

Jonathan calmly said, "You're being a bit unreasonable."

"I speak the truth!!" Angela chuckled, "Jonathan, I may not understand business matters, but you don't understand the kitchen. Be good and listen to me."

Jonathan saw Angela's smile and remained silent, nodding as a sign of agreement.

Angela boldly looked at Jonathan as he chopped vegetables and remarked, "You look good, so everything you do looks good as well. The vegetables that you chopped must be especially

delicious."

Jonathan felt that today's Angela was acting differently.

Could she have spent too much time with Daniel and picked up some bad habits? The old Angela was not like this at all. I'll have to call Daniel later to ask if he's given Angela any bad ideas, he thought.

With the chopped vegetables, it was time for Angela to show off her cooking skills.

At the same time, Jonathan also called Daniel, "Did you say something to Angela?"