

Serve NOTL 71

Chapter 71 Apologize to Angela

Christopher found himself gripped by an unexplainable uneasiness. Despite the absence of any impediments to his impending marriage with Fanny, the joy he had anticipated was inexplicably muted.

Christopher, burdened with a heavy heart, mustered a smile and expressed. "Thank you, Jonathan."

In the aftermath, his doubts deepened. Jonathan's unexpected interference in the situation sparked inquiries within Christopher. Is Jonathan meddling in this affair solely for personal gain or concern for Angela's well-being?

"Wait here until Angela regains consciousness and offer her an apology." Jonathan advised in hushed tones laden with gravity.

Jonathan..." Christopher, unwilling and unable to protest, tightened his fingers in silent acquiescence.

The only mistake he made in this incident was his failure to answer the phone; it's not as if he orchestrated someone to harm Angela.

Why should I apologize for actions I don't directly cause?

Jonathan's penetrating gaze swept over him like an eagle. "Do you still believe you did nothing wrong? It's your duty to cherish Fanny, but what about Angela? You couldn't control yourself, venting your anger on a young girl. Is this the moral compass instilled by the Sanders Family? You're engaged yet

entangled in an affair with your fiancée's sister. Have you ever considered how others perceive the Sanders Family?"

"Let me ask you again. Where were you tonight?" Jonathan's dark eyes bore into Christopher..

Fear surged through Christopher at the thought of Jonathan discovering his meeting with Fanny, deepening the negative impression.

Gritting his teeth, he conceded, "I will apologize to Angela, as you suggested."

Angela, riddled with injuries, finally awoke two days later.

The fiery red sunset bathed the ward in its glow.

Angela slowly opened her eyes, her fingers trembling slightly as she sensed an unsettling shift. within, accompanied by a dense and piercing pain.

This unsettling feeling evoked memories of her battle with cancer in a previous life.

Diagnosed at a late stage, her family, along with herself, had relinquished hope for treatment. Joseph, a doctor, merely prescribed medications to control the disease's progression.

Through countless days and nights, she endured excruciating pain, harboring concerns that her parents and loved ones would bear the weight of sadness for her.

There was no genuine love surrounding her. They were merely biding their time until her demise to facilitate organ donation for Fanny,

As the effects of anesthesia wore out. Angela found herself immersed in unbearable rendering her once-porcelain face as pale as paper.

Blinking her long eyelashes, she took a slow breath, exhaling the discomfort.

"Miss Angela, are you awake?"

pain.

The nurse, quick to observe Angela's movement, rushed out excitedly to inform the doctor of her awakening.

Soon, the doctor arrived, examined Angela, and provided crucial advice to the Kins Family, who had hurried to the hospital. "Exercise caution in the coming days. A full recovery for bones and muscles takes around a hundred days. Ensure proper nutrition and take care of yourselves. Safeguard your hands and avoid any further injuries during the recovery period."

The doctor's hands, used for performing surgery, were delicate. Once they damaged the nerves, it could be disastrous,

Scarlet, eyes red with worry, nodded earnestly in acknowledgment. "Okay, doctor," she replied.

Later, the doctor gave some basic instructions and then left with the intern assistant.

Following the doctor's departure, Scarlet sat down beside her daughter, carefully studying her pale face marked by the recent ordeal.

Angela, who had been sustained by intravenous nutrition for days, appeared noticeably thinner with slightly sunken cheeks.

"I've informed your father and your brothers. They'll be here soon," Scarlet shared, reaching out to hold Angela's hand but hesitating and retracting it. "Why are you so stubborn? Just admit your mistake and come home. Can't we all be happy together?"

Glancing at herself, Scarlet expressed concern about Angela's current state. "You've only been

out for a short time, and you're already like this.

Angela, gripping the blanket tightly, tensed momentarily. Opening her eyes, she calmly met Scarlet's gaze. "Happy? Only you guys are happy. You're the true family."

Initially, she shouldn't have been recognized and brought back, intruded into a family that never accepted her in the first place.

Scarlet was wounded by Angela's words, emotions welling up within her. "You are also my daughter, the one I carried for nine months. I want to cherish you, but you're pushing me away. I'm tired. Can't you just be obedient?"

Certainly, they were blood relatives. Whenever Angela experienced pain, she would reassure herself that she was a life bestowed by Scarlet.

Connected by blood, bones, and tendons, she and her four brothers shared a familial bond.

Yet, ultimately, it was they who continually let her down, pushing her into the depths of despair.

Angela was too exhausted. She let out a soft chuckle, her gaze filled with mockery as she addressed Scarlet, "If that's the case, let's just let go of each other. You can't treat everyone equally, and I can't endure ceaseless favoritism."

Scarlet was taken aback and felt a surge of anger. "You're injured. Let's discuss this when you're recovered."

In the hospital room, a heavy silence descended.

Before long, as Scarlet had mentioned, members of the Kins Family began arriving at the hospital.

Joseph couldn't come as he was undergoing surgery, and Zacharias was still at school.

However, everyone else had arrived, making the hospital room feel crowded.

Scarlet shared the doctor's diagnosis with everyone. Once they learned that Angela was fine and only needed to take good care of herself, a collective sigh of relief swept through the

room.

Upon seeing his daughter's weakened state, George softened a bit and turned to James, asking. "How are things going now? Did they catch the culprit?"

Angela remained motionless but slowly opened her eyes.

In her previous life, she had never experienced such a situation, and certain things had changed due to her rebirth.

When she heard James say that the culprit was Linda, Angela felt a mix of surprise and anticipation.

However, she couldn't understand why Linda would harbor such intense hatred toward her. It seemed somewhat inexplicable.

Upon hearing that the culprit had been caught and was actually Angela's former classmate, George angrily declared. "Such wickedness at such a young age! We must not let her go unpunished. She should receive proper lessons during her time in jail."

Samuel had been waiting inside for a whole week and took pleasure in seeing Angela beaten

1. up.

"Everything seems perfectly fine. Why did she only target Angela? Angela must have done something to provoke her," he said with a gloomy expression.

James' face also darkened. He knew from what Jessica had said that Angela had spoken ill of them.

James pursed his lips and coldly asked, "Are you satisfied with causing such a scene and embarrassing us?"

Angela had really outdone herself by repeatedly causing trouble and ending up at the police

station.

Several friends from the shopping mall had approached him, but he couldn't find the words to explain the embarrassment.

"James, don't speak to Angela like that. She's already upset enough with her injuries," Fanny gently advised.

Samuel pulled Fanny aside and glared at her, "Are you defending her? She got herself into this mess, and now we have to clean it up!"

Fanny bit her lip, "Samuel, maybe this isn't Angela's fault. Even if there are conflicts, we shouldn't be so harsh."

George had been extremely busy lately. With Angela causing trouble, he was feeling very stressed. Fortunately, Fanny had always been obedient and well-behaved, which saved him from worrying.

With a stern expression, George confronted Angela, "Enough! Now that you've left the Kins

Family there's no one to protect you from hebig hated. Are you if ging scamme

The winter in the southern region proved to be an unforgiving adversary, with its relentless cold and pervasive dampness.

Back then, Angela, facing the harsh conditions, sought refuge in a cramped storage room, enduring sleepless nights as the biting cold seeped into her bones. Even a full night's rest failed to thaw her freezing body, leaving her hands and feet persistently cold the next day.

Despite Angela's devoted care for others, she neglected her own well-being.

Now, as winter set in, the chill penetrated her more profoundly than the frigid nights spent in the unheated storage room.

Angela's pallid face grew colder as she observed the room's occupants, realizing that even close blood ties could reach a point of desperation..

Summoning strength despite the pain in her bones, Angela sat up, her voice hoarse from prolonged silence. "Sometimes, I wonder if I am truly your daughter or your sister," she questioned, her gaze sweeping across the room.

"Half an hour has passed since you all came in. You've discussed the killer, but has anyone shown the slightest concern for my injuries? Have you considered if I'm in pain, hungry, or thirsty?"

Angela's lowered gaze trembled, and despite the shock on their faces, she smiled to herself. "After you finish talking, just leave. I don't want to see any of you. If I had a choice, I wouldn't want to be born into the Kins Family!"

Samuel erupted in anger. "Angela, are you out of your mind? We all rushed over here. Is that not enough for you? Do we have to kneel down and beg you, treat you like a god, for you to be satisfied?"

James, a mixture of frustration and disbelief etched across his features, fixed his gaze upon Angela's serene countenance.

George became even more furious. "I thought you would learn your lesson after going through such an incident. I never expected you to be so stubborn and even worse. Angela, you're becoming more and more outrageous. Who do you think you are?"

Fanny looked at Angela. Is this a deliberate strategy, or...

She approached, attempting to reach out to Angela. "Angela, we've all been really worried about you lately. Please stop provoking Mom and Dad. Let's all take a step back."

Angela slightly frowned and distanced herself. "Fanny, have you already forgotten what I said last time?"

When it came to Fanny, Scarlet became sensitive and immediately asked. "Fanny, what did Angela say to you? Did she bully you?"

Fanny quickly shook her head. "No, she just said she didn't want to see me. I understand."

Scarlet never expected that Angela could still cause distress to Fanny at school. Fanny, being a gentle person, might have endured many grievances silently.

Upon reflecting on this, Scarlet's slight affection for Angela disappeared.

She sighed with sadness and despair. "Angela, what do you want to achieve? Since you came, our family hasn't had a single good day. It's been chaotic and tumultuous. Fanny has reached her limit. Are you made of steel? What kind of family do you want to turn this into before you're satisfied? It's my fault. I couldn't maintain harmony and fairness, which made you jealous. You can direct all your anger toward me. Please don't make it difficult for Fanny!"

Scarlet's eyes turned red as she hugged Fanny, looking at Angela with a gaze filled with resentment and disappointment.

From a young age, Fanny had been obedient and well-behaved, excelling in her studies and talents such as music, chess, calligraphy, and painting. She was Scarlet's pride and joy, the daughter she had wholeheartedly nurtured.

However, one day, someone told Scarlet that her daughter wasn't Fanny; she had been switched at birth.

Her biological daughter was now being raised in the countryside, uneducated and uncultured. A crude girl who didn't even know what Brundelian was. Scarlet's world came crashing down.

Initially, she felt sympathy for Angela, her biological daughter, who had endured so much hardship and adversity. But gradually, she couldn't bear it any longer.

Angela lied and deceived, pretending to be innocent and naive while being cunning and manipulative..

She deliberately acted obediently, taking credit for Fanny's accomplishments, claiming them as her own to gain favor from her brothers.

Scarlet couldn't tolerate such immoral behavior from her daughter, who was as deceitful as a fox.

Samuel sneered, "Mom, you've been too lenient with her. She's managed to get her own siblings into trouble with the law. What else is she capable of? It's better to cut ties with her now before she starts committing more serious crimes!"

James wore a stern expression as he grasped Samuel's arm and questioned, "What are you saying?"

"Hmph, did I say something wrong? James, do you know how I spent that week in jail? I was starving and freezing, and she showed no mercy. Why should I show her any kindness?" Samuel glared fiercely at Angela. "In ancient times, what I'm doing is called sacrificing family for justice!"

Despite her exhaustion, Angela felt an unusual sense of calmness in her heart.

Finally, we've reached this point.

Angela experienced a sense of relief, lightness, and freedom she hadn't felt in a long time.

She and her past self had taken completely different paths, and that was for the best.

She smiled faintly and said, "Alright then, find a time to change my registration separately. From now on, you can live your lives, and the Kins Family will no longer have any connection to me. You will no longer be my parents or my siblings."

Change the registration?

For those with conservative beliefs, Angela's words were perceived as an act of rebellion. George trembled with anger, wanting to intimidate Angela, but she remained unafraid, even suggesting changing her registration.

"I'm not dead yet!"

Changing registration was typically associated with starting a family or dealing with a deceased parent. George couldn't comprehend Angela's intentions. Is she cursing me to death?

As Angela met George's fiery eyes, he grabbed her wrist and forcefully pulled it downwards. Newly awakened from her injuries, Angela had no strength to resist and fell off the hospital bed.

"Ah... Let go! Who do you think you are to treat me like this..."

"Angela, do you really think no one could control you? As long as I'm alive, I can do whatever I want to you!" George forcefully pulled Angela down and threw her with great force, sweeping everything off the table onto her body.

Unsatisfied, George kicked her hard. "How dare you defy me? Let's see if you still have the courage to defy me after I teach you a lesson! Tell me, are you admitting your mistake or not? Do you acknowledge your wrongdoing?"

Ignoring Angela's injuries, the others watched coldly, offering no help.

Crack!

The sound of bones breaking echoed as Angela let out a muffled groan. Her face turned pale, cold sweat oozing from her forehead.

Angela's frail body lay limp on the ground like tattered cloth.

She gave up struggling, staring numbly at the enraged George, who continued to beat her.

Tears streamed down her cheeks in large drops.

It hurts. It hurts so much...

At seven o'clock—the time for Angela's bandage change—when the nurse gently pushed open the door to enter the ward, she was appalled by the distressing scene that unfolded before

her.

“Help! Someone has been harmed!”

Chapter 73 Jonathan, Please Do Me a Favor

A sudden hush fell over everyone, as if awakening from a dream. James stepped forward, intervening to halt George. “Dad, there are so many people watching. It won't look good if this gets out.”

George snorted coldly, and his anger gradually subsided. “I've shown you respect before, but that doesn't mean you have free rein to run wild. If you persist in causing trouble, I'll make sure to put an end to it, even if it means resorting to force.”

After uttering these harsh words, George straightened his disheveled suit and left the hospital room with an angry expression.

Soon, the doctor arrived.

Upon witnessing the chaotic scene, the doctor became furious. “Who do you think you are? This is a hospital, not a place for you to cause trouble.”

Turning to the nurse who had followed, the doctor commanded, "Call the police!"

Upon hearing the mention of the police, Scarlet immediately released Fanny and loudly protested, "Don't call the police. I am her mother. How can family matters be brought to the police station?"

Scarlet was well aware that escalating this to the police station would irreparably damage the Kins Family's reputation.

The doctor looked shocked and said, "So, you let someone beat your daughter? What kind of mother are you?"

Scarlet, scolded by the doctor, turned pale and couldn't utter a word.

With a stern expression, the doctor angrily instructed the nurse to escort them out and quickly moved Angela onto the hospital bed for examination.

After the examination, the doctor considered the situation. Angela had been brought here by Jonathan ore, and they appeared concerned for her. It would be better to inform Jonathan about what happened to avoid any blame falling on them, as they couldn't afford to offend Jonathan.

The doctor lowered his head and quietly said a few words to the nurse.

Upon glancing at the bed where the badly beaten Angela barely breathed, he sighed.

What sort of family allows their daughter to be subjected to violence while under their caret Lexplicitly mentioned that her body was extremely fhuil, nearly on the brink of death. Despite this, without providing adequate care, how could they permit her to be beaten to such an extent in the blink Is this her own father! Their lack of humanity is truly disheartening.

body is weak. If vo. ?

an ever

Dr. Liam gave instructions to the nurse and left the ward with an unpleasant expression. He sternly reprimanded Scarlet. "You are her mother. How can I trust you? We told you that her

had brought her a little later, we wouldn't have been able to save her. She was just on the brink of death, and now she's been beaten like this. What kind of

you?"

parents are

It's unbelievable.

Dr. Liam expressed disbelief. "I've told you countless times that her hands must not be injured. And now she has a fracture. If you don't take good care of her, just take her away so that she doesn't die in our hospital!"

After that, Dr. Liam walked away with a stern face.

Samuel snorted heavily and stared at the doctor's back. "He's accusing us without knowing the situation. Angela is not dead, right?"

1. up.

Upon observing Angela's condition, he thought she seemed fine. As soon as she woke had the strength to talk about moving her household registration. This was outrageous.

she

James' dark eyes flickered as he looked through the glass window, glimpsing the half-covered white bed.

He raised his hand and forcefully knocked Samuel. "Do you want Dad to kill Angela? That would land us in jail."

Samuel winced in pain, rubbing his throbbing head, filled with anger..

Fanny, with a slight hint of amusement in her eyes, lowered her head and spoke softly, "Mom, don't be angry. Dad has already taught her a lesson this time. Angela's suggestion to move out is probably not serious. Let's bring Angela back home after she recovers. Just like before. Let's continue living as a happy family. What do you think, James and Samuel?" Fanny said in a sweet voice, "Say something."

Fanny wore an innocent expression, hoping for the approval of James and Samuel.

Scarlet looked down, glanced at Fanny holding her hand, made a decision, and then tightly held her daughter's hand. "Angela is right. With her around, this home will never be peaceful. It's better for her to move out."

Fanny exclaimed in worry, "Mom, Dad won't agree

"I'll talk to your dad," Scarlet said calmly.

It should have been done long ago; once Angela is no longer here, our family can return to its harmonious state. Angela should have been removed from the Kins Family a long time ago. Fanny is my only daughter

Scarlet tightly held Fanny's hand, her eyes red as she looked at Fanny. "You are my only daughter."

Fanny looked a bit stunned. She nodded obediently and smiled sweetly. "I have always been. your daughter, Mom."

James suddenly remembered Jessica's words. "My parents care about me, unlike you heartless and biased people. You don't deserve to be Angela's brothers."

Feeling uneasy, James lowered his dark eyes. He wanted to say something. However, upon seeing his mother's calm demeanor, he didn't know what to say.

Being the eldest son, James felt responsible for not properly disciplining his younger siblings.

Even though Angela's actions were causing trouble and irritation u escalated to the point of her leaving the Kins Family.

the family, it hadn't

Considering she was still studying, leaving the Kins Family would leave her with limited options.

"James, what are you thinking? Do you think Angela should move out of the Kins Family?" Fanny, who knows when she stood by his side, asked softly, tilting her head.

James softened his cold face and showed a hint of tenderness. He habitually touched her hair and said. "If it comes to a point where there's no other choice, then so be it."

He always felt that it wouldn't come to that point. He assumed it was just talk and Angela would regret it later. Eventually, the matter would be forgotten.

Fanny nodded and obediently smiled.

Suddenly, a group of people appeared in the hospital corridor. Two people were in front, and two or three people were behind, protecting the man sitting in the wheelchair in the middle.

It was Jonathan.

He was wearing a black shirt and black suit pants, with a black coat on top. His brows and

eyes exuded coldness, and his gaze toward others was icy and heartless,

This was the first time Fanny had such a clear sense of the power and dominance of someone

in a higher position, without any restraint, emanating an oppressive aura.

It was like a deity, making it hard for her to breathe.

Fanny was scared and lowered her head, nervously grabbing James' arm.

Unconsciously, the Kins Family members made way for Jonathan.

Sebastian pushed the wheelchair and stopped in front of Angela's hospital room.

"Mr. Lawson, please. Sebastian glanced briefly at the Kins Family members without making

eye contact.

Carefully, he opened Angela's door and stood guard at the entrance.

"What are you all doing?" Scarlet asked, feeling a bit uneasy and furrowing her brow.

Sebastian used to always smile, giving people the impression that he was friendly and easy to talk to. But at this moment, although Sebastian was smiling, he seemed polite and distant, exuding an air of

authority.

Sebastian raised his gaze slightly and said, "I heard that Miss Angela had an accident. Mr. Lawson came specially to check on her."

Scarlet choked for a moment. I know you are coming to visit Angela, but what is the intention behind all this? The bodyguards stand outside as if our entry requires Jonathan's permission.

Inside the room, Jonathan pushed the wheelchair and silently appeared in front of the hospital bed.

The room was very quiet, and one could hear a pin drop.

During the examination, Angela had already woken up. When she heard the sound of the door opening, she turned her head slightly and saw a corner of the wheelchair. Her long lashes trembled lightly as she said, "Jonathan, can I ask you for a favor?"

Jonathan sat up straight. From behind, he could only see the slender and fragile figure of the young girl, her back exposed from under the covers.

He took out a cigarette but didn't light it, playing with it between his fingertips. After a moment of contemplation, he said, "Tell me."

Then, he turned his wheelchair and moved closer, just a few steps away from her.

His gaze gently brushed over her delicate eyelashes, filled with a misty haze, like a brush sweeping across his heart.

The pitiful expression on Angela's face was truly heart-wrenching.

"Will you marry me?" Angela's throat felt dry.

She knew she sounded absurd, but she had no other choice now.

Angela's body was in pain, so her voice sounded weak and feeble. But every word she spoke was clear and audible to him.

“Do you even know what you’re saying?” Jonathan asked in a deep voice.

Angela had always been a little afraid of Jonathan. At that moment, with darkness descending and the room still unlit, she couldn’t make out his expression hidden in the shadows.

But with a surge of courage, Angela felt no fear.

Enduring the pain, Angela tried to prop herself up slightly. “I know. I’ve thought about it for a long time...

Her face turned pale, and Jonathan couldn’t help but soften his heart. He reached out and covered her forehead, pressing her back down. “What’s wrong with you? Lie down and talk properly.

“Oh...” Angela was obedient and blinked her eyes. Then, she quickly said, “If you marry me, I won’t let you suffer. I won’t charge you anything for your legs; I’ll help you heal them.”

Jonathan remained unmoved.

Angela licked her dry lips and continued, “Since you’re here, you should know a little about the situation. I’ve completely severed ties with the Kins Family. I want to change my household registration and cut off all connections with them. But my dad definitely won’t.

agree. However, there is one thing that can be done, and that is for me to get married.”

As long as she found someone to marry, her household registration could be transferred to the man’s household registration.

Then, she would no longer be bound by George and the Kins Family.

After much consideration, she realized that among the people she knew, the only one who could resist the Kins Family and stand up to them was Jonathan.

If Jonathan agreed to marry her, George wouldn't be able to prevent it. He would likely be eager to arrange the marriage and urge them to proceed with it.

Angela pursed her lips and said again, "Don't worry. I won't be greedy for your money. We can have a prenuptial agreement. If we divorce after a few years, I'll leave with nothing!"

"If I choose not to give you my money, you won't receive a penny. However, if I decide to give. I'll give it all to you." Jonathan's tone remained composed but carried a hint of arrogance.

"Well then..." Angela looked at Jonathan, trying hard to read his expression. "Jonathan, do agree?"

Her only bargaining chip was Jonathan's legs, which she could heal.

you

The medical technology she possessed was more advanced than the present by more than a decade.

As long as Jonathan cared, as long as the Sanders Family and Lawson Family cared, Angela believed that she still had a chance to cure Jonathan's legs.

Jonathan caressed the bracelet on his wrist and sighed softly. "Whether the marriage is genuine or a mere facade, you, as a young woman, should give it careful consideration."

"I have thoroughly considered it!" Angela sensed Jonathan starting to ease up and promptly conveyed her sincerity, "Jonathan, if there's anything else you desire, feel free to let me know!"

Angela was so nervous that she didn't even feel the pain from her wound. Her heart was pounding as she waited for Jonathan's response.

Jonathan placed the cigarette back into the box and smirked slightly. "You have six months. If you can successfully heal my leg within this time frame, throughout our contractual marriage, I will provide everything you need."

For Jonathan, breaking away from the Kins Family was a simple thought. But he didn't mention it.

As he had once said to Sebastian, he his habit, his preference to make deals.

Undered in the darkness, surrounded by bones. It was

After all, a businessman didn't give things away for free. He would only consider it if the price was right. Angela had offered enough.

Angela relaxed her tense mind, and a smile spread across her face.

Jonathan, thank you. Don't worry: I will do everything I can to help you heal your leg."

Jonathan responded casually, "Just make sure you've thought it through."

Angela nodded slowly. She was certain that she had made the most courageous decision of her two lifetimes.

Jonathan added, "You should rest first. I'll leave two people at the door for you. If you need anything, just tell them. I'll have Sebastian handle the transfer procedures for your room."

"Why do I need to change rooms?" Angela didn't understand.

Jonathan smiled. "This room is not suitable for you to stay in now."

Soon, Angela understood what Jonathan meant.

Her room was moved to the eighth floor, a VIP ward with SVIP specifications. The room was more than twice the size of the previous one, and the bed was much larger.

There was a television, a refrigerator, and even a small room for accompanying personnel.

It turned out that she was receiving special treatment at this time.

On the bedside table, there was a bouquet of blooming rosebushes.

Unaware of what was happening outside, there was some commotion at the door. The nurse was afraid of disturbing Angela's rest, so she went to open the door and inquire.

She returned after a while and said to Angela, "Angela, someone is looking for you outside. He's tall and handsome."

Angela vaguely guessed who it was. She originally wanted to say she didn't want to see him, but then she thought that she and Christopher were now relatives, and she couldn't avoid him forever.

The nurse went to open the door, and Christopher rushed in immediately. The first thing he saw was Angela lying on the bed, her face paler and with a few more marks,

She looked at the rosebushes in the vase, the light shining on her profile, her dark eyelashes curled and thick, exuding a delicate yet serene beauty.

It was captivating.

Angela turned her head and calmly said, "I'm not feeling well mentally. Say what you want to say quickly,"

Christopher hesitated for a moment, then realized. "I came to apologize. I didn't receive your call at that time, which caused you..."

The

person who hit me was Linda. It should be her to take the blame. It has nothing to do with you," Angela interrupted him, then smiled. "And I shouldn't have called you either."

That was, in the past, her habit of prioritizing Christopher.

After being reborn, she had too many things to take care of and forgot to change these things.

Just now, she had already changed her emergency number.

She shouldn't have entrusted her fate to others.

Christopher choked up a bit. Upon facing the composed Angela, he felt a bit lost and a bit annoyed.

Angela pulled up the blanket, curled up, and lay back down. "You can leave now; I need to rest."

Is she driving me out?

Being disliked for the first time, Christopher was a bit angry. It was Jonathan who forced him to apologize in the first place; otherwise, he wouldn't have come.

Christopher was also eager to leave. He turned around and walked to the door. Squinting his eyes, he asked, "Are those Jonathan's people at the door?"

Angela found herself in a daze, hearing Christopher's question but not answering with her eyes closed.

Whether her answer was yes or no, it had nothing to do with Christopher.

Christopher waited for a few seconds. When he didn't hear a response, he snorted coldly and left with a stern face.

At the entrance of the hospital, Fanny was dressed lightly, her face red from the cold. The cold wind made her delicate figure appear fragile and unsteady.

When Christopher walked out of the hospital entrance, he frowned upon seeing Fanny in this state. He quickly approached her, taking off his coat and placing it on her.

"Why are you dressed so lightly? What are you doing here?" he asked, his tone somewhat harsh.

Wrapped in the warmth of the coat, Fanny felt her cold body start to warm up. "I was waiting for you," she replied.

"It's so cold here. Why didn't you wait inside? Are you foolish?" Christopher grabbed her hand, his hands icy cold. He unhappily held her hand and blew warm air onto it. "Don't do

this next time."

"You didn't let me know you were coming here. Are beautiful eyes filled with sadness.

you upset?" Fanny asked timidly, her

Christopher sighed and lifted Fanny into his arms, then led her toward the car.

"I'm not angry with you; I'm just angry that Uncle George acted impulsively. Why couldn't he handle things properly? He didn't have to resort to violence, especially when Angela was already injured." Christopher paused for a moment, his dark eyes flickering. "You were all there at the time; why didn't anyone intervene?"

Fanny nestled in Christopher's arms, her delicate hands wrapped around his waist. Upon hearing his words, her eyes immediately welled up with tears. "I wanted to intervene, but I was scared at the time..."

"It's my fault. I'm too cowardly," Fanny choked, her expression filled with self-blame. "My dad was furious and didn't hold back. Even if I was scared, I should have stepped in to protect Angela."

Christopher thought of Angela's appearance just moments ago, and a realization dawned upon him.

However, Fanny's self-reproachful and fragile demeanor also evoked sympathy from Christopher. He lifted Fanny's soft, fair chin and wiped away the tears that clung to the corners of her eyes.

Fanny looked even more sorrowful.

Christopher spoke up. "Forget it. Your dad was furious. If you had intervened, what would have happened if you got hurt?"

"It's my fault. If it weren't for me, Angela wouldn't have woken up and immediately told my dad that she wanted to move out and sever all ties with us. Fanny threw herself back into Christopher's embrace. "If someone has to sacrifice, I'd rather it be me. I was always unnecessary.

Fanny's understanding and kindness touched Christopher's heart. Any sympathy he had for Angela was suppressed.

Angela can't handle her relationship with her family on her own and has to forcefully insert herself into Fanny's and my relationship. She even mentions severing ties with the Kins Family. No wonder Uncle George is so furious.

Approaching the car, Christopher opened the door and urged Fanny to get in quickly.

He circled around to the driver's seat and said, "Don't worry about this matter anymore. Don't take all the blame upon yourself. You're so gentle by nature; what will you do once you graduate without me protecting you?"

Fanny chuckled and sniffed, nodding gently with a soft, coquettish voice. "Then you have to protect me all the time."

"Of course. Soon, you will be my fiancée, and if I don't protect you, who will?: Christopher smiled gently, assuring Fanny that Jonathan would help them and convince Old Mr. Sanders to agree to the marriage.

Fanny blinked and then eagerly reached out her arm, embracing the man and shyly kissing the corner of his mouth.

Christopher caught her and, filled with tenderness, reached out to stroke her nose. "I'll take

back; you

should rest for a while."

you

Fanny obediently agreed, her eyes filled with happiness.

The main obstacle between her and Christopher was Kevin Sanders, who valued bloodlines. and only recognized Angela, the legitimate daughter, for the engagement. No matter how well she did or how outstanding she was, in Kevin's eyes, only Angela could marry into the Sanders Family,

However, due to Jonathan's physical condition, Kevin almost unquestioningly listened to him.

With Jonathan's help this time, there would be no issue with her and Christopher's

Cent...

Why does Jonathan suddenly agree to help?

In the hospital room, after midnight, Angela developed a high fever, with beads of sweat covering her forehead.

She clutched the bedsheet, whimpering in discomfort, struggling to breathe.

Jonathan put down his heavy notebook and reached out to touch her forehead and face. "She has a fever. Call the doctor."

The nearby nurse hurriedly agreed and ran out.

Jonathan softly called her, "Angela, the doctor will be here soon. How are you feeling?"

Angela groggily opened her eyes, feeling sweaty and uncomfortable all over. She was feverish. "Jonathan... what are you doing here?"

She glanced at the time and realized it was already past twelve.

"You have a fever. Do you want some water?"

Angela nodded, her throat feeling dry and aflame as if it were on fire.

Jonathan poured a glass of water and handed it to her. She drank more than half of it before setting it down. He then wrung out a towel from a basin and wiped the sweat off her.

Soon, the doctor rushed in and conducted an examination.

"You were exposed to cold earlier and then had a fright in the evening. It's normal to have a fever in the middle of the night. Just keep an eye on the fever, and once it subsides, everything will be fine. I'll prescribe some fever-reducing medication for her to take."

After prescribing the medication, the nurse told Angela a few fever reducing pills and instructed her to go back to sleep

“Mr. Lawson, why don’t you go get some rest first? I’ll take care of Angela for the rest of the night”

The nurse thought. They have a really good relationship. Mr. Lawson comes over after work and sits by Angela’s side all this time. Not Ms. Lawson is perfect in every way, handsome and charming, except for his leg condition. It is such a pity

Jonathan rubbed his throbbing temples and glanced at the sleeping Angela. He nodded and said.
“Alright, I’ll be in the next room. Call me if you need anything

The door to the ward was gently closed.

Angela slowly opened her eyes and watched his figure disappear through the crack in the door.

In the past, there were a few times when she had a high fever that wouldn’t go away. Just like Jonathan, Charlotte would sit by her bedside, gently patting her back and telling her stories.

After Charlotte fell ill, she was sent back and lived in a cramped utility room

Once, she had a high fever, and her mind was almost muddled. She wanted to call for help, but her voice was so hoarse that she couldn’t shout.

She crawled to the door after falling down. From the crack, she heard the joyful voices of Fanny and the others.

“Is everyone here? We’ve made a fortune with this deal. I took half a day off just to accompany you all and buy whatever you want!”

“Oh yeah, I want to buy the latest MP4...”

“I want...”

Then, gradually, the voices faded away, leaving the whole world empty and deserted, with only her.

No one remembered Angela, who was still in the utility room.

It wasn't until evening that the servants at home discovered her and sent her to the hospital.

Jonathan went to the next room, where Sebastian had prepared a simple supper.

Sebastian said, “Mr. Lawson, have a bite and rest. You can work again tomorrow.”

Jonathan's face was cold as he wheeled his chair to the table. After taking a few bites, he said, “Call the Sanders Family and inform them that I'll go for a visit tomorrow night.”

Chapter 76 You Haven't Learned Your Lesson

After finishing their meal, Jonathan instructed Sebastian to rest while he descended to the ground floor.

As soon as he wheeled his wheelchair out of the elevator, a tall figure in a black suit approached and pushed the wheelchair. Jonathan and the mysterious figure entered a black SUV parked nearby.

After closing the car door, the vehicle swiftly drove toward the outskirts of the city.

The atmosphere inside the car was incredibly quiet.

After Jonathan finished reading the information, he set aside the few thin sheets of paper. closing his eyes and leaning against the leather seat leisurely.

With distinct finger bones, he caressed the jade bracelet on his wrist, then asked in a gentle voice, "How long has she been imprisoned?"

Simon replied, "Until now, she has been locked up for an entire day."

Not only was she confined for a full day, but she didn't have a single drop of water either. The methods imposed on her were simply unbearable for a young, inexperienced girl in her teens. If this had continued for another day, her mental state would likely have collapsed.

Jonathan made a sound of acknowledgment and then remained silent with his eyes closed.

He didn't make a move, and no one else dared to act rashly, afraid of disturbing Jonathan's

rest.

The car stopped at a plain house on the outskirts of the city. It appeared very ordinary, no different from a typical rural house.

However, inside, it was an entirely different world.

Upon entering, Simon opened an iron door. Instantly, the cold and damp stickiness inside spread out.

Simon furrowed his brow slightly and glanced at Jonathan's legs. He took the blanket from his subordinate and carefully draped it over Jonathan's legs. "It's cold inside. Be careful not to

catch a cold."

Then, he pushed the wheelchair and proceeded inside.

As soon as they entered, a chill enveloped them. It was a freezer, with wild boar meat hanging and freezing all around.

In the center, a teenage girl had her hands bound and was suspended upside down.

Above her, an inverted mineral water bottle was placed with a hole in the cap. Every few seconds, a drop of water would fall, landing directly on the girl's face and body.

Upon hearing the sound, Linda cried hoarsely, her spirit on the verge of collapse. "Please, let me go. I was wrong. I know I was wrong."

Linda had her eyes covered and couldn't see anyone or know how many people were present.

These individuals didn't physically harm her, not even with a touch. Instead, they suspended her in the freezing cold freezer for an unknown period of time. She became cold and hungry.

Her shoes had been taken off, and she stood barefoot on the icy cement floor, unable to bear the cold. She could only lift her feet off the ground and curl up, allowing the rope to suspend her.

But soon, the rope began cutting into her wrists, causing her to bleed. The rough texture of

inflicted excruciating pain with the slightest touch.

the

rope

She placed her feet back on the ground to alleviate the pain in her wrists, but soon, the freezing coldness made her feet numb. She could hardly feel anything anymore.

She feared that her feet would freeze and damage her nerves, and if they froze completely, she would have to undergo amputation.

Repeatedly, her wrists dripped with blood, and her feet grew completely numb.

Moreover, this place was already cold, and there was a bottle of water continuously dripping on top of her head.

She longed to sleep but couldn't, her wet clothes clinging to her body: she truly couldn't endure it any longer.

"Why target Angela?" Jonathan raised his eyes slightly, seemingly as cold as the moon, but beneath his piercing gaze, there was a hint of wickedness.

Finally, someone spoke. Linda trembled in fear. Then suddenly, hatred surged from her heart. "Are you doing this for Angela? Who are you?"

They are indeed after me because of Angela. Could they be Angela's brothers?

Jonathan sneered, "It seems you haven't learned your lesson yet?"

As the man spoke, Simon observed his words and actions. Having followed Jonathan for several years, Simon understood his meaning without needing to be told.

Simon picked up the large bottle of mineral water from the ground, unscrewed the cap, and poured it directly onto Linda, drenching her thorough

Then, he instructed someone to bring a hairdryer from outside and set it to the highest power, blowing it at Linda.

In just a few seconds, Linda, already on the brink of death, felt as if she had plunged into ice water. Her whole body trembled uncontrollably, and her thro was so hoarse that she couldn't even speak.

"I... I will tell you..." Linda cried, tears streaming down her face. "My dad went bankrupt, and I ended up in this situation all because of Angela. That's why I sought revenge on Angela, followed her to the library, and took advantage of her being alone in the restroom. I just wanted to teach her a lesson. I didn't dare to kill anyone."

Terrified, Linda couldn't bear their cruel methods for even a second and just wanted to escape as soon as possible. Being caught by the police would be better than being in the hands of them.

"Angela is just a student. What ability does she have to get hold of your dad's secrets? Why suspect Angela?" Jonathan furrowed his brows, his voice low.

While crying, Linda's mind was also in chaos, saying whatever came to her mind.

"I have a grudge against Angela. Besides, as soon as things happened to my dad, Angela knew about it. She reminded me and told me that my dad was embezzling public funds in the Rosadale project and was under investigation. If it wasn't for her, how could she know so clearly? The anonymous informant must be Angela!"

The more she said, the more convinced Linda became. That day at the milk tea shop, she had a

who reminded her. Then, the news about her dad

was with Angela. It was Angels

was featured on TV.

Angela knows about the news before anyone else. If it isn't Angela, then who else could it be?

Jonathan asked calmly, "Who told you that the person behind it was an anonymous informant?"

Mark was just a scapegoat. The Rosadale project had already been targeted by someone. Only when Mark fell could this loophole be exposed, involving others. The chain of evidence had

already been organized by someone and sent to the prosecutor's office. There was no such thing as an anonymous informant.

Linda shivered, and her mind became hazy. After thinking for a while, she finally

remembered and stammered, "It... it was Fanny. She told me that someone had anonymously reported it, so..."

So, she immediately suspected Angela.

Jonathan raised his slender fingers, and the knife in Simon's hand flew out, cutting the rope. Linda's legs gave way, and she fell to the ground with a thud, lying limp and powerless on the cold floor. She only saw a pair of shiny leather shoes stepping on the pedal of the wheelchair, gleaming with a cold light.

Then Jonathan turned the wheelchair and left.

His subordinates brought a warm towel, and Jonathan carefully wiped his hands before throwing the towel on the ground.

"Stay here. Call the police at eight o'clock tomorrow morning, and watch them take the person away before you leave."

Simon nodded. "Understood."

With the assistance of his men, Jonathan got into the car.

He took out a lighter, burned a few pieces of paper, and threw them into the ashtray.

Unexpectedly, after going around in circles, we finally find something on Fanny. At eighteen or nineteen years old, she can kill without shedding blood; her thoughts are too malicious.

Upon watching Jonathan's figure getting into the car, Simon blinked. Angela almost became Mr. Lawson's sister-in-law. Being seven years younger than him, and now he cares so much about her... Are we about to have a new Mrs. Lawson?

Chapter 77 Raising Like a Silkworm

The following morning, Jessica left home thirty minutes earlier, carrying the breakfast prepared by the nanny, and hurried to the hospital.

As she cautiously entered the ward, Angela woke up.

Jessica blinked her eyes and asked, "Oh, did I wake you up?"

Angela weakly smiled and explained, "No, I didn't sleep well. Why did you come so early? I remember you

have classes in the morning."

"I brought you breakfast. I asked my nanny to make it specially for you. It has been simmering for several hours. It's chicken soup, very fragrant." Jessica put down her backpack and quickly took out the lunchbox from the bag. "Whenever I get sick, my nanny will cook this for me, and I'll feel better soon!"

As she opened the lid, the room was instantly filled with a delicious aroma, making Angela feel a bit hungry.

These past

few days, she hadn't eaten a meal and had been relying on intravenous nutrition.

“Have you eaten? Let’s eat together.” Angela’s voice was still a bit hoarse.

Upon hearing this, Jessica felt extremely sorry. “I’ve already eaten. You eat it all. It’s all for you.”

Jessica knew that Angela was injured and couldn’t move, so she carefully fed her.

“I must say, your dad is truly despicable. How can he be so cruel to you, his own daughter, right after you woke up?” Jessica expressed indignation, “Honestly, be my dad’s daughter instead. Although my dad is uneducated, he knows how to take care of his daughter.”

The Turner Family amassed their fortune as nouveau riche, possessing wealth but lacking in education. They couldn’t fit into high society as they looked down upon the Turner Family for their lack of educational background.

The same was true at school, where the children of officials and the wealthy were reluctant to play with Jessica, all because of this reason.

Angela quietly sipped her chicken soup and said with a bitter smile, “Thank goodness my isn’t here. Otherwise, he would have beaten me again.”

dad

“What do you mean?”

Chapter 77 Raising Like a Silkworm

“I suggested cutting ties and removing my household registration, and that’s why I got beaten,” Angela spoke lightly.

This experience made her realize that certain blood relationships needed to be cut off. Otherwise, they could exploit the family name to perpetually harm her.

Jessica was shocked for a moment, then gave a thumbs up. "You're really brave, but you're

O foolish. At least wait for a time when someone is around before doing this. The beating you received isn't worth it at all."

If there were outsiders present, George wouldn't have hurt Angela so recklessly. Moreover, someone could have extended a helping hand.

Angela lowered her eyes and sarcastically smiled. "I'm his daughter. Who has the right to him from disciplining his own daughter?"

stop

"That's not necessarily true. If it were Fanny, your brothers would definitely fight to help her, afraid that she might get hurt even once, treating her delicately."

Angela squinted her eyes. Jessica is right. I am beaten almost to death, and my own mother and brothers just stand by, watching coldly, without offering a word of advice. What if it is Fanny... Family ties cannot be forced. How does my present self, trapped by that obsession, only awaken after being imprisoned to death?

"Angela, is this your classmate?" The door of the ward was pushed open a little bit, and Queenie stuck out half of her body, asking in confusion.

"Queenie..." Angela saw that it was Queenie and moved her body, unexpectedly pulling on her wound, causing her face to turn pale with pain.

Queenie hurriedly came in nervously and said with concern, "Don't move. Lie down properly."

Angela lay down and was puzzled about how Queenie knew she was in the hospital. She was afraid that Donald and the others would worry, so she didn't tell them.

Upon realizing that it was getting late, Jessica politely greeted Queenie, bid farewell, and assured Angela that she would return to visit her later before hurrying off to school.

After Jessica left, Angela inquired, "Queenie, how did you know I was here?"

Queenie glanced at her from head to toe, and her eyes instantly welled up with tears. "Relatives from my in-laws came and brought some local specialties. I assumed you were living alone, so I brought some for you. When I went to Grandma's house, no one was there. Later, I went to school and discovered that you hadn't attended class for a few days. Your

counselor informed me."

"Queenie, please don't cry. I didn't tell you because I was afraid you would worry." Angela hurriedly comforted her.

"What happened? Tell me the truth." Queenie said with a serious expression, pulling up at chair and sitting down.

Upon realizing that she could no longer hide it, Angela explained everything in detail.

After listening, Queenie's expression grew even more grave. "Angela, you've become independent. You kept such a significant matter hidden from us. Are you planning to sever ties with us in the future?"

Angela felt a bit lost, bowing her head and accepting the scolding. However, she also understood that Queenie was worried about her, which was why she was so angry.

After Queenie finished scolding, Angela whispered, "Queenie, please don't be angry. I know I was wrong. I have already reported it to the police, and they will soon apprehend the murderer."

Upon observing that Angela had become even thinner and her face had grown more gaunt, as if she could be blown away by the wind, Queenie felt a pang of sadness. "Was it your classmate who brought you food? She was quite kind to you."

Angela warmly smiled and introduced Jessica as her best friend at school. Queenie asked, "Where were Uncle George and Aunt Scarlet during the days you were in the hospital? Did they know?"

Angela suppressed her smile and nodded. "They knew."

Since they knew but didn't even show up, Queenie tightly clenched her lips, feeling a sense of suffocation.

However, she was a junior and couldn't blame George for anything.

She simply felt sorry for Angela.

After chatting for a while, Queenie had some matters to attend to at home and had to leave.

The hospital room fell silent once again.

Angela gazed out the window and admired the beautiful scenery of a clear blue sky and the faint glow of dawn.

After having the chicken soup and breakfast, she felt warm and at ease.

Throughout the day, there were always people stationed outside Angela's room, taking turns to keep watch over her. They would respond immediately if there was any movement.

This day could be considered the most comfortable and peaceful day Angela had experienced in a while.

She ate until she was full and slept until she woke up, just like a content little caterpillar.

In the evening, Jonathan arrived, accompanied by Sebastian.

Sebastian carried a wooden lunch box. It was square and elegant, with the words "Laurel Hotel" inscribed on it.

It had been specially prepared from Laurel Hotel.

Sebastian smiled and placed the small table board, opening the lunch box and arranging the food on it one by one.

"This is your favorite dessert, 'Orange Blossoms, specially made for you. There's also mushroom soup, garlic bread, and a few side dishes."

Angela was weak and had been consuming light food recently.

Although the dishes were light, just looking at them made one's appetite soar, especially when they were from Laurel Hotel.

Since her arms couldn't move, the nurse skillfully picked up the spoon and fed her.

She ate to her heart's content, nearly finishing half of it.

After finishing the meal, Angela felt a bit embarrassed. "I ate too much. Jonathan, have you had dinner?"

Jonathan took out a wet tissue and handed it to Angela, smiling softly. "Not yet. I'll be having dinner at the Sanders Mansion tonight with Grandpa and the others."

Angela looked up. It was the first time she had heard Jonathan mention Kevin.

Jonathan's tone was gentle as he added, "We'll discuss our marriage."

Chapter 78 Not Treating You as Family

The Sanders Mansion was a rare gathering place for everyone.

Kevin Sanders sat still and upright at the head of the dining table.

Upon seeing that all the descendants had arrived except for the empty seat on his left, a hint of anticipation appeared on his calm face.

Kevin played with the Brydism beads in his hand. Over the years, the relationship between Jonathan and the Sanders Family had been lukewarm, seemingly peaceful, with no major

conflicts.

But it was precisely this lukewarmness that made it even more agonizing.

“Michael, Jonathan seems really occupied with important matters, doesn’t he? He says he’s coming back for dinner, and everyone has to drop what they’re doing and eagerly wait for him. If one didn’t know any better, they’d think he’s the father, and you’re the son.”

The one speaking was Morgan Sanders, sitting across from Michael Sanders. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. Sanders and rarely came to the Sanders Mansion except when Kevin himself called and said there was something important to discuss.

With this sarcastic remark, Michael’s face visibly darkened, and his expression turned sour.

“Go and ask where he is. The whole family is waiting for him as if he’s someone important!” Michael snapped at the servant.

It seemed that by doing so, he could maintain his authority in this household.

Ever since Jonathan graduated, the power of the Sanders Family had fallen into his hands. Now, as the vice chairman, Michael had become nothing more than a figurehead.

Beside Morgan was his eldest son, Clement Sanders. The Sanders Family members were all good-looking, especially these boys with their handsome faces. However, Clement seemed a bit cunning, giving off an unreliable vibe.

His father, Morgan, had already set the tone, and there was no reason for him, as the son, not to follow suit.

Clement twisted his expensive new wristwatch and sneered at Christopher, saying, "Christopher, don't blame me for not reminding you. If he can kick me out of the Sanders Group, he can kick you out, too. Judging by his attitude, he seems determined to take over the Sanders Group. Don't forget that you're the Sanders Family. He is the Lawsons. What

happened to me today will happen to you tomorrow. Whether it's Uncle Michael or you, I don't think anyone in the entire Sanders Family, except for Grandpa, can make Jonathan take a second look. Don't blame my dad for speaking harshly, Jonathan doesn't even consider you all as family."

As soon as these words were spoken, everyone present couldn't help but cover their faces and chuckle, each with a different expression.

They were just a branch of the Sanders Family. Although they lived under the halo of the Sanders Family, they didn't feel the pressure brought by Jonathan.

It was Michael and Christopher, the father and son, who truly felt the oppression. As soon as they did something, they had to consider Jonathan's opinion.

It was truly frustrating.

"Have you said enough? I'm not dead yet." Kevin slammed his cane on the floor, interrupting the conversation between the sons and grandsons.

“Dad, it’s not Morgan and Clement’s fault. Jonathan is really outrageous. How can he keep the whole family waiting for him?” Michael defended hesitantly in front of Kevin.

He also knew that Morgan was not happy about it.

A few days ago, Jonathan dismissed Clement, the sales director, for no reason at all.

No wonder Clement was annoyed to be manipulated by a young man in his twenties like Jonathan.

Suddenly, the butler ran over and respectfully approached Kevin, saying. “Old Mr. Sanders, Master Jonathan has arrived.”

Soon, accompanied by the sound of a wheelchair, Sebastian pushed Jonathan in and slowly entered the dining room, appearing in front of everyone.

The people who were just whispering suddenly turned into flattering smiles.

Although Jonathan, seated in a wheelchair, was significantly shorter than the others, his inherent aristocratic temperament overshadowed them.

Sebastian pushed Jonathan to sit beside Kevin, and Jonathan took the initiative to offer Kevin some tea, saying, “Grandpa, I apologize for being late.”

Kevin immediately smiled and gently replied, “It’s okay. It’s just a family dinner.”

He then observed Jonathan for a moment. After not seeing him for a few months, Jonathan’s complexion had improved significantly, and he appeared to be in good spirits.

Due to the grievances of the previous generation, Jonathan had been plagued by health issues, which concerned Kevin.

Unfortunately, due to the influence of Jonathan's mom, he was not close to the Sanders Family.

While he was still alive. Kevin was willing to maintain a semblance of a family relationship.

However, Michael spoke up first, saying, "If we truly are a family, then we shouldn't be so extreme in our actions. Clement was performing well in the sales department, but you replaced him just like that. Now, the sales department is in chaos without a leader."

Jonathan paused with his soup bowl in hand, but he couldn't be bothered to look at Michael. "Is that so?"

He glanced at Clement and remarked, "Compared to poisoning, I believe I have shown

mercy."

Those eyes, like two bottomless abysses, revealed no emotions except for a faint coldness. This glance sent a shiver down Clement's spine.

"Poisoning?" Kevin anxiously looked at Jonathan. "What did you say?"

He had long known his grandchildren in the family envied Jonathan's current status, but he never expected them to go as far as harming their own flesh and blood. Upon hearing the word "poisoning," his heart raced.

"It's nothing. It has been resolved. But if it were to happen again, Clement won't remain unscathed." The first half of Jonathan's sentence was meant to reassure Kevin, while the second half was directed at Michael.

If it weren't for Michael secretly aiding Clement, the latter wouldn't have successfully poisoned Jonathan. It was simply a case of using someone else as a tool for murder.

Clement didn't expect Jonathan to threaten him in front of so many people. His face turned pale, and he quickly excused himself from the table.

"Why was I not informed of such a significant matter?" Kevin looked at Michael sternly, questioning him.

Jonathan's tone remained calm and indifferent. "Grandpa, the matter has been resolved. I

came here today to discuss Christopher's marriage with you."

Jonathan held considerable influence, and Kevin had stepped down from his position years ago, so he no longer interfered in family affairs,

After giving Michael a stern look, Kevin's mind raced. "What's wrong with Christopher's wedding?"

He had seen Angela before. Not only was she beautiful, but she was also kind-hearted and considerate. She was the perfect candidate to be his granddaughter-in-law, and he was very satisfied with her. He had originally planned for them to marry after their graduation.

Jonathan took a sip of soup and then smoothly declared, "As for the engagement with the Kins Family, Christopher will now be engaged to Fanny."

His tone didn't sound like he was seeking approval but rather like he was informing them.

"No, absolutely not." Before Kevin could object, Michael was already angrily protesting. "Who is this Fanny? What does she have to do with the Kins Family's shares? What we want is a legitimate heir of the Kins Family!"

Fanny may seem favored, but she has no legitimate connection to the Kins Family. Why should Christopher marry her? Christopher is my son. Over the years, he has endured so much injustice being called an illegitimate child. How could he marry someone like Fanny, whose reputation is questionable?

Michael's mind was racing, but Jonathan looked at him coldly and said, "So, it seems that Christopher is not marrying Angela, but rather the shares of the Kins Family?"

Chapter 79 A New Sweetheart

A New Sweetheart

With these words, the expressions of many individuals changed. Each stared speechless at

the other.

No one dared to eat, and the living room fell into an abrupt silence as no one dared to utter a sound. At this moment, all were anxiously gazing at Kevin.

Although Jonathan had a strained relationship with the Sanders Family, he seldom visited. He only came on specific dates and major holidays.

Still, he rarely encountered such a tense atmosphere.

As his slender and well-defined hand leisurely stirred the soup with the spoon, Jonathan's flickering dark eyes hinted at danger.

Michael's face darkened. Seeing that he was getting suppressed by his son in such a manner, he couldn't help but feel angry. "What nonsense are you talking about? Do you think our family needs her insignificant share? The engagement proposal is for the daughter of the Kins Family. Angela is their legitimate daughter. This marriage is per the parents' wishes and the matchmaker's words. Fanny is nothing but an adopted daughter of the Kins Family. Why is she involving herself in this matter?"

At once, Jonathan chuckled. "Dad, I'm surprised that you actually asked Christopher to keep to an arranged marriage. Aren't you the one who despises these traditions the most?"

His words weren't merely tearing off a fig leaf. Rather, it was exposing Michael, his biological father's secrets.

Teresa Webb was Christopher's biological mother. Back then, she was just a poor student who had to sell herself to make a living. Teresa did not come from a notable family background, nor did she have talent. What she merely relied on was her insignificant appearance.

By chance, she was pursued by Michael, who adored freedom and despised engagement's constraints.

Dad is a man who caused his first wife's death for the sake of true love. Yet, he is discussing the topic of engagement now. Does he seriously think I will buy his crap?

I'm not dumb. He is merely attempting to secure more benefits for Christopher. He fears I will leave no place for Christopher when I have complete control over the Sanders Family and the Lawsons one day.

"You! You!" Michael trembled with anger.

Compared to Michael's loss of composure, Jonathan, who sat on his seat, appeared much more composed.

While sipping his soup, he calmly asked, "Could it be that you're planning to let Christopher follow in the footsteps of you and Teresa? Publicly marry Angela and keep Fanny as a mistress in the suburbs?"

Jonathan's words pierced Michael's heart like a thorn, causing his expression to turn livid.

Kevin, who had remained silent all along, sighed. Then, he stood up and looked at Christopher. "Christopher, this is your marriage. What do you say?"

Christopher was slightly taken aback, for he never expected the decision-making power to fall on him.

Gritting his teeth, he swiftly glanced at his father before making a decisive statement. "Grandpa, I don't fancy Angela. Although Fanny isn't the biological daughter of the Kins Family, they had raised her since she was young. She is a good girl and is the one I have always loved."

After expressing his opinion, he could sense Michael's anger even though he dared not look at him.

Kevin fell silent for a moment. Since he was aware of Jonathan's character, he knew Jonathan wouldn't be so kind to intervene in Christopher's affairs.

What is Jonathan plotting?

Kevin suppressed his thoughts. Then, he made a decision and gave his final statement. "Pick a good date, take a day off, and let's visit the Kins Family for an engagement swap proposal."

"Dad!" Enraged, Michael retorted, "I won't-"

"Am I no longer capable of leading this family?" Kevin immediately interrupted him. His eyes burned with determination as he said in a deep voice, "If Christopher disagrees with this arranged marriage, then so be it. It simply means they're not fated to be lovers."

Seeing that he couldn't convince his father with his words, Michael turned his scrutinizing gaze toward his disappointment of a son. "Don't you ever regret your decision today!"

Upon hearing that, Christopher widened his eyes and growled through his teeth, "I love Fanny! She's the one I want to marry."

Michael's face flushed red. He glared fiercely at Christopher before storming off.

I had planned so much for Christopher. Yet, all my efforts ended up in vain today.

I can't believe this kid! His judgment truly has been clouded by love. What a letdown!

As Michael left, Kevin raised his gaze. "What's wrong? Are you guys also going to stop eating now that he left?"

Acting like the incident just now didn't happen, Kevin beckoned the butler to serve Jonathan some food. Meanwhile,

Others also began eating with various thoughts in their minds.

Once again, the atmosphere at the dining table became lively..

Over the years, Kevin had found peace and tranquility through his faith in Brydism.

With a loving expression, Kevin smiled and said, "Since you rarely come back, have some more food. I can see that you've been looking better lately. Are you sleeping well?"

Facing his grandfather, Jonathan softened his hostility. His voice became slightly gentle as he replied, "Yes, I have changed my doctor. Although she's young, her medical skills are quite good. She is also quite a nag. She nags even more than you do."

Upon hearing that, Kevin laughed and said, "As long as the doctor's medical skills are good, age doesn't matter."

As for Sebastian, who knew all the circumstances, his eyes flickered a little when he heard Kevin's words. I'd like to know if Old Mr. Sanders would still give the same remark if he knew the doctor was Angela.

After the grandfather-and-grandson duo harmoniously finished their meal, they went to the study on the second floor.

In the study, Jonathan expertly handled the tea set. Every movement was on point—elegant and skillful.

Looking at his grandson with satisfaction, Kevin asked with concern, “The reason you visit me today isn’t solely about Christopher’s affairs, right?”

At once, Jonathan stopped his actions. “Indeed, there is something else.”

Kevin looked at the cup of tea and chuckled a little. Then, he picked it up and drank it in one gulp. “Do tell.”

“I came to ask for your help in proposing.”

After a mere few seconds of surprise, every smile on Kevin’s face burst into laughter. “Sure, sure. Who are you going to propose to?”

“Angela Kins from the Kins Family

Who

Angela

Despite experiencing so many things, Kevin was still momentarily stunned. It took his brain several seconds to comprehend the situation.

He blinked his eyes. His expression became somewhat indescribable.

No wonder he kept pressing Christopher with the arranged marriage earlier. It turns out it was for this reason.

Angela would be free from the engagement once Christopher chose Fanny.

“B–But Angela.” Kevin swiftly changed his thoughts and continued in displeasure, “Isn’t she interested in Christopher?”

A few days ago, she was still always around Christopher. The infatuation in her eyes, her tender affection, it was like she wanted to cling to Christopher

Now, with Jonathan’s move, I really am confused.

Is he attempting to rob Christopher of his marriage as his revenge against his father?

That’s not it. I know Jonathan’s character. He won’t do something so boringly stupid.

Jonathan raised his dark eyes and said, “Can’t she find a new sweetheart and leave her one- sided love for her supposed true love? After all, no one can bear hurting themselves from clinging to someone who won’t reciprocate their love.”

Upon hearing that, Kevin smiled and asked, “She is seven years younger than you, isn’t she?”

Does Jonathan not think that’s quite a significant age gap?

Jonathan looked at Kevin calmly without saying a word. His gaze made Kevin feel

discomfort after awkwardly pouring himself a cup of tea, he said, “Upon careful

consideration, Angela is almost 20 now. Indeed, she is now wise beyond her age. She can get married while in college, which is great.”

Meanwhile, inside the hospital, outside Angela’s ward.

“I am her cousin-in-law. She will definitely let me in if you wake her up.

There’s no need for that. I am already awake.

Angela stared blankly at the ceiling. The commotion outside had interrupted her precious sleep.

The man at the door simply couldn’t shut up. His voice was familiar to her. It was none other than Horace.

“Ms. May, just let them in.” Angela regained some clarity and instructed the nurse, her face filled with grievance.

May, the nurse, parted her lips and wanted to speak. Eventually, she bit back her words after realizing that besides the individual in a wheelchair, none of the individuals around Angela were normal.

It’s still early, yet her male cousin-in-law is already here to visit her?!

Horace appeared in a neatly ironed suit. Behind him was a man in casual attire wearing glasses.

“Angela, are you feeling better? This is my cousin, Felix Chandler. You two have met before.” Horace’s eyes sparkled. As soon as he entered the ward, he pushed Felix toward Angela’s bed.

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You Two Make Quite a Good Couple

“Angela, meet Felix. Don’t be deceived by his intimidating appearance. Actually, he is a genuinely kind person.”

Placing the fruit basket on the bedside table, Horace examined Angela, who lay on the hospital bed, more closely.

No wonder in the novel, "Vision of the Stone," Balthazar Johansson was infatuated with Darleana Lane. I mean, look at Angela. She's lying weakly on the bed. Her skin is so fair that her veins are visible. All these are evoking my sense of pity.

D*mn! Felix sure hits the jackpot.

Thinking of this, he looked at Felix, who stood beside him, and realized that he had long stared intently at Angela.

At once, Horace nudged his cousin with his elbow and winked. "Felix, hurry up and peel an apple for Angela," he urged.

At this moment, Angela already understood the purpose of Horace's visit—to play matchmaker.

She had seen Felix at Queenie's funeral. At that time, he was in his thirties, unemployed, and would spend his money at internet cafes playing games and drinking with his friends.

Horace truly cares for me to the point that he's introducing such a gem of a man to me. Angela sarcastically remarked in her heart.

Angela smiled faintly. "It's fine. I don't lack anything. Just take the fruit back to your parents."

Who knows how Queenie's parents-in-law will mock her if they learn Horace had spent money while visiting me?

I don't deserve to enjoy these fruits.

On the other hand, Horace couldn't determine if Angela was still upset about what happened. last time. He looked around the ward. There were guards stationed at the door. Nonetheless, he had heard that Angela wasn't favored by her family.

It seems that Jonathan is treating those younger than him fairly well.

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Horace smiled. "See, Felix. Queenie was right. Her cousin has always been well-behaved and obedient since childhood."

As he spoke, his mind started racing.

Although this cousin of mine has had a criminal record and a troubled past, he is extremely charismatic in relationships. With his handsome, rugged face and a height of over 5 feet 9 inches, he can easily capture the girls' hearts wherever he goes.

Plus, he has many tricks up his sleeve and has dated over a dozen girlfriends.

Innocent girls like Angela, who has yet to enter society, are undoubtedly unable to resist Felix's charm.

Horace affectionately reached out his hand and wanted to pat Angela's head like he was her elder. Angela furrowed her brows and discreetly avoided him.

"Angela, do you have a boyfriend? Why isn't your boyfriend accompanying you when you're in such a frail state?" Felix casually picked up an apple and weighed it in his hand.

Then, with great skill, he used a fruit knife to peel the apple and placed the slices on a plate.

Reaching out, he handed Angela the plate of sliced fruit over. "When you're sick, you need to eat more fruit to recover quickly."

Afterward, he tactfully stepped back, put his hands in his pockets, and stood by the window, gazing at the distant scenery. He exuded a sense of leisure with a hint of laziness, which made him particularly charismatic.

Seeing this, Horace secretly gave a thumbs up. No wonder Felix could win over so many girls. He sure has some tricks up his sleeve.

His method of charming girls is quite profound.

Angela lowered her gaze and looked at the apple slices before her. She couldn't help but glance at Felix, wondering if he was seriously not right in the head.

Did he just try to win my favor using

Horace's apple?

Besides, the breeze outside the window is freezing. Is he not feeling cold standing there trying to look cool?

Angela pursed her lips and expressed politely. "Thank you, Felix.

On the other hand, Horace misunderstood and thought something was brewing between Angela and Felix when he saw Angela constantly looking at Felix.

With a quick glance, he immediately continued. "Angela, you're still young and only a sophomore in college. As far as I recall, you haven't had a boyfriend yet, right?"

Then, Horace suddenly clapped his hands and chuckled. Glancing at Felix and then at Angela, he pretended to be pleasantly surprised as he spoke, "Angela doesn't have a boyfriend, and Felix, you are still single. I think you two make quite a good couple. Why not give it a try and see if there's a connection?"

Upon hearing that, Angela narrowed her eyes. How audacious of Horace to say that! Besides being single, what else makes us compatible?

I'm nineteen, while Felix is in his thirties. He can practically be my father if our age gap is slightly bigger than it already is.

Looking delighted, Horace pulled Felix to the bedside and pressed him down. "You better treat Angela well," he said.

His action made Angela extremely annoyed. At once, she shifted her body in the opposite direction. "I'm feeling a bit tired."

Her intention of asking them to leave was obvious.

Still, she couldn't go too far. After all, Queenie was still married to Horace.

However, Felix was not someone to be underestimated either. He was skilled at understanding a girl's psychology. Therefore, he immediately pushed away Horace's hand and stood up. "Horace, we haven't even started getting to know each other yet. I may be willing, but Angela may not be. Don't scare her away."

One must not act too hasty when pursuing a girl.

I must show some romance and pampering. That way, a difficult situation can turn into a favorable one. Horace glared at Felix, unable to believe he was letting go of such a great opportunity.

But Felix didn't care. He tore off a piece of paper and left his phone number, saying in a deep voice, "This is my number. Angela. If you ever feel bored and don't mind my companion, you can reach out to me for a chat. You're tired, so rest first. Horace and I will leave now."

With that, Felix pulled Horace away from the ward.

In the corridor, Horace looked puzzled. "You had such a good opportunity just now. Why didn't you pursue it and solidify the relationship?"

Felix took out a cigarette and smirked. "Horace, I'm not as good as you when it comes to

competency at work. But you're no match for me when it comes to pursuing women. Just wait. I will definitely win her over within a week."

However, Horace looked at Felix with doubt. "You said it yourself. I have introduced you to her. So hurry up and win her over!"

"Don't worry, there's no woman I can't win over." Felix licked his lips, feeling confident in his abilities.

As he recalled Angela's figure lying on the hospital bed earlier, he couldn't help but sigh. She is indeed the daughter of a wealthy family. Her skin is as fair as snow, and her figure is elegant. The blue and white striped hospital gown she wore made her even more alluring.

Her face is also beautiful and captivating.

Unfortunately, I couldn't see her full appearance since she was lying in bed. What could her figure that was under the blanket be like? It would be even better if she had long legs and a slender waist.

Inside the ward, the door was immediately closed once they left.

"Angela, do you want to keep this piece of paper?" May asked while holding the note with a disgusted expression.

Is Horace blind?!

One look and anyone can tell that Felix is an unreliable man. He is full of tricks. Yet, Horace still introduced such a man to me!

Moreover, if anyone wanted to introduce a boyfriend to me, it should have been Queenie. I have never seen anyone's male cousin-in-law bringing a man over to their female cousin-in-law's ward.

He doesn't understand any rules!

“Just throw it away. Thinking of Felix's gaze just now, Angela felt uncomfortable all over.

Horace truly is a se m bag! I can't believe he has set his sights on me, whom he barely knows.

According to my calculations, Queenie should be close to getting pregnant.

How can I catch Horace cheating and make Queenie divorce him before she gets pregnant?

Angela's eyes darkened. Time is running out. I must quickly find evidence.

But I'm currently bedridden and unable to leave the hospital

And even if I could, I wouldn't be able to do the surveillance myself.

Angela rolled her dark eyes. Her gaze shifted toward the entrance, where two imposing figures stood straight with a straight face as they guarded the door.