

Serve NOTL 381

Chapter 381 Apology Must Be Sincere

Christopher soon arrived at the bar where Jane was. Amidst the dim lighting and noisy music, he found Jane and Harley's booth. Wearing a mask, he clearly wasn't there to drink.

"Ms. Coolidge, Christopher apologized straightforwardly as soon as he saw Jane, "I was wrong before, and I'm here to apologize to you."

Jane, holding a drink, looked at him lazily and remained silent.

The noisy music and Jane's indifference made Christopher frown.

"Who apologizes like this? Don't you think it's insincere?" Harley stood up from the booth and taunted Christopher.

Christopher frowned at Harley, recognizing her as the one who had insulted him over the phone.

Harley glared back fearlessly. Noticing Christopher's mask, she remembered Jane mentioning how she had beaten him up and sneered, "What's with the mask? Are you hiding something?"

Feeling that staying would only increase his irritation, Christopher turned to leave.

Harley grabbed him. "Aren't you here to apologize? Are you thinking of leaving just like that?"

Jane stood up and added, "Right, I haven't even heard your apology yet."

Their booth was in a visible location, and when both stood up, they drew the attention of the neighboring booth.

Close by, several men surrounded a woman who was flamboyant and seductive, leisurely smoking, her gaze landing on Christopher.

“What are you looking at, Florence?” One man leaned in, following her gaze.

Florence casually said, “It’s too boring here, just watching a show to pass the time.”

The woman was Miss Florence Shelton from the Shelton Family who had returned to the country, but as soon as she came back, she found a place to meet a few friends at the bar.

She happened to see Christopher being harassed by Jane and Harley in the adjacent booth.

The man looked Christopher up and down, asking, “He’s not your type, is he?”

Florence looked at him speechlessly. “I don’t like this kind of person. I said I was just watching a show to pass the time. I bet a drink that he will end up kneeling down to apologize.”

The man looked over at Christopher, who was already coerced by Jane and Harley into drinking several glasses.

But Christopher’s drinking was comical, removing his mask to sip and then replacing it.

“Is it enough now? I’ve apologized and drank, Ms. Coolidge. Can we put the past behind us?” Christopher asked, struggling with the taste of the alcohol and the dizziness.

The three glasses of alcohol he had just drunk were not ordinary beer, but high-proof foreign liquor, but urged and coerced by Jane and Harley, he still drank it.

Christopher thought that after he had a drink, everything would be fine. However, he didn’t expect Harley to speak up again. “Take off your mask to drink. Who knows if you’re secretly pouring out the alcohol with half of your face covered?”

She lazily sat back on the booth sofa, pulling Jane to sit down with her, mocking Christopher who had just drank three glasses of wine in vain.

Christopher clenched his fist, but he held back.

“If I remove my mask and drink, will you forgive my past actions?” He asked, ignoring Harley and looking directly at Jane.

Jane shrugged. “It depends on your performance. Apologies must be sincere, you know?”

Feeling now amused rather than bored, Jane found playing with Christopher quite interesting.

“Alright,” Christopher said, and took off his mask.

He had been wearing a mask since being hit by Jane, but he knew that the mark on his face was not as noticeable as before.

Upon his reveal, Harley laughed, and chuckles also came from the neighboring booth.

Ignoring Harley’s mockery, Christopher glared fiercely at Florence in the next booth.

Florence, amused by his stare, felt a flicker of annoyance and said to her companion, “Looks like he really has to apologize on his knees.”

However, the apology was not for Jane, but for her.

The man understood Florence’s intent and signaled to the bartender.

A muscular bartender approached respectfully, receiving instructions to arrange a private room upstairs.

for them.

Florence gracefully stood up at the man's invitation, casting a glance at Christopher before heading upstairs.

Christopher, still trying to apologize to Jane, felt a cold shiver as if he had been scrutinized by a gaze, freezing him in place.

a venomous

Harley, noticing the adjacent booth emptying, didn't pay much attention to it. Instead, after Christopher finished his drink, she provocatively suggested. Your face looks a bit asymmetrical. To show your sincerity,

Why don't you slap yourself a few times to even it out?"

Christopher was immediately enraged, but before he could respond, a burly bouncer approached.

"Sir, a lady would like to have a word with you."

The appearance of the bartender puzzled Jane and the others.

But Christopher knew he couldn't stay at this table any longer. He had almost lost his temper with Harley and Jane just now

Since someone was looking for him, he took the opportunity to leave.

"Ms. Coolidge, someone is looking for me. I need to step away" With that, Christopher looked at the bartender and gestured for him to lead the way.

Seeing Christopher leave, Harley couldn't help but feel a bit regretful. "This guy really knows how to pretend. The bartender must be someone he arranged himself, right? He just doesn't want to be played by

Jane shrugged. "Who cares? We embarrassed him enough. Did you notice how wobbly his walk was?"

She didn't want to make Christopher too miserable, after all, she was still count him to deal with her
on family.

The two of them didn't stay long before leaving the bar.

They didn't know that after being led away by the bartender for a few steps, Christopher confirmed that Jane and Harley couldn't see him, and said to the bartender, "No need to show me the way; I don't want

see your miss

As he spoke, he tried to head toward the bar's exit but was unexpectedly lifted by the bartender.

"My miss wants to see you; you don't have a choice," the bartender said, then lifted him up to the second floor as if he were carrying a child.

Having consumed several drinks, Christopher felt groggy and unable to free himself.

After being carried for a while, he was seemingly thrown to the ground.

"Is this guy drunk? Wasn't he just glaring at me?" Florence remarked disdainfully, kicking the prostrate Christopher and then stepping on his hand, waking him with the pain..

This sudden jolt sobered Christopher considerably, and the nausea from the alcohol surged, leading him to vomit directly onto Florence's shoes, causing her to step back in disgust.

“D“mn it! Wake him up!”

Enraged by the mess on her shoes, she wanted Christopher to pay.

He was dragged to the restroom and doused with cold water.

“Cough cough cough- Christopher, drenched in cold water, looked disheveled and somewhat more SOBER.

Chapter 382 Offended The Shelton Family

After the cold water treatment, the person who had doused Christopher stopped the water and dragged him out. When he was thrown in front of Florence again, Christopher shouted in pain and anger, “Who are you? What do you want?”

1. id. “Weren’t

Florence kicked him and, seeing that he stopped howling, you glaring at me just now?”

Pain from the kick silenced Christopher. Under the dim light, he looked up and finally recognized Florence’s face.

“You... you were

seated at the adjacent table earlie

The alcohol was rinsed away by the cold water, and he recollected that Florence was the woman who sat at the table beside Jane and Harley.

When Jane and Harley were taunting him, this woman even ridiculed him!

It was her laughter that had provoked him to glare at her. Little did he know that such a trivial action would lead to him being dragged here.

“It seems you remember, Florence said nonchalantly, then turned to her bodyguards. “He’s been so rude. Aren’t you going to teach him a lesson for me?”

The bodyguards, recently assigned to her, were ready to take action. Without getting her hands dirty, she let them handle Christopher.

As soon as she finished speaking, the bodyguards in black attire unhesitatingly delivered forceful blows to Christopher.

“Ugh-

Caught off guard, he was overwhelmed by pain before realizing these men intended to beat him severely.

“You dare to hit me? I’ll call the police! If I do, you’ll all be arrested!”

His threats were ignored by the assailants, but Florence found his mention of the police amusing.

“Don’t worry, you can call the police after we’re done beating you.”

Her brazen attitude sent chills down Christopher’s spine, intensifying his pain..

As the beating continued, despite the threat of police, Christopher begged for mercy, “Uh–It’s all at misunderstanding, I won’t call the police. Ah! I didn’t mean to glare at you, it was an accident!”

However, his pleas did not sway Florence, who indifferently sipped her drink, enjoying the sight of Christopher being pummeled.

He numbly curled up, shielding his head as he was struck, beseeching for mercy while enduring the blows, hoping that Florence would spare him.

After a while, the man with Florence expressed concern. "Don't kill him. I just took over this bar and haven't made back my investment yet."

Florence glanced at her friend and casually remarked, "He's so spineless, he probably can't take much more."

Observing Christopher's pitiful cries, the man agreed. "Right, he's already crying for mercy.

Florence shrugged indifferently. "Let him call someone then. It'll be more fun that way." Understanding her intent, the man resignedly smiled, got up, and went to relay the message.

"Hold off for now," he said, prompting the bodyguards to look at Florence.

With her nod. they ceased their assault,

The room quieted down, leaving only Christopher's moans of pain. The beating had stopped, but the agony lingered.

Christopher's howls of pain were grating to hear. Concerned that he might further irritate Florence, the man kicked him and growled, 'Shut the hell up.'

He trembled, gasped in pain, and quickly silenced himself.

After he quieted down, the

man approached him and asked, "Are you scared now?"

With a bruised face and trembling voice, he admitted, "Scared, very scared..."

He was terrified of this group; every part of his body ached.

If he could escape, he would immediately call the police to arrest these people.

"Scared and still not apologizing?" the man taunted, whispering in Christopher's car, "Still thinking of calling the police? Do you think that would help? You've offended Miss Florence of the Shelton Family: even the police would have to show respect to her,"

Christopher quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, it was my fault."

He didn't respond to the man's sarcasm, but inside, a storm was brewing.

Miss Florence Shelton? He had probably heard of the Shelton Family in Northland, knowing that they seemed to have connections in both the underworld and legitimate circles.

The person I had angered was the daughter of the Shelton Family?

The more he thought about it, the colder Christopher's heart became.

He could only bury his head and apologize, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I was wrong!"

This woman was not afraid of the police, and her methods were ruthless. Even if he were killed, the police might overlook the incident to favor the Shelton Family.

Bruised and bloodied, he looked pitiful as he cowered and apologized, feeling utterly humiliated inside.

“Call your family. An apology from you isn’t enough; your family needs to apologize too,” the man said, catching Florence’s bored glance and quickly getting to the point.

Christopher quickly found Jonathan’s number and dialed i

At that moment, Jonathan was working late at the office.

He was discussing cooperation with the Hayes Family with Spencer

Due to Angela being out for the test, Jonathan had decided to stay at the office for these two days instead of gone home.

Just as he was talking to Spencer, his phone suddenly rang

Jonathan glanced at his phone and saw Christopher’s name on the screen, instinctively furrowing his brows

Christopher Spencer happened to be beside him, catching a glimpse of his hesitation, and asked, “Aren’t you going to answer!”

Spencer felt that this name sounded familiar, and after a moment of thought, he remembered that this was Jonathan’s troublesome younger brother.

Spencer knew a bit about Jonathan’s family situation, but he didn’t know the specific relationship between Christopher and Jonathan

But seeing this incoming call, he instinctively felt that Christopher must have gotten into some trouble and needed Jonathan to clean up the mess.

Sensing trouble, he offered, “Shall I answer for you? I can say you’re busy.”

Jonathan was already busy enough with work, and he didn't want to see his friend troubled by more issues.

"I'll answer it, just give me a moment," Jonathan said, standing up and walking towards the window to answer the call

Spencer watched his friend's back, shaking his head helplessly.

In his opinion, Jonathan was completely different when it came to handling business matters and personal matters. While he was decisive in business, handling personal matters seemed more challenging.

However, Spencer didn't really have the qualifications to guide Jonathan, considering the chaotic situation in his own family

As soon as Jonathan answered the phone, he heard Christopher's panicked voice on the other end

Jonathan, Jonathan, help me!

Before he could finish his sentence, the phone was snatched away.

Chapter 383 He's Not As Handsome As You

He couldn't bear to watch Christopher stuttering and hesitating, so he bluntly stated, "Your brother has offended our Miss Hurry over here, apologize to our Miss, and take this useless brother of yours away."

Jonathan inquired, "Offended your Miss? Who is she?"

The man glanced at Florence, who was listening in on speakerphone, and handed her the phone as Jonathan repeated his question. Florence casually replied, "It's me, Miss Florence Shelton," and then abruptly ended the call, tossing the phone onto Christopher.

Christopher, hit by the phone, realized the conversation had ended abruptly and worriedly asked, "Why did you hang up? What if my brother

"Are you worried he won't come?" Florence mocked. "If he doesn't show up today, he'll have to deal with your dead body tomorrow."

Christopher shuddered in fear. She dismissively assured, "If your brother is smart, he'll come once he hears the Mo family name."

Christopher wanted to say more but stopped upon seeing her growing impatience.

The man, sensing Florence's annoyance, kicked Christopher and snapped, "Enough talk. If we beat you badly enough, won't he have to come?"

Christopher felt helpless. He had intended to seek help from his brother, but the man's threatening words had potentially jeopardized that. What if Jonathan thought he was complicit with these people?

His fear intensified, but he remained silent, relieved when Jonathan finally arrived.

When Jonathan entered, Christopher was as pitiful as a beaten dog, trying to make himself as small as possible.

Jonathan arrived not alone but with Yarrison and several bodyguards, on Yarrison's advice, to handle the situation after the Shelton Family's name was mentioned.

They didn't appear to be there for a rescue mission, but rather to stir up trouble.

Christopher, seeing Jonathan, scrambled up, seeking refuge.

"Jonathan... you finally arrived."

Despite his battered appearance, he seemed much more spirited than before.

Florence clicked her tongue, ready to mock Christopher, but then she caught sight of the man he referred to as Jonathan.

For a moment, she was taken aback.

This man was undeniably handsome, she thought to herself, unable to resist commenting. "So you're Christopher's brother? You two don't look alike at all; he's not as handsome as you."

Ignoring Florence's comment, Jonathan signaled his bodyguards to help Christopher, but her men dragged him back first, unceremoniously dropping him at her feet.

"What did he do to warrant such treatment. Miss Shelton?" Jonathan inquired, not sympathizing with Christopher but needing to clarify the situation.

Florence, lounging confidently, replied. "Your brother offended me, and my men took offense. I'm still angry, if you apologize for him. maybe I'll feel better, and my men will stop"

Her gaze lingered on Jonathan, appreciating his calm, imposing presence.

Jonathan, uncomfortable under her scrutiny, pressed, "How exactly did he offend you?"

She chuckled and shook her head slightly, glancing at Christopher. "Let him explain himself." Terrified by her. Christopher began to panic, "I was wrong, I was wrong!"

Jonathan looked at Christopher with a furrowed brow.

"He admits he was wrong. Do I need to say more?" Florence said, smiling flirtatiously at Jonathan

Yarrison also noticed her peculiar gaze towards Jonathan and leaned in to whisper something in his ear

This woman has been staring at you, and her behavior towards you is quite odd.”

Upon hearing this, Jonathan’s intuition told him to disengage from Florence, so he stated:

“If Miss Shelton insists on an apology, I’ll leave my brother in your hands.”

With that. Jonathan didn’t even spare a glance at Christopher, who was still being held by Florence’s associates, and made his way out.

Florence stood still, while Christopher was bewildered. Jonathan?”

Seeing Jonathan about to exit the room, she couldn’t help but stop him. “Wait, since you’re here. I can’t let you leave empty-handed!”

Jonathan halted but didn’t turn around.

“I’ll return this person to you, consider it as making a new friend,” Florence said, gesturing for Christopher to be brought to Jonathan, who was then looked at by Jonathan’s bodyguard.

After a nod from Jonathan, his bodyguard accepted Christopher, who seemed to relax in the presence of Jonathan.

“Thank you, Miss Shelton. Jonathan said, preparing to depart.

“What’s your name?” Florence inquired from behind.

Not knowing the man's name, she believed he would eventually be in her grasp, so making a good first impression now was acceptable.

"Jonathan." After calmly responding, Jonathan asked, "Is there anything else, Miss Shelton?"

Florence mulled over the name Jonathan, then gazed at his flawless face once more, introducing herself with a smile. "I'm Florence Shelton."

The man next to her widened his eyes in surprise when she suddenly introduced herself by name and then, noticing the way she looked at Jonathan, he comprehended the situation and bowed his head.

Jonathan nodded in response to Florence and, finally meeting her unusually bright eyes, said, "If you have no further business, I shall take my leave."

Sensing his intention to depart, she reluctantly wanted to keep him longer, but the man beside her whispered something to her.

After giving Jonathan another look, though reluctant, she let him go. "Then, you may leave."

Jonathan signaled with his eyes for the bodyguards to lead Christopher out first, while he and Yarrison followed.

After leaving the private room and descending the stairs,

Yarrison, maintaining some distance from the bodyguards, mentioned to Jonathan, "That Florence seemed quite interested in you.

"What do you mean?"

Jonathan had initially thought Yarrison was just commenting on Florence's peculiar personality, but now he was genuinely puzzled by Yarrison's observation.

"Didn't you notice the way she was looking at you? It was odd."

Yarrison, aware of his friend's occasional obliviousness, especially since Jonathan had eyes only for Angela, found it extraordinary that Jonathan hadn't noticed Florence's flirtatious glances, which were almost blatantly obvious,

Yarrison couldn't help but find the situation somewhat absurd.

Chapter 384 A Wife Awaiting at Home

"I didn't notice," Jonathan succinctly replied, then frowned as he thought about the Shelton Family background, labeling it as "troublesome."

Yarrison agreed with Jonathan's assessment of Florence as a problem.

Walking alongside Jonathan, he couldn't help but express his concern. "Right, she's definitely trouble. What now? You can't let her cling to you."

As they left, Florence and her group followed not far behind Jonathan and Yarrison.

Jonathan, without turning around, already sensed who was behind them and muttered in a displeased tone, "She's already clinging."

Yarrison glanced back, indeed seeing Florence's provocatively attractive face. He hurried to catch up with Jonathan, who had increased his pace.

Florence just trailed them, unhurriedly, until they all exited the bar,

In the deepening night outside the bar, Jonathan approached his car where the leading bodyguard was supporting Christopher at the roadside.

Jonathan..." Christopher whispered upon seeing Jonathan, visibly trembling.

Jonathan merely glanced at him, his look conveying a warning, silencing Christopher. He trembled uncontrollably, especially when he saw Florence emerging from the bar with her bodyguards.

Catching sight of Florence, Jonathan assessed the vehicles they had arrived in. He instructed the bodyguards, "Two of you take me and Yarrison, the rest take him to the hospital."

Understanding his intent, two bodyguards immediately opened the car door for Jonathan, while the others took Christopher to another vehicle.

"Mr. Lawson, are you in such a hurry to leave?" Florence called out, trying to engage him as he was about to get into his car.

Jonathan, without pausing, settled into the back seat and said coolly, "I have a wife waiting at home."

Ignoring Florence's reaction, he directed the bodyguard to drive off.

As the car started, her voice floated in. "Take care, Mr. Lawson. I'm sure we'll meet again soon."

Yarrison, seated next to Jonathan, caught Florence's smug expression and remarked, "Even after your mentioned your wife, she still behaves like this."

Jonathan, resting with his eyes closed, remained silent but visibly perturbed.

After driving for a while, Yarrison noticed a car following them and pointed it out.

"A tail?" Jonathan checked the rearview mirror and saw several cars behind them.

Yarrison warned, "Be careful with that woman. The Shelton Family is full of troublemakers. She's been

violent since returning to the country, and as the Shelton Family heiress, she's a big problem." Jonathan instructed, "Try to lose the tail; head to the office."

The bodyguard executed the order, skillfully losing the followers through traffic maneuvers. In Florence's car, the driver cautiously mentioned they lost track due to a red light.

"Why wait for the red light? Couldn't you have driven through?" Florence reproached coldly.

The man beside her assured, "Don't worry, we're looking into him. We'll have his information tonight."

She demanded, "Get his number for me as soon as possible."

Though momentarily bothered by Jonathan mentioning his wife, she was not deterred, considering it a minor hindrance in her pursuit.

The man nodded, suggesting they return home since they lost the trail.

Once they had successfully shaken off the following car, Yarrison finally relaxed.

Jonathan continued to rest, maintaining his composure throughout the journey.

Meanwhile, the other car had already headed to the hospital.

pite being close to the Mercy Hospital, Christopher, insistent on avoiding it due to his fear of Florence, ended up at a smaller hospital.

His injuries, though painful, were not severe, lacking any open wounds. Still, he trembled from the pain during treatment.

After finally being treated, he refused to stay in the hospital and insisted on having the bodyguards take him home.

As the bodyguards were about to leave, he quickly stopped them and dialed Jonathan's number in front of

them.

"Jonathan, I don't want to stay at the hospital. I want to go home. What if that woman attacks me again at the hospital?" he said. His voice was shaking but clear.

"Have them take you home," Jonathan ordered without hesitation.

Upon hearing Jonathan's command, the bodyguards paused their departure.

Christopher, slightly relieved, timidly asked, "Jonathan, will that woman come after me again? Can you keep them to protect me?"

Under normal circumstances, Christopher wouldn't dare to make such a presumptuous request. However, terrified by Florence and freshly rescued by Jonathan, he unthinkingly sought further protection.

Jonathan's response was nearly cold. "If you're scared, go back to Riverdon."

"But..." Christopher started to object, only to be met with a dial tone.

Returning to Riverdon was not an option for him, given his tarnished reputation there. Moreover, with Fanny in Northland needing a kidney transplant, he couldn't leave her behind.

The bodyguards, following orders, dropped Christopher at his rented apartment and drove away. Left alone, Christopher, grimacing and limping, ascended to his flat.

Once home, anxious about Fanny's need for a kidney, he dialed Michael's number.

Meanwhile, Jonathan, just arriving at the company, received a call from an unknown number and instinctively rejected it. Persistent, the caller dialed again, prompting Jonathan to eventually answer.

A familiar, flirtatious voice greeted him, "Mr. Lawson, why keep ignoring my calls?"

It was Florence, her voice coy and bold.

"What do you want, Miss Shelton?" Jonathan asked, uninterested in small talk.

"Can't I contact you for no reason?" she chuckled.

Wary of engaging in trivial conversation and aware of her influential status, Jonathan replied calmly. "If you have no business, Miss Shelton, I'll hang up."

Florence quickly added, "You're so serious, Mr. Lawson. Are you mad at me? The people who followed you weren't sent by me; they acted on their own."

Jonathan responded coolly, "Then you should manage your people better."

He doubted her claim, suspecting that Florence had indeed ordered the tailing and now sought to ingratiate herself by blaming her subordinates, effectively treating him as a fool.

“I’ll try, but managing isn’t my strength. Perhaps you could teach me, Mr. Lawson? You must be good at managing, given your success in Northland,” she suggested smoothly.

“Uninterested,” Jonathan curtly replied, his patience wearing thin, and made to end the call.

Chapter 385 Scarlet Woke Up

However, Florence, sensing Jonathan’s intent to disconnect, hastily interjected. “Mr. Lawson, please don’t hang up yet. I have something important to discuss

Jonathar remained silent, his brows furrowed, holding the phone.

He had never encountered someone as persistently bothersome as Florence and was far from fond of her repeated overtures. If not for her status as the Shelton Family heiress, he would have ceased giving her any regard

“I would like to invite Mr. Lawson to my brother’s funeral. I hope you won’t refuse,” she proposed.

Jonathan’s frown deepened.

He wanted nothing to do with the Shelton Family, despite their significant standing in Northland, capable of swaying both lawful and unlawful realms.

Considering Florence’s dubious intentions, he simply stated, “I will need to consider it.”

Florence, detecting his reluctance, didn’t press further and ended the call after light banter. ng this, Florence didn’t push him further, joked a bit, and then hung up the phone.

Aware of the funeral in three days, he saw no need to rush a decision and went to rest in his office suite.

Meanwhile. Angela, having safely arrived at the Northland outskirts, promptly informed Jonathan and then slept until late at night, when she received his response.

up late working.

Waking early the next day, she noticed the time of his message and, suspecting he was up called him before her test.

Their brief conversation was filled with mutual care, leaving a faint smile on their lips post-call. Angela handed her phone to Oliver before entering the test site with Yaxley, feeling slightly nervous.

“Relax. Yaxley comforted as they approached their separate test stations.

Angela, stabilizing her emotions, methodically proceeded through the test, exhaling in relief only after completing the final step.

On the other side, Fanny skipped school to visit Christopher, knowing where he lived but shocked by his battered appearance at the door.

“What happened to your face. Christopher?” she exclaimed, catching the unprepared Christopher off guard.

Without a mask, given his facial injuries, he had taken leave from school to recover at home, not expecting Fanny’s visit.

With no place to hide his condition, he reluctantly let her in, saying, “Don’t worry, Fanny, I’ll explain slowly.”

Although he said he would tell her slowly, he was actually very anxious and didn’t know how to say it.

Facing Fanny eyes full of concern, he felt the same heartache.

Fanny said, "Christopher, take your time."

She choked up, tears welling in her eyes as she looked at Christopher.

Recalling the despicable woman Florence, Christopher informed Fanny of what happened last night, but he did not mention Jane and Harley.

Upon learning that Christopher had been beaten at the bar, Fanny suddenly asked, "Christopher, why were you at the bar?"

Christopher had not mentioned Jane and Harley before, so he awkwardly didn't know whether to bring it

up

Seeing his dilemma, Fanny immediately said, "Christopher, if you don't want to talk about it, then don't." "Sorry, Fanny, but don't worry, you're the only one in my heart," Christopher assured, skirting further explanation. His focus was on maintaining Jane's help in finding a kidney donor.

He had informed Michael of his promising interaction with Jane and her positive perception of him..

Pleased with his tact, Michael, in a good mood, noncommittally agreed to help when Christopher hinted about a friend needing a kidney transplant.

Though the commitment seemed perfunctory, he knew his father would keep an eye out.

Fanny frowned unconsciously upon hearing his words.

Recalling the numerous tests she underwent at the hospital the previous day, she felt physically fine but couldn't shake a sense of unease, suspecting something might be wrong with her health.

Seeing Christopher in such a state only added to her worries.

Just as she was about to speak, her brother Joseph's call came through.

"Fanny! Mom's awake."

Joseph's voice, brimming with unhidden joy, conveyed the news.

Scarlet had awakened!

Fanny burst into tears of joy. "Really?"

Christopher, overhearing Joseph's words, felt more surprised than joyful.

Urgency gripped Fanny, and after ending the call, she hurried to leave for the hospital.

"Christopher, I need to see my mom at the hospital," she said while rushing out.

Considering his battered appearance, Christopher suppressed his desire to accompany her and replied, "Fanny, I won't go now. I'll visit your mother another day."

Understanding his condition, she reassured him. "Christopher, you rest at home. I'll visit mom and come back to take care of you later."

Her offer was more out of politeness, knowing Christopher's likely refusal.

Indeed, Christopher, appreciating her concern, simply said, "We'll talk about it later. Go see your mother first," and saw her out.

Meanwhile, at Jonathan's company.

Florence, flanked by several bodyguards, entered the building and headed straight for the elevators.

"Miss, may I ask who you are looking for?" the receptionist approached, attempting to intercept her.

Florence's bodyguards swiftly moved to block the receptionist, prompting the company's security staff to

intervene.

As the bodyguards seemed ready to force their way through, Florence clapped her hands, signaling them to stop, then casually stated, "I'm here to see Mr. Lawson."

Bolstered by the presence of security, the receptionist gathered the courage to inquire, "Do you have an appointment, miss?"

"Appointment?" Florence laughed lightly. "I, Florence Shelton, don't need appointments to meet people."

With a glance to her bodyguard, they were about to confront the security when the receptionist intervened, "Please calm down; I'll contact Mr. Lawson for you."

Florence, smirking, ordered her men to stand down, saying, "Tell Mr. Lawson, Florence Shelton is here."

She wouldn't have chosen this approach if her calls to Jonathan had gone through. Impatient by nature, she disliked waiting

Chapter 886 We Share a Strong Bond

Florence only waited for half a minute before the front desk disconnected the internal line she had dialed and informed her. "Miss Shelton, Mr. Lawson is currently in a meeting, but the vice president assured me he will be down shortly."

After relaying the message, the front desk gazed at Florence, who maintained a composed demeanor, her expression unreadable.

Spencer swiftly descended the stairs.

The individual descended was not Jonathan but Spencer, as Jonathan was occupied with Cassandra, who had just arrived at the company.

Upon reaching the ground floor, the tension in the air was palpable despite Florence's efforts to contain herself.

"Miss Shelton, are you here to see Mr. Lawson?" Spencer immediately noticed Florence, flanked by bodyguards, and inquired.

"And you are?" Florence raised her gaze to the sky, displaying a cold demeanor towards everyone except Jonathan.

Unfazed, Spencer politely introduced himself.

Recognizing him as Jonathan's vice president, Florence was not overly courteous, simply asking. "May I proceed upstairs now?"

Spencer, not one to beat around the bush, smiled and replied, "Certainly. You can go up, but what about your bodyguards?"

Before he could finish, Florence casually interjected, "They will wait for me downstairs."

She had come to discuss matters with Jonathan and had no intention of bringing her bodyguards before

him.

Spencer breathed a sigh of relief and gestured for her to proceed.

The group of bodyguards behind Florence felt uneasy about her going alone, concerned for her safety, and wanted to accompany her.

Florence, with her straightforward attitude, could not be swayed. She glanced at them and commanded. "You all stay down here."

Receiving her gaze, they obediently lowered their heads and stationed themselves near the front desk like

The receptionist nervously eyed the black-clad bodyguards, but Spencer reassured her with a gentle smile before escorting Florence to the elevator.

Florence was led to a meeting room, and only after Spencer departed did he instruct, "Miss Shelton, please wait. Mr. Lawson will join you after the meeting

Subsequently, refreshments were brought without any errors.

Frowning, Florence showed no interest in anything else and inquired, "How long must I wait?"

Considering Florence's status and the nature of her meeting with Jonathan, Spencer hesitated before

behalf?" proposing. "Miss Shelton, if you're in a hurry, shall I remind Mr. Lawson on your

Agreeing, Florence allowed him to proceed and reminded him.

Within moments, Jonathan appeared.

Upon Jonathan's entrance, Florence rose and greeted, "Mr. Lawson."

Spencer followed beside Jonathan, noting the stark difference in Florence's demeanor from their previous

encounter.

Even her formerly cold tone had softened, leaving him bewildered as he observed Florence.

Florence glanced at him and couldn't resist rolling her eyes.

Jonathan asked. "Miss Shelton, how may I assist you?"

Before entering. Spencer had already briefed his company's security on the altercation between Florence and his staff.

Florence, the newly returned heiress of the Shelton Family, arriving at his company in such a conspicuous manner, seemed far from ordinary.

"If there is no urgent matter, why have you come?" Jonathan frowned, his demeanor already souring and his words lacking in politeness. "Miss Shelton appears to have a penchant for idle chatter."

This was also the case when she suddenly called him last night. She started with some inexplicable

nonsense.

This remark made Florence furrow her brows as well. She smiled suddenly and said, "Yes, I do like it." Despite his words, Florence couldn't help but think: What I had said was clearly flirtatious, not idle chatter.

Spencer, however, could sense that Florence had feelings for Jonathan, but he furrowed his brow. Yarrison informed him about the previous night's incident, and he initially thought he was joking. However, he was taken aback to discover that Florence truly had feelings for Jonathan.

"Since you don't have anything urgent, we should go attend to our own matters," Jonathan stated, preparing to leave.

Florence hastily interjected, "Actually, there is something important, but I only wish to discuss it with you."

Upon the arrival of Spencer and Jonathan, she remained silent, but the latter regarded her with a puzzled expression. Unwilling to be a mere spectator, she promptly requested Spencer to leave..

"Mr. Lawson, I have other commitments to attend to," Spencer declared, not waiting for Jonathan's response before departing.

Jonathan's swift exit caught Florence off guard.

However, what surprised her even more was Jonathan's subsequent invitation after leaving Spencer. "Since you have something important to discuss, let's continue the conversation in my office," he proposed.

Suspecting that Florence might not have a genuine reason, he headed straight to his office.

Florence followed him into the office, appearing perplexed. Jonathan sat down and began reviewing some documents.

"Your office is quite impressive, Mr. Lawson, Florence remarked, not finding the situation dull and even complimenting Jonathan's workspace.

Jonathan offered a superficial response.

“Aren’t you curious about the important matter I wish to discuss with you?” Florence inquired.

Assuming it was nothing of significance, Jonathan chose not to pursue the topic or display any curiosity.

Not particularly.”

Nevertheless, Florence disregarded his aloof demeanor and persisted. “I came here because I missed you.” Jonathan’s expression turned colder, and he firmly refuted, “You and I are not that close.”

Upon witnessing Jonathan’s distant rejection, Florence couldn’t help but feel a surge of delight. Boldly, she smiled and declared, “Why not? I have genuine feelings for you. If you desire, we can get married today.”

Jonathan recoiled in disgust and responded icily. “Miss Shelton, please restrain yourself. I already have a wife.”

“Where is she then? Why haven’t I seen her?”

Florence adopted a fearless facade, though inwardly seething with anger. She was well aware of Jonathan’s marital status.

Jonathan mentioned that his wife was waiting for his return home the previous night. Intrigued by Jonathan, she had investigated, confirming that he had a wife.

A woman like that could be easily dealt with.

However, she had not yet taken action against her..

She wanted Jonathan to handle the situation himself.

Hence, Florence raised her crimson lips slightly and calmly suggested, "Just divorce her."

Her audacious demeanor elicited a cold glare from Jonathan.

"I have a good relationship with my wife and will not divorce." He asserted.

A chill ran down Florence's spine as she was intimidated by Jonathan's demeanor.

"Miss Shelton, if you have nothing further to discuss, kindly depart." Jonathan's words were direct, his tone equally blunt

Florence narrowed her eyes, her gaze dark and mysterious. "You won't get a divorce? Very well. I shall wait.

and see.

Without waiting for Jonathan to escort her out, Florence departed with purposeful strides.

However, as she descended the stairs, her demeanour was noticeably less buoyant than when she ascended, and the bodyguards dared not even breathe in her presence.

Upstairs, following Florence's departure, Jonathan placed a call to Angela.

Oliver answered the phone, informing Jonathan that Angela was still in a meeting.

Upon learning that Angela was occupied, Jonathan felt somewhat relieved. He inquired about the meeting's conclusion time the following day before ending the call.

Rubbing his temples, he pondered how Florence's actions might impact her, causing him some concern.

Chapter 387 I Want Him To Go to Jail

Fanny rushed to the hospital in a panic.

When she entered the ward, she saw Scarlet weakly sitting on the hospital bed.

Zacharias was sitting in a wheelchair on one side while Joseph stood anxiously on the other.

"Mom!" Fanny immediately rushed to Scarlet's bedside, her eyes turning red and tears streaming down her

face

"Fanny, my dear daughter Scarlet quickly reached out her trembling arms and hugged Fanny tightly.
"Good girl. Fanny, you've suffered"

Joseph stood by, watching the mother and daughter embrace, feeling his eyes welling up with tears.

He had only been talking to Scarlet on the bed as usual, but when he mentioned Fanny's recent health problems, Scarlet unexpectedly woke up.

The first thing Scarlet does after waking up is want to see Fanny.

Joseph doesn't even have a chance to tell her what exactly is wrong with Fanny's health, but he is afraid to speak too soon due to Scarlet's weak condition.

Before calling for Fanny, he vaguely tells Scarlet that Fanny is unaware of her health issues.

Although Scarlet kept asking, he did not explain the specific problems with Fanny's health.

“My poor Fanny...” Scarlet murmured as she held onto Fanny, disregarding her recent awakening and weakness.

Zacharias reminded her, “Mom, you’re still not well. You need to rest.”

Joseph told Scarlet to rest more, and they also had to say the news that Scarlet had woken up his family in

Riverdon.

“Dad will be so happy to know that Mom is awake,” Fanny heard Joseph planning to tell them and stopped her tears, quickly saying.

But before she could finish, Scarlet suddenly slammed the bed.

“George! Is he still messing around with Linda?”

Scarlet’s word made her gasp for breath, almost choking herself. Even though Joseph patted her back gently to stabilize her condition, her face was still flushed, obviously angered.

With these words, everyone remembered the reason why Scarlet had become incapacitated.

Joseph quickly said, “Mom, don’t worry. Linda has gone crazy. She’s the one who caused this to you.

She

deserves it!”

But Scarlet widened her eyes and almost glared at Joseph, asking, "Who told you it was her fault? The one who pushed me was George!"

Scarlet had stopped recognizing George as her husband when he pushed her. And even earlier, when George openly had affairs with Linda, she had already been disappointed in George.

Especially after becoming incapacitated, she was initially in a daze. Still, in the following days, her consciousness was clear, but she couldn't wake up, lying in agony on the sickbed for so long.

It was all George's fault.

The people in the ward were shocked to hear Scarlet's words.

Previously, they had always thought that Linda was the one who caused Scarlet to become incapacitated based on George's one-sided words, but now that Scarlet had woken up, she said it was George.

What on earth was going on?

"Joseph, call George for me. I want to divorce him," Scarlet said, feeling unsettled. She added, "I want him to go to jail!"

Joseph's gaze flickered but did not respond to Scarlet's words.

Even Fanny didn't know what to say. After all, if the news of the divorce of the two elders of the Kins

all. Family at such an old age were to spread, it wouldn't sound good at

Zacharias furrowed his brow, glanced at Joseph, and guessed his thoughts.

Joseph would not agree to a divorce.

Indeed, Joseph comforts Scarlet before mentioning that they are far away from Northland while George is in Riverdon. Everything would have to wait until she recovered and returned to Riverdon.

Despite feeling resentful, Scarlet held back.

Joseph then escorted Zacharias and Fanny out of the ward and into Zacharias's room.

The three of them appeared unwell, but Fanny spoke first,

Joseph, is there something wrong with my body?" Fanny was inquiring about her condition.

It was only then that Joseph remembered Fanny needed a kidney transplant and devised a plan.

"Fanny, there is indeed something wrong with your body." Joseph said, noticing Fanny's pale face. He quickly added, "Fanny, don't worry. We're already working on a solution!"

He spoke confidently, but Fanny felt a sense of panic.

She mentioned that Joseph and Christopher had been acting strangely towards her since yesterday. It turned out that there was something wrong with her body.

It wasn't a minor issue.

She asked. "Joseph, what illness do I have?"

Whether it was psychological or not, she felt a bit short of breath, dizzy, and lightheaded.

The intense pulses made her cough uncontrollably.

Her coughing made Joseph and Zacharias anxious,

They quickly rubbed her back, Joseph helping her sit on the bedside, and Zacharias even wheeled over chair to pour her some water.

Tears streamed down her face as she coughed, looking pitiful.

After taking a sip of water from Zacharias cup, Joseph hurriedly asked, "Feeling better. Fanny

Fanny weakly nodded, then raised her eyes to ask Joseph, "Josepli, what illness do I have?"

She had asked this question before, but Joseph and Zacharias hadn't answered before she started coughing again.

Now, asking again, Joseph felt even more reluctant,

Seeing Joseph at a loss for words, Zacharias set down the cup and comforted Fanny, "Don't worry, Fanny. A small surgery will make you better."

Joseph had not kept Fanny's condition a secret from him. Instead, he had told everyone in the family, asking for help finding a kidney donor.

Among all the family members, he was probably the least capable of helping, as he was still suffering from

his illnesses.

Unable to contribute to finding a kidney donor for Fanny, he could only try to comfort her as much as possible.

Fanny took a deep breath, trying to calm her breathing, but her face remained pale.

A surgery was imminent. It must be something serious.

She wore a pained expression, trying to figure out how to ask so they would tell her.

However, before she could even ask, Joseph seemed to have made up his mind and said, "Fanny, you a kidney transplant."

Fanny instantly widened her eyes and stared at Joseph in disbelief.

Even Zacharias turned his gaze towards Joseph, waiting for what he would say next.

He probably guessed that Joseph had a different intention when suddenly deciding to speak up.

Joseph continued. "Fanny, rest assured that we are already looking for a kidney donor for you."

need

Fanny was struck as if by lightning on a clear day, standing frozen in place, not saying a word, with a blank look on her face. "..."

But before she could even say a word, she suddenly fell unconscious.

Her fainting spell startled Joseph and Zacharias, but Joseph quickly checked and found that she had only fainted, which slightly relieved him.

After giving Fanny an injection, Joseph then left the ward with Zacharias

He could tell that Zacharias had something to say to him.

Sure enough, as soon as they left the ward, Zacharias expressed his disagreement with telling Fanny about the kidney transplant and asked for the reason behind Joseph's decision.

Joseph reluctantly explained, "Mom needs Fanny to stay calm"

Chapter 388 Importune

Zacharias was not a fool. When Joseph made this statement, he immediately grasped Joseph's intention.

After all, Scarlet had just awakened and was already discussing divorcing George, even considering sending George to prison.

This news caught them entirely off guard.

Observing Zacharias' expression, Joseph continued with a sense of helplessness. "Mom is highly emotional right now. The Kins Family will suffer if we allow her to return to, Riverdon and act recklessly. Therefore, let's first address Mom's emotions in light of Fanny's situation."

If Scarlet persists in causing trouble with George, it will reflect poorly on the entire Kins Family. It could even impede the search for a kidney donor for Fanny.

Zacharias silently nodded in agreement.

Seeing this, Joseph finally breathed a sigh of relief and proceeded towards Scarlet's room.

The incident of Fanny fainting seemed to calm Scarlet temporarily.

Indeed, upon hearing that Fanny had fainted due to emotional distress, Scarlet immediately shifted her focus and expressed a desire to care for Fanny.

Joseph promptly intervened, reassuring her and advising her to concentrate on her recovery.

“Don’t worry, Mom. We are actively seeking a kidney donor for Fanny. Jonathan and Dad are working diligently on it.”

Upon hearing Joseph’s words, Scarlet reconsidered the situation within the Kins Family and refrained from mentioning George.

The atmosphere at the hospital eventually settled down, but on another front, Florence was causing further disturbances.

After confronting Jonathan in the morning, she returned in the afternoon.

Although she refrained from engaging in physical altercations with Jonathan’s security this time, her demeanor remained haughty.

Jonathan failed to discern her intentions and promptly handed her over to Spencer.

Consequently, Florence, currently seated across from Spencer, appeared displeased.

“Why are you here again? Where is Mr. Lawson?”

Spencer responded politely, “Mr. Lawson is occupied.”

Indeed, Jonathan was preoccupied, primarily due to his reluctance to encounter Florence. Florence’s behavior was perplexing; after issuing threats, she returned without a change in expression.

“Very well. I shall wait here, I doubt he is occupied all day.” Florence crossed her arms, exuding an air of

infinite patience.

Spencer was taken aback but decided. "Then I shall have someone bring Miss Shelton some refreshments." With that, he rose and exited, leaving Florence no opportunity to decline.

Spencer's direct approach stemmed from the fact that Florence's room was merely a standard meeting room. In the event of other visitors, alternative meeting rooms were available, eliminating concerns about occupancy.

Utilizing a meeting room to manage Florence's disruption was deemed worthwhile.

Florence furrowed her brow and maintained silence as she witnessed Spencer's swift departure.

Even when the refreshments arrived, she remained silent, wearing a cold expression and awaiting Jonathan.

However, after waiting nearly the entire afternoon, Jonathan failed to appear.

Outside, Spencer marveled at Florence's patience but also felt a sense of unease.

If Florence's patience wore thin, would she erupt in anger?

As anticipated, the situation unfolded as Spencer had feared. Florence's patience waned, her mood soured, and her expression darkened.

Yet, Spencer had his responsibilities to attend to and simply needed more time to tend to Florence.

Just as Florence rose, preparing to head directly to Jonathan's office, another woman entered the meeting

room.

“Who are you? Where is Jonathan?” Upon seeing someone finally arrive, albeit not Jonathan, Florence’s expression turned gloomy.

Cassandra gazed at her with confusion, feeling a strange aversion towards her, and responded, “I’m also here to see Mr. Lawson.”

She spoke confidently while assessing Florence, quickly realizing that she probably had the same intention.

Cassandra furrowed her brow, but when she met Florence’s hostile gaze, she didn’t back down and returned it with equal intensity.

Florence had already researched Jonathan and knew his wife didn’t look like this, so she was unfriendly towards Cassandra. “Mr. Lawson is busy, and even if he’s not busy, he doesn’t have time to deal with you. You can leave.”

However, Cassandra suddenly smiled and waved the file in her hand, saying, “Miss, you seem to have misunderstood, I’m here to see Mr. Lawson for business.

She had visited Jonathan in the morning, but because the documents were incomplete, she had to leave and return to complete the paperwork.

Now, she was determined to sign the contract on the spot.

Florence’s brows

still weeded even tighter, thinking that she had waited for Jonathan for so long and he hadn’t seen her, so she stood up and walked towards the door.

Was the Shelton Family’s business doing poorly

All she needed to do was bring someone who could discuss business, and she would surely be able to open the door to Jonathan's office.

As Cassandra inexplicably watched Florence's back, she felt puzzled.

Spencer was so busy that he forgot about Florence in the reception room. When he remembered to check, he found only Cassandra inside.

Although it was strange, Spencer still led Cassandra to meet Jonathan.

As soon as Cassandra saw Jonathan, she straightforwardly proposed signing a contract.

She presented all the information and maintained a humble posture.

Now that Jonathan was doing well in Northland, the Hayes Family would also benefit greatly if they could collaborate with him. Therefore, the Hayes Family was very pleased with the decision.

After reviewing the documents, Jonathan didn't hesitate much and officially signed the contract with

Cassandra.

It wasn't until Cassandra held the contract in her hands that she truly let go of her worries. After Cassandra left, Spencer told Jonathan that Florence had returned to the company.

At the mention of Florence, Jonathan frowned.

However, in the evening, Florence returned, accompanied by a seemingly intelligent man. His frown deepened when Jonathan learned that Florence was there to discuss business.

"Tell them I'm not here," Jonathan rubbed his forehead.

Spencer agreed and went out to deal with the two of them.

Jonathan glanced at the floor-to-ceiling window, thinking that Angela's test would be over by this time tomorrow, and he needed to pick her up early.

Florence was like a time bomb now, and he was afraid she would disturb Angela.

On the other hand, Angela's test was going very smoothly.

Two days of exams flew by.

On the second afternoon, as Angela walked out of the exam room, she saw Oliver waiting outside.

Standing next to Oliver was someone she had not expected to see, Jonathan

"Jonathan, what are you doing here?" Angela was pleasantly surprised, never expecting Jonathan to come to the outskirts of Northland suddenly.

Jonathan took her to the car and explained, "I missed you, so I came to pick you up."

Angela blushed and replied softly. "I missed you too."

Jonathan smiled, holding Angela's hand tightly.

Oliver drove in front, pretending to be indifferent.

There was a warm and ambiguous atmosphere in the back seat, with Jonathan holding Angela close to him, asking softly. "Are you tired? I'll take you to a place to relax and rest."

Angela leaned against Jonathan and murmured in agreement.

She wasn't very curious about the place Jonathan mentioned for relaxation. What mattered was that Jonathan would be with her, and she would relax a lot with him around.

That was the sense of security Jonathan gave her.

Soon, the car stopped in front of an ancient and elegant courtyard.

There were many such houses on the outskirts of Northland. Even before entering, Angela could already feel a strong sense of antiquity.

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Chapter 389 A Familiar Gaze

Jonathan escorted Angela to a luxurious mansion that offered both dining and lodging. While the exterior appeared flawless, the interior revealed a completely different world.

The waiter guided the pair to the secluded courtyard Jonathan had reserved in advance, complete with a private hot spring.

After a relaxing soak in the hot spring and a satisfying meal, Angela finally began to unwind after two days of tension.

Meanwhile, Florence's expression darkened further following another unsuccessful attempt to track down Jonathan.

Growing increasingly frustrated, she turned to the man beside her and demanded, "Is this your idea of a plan? We haven't even caught a glimpse of him!"

The man, sweating profusely, struggled to comprehend why Jonathan had managed to evade their monitoring area.

"Perhaps he... resides at the office?" he tentatively suggested.

Unable to come up with any other explanation, especially since they had stationed multiple individuals at various exits, he felt at a loss.

Filled with resentment, Florence impatiently inquired. "Is there any other way to locate him?"

After two days, she realized that Jonathan was purposefully avoiding her. Every time she attempted to find him at the company, he conveniently remained absent.

Despite her efforts to stake out the company building, Jonathan devised a method to elude her surveillance.

Florence was unable to find any opportunity to encounter Jonathan.

The astute man beside her could only shake his head in resignation. The other party has shown no interest in the business proposal. There's nothing more we can do."

Florence glared at him. "If there's no way, can't you figure it out? You're utterly useless."

The man chose not to engage in an argument with Florence and simply hung his head.

After a moment, Florence impatiently remarked, "My brother's funeral is scheduled for tomorrow. Jonathan should be present, right?"

"He should be, as the Shelton Family has also invited him."

Prior to this, Florence had verbally invited Jonathan, but such an invitation needed to have formality. Subsequently, upon Florence mentioning the invitation to Jonathan, the Shelton Family sent an official

invite.

Upon hearing this, Florence finally relinquished her discontent and departed with her companions.

Meanwhile, Jonathan received a text message from Spencer while dining with Angela.

Spencer simply informed him that Florence had left with her team and that surveillance around the company premises needed to continue

“What has caught Jonathan’s attention?” Angela served additional dishes onto Jonathan’s plate

Setting his phone aside, Jonathan replied. “The update on the company situation that Spencer sent

Angela refrained from further inquiries as she was not well-versed in Jonathan’s business affairs.

“Did the examination proceed smoothly?” Jonathan inquired.

“Without any hitches, Angela attirmed, proceeding to share details of the examination with Jonathan.

Listening with a smile, Jonathan and Angela enjoyed a harmonious atmosphere.

After conversing for a while. Angela noticed Jonathan gazing at her tenderly. Her heart skipped a beat, prompting her to ask, “How have you been these days, Jonathan?”

“Fine, Jonathan responded, adding. Thave a funeral to attend tomorrow, and l’in contemplating whether
to go.

“A funeral? Whose? Angela inquired curiously, as she was unaware of Jonathan’s acquaintances in Northland besides Yarrison and Spencer.

The eldest son of the Shelton Family

Initially, Jonathan had only received a verbal invitation from Florence and had not confirmed his attendance. However, he received a formal invitation from the Shelton Family before picking up Angela, prompting him to consider attending.

Frowning in thought. Angela recalled the presence of a Shelton Family in Northland after a moment of reflection.

Since she had never interacted with anyone from the Shelton Family, her knowledge about them was limited.

“Would you like me to accompany you?”

Angela speculated that Jonathan’s hesitation stemmed from his need to leave, so she inquired.

After a moment of contemplation. Jonathan nodded.

Uncomfortable with the idea of leaving Angela at home decided to bring her along-

Following the test, Angela had a two-day break, during which Jonathan tried to keep her in his sight as much as possible.

They woke up, freshened up the next morning, and returned to their lodging.

In the afternoon, they visited the Shelton Family together.

The Shelton Family had invited guests to their mansion on the mountain to attend the funeral of their

eldest son, but the event felt more like a regular banquet than a somber occasion.

After paying their respects, they made their way to the banquet hall.

To his surprise, he encountered Florence by chance.

As the heir of the Shelton Family. Florence was not entertaining guests but wandering aimlessly.

Upon spotting Jonathan, she approached them without hesitation.

“Mr. Lawson, it’s a pleasure to see you.” Florence greeted him.

Jonathan cordially greeted her and embraced Angela tightly.

“Who is this?” Florence recognized Angela from the information provided by her subordinates, but she asked anyway.

Instead of responding coldly, Jonathan introduced Angela. “She is my wife.”

Angela smiled warmly at Florence, but the gesture was interpreted as a challenge.

“Mrs. Lawson, Florence repeated, her expression unreadable.

“Miss Shelton,” Angela replied, sensing something off about Florence.

Florence remained silent, blocking their path.

Glancing at Jonathan for reassurance, Angela observed Florence’s peculiar gaze before the latter abruptly left.

“Jonathan, who was that?” Angela inquired as they walked towards the banquet hall.

“That was Miss Shelton from the Shelton Family, Florence, Jonathan explained.

Recalling Florence’s unsettling gaze, Angela noticed Yaxley approaching.

“Yaxley,” she greeted.

After exchanging pleasantries, they realized the funeral was more than just a simple ceremony.

A member of the Shelton Family took the stage to express condolences for the late eldest son of the Shelton Family and introduce Florence as the heir.

As Angela watched Florence on stage, she noticed the intense gaze directed at Jonathan, reminiscent of

Cassandra

Feeling a sense of unease, she locked eyes with Florence, who seemed to be challenging her.

As Florence began speaking, Angela couldn’t shake the feeling of being scrutinized.

Chapter 390 I Will Help You Seek Justice

Angela, who would assist in retrieving it, remembered the expression in Florence’s eyes while Jonathan was completely focused on Angela.

He closely monitored Angela’s demeanor, wanting to ensure her safety at every moment.

Even when Angela went to the restroom, he waited nearby,

He was slightly concerned that Florence might take action, but fortunately, until the two departed from Mo's villa halfway up the mountain, Florence did not intervene..

It wasn't that Florence didn't intend to act, but rather she couldn't find the right opportunity.

Furthermore, she was preoccupied after their conversation, feeling overwhelmed.

By the time she had a moment of respite, Jonathan and Angela had already departed..

Upon learning from the staff that the two had left, Florence's mood soured. She only felt a bit relieved when she thought she might have a chance later.

Meanwhile, Angela and Jonathan were already on their way home. Recalling the way Florence had looked at Jonathan, Angela felt a heaviness in her heart.

How could she possibly conceal her emotions from Jonathan?

Once they were in the car, Jonathan sat beside her and noticed that something was amiss. He gently inquired, "What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?"

Angela shook her head without responding.

Jonathan paused and asked again, "Is something troubling you?"

Angela had been fine before their arrival, but now she appeared downcast at something had occurred.

distracted, indicating that

Given that they were almost always together, and he had been vigilant throughout, Angela shouldn't have encountered any issues.

Apart from that, it must have been something on Angela's mind that was causing her discomfort.

Angela bit her lip, hesitated for a moment, then asked, "What do you think of Miss Shelton?"

Upon hearing Florence's name, Jonathan furrowed his brow.

"Not very positively. His assessment was firm, surprising Angela as she looked up at him.

Observing Angela's surprised expression, Jonathan suddenly realized the misunderstanding and sighed.

"I only have eyes for you."

With just that statement, Angela was completely taken aback.

Believing Oliver was still in the front seat, Angela blushed, even her ears turning red.

Seeing her blushing, Oliver turned back in surprise.

Her face flushed, and Angela felt even more embarrassed. Jonathan quickly embraced her, shielding her from further embarrassment.

Angela nestled in his arms, her cheeks and ears still burning.

Inside the car, no one spoke.

Angela could hear the intense beating of their hearts as if they were playing a drum.

After a while, her emotions had yet to scul

She had thought she would feel better once they arrived home, but upon returning, Jonathan was even more unrestrained, picking her up and heading to their room.

Angela felt both bashful and flustered, yet deep down, she also felt a sense of anticipation.

However, she soon found herself unable to resist.

Upon waking up the next morning, Angela blushed once more,

Jonathan had purposely stayed home that day instead of going to the office.

Upon her awakening, he embraced her and asked, "Where would you like to go today? I'll accompany you."

He asked because he had learned the previous day that Angela would have a few days off after the exam. He didn't want to miss the opportunity to spend time with her.

As for the matters at the company, he could entrust them to Spencer. If they couldn't be delegated to him, he would address them later.

Upon hearing Jonathan's words, Angela pondered for a moment before saying, "I don't feel like going out. Let's just stay at home."

With Jonathan by her side, she had no desire to go out. It was pleasant for the two of them to stay at home together.

Jonathan didn't push her to go out when he heard her words. Understanding Angela's temperament, he opted to spend a peaceful day at home with her.

They spent their days warmly and happily.

On the other hand, upon waking up, Fanny only grasped Joseph's intentions after he explained the situation to Scarlet multiple times.

Joseph intended to use her illness to calm the situation at Scarlet and prevent her from causing trouble in Riverdon.

Despite feeling uncomfortable, Fanny agreed to try to calm down and persuade Scarlet.

It wouldn't be beneficial for her if Scarlet stirred up trouble in Riverdon.

Both Jonathan and her father were assisting her in finding a kidney donor. If Scarlet caused trouble, it would only hinder the process.

Upon entering the ward, Fanny saw Zacharias attempting to calm down Scarlet.

However, Scarlet was clearly unreceptive and even scolded Zacharias.

Seeing Zacharias's complexion grow paler, Fanny became genuinely concerned that he might faint, so she quickly urged. "Zacharias, you should go rest. I'll stay here with Mom."

Zacharias was indeed exhausted. He understood that Fanny was likely there to appease Scarlet on behalf of Joseph. After giving a few instructions, he left the ward.

He was still a patient and couldn't endure much longer.

Scarlet had recently woken up and knew that Fanny was unwell, but Joseph and Zacharias had not informed her about the need for a kidney transplant to avoid worrying her.

Now, they had no choice but to let Fanny inform Scarlet and prevent her from returning to Riverdon.

Once Zacharias left, Scarlet's attention shifted entirely to Fanny.

At a glance, she noticed that Fanny's face was very pale, even more so than when she had just woken up, and Fanny's eyes were slightly red.

"Fanny, why is your face so pale? Has Joseph had a doctor properly assess your illness?" Scarlet, who had been persuaded by Zacharias earlier, was holding back her emotions. Seeing Fanny's pale face, she became more agitated and demanded an explanation from Joseph..

Her agitation caused her to start coughing.

"Joseph had me checked by a doctor. It needs to be treated gradually." Fanny quickly moved forward to pat her back gently, then explained softly.

Seeing Scarlet calm down a bit, she sat beside Scarlet's bed and said slowly, "Mom, you just woke up. It's not good to get too worked up."

Scarlet acknowledged her condition and accepted Fanny's words.

She softened her tone before speaking, "Fanny, I'm going back to Riverdon. You should come with me."

Upon hearing that she still wanted to return to Riverdon, Fanny furrowed her brows and whispered, "Mom, I can't go back to Riverdon."

Seeing her hesitant expression, Scarlet inquired, "Why can't you go back to Riverdon? Fanny, don't worry. I will take you back and ensure you receive proper treatment."

Fanny shook her head, biting her lip as she explained, "Mom, my reputation in Riverdon was tarnished because I was deceived before."

She had previously confided in Scarlet about this while she was ill, but at that time, Scarlet was disoriented and didn't recall anything upon waking up.

Now, as Fanny brought it up again, Scarlet suddenly remembered all the things Fanny had shared while she was ill.

“Was it Angela who harmed you?” Her face twisted in disgust. “She must have taken advantage of me not being there to mistreat you!”

Fanny timidly remained silent, seemingly agreeing with her words.

“Fanny, don't worry. I will help you seek justice,” Scarlet's emotions surged, and she continued. “I will return to Riverdon first, settle matters there, and then accompany you for treatment.”

Upon hearing this, Fanny quickly advised, “Mom, you just woke up. You shouldn't go back to Riverdon.”

“Why not?” Scarlet exclaimed, her agitation evident,

She was taken aback by Fanny's attempt to discourage her from going back to Riverdon.

Scarlet had always treated Fanny better than George. How could Fanny side with George at a time like this?