

Serve NOTL 331

Chapter 331 She Still Couldn't Accept It

Remembering Jonathan's miserable condition, Daniel couldn't help but sigh.

When Jonathan asked him not to tell Angela at that time, he remained silent.

He wouldn't inform Angela, but deep down, he hoped that she would find out and be able to help.

Angela, a descendant of a renowned acupuncturist, possessed exceptional medical talent. Given Jonathan's peculiar illness, her assistance could greatly benefit his recovery.

Upon hearing Daniel's account, Angela stood frozen in shock. She had assumed Jonathan only injured his left arm, unaware of the extent of his injuries.

No wonder he had refused her offer of acupuncture on his leg again.

*Please elaborate on the situation from that day," Angela requested, seeking to understand the injuries Jonathan had sustained.

Their conversation continued, while on the other side, Yaxley waited in the hospital lobby after bringing the unconscious person for treatment.

"The patient fainted but has received IV fluids and should regain consciousness soon," a nurse informed Yaxley before leading him to the ward.

The hospital was small with basic facilities, chosen for its proximity. In the emergency ward, several beds were empty, while others were occupied by patients receiving intravenous drips.

"You're awake," the nurse said as she guided Yaxley to the corner bed, where the patient was stirring.

Upon closer inspection, Yaxley noticed the patient's attractive appearance, albeit slightly pale. While she typically paid little attention to physical beauty, the person before she caught her

eye.

As the nurse attended to the patient, she mentioned, "Once the IV is complete, you may leave. Feel free to talk while I attend to other tasks."

After the nurse departed, the patient timidly asked, "Am I in the hospital?"

This was obviously a rhetorical question, but Yaxley patiently gave an answer.

"Yes." After responding and rubbing his temples, Yaxley asked with concern, "Are you feeling

uncomfortable anywhere?"

The nurse had checked her basic condition before leaving, and she hadn't even expressed basic concern. Yaxley noticed that her complexion was abnormally pale, so he asked to ease the atmosphere.

As soon as he said that, Yaxley felt a bit uncomfortable.

He usually wouldn't say such things, nor was he the kind of person who could say such things.

Just a little dizzy." Fanny lay on the hospital bed, still not fully awake, staring blankly at Yaxley.

Fanny only remembered that it was raining after she came out of the rental house. At first, the rain wasn't heavy, and she didn't mind. Getting a little wet in the rain helped her stay calm when she was in

a bad mood.

But as the rain got heavier, her mood also became lower. She was crossing the road in the rain when a bright light flashed, and then she fell to the ground.

When she woke up again, she was in a hospital.

“Dizzy? It could be from waking up suddenly,” Yaxley suggested, inquiring. “Do you feel any discomfort anywhere?”

Fanny attempted to move her limbs and sit up on the bed.

As she tried to push herself up, Yaxley quickly reached out to support her.

“Be careful. You’re on IV. Yaxley cautioned as he helped her sit up.

With his assistance, Fanny sat up and softly expressed her gratitude. “Thank you.”

“No need to thank me. If you’re not seriously injured, I’ll take my leave,” Yaxley said, checking the time.

It was getting late, and this unexpected incident had eaten into his rest time significantly.

“Please wait.” Fanny feared he would leave without a word, so she grabbed his hand and hastily asked, “Did you save me? I can’t let you cover the medical expenses. I’ll reimburse you.”

She felt compelled to keep him around, not just to repay him but also because she felt a sense of familiarity with him, though she couldn’t place where.

“In fact, you fainted in front of my car. I happened to be passing by and brought you to the hospital. I’ve already taken care of the medical bills, so you need not worry about that,” Yaxley explained matter-of-factly.

Fanny bit her lip, met Yaxley's gaze, and inquired. "Can I have your contact information?"

Fanny bit her lip, met Yaxley's gaze, and asked, 'Can I have your contact information?'

She still didn't want to give up and wanted to get Yaxley's contact information.

Having a keen eye for social status, Fanny was convinced that Yaxley came from a better background than Christopher.

The thought of Christopher made Fanny uneasy.

Politely declining Fanny's request, Yaxley stated, "I don't think it's necessary."

Though he found Fanny attractive, he admired her from a distance and had no intentions of further acquaintance. His focus was on his research and studies at the moment.

"But..." Fanny hesitated.

Ever since learning that Christopher was in Northland and actively dating, Fanny couldn't shake off her restlessness.

Feeling unsettled, she subconsciously sought out someone superior to Christopher.

"If you're feeling better, I'll take my leave," Yaxley said.

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Dealing with family matters earlier had left him drained, and he longed to return to his hotel room for some peace and quiet.

"I'm fine. Thank you," Fanny replied as Yaxley departed.

After Yaxley left, Fanny realized she had been away from the villa for too long and worried that Dylan might be upset.

Unable to find her phone, she borrowed one to inform Dylan of the accident and her plan to return in the morning.

Pleased with Fanny's softened demeanor, Dylan mentioned taking her to a dinner party that evening before ending the call.

Thinking of Christopher, Fanny accepted Dylan's invitation without hesitation.

Chapter 332 She's Not Angry

She was still upset that Yaxley left the hospital without much concern for the accident and drove straight back to the hotel.

Upon parking the car in the hotel garage, a ringtone suddenly emanated from the back seat. of the car.

Yaxley's hand paused on the door handle as he turned to see a small phone lying on the back. seat. Furrowing his brows, he picked up the phone and answered after a moment of contemplation..

"Hello, is this the person who found my phone?" came a cautious and weak voice of a young girl from the other end.

Yaxley recognized her as the person he had dropped off at the hospital earlier and replied. directly, "Yes, I'm the one who dropped you off at the hospital. Your phone was left in my car. It must have fallen out when I lifted you into the car, and I didn't notice when I dropped you

off."

He explained in as few words as possible, and Fanny, on the other end, breathed a sigh of relief after listening.

She then asked, "Can I come over to pick it up?"

"Sure," he replied, feeling a bit tired. He gave her the name and room number of the hotel. before adding, "Just go to the front desk and give them the room number. They'll hand over the phone to you."
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He had no intention of meeting Fanny again and planned to leave the phone at the front desk for her to pick up at her convenience.

After a brief acknowledgment from Fanny, he hung up the phone.

After handing the phone over to the front desk, Yaxley returned to the hotel to freshen up.

Meanwhile, after hanging up on Daniel's call, Angela went back to the room.

Jonathan had put a lot of effort into it, and every detail of the small building was arranged nicely. There were even clothes in the wardrobe suitable for them to wear.

However, instead of going straight to freshen up, she sat on the bed waiting for him.

As soon as he entered the room and saw her sitting there, he asked with confusion, "Why haven't you gone to freshen up yet?"

He thought she would do as usual and freshen up at this time, so he wanted to change into that piece of clothing and deal with the bruises on his body.

Angela quietly looked at him and suddenly asked, "Apart from the injury on your left hand, do you feel pain anywhere else?"

Jonathan's eyelids twitched, and he asked, "Did Daniel tell you?"

This might be self-incrimination, but with Angela probing this far, he didn't have a chance to keep hiding.

"I asked him." She walked up to him, helped him out of his clothes, and continued, "Your condition is more serious than I imagined."

Jonathan responded lightly, "It's nothing."

Angela didn't respond to his words. She just silently removed his coat and then his shirt.

The shirt he was wearing today was dark-colored, so the bandages underneath weren't visible. when he had it on.

But as soon as his shirt was off, the bandages on his body were exposed before the both of them.

His injury was caused by a small knife with varying depths. After being bandaged all day and then applying medicine to hide it from Angela, it had turned somewhat pale..

Angela calmly took the medical kit and continued to treat his wounds without saying a word during the whole process.

Jonathan knew she was angry again.

Throughout the evening, she glanced at him with worry several times because of his wounds, a mix of seriousness and caring in her expression.

As time passed slowly, neither of them spoke, and the entire room was devoid of any sound except for the occasional noise from Angela, who tended to Jonathan's wounds.

In the quiet room, even the sound of their breathing could be heard. Angela's expression was very solemn, but the atmosphere was not heavy.

Jonathan observed Angela, noting her complete absorption in carefully tending to his

wounds, and softly remarked, "It doesn't hurt. You don't have to be so gentle."

Upon hearing this, Angela couldn't help but feel a bit frustrated. She pressed the healing powder on a wound and raised her eyes to look at him. "Does it hurt?"

Of course, it hurts. Jonathan's expression remained unfazed, though. He said, "It's fine."

Angela didn't say anything more, nor did she also didn't continue to press him with force.

When Angela finished cleaning and treating all the wounds on Jonathan's upper body, applying the medicine and bandaging them, beads of sweat formed on her forehead.

Jonathan was about to put on his clothes when she stopped him and asked, "Did you injure your leg?"

Having witnessed his state during moments of self-harm, she knew this time the wounds were more severe than before, and she guessed his leg probably hadn't escaped unscathed. either.

She had seen him in his state of self-harm before, and this time, the injuries were more severe than last time. She suspected that his leg had also not escaped unscathed.

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Just a little," he replied. "I can take care of it myself."

Angela sighed. "Are you too embarrassed to let me help, Jonathan?"

Jonathan was taken aback. He thought that she was still angry, but he didn't expect her to suddenly call him by his first name.

Does this mean she's no longer angry?

"Aren't you angry anymore?" he couldn't help but ask.

Jonathan cared deeply about Angela. As such, he wanted to eliminate any negative emotions. she might have and cherished every positive emotion she displayed..

"I'm not angry," Angela replied. She had stopped being angry with him halfway through treating his wounds. Even if she was initially upset, it was more directed at herself.

Seeing his wounds and the pain he was in stirred up feelings of heartache within her.

But even though she was hurting inside, she had to suppress it. She wanted him to remember that he couldn't keep things like this from her in the future..

She was his legal wife, and she had the right to know what was going on with him.

As Angela naturally assumed the role of being his partner, she felt a slight warmth creeping onto her cheeks, but she quickly suppressed it.

Jonathan breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing her response.

However, Angela insisted, "Let me see the injury on your leg, and we'll take care of it together."

Having already shared intimate moments with him, nothing was embarrassing about this for her. Moreover, she needed to examine the wound to determine if acupuncture was suitable for him.

Without much hesitation, he agreed to her suggestion.

While the injury on his leg wasn't severe, it didn't take long for Angela's treatment to heal it. His main concern was not wanting her to worry about his leg acting up again, so he hesitated

to let her see it.

Angela diligently tended to the wound on his leg, then took Jonathan to the bathroom to clean the unaffected areas.

She treated him with the care of a nurse and didn't feel embarrassed as she tended to his body during the treatment.

However, once they were in the bathroom, the atmosphere inexplicably shifted.

She cleaned up thoroughly, and in the end, she also joined in, with Jonathan—apologizing as a reason to undress her and take a bath together.

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After leaving the bathroom, Angela couldn't help but succumb to Jonathan's advances, allowing him to half-carry her to bed.

The bedside light was turned off, and Angela was a little cautious while lying on the big bed. that was the same as the one at Springgate Estates.

Especially when she sensed his intentions and certain thoughts were stirred within her, she found herself having to take the lead, all because she didn't want his wounds to reopen and bleed too much.

"Angela, you're amazing," Jonathan's deep, magnetic voice whispered in her ear, causing her to feel like her ears were burning.

The night unfolded endlessly, with warmth spreading throughout the room.

Chapter 333 Keeping a Watchful Eye

Yaxley had just finished his night routine and was preparing to settle in for the night at Northland Hotel. Suddenly, an irregular knocking sounded on his door.

He wasn't in the best mood, but he got up to open the door, only to find Mobius standing outside, who was also not looking too pleased.

"What are you doing here?" Yaxley asked bluntly.

Mobius handed him a gift box. "Just bringing you something. Here."

Yaxley glanced at the gift box that was stuffed into his hand. He didn't even have the interest to open it. He frowned and was about to close the door.

But Mobius blocked the doorway. "Hold on. When I was coming up, I saw a woman at the front desk asking for your room number. She's quite attractive. Who is she?"

It was just a casual question from Mobius, who had just finished a gathering with some friends and happened to swing by the hotel to drop off a gift for Yaxley. However, as he passed by the front desk, he overheard a conversation between Fanny and the receptionist.

When Fanny mentioned Yaxley's room number, Mobius instinctively slowed his pace and eavesdropped for a few extra words.

He was particularly familiar with Yaxley's room number because this hotel was jointly operated by his family and the Collier Family, with his family holding the main management rights. Yaxley's room was the one his family had long reserved for him.

"I don't know her." Yaxley wasn't interested in answering Mobius' questions and casually wanted to close the door.

Mobius didn't press further. He just leaned against the door and said, "I heard that Tyler is targeting you. You didn't attend their welcome banquet."

"I don't care." Yaxley didn't have much of an impression of Tyler. If he hadn't seen him a couple of days ago, he might have asked who Tyler was when Mobius mentioned him.

"Anyway, let him scheme. But tomorrow, I'm organizing a gathering, and you must come."

Yaxley coldly refused, "I'm busy tomorrow."

"What about the day after tomorrow?" Mobius asked persistently.

"Are you that idle?" Yaxley was getting impatient. Being disturbed during his rest would make him tired tomorrow, and he was starting to feel angry.

Mobius raised his hands in surrender. "Not really. But since you've finally returned to Northland, we should get together."

Yaxley glanced at him inexplicably and finally said, "We'll see."

For Mobius' sake, he could still accommodate. Among the numerous aristocratic offspring in Northland, he was closer to Mobius. He could decline his invitation once, but it wouldn't be appropriate to refuse repeatedly.

Seeing him finally relent, Mobius said, "How about the day after tomorrow? If it's settled, then you must come."

After he spoke, he didn't linger to disturb Yaxley any further and turned to leave.

Outside the hotel, after Fanny received her phone back, she hesitated about whether to go to the corresponding room number to thank the person who saved her.

Most importantly, she wanted to get to know him. Although he appeared aloof and unapproachable, he was actually a more suitable match than Christopher.

Fanny had been brought to Northland by George, expecting help from Dylan and wholehearted dedication from Christopher, but the former had impure intentions, and the latter was distracted.

Now, she felt almost entirely alone.

Before Fanny could make sense of her hesitation, a voice came from behind her, "It's you?"

She turned around to see a stranger's face and asked in confusion, "Do you know me?"

Mobius smiled gentlemanly and politely responded, "I'm a friend of Yaxley. Weren't you just at the front desk, inquiring about his room number and picking something up?"

He was just passing by at the time, only overhearing Fanny report the room number, and then the front desk retrieved something for her, but he didn't see what it was exactly.

Although Yaxley said he wasn't familiar with Fanny, he didn't believe it.

Yarley.

Fanny silently repeated this name in her mind, then bit her lip and looked at Mobius. "Yes, is he asleep? I want to thank him, but I'm afraid of disturbing him."

Mobius looked at her and said regretfully, "He's asleep, and I—advise you not to disturb him at

this time.”

Seeing Fanny bow her head low, he added, “But I can exchange contact information with you. We have a gathering the day after tomorrow. Would you like to come?”

Fanny was pleasantly surprised for a moment. Although she didn’t understand why Mobius did this, she still exchanged contact information with him.

Under the cover of night, Fanny returned to the villa, which Dylan had prepared for her. The latter had already left, but she still felt uneasy.

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The next day was a relatively leisurely weekend for most people.

Jonathan was still busy, and Angela was worried about him, so she accompanied him to the company.

However, she didn’t stay with the company long before receiving a call from Yaxley.

At noon, Angela saw Yaxley downstairs at Jonathan’s company.

He was accompanied by a young girl who was quite excited to see Angela. Before Yaxley could speak, the girl ran up to Angela and introduced herself.

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It turned out that this was the person Angela had saved in Riverdon before, and she was also Yaxley’s sister.

“What a coincidence,” Angela exclaimed after Ava thanked her several times and gift.

gave

her a

They hadn't been chatting with Angela for too long when she mentioned taking her leave. Ava clearly wasn't ready to part ways yet; even though she exchanged contact information with Angela, she was still reluctant to leave.

Yaxley simply whisked her away.

After Angela went upstairs, Jonathan asked, "What did Yaxley want with you? Don't you take a break from your project on weekends?"

Angela shook her head and explained, "It's not about the project. It's Yaxley's sister. She came

to thank me,"

She placed the gift in front of Jonathan and briefly recounted the incident of saving Ava in Riverdon.

Jonathan understood and didn't ask any further questions.

"There's a bidding banquet tonight. Will you accompany me?" Jonathan asked Angela.

Angela looked at him and asked, "Can you not go?"

Jonathan seemed hesitant for a moment before saying, "I can't."

His trip to Northland was partly for Angela and partly for his company's expansion.

The banquet tonight was a great opportunity to meet people, and he didn't want to miss it.

"I'll keep an eye on you. Your injury hasn't healed yet. I'll change

the end of work." Angela said as she went to check the medical kit in Jonathan's office.

kit in Jonathan's office.

If the things were not prepared well enough, she had to make up for it before that.

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Jonathan chuckled, knowing that Angela had agreed.

"Well, you better keep a close eye on me then. His voice echoed behind Angela as she focused on checking the medical kit, not turning around.

As they grew accustomed to this relaxed way of being together, they also became more intuitive with each other.

After instructing someone to prepare their attire, Jonathan went back to attending to his

tasks.

As the end of the workday approached, Angela changed his bandages once, ensuring that his wound was improving before securely wrapping it up.

Both of them wore the outfits sent by their assistants and headed to the banquet hall.

Chapter 334 Why Not Believe in Superstition?

The night scene in Northland had always been magnificent.

Angela followed alongside Jonathan as they entered the banquet hall.

It wasn't her first time attending such an event; she had accompanied him to similar ones in Riverdon before. But this time, it was clearly different in Northland.

After the two of them appeared, not many people glanced their way. Occasionally, a few would look over, but after seeing them, they didn't react much.

It's a different experience indeed, Angela thought to herself as she linked arms with Jonathan.

Jonathan remained composed as ever and led Angela to sit down on the side.

Tonight's banquet was a bidding banquet, but Jonathan wasn't particularly interested in the bidding, so he didn't even bring his assistant.

Just as they sat down, Angela saw a familiar figure.

"Why is she here?" She frowned as she looked toward the distant figure of Fanny, who was being embraced by a slightly rotund man, her smile appearing very insincere.

Jonathan followed Angela's gaze and saw Fanny with the man beside her.

"The man beside her seems to be Dylan Leigh, the CEO of Leigh Group."

After arriving in Northland, he didn't take over all the affairs of the branch, but he had the employees of the branch compile information on the part of the company in Northland.

These days, he was setting policies and also getting to know the situation in Northland.

Angela whispered, "It's fine. Just ignore her."

She did indeed harbor some resentment toward Fanny, but as long as Fanny didn't bother her, she didn't intend to seek her out.

However, Fanny unexpectedly appeared in Northland. Could it be that she was following Christopher?

Before Angela's confusion could be resolved, Fanny brought Dylan over.

"Angela, I didn't expect you to come to this banquet too!" Fanny's face was filled with joy, and

she spoke with an especially tender and coquettish tone as if they

Angela frowned at her and did not respond to her words.

were the best of sisters.

Dylan also smiled and said to Angela, "So, you're Angela. What a coincidence."

Angela, with a hint of sarcasm, asked, "And who might you be?"

Dylan's expression stiffened momentarily as he took a moment to compose himself before speaking, "I'm a friend of your dad's. Fanny calls me Mr. Leigh, so it would be fitting for you. to address me the same way."

"Okay," Angela replied flatly.

Dylan was George's acquaintance, but their relationship was distant. Angela had long severed ties with the Kins Family.

If Dylan had approached her alone, she might have responded with more warmth. But with Fanny by his side, Angela really didn't have a good impression of him.

Though Dylan undoubtedly sensed Angela's indifference and coldness, he maintained a smile on his oily face. He took a glass of wine from the waiter's tray next to him and handed it to Angela.

"It's been years since I last saw your dad. Now that I see you, let's have a drink," he said.

Angela declined the wine and stared at him. "I don't drink."

Dylan paused momentarily, but instead of retracting the drink, he continued, "What about the gentleman beside you? He's your husband, right? I heard he's quite capable. Can he hold his liquor?"

"He can't either," Angela replied with a smile, taking the glass of wine and setting it aside.

Jonathan remained silent. This was Angela's territory domain, and he was merely sitting beside her. If she needed him to speak, he would. However, it was evident that Angela was determined to handle the situation herself. So, he observed the interaction between the two without responding, even when Dylan mentioned him, he didn't respond and appeared nonchalant and lazy..

"You..." Dylan's smile was starting to falter.

Angela quietly observed his performance.

In truth, she found herself more interested in watching Fanny's awkward antics than Dylan's.

After all, this was her first encounter with him, and she harbored no strong feelings toward him.

“Your sister said you were obedient, but I didn’t expect you to show no respect to your elders,” Dylan said to her in a calm tone, expressing his disappointment.

Angela remained expressionless, She didn’t care about his opinion of her, especially since he was George’s friend. He had likely heard negative things about her from George, so she wasn’t surprised..

Glancing briefly at Fanny, Angela caught a glimpse of her evasive eyes and casually remarked, “She’s not my sister, in case you didn’t know. Fanny has left the Kins Family and isn’t even listed in the Lynch Family’s household registration anymore.”

Angela herself was also not listed on the Kins Family’s household registration, but she saw no need to mention it at that moment. Whether Dylan was aware of this fact or not was irrelevant.

Fanny’s face briefly showed embarrassment, but being naturally adept at putting on a show, she quickly plastered on a smile and interjected, “Angela and I had some conflicts at home, and we haven’t reconciled yet. Mr. Leigh, shall we go over there? You mentioned meeting a friend, didn’t you?”

Dylan glanced at Angela once more before agreeing with Fanny’s suggestion, and the two of them departed.

Observing the two as they left, Jonathan remained silent, while Angela couldn’t understand. Fanny’s behavior.

She couldn’t understand why Fanny insisted on approaching her. Every time she did, it ended in a lesson learned.

But why won’t she learn from her mistakes?

“I didn’t realize George had connections in Northland,” Angela said with a smile tinged with a hint of disdain.

She felt no respect for George; mentioning his name directly made her feel a bit disgusted.

The scandal involving Fanny and Christopher had caused quite a stir in Riverdon. Fanny should have been despised by everyone, but simply by changing locations, she managed to transform herself into someone of higher status.

This behavior irked Angela, causing her carefully cultivated composure to waver inexplicably.

“What’s wrong? Are you feeling unwell?” Jonathan asked as he noticed Angela holding her head. He gently massaged her temples in an attempt to alleviate her discomfort.

Shaking her head, Angela replied, “No, just feeling a bit nauseous. I’ll go to the restroom.”

She summarized her complex emotions after seeing Fanny as a feeling of disgust, which seemed reasonable.

Meanwhile, Dylan led Fanny to a secluded corner.

“So that’s Angela Kins, the one causing trouble for your family? She seems difficult to please, but I believe I can handle her,” Dylan remarked.

Fanny clenched her fists and didn’t bother to hide the hatred in her eyes as she pleaded, “It’s her. She’s the reason our family is in this situation. Mr. Leigh, you must help us.”

“Don’t worry, your dad entrusted me with this task, so I’ll definitely help. But you also need to make an effort yourself,” he said, touching her face as he gave an insincere smile.

Fanny shuddered involuntarily, feeling goosebumps rise on her skin, and asked, “So, what’s our next move? She didn’t even touch the drink we offered earlier...”

Chapter 335 I Have Nothing to Say to You

Dylan really didn’t like the way Fanny looked, so he interrupted her directly, saying, “It’s fine if she doesn’t drink alcohol. There are other ways!”

Previously, they had intended to toast Angela with a special kind of drink, but since she wasn't taking the bait, they had to come up with another plan.

Fanny looked at him with confusion and waited for him to continue.

With a sly smile, Dylan took a small bottle of perfume sample and said, "Spray this on yourself, then go talk to Angela and try to make her smell it as much as possible..."

Fanny hesitantly took the bottle of liquid, asking, "This won't harm me in any way, will it?"

She didn't completely believe him. After all, the way he looked at her from the beginning to now had always made her uncomfortable.

Dylan snorted. "Do you want to deal with her or not? This stuff was not easy for me to get. If you're not willing, then forget it; don't waste my stuff."

Hearing this, Fanny quickly responded, "I think I'll do it."

Upon seeing Dylan's expression relaxed, she continued, "Will this stuff make her dizzy?"

"Just this won't do, but don't worry, I'll bribe a couple more people to make her smell this bottle's fragrance again, and she'll be fine," he said smugly as he pulled out another bottle, causing Fanny to instinctively step back in alarm.

Ignoring her reaction, he continued, "You go ahead. After I make her faint, I will put her in

like." the room, and then you're free to make her embarrass herself however you

The last sentence was undoubtedly a huge temptation for her. She glanced anxiously at the bottle of liquid in his hand before leaving.

Upon seeing Angela heading to the bathroom, Fanny felt a surge of joy. She found a corner and dabbed some of the perfume Dylan had given her onto herself.

The liquid had only a faint scent, so faint that Fanny couldn't detect anything special about it except that it seemed a bit strange and unique.

She couldn't help but doubt whether what Dylan had said was true. Can this liquid really be effective?

When Angela emerged from the bathroom, she once again encountered the person who made her feel disgusted.

To make matters worse, not only was there a strong smell of perfume emanating from Fanny, but she also had a pitiful expression that made Angela even more repulsed.

The corridor was several meters wide, and Angela tried to bypass her, but Fanny blocked her way.

With a timid expression, the latter bit her lip and, as if she had resolved something in her mind, looked at Angela and asked, "Do you know why I came to Northland?"

Furrowing her brows, Angela gave her a cold glance and replied, "I'm not interested in knowing."

Her hard-earned relief from nausea quickly dissipated upon seeing Fanny again, making her feel nauseous and uncomfortable all over again.

Once again, she tried to bypass Fanny and leave, but the latter was relentless and even extended her arms to block her.

"Get lost. You smell awful," Angela said and stepped back in disgust.

The scent of perfume emanating from Fanny's body made her feel queasy. She couldn't help but suspect that the latter intentionally sprayed it to disgust her, especially since she hadn't noticed it before.

Angela just made a random guess, but she didn't expect that she actually guessed part of the truth.

There was a momentary stiffness in Fanny's expression. Although she didn't find the perfume unpleasant, the description of its effect by Dylan made her feel a bit disgusted.

But she didn't let Angela leave. Instead, she blocked her path with a grim expression on her face.

"Let's talk alone," Fanny said, trying to delay as much as possible to avoid Angela smelling the perfume on her.

Only in this way could she ensure that Dylan could successfully make the next move to capture Angela.

Fanny was going to teach Angela a lesson today!

Angela had embarrassed her more than once, so she wanted the former to pay the price and

teach her a lesson.

"Not interested, Angela said coldly while staring at her. "I don't think we have anything to talk about."

She couldn't shake the strange scent emanating from Fanny's body. After speaking, she even lifted her arm to cover her nose with the back of her hand.

Whether it was her imagination or not, she felt like just standing in the hallway with Fanny for a moment had left her smelling like the latter's perfume.

She discreetly took a step back.

“Why wouldn’t we have anything to talk about? I came to Northland just for you,” Fanny said, ignoring her action and softening her voice while looking mournful.

Angela slowed her breathing and did not bother to respond.

Fanny didn’t need her response and continued, “I told Father it was because of you that he ended up like this. He believed me and specifically sent me to Northland to bring you back.”

She said this in a plain tone, but there was a hint of satisfaction in her voice, unnoticed even by herself.

However, Angela could clearly sense her smug satisfaction. After realizing that pinching her nose didn’t have much effect, she coldly glanced over at her, saying, “Pah, do you think George believes you can

make me go back?”

They were both too confident.

Moreover, Fanny actually directly confronted her, which was simply a provocation.

Before Fanny could say anything else, Angela interrupted her, “Let’s end it here. Don’t provoke me anymore. I find it disgusting.”

With that, disregarding Fanny’s almost cracking facade, she walked straight past her toward the banquet hall.

Fanny wanted to stop her, but this time, Angela didn’t give her the chance. She bumped into the latter and fell to the ground.

Without looking back, Angela continued walking, so she didn’t see the smirk on Fanny’s face.

There weren't many people in the corridor. Fanny sat on the ground for a while and then realized her legs were a bit weak.

She wondered if it was just her imagination, but it seemed like there was a layer of sweat on her back.

After confirming that Angela had left, Fanny was about to get up from the ground when she heard a familiar voice and saw someone approaching her, "Did you fall?"

It was Yaxley, and next to him stood a girl. She looked very beautiful and was looking at Fanny curiously.

Fanny stared blankly at Yaxley and murmured, "I'm okay."

Despite her words, her slouched posture and slightly pallid complexion suggested otherwise.

Observing Fanny still seated on the ground, he approached to assist her; his expression filled with concern. "Are you feeling unwell?"

"No, I just accidentally fell." Fanny glanced furtively at the girl next to Yaxley as if trying to evade suspicion and attempted to push him away.

Yaxley released her hand naturally and inquired, "Do you need me to escort you to the lounge?"

After a moment's contemplation, she responded, "Yes, thank you."

Although she knew his name, she refrained from addressing him by it. After all, she had only learned his name from Mobius, and it was unlikely that Yaxley knew hers.

He hadn't even inquired about her name.

Chapter 336 She Couldn't Wait Any Longer

Fanny thought she would have to wait until tomorrow to see Yaxley at the gathering Mobius had organized. She didn't expect to run into him here.

Meeting Yaxley here was truly a pleasant surprise. Yaxley offered to take her to the lounge, which was a great opportunity.

However, it would have been better if there wasn't a woman by Yaxley's side.

Fanny's gaze casually swept over the young woman next to Yaxley. She had been affectionately holding onto Yaxley's arm earlier, and now she wasn't far from him.

Yaxley took Fanny to the lounge, with the woman following them.

"Thank you. I just need a rest. Fanny thanked Yaxley, then whispered, "My name is Fanny Kins. May I ask for your name?"

She had already learned Yaxley's name from Mobius, but she felt it wasn't formal enough.

She wanted Yaxley to tell her himself.

She had been in contact with Yaxley for a while now. The scent of perfume he smelled on her was even stronger than what Angela smelled on her. Now, all she had to do was have Dylan make Yaxley smell another scent, and she could even make something happen between her and Yaxley.

Just the thought of that possibility made Fanny's heart race.

She couldn't wait any longer.

“Fanny?” Yaxley looked at her in confusion, feeling that the name sounded somewhat familiar. Yet he didn’t dwell on it and instead introduced himself. “Yaxley Collier.”

Looking at Fanny’s pale face, he was about to say something, but suddenly his phone rang. He apologized before heading toward the lounge door.

Yaxley left the lounge to answer the phone.

Fanny looked at the girl who stayed in the lounge but didn’t say anything.

Suddenly, the girl took a step forward and asked curiously, “Aren’t you my brother’s friend? Why did you just introduce yourself now?”

Ava could clearly sense that Yaxley’s attitude toward Fanny was somewhat different. If it were another lady who had fallen to the ground, Yaxley might not necessarily have gone to help.

Yet, when Yaxley saw Fanny, he hesitated for a moment and then helped her up.

However, it was unreasonable for Fanny and Yaxley to have just exchanged names.

Upon hearing Ava’s address to Yaxley, Fanny paused for a moment before saying, “Your brother helped me.”

She had originally been thinking of how to get this girl to leave, but she hadn’t expected her to be Yaxley’s sister.

Ava exclaimed, “I see. By the way, you’re a Kins too. Are you from Riverdon?”

Upon hearing the word ‘too,’ Fanny instinctively frowned, but she still nodded. “Yes, I’m from Riverdon.

This was something she couldn't hide. The fact that she had just transferred to Northland was easily discovered with a little inquiry.

Ava was immediately excited when she heard a positive response and sat next to Fanny. At once, she was overwhelmed by Fanny's scent. She instinctively backed away.

"Do you know Angela Kins?" she asked.

Both of them had the surname Kins, and they were both from Riverdon. Ava was curious if they were relatives..

Fanny thought, I knew it. Yet, she still smiled and replied, "She's my sister."

She smiled gracefully, but deep down, she felt uncomfortable hearing Angela's name.

Ava wanted to say something, but Yaxley pushed open the door of the lounge. "Mr. Cole is here. You should go home now. He'll take you back first."

He was talking to Ava.

Ava pondered for a moment and suggested to Fanny, "Can I get your number?"

Fanny smiled and exchanged numbers with her, saving her name as Yaxley's sister.

Before departing with Ava, Yaxley advised Fanny to get some rest.

However, Fanny just bit her lip and left the lounge shortly after their departure.

She took the elevator straight up and stopped in front of a room in the hotel.

Upon entering the room, Fanny encountered Dylan, who inquired, "Did it go as planned?" Fanny nodded, then suddenly asked, "Mr. Leigh, do you know Yaxley? He smelled the scent.

on me."

Surprise flickered in Dylan's eyes. "You're acquainted with Yaxley?"

Originally, he intended to introduce Fanny to some affluent young men in Northland the

day and have her seduce someone. He didn't anticipate Fanny finding one on her own.

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"Has he left? Since he smelled the scent, you can keep him tonight." Dylan's eyes gleamed with scheming, yet they also held a sense of satisfaction.

Fanny could tell his intentions from his reaction. She heaved a sigh of relief. "He won't be leaving anytime soon."

After a few hushed conversations, Dylan summoned his men.

On the other side, after parting ways with Fanny, Angela encountered Jonathan.

"Feeling better?" Noticing Angela approaching him, Jonathan excused himself from the person he was conversing with and headed directly toward her.

Angela nodded. "Yeah. You carry on. I'll find a spot to wait for you."

She understood the purpose of Jonathan's attendance here today. She wasn't particularly interested in the banquet but was concerned about Jonathan's injury and wanted to be by his side.

Jonathan nodded and ensured she found a corner to sit in before continuing his conversation. with the other individual.

Angela sat on the couch, observing Jonathan for a moment with her chin resting on her hand. Just then, she felt a vibration from her bag and retrieved her phone.

Yaxley had messaged her about a project. After carefully reading it, she responded.

Mobius also messaged her, inviting her to a small gathering the next day—a welcome—back party for Yaxley.

Angela didn't give a definite answer at the moment, simply replying with a 'depends on the situation.'

As she was about to return her phone to her bag, a waiter passed by, and a peculiar fragrance wafted toward her. Angela felt a bit lightheaded, and the scene in front of her appeared to

blur.

Sensing something was amiss, Angela stood up sharply and tried to speak up. However, a waiter happened to pass by, blocking her from others.

Moments later, Angela was nowhere to be found on the couch.

Just as Jonathan finished speaking, he glanced at the couch in the corner and frowned.

Spotting the vacant couch, he swiftly scanned the area but couldn't locate Angela,

“Mr. Lawson? Is everything alright?” inquired the person he was conversing with.

Jonathan responded, "Something has come up. Excuse me for a moment?"

With that, he headed toward the corner and dialed Oliver.

Oliver was outside the hotel and had not yet entered, Jonathan needed him to confirm if Angela was among those leaving.

Meanwhile, he needed to review the surveillance footage to trace Angela's movements.

While Jonathan was searching for Angela, she had already lost consciousness.

Someone carried her and headed for the elevator, while another person followed as a lookout. Soon, they had transported her to a room.

Chapter 337 Do Me a Favor

After bidding farewell to Ava, Yaxley returned to the banquet at the Northland Hotel. The moment he entered the elevator, he noticed a waiter inside.

The waiter courteously stepped aside. Suddenly, Yaxley smelled a fragrance that made him feel lightheaded. He swayed and then collapsed to the floor.

Struggling to prop himself up on the elevator floor, he felt his head spinning and his body weakening.

"Sir, are you alright?" The waiter quickly approached, concerned about his well-being.

As the waiter drew nearer, the fragrance intensified, causing Yaxley to suddenly lose

consciousness.

Meanwhile, in a hotel room, Dylan ended the call with a smile and then turned to Fanny. "We got her. She's in the adjacent room. You have free rein to tarnish her image in any way you see fit."

A look of disbelief crossed Fanny's face as she nervously asked, "You really got her?"

She had longed to see Angela humiliated but had never achieved it. She never expected Dylan to pull it off.

"Arrange for someone else to be placed in her room. By tomorrow morning, I want her reputation destroyed." Fanny narrowed her eyes, exuding a particularly sinister and menacing aura.

She harbored even malicious intentions, but some schemes were simply unfeasible within this Northland Hotel.

Frowning, Dylan contemplated for a moment before suggesting, "It's not easy to find someone. Why not take some photos to blackmail her and keep her under control? If she refuses to comply, this method should suffice to teach her a lesson."

He had spent a considerable amount on drugs and sending people around. Since the waiter ushered Angela into an empty room, he could use the excuse of her being drunk or suddenly feeling unwell.

However, bringing in another individual proved challenging.

Reflecting on Fanny's senseless request, Dylan felt a surge of disdain.

She's not really smart.

Upon hearing Dylan's proposal, Fanny reluctantly asked, "We can only take photos? Is it because the drug is ineffective, and she will awaken soon?"

She deliberately provoked Dylan, and her doubt indeed worked.

“How could that be? The drug can keep her unconscious for several hours at least,” Dylan retorted.

Observing Fanny’s astonished expression, Dylan continued proudly, “I spared no expense to acquire these two types of drugs.”

Fanny didn’t want to waste this opportunity. “If she won’t wake up, why not arrange for

someone to enter?”

She wished she could pluck a homeless person off the street and toss them onto Angela’s bed. And that was exactly what she told Dylan.

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Unyielding, Dylan responded, “I cannot arrange for anyone else. If you wish to proceed, take charge of the arrangements yourself. Remember, there are surveillance cameras in this hotel. I paid for people to do things while avoiding surveillance.”

“Let’s take photos. Print them out and deliver them to me afterward.” Although reluctant, Fanny still compromised.

She sought to have leverage over Angela, ensuring the latter dared not act arrogantly in her presence.

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Dylan casually agreed, then pondered who would capture the photos.

The two waiters who had carried Angela to the room previously had departed immediately after dropping her off. Based on their prior conversation, they likely had no interest in this task.

Before Fanny could interject, Dylan’s phone rang once more.

He picked up the call, and a flicker of joy crossed his face as he listened to the voice on the other end.

Upon ending the call, before Fanny could inquire, Dylan eagerly spoke. "Yaxley has been handled and will be brought to this room shortly. You stay here. I will deal with Angela. I'll definitely teach her a lesson."

He finished speaking and left. His intentions couldn't be clearer.

He wanted Fanny to connect with Yaxley and also wanted her to behave obediently afterward.

Fanny wanted to ask more questions, but Dylan left without looking back.

She gritted her teeth but ultimately decided to stay and wait for Yaxley.

Fanny had only speculated that Yaxley's identity might not be simple, and she already wanted to connect with him. Now that she knew his identity from Dylan, she was even more unwilling to give up the opportunity to get him.

Soon, someone brought Yaxley to the bed and then left.

Fanny emerged from a hidden place, turned off the light by the bed, removed their clothes, and lay down next to Yaxley.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was denied access to the surveillance footage. The polite refusal from the front desk and the suggestion to call the police made his expression turn cold.

If he waited until the police arrived, things might have already reached a point of no return.

Even the pressure around him turned low. Jonathan dialed a phone number directly.

As soon as the call connected, a voice came through.

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“Why did you suddenly decide to contact me?” The man’s voice was clear and familiar, with at casual tone.

It was not quiet on his end, with the sounds of drinking and chatting, and even the background music could be heard clearly.

“Yarrison, do me a favor,” Jonathan said earnestly.

Yarrison Holland was surprised. He quickly got up and pushed away a glass of wine that was handed to him, then gestured for the other people to leave the table. “What’s wrong? What happened?”

When the noise died down on the other end, Jonathan first mentioned the name of the hotel, the banquet hall, and the time slot before continuing, “Help me hack into the surveillance to see where my woman has been taken.”

Sensing the urgency in Jonathan’s voice, Yarrison immediately became serious. “Wait a moment.”

After saying that, he went straight to the second floor of the villa.

He quickly hacked into the hotel’s surveillance. It didn’t take a minute before he reported a room number.

“It seems like she’s unconscious, and two waiters have taken her to this room.”

“Thank you.” Jonathan hung up the phone and immediately headed toward that room, not forgetting to inform Oliver on the way.

Oliver received Jonathan’s message and quickly arrived as well.

They didn’t have a room key. After knocking with no response, Oliver broke the door down at Jonathan’s command.

Dylan had just arrived on that floor, holding a room key and walking, when he suddenly heard a noise that startled him at the corner of the hallway.

Upon seeing Jonathan and Oliver, he immediately turned and walked away.

Since they had discovered Angela, it was too late for him to do anything now, as he would only expose himself.

After sneaking away, he lamented the waste of his drug. Suddenly, he thought about how Fanny had already slept with Yaxley, making today’s efforts not in vain.

After the door was broken down, Jonathan entered the room and saw Angela lying unconscious on the bed. He headed straight for her bedside.

Oliver stood guard at the door, blocking anyone who came to investigate from the next

room.

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“Angela?” Jonathan stood by the bed and called out.

Angela was lying on the bed. Her clothes were neatly arranged, and she appeared to be sleeping peacefully.

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He called out to her several times, but Angela did not respond.

Jonathan reached out and touched her forehead before gently picking her

1. up.

Carrying Angela out, Jonathan was followed closely by Oliver. The curious individual had already returned to their own room.

Chapter 338 Who Did It?

Angela awoke in Jonathan's embrace, feeling slightly disoriented and groggy.

"You're awake." Jonathan's voice came through. When Angela saw him, she realized she was being held in his arms.

Confused, Angela asked, "How did I fall asleep? Are we heading home?"

Her last memory was of sitting on the couch in a corner, watching Jonathan from afar. Then, she suddenly felt fatigued. She didn't know she had dozed off.

Jonathan frowned at her words. Recalling the previous events, he replied softly, "Yes, we're heading home now."

They entered the car. Oliver drove attentively while Jonathan settled Angela in the back seat beside him.

“Do you feel sick?” Jonathan asked with concern.

Angela was confused. It was just a brief nap. Why does he look so anxious? Did something happen?

“No, I just felt a bit dizzy earlier, but I’m fine now.” Angela rubbed her temples. Observing Jonathan’s persistent frown, she asked, “Did something happen?”

Jonathan sighed, about to explain, when suddenly his phone rang.

Without pressing for further details, Angela allowed him to answer the call.

Jonathan responded promptly, and the caller informed him, “I’ve sent the surveillance video to your email, along with a few key screenshots. Shall I proceed with investigating those two waiters?”

“Yes, please. We’ll discuss it later.” Jonathan hung up the call after that.

In an affluent district in Northland, Yarrison stared at his disconnected phone, feeling speechless.

He started investigating the bank accounts of the two waiters. Unfortunately, their accounts showed no recent suspicious transactions, suggesting that the individual behind it likely made cash payments.

Well, that didn’t make things any harder for him.

He swiftly accessed the surveillance system to check if the two men had engaged in any dubious activities previously. Yet not all areas of the hotel were under surveillance, rendering his search fruitless.

Reviewing the movements of the two men once more, Yarrison found no incriminating footage. He promptly forwarded the men’s information to Jonathan for further investigation.

As for the guest room, tracing it proved futile.

Since the room was designated by the banquet host for guests to rest, it was reasonable for a waiter to escort someone there.

“Why are you sneaking upstairs?” A voice interrupted Yarrison. “Are you trying to avoid drinking?”

Yarrison gazed at the speaker in disbelief. “Jon called me. Besides, I have a high alcohol tolerance. Why would I avoid drinking?”

“Jon? Why did he call you? Isn’t he in Riverdon?” The individual conversing with Yarrison seemed familiar with Jonathan. Though unsure of Jonathan’s recent whereabouts, he knew he was supposed to be in Riverdon.

Yarrison explained, “I just found out that he’s actually in Northland, and he requested a small favor from me.”

Recalling Jonathan’s concern for the woman, Yarrison suddenly recalled that Jonathan seemed to have gotten married before he returned to the country. Could that woman be his wife?

“What’s on your mind? Since he’s here, let’s meet another day. Come downstairs with me now. You haven’t finished your drink,” the man urged, leading Yarrison downstairs.

In the car, after ending the call, Jonathan examined the few images sent to him.

The more he scrutinized them, the darker his expression grew. Finally, he composed himself and disclosed to Angela, “You fainted earlier and were taken to a room.”

Startled, Angela asked, “Who did it?”

“Two waiters, but I’m not sure who instructed them. Let’s head home first. I’ll have someone look into this further,” Jonathan explained.

Fully alert now, Angela quickly assessed herself. When she found no discomfort, she asked, “Was it orchestrated by someone? But I don’t feel sick anywhere.”

She was worried that Jonathan had gotten it wrong.

“Take a look at this surveillance footage,” Jonathan said as he took out his phone, opened an email, and showed Angela.

After watching the footage, Angela suddenly understood why Jonathan suspected someone was behind it.

When those two individuals approached her, she suddenly fainted, which was quite abnormal.

“Who paid for the room they took me to? Investigating this may lead us to the person behind it.”

Angela felt a wave of fear. She had only been unconscious for 20 minutes. If it weren’t for Jonathan’s quick reaction, she might still be in that room.

“The room was prepared by the banquet host for the guests,” Yarrison explained it in the email. Since the waiters escorted Angela there, their only option now was to question them.

However, if they refused to admit being instructed by someone, there would be no other way.

“Oh, these two...” Angela said suddenly, “When they approached me, I caught a whiff of a distinct fragrance.”

“What kind of fragrance?” Jonathan asked.

Angela shook her head. “I’m not sure, but it made me feel sick.”

She had smelled various fragrances that night and couldn’t recall them at that moment.

Caressing her hair, Jonathan gently comforted her. “Let’s not dwell on it now. Let’s go home and rest. I will handle this.”

They quickly arrived home. Jonathan, concerned for Angela, called a doctor to examine her at home.

The doctor found nothing wrong, and Angela felt fine, so they freshened up and went to bed.

The next morning, Yaxley woke up with a slight headache, feeling as though he had slept uncomfortably.

As he opened his eyes, he was shocked by what he saw.

There was a woman in his arms with her face pressed against his chest, and both of them were unclothed.

In a daze, he pushed her away and woke her up.

With that push, Yaxley finally saw who it was.

It was Fanny.

Fanny woke up, looking disoriented. When she saw Yaxley in the same bed, she let out a scream and sat up sharply as though she were startled.

“W—Why are you in my room?” Her face flushed, and her eyes wide with shock as she covered herself with the blanket. Tears were streaming down her face.

Yaxley was taken aback by her tears, slowly regaining his senses.

Noticing that Fanny wasn’t wearing anything, he quickly averted his gaze.

“I don’t know,” he admitted. Despite his confusion, he assured her, “Don’t worry. I will take responsibility,”

Fanny continued to cry, but her sobs faded. She didn’t respond to Yaxley’s words. Instead, she observed him silently.

“How... I don’t even know your name. How can you take responsibility?” Fanny asked, wiping her tears. She noticed Yaxley’s avoidance and began to study him directly.

She was pleased with Yaxley’s reaction and even more satisfied with his background.

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Not only did she know Yaxley’s name, but she also learned about his family background from Dylan.

The Collier Family held a prominent position in the business community of Northland. She was determined to outshine Angela in this regard.

Chapter 339 Don’t Scare My Wife

Upon learning of Fanny's success, Dylan was filled with joy and eager to head straight to their room. However, he managed to compose himself just in time.

When Fanny inquired about Angela, he found himself at a loss for words.

Just as he was about to speak, Fanny whispered, "I need to go out. We'll talk later."

In the hotel room's bathroom, Fanny ended the call. She swiftly changed her clothes and took a deep breath at the door before going out.

"You..." Yaxley seemed bewildered despite their both being dressed neatly now.

Fanny teared up, gazing timidly at Yaxley as she said, "I'm going home. You should leave too. About last night..."

Before she could finish, Yaxley cut her off and abruptly asked, "Do you want to be in a relationship with me? One that leads to engagement."

Fanny was caught off guard by Yaxley's direct mention of engagement and immediate plans.

"If you're not interested, I can offer you other forms of compensation..." Yaxley said helplessly as he rubbed his temples.

He had inspected the room while Fanny was preparing, realizing that the room belonged to her, and he was the intruder.

He hadn't consumed much alcohol the previous night, but his memory seemed fragmented. He recalled leaving the hotel with Ava and returning to the banquet hall, but nothing beyond that.

He could delve into the events of the previous night later, However, the present situation demanded his attention.

Fanny bit her lip and asked, "Is it... acceptable?"

Fearing a hasty response from Yaxley, she couldn't help but inquire, "Regarding the engagement, do your family approve?"

Though Fanny spoke softly, Yaxley heard her clearly.

He furrowed his brow. Then, he pondered for a moment before replying, "It's fine. You needn't worry about them."

Fanny felt a sense of relief and nodded slightly as she softly responded, "Alright then."

"Allow me to formally introduce myself. I am Yaxley Collier," Yaxley suddenly started to introduce himself.

Fanny replied, "I'm Fanny Kins."

Upon hearing her name, Yaxley felt a sense of familiarity but refrained from asking, simply nodding and inquiring. "Shall I escort you home?"

The atmosphere between them was awkward, yet Fanny felt a sense of ease after nodding.

Despite Yaxley's high status and affluent background, she couldn't bring herself to develop feelings for him. Fortunately, Yaxley didn't seem to harbor any dislike toward her either.

As long as she remained by Yaxley's side, she could carve out a place for herself in Northland.

With divergent thoughts in their minds, the two calmly exited the hotel.

Meanwhile, Angela and Jonathan had just finished breakfast when an unexpected visitor arrived.

Yarrison smiled at Angela and inquired, "Jon, is this your wife, Angela? Hello, Angela."

The man beside Yarrison also addressed Angela as "Angela."

Angela was taken aback. It was the first time she had been referred to as such by Jonathan's friend. She felt slightly uneasy.

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Moreover, their scrutinizing gazes were a bit too conspicuous.

"Don't startle her," Jonathan interjected, standing between them and issuing a stern warning.

"Huh? We don't look frightening, so why would we scare her? Jon, please step aside and let me introduce myself to your wife," Yarrison insisted with a friendly demeanor.

Angela tugged at Jonathan's sleeve from behind and nodded at him.

"Hello, I'm Angela..." She leaned forward to introduce herself.

Yarrison promptly added, "Hello, Angela. I'm Yarrison Holland, and this is Spencer Lorenzo. We are Jon's friends..."

He introduced the man beside him as well. Spencer simply smiled and nodded, greeting Angela, "Hello, Angela."

"Hello, everyone," Angela responded with surprise, stealing a glance at Jonathan.

Jonathan suggested, "Let's come inside."

Upon entering the room, Yarrison's gaze wandered curiously. "You never gave me the chance. to see this house during the decorating process. Now that I'm finally taking it in, it has a distinct style that differs from those in Northland."

Jonathan held Angela's hand and casually replied to Yarrison, "Indeed, it is different."

The house bore a striking resemblance to Springgate Estates, adorned entirely in the distinctive style of Riverdon, which was naturally different from that of Northland.

Once they were all seated. Angela mentioned that she would go to the kitchen to prepare drinks and went straight in.

Recognizing that Jonathan's friends had likely sought him out for an important discussion, she decided not to linger and kept from being there any longer.

Yarrison waited until Angela left before bringing up the events of the previous night.

"I have asked them, but they remained tight-lipped. They adamantly denied acting on anyone's orders. According to them, they noticed the guest sleeping on the couch and were concerned about the guest catching a cold. So, they took the guest to the banquet-prepared. guest room," Yarrison reported, rolling his eyes in disbelief.

Although he had extracted this information during the interrogation, he didn't believe a word of it.

Under normal circumstances, they would have checked before taking the guest to the room. What he saw on the surveillance footage was not how it happened.

When those two took Angela to the room, they were extremely cautious, as if they were afraid of waking her up, sneaking around the whole time.

Jonathan expressed his gratitude, "Well, thanks to you for last night."

Had Yarrison not promptly accessed the surveillance and provided him with the room. number, he shuddered to think of the potential consequences from the previous night.

"By the way, is Angela alright? I reviewed the surveillance footage, and she unexpectedly passed out, which is quite concerning," Yarrison inquired.

Jonathan shook his head. "Angela is fine. The doctor didn't find anything wrong with her."

Worried about Angela's health, Jonathan had the doctor check her multiple times last night, even drawing blood for tests.

However, they would have to wait a few more days for the results.

Yarrison sighed and said, "In that case, I'm afraid we won't find out anything. You should be more careful with Angela from now on."

"I will." Jonathan nodded.

The events of last night had left him shaken. He had warned himself and instructed Oliver.

They would not give anyone a chance to take advantage of them again.

Seated beside Yarrison, Spencer observed the room with the same keen interest. Despite being an attentive listener to their conversation, he remained silent throughout.

After discussing the events of last night, Jonathan looked at Spencer and asked, "Aren't you busy lately? Why did you come with him?"

"I'm not busy," Spencer replied, lacking enthusiasm and sounding somewhat resigned.

Yarrison added, "He's not busy at all lately. He's rather idle now. We even had a drinking session last night, but unfortunately, we didn't know you were in Northland."

Jonathan raised an eyebrow in surprise and asked, "Did something happen?"

"My dad kicked me out, and the company doesn't need my help either." Spencer shrugged helplessly.

The circumstances surrounding Spencer's family were somewhat intricate, and Jonathan had heard about it before. However, he hadn't anticipated that things would escalate to such an

extent.

Spencer is currently being expelled from the Lorenzo Family. What could have happened to lead to such a significant problem?

Seeing Jonathan's concern, Spencer sighed and began to slowly explain.

Having already been briefed on Spencer's situation, Yarrison listened for a couple of sentences before growing bored and making his way to the kitchen to lend a hand.

Chapter 340 I Am Occupied, Let Him Go

As Angela brewed tea, the ongoing discussion outside caught her attention. Just as she pondered whether to step out or remain in, Yarrison entered the kitchen.

"Angela, is there anything I can help with?" Yarrison inquired.

Being acknowledged as Jonathan's wife made Angela feel slightly uneasy, but she chose not to say anything.

“I have prepared some tea. Shall we take it out now?” She suggested, concerned that she might not be suitable to overhear the conversation outside.

Yarrison picked up the tea and reassured, “Let’s go, Angela. They are not discussing anything significant.”

The affairs of the Lorenzo Family were not confidential. There was no need to conceal anything.

The two exited the kitchen one after the other. As Angela approached Jonathan, she observed Jonathan patting Spencer’s shoulder and heard him say, “You will accompany me to the company today, where I’ll have someone help you get acquainted.”

Spencer agreed, “Okay.”

“What? You’re joining Jon’s company so soon?” Yarrison couldn’t help but ask Spencer upon hearing this.

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Spencer replied, “Yes, I’ve been in a bit of a slump for a few days; it’s time to pull myself together.”

Seeing Angela emerge, Jonathan took her hand and inquired, “Will you accompany me to the company today?”

On the last day of the weekend, he didn’t want Angela to be alone, especially after the events. of the previous night; he couldn’t rest assured.

“I’ll go with you. Just to be cautious.” Since Yarrison and Spencer were present, Angela. refrained from mentioning Jonathan’s injury.

Jonathan nodded.

Yarrison departed as everyone went out. Jonathan explained to Angela in the back seat of the car that Spencer would assist at his company.

In regard to this matter, Angela merely listened without paying much attention. However, when Jonathan explained this to her, she found it quite intriguing.

Upon Spencer's arrival at the company, he immediately began working with Jonathan's subordinates while Angela remained in Jonathan's office, engrossed in reading.

She had a meeting scheduled with Yaxley later in the afternoon to discuss a topic, so she needed to organize everything beforehand.

During a quiet moment in the office, the assistant outside suddenly knocked on the door and entered.

"Mr. Lawson, there is someone outside looking for you, claiming to be your brother. The Northland branch staff were unfamiliar with Christopher and doubted his identity.

Upon hearing that Christopher was outside, Jonathan glanced at Angela and replied, "I'm occupied; ask him to leave."

Christopher had previously embarrassed himself in front of Angela, and his return raised suspicions. Is he planning to cause a scene once more?

Christopher might have had such intentions, but he wouldn't be given the opportunity.

Upon receiving Jonathan's directive, the assistant promptly went out to escort Christopher away.

Angela inquired, "Does he have anything important to convey?"

Jonathan responded, “What important matter could he possibly have? It’s best if he doesn’t stir up trouble.”

“True.” Recalling Christopher’s previous disruptive behavior, Angela chose not to dwell on the matter. After all, troublemakers remain bothersome regardless of the setting.

With no further conversation in the office, both of them focused on their respective tasks.

Meanwhile, outside the door. Upon hearing the assistant’s message, Christopher muttered to himself before departing.

If it weren’t for Michael urging him to apologize, he wouldn’t have dared to approach Jonathan. He had no desire to encounter Jonathan—much like a mouse avoiding a cat.

Compared to Michael, his fear of Jonathan was more pronounced.

As he left Jonathan’s company, Michael called.

Reluctant to answer but fearful of the consequences, he eventually picked up the call after a moment.

“Have you apologized to Jonathan?” Michael’s voice came through the phone, lacking softness and tinged with a hint of helplessness.

Christopher hesitated before saying, “No, he’s busy. He has no time to meet me.”

Upon hearing this, Michael didn’t bring it up again but instead said, “Then go visit the families I told you about. If they speak highly of you, you know what to do, right?”

“I...” Christopher began to protest, but Michael didn’t give him a chance to refuse. “What are you hesitating for? Go now!”

Christopher glanced at the hung-up phone, let out a bitter chuckle, and hailed a cab.

As the car drove toward the mall, he got out and saw a familiar figure.

“Fanny...” Christopher couldn’t believe his eyes as he watched Fanny in the distance. More importantly, Fanny was holding hands with someone.

He stood there dumbfounded until the two in front walked into a store, and he still hadn’t come back to his senses.

Fanny was led into the store by Yaxley, appearing extremely uncomfortable. Yaxley seemed stiff as well. But he didn’t release Fanny’s hand.

“What do yo

you

feel like eating? I’ll take you back after the meal,” Yaxley said.

Initially, Yaxley had planned to take Fanny straight home. However, upon leaving the hotel. Fanny suddenly expressed hunger, prompting him to suggest going out to eat.

Yaxley believed that since Fanny had accepted his engagement proposal, he should display a positive and attentive demeanor.

Therefore, despite mentioning taking Fanny out for a meal, he secretly entertained the thought of purchasing a gift for her.

He felt that they should go through the process like a normal couple.

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However, before they entered the mall, Yaxley felt that something was wrong. It wasn't until Fanny was almost knocked down by someone that he pulled her into his arms.

After that, he kept holding Fanny's hand without letting go.

"Just eat whatever," Fanny whispered.

She lowered her eyes, adopting a submissive posture, and spoke softly, as if a bit shy.

"How about Western food?" Yaxley asked.

Seeing Fanny nod, Yaxley took her to a Western restaurant.

He deliberately chose a private room to make Fanny feel more comfortable.

With fewer people around, Fanny did relax a lot.

Yaxley took a seat opposite Fanny, mindful not to startle her, and intentionally spoke in a low voice.
"Your name is Fanny. Can I call you Fanny?"

"M-Mr. Collier, you can call me anything," Fanny nodded, a hint of shyness in her response.

"Just call me Yaxley. Although what happened last night was an accident, I actually found you very attractive when I met you the day before yesterday." Yaxley carefully chose his words as he expressed his thoughts.

“Huh?” Fanny was stunned.

Yaxley repeated, That rainy night when I took you to the hospital.”

Upon first laying eyes on Fanny, he did find her to be distinctive. Not for any particular reason but simply because it had been a considerable amount of time since he had encountered someone and genuinely found them good-looking.

However, at that time, he was very tired and did not allow himself to have any extra thoughts.

Fanny’s shock was genuine; she stared at Yaxley in a daze.

“I—Is that so? I actually. she said softly, but only said half of it before her ears turned red. Then, she directly turned it into gratitude, “Yaxley, thank you for helping me.”

Yaxley just smiled and looked at her without saying anything else.

Just as the atmosphere between the two became ambiguous, a sudden knock on the door interrupted them.

Yaxley assumed it was a waiter about to enter. But before he could say anything, the door was pushed open.

“Fanny, who is he?” Christopher’s voice echoed at the door, his eyes reflecting puzzlement and confusion.