

Serve NOTL 251

Chapter 251 Acting Like an Old Married Couple

Jonathan frowned, his voice tinged with a hint of questioning.

Daniel sensed the unfriendly tone in Jonathan's voice and asked nervously. "What's wrong?"

Jonathan's expression turned serious as he answered, "Angela seems quite strange today"

Slightly curious, Daniel was intrigued to find out how Angela was feeling toward Jonathan, so he asked, "What's strange about her?"

"She... Before Jonathan could finish, he immediately realized and questioned, "Did you make Angela do something?"

Daniel exclaimed innocently, "No, how could I dare? Besides, you know what kind of person she is. How could I instruct her to do anything? You've overestimated me."

It was not that he was belittling himself. How could he possibly instruct any of the two of them?

After thinking about it, Jonathan thought he was right and hung up the phone, putting Daniel in frustration. How could he pique his curiosity and then say nothing?

Finding it unacceptable, Daniel called back but was mercilessly hung up on by Jonathan. He called again, but the latter continued to hang up.

His persistence forced Jonathan to answer the call eventually. "I can tell that you really want to join the medical team going to Mythoria."

Daniel felt a pang in his heart. D*mn you, capitalist!

He smiled apologetically on the phone, trying to flatter Jonathan, “No, no. I was just curious.... Right, Jon, you’ve never had a girlfriend. You don’t understand a girl’s mind. If you have any questions, you can ask me. I promise to help you wholeheartedly.”

Jonathan pondered for a moment and thought that Daniel had a point.

But after some consideration, he decided to continue observing, Perhaps, Angela was just in a particularly good mood today.

Eventually, Jonathan hung up on Daniel ruthlessly, hence the latter failed once again to obtain any answers. However, he could be sure of one thing, which was that Angela had already started taking action. He didn’t expect this lady to be so efficient, but it seemed like the results were quite obvious.

After over an hour, Angela was finally done cooking the meal.

May sensibly went for a walk outside since it wasn’t a big deal to skip a meal or eat a little later

Angela made beef stew with carrots and potatoes as well as some steamed broccoli.

Regardless of the taste, the presentation looked very nice, and the aromu was delightful

“Try it.... Angela served a piece of beef to Jonathan’s bowl. “See if it’s tender

Jonathan nodded and took a bite.

The savory beef mixed with the sweet and tender carrots made the texture good.

He couldn’t help but eat a few more pieces and praised. “Your cooking skills are getting better

and better.”

In fact, they were always good, but he found today's dish particularly delicious, so he wondered if it was just his imagination.

Angela, with her bright eyes, asked, "Can I cook for you more often in the future?"

Jonathan was slightly surprised but immediately nodded. "Sure."

Hearing that, Angela happily started eating her meal.

After listening to Daniel's words today, she was still thinking about how to make up for the lack of love Jonathan didn't have. Then, she thought about her past life.

She cared deeply for everyone in the Kins Family in a genuine way, but they didn't know how to appreciate it.

Moreover, it was the type of care that didn't necessarily involve romantic feelings, which made Angela feel more comfortable. Otherwise, she didn't know how to face this issue from a married couple's perspective.

Therefore, she decided to use the skills from her past life to pamper him, just like she had pampered the members of the Kins Family before.

Angela chattered away at the dinner table, talking about school, the teachers, and the upcoming training for the International Medical Association.

Although Jonathan mostly took on the role of a listener, he occasionally made some summary remarks, and the two of them ended the dinner happily.

After dinner, Jonathan took on the responsibility of washing the dishes.

Angela had initially assumed that he didn't do much housework like other men from wealthy

She assumed that he would either not wash the dishes properly or break them.

Wasn't this kind of scene common in novels or TV dramas?

Nevertheless, Jonathan exceeded her expectations.

The tableware was returned to its place, the dishes and cutleries were spotless, and he completed those tasks with grace and efficiency...

Angela couldn't help but admire and praise. "Jonathan, you are truly amazing. Not only are you successful in business, but you also excel at household chores.

Jonathan's eyes sparkled with joy. "Many things share similarities. Besides, this type of work is purely physical labor. It requires minimal mental effort."

Angela concurred.

Some people struggle to wash dishes thoroughly, or if they drop something, they were not due to inability but rather lack of attentiveness. On the other hand, Jonathan approached everything, big or small, with great focus.

He once stated that he would either not do something or do it to the best of his abilities.

Following today. Jonathan anticipated that his relationship with Angela would revert to its previous state. Close, but not intimate. However, he was surprised to find that in the subsequent week, Angela's enthusiasm not only persisted but grew.

"Mr. Lawson, there is a dinner party tonight with Cornerstone Supplies..."

I'm not attending Jonathan glanced at his watch and swiftly interjected his assistant.

“Reschedule it.”

With that, he grabbed his coat and left promptly.

The assistant was puzzled and couldn't help but inquire, “Do you have other pressing matters?”

His boss was highly focused on his career, but if he had other commitments, how could his assistant not be aware of them? Had he overlooked something?

Jonathan paused. “I’m heading home.”

A smile played on his lips.

Just the idea of sharing daily life with Angela today made his lips curve upward involuntarily.

This revelation took aback the assistant. So, Mr. Lawson is leaving on the dot every day not to avoid overtime but to head straight home! Hmm... it doesn't align with his usual behavior at all! Is something wrong?

Angela had no classes in the afternoon, so she arrived home early that evening.

She had been simmering lamb meat all afternoon. Without adding anything inside, she just used a few spices known for their nourishing properties.

Given Jonathan's previous blood loss, she intended to gradually introduce medicinal cuisine to properly nourish his body.

In order to spend more time alone with him, and as Angela wasn't particularly busy with schoolwork lately, she had sent May on vacation for half a month. During this period, she took charge of his meals.

Upon Jonathan's return, the aroma of the food greeted him. He stomach.

a pang of hunger in his

"You came home just in time." Angela emerged with the dishes, a smile lighting up her face as she welcomed him.

He quickly stepped forward. "Let me help. Watch your step."

"Go and wash up." Angela's tone was cheerful, "The last dish is almost done, then we can eat."

Jonathan washed his hands and diligently set the table.

For some reason, he suddenly felt like he and Angela acted like an old married couple.

Chapter 252 Witnessing the World Outside

The hardworking husband who diligently went to work came home with a smile on his face, while the wife cooked at home as she waited for him. It would be even better if they had a chattering child.

"Why are you staring blankly?" Angela poked Jonathan, who was lost in thought, with her finger. "Aren't you hungry?"

Jonathan quickly came to his senses and said with a wry smile, "I'm very hungry. I've been thinking about the food you cook, and I can't focus on work."

Angela was taken aback by his statement. She didn't expect him to crack a joke and say such teasing words.

Unlike the serious and concise words he used to say, Jonathan started to talk nonsense now, but that was fine.

Angela began to serve him food, saying, "Eat more, gain weight, and I'll be happy."

Jonathan obediently nodded without saying much. "Okay."

"Anyway, guess how my day at school was?" She would talk to him about random things every day.

Sometimes, it was about good things, but sometimes, it was about complaints..

No matter what it was, Jonathan would listen attentively and participate in her topics.

This time, he looked up and carefully examined her. "Seems like you had a good day. Did something good happen?"

Angela grinned and nodded with curiosity. "How did you figure it out?"

Jonathan couldn't help but smile. "You're smiling ear to ear, and your eyes seem to be telling me, 'Ask me about my day! I have great news...'"

She touched her cheek, feeling embarrassed. "Is it really that obvious?"

Jonathan smiled and nodded.

Angela defended herself, "It's not that big of a deal. Those who passed the first round of selection for the International Medical Association had to take a written test, but our teacher informed us at the last minute. Anyhow, I came first in the written test.

"Although it's not a deciding factor, Professor Noah said it could earn us extra points," Angela

1. id. "This way, the chances of being selected for the second round are much higher."

Jonathan put on a big smile. "You've always been so talented:

Seeing that, Angela looked at him hopefully. "Are you going to reward me for my talent, then?"

Jonathan gave her a light smile, sounding like he was ready to pamper her. "Of course. What do you want?"

Angela shook her head. "I'll like anything you give me."

Jonathan slowly raised the corner of his lips, looking pleased. With a gentle yet firm voice, he uttered, "Alright."

Angela extended her finger. "Pinkie promise!"

Jonathan's smile grew as he extended his finger to hook with Angela's.

Indeed, she was still a young girl at heart.

They used to be unfamiliar with each other, so they pretended to be mature and serious. Now, as their relationship slowly grew closer, their true nature began to show.

Jonathan

thought this version of Angela was quite nice.

As time passed, Jessica was also about to go abroad.

Before leaving, she dragged Angela and Cassie to go out and have some fun..

Angela stood in front of a luxurious club and swallowed nervously, turning to Jessica. “Do we really have to go in here?”

Although she had lived two lives, most of the time, she was merely an innocent young lady who had only been to places like karaoke before instead of lively bars.

The clubs she had heard of were usually associated with shady dealings.

It wasn't that she couldn't afford to go to such places, but she genuinely didn't enjoy them.

Seeing the look in Angela's eyes, Jessica sensed what she was thinking and patiently explained, “Clubs are usually private places with a lot of entertainment options. You can have baths, saunas, massages, karaoke, and even food. In short, it's a one-stop shop for eating, drinking, and having fun. Besides, they have great service here. It would be great to go in and

relax.

I see. Angela nodded, still feeling hesitant..

Cassie frowned. “I've heard about this club, but it seems like it's exclusive. They only allow entry to those with VIP memberships.”

“Of course I'm aware.” Jessica proudly presented a delicate card from her bag. “Look. This is my cousin's VIP card.”

Cassie's eyes sparkled, a bright smile gracing her face, “Wow, your cousin is very generous.”

Jessica coughed awkwardly, feeling embarrassed. “Shh, keep it down. What if my cousin's friends see us? I stole this from him.”

She didn't want to, but her cousin didn't let her take it! He mentioned that the club's clientele was complex, and it wasn't suitable for young girls like them.

However, she disagreed. As an adult who had traveled abroad, why couldn't she visit a local club?

She simply didn't believe it.

Without hesitation, she brought the card.

Angela felt anxious and couldn't resist asking, "If they discover we used it without permission. will they let us in?"

If they don't scrutinize closely, they might just verify one card per person.

Jessica appeared nonchalant. "Let's go in and try our luck. Worse comes to worse, we get kicked out. No big deal,

True. Cassie and Angela concurred.

With that, the trio entered the club, the interior decor looking even more upscale with a Perou flair. The lobby lights were bright and dazzling, and every staff member greeted the guests with a friendly, "Welcome."

Upon showing the card, a staff member promptly escorted them to a private room.

The trio tried to maintain composure, bursting into laughter only after the staff member left.

The private room had a changing area and a resting bed. After changing, they could opt for a massage, dining, or other entertainment.

“Hmm... why does this club seem different from what I expected?” Cassie observed, her eyes filled with curiosity. “It feels more like an entertainment complex.”

None of them had visited such a place before, so they felt like country folks exploring the city.

Jessica explained kindly, “Each club has its own unique offerings. My cousin mentioned that this one is owned by his friend, who added some personal touches. Every club has its distinct characteristics. If they were all the same, it would be dull.”

“That makes sense,” Cassie agreed, then inquired, “So what’s our plan now?”

Before Jessica could respond, her phone rang. Seeing the caller ID, her expression soured.

She sighed and grumbled to Angela, “It’s my cousin.”

Reluctantly, she answered the call, maintaining a smile. “Yes, yes... I’m with Angela and Cassie. I understand what you’re saying. I just didn’t want to upset you, that’s why... I know, I know. I apologize, and I won’t do it again. Yes, yes... Don’t worry...”

After a few minutes, Jessica ended the call, breathing a sigh of relief.

Cassie looked concerned and anxious. “Is everything okay? Did your cousin find out that we’re here?”

Chapter 253 Saving the Beauty

Cassie was right. Jessica’s cousin was aware of it. Nevertheless, it didn’t matter.

Jessica elaborated, “This establishment requires real-name registration. Even though the card was identified as not belonging to my cousin, the staff here discreetly contacted him for verification. If we had used a stolen card, they would have promptly alerted the authorities.”

The mental fortitude of the staff here was truly commendable. Despite facing doubts about their identities, they maintained a high standard of service.

Following the incident, the trio exited the private room.

They decided to indulge in a foot massage first as they felt worn out lately.

Upon entering the lobby, a bustling scene greeted them with people coming and going, all dressed in more casual attire, engaging in hushed conversations, creating a lively ambiance.

Angela observed the scene before her and felt considerably more at ease.

It was just as she had envisioned. The venue was slightly more upscale in decor, boasted superior facilities, and had a higher entry requirement, akin to the typical entertainment centers she frequented.

“Let’s go to- Jessica began to gesture ahead but was abruptly interrupted by a sudden voice.

“If you fail to provide satisfactory service today, don’t even think about retaining your position here in the future!” The voice belonged to a man, tinged with arrogance.

All eyes turned toward the source of the voice, drawing a crowd of curious onlookers.

Watching a spectacle unfold was human nature, hence it also prompted Angela and her companions to join in. edging closer to catch a glimpse of the unfolding drama.

A man was berating a waitress in front of him.

The waitress kept apologizing with her head bowed, while the man exuded an air of superiority. His chin was held high while his eyes darted around, leering at the waitress.

The waitress was Sarah Winter!

The trio was puzzled, wondering how she had ended up working as a waitress here. However, considering her father's illness, it seemed to make sense..

Eventually, the manager was summoned to mediate, offering apologies to defuse the situation, and the man eventually released Sarah.

When the man turned away, his true nature became apparent. While he appeared presentable, he did not seem like a decent individual.

"It's him!" Cassie squinted, a hint of disdain in her eyes. "This spoiled rich kid is truly shameless. Just because his father has some influence, he takes pleasure in intimidating others. Disgusting."

Jessica was perplexed and whispered, "Do you know him?"

Cassie rolled her eyes, unimpressed. "Yes, he's a playboy from the Sanders Family."

With that, Cassie seemed reluctant to divulge more.

After all, they were there to unwind and did not wish to be bothered by such individuals.

The crowd dispersed, and Angela exchanged a glance with Sarah.

Sarah was taken aback initially, but then she offered a faint smile and departed.

Angela and her companions indulged in massages and sauna sessions, followed by a meal and drinks, laughing and enjoying themselves.

They were having a wonderful time.

Perhaps due to the alcohol, despite not consuming much, Angela felt slightly lightheaded.

“S—Shall we step outside for some fresh air?”

The trio stumbled out of the establishment, only to encounter the affluent second- generation member of the Sanders Family who was accosting Sarah.

Sarah’s face flushed as she attempted to remain polite. “Sir, you seem to be drunk.”

“You little brat, don’t play innocent with me. Do you think I’m unaware of your intentions?” He leaned in closer to her, his gaze unfocused. “Trying to gain my attention deliberately, then rejecting me... Hah, playing hard to get, I see? I can see through your tactics!”

Aware that reasoning with him was futile, Sarah attempted to leave, but the man grasped her firmly. Despite her struggles, the vast difference in physical strength between them rendered her unable to break free. Her voice carried a hint of frostiness as she scolded, “Let go of me!”

The intoxicated wealthy heir found Sarah even more attractive now. He forcefully pulled her

wo “Hey

wn his arms. They hot chick, hehe. I like you. Come on. As long as you satisfy me tonight,

U sarah hadn’t reminded her alan Fanny’s actions last time, she wouldn’t have been able to catch the latter an quickly she owed her this favor

Angela wanted to step forward to help, but Cassie pulled her back into the private room.

She didn’t want to stand by and watch her classmate being bullied, but the person in front of them was not someone they could afford to provoke..

“This person is Howard Sims, the only son of the family, and he is spoiled beyond belief.” Cassie’s words carried a hint of disgust. “He uses all kinds of means, has a bad reputation, and even surrounds himself with shady characters. Getting involved with someone like him is very troublesome”

Angela lowered her head and remained silent.

She knew Cassie was right. It was natural for her to go to great lengths if it were for a friend.

However, Sarah didn’t have much to do with them.

Moreover, Sarah had the support of James Kins, who could somewhat protect her.

However, there was a commotion outside, which made Angela extremely uneasy.

Should she protect herself or lend a hand?

How dare you hit me, you wretched woman?!” Howard’s incredulous voice from outside.

Angela opened the door to the private room and saw Howard raising his leg to kick Sarah directly, causing her to fall to the ground clutching her stomach.

Angela’s expression darkened. She despised men who hit women, especially in such an unjustifiable situation.

Ignoring Cassie’s attempts to stop her, Angela grabbed a bottle from the table in the private room and confidently stomped out.

Just as Howard was about to continue assaulting Sarah, Angela spat coldly, “I dare you to

touch her and see what happens!”

Howard, reeking of alcohol and anger, calmed down a little when he saw Angela. He glanced at her, then turned to look at Sarah, revealing a lecherous smile.

“Tsk ts, tonight will be fun.” he uttered with a lustful look on his face. “Since you’ve come to me, all of you will serve me tonight.”

Cassie and Jessica couldn’t bear to hear the disgusting tone in his voice.

They could ignore Sarah, but when it came to Angela, they couldn’t stand by and do nothing.

Following Angela’s lead, the two of them grabbed bottles and returned, ready to fight.

Angela ignored Howard’s words and coldly turned around to help Sarah, her voice gentle. “Are you alright?”

Sarah forced a smile. “I’m fine. It’s nothing serious.”

As the two were about to leave, Howard naturally blocked their way.

Angela had a stern face and sharp eyes. “Move aside!”.

Howard had a playful smile on his face. “What if I don’t?”

Chapter 254 I’m Going to Smash Your Head

“Nothing.” Angela pointed at him with a bottle, threatening, “I’m just going to smash your head.”

you

For a moment, Howard was taken aback, then he burst into laughter. “You? Little girl, do know who I am? Behave yourself and serve me well tonight, otherwise you won’t be able to leave!”

“Tsk!” Jessica sneered, “You look like you have problems performing sexually, and yet you’re indulging in parties all day long. You’re obviously not going to survive much longer. With your skinny arms and legs, who are you trying to kidnap?”

Howard turned around and glared, his tone was frivolous as he said, “Oh, two more girls are here. What? Do all of you want to take me on together? It seems like you lack excitement in your daily life. Well, since I’m in a good mood today, I’ll go easy on you.”

His crude language made everyone frown, and the commotion grew louder. More people gathered to watch, but everyone was just there for the spectacle; no one really came to help.

“Howard, what’s happening?”

“What’s going on here?”

“Oh, so many beautiful ladies tonight.”

Behind Angela, several voices came, and a few well-dressed young men approached her and her friends.

They were Howard’s friends.

Angela didn’t want to linger. Dragging Sarah, she tried to enter the private room they had reserved, but their path was blocked by Howard.

He looked at Angela with disdain. “Tsk, weren’t you just being arrogant? Why are you backing down now?”

Used to fool around, Howard was not afraid of this kind of situation at all, especially when facing a few ladies. Furthermore, with his friends coming over one after another, he had even fewer reservations.

“Get lost. Howard is just picking up girls.”

“What are you looking at? Keep staring and we’ll gouge your eyes out.”

“I’ll see who’s still watching the show.”

Howard’s group of friends half–threatened and half–warned the onlookers in the other private rooms to leave, and then they surrounded Angela and her friends.

They even whispered to each other, making comments about Angela and the girls.

Sarah pulled Angela aside, shook her head, and said, “Thank you, but I’ll handle this myself.”

“How are you going to handle it?” Angela glanced at Sarah’s pale face and said gently, “Since we’re already involved, do you think everything will be fine if we back off now?”

Sarah knew it was unlikely.

Seeing Angela backing down a bit, Howard was even more pleased, reaching out to touch her. face. However, she was quick to dodge, not only avoiding his touch but also hitting him on the head with a bottle.

Suddenly, blood oozed out of Howard’s head.

With glass shards all over his head, he stared at Angela in disbelief. “How dare you hit me, you witch!”

This sounded familiar. When Sarah hit him earlier, Howard had said the same thing. For some reason, Angela felt like laughing at this tough guy with a weak corc.

“Howard... How dare she?”

“Get her!”

The people who were originally watching the show instantly approached Angela and her group after seeing Howard being beaten.

Sarah stood in front of Angela while Cassie and Jessica also did not back down, quickly squeezing in to stand by Angela and Sarah.

“What do you want?” Although Jessica was a little scared, she tried to restrain herself and warned, “My cousin is a VIP here. You better not mess around.”

Howard felt his bleeding head and was furious. “Drag these girls into our private room and let’s have some fun.”

Whether it was the alcohol or his arrogance speaking, he blurted out such words, but now was a time when the law was respected, unlike the old days when the underworld ruled society!

A few men lunged, but Jessica and Cassie stood their ground, shouting and striking those who attempted to grab them.

The assailants were taken aback and ended up sustaining multiple injuries, which stopped them from acting recklessly.

Howard sneered. “You guys are pathetic. Come on! How can you be intimidated by a few girls?”

Upon hearing this, everyone exchanged glances and charged forward.

Wait, hold on.”

Just then, the manager rushed over, accompanied by several burly security guards in uniform.

Howard narrowed his eyes. "What's happening?"

The manager tried to placate him. "You don't need to do something like this yourselves. We will handle it. He gestured toward the second floor. There are private rooms upstairs with fewer people."

Satisfied with the manager's approach, Howard nodded. He led his friends out while the manager directed the security guards to surround Angela and the others.

The manager, with a serious yet smiling demeanor, spoke assertively, "Ladies, it appears there is a misunderstanding between you and Mr. Sims. Why don't we find a quieter place to discuss?"

Jessica glared at the manager. "And what if we refuse?"

The manager maintained his smile, speaking in a friendly tone, "Everyone present holds a certain status, so causing a scene here wouldn't be appropriate."

Jessica scoffed, "My cousin is a regular here. If he knows you're treating us like this, he won't be pleased."

The manager smiled but remained silent, bowing slightly and extending a hand. "Please, ladies.

Jessica's cousin was not to be trifled with, but neither was Howard. Moreover, this club was a business affiliated with the Sims Corporation.

A mere manager couldn't offend Howard. Hence, his only option was to stall for time. He had already dispatched someone to inform Jessica's cousin in the meantime.

Angela and the others reluctantly complied with the manager's request. Jessica felt a sense of dread and immediately tried calling her cousin.

However, there was no answer at the moment. Frustrated, she continued to dial.

Meanwhile, Cassie checked her phone and found no response. Having just messaged Jonathan, she assumed that he was preoccupied.

Out of desperation, she dialed Jonathan's number directly. To her dismay, his phone was switched off.

Cassie seethed with anger. How could Jonathan be unavailable at such a crucial moment?

Sarah furrowed her brow in deep concern, feeling guilty for involving the others.

The group was ushered into a private room. Howard wiped away the blood that was trickling down his face. Then, he tore off his tie and flung it to the ground. "I've never been so humiliated in my life."

In a single night, he had been bested by two women consecutively. If word got out, he could never lift his head high again.

He shoved Sarah onto the couch and struck her hard several times. Angela and the others attempted to intervene, but they were restrained by Howard's companions.

"You coward! What kind of man hits a woman?" Angela gritted her teeth.

Unperturbed by the wound on his head, Howard calmly unbuckled his belt, removed his pants, and declared, 'You're quite heroic, aren't you? Just watch how I handle this woman. Don't worry, your turn will come soon, and my friends will take care of you one by one. I assure you, you'll enjoy it.'

Laughter of a lewd nature filled the room, and Angela's face turned solemn.

Just as Howard was about to assault Sarah, Angela forcefully stomped on the foot of the person restraining her, and he released her. Next, she delivered a swift kick to Howard from behind, sending him tumbling to the ground.

Angela was seized by a few men and subsequently received a harsh slap from Howard. Her face immediately swelled.

Howard glared at her, "You're in a rush, huh? Fine, I'll start with you!"

Right then, the door to the private room was kicked open, and a tall figure entered.

Chapter 255 He's Truly Furious

Angela looked up to see Jonathan's dark expression as he approached her. A crowd of people followed behind him, flooding the once spacious private room and making it feel cramped.

The two men holding Angela released her, intimidated by the icy aura emanating from Jonathan. As she was released, she felt a wave of dizziness wash over her, and her body weakened involuntarily.

Without a word, Jonathan swiftly pulled her into his arms. His thin lips were pressed tightly together, and his eyes burned with anger.

Angela managed a small smile through the pain, gripping Jonathan's arm tightly. "You're here," she whispered.

Silently, Jonathan lifted her and began to walk out of the room.

"Stop!" Howard's voice rang out, breaking the silence. "Who are you? This woman is mine. I saw her first. Do you understand?"

Jonathan halted his steps and turned to face him. In a clear voice, he said to Jessica, "Help me support her."

Jessica and the others had been rescued after Jonathan's arrival, and she followed his command. Meanwhile, Cassie was assisting Sarah nearby.

Feeling the tension in the air, they all remained silent, sensing the gravity of the situation.

Upon Jonathan's request, Jessica hurried over to assist. Although Angela wanted to assert her strength, she saw the look on Jonathan's face and chose to stay quiet.

Step by step, Jonathan approached Howard, whose friends instinctively backed away. They always fooled around and had gotten into fights before, but they had never witnessed such a display of power.

Just earlier, Jonathan's men twisted their wrists without a word right after entering the room. If they had used a little more strength, they would've broken their bones. From this, Howard's friends knew that the other party was skilled.

Howard was the only one who wasn't hurt by them because he had been caught up in the moment.

Jonathan narrowed his eyes and cast a cold look at Howard. "Did you hit her just now?"

Under the intense scrutiny, Howard stammered, "Do you know who

my

father is?

Jonathan's piercing gaze swept over Howard. "With your right hand?" he questioned.

Howard took a step back, feeling the pressure. "Who are you? I—Ow, it hurts! Before he could finish speaking, Jonathan firmly grasped his right hand.

As Howard attempted to strike back with his other hand. Oliver intervened, restraining him effectively.

With a slight exertion of force, Jonathan elicited a pained reaction from Howard.

“Let go of me! Who do you think you are? Do you know who my father is? If you treat me like this, my father won’t let you off!”

Axel observed with a sneer. Howard’s arrogance was misplaced in the presence of Jonathan, a prominent figure in Riverdon known to those in both legitimate and criminal circles.

Unfazed by Howard’s threats, Jonathan tightened his grip, and Howard ceased his protests. Realizing his mistake, Howard pleaded for mercy, “I—I was wrong. P—Please, spare me.”

Jonathan released his grip with a snort, leaving Howard trembling in fear.

Howard flexed his hand to be sure that it wasn’t broken. However, this encounter was far from over as he vowed to seek revenge against the man who had humiliated him.

Seeing the determination in his eyes, Jonathan turned colder. “He didn’t learn his lesson. Oliver, deal with him,” he commanded.

Oliver nodded. Having followed Jonathan for many years, he naturally understood his orders.

Today, he must teach these uninformed guys a small lesson. As long as no one was killed, it

was not an issue.

Oliver’s teeth clenched. It had been a while since he had flexed his muscles!

Jonathan turned around, continuing to carry Angela. As he passed Axel, he casually instructed, "Keep an eye on the situation."

Axel smiled slightly. "Don't worry. I've got this."

Jonathan departed with Angela in his arms.

Axel narrowed his eyes, then turned to one of his men beside him and said in a gentle tone,

Take Miss Turner and the others back."

As soon as they left, the door to the private room was shut. After that, came the sound of agonizing screams from inside.

Jessica and Cassie exchanged glances.

Despite being relatively close to the private room, the sounds of distress that traveled through the door indicated that the people inside were being severely beaten.

"Serves them right!" Jessica had experienced kidnapping since she was young and had been kidnapped with Angela before. She was no stranger to such situations.

It was a rare experience for Cassie and Sarah to witness firsthand the common occurrence of fighting and brawling.

Soon, the manager, who had been waiting outside, found out about what had transpired inside and couldn't help but smile bitterly.

This club belonged to the Sims family, but he never expected that the person Howard had. offended was Jonathan.

Who was Jonathan? With just a snap of his fingers, he could stop the entire Sims Corporation from operation, let alone a mere manager like him.

He lowered his head, looking on the floor. If he couldn't continue working here, where would he go?

Jonathan's men who were escorting Jessica and the others out walked with them until they were safely in the car before turning back.

"Where are we headed?" Sarah couldn't help but ask in the car, the nervousness from earlier now dissipated.

"I don't know." Jessica shook her head, looking indifferent. "Anyway, Jonathan will take care of everything for us."

Although she had encountered Jonathan several times before, he always seemed distant and aloof, but his demeanor tonight was truly intimidating.

The car drove for about half an hour before coming to a stop. Upon hopping off the car, Jessica and the others realized they were at a private hospital.

At the entrance, medical staff were already waiting to greet them. "Miss Turner, hello. Mr. Lawson has instructed us to conduct a full body check-up for you."

"What about Angela Jessica blurted. Noticing the confusion on the faces of the medical staff. she quickly corrected herself. "I mean. Mrs. Lawson Did Mr. Lawson arrive with a young

woman?"

The medical staff nodded. With a pleasant demeanor, he answered, "Yes, Mrs. Lawson was sent for further examination. You can rest assured.

Jessica and the others felt relieved.

They were still a bit shaken by the events of the night. If Jonathan hadn't arrived in time, they would have been in serious trouble.

Thinking about this, Jessica felt a twinge of guilt. It was all her fault for suggesting a club experience and nearly causing trouble.

Angela, who shared the same sentiments, was also blaming herself. If she hadn't insisted on taking the lead, she wouldn't have caused trouble for Jessica and the others.

She looked up at Jonathan, who was conversing with the doctor.

He was truly furious!

Chapter 256 Yes, Rely On Me

Angela's full-body examination was completed. Although the report was pending, the doctor concluded that there were no major issues, aside from the visible slap mark on the face.

As a precaution, he suggested that Angela stay a night in the hospital.

After the doctor left, Jonathan sat by the bedside. He gazed at Angela like she was a child who had erred, and gently inquired, "Are you still in pain?"

The side of her face that had been struck was swollen, and Angela felt a burning sensation.

She shook her head, her voice soft as she answered, "It's much better after I applied the prescribed medication. Now, it's just a little uncomfortable."

Tenderly, Jonathan stroked her head. "Then, rest well."

As he rose to leave, she caught his sleeve and stopped him. He turned back, asking softly, "What's the matter?"

Angela bit her lip, gazing up earnestly. "Are you upset?" She spoke slowly, perhaps to prevent worsening her injury.

Each word was uttered gently, yet they tugged at Jonathan's heart. He settled back down, clasping her hand. "Yeah."

"I'm sorry." Angela lowered her gaze, her tone sincere. "I didn't intend to cause trouble. I felt compelled to assist Sarah to prevent..."

Potential assault.

Although she could have turned a blind eye, witnessing the situation compelled her to act.

She understood that self-preservation was key after her rebirth, yet her innate kindness prevented her from standing idly by.

Jonathan's gaze was profound as he gently remarked, "I'm not upset because you helped others and got into trouble."

Angela raised her eyes, puzzled. "Then... is it because I lack intelligence? Or that I couldn't defend myself but acted impulsively?"

In retrospect, she was somewhat fearful. She had consumed a bit too much alcohol at the time, leading to her actions.

Primarily, she assumed that being in a reputable club would mitigate any potential issues, never anticipating Howard's blatant disregard for rules.

Jonathan shook his head once more, a slight furrow in his brow, before stating. "Cassie reached out to me for assistance.

Finally, Angela knew why Jonathan showed up.

didn't. His eyes held a hint of reproach. "As your husband, am I not someone you

"But you can rely on?"

Others sought his aid in times of peril, so why didn't Angela?

Taken aback, she asked, "Are you upset because of this?"

Was he upset because she failed to seek his help? But they were only allies.

If it were another matter, it would be acceptable, but burdening Jonathan, who was

preoccupied with important affairs, with her impulsive actions seemed unjustifiable. He was incredibly busy.

Jonathan remained silent, his expression somewhat uneasy. If he admitted it. he would seem

petty.

Observing his demeanor, Angela felt as though she had stumbled upon a revelation.

Then, she recalled his ailment. She mustn't allow him to dwell on it.

Her heartbeat quickened, and—taking advantage of her status as a patient—she blurted, "Jonathan, does this mean I can depend on you in the future? For anything at all?

“If you agree, don’t find it bothersome moving forward. I’m thick–skin you, it’s challenging to shake me off. So, consider it carefully.”

I’m stuck on

Angela’s voice was clear and slightly jubilant as she gazed intently at him, determined to

receive an answer.

Slowly, a smile spread across Jonathan’s face, and he looked pleased. He wanted to reach out and pinch her face, but remembering her injury, he gently stroked her uninjured cheek instead. “Yes, you can rely on me.”

Then, he added, “For anything.”

Angela was delighted, grinning foolishly. She momentarily forgot about her injury, only remembering when she moved and felt the pain.

She gave Jonathan a gentle smile. “A gentleman’s promise is not to be broken?”

After their agreement, Jonathan turned to deal with the remaining matters. He had someone inform Jessica and the others, and they hurried over.

Among them, Sarah was the most seriously injured. The doctor advised her not to move, but she still came to thank Angela.

Seeing her, Angela quickly got out of bed. “Sarah, what are you doing? Even if you want to thank me you don’t need to do it right now. If you want to repay me, take care of your injuries properly”

Howard did not hold back. Just by looking at the slap he gave her, Angela could feel it, not to mention Sarah, who had taken several slaps from him, and even punches and kicks.

Although Angela was a bit annoyed, her words were filled with concern, and Sarah understood.

But if she didn't come to check Angela's condition with her own eyes tonight, she was afraid she wouldn't be able to sleep well.

In her usual gentle demeanor, Sarah said, "It's nothing. I'll live."

Angela sighed. When she first met Sarah, she thought her gentle demeanor was just like Fanny's, so she didn't like her at first.

After finding out that she was James' lover but still had Yusof running around for her, Angela's dislike for her grew.

But later on, during Sarah's father's illness, Sarah's reminders to her, and what she heard from other classmates, Angela knew that Sarah's gentleness was genuine and different from Fanny's pretentiousness.

That was why she helped out at the club.

"Cassie, what is Howard Sim's background, exactly?" Jessica was very curious at the moment. "He's really out of control."

There were quite a few scions in Riverdon who were spoiled, but someone like Howard, who acted like a feudal lord and disregarded the law, was really rare.

Most people who did dirty things did it in secret. No matter how vicious they were in private, they always maintained a reasonable appearance in public. It was really rare to see someone like Howard, openly displaying such foolish behavior.

Was he trying to test the law?

Cassie frowned, thinking for a moment. "I'm not sure about the specifics. I just heard about him once...

The other three leaned in, listening attentively..

Meanwhile, Jonathan had just left the hospital when he received a call from Axel. "Boss."

"Speak."

"Howard Sim's left foot and right hand are broken, just like three of his ribs. It's hard to say about other injuries, though. Oliver has a temper, so he might have been a bit too harsh. The others who were involved are in a similar state, but we didn't use much force on those who were just watching."

Jonathan remained silent, listening to Axel's report without a word.

Chapter 257 Apologize to Mrs Lawson

Since Howard was injured and taken to the hospital, it naturally prompted his family to be notified.

His parents, Ethan Sims and Violet Cromwell, hurried to the hospital and were devastated when they saw Howard covered in bandages.

"Which b*stard dared to harm my son like this?! I want their entire family to suffer, Violet wailed bitterly, her face filled with anger.

Curses echoed in the ward.

Meanwhile, two of Howard's friends, who sustained the most minor injuries, stood aside timidly.

They wanted to step forward and persuade Violet not to make such threats, for not only did they fear the person who had wounded Howard, but they also had to suppress their anger even after getting assaulted.

At that time, they and the other party fought in the private room after the man left.

Accurately speaking, they were the only ones getting beaten as they had no chance to fight back when faced with those intimidating individuals.

In pain, they tried to intimidate the other party by mentioning their fathers' names, as Howard did. However, those people remained unfazed.

Later, that particular non-participant, who had been observing the fight from the side, intervened and instructed the group to stop before casually leaving a remark. "The one who attacked you is Jonathan

Lawson. Confront him if you have any issues."

With that, the group departed gracefully.

When the club's security personnel arrived, Howard and his friends were all lying on the ground and didn't dare to make a sound.

Someone suggested calling the police, but a friend stopped them. "You might have a death wish, but I don't. It's Jonathan Lawson. He is formidable. Even if you guys have the guts to provoke him, that doesn't mean I am. So, count me out if you want to involve the police."

Upon hearing Jonathan's name, the crowd started discussing him. Only then did they discover that he was the head of both the Sanders Family and the Lawson Family.

According to the rumors, he was ruthless and had high social status. To succeed in Riverdon, one had to not only follow the city law but also adhere to Jonathan's rules.

Furthermore, they heard that he was so cold-hearted that he even showed no respect to his own father.

In addition, rumors had it that his influence was vast, and whoever crossed him would face

severe consequences,

Apart from these, they also heard that he was ill and confined to a wheelchair. Yet, the man who had entered the room earlier clearly had both legs intact.

But since Jonathan maintained a low profile and rarely appeared in public, they couldn't confirm the rumors either. Moreover, there were no photos of him in the news, newspapers, or online.

Thus, someone from the group braved it and contacted their father to

inquire about Jonathan's information. However, he received a scolding saying that Jonathan's affairs weren't something he and his friends should delve into.

Their father also added that it would surely lead to trouble if Jonathan discovered this and thought they were attempting to uncover his privacy.

Upon hearing that, Howard and his friends assumed that what the individual said earlier must be true.

After all, in Riverdon, impersonating Jonathan was akin to inviting trouble.

Although they weren't entirely certain, they firmly believed the individual's words.

"Tell me who did this?" Violet, who was exhausted from crying, immediately grabbed one of Howard's acquaintances by the collar to interrogate him.

When the man saw this, he sighed inwardly. I am already injured. My head is so much dizzy. I'm merely here to assist with Howard's care.

He struggled to free himself from Violet's grasp. Then, he took a few steps back before stating without hesitation, "The person who attacked him claimed to be Jonathan Lawson."

His words took Violet aback.

Even though she was a housewife, her family was involved in business. Therefore, she was familiar with Jonathan's name.

Trembling, she asked for confirmation, "Is what you're saying true?"

The man nodded. "That's what the other party said."

Although there was a ninety-nine percent likelihood, there was still a one percent chance that it wasn't true.

Therefore, he refrained from affirming it completely.

"W—Why would Jonathan attack Howard?" Ethan also approached the man. He found it slightly hard to believe.

Jonathan is the most prominent figure in Riverdon. Howard may be a rogue sometimes, but that does it have to do with him?

The man gulped and explained hesitantly, "H—Howard made a move on Jonathan's chick."

At once, Ethan widened his eyes in shock. "What?!"

Then, he sat down heavily in the chair.

He, who initially felt sorry for his son, immediately became furious. At this moment, he wished he could drag Howard off the bed and beat him again.

Pointing at Howard, he exclaimed, "What a useless son!"

Violet was displeased. "How can you scold your own son like that? Besides, must Jonathan make such a big fuss? It's just a woman. What's the big deal?"

The others couldn't comment.

To them, women were merely objects to be pampered and traded among themselves, and making a fuss over a woman seemed unnecessary.

However, considering it was Jonathan that they were dealing with, they had no choice but to bear the consequences if he wanted to make a fuss over this issue.

Ethan glared at Violet. "What do you know?"

Even if a woman is considered an object, she symbolizes esteem when belonging to Jonathan.

By making a move on his woman, Howard was throwing a direct insult to Jonathan, so he should be taught a lesson. It's just that....

Thinking of this, Ethan glanced at Howard, who was still unconscious. He, too, felt that Jonathan had gone a bit too far with the assault.

Nevertheless, he still needed to find a way to resolve the situation. Otherwise, the Sims Family's future would surely be doomed.

Therefore, Ethan used his connections and managed to contact Jonathan. Following Jonathan's instructions, Axel stated coldly. "Your son must come to the Lawson Residence to apologize to Mrs. Lawson."

Ethan was surprised. Then, he summoned his courage and asked for confirmation, "M—Mrs. Lawson?"

Hadn't they mentioned Howard had made advances toward Jonathan's chick?

Axel's tone carried a hint of gloat as he elaborated, "Yes. Your son sure is one daredevil. Mr. Lawson values his wife greatly. I can't believe your son would make a move on her so boldly. If it weren't out of respect for you, whether your son would be alive is uncertain."

Of course, this was merely a warning from Axel.

Mr. Lawson has always been a law-abiding citizen. Even if he had some tricks up his sleeves when dealing with affairs, he would never break the law.

Ethan hung up the phone, feeling disheartened.

No wonder Jonathan was so enraged.

That woman wasn't just any woman. She is Jonathan's wife!

Jonathan is married?!

Ethan hurried to the hospital. Violet was feeding Howard chicken soup slowly when he barged into the ward furiously. "Howard, get ready to follow me to the Lawson Residence. tomorrow and apologize to that woman."

Howard was confused. "Dad, what are you talking about? By the way, have you use those who attacked me? When you catch them, I'll deal with them myself once I've recovered. How dare those rascals treat me like--"

Slap!

The more Ethan listened, the angrier he became. As a result, he slapped Howard hard in the face before he could finish speaking.

Looking at his father in disbelief, Howard asked, "Dad, what are you doing?"

Violet, too, was upset. She even nearly spilled the chicken soup. "What are you doing? Take it

easy. She's just a woman. Geez! What is Jonathan thinking? He can have any woman he desires, so why make a fuss over this particular woman

Jonathan? Which Jonathan?" Howard looked puzzled.

Earlier, he whined about his grievances to Violet when he woke up. As for Violet, she avoided mentioning anything about Jonathan to allow her son to recover peacefully.

While pointing at Howard shakily, Ethan elaborated, "Do you know who he has offended? That woman isn't just any random woman! She is Jonathan's wife!"

Chapter 258 Are You Being Serious?

Violet was dumbfounded.

She found it somewhat hard to believe,

Even though I don't usually pay much attention to business affairs, how could a prominent figure in Riverton like Jonathan get married without anyone knowing?

Just as she was about to speak, Howard bluntly asked, "Dad, are you being serious? You... didn't get deceived, did you?"

Howard furrowed his brows and looked at Ethan with suspicion.

Despite his lack of knowledge in certain areas, he could still differentiate between important and trivial matters.

He knew very well who Jonathan was. His father often cautioned him to be careful, warning him not to offend anyone connected to Jonathan as there would be severe consequences.

Although Jonathan kept a low profile and was mysterious, Howard was still aware of whether he was married or not. After all, Jonathan's marriage was such a piece of headline-worthy news.

Clutching his chest, Ethan was almost breathless while pointing at Howard. "Y-You-"

After a long pause, he was still unable to utter a word.

Realizing her husband's genuine anger, Violet also felt a sense of panic. She hurried over to calm him down. "Is what you're saying true? Did Howard truly offend... Jonathan's wife?"

With pain written all over his face, Ethan retrieved a pill from his pocket and swallowed it with the aid of the cup of water handed to him by Violet. Only then did he start to feel some relief.

Precisely thanks to the pill, Ethan gradually calmed down. "Axel confirmed it himself. He is Jonathan's trusted associate, so it must be true."

Besides, Jonathan isn't one to engage in frivolous activities.

At this moment, Howard finally realized the severity of the situation.

So, the man who had appeared that night was indeed Jonathan!

He broke out in a cold sweat and attempted to sit beside Ethan. But as he lifted his foot, he realized his bone was fractured. His action caused him to grimace in pain.

While reprimanding him, Violet anxiously inquired, "So, what do we do now?"

Will Jonathan bring ruin to our family?

Ethan took a deep breath. With his voice carrying a hint of relief, he added, "Thankfully, the Lawson Family doesn't intend to wipe us out. They purely made one request."

Gazing sternly at Howard, he continued, "You simply need to apologize to Mrs. Lawson."

Howard somewhat hesitated when he heard that. "Are you asking me to apologize to that woman?"

Well, Jonathan is undoubtedly influential. So, I won't think twice if Dad asks me to apologize to him.

But asking me to apologize to the woman who had struck me on the head?

I don't think I'm down for it.

Yes, she is a beauty. But she is also pretty feisty. I doubt Jonathan will truly be attracted to someone like her.

After contemplating momentarily, Howard suggested, "Dad, you should verify further. What is her background? Who are her family members? You must find out all these."

Ethan glared at Howard, his anger evident. "Why are you concerned about her background? Regardless, she is now married to Jonathan--"

But then again, it's not confirmed. After all, there has been no news of Jonathan's marriage.

After a moment of thought, Ethan issued a direct order. "Regardless of the circumstances. Jonathan now admits she is his wife. You must apologize!"

Howard pursed his lips, fully expressing his reluctance. However, he somewhat crumbled when he met his father's gaze filled with murderous intent.

Powerless, he glanced at Violet. His tone was tinged with a hint of pleading. "Mom..."

Just as Violet was about to interject to persuade him, Ethan waved his hand decisively. "It's settled then. If you refuse to apologize, then so be it. But you will no longer be a part

of the Sims Family. I cannot let the company our family has painstakingly built to be ruined because of you."

Despite being the sole heir and current head of the company, he wasn't the Sims Family's only member.

Other than him, there were so many directors and members. Therefore, he couldn't do much to help Howard.

Ethan was extremely annoyed as he looked at his son, who was always causing trouble and achieving nothing. He left immediately after speaking.

"Mom..." Howard's expression turned ghastly. "Is Dad..."

Having married Ethan for decades, Violet naturally could sense that his words just now weren't mere threats. The entire Sims Family will face difficulties in the future if Howard indeed has offended Jonathan completely.

Therefore, she gently began to persuade Howard to apologize.

Howard also realized that the situation was irreversible. Therefore, he could only reluctantly

agree.

Outside the Lawson Residence, a gray-blue van gradually pulled up. Ethan was the first to step out, followed by Howard, who still bore bruises on his face while sitting in a wheelchair.

The last to emerge was Violet, who carried bags of gifts.

These items were all of designer brands and hard to come by. Violet gazed at these gifts with a pained expression before mustering the courage to follow Ethan and Howard into the Lawson Residence.

The atmosphere in the Lawson Residence was eerily quiet, and there were only a few servants around. After being escorted to the living room, Ethan and his family were first greeted by a lean man with a robust build who was devouring his meal.

“M—Mr. Lawson.” Ethan tentatively greeted.

The man, who was initially dining, glanced up. His gaze immediately turned sharp when he saw the visitors.

Ethan was stunned.

This guy is Jonathan Lawson?

You’ve got to be kidding me,

The individual who holds the fate of the Sanders Family and the Lawson Family in his hands actually appears so unassuming?!

As expected, appearances can be deceptive.

With this thought in mind, Ethan's simile grew even more genuine. "Mr. Lawson, my son is here. Please feel free to deal with him as you wish."

Ethan stepped back, revealing Howard in the wheelchair with a sorrowful expression.

Upon catching sight of the man's silhouette, he involuntarily recoiled.

Isn't this the man responsible for my current state?

Then, he overheard another man with a sly grin refer to the man as Oliver.

I don't know if Jonathan is intimidating, but this man before me is undoubtedly ferocious.

Howard nervously gulped before managing to force out a smile. "Um... about that... I...

Under Oliver's scrutiny, Howard's mind went blank. He was completely unsure of what to say or what he intended to say.

After finishing his meal, Oliver rose abruptly. His voice sounded gruff as he instructed. "Wait here!"

With that, he hurried upstairs.

Ethan appeared puzzled. What is he up to?

Oliver had gone to fetch Jonathan. As Jonathan descended the stairs hand in hand with Angela, his icy and stern aura made Ethan realize his earlier misjudgment

Despite my decades of experience in the business world, I can't believe I would make such hasty assumptions.

Ethan felt a twinge of shame.

But since no one else noticed, he figured it didn't matter.

Meanwhile, Angela tried to free herself from Jonathan's grasp. However, she could only give

after several failed attempts.

up

Upon seeing the real Jonathan, Ethan approached and said, "My apologies, Mrs. Lawson. It was my lack of supervision that led to my son causing harm to you. Rest assured. I have brought him here today to offer his apology. You may decide what action to take."

Looking at the man in his fifties or sixties deeply expressing his apology to her, Angela involuntarily let out a soft sigh.

Chapter 259 An Apology Doesn't Quite Cut It

Jonathan had gotten used to such situations. Sitting casually on the sofa with Angela, he simply cast a cold glance at Ethan and his family without saying a word.

Furrowing her brows, Angela shifted her gaze to Howard. "Mr. Sims, your son was the one who made a mistake, not you. You don't need to do this."

Mr. Sims is innocent. The one who started a feud with me was Howard. At least for now, I harbor no ill will toward the other members of the Sims Family.

Upon hearing that, Ethan eased up a little. Mrs. Lawson appears youthful, so she should be approachable.

With this thought in mind, he nudged Howard forward. "Howard, apologize to Mrs. Lawson."

Although Howard was reluctant, he knew he had to express plenty of sincerity now that he was here. Hence, with a somewhat courteous tone, he said, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have hit you that day."

Angela raised an eyebrow, for his apology seemed insincere to her.

At this moment, Violet took the opportunity to present the gifts they brought. "Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, these are the small token of our appreciation. Please accept them."

After placing the gifts, Violet stole several regretful glances at them.

Of course, Angela noticed all these subtle gestures.

How interesting. Why bother coming here to apologize if they are so reluctant to give me these gifts?

Moreover, gifts blind the eyes.

Well—I have no use for these expensive yet merely for show gifts.

Angela shook her head, her voice still sounding gentle. "I don't need these. You can take them. back."

Despite feeling pleased, Violet somewhat awkwardly expressed. "Oh, we can't do that. Mrs. Lawson, what would you like? We can figure out something else."

At once, Ethan glanced at the shallow-minded Violet. However, he couldn't do much as now was truly not the right time. Otherwise, he would have scolded her without hesitation.

Since the family business was already declining when I married Violet, she naturally endured numerous derisions and mockery. So, despite our family's growing wealth, she still can't change the things that give her a sense of pride.

In fact, she is slightly frugal.

Angela shook her head. "I insist. I don't need it."

As she spoke, she turned to Howard. "Are you sure you're genuinely here to apologize today? If not, please leave. Our time is valuable."

She grew impatient with Howard's lack of sincerity, especially since Jonathan had her back.

Upon seeing Angela becoming visibly upset, Ethan angrily smacked Howard's head. "You ungrateful child! Apologize properly!"

Even though Howard felt frustrated, he eventually obliged, "I truly am here to express my sincere apology. I'm sorry. I deeply regret my actions. How can I make it right?"

Since Angela wasn't one to hold a grudge, she stated plainly, "Some damage cannot be undone with mere apologies. However, I wasn't greatly affected. The one truly hurt was Sarah.

Howard's expression turned perplexed. Slightly panicked, he asked, "What's the matter? Do you want me to apologize to her as well?"

Angela's gaze turned icy. With a hint of a chilling smile on her face, she remarked, "An apology doesn't quite cut it, does it?"

Chapter 260 What Is The Plot Again?

Howard frowned, glancing at Angela's smile with a sense of unease. His words stumbled a bit. "What do you

want?'

Angela snorted, "Don't worry, I'm not as shameless as you. My request is simple and within your capabilities."

Ethan nervously wiped the sweat from his forehead and quickly interjected. "Mrs. Lawson, please proceed."

"Firstly, you need to cover the medical expenses. The rest of us are fine, just a bit shaken, but Sarah was seriously hurt. She won't be able to work during her recovery, so the Sims Family should take responsibility," Angela stated calmly.

Ethan nodded. "Of course."

"Then..." Angela paused before continuing, "If Sarah wishes to continue working at the club, you must not take the opportunity to retaliate against her or discriminate against her. If I find anything inappropriate..."

"Of course." Ethan hastily agreed before Angela could finish. "That's only fair. It's all because of this unfilial son of mine who caused all this trouble."

It was just a job. If they didn't hire Sarah, they would find someone else. These requests were not unreasonable.

Ethan suddenly realized that Mrs. Lawson was indeed young, kind, and very reasonable in her approach, standing her ground even when justified. If not for Jonathan's protection, she might have faced more trouble.

Angela was pleased with Ethan's response. But when she glanced at Howard, impatience flickered in her eyes.

Her expression darkened as she continued, "Lastly, I hope Mr. Howard sincerely apologizes to me and my friends at the club in front of his friends. Especially..."

"Sarah."

Angela emphasized the name.

Everything happened because Howard disrespected Sarah and tried to harass her.

Ethan didn't immediately agree to this request.

He looked at his son. Howard was agitated. "No. If you want money, just say it directly. If it's not enough, we can take more. Why bother with all this?"

Will I still have a place in society if I do this?

Apologizing to Angela is trivial. No one will dare mock me at the Sanders Mansion or the club, even if I

1. do.

But what about Sarah!

Aside from her looks, what is her background?

I can't even successfully flirt with a woman, and I end up being beaten. And now. I hav

that woman?

If word gets out to those who don't usually associate with me, I'm a laughingstock for life.

No.

I would rather spend more money than lose face like this.

bow down to

At this moment, Violet also spoke up to support her son, "Exactly. Mrs. Lawson, you can inquire about... the girl's compensation. Any amount is acceptable. As for a public apology, let's forget about it."

Angela's expression darkened, showing some displeasure.

At this moment, Jonathan coldly snorted, furrowing his brows. "Do you think the Sims Family has too much money?"

His tone was light, but it weighed heavily on Ethan.

Ethan hurriedly clarified, "No. Mr. Lawson, you misunderstand. We..."

"Or maybe Mrs. Sims has a different perspective," Angela interjected with a hint of coldness. "But I wonder how much the Sims Family is willing to offer?"

Violet was taken aback, instinctively seeking confirmation from Jonathan to decipher Angela's sincerity or sarcasm.

Jonathan raised an eyebrow, remaining silent.

Angela had signaled to him earlier, and he understood her intentions.

However, Angela had never been overly concerned about money.

Why is she suddenly relenting?

What is she planning?

But, regardless of Angela's wishes, he would support her unconditionally.

With this in mind, Jonathan's expression darkened again, masking his emotions.

Angela looked at Ethan pleasantly and asked, "I wonder how much the Sims Family truly values their apology?"

Violet's eyes flickered as she stated a figure directly.

Angela's expression turned cold, and she spoke with some displeasure. "It appears that Howard's apology is only worth this much. Well, let him apologize. It will bring closure to everyone."

Ethan quickly rectified, "No. The fault lies with our son. Mrs. Lawson, please do not be upset.

and your friends. Regardless of the This time, our son crossed a line, causing harm to you compensation amount, we are willing to provide it."

Angela nodded, looking at him with a happy expression. "Indeed. When one makes a mistake, they naturally have to pay the price. If Mr. Sims' son is willing to sacrifice his dignity for this sum of money, he does not need to pay naturally. But if not, it's only fair to buy back his dignity with money."

Ethan nodded in agreement.

After some consideration, he gritted his teeth and started a figure.

He winced at the sum.

Although the Sims Family was affluent, it was still a substantial amount tek part with.

She looked at Ethan with a smile, her eyes full of amusement. Despite giving birth to an unsuccessful son, he was still a figure to be reckoned with. However, she wasn't trying to

extort money from the Sims family. She just wanted to teach them a lesson.

Angela pressed down on the amount, saying leisurely, "I'll only take what my friends deserve. I won't take a single extra penny."

Ethan felt relieved, acknowledging Angela's fairness.

At that moment, he comprehended why Jonathan had chosen to marry such an unconventional woman.

After the Sims family left, Angela gazed at Jonathan with a hint of curiosity, feeling slightly uneasy. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Jonathan smiled warmly. "You didn't seek an apology from Howard. You simply wanted them to compensate. Is it for Sarah?"

Angela looked at him, admiration evident on her face. "How did you know?"

Jonathan slowly raised the corner of his lips, appearing pleased. "For you, money isn't important, especially when it comes in this way. You wouldn't take it."

"Jessica and Cassie were not severely injured and did not need money. If it were them, they would likely prefer to tarnish Howard rather than accept the comp. Jonathan's reasoning was clear and logical. "You mentioned earlier that Sarah assisted you.

And since she works at the club, it indicates she's short of money and was the most severely injured."

Angela nodded in agreement, expressing admiration. "Jonathan, you truly have a keen insight. I indeed requested compensation for Sarah, as her father is unwell and she may be struggling financially."

A substantial sum of money was undeniably more practical than Howard's superficial apology

Furthermore, this wasn't extortion. It was rightfully claimed compensation for mental anguish.

She believed that Sarah wouldn't refuse.

Indeed, Sarah graciously accepted, expressing heartfelt gratitude toward Angela.

She would not take money that was not rightfully hers, such as borrowing from James or Yusof, as she had her dignity.

However, she would not feign refusal for money that was rightfully owed to her.

Recognizing Angela's genuine desire to assist her and not needing money, she hypocritically offered to share the money with Angela.

Sarah stated solemnly, "I may not be able to repay you now. If you ever need me, I will be there."

This was her promise.

She made this vow because she understood that Angela was unlike Fanny, who lacked

boundaries.

Angela's willingness to help her despite the risks made her recognize Angela as a compassionate individual.

After bidding farewell, they each departed.

Unbeknownst to them, not far away. Fanny and Christopher were enjoying a date,

They sat by the window on the second floor of the tea house.

From there, they could see Riverdon's famous Lake Cladra. Under the sunlight, the lake's surface ripples slightly, shining with golden light, and the location is prime real estate, hence

the name.

There were handsome men and beautiful women rowing on the lake. Although they couldn't see clearly from afar, Christopher could sense the sweetness between those young couples.

Once, he and Fanny also had such moments.

"Christopher." Fanny's gentle voice came. "What's wrong with you today? Why do troubled? Is there something bothering you?"

you

look so

Christopher snapped out of his reverie and glanced at Fanny before turning away. "Nothing."

Fanny's expression froze.

Christopher had always been warm toward her, but his attitude just now was noticeably colder.

Fanny felt a little sad in her heart. Her eyes grew misty. "Christopher, do you also despise me now? But I'm fine now. It's all rumors. I'm innocent."

Listening to Fanny's words, Christopher felt very uncomfortable but couldn't confide his dilemma to others.

If he hadn't promised to break off the engagement, how could his father have helped Fanny?

Since his father showed him the result and for Fanny's sake, he had to break off the engagement. As his father said, if he could make Fanny clear of any wrongdoing, he could also make her sink into the mud.

He had no choice but to obey his father's words until he had enough power.

He looked serious, his expression very solemn. "Fanny, we..."

His throat was a little dry, and he simply said the rest of the words. "Let's... break off the engagement."

"What?"

It was as if a thunderbolt exploded in Fanny's mind.

Her mind went blank at that moment, and tears kept falling uncontrollably.

These were real tears, not an act to gain sympathy,

Fanny asked in disbelief, "What did you say? Cancel the engagement?"

As the words left his mouth, Christopher felt as if a thousand-pound burden had been lifted from his shoulders.

He nodded, his expression serious. "Yes."

After speaking, he stood up, unwilling to linger any longer.

He couldn't bear to see Fanny cry. He was afraid he might soften. Everything he was doing now was for Fanny's good. If he stayed any longer, he might ruin everything.

He had no choice but to let Fanny be sad.

Sadness would eventually pass, but her future life might be bleak if she fell into a quagmire.

But Fanny wasn't going to let him go that easily.

She stood before Christopher, her eyes red like a rabbit's, her demeanor no longer as fragile as before. She looked at him with resentment. "Give me a reason."

Christopher moved his lips but said nothing, choosing to leave all the same.