

## Serve NOTL 51

Chapter 51 No More Distancing.

Fanny's eyes brightened as she gently tugged on Scarlet's sleeve. "Mom, I also want to study abroad." No sooner had she finished speaking than the host on stage announced the name of the first prize winner. It was Jessica.

Jessica remained composed under pressure, managing to lighten the mood with an impromptu Brundelian joke, showcasing her exceptional skills. Not only was her everyday performance impressive, but her public speaking skills were outstanding as well.

The applause from the audience was thunderous. Jessica stood up happily, accompanied by a middle-aged man who bore a resemblance to her, radiating with pride.

The disappointment on Fanny's face was evident, but a hint of confusion flickered in her heart.

Where was Angela? Was she still with Jonathan?

She had met him with Christopher before. Wasn't he usually distant? Why did he repeatedly help Angela?

He must have supported Angela today, which resulted in Stella's dismissal.

Fanny bit her lip. If such a powerful person was on her side, she would have definitely won the first prize in this competition. The host continued to announce the winners, but even after the third prize was announced, Fanny's name was not mentioned. Scarlet's expression also turned sour.

Just for this speech slot, Samuel's criminal record was about to be exposed, and James had spent \$3500. The Kins Family had invested so much, but they didn't even win a third prize. It was a complete loss.

Fanny snapped back to reality, her eyes welling up with tears. "How could this happen? Mom, does this mean I don't have a chance to go abroad?"

Samuel also found it strange. Fanny was usually a diligent student. How could she not even win a third prize?

“It must be Angela and Jonathan’s doing. Wait for me, Fanny. I’ll go talk to your school leaders. How can they operate in such an unfair manner?”

The more Scarlet thought about it, the more convinced she became. It must be Angela who was envious of Fanny deliberately sabotaged her. Otherwise, why would they promise a slot and then deny it to Fanny at the last minute? It was just to upset Fanny.

“Mom, let it go. It’s my fault for not studying hard enough. If we go to the school leaders, and they say I’m not good enough, how will my classmates look at me?” Fanny covered her eyes

and ran off.

Scarlet was heartbroken and hurried to comfort her, no longer concerned about confronting the school leaders, “Fanny, don’t cry. You just want to go abroad, right? Can’t Mom afford to send you?”

Watching the two run off, Samuel hesitated for a moment, but instead of following them, he walked towards the judges’ seats. Not far away, Angela heard over the loudspeaker that the first prize went to Jessica and smiled.

As she guided Jonathan towards the school gate, she listened to the announcement.

Unexpectedly, in this lifetime, Fanny didn’t even receive a third prize.

She didn’t know if it was because she hadn’t reviewed well or if she had done something before the competition, and her heavy thoughts led to her poor performance.

Earlier in the office, knowing there were no surveillance cameras and solid evidence, Angela didn’t pursue it further. Because even if she did, she wouldn’t be able to find out anything.

Just like the laxative that might have been intentionally given to Stella by Fanny, but they had no evidence to directly prove it. Having suffered a lot from Fanny in secret, Angela knew it wouldn't be easy to catch her red-handed.

She could only keep her distance from Fanny and the chaotic Kins Family as much as possible.

Fortunately, in this life, she had a new family and friends.

Angela looked down at Jonathan, her eyes filled with admiration. "Jonathan, Sebastian, thank

you so much for today."

She didn't want to bother Donald and his family, so she tried calling Sebastian.

Unexpectedly, Sebastian agreed immediately, and even more surprisingly, Jonathan also

came.

If Jonathan hadn't come, she might have had to endure being beaten today and then find a way to check the surveillance and call the police afterward.

Sebastian was still furious as he thought about the incident he had witnessed earlier when he entered the office. "Angela, your school administrators are also to blame. Is their way of handling problems simply allowing people to bully and assault you? They are exploiting the fact that you have no one to defend you. Are your mother and brother truly your family? It's fortunate that we arrived in time. If something like this happens again, you cannot tolerate it. If they won't support you, I will!"

Angela felt like she must have gotten something in her eyes today. Otherwise, why did she constantly feel like crying? Her eyes were stinging, but she managed a smile. "Thank you, Sebastian. I appreciate your help today."

“No problem,” Jonathan responded before Sebastian could.

“Next time, feel free to call me directly.”

Angela was taken aback.

Ever since she last saw Bruce at Jonathan's house, she couldn't shake the feeling that he was intentionally distancing himself from her, whether consciously or unconsciously.

Several times when she visited, Sebastian either claimed Jonathan was too busy to see her or wasn't home. Sometimes, when Sebastian said Jonathan wasn't home, she felt like he was lying.

She remembered him telling her not to try so hard to please him. So, she thought she might have been trying too hard to win his favor recently and decided to keep her feelings to herself, avoiding disturbing him as much as possible.

But now, it seemed as if the barrier between them had faded.

Angela didn't want to appear overly happy, fearing that Jonathan would think she was trying to please him again. But she couldn't suppress the smile on her face. “Alright. Thank you, Jonathan!”

The autumn wind was chilly, but she felt surprisingly warm. She accompanied Jonathan to their car parked outside the school. “Goodbye, Jonathan, Sebastian. Once I finish my exams and have some free time, I'll cook something delicious for you guys.” Angela waved her hand, her voice clear and sweet. Anyone could tell how fond she was of the person she was talking to.

Jonathan got into the car, and as he looked back, he saw her standing under the golden sycamore tree, waving at him. Her white shirt and sea-blue jeans seemed to blend with the autumn colors, creating a vibrant and dynamic scene. A strand of her soft hair fluttered in the wind, brushing against the deep dimples on her face.

The car door closed.

The picturesque view disappeared from his sight, leaving only the obscure and motionless car door. The car remained silent, with only a faint hum as it began to move.

After a while, Jonathan glanced out the window once again.

“Sebastian, please instruct Oliver to return to the school and bring some ice packs for first aid.”

Sebastian, who was driving, was momentarily surprised but quickly regained his composure and relayed the message to the bodyguard in the car behind them through the intercom.

The road was peaceful, and Sebastian discreetly observed Jonathan's expression in the rearview mirror.

Had Jonathan stopped distancing himself from Angela?

#### Chapter 52 Department Transfer Exam

Sebastian noticed that Jonathan had been intentionally distancing himself from Angela since that day. He understood that Jonathan had never considered marriage before, and there were hardly any women around him on a daily basis. Being suddenly arranged by Bruce to marry Angela, he naturally resisted and has been avoiding her these days.

So, there were a few occasions when Angela came over. Even though Jonathan was at home, he had Sebastian tell her that he wasn't.

But just now, Jonathan took the initiative to tell Angela that if she encountered any problems, she should call him directly. He even sent someone to deliver an ice pack to her. It was clear that he had decided not to distance himself from Angela anymore.

After all, Angela was such a pitiful child, unloved by her parents, and her brothers were so unkind. Who wouldn't feel sorry for her? Jonathan must have been moved by compassion.

This was a positive development. After the incident years ago, Jonathan seemed to have lost all his emotions. He had no feelings of love, friendship, or even affection for objects. The emotional changes he had towards Bruce were because Bruce was too persistent.

Now that he could feel compassion, it meant that he was gradually becoming a normal person.

Sebastian was elated. He wished Angela could be in front of Jonathan every day so that Jonathan's physical and mental health would improve.

The future was full of hope.

After receiving the ice pack, Angela bid farewell to the bodyguard. When she reached a secluded place, she couldn't hold back her tears and started crying.

She was grateful to Jonathan and Sebastian for showing her that the world was worth it, and so was she.

There was still true love in this world. She was kind to others, not because she couldn't receive the same kindness in return, but because, in the eyes of the Kins Family, she wasn't deserving of it, so she couldn't receive it.

Angela cried so sorrowfully. Her face hurt from the slap, so she held the ice pack to her face and cried into it.

If she couldn't cure Jonathan and make him happy and live a long life, she might as well kill herself.

To ensure her smooth examination, Angela wiped her face clean after crying and hurried off to study.

In a few days, she had to pass the department transfer exam.

In the following days, Angela studied relentlessly. She didn't even have time to go to the milk tea shop, and she studied late into the night at home. Donald and Hecate didn't dare to disturb her when they

saw this.

However, Emilia always seemed like she wanted to say something whenever she saw Angela, but she never had the opportunity. Angela didn't even lift her head when she saw her.

Time was precious, and she didn't want to waste a single minute on any person that she didn't like.

As the calendar on the wall turned a page, the department transfer exam finally arrived.

Early in the morning, Angela rushed to school. After buying a pancake for breakfast in the school cafeteria, she sat down and continued to study while eating.

"Hey, isn't that Angela?" There were whispers around her.

"Indeed, I heard that Stella was expelled because of her. Stella's father was going to donate a new laboratory building to our school, but now it's all gone. We still have to make do with our experiments."

"I wonder what exactly happened."

"I heard from Stella that Angela deliberately provoked Fanny before the competition, affecting Fanny's mindset. She couldn't help but fight with Angela. But she didn't expect that Angela had a wealthy boyfriend who stood up for her and

for her and got Stella expelled."

"No wonder Fanny didn't perform well and didn't even win a third prize. Angela is truly shameless. She's so young that even if she's out of money after leaving home, she could part-time job. Relying on a rich man really shows her character."

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“She’s not a good person to begin with. I heard she’s taking the medical department transfer exam today. With her character, can she pass? I heard that Professor Noah from the medical department is personally invigilating this time. Maybe he won’t even let her into the exam room because of her questionable morals.”

The murmurs grew louder, but Angela continued reading her book, showing no intention of interrupting them.

Suddenly, someone rose from their seat, forcefully slamming a stainless steel tray onto the table, creating a jarring noise.

All eyes turned towards the commotion.

Angela glanced up and saw that it was Samuel.

What was he up to now!

After silencing the whispers, Samuel didn’t approach Angela to bother her. Instead, he spoke coldly. “You can speak, can’t you? If you have any objections to the competition results, why don’t you report it yourself?”

The crowd fell silent, genuinely confused by his outburst, but they ceased discussing Angela.

The Kins Family was affluent and attractive, with each member excelling in their studies. No ordinary student would dare to provoke them, except for Angela, who had no one to support her.



Fanny happened to enter the dining hall and noticed the unusual silence. She was a bit puzzled, but her eyes lit up when she spotted Angela. She picked up Angela's backpack from the seat and sat down beside her.

"Angela, do you have an exam today?"

Angela ignored her and continued munching on her biscuit.

Unnoticed by Fanny, Samuel frowned at the scene.

"Angela, Fanny leaned closer. "I'm sorry. I truly didn't know that Stella would put the laxative I lent her into Jessica's water. If I had known, I would never have given it to her."

Angela finished the last bite of her biscuit, closed her book, stood up, and walked around Fanny to put her book back in her backpack before leaving.

She completely ignored Fanny.

"Angela!" Fanny seemed upset, following her.

"Fanny," Samuel approached and stopped her. "Angela is a difficult person. Don't go near her anymore. She might harm you."

"Samuel, you're here too." Fanny was surprised but quickly nodded obediently. "I understand, Samuel."

Samuel watched Angela's retreating figure, feeling an inexplicable worry.

The department transfer exam was not easy. Angela seemed to have prepared for a long

time, but the medical professors had full discretion. What if they didn't allow her to take the exam because of these rumors?

But he quickly grew annoyed. Why was he worrying about Angela? If she failed, wouldn't it serve her right?

Samuel

then swtated briefly before informing Fanny that he had something to attend to. He

followed Angela.

His intention was to observe whether Angela would be allowed to enter the examination room.

The examination room for the department transfer exam was nearby. When Angela arrived with her backpack, she was taken aback to see an elderly man standing at the entrance, wearing a wide grin. Wasn't he the same person who had spoken to her on the day of the speech competition?

"You're here, my dear," Professor Noah warmly greeted her, as if he was welcoming his own granddaughter. This left Samuel trailing behind, utterly dumbfounded.

Chapter 53 In Search Of A Lost Pencil Case

After a moment of silence, Samuel quickly realized that the person in front of him was none other than the renowned Professor Noah.

Professor Noah was a highly respected figure in the medical field. His hospital appointments and lectures were always fully booked, with some students even bringing their own stools to attend his classes.

How did Angela know such a prominent figure?

Perhaps the rumor about him being an invigilator was false. Someone of his stature wouldn't have the time to act as an exam supervisor.

However, Angela hesitated for a moment before tentatively asking, "Professor Noah?"

Professor Noah warmly nodded. "You must be Angela, right? You're the only examinee today. Don't be too nervous. Just focus on your exam."

Samuel was once again stunned.

Could it really be Professor Noah?

Or is it just someone with the same last name?

Based on their interaction, Angela not only gained entry to the examination room, but even if she failed the exam, Professor Noah could probably help her pass. After all, with his status in the school, he could certainly manage that.

Angela gave a slight smile, placed her backpack on the table outside the examination room, and prepared to enter with only a pen.

However, after searching for a while, she frowned.

Her pencil case was missing.

Even after turning her backpack inside out, she couldn't find it.

Could she have dropped it on the way?

But there were no holes in her backpack, and she had checked all her belongings before leaving.

Seeing that the exam was about to start, Angela could only apologize, "Professor Noah, I'm

really sorry Do you have a pen? I seem to have lost mine on the way?

Samuel, who had been listening from the beginning, sneered Angela, forgetting to bring pen for such an important exam and making excuses, was a disgrace to the Kins Family

Even if Professor Noah had a good impression of her, it should change now. How could a medical student be so careless?

Unexpectedly, Professor Noah laughed and took out a fountain pen from his jacket pocket. "You can use mine for now. I'll find you some ink later"

"Thank you, Professor" Angela gratefully smiled and entered the examination room with the

pen.

Seeing Professor Noah's leniency towards Angela, Samuel sneered and walked away, Did Angela really need his concern? There were plenty of people who cared about her.

No. He wasn't concerned about her. He just felt a bit guilty after hearing Thomas' words yesterday. When the Johnston Family wanted to harm her, he didn't stand up for her.

After all, she was his sister. He couldn't let outsiders harm her so easily.

Muttering to himself, Samuel walked back, only to run into Fanny throwing away the trash.

“Fanny.” He walked over with a beaming smile. Fanny seemed startled and quickly threw the trash into the bin.

“Samuel.”

“What’s wrong, Fanny?” Samuel teased with a grin. “You look like someone who has done something wrong.”

Fanny turned pale and didn’t answer, looking a bit upset.

Seeing this, Samuel wanted to slap himself. How could he call her a thief?

He quickly ruffled her hair. “Ignore my stupid mouth. You’re not a thief. You’re my little princess.”

“Samuel.” Fanny finally laughed. “Alright, aren’t you going to class? I have to go now.”

Samuel also had a class, but it didn’t start for another half an hour. However, he was very familiar with Fanny’s schedule and knew that she had a class soon, so he waved. “Okay. Go to class quickly.”

Fanny nodded and headed towards the teaching building. But after a long while, she turned back to look. Samuel quickly waved again. Only when her figure disappeared into the teaching building did he start to walk back.

Halfway there, he looked back again. Fanny, who had already reached the teaching building, hadn’t gone in yet but was looking at his retreating figure.

Fanny really cared about him.

Feeling pleased, Samuel went back to class.

An hour later, while idly twirling a pen in his boring ideological class, something suddenly

flashed in his mind.

“Sir, may I use the restroom?”

Moments later, Samuel hurriedly left the classroom and made his way to the spot where he had bid farewell to Fanny earlier. Without uttering a word, he opened the trash bin.

An unpleasant odor immediately assaulted his nostrils, causing Samuel to almost retch.

Nevertheless, he proceeded to reach in and sift through the top layer of garbage.

Just as he was about to give up, thinking he had found nothing, he suddenly spotted a piece of light-colored fabric beneath the trash. His heart sank to the depths.

When he retrieved the fabric, it turned out to be Angela’s pencil case.

Even at this point, Samuel was still in denial, entertaining the possibility that this might not be Angela’s pencil case after all.

However, upon opening it, he was confronted with Angela’s name boldly inscribed in one of the compartments.

Samuel’s hand trembled uncontrollably.

He suddenly began to question whether things were as he had previously believed.

Another hour clapsed.

Angela completed her paper, reviewed it once more, and then approached Professor Noah to

hand it in.

Professor Noah glanced down, his eyes lighting up, and he commended, "Excellent work, Angela."

He flipped the paper over to examine it again, then raised his head and inquired, "Have you studied medicine before?"

Angela hesitated for a moment, then nodded. "My grandmother was a doctor. She used to run a clinic, and I learned from her."

However, she hadn't acquired much knowledge about medicine prior to this, so she had been cramming intensively in recent times.

Professor Noah chuckled. "I had a feeling there was a reason behind your quick comprehension. So, where did your grandmother operate her clinic?"

The medical community in Riverdon was small, and Professor Noah was acquainted with almost everyone. Thus, he casually posed the question, curious to know if Angela was related to someone he knew.

Angela responded with a wistful smile, "My grandmother passed away six months ago."

Professor Noah was taken aback and swiftly corrected himself. "I see. Angela, don't be too disheartened. If your grandmother knew that you had switched to studying medicine, carrying on her legacy, she would undoubtedly be pleased."

"Thank you, Professor." Angela earnestly nodded.

“Will you be able to attend class tomorrow? I will have my assistant send you a copy of the syllabus and the required books later,” Professor Noah stated, becoming more convinced that he needed to nurture such a promising student without delay.

Upon hearing this, Angela promptly replied, “Professor, I have an exam in my current department tomorrow. I can only transfer departments if I pass. My teacher mentioned that I also need to complete some procedures before I can join the class.”

Professor Noah heartily chuckled and patted his chest, saying, “No problem, leave it to me. Just come to class tomorrow, and I will have my assistant take care of the paperwork for you immediately.”

#### Chapter 54 Pencil Case

Angela felt a sense of relief when she found out that Fanny was exempt from one exam. It was similar to the feeling of completing the SATS.

Now, she could prepare a delicious meal for Jonathan.

After saying goodbye to Professor Noah, Angela returned to her classroom to gather her books and talk to her teacher.

As she entered the classroom, she overheard a few people asking Jessica about her experience as an exchange student abroad.

The Turner Family wanted their daughter to take advantage of this opportunity, especially since the school she was going to in the exchange program was considered an Ivy League school. Even if she paid the fees herself, she wouldn't be able to gain admission.

This meant that Angela and Jessica were about to go their separate ways.

When Jessica saw Angela, she immediately approached her. “Angela... I'm about to leave for abroad.”



Angela playfully pinched Jessica's face. "Of course. If you do something foolish and stay back because of your emotions, I will scold you."

In her previous life, Angela had let her emotions control her to the point where she sent herself away.

Emotions weren't everything in life.

Tears welled up in Jessica's eyes. "I still can't bear to leave you."

name

"If you can't, just send more postcards so that I know you're doing okay. Alright, make a for yourself abroad. Don't forget about me when you come back!" Angela said in a carefree manner. "Also, I have good news. I passed the medical transfer exam. Professor Noah said that I don't have to take the Brundelian exam."

Jessica's eyes lit up. She had been so distracted by the other students that she had forgotten today was the day Angela took the exam!

"Angela, that's fantastic. Could Professor Noah have thought that you were exceptionally intelligent, which is why he let you pass?"

"What else could it be?" Angela laughed. "Let's go. I'll treat you to some milk tea later."

"Let's go! I should be the one treating you!"

The two of them left arm in arm, leaving the students in the class, who were waiting to mock Angela for failing the exam, stunned. Did Professor Noah value Angela that much?

Hadn't he heard about her?

It had to be. Otherwise, if he knew how terrible her character was, he would not have passed her

“It’s unfair that Angela is getting ahead of us.”

“Professor Noah must have been deceived by her. If he knew what kind of person she was, he would definitely kick her out. After all, a person’s character is a significant factor when they want to become a doctor.”

Some students murmured, but ultimately, it was none of their business. They soon dispersed, and no one had the time to bother Angela.

“I think so too. Angela must have used her connections to influence Professor Noah. Otherwise, how could she be allowed to transfer here without even taking the Brundelian exam?” Fanny’s desk mate complained.

Fanny shook her head. “If Angela passed, it must be because she is talented. I’m happy for her.”

Just as she finished speaking, she noticed Samuel standing in the aisle next to her. She was about to happily call out to him, but when she saw what he was holding in his hand, she froze.

“Fanny, come. I need to talk to you,” Samuel said, then took a deep breath and walked out of the classroom.

Her face turned pale. Nevertheless, she stood up and followed him.

When they arrived at a secluded spot, Samuel turned around. “Why did you take Angela’s pencil case?”

“Samuel... I didn’t.” Fanny bit her lip, her eyes red, tears welling up.

Usually, when he saw her like this, Samuel would soften, but it was different this time. He hardened his resolve and pressed on. "You didn't? Are you still going to lie when we're alone? Do you want me to check the surveillance footage?"

"No!" Fanny exclaimed softly, her tears falling. "Samuel, I was angry that Angela intentionally

caused trouble for me before I went onstage on the day of the competition. It affected my performance, so I didn't want her to succeed either."

Upon hearing her confession, he didn't feel relieved. Instead, he felt even more disappointed. "Fanny, was it just because you didn't perform well that day? I spoke to the judges, and they showed me the video of your competition. Jessica was almost hit by a banner on her head. Did that affect her performance? In the end, you simply didn't prepare adequately for the competition.

"Moreover, you knew that Professor Noah would be invigilating the exam today, and he might not like Angela. She might not even be allowed to enter the exam room, yet you took her pen. Were you trying

to sabotage her? Did you not want her to take the exam at all?"

Fanny was on the verge

of collapsing. Shaking her head desperately, she replied, "Samuel, I didn't know that Professor Noah would be invigilating today. I didn't think that far ahead. I'm sorry. I'll apologize to Angela right away."

Seeing Fanny crying pitifully, Samuel softened. "I can cover for you this time, but Angela will be transferred to the medical department. She'll b

far away from us. You should also stay

away from her and not interfere in her affairs anymore. Understood?"

When Fanny heard his commanding tone, she looked up with teary eyes and nodded. Then, she cautiously asked, “Samuel, do you like Angela more than me now?”

He instinctively frowned. “How could I like her? I only have one sister, and that’s you.”

Upon hearing this, Fanny finally smiled. “Okay, Samuel.”

Samuel’s frown relaxed, but something seemed to be weighing on his mind.

As he left the Foreign Language Department, he looked down at the pencil case in his hand and involuntarily clenched it.

After having a heart-to-heart conversation with Angela in the most popular milk tea shop near their school, Jessica discovered that Angela not only had support but also had a stake in the very same shop.

Finally, she could put her mind at ease and go abroad.

Before this, Jessica’s biggest concern was that Fanny would find ways to bully Angela again once she was abroad.

A few days later, Jessica left for Veridia.

After bidding her friend farewell, Angela wished her the best and watched the plane disappear into the vast sky,

The following day was the weekend. Angela returned home to prepare the ingredients for the medicinal meals she planned to make for Jonathan.

However, when she opened the small container where she stored the dried goods, she was taken aback.

The lotus seeds, which had filled more than half of the container the last time she used them, were now reduced to only three. They were no longer plump and round but appeared yellowish and shriveled, lying pitifully in the container.

Angela had her meals at home and knew that Uncle Donald and Aunt Hecate had never touched the ingredients she brought back for medicinal meals. Neither Queenie nor Quincy had been home recently.

It was clear who had taken them.

The lotus seeds cost her more than twenty dollars per pound, which was not considered cheap.

After careful consideration, Angela decided not to make a fuss about it. Instead, she gathered all the remaining ingredients and bought more from the market the next day. She brought everything to the Lawson Residence.

Upon her arrival, she noticed that there were several Rosebushes that had been newly transplanted in the small garden by the entrance. These plants bloomed in various colors- bright red, delicate pink, orange-yellow, and white. Each flower was exquisitely beautiful and emitted an ethereal aura, making it feel like springtime even though it was a cool autumn day.

Unable to resist the temptation, Angela leaned in to smell the flowers and was instantly greeted by a sweet, elegant fragrance.

It was a delightful scene.

When she entered the house, she noticed Jonathan reading a newspaper by the floor-to-ceiling window. Upon hearing her arrival, he didn't look up and remained seated.

Nevertheless, she cheerfully greeted him, "Your flowers are beautiful, Jonathan."

At her words, the man's gaze shifted from the newspaper to her. Sitting in front of the window filled with roses, he smiled slightly.

That smile dazzled Angela. A handsome man's smile could truly make one's heart flutter.

Angela quickly nodded and hurried off to the kitchen.

Jonathan was a figure to be admired from afar and someone not to be trifled with. She dared not entertain any inappropriate thoughts and focused solely on curing his illness!

Even so, while she was asking Sebastian where to put things, the image of what she had just seen couldn't help but pop up in her mind.

Why did she fall for Christopher as if she was a moth to a flame in her previous life when there was a god-like figure like Jonathan?

Were people that masochistic by going after those who did not reciprocate their feelings?

It wasn't until she started cooking the medicinal meals that she completely forgot about this

and focused on preparing the ingredients. Sebastian watched for a while and couldn't help but marvel.

This medicinal meal was not something an ordinary person could make as it seemed incredibly complicated.

He had initially wanted to learn a bit so that he could cook for himself when he was much older and retired, but he gave up after observing.

Ninety minutes later, Angela finally emerged from the kitchen while Sebastian was already out watering the flowers.

She relied on herself and moved the round table from the corner of the living room Jonathan's front. Then, she went to the kitchen to bring out the lotus seed porridge, a few appetizers, and milk oatmeal cookies.

"Jonathan, let's have the medicinal meal for lunch today."

"Alright." Jonathan put away his newspaper.

Angela brought over a stool to sit and rest for a while, but her eyes were on the newspaper. The first headline was about the bright prospects of real estate in the next decade.

She couldn't help but lean over to see which author had such foresight. This person has a good eye.

The prospects of real estate in the next ten or so years are not just good. They're incredibly good. The prices have only risen by a bit, but they'll increase multiple folds in at few years' time. Jonathan, you should buy more properties now. Trust me, you won't lose out in the future."

Jonathan glanced at her. "Oh, you're also interested in real estate?"

"I'm just guessing. Trust me, Jonathan. You won't go wrong." Angela was serious. "I'm planning to save my money, take the opportunity, and buy two or three properties. In the future, when I want to rest and don't want to work, I can live off the rent from these properties and be a landlady."

"But no matter how much money you earn, it's not as important as being healthy." She looked straight into Jonathan's eyes. "As long as you're alive, there's hope. If you're dead, there's nothing left."

Angela thought of her ridiculous past life, stood up straight, and looked out the floor-to-ceiling window. "It's not for anything else. Even if it's just to watch the daily sunrise and sunset or see the flowers that I

like, I want to live happily."

The people of the Kins Family were not as important to her as the few flowers outside. At

## Chapter 55 Treatment

least those flowers brought her joy when she saw them.

She turned back and looked directly at Jonathan. “Jonathan, I hope you live a good life, Stay safe and be happy forever.”

Although she was looking at him, it didn't seem that way. It also didn't seem like she was giving him orders; it was more like a wish.

No one would tell someone to live well without reason.

Jonathan didn't ask. His gaze flickered, and he avoided her eyes. After a while, he answered in a slightly husky voice, “Yes, I will live well.”

Angela's lips instantly curled up, and her mood became extremely good.

Then, he quickly added, “I'll have to see how you do as a landlady.”

She burst into laughter.

She had never noticed before, but the man could be quite humorous.

Jonathan stared at her face, seemingly puzzled as to why she was laughing.

Angela continued to laugh as she served him food, then plopped herself down on a chair. Johan, I hope you don't mind if I join you for lunch.”



“Not at all.” His voice seemed to regain its usual coldness, but she felt that he was not as distant as before.

After a while, Sebastian came in. Angela gestured for him to join them at the table. Sebastian tried to resist, but Jonathan told him to sit down, and he obediently complied.

At the table, she occasionally chatted with Sebastian, mostly receiving compliments on her cooking skills from him. With Jonathan listening from the side, it created a warm atmosphere.

Seeing the pleasant atmosphere, Angela took the opportunity to ask, “Sebastian, why can’t Jonathan walk?”

Sebastian hesitated, a hint of sadness flashing in his eyes. “Actually, Mr. Lawson used to be able to walk. However, his health deteriorated, and the medication he took gradually made him unable to walk. It was only in recent years that he became completely immobile.”

Angela felt a bit relieved. She had not brought up the idea of treating Jonathan’s legs before because he was too weak at the time. The priority was to nourish his body and ensure he got

enough sleep.

She could have asked recently, but she was afraid that he didn’t want to reveal his secret and delayed her question until now.

If his condition resulted from the side effects of medication and toxins, it would be much easier to treat compared to if it was caused by a car accident or something similar.

“After lunch, I will examine Jonathan’s legs.”

Sebastian was thrilled. How could I say no? “Angela, you even know how to treat paralysis?”

“My grandmother is well-known in our area for her acupuncture skills, including a technique for treating leg paralysis. I can try it on Jonathan.”

Angela subtly glanced at Jonathan’s expression.

Sure enough, upon hearing that there was a possibility of treating his legs, his expression remained calm and composed.

She wondered what could possibly evoke any other emotion on his stoic face.

“Thank you in advance, Angela!” Sebastian was almost brought to tears. “I have heard about your grandmother’s exceptional acupuncture skills. She used to be a medical lecturer and taught numerous students. I searched everywhere for her, and although I couldn’t find her, I met you. It seems that everything in this world is destined!”

Mr. Lawson’s health had been deteriorating for several years, but fate had brought Angela, their savior, to his side!

## Chapter 56 Association

“Are you afraid of me?” Angela asked, puzzled. Was my grandmother a medical lecturer?

She had never known this, nor had she ever heard her grandmother mention having any students.

“Sebastian, I only knew that my grandmother was a military doctor, but I never heard her mention having any students,” she said.

Sebastian was also surprised, but when he wanted to explain more to Angela, he remembered that he had only heard about it in passing and didn’t know much, so he couldn’t provide her with much information.

Angela didn't delve into it. Since her grandmother had never mentioned it, there must be a reason why she didn't want to bring it up. Perhaps teaching students wasn't a pleasant

memory.

After dinner, Angela planned to clean up the dishes, but Sebastian quickly took over. "Angela, I'll wash up. Do check on Mr. Lawson's leg first."

Seeing Sebastian's anxious demeanor, Angela had to put her work aside and went over to Jonathan. She squatted down slightly, "Jonathan, I need to check the condition of your leg."

As Jonathan remained silent and watched her, Angela took it as consent and pressed a few acupoints with her hand.

"Finished your exams?" he asked, his voice a bit hoarse.

This question sounded like an elder interrogating his youngster about their grades, and Angela became nervous. She nodded and stammered, "Yes, I've finished."

"How did

you do?"

"Well... okay, I guess." She wanted to say she did very well, but in front of a genius like Jonathan, her grades were nothing!

It was said that Jonathan had two degrees on a full scholarship. At that time, several foreign universities were vying for him.

Jonathan's thin lips pursed slightly. "You seem... a bit afraid of me?"

Angela was like a scared person in front of him, especially obedient when they were alone.

“No” She wanted to refute, but she looked up reluctantly in the end. “Maybe a little bit.”

Jonathan was speechless for a while before he broke into a faint smile.

Angela was taken aback. At this moment, Jonathan seemed less cold and indifferent; it was as if he was a bit gentler

After a while, she regained her composure and began to carefully examine his injured leg

He watched as Angela worked. She had fair skin, and even her well-proportioned hands were

Anyone who saw her would know what the phrase “fair, smooth skin” was describing

Perhaps because her skin was so pale, her fingertips had a light pink undertone, as if there were buds that hadn’t yet bloomed.

Jonathan’s gaze lingered for a moment before he turned away.

Now that he was home today, he wore cotton pants. The thin, soft fabric conveyed the warm temperature radiating from the young girl’s soft palm that left Jonathan somewhat uncomfortable. His muscles tensed.

This is weird, Why does his leg feel muscular? Logically, the muscles should have atrophied by now since the leg had not been used for years.

Angela furrowed her delicate brows, and her slender hand followed the acupoints on his leg. pressing and rubbing one by one.

The man's shoulders shivered slightly, and he subconsciously grabbed Angela's hand, which was about to move upward.

Interrupted, Angela looked up in confusion. "Jonathan, what's wrong?"

"Is there a problem?" he asked.

"Well... not really." She rolled her

eyes. After thinking for a moment, she asked, Jonathan, have you been exercising your legs? I can feel the muscles in your legs. They are in alright

condition."

Jonathan was silent for a few seconds, then gave a somewhat helpless smile. "You can tell that?"

"Of course!" she replied cheerfully. She could almost confirm that the cause of his leg disease was as Sebastian had said. It was due to long-term illness and poisoning, as well as the side

effects of medication.

It had been a long time, though. It was at least over ten years. If she wanted to cure it completely, it would take some time, akin to pulling silk.

However, Angela's grandmother had always taken pride in her extensive knowledge of acupuncture techniques for treating leg injuries and had repeatedly encouraged Angela to learn them well. With this set of techniques, Angela had once successfully cured a soldier who had been disabled for several years due to injuries sustained on the battlefield, enabling him to walk again.

During that time, while Angela was primarily focused on Zacharias' treatment method, she also dedicated herself to studying her grandmother's techniques.

After the examination, Angela carefully covered Jonathan with a thin blanket.

"Are you finished?" he asked.

She nodded. "Yes, now I need to consider the next steps

for your treatment."

Despite her youthful appearance, Angela appeared remarkably skilled and experienced. whenever she treated a patient, as if she had decades of medical expertise.

Jonathan patted his hands on his thighs and asked softly, "You have classes to attend and my illness to take care of. Can you handle everything?"

"I'm managing," Angela replied with a chuckle. "Besides, you're paying me so generously. If I don't put my heart into your treatment, I would feel guilty."

Was it solely because of the money?

Jonathan lowered his gaze. Angela always seemed to be in need of money

Unaware of Jonathan's thoughts, Angela was deeply engrossed in considering the subsequent treatment process. After pondering for a while, she spoke, "I plari to regulate your body with. medicinal meals and honey pills. As for your leg injury, I will use acupuncture and massage.

"Let's start with a one-month treatment plan and evaluate the progress from there."

Having said that, Angela stood up and wrote down the treatment plan on a piece of paper.

Just as Sebastian walked in, she handed him the prescription. “Sebastian, please take a look and keep this safe. It contains the acupuncture method for treating Jonathan’s leg.”

Sebastian quickly wiped his hands clean and accepted the prescription with both hands. After

his initial joy, he couldn’t help but ask, “Angela, aren’t you going to perform the acupuncture on Jonathan yourself?”

Angela smiled. “I will, but I just completed my transfer exam and will be starting medical school soon. I’m afraid my studies will consume a lot of my time. With this prescription, you can also seek other doctors to continue the treatment.”

Jonathan, who had been listening while under the influence of medication, couldn’t fully comprehend what was happening next, but he could make an educated guess. It was not a simple matter.

By treating Jonathan and leaving the prescription in plain sight, Angela could provide

reassurance.

Moreover, the future was uncertain. If something were to happen to her, Sebastian could use this prescription to find other reputable doctors to continue treating Jonathan.

“Women are always meticulous,” Sebastian remarked, touching the prescription. He felt that although Angela was young, she was highly skilled at reading people’s expressions.

She handled everything with finesse, transparency, and honesty.

After completing the consultation, Angela fulfilled her official duties and contemplated making a new dessert for them to try.

“Sebastian, would you like some dessert? I’ve come up with a new recipe. It’s delightfully chewy and delicious whether served hot or cold!”

Sebastian nodded with a radiant smile, his gaze fixed on Angela’s increasingly kind eyes. “Certainly. You’re truly capable and can do anything!”

With his approval, Angela turned and headed to the kitchen to prepare the dessert.

Only after she left did Sebastian turn around and hand the prescription to Jonathan. “I’ll have someone examine the prescription to ensure there are no issues.”

Although he didn’t doubt Angela, it was always better to be safe than sorry.

Especially considering that she was once engaged to Christopher Sanders, a man who had been deeply infatuated with Jonathan.

The Sanders Family would rather see Jonathan dead.

Jonathan lowered his dark eyes as he asked, “Sebastian, do you think she would harm me?”

## Chapter 57 Threats

Sebastian was taken aback by the words “threatening to close down the shop.” His gaze shifted slightly, and through the frosted glass door of the kitchen, he could see Angela, slender and busy.

“If she wanted to harm me, why would she point out that someone has been tampering with my pills?” Jonathan responded indifferently, his narrow eyes filled with mockery. “If it weren’t for her warning, I would have unknowingly consumed poison for so long. I would have been close to death, right?”

Upon hearing this, Sebastian’s face changed drastically.



“Damn it. How can you say such things? What about death and everything?” Sebastian frowned.

For a moment, genuine fear washed over him.

Being superstitious as he was, Sebastian brought his palms together. “It was thanks to the heavenly blessing that we met Angela. I pray that you will continually be blessed, Mr. Lawson...”

Listening to Sebastian’s prayers, Jonathan pursed his lips helplessly.

After Angela finished making the dessert, she prepared milk balls for Jonathan and Sebastian. She then packed the rest in containers.

The remaining ingredients she had brought were all placed in the refrigerator.

For now, she wouldn’t take them home.

Angela felt a twinge of anger, not knowing whether her grandmother had sold those items or used them for the benefit of others. Either way, Angela was a bit upset.

After completing all of this, she bid farewell to the two of them. Holding a jar of colorful and bouncy milk balls, she hurried to the milk tea shop.

Although it was nearing the end of the term and students were busy with their studies, the milk tea shop was still bustling.

The shop, which originally had about ten seats, had now expanded to include a large umbrella outside.

Even so, there were still not enough seats, and many people simply bought takeaways. However, there was still a long queue for ordering.

“Baby, why don’t we go to another shop? There are so many people here. When will we get to the front of the line?” The man outside the shop was overwhelmed by the sight of the queue.

The woman, dressed in heavy makeup, pouted. “No, I want to buy from this shop. Only they have this new product, and I’ve already bragged to my friends about it. If I go back empty-handed, it would be so embarrassing! Are you coming with me to buy it or not?”

“Okay. Let’s wait in line, alright?”

The two quickly joined the queue.

The students who arrived later quickly noticed that in addition to the original students, there were also some adults in Selene’s milk tea shop.

It made sense, as Selene’s milk tea shop had been launching one super delicious new product after another, completely surpassing the products of other milk tea shops. The milk tea from other places just couldn’t compare.

Word of mouth spread, and Selene’s milk tea shop became famous.

It was said that other milk tea shops were also secretly developing new ingredients, but Selene’s milk tea shop had already made a name for itself. Drinking milk tea from her shop had become a trend among the locals.

Inside the shop, three girls finally reached the front of the line. One of them, upon seeing a new waiter, frowned and asked, “Where’s Angela? Let her serve us.”

The waiter, who had just started a few days ago, looked confused. “Angela? I’m sorry. We don’t have anyone by that name working here.”

The girls looked at each other and quickly mocked, “That’s true. With her clumsiness, she must have been fired by Clara a long time ago. How could she still be working here?”

The three of them laughed and placed their orders. Just as they finished, a seat in the shop became available, so they quickly sat down.

“Linda, I remember your father’s business also includes a tea shop, right? This milk tea shop is doing so well. Will your family also venture into it in the future? If your family opens a milk tea shop, we won’t have to wait in line anymore, right?”

Linda sneered. “Our family’s tea shop caters to high–end clientele for tea tasting. How can it be compared to a milk tea shop that is not on the same level? Besides, how much money can

this street food business make? It’s just ordinary people who drink a lot. Can it even open a chain store?”

One of the girl

listened to Linda’s arrogant tone, didn’t say a word, lowered her head, and scooped a soft pudding with a spoon. While doing this, she thought to herself that this milk tea shop had great potential.

Could it be that these customers who came for the reputation were all fake? Although she didn’t understand business, she knew that good products were easy to sell.

Linda’s family was in business, but Linda lacked vision.

Coming here, other than drinking milk tea, was just to humiliate Angela Kins. Last time, to humiliate her, she even threw ten dollars at Angela. Wasn’t that foolish? Who would give money to someone they disliked?

As they were talking, a girl from the other side suddenly nudged Linda. “Linda, it’s Angela Kins.”

Linda looked over and saw Angela not only bypassing the queue to enter the shop but also carrying something into the kitchen.

Her face instantly turned sour.

“What’s wrong with this waiter? Didn’t they say she wasn’t here?”

She stood up abruptly and stormed over to the counter. “You said Angela wasn’t here! Then who just went in?”

The waiter looked bewildered. Another waiter who had been there a few days longer and knew about Angela quickly tried to smooth things over. “I’m sorry, Miss. Let’s discuss this over here.”

There were too many people in line. If they wasted time here, the customers behind would definitely get impatient.

Linda slammed her milk tea onto the counter. “Is this how you treat your customers? Deceiving and brushing us off? If this were my family’s business, with your kind of service, you’d be out the door by now.”

The milk tea and its toppings splattered all over the counter, even getting into the calculator.

The staff hurried to clean up, but it was too late.

“Ma’am, how could you do this?”

“Call Angela out!” Linda was extremely upset. These people dared to make a fool of her. In the Saw Group, everyone would respectfully address her as Miss Linda.

The people in line behind her saw the commotion, and although a bit anxious, they all started to watch the drama unfold.

What was going on?

In the kitchen, Angela was discussing with Clara how to add milk balls to the drinks when they heard the commotion. They exchanged glances and quickly came out.

Angela observed the furious girl at the front closely. Wasn't she the one who had intentionally embarrassed her by offering money last time?

What was her purpose for being here now? Angela didn't even know her.

Clara greeted her with a warm smile. "What seems to be the issue, Miss? Did our shop fail to provide satisfactory service? How about we offer you a complimentary milk tea this time?"

Upon seeing Angela emerge, Linda forcefully pushed Clara aside. "Who needs you to be charitable? I specifically requested Angela to serve our table, but your waiter claimed she wasn't around. Are you implying that we're blind? Do you have any idea who I am? With a single word from me, I can have your shop shut down!"

## Chapter 58 It's You

Selene had figured it out. This was a deliberate provocation against Angela.

"I'm truly sorry, miss. This staff member is new and has different working hours, so some of us don't recognize each other. It wasn't intentional," Selene apologized with a smile, then asked. "If waiving the bill isn't acceptable, what would you like us to do?"

By now, others had gradually understood the situation. The two young girls had a dispute: one of them was a waitress here, and the other had come to cause trouble.

But what Selene said was also true. Many of the employees in the shop were newly hired. When the shop was small, there weren't even any waitresses. This was just a case of someone making a fuss and wasting everyone's time.

"Exactly, young lady, don't be so hot-tempered. Everyone knows that the staff in the shop are all new. It's normal not to recognize each other," an old customer defended.

However, these words only added fuel to Linda's anger. She was the one with a temper? They were blaming her?

Linda's face turned pale with anger. Then, she smirked. "Fine, since you want to cover for Angela, you can take her place."

After saying this, Linda returned to her seat, her face cold. She grabbed the milk tea from her friend's hand and smashed it on the ground, her eyes mocking as she looked at Selene.

"Apologies, my hand slipped, and I made a mess. Could you clean it up and make another one just like it?"

A whole cup of milk tea was splattered all over the floor, making it impossible to move. anywhere.

Linda held her head high, her face full of anticipation for the drama to come.

The girl's actions left everyone in the room dumbfounded. This wasn't an accident. It was clearly intentional!

This woman must be

crazy.

Selene frowned slightly, then quickly instructed the staff next to her. She grabbed a mop from the corner and a bucket to collect water.

She began to clean up efficiently.

Mia rushed into the kitchen and quickly found Angela, "Selene said the woman is here to cause trouble for you. You should leave through the back door."

“She’s here for me?” Angela’s eyes darkened. She removed her gloves and put them aside, intending to go out.

The kitchen was separated from the front by a door, and the soundproofing was good. Although she could sense some commotion, she didn’t expect someone to be causing

trouble.

She wanted to see who it was.

Mia quickly grabbed her. “What are you doing? Don’t go out. Selene said if you don’t show up, she can’t cause any trouble. She’ll leave after a while. Don’t work today. Just go.”

Angela frowned. Although what Mia said made sense, she....

Seeing Angela still hesitating, Mia didn’t say another word and dragged Angela toward the back door.

In the front of the shop, Selene wiped the floor clean with a towel, then looked up and smiled. “It’s clean now. Please sit for a while. Your milk tea will be brought to you soon.”

Selene walked to the counter, where the staff had already made the milk tea, and handed it to her with a wronged expression.

“Who is this woman? She’s gone too far.”

Selene smiled and took the tray. “As business owners, what kind of customers haven’t we encountered? It’s okay; keep yourselves busy.”

After comforting the staff, Selene didn’t dare to delay. She carried the tray toward Linda’s

table.

Just a few steps away, Selene suddenly felt her foot slip, and the milk tea on the tray spilled all over the floor and her clothes.

“Selene!”

“Selene, are you okay?”

Seeing this scene, several staff members rushed over to help Selene up.

Linda propped her face with one hand, a triumphant smile on her face. She mocked, “You’re so clumsy and useless. You even got my shoes dirty!”

Then, Linda stood up, walked over to Selene, and pointed to her slightly milk–stained black boots. “Clean it up, apologize, and today’s incident will be over.”

Linda glanced at the kitchen, sneering. Angela didn’t even have the courage to come out and face her.

What a coward.

Since Selene insisted on taking Angela’s place, Linda decided to let Angela witness Selene’s humiliation because of her.

“Bad person! Don’t bully my mom.” A child suddenly rushed out, charging at Linda like a cannonball and pushing her forcefully.

“Ah... it hurts!”

Caught off guard, Linda was pushed into a table behind her, feeling a sharp pain shoot through her lower back.



The pain drained the color from Linda's face. She looked up, her eyes filled with malice as she glared at the child who had pushed her.

Upon seeing Linda injured, her friend quickly approached and slapped Ron fiercely, seeking revenge for Linda. "Where did this brat come from? He's asking for trouble! I'll teach him a lesson."

Ron received a hard slap, his eyes instantly turning red as tears streamed down his face.

"Ron!"

Seeing her son's swollen face from the slap, Selene's expression changed instantly. She didn't care about anything else and rushed forward to confront the girl who had hit her son.

The scene quickly descended into chaos.

Upon witnessing their boss getting involved in the fight, Selene's employees immediately joined in.

With the advantage of numbers, the situation quickly became one-sided.

Linda's friend, clutching her face, screamed and ran towards Linda.

Linda turned pale and shouted with a trembling voice, "I'm telling you, my father is Mark Saw. If you dare to touch me, don't even think about keeping your shop open! You're all doomed!"

Chapter 59 Linda's Downfall

The Ruthless Mark Saw?

He was regarded as a wealthy man in this area, a self-made millionaire who had risen in recent years and even made appearances on television.

How could a milk tea shop with no connections possibly provoke him?

The onlookers pitied the mother and child, thinking they were doomed.

Seeing that her friends were intimidated by her father's reputation, Linda felt relieved and instantly gained more confidence. She looked disdainfully at her friend, who could only cry, and silently cursed her for being useless.

She almost got herself beaten!

Linda coldly stared at the crowd, arrogantly threatening, "Just you wait. I'm going to call my dad right now. None of you who just laid hands on me will get away with it!"

"What are you barking about?" Angela opened the kitchen door, her gaze sweeping over them coldly. "Without your dad, what are you?"

"You..." Linda was taken aback by the insult.

"You what? Can't you even speak properly? Are you stuttering? If your brain isn't properly developed, don't come out and embarrass yourself!"

In this society, people bullied the weak and feared the strong, especially those who were reckless and fearless.

Angela took a cup filled with ice water from the counter, walked up to Linda, and emotionlessly splashed it on her.

"Ah!" Linda screamed as the cold water made her shiver. She glared at Angela with a vicious look in her eyes, "Angela! How dare you splash water on me!"

Her two followers were shocked.

How could Angela dare to do this?

Not only did Angela splash water on her, but she also grabbed Linda's wrist and harshly threw

Unlock succeeded

Linda was stunned, then became furious. "What do you mean? What do my parents have to do with you!"

Facing Linda's anger, Angela seemed much more relaxed. "Your dad has been implicated in the embezzlement of public funds in the Rosadale project and is under investigation. If you go home now, you might still be able to see him before he's taken into custody. Also, comfort your mom: don't let her do anything foolish."

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Linda could hardly contain her anger, wishing she could tear Angela's face apart. How dare she curse her parents!

"Whether I'm talking nonsense or not, you'll find out when you go home."

After Angela finished speaking indifferently, it didn't seem like she was lying. For a moment, Linda's two followers looked at each other, thinking she might be telling the truth.

If she was telling the truth, wouldn't the Saw Group be ruined? Wouldn't Linda's family go bankrupt, and she would no longer be a young heiress?

Not only these two, but the onlookers also started discussing, looking at Linda with meaningful glances.

Linda was furious. She had always been the spoiled heiress of the Saw Group. When had anyone dared to humiliate her like this? She reached out to grab a glass cup next to her, intending to smash it on Angela's face, hoping to scar Angela's beautiful face so she could never show it in public again!

Just as she reached out, the wall TV in the milk tea shop finished playing a drama series, and suddenly, a news report came on.

“Mark Saw, the president of the Riverdon Saw Group, is implicated in multiple charges, including bribery and embezzlement of public funds in the Rosadale construction project, and is now under investigation by the Riverdon Public Security...”

Linda was shocked, looking up at the small TV. The news showed her father, Mark, being handcuffed and taken away by two police officers.

“Dad...”

Her face turned pale. Her body felt like it had fallen into an ice cave, even colder than when she was splashed with ice water.

Was their Saw Group... going to go bankrupt?

At this time, others also noticed the news and began to cheer.

“Serves her right! Who told her to be so arrogant? This is karma!”

A dark light flashed in the eyes of Linda's two followers.

The Saw Group was facing difficulties, and Linda would no longer be a young heiress. They wouldn't have to tolerate her bad temper any longer.

“Miss Linda, could you please move? Don't tell me you still have the time to chat with our staff about the Saw Family's gossip.” Angela reminded Linda.

Initially, Angela didn't know Linda, but when she mentioned Mark, it jogged her memory.

In her previous life, there was a family named Saw in the business circle. At that time, Linda, who was the daughter of the Saw Family, was her classmate at Riverdon University. However, shortly after the speech competition, the Saw Family was found guilty of bribery and embezzlement of public funds, resulting in their bankruptcy.

Mark Saw, the head of the Saw Family, was subsequently imprisoned, and his wife attempted suicide by jumping off a building. Although she survived, she was left severely disabled. Their spoiled son and daughter were completely incapable of turning their lives around. Even their remaining money was

swindled by their so-called friends and relatives. Linda managed to struggle through her third year in university before dropping out due to financial difficulties.

In her previous life, Angela had only heard about this incident. She never expected that in this life, the person causing her trouble would be this young heiress.

Remembering who Linda was, Angela was not afraid of Linda causing trouble.

Linda trembled all over. Upon hearing Angela's voice, Linda seemed to snap out of a nightmare and shrieked, "Angela, how dare you curse my family! Go to hell!"

With that, she grabbed a glass from the side.

Before she could throw it, one of her followers suddenly snatched the glass from her hand, apologized to the shop, and forcefully dragged her out.

Linda struggled like a madwoman, "Maxine, how dare you drag me!"

The girl known as Maxine Kine glared at her. "Linda, if you had hit someone just now, were you planning to have us join your family in jail?"

These two followers had always been submissive in front of Linda. When had they ever dared to talk to her in such a manner? Linda was taken aback by Maxine's audacity and instinctively raised her hand to slap her.

Maxine brushed away her hand and sneered, "Linda, let go of your unpleasant attitude. Do you still think you're the privileged young heiress you once were? With everyone eager to flatter and indulge you? Can't you see the reality? You're now the daughter of a corrupt criminal!"

"Exactly, a fallen phoenix is no match for a chicken. Linda, if it weren't for the money, who would want to play along with your pretense? You've offended so many people at school, your judgment day is coming. Just you wait!" another girl added gleefully.

Linda couldn't believe how quickly her friends had turned against her, let alone their low opinion of her. She had spent a significant amount of money on them in the past!

"You..." She was so angry that her fingers trembled. She pointed at the two girls, wanting to curse at them, but they just rolled their eyes and walked away, arm in arm, gleefully gossiping about Linda's bad habits. Their familiarity with the topic suggested that they had badmouthed her countless times behind her back.

She was so furious that she wanted to curse, but the news on the TV continued to broadcast, and soon she was trembling all over.

It was over... her days of being a haughty young heiress were completely over!

## Chapter 60 Comfort

Let's all have dinner together, the employees thought with a sigh. They watched as the haughty young heiress stormed out of the milk tea shop.

Selene instructed them to tidy up before going to comfort the child.

Unable to contain her curiosity, Selene asked Angela, “Angela, how did you find out about the Saw Family’s situation? That’s truly remarkable.”

Angela pondered for a moment and replied, “Selene, I heard it from my relatives. But I didn’t expect it to be such a coincidence that it was on the news today.”

Selene sighed and decided not to ask any more questions. She and Angela used ice packs to soothe Ron’s red face, providing him with comfort.

The little boy’s face was tender, with a red slap mark on it, and his eyes were swollen from crying.

It was heart–wrenching to witness.

Selene couldn’t help but tear up, angrily saying, “I never expected Maxine, at such a young age, to be so cruel to a child. I used to give her discounts because she was a regular customer.”

Angela remembered the face of Maxine, whom Linda had scolded outside the shop, and comforted Selene, “If she comes again, just kick her out.”

After busying herself in the shop for a while, Angela planned to visit the house her grandmother had left her to check on the renovation.

To repair the house damaged by Samuel, she had to spend a significant amount of her limited money, which made her feel financially embarrassed once again.

Although she had received Jonathan’s consultation fee, she would have to pay the final payment once the repairman finished his work, spending nearly a thousand on new furniture...

After calculating all the miscellaneous expenses, she realized she would have to spend even

more.

Angela sighed and decided to walk to the bus stop, which was just over two kilometers away, in order to save a few bucks.

After crossing this traffic light, she would reach the bus stop after walking a few hundred meters.

She looked at the bustling road, feeling a bit dazed. In the future, this place would become a prime financial center, where a small storefront would cost millions a year.

“Hey, isn’t that Angela?”

In the hotel, Sebastian suddenly exclaimed with joy and pointed to the crowd at the traffic light across the street.

Bruce and another old man were taken aback, then squinted to look outside. “Where?”

Jonathan slightly raised his head, following Sebastian’s direction, and immediately spotted the young girl in the crowd.

She was skinny and had a white crossbody bag. She stood quietly in the crowd, looking very obedient, like a primary school student.

Upon seeing this, Jonathan couldn’t help but smile.

Suddenly, a fluffy head popped out next to Jonathan, with big round eyes, climbing up with hands and feet, standing on tiptoes, and peering outside.

The child asked in a milky voice, “Where? Is it Angela?”



Hearing this, Bruce laughed out loud and soon spotted Angela. He quickly nudged Jonathan. "What a coincidence, Jon. Why don't you invite her over for dinner?"

As he said this, he seemed to have already assumed that his grandson would invite Angela over and said to his old friend next to him. "Terence, today, you'll get to meet the young lady who's even more formidable than you!"

Jonathan looked at her for a moment. Before he could speak, Sebastian had already enthusiastically handed over his phone, "Mr. Lawson, quickly call Angela. Once the light turns green, she'll leave!"

The man paused for a moment before taking the phone and dialing the number.

Just as the green light came on, Angela was about to cross the zebra crossing when her phone rang. Seeing that it was Jonathan's call, she immediately stopped.

"Hello, Jonathan?"

"Mm, Angela, have you eaten yet?" The man's voice was light but very pleasant to hear.

"Huh?" Angela blinked. "Not yet."

Jonathan spoke, "Cross the traffic light and wait for me. Let's have dinner together?"

The air seemed to freeze for a moment. Then, Angela suddenly looked up, her eyes sparkling as she gazed at the hotel in front of the traffic light. Is Jonathan in this hotel?

When Jonathan expressed his wishes, how could Angela refuse? She immediately agreed, "Okay."

"Mm, meet me in the lobby of Laurel Hotel. I'll have Sebastian pick you up," Jonathan responded and then ended the call.

Looking down, he noticed the young girl running across the road, her eyes fixed on the hotel.

Jonathan's health wasn't good, and Angela didn't want him to wait too long, so she hurriedly crossed the road as soon as the light turned green.

There was a renowned chef in the Laurel Hotel who was famous for his signature dishes. One of his desserts, called "Orange Blossoms," was particularly sought after. Only 50 servings were made each day, and once they were sold out, there would be no more. She had tasted it once and had been longing for it ever since.

However, Fanny also loved it. Once James found out about Fanny's fondness for the dessert, he would always try to secure a serving for her, if any were left.

But... there was never any left.

Just as she was about to enter the restaurant, a black luxury car sped towards her, nearly hitting her. The screeching sound of the tires grinding against the pavement as the car came to an abrupt halt was

particularly unpleasant.

Angela was so frightened that she took a few steps back.

"Are you trying to get yourself killed?" the driver yelled at Angela.

She instantly became infuriated. How dare he yell at her when he was the one who almost hit her?

What a jerk!

Just as she was about to retort, she caught sight of the man in the car, and her words. in her throat.

got

stuck

A refined and handsome man emerged from the back seat and immediately moved to the

other side to open the door. The first thing that caught her eye was a slender leg clad in black stockings.

It was late autumn, and most pedestrians were dressed in coats and long pants. However, the woman who got out of the car was half-naked, with her shoulders exposed, wearing a short skirt and black stockings. She was fashionable and alluring. The men nearby couldn't help but stare, their eyes practically glued to her legs.

As soon as the woman stepped out, the man naturally wrapped his arm around her waist.

Angela's eyes turned cold, and she couldn't help but speak up. "Hello, Horace."

Upon seeing Angela, Horace was taken aback for a few seconds before he remembered who she was—his wife's beautiful younger cousin, Angela.

His arm tightened around the woman, and he quickly let go.

"Angela? What brings you here?"

Recalling how her sister's death in her previous life was largely due to Horace's infidelity, Angela's eyes turned cold.

Angela smirked. "Shouldn't I be the one asking you that? Your wife said she was going home to cook lunch for you. Why are you here with this woman instead of going home?"

"Woman?"

Upon hearing this, Lina's face darkened. "Mind your words!"

Angela remained expressionless, her icy gaze fixed on Horace.

That look made Horace feel uneasy.

However, upon seeing Angela's beautiful and youthful face, Horace quickly regained his composure. He gave Lina a reassuring pat. "She's just a young girl. She doesn't understand."

Then, with a polite smile, he explained to Angela, "We were on our way home, but then a sudden lunch meeting came up. This is my colleague, Lina Trace. You can call her Lina."

As Angela examined Lina's face, a hint of jealousy flashed in her eyes.

After hearing his explanation, Angela was the first to laugh. "What kind of 'colleague relationship' involves hugging each other around the waist?"