

Serve NOTL 91

Chapter 91 Hundreds of Tables of Relatives

Donald had been a teacher for decades and was widely regarded as an exceptional educator. He held himself to high moral standards and rarely lost his temper. However, when he did become angry, a mere change in his facial expression was enough to instill fear in people.

With a stern expression, he said, "I am just an ordinary man who doesn't know how to sugarcoat things. I don't want to hypocritically talk about how money is merely an external possession. Angela is our beloved child. Both her aunt and I treat her as our own daughter. We only wish for her well-being and happiness. As long as she lives a happy life, we don't ask for anything more.

"You're all of the wealthy family, so even if we were to empty our coffers to accompany her dowry, it would still pale in comparison in your eyes. But we're not selling off our niece. We're not greedy for your wealth. All of these betrothal gifts, along with what we provide as dowry, will be given to Angela. Not a single penny will be kept.

"Nothing puts our mind more at ease than you treating our Angela well."

Not keep a single penny?! Emilia stood up in great shock and anger. That was a mountain of wealth; the cash alone amounted to millions, not to mention the several residential properties. She believed giving any one of those houses to her eldest son would ensure them a comfortable life and thought her son-in-law was out of his mind not to want anything.

Quincy's expression turned cold, and he reached out to restrain his grandmother's arm, his voice tinged with frost. "Grandma, if you keep talking like this, they will think we're greedy and money-minded. Imagine if they reconsider Angela and choose someone else instead. We'd end up with nothing."

Her grandmother was, to put it bluntly, money-hungry. Letting go of the money that was already within her grasp was like a knife to the heart, and her outburst made both families uncomfortable. It would also damage Angela's reputation if she went through with the marriage.

By reminding his grandmother to leave a way out and weigh the options between this money or having a chance to gain it, the elderly woman would finally restr

tely losing herself.

For someone always shrewd about anything relating to money, Emilia shut up within seconds and sat back down obediently.

Donald was Angela's paternal uncle, and given how close they were, especially when Angela invited him and not her father to represent her family on her engagement, it proved that Donald meant a lot more to Angela.

in Angela's hands now, she certainly would help her uncle out if he encountered any difficulties, wouldn't she? On the other hand, if they scared off their prospective son-in-law, they would end up with nothing. No, she couldn't possibly let other girls benefit from this!

Emilia's eyes darted around as she thought quickly before eventually whispering, "Alright, I'll listen to you. Education does make a difference. Your mind works fast, Quincy"

Quincy tugged at his lips, snorted, and fell silent.

All the shrewdness in this room belonged to the Sanderses and Lawsons. His parents. wouldn't have the slightest clue even if they were being discussed for money! As for his grandmother's scheming, Bruce and Kevin paid no attention to it at all!

He took a quick survey and found that the two elders were wholly unfazed, not even a flicker in their gazes.

Following his words of conviction, Donald handed the gift lists to Angela, speaking gently, "Here, Angela, hold on to them. They're all yours. With these things, you'll have a foundation. After you're married, settle down and make the most of it.

Hecate, too, held Angela's hand with red-rimmed eyes as she pressed the gift list into it. "If Jonathan mistreats you, you can divorce him with this money. With money, you can still live a good life.",

Jonathan was stupefied. He couldn't believe they were already discussing divorce right before his eyes.

Quincy, who had been tense all along, couldn't help chuckling when he saw the stupefaction that flashed across Jonathan, and he chirped, "Mom's right. If Mr. Lawson treats you poorly. take the money and leave. At that point, you'll become a rich woman worth billions.

Seeing that his son's words were becoming out of line, Donald shot him a stern glance, admonishing. "Excuse you! Is this how you should speak as Angela's cousin?"

Quincy shrugged in response, playing dumb as he buried his head in the food. Meals at the Laurel Hotel were rare occasions. He knew he should eat while he had the chance.

Meanwhile, Donald pulled out a small box from his pocket. "We originally planned to celebrate your birthday today, especially since you're turning twenty this year. But it's also good that we're celebrating your engagement today. Your uncle, I have average taste in things, so I hope you'll like the birthday gift I got you.

"Time flies. You're twenty and grown up now...

It seemed like it was just yesterday when they brought this scrawny little girl back. Now, she had grown into a fine young lady and was about to be married.

Tears began welling up in Donald's eyes, and for once, the usually dignifying and steady man shed a tear.

Angela held two pieces of gilt paper in one hand and a small red velvet box containing a pair. of dainty gold flower earrings in the other.

Uncle Donald still remembers my birthday.

Tears, too, welled up in Angela's eyes as she threw herself into Donald's embrace. "Thank you, Uncle Donald. From now on, you're my father, just like Queenie and Quincy are to you! I will care for you just like they will!"

Donald smiled comfortingly and patted her head.

“A man of character, you are, Donald. I like it! You and your wife can entrust Angela to Jon; rest assured. If Jon ever mistreats Angela, I’ll be the first to give him a piece of my mind!” Bruce, with a thunderous voice, slammed the table and shouted to the server outside. “Someone, bring all the whiskey I stored here! Today calls for a celebration! Let’s drink up!”

Bruce’s face was flushed as he stood up, hooking his arm around Donald’s shoulder, and went

to

sit down on his side, engaged in enthusiastic conversation with each other in just a few words.

In no time, the servers brought the liquor over, and Bruce began pouring the drinks one after another. “Cheers to the young couple! Here’s to a long and happy life!”

Donald’s tolerance for alcohol was average, but he had to drink for Angela’s sake. So, he gritted his teeth and took a sip.

Quincy narrowed his eyes. He knew his father couldn’t possibly outdrink Bruce, so after just a second of contemplation, he grabbed a bottle and a glass and joined the fray.

Kevin glanced over and sneered. He’s done at least one good thing.

A moment later, Kevin turned to Hecate with a smile. “Mrs. Kins, the marriage is set in stone then. Jon isn’t getting any younger, so we have them sign the marriage certificate first. We’ll skip the engagement party and hold a wedding instead. When do you think would be a suitable date? How should the wedding be decorated? How many of Angela’s friends and family can we expect? How many tables do you foresee needing?”

Kevin’s series of questions left Hecate bewildered, unable to keep up. In the end, all she could manage was that she would go along with their plans and follow Angela’s preferences.

She worried she'd embarrass Angela by saying something she shouldn't have. After all, families like the Lawsons certainly didn't hold weddings like common folks would.

That said, she was able to give Kevin one straight answer. "We're a small family, so we won't take up many tables. What about you guys? How many tables will your side take up?"

Her question stumped Kevin, and he seriously contemplated. "A little over a hundred tables...

I think.

Come again?! Hecate was gobsmacked.

Chapter 92 From Now On, You'll Get a Gift Every Birthday

Goodness gracious, if a table can seat ten people, wouldn't a hundred tables mean a thousand people?! Hecate exclaimed and commented blankly, "That's quite a large family you have there."

She was genuinely shocked by the large scale of Jonathan's extended family.

Hecate's reaction amused Kevin, and he thought Donald's family was quite interesting.

With Emilia's episode out of the picture, those drinking drank away, and the others. discussing the wedding finalized the plan, quickly livening up the atmosphere.

Emilia, herself, after being enlightened by her grandson, wanted to interject several times. However, she was clueless as to what everyone was talking about, so she was left frustrated and unable to join in the conversation.

Meanwhile, Angela sat down and lovingly caressed the gold earrings her uncle had given her. This was real gold, surely bought using his own savings, costing him a fortune.

"Do you like gold?" Jonathan asked softly, tilting his head.

Angela pursed her lips, closing the red velvet box. The question of wealthy people was always so plain and simple. "Who doesn't?"

Jonathan relaxed in his wheelchair, looking at Angela. "I'll get you gold every year on your birthday, then."

"Does that mean I don't get one this year?" Angela asked cautiously after a pause.

one this year?" Angela as

It's my twentieth birthday this year. You can at least make me an empty promise. Hmph, stingy

Jonathan!

Jonathan chuckled, tilting his chin toward the red paper that was sprinkled gold in her hands. "Isn't this enough?"

Angela frowned, feeling a pang of bitterness. Huh, you make it sound as if I really dare claim these things as my own. It's all just an act. I ultimately have to return everything to you!

Still, her curiosity was piqued. So, she tentatively unfolded the papers, wanting to know what kind of betrothal gifts rich people received.

Lo and behold, she was shaken up by the first gift alone.

*8,888,888 in cash..." the string of eights made Angela's eyes blur. "A mansion in Riviera Bay...

The Porsche 911 is a new model just released this year, right? If she remembered correctly.

Just peeking at a couple of gifts listed was already proving too much for Angela, and she couldn't help turning to Jonathan, bleating, Jonathan, this is insane! Who gives an eight. million betrothal cash?!"

"Being businesspeople, my grandpas are all about auspiciousness, and combined with the fact that I'm their eldest grandson, it's only natural that they would put in an auspicious number," Jonathan replied plainly as though it was barely any money, and Angela shouldn't be bothered by it.

Then, he scooped some dishes onto Angela's plate. "Eat up. We still have things to do in the afternoon."

Despite being curious about what more they needed to do, it was the least of her worries right now, for she was still reeling in shock at the value of the betrothal gifts. Who else in all of Riverdon can actually pull up such an act?! What's more, all these assets will be under my name until our divorce!

Angela finally realized why there were so many robbers in this decade and why people envied those rich folks who casually spent millions or billions when the average salary was less than a thousand.

These were all golden nuggets!

Apart from Emilia's episode, the meal went smoothly.

Quincy, who had been drinking with his father and Bruce, was the first to fall, face flushed from all the liquor he drank. At this point, he was wasted and lying on the table.

Dagnabbit! How can I be the first to fall? I can't believe Dad can drink more than me! You old for, how can you trick your own son?!

Kevin was a Brydist and hadn't eaten meat for years. While picking some vegetarian dishes, he swiftly finalized the wedding arrangements with Hecate.

Sebastian, seeing that they had almost finished eating, arranged for the chauffeur to be on standby outside the lobby in advance. He efficiently arranged for the two elderly gentlemen to be taken home

first, then instructed the servers to prepare some sobering cure for Quincy and Donald.

As for Angela, she ate the dessert Jonathan ordered for her while waiting for her uncle and cousin to sober up.

For a moment, she thought, other than showing up, she and Jonathan didn't have to worry. about any part of their wedding. It was all swiftly sorted out by their elders.

Suddenly, she blushed, feeling a bit of a tummy ache from drinking too much.

"Jonathan, I need to use the washroom," she reported and scurried off while holding her stomach.

After finishing in the restroom, Angela felt a bit disheartened and mortified. What can be more despairing than overeating in front of the man you admire and ending up with an upset stomach!

As she was about to return to the private room after wiping her hands dry with tissue. someone suddenly grabbed her arm and yanked her backward.

"Angela Kins, what are you doing here?" Christopher questioned with a displeasing frown.

Angela turned around, her face enveloped in iciness as she endured the pain coming from her wrist.

I swear, this bestand is everywhere!

"What, am I supposed to acquire your permission to go anywhere? Lunatic!" With zero patience, Angela flung his hand away and continued forward.

She couldn't believe she would run into the cursed man that was Christopher on such joyous occasion.

Christopher's expression turned grimly in response, and he went up to impede Angela. "You haven't answered my question. What are you doing here?"

The next second, his black eyes turned icy. He had made his own conclusions.

“You came with Jonathan, didn’t you?” Anger instantly ignited within him as he sneered, “Do you think anything good will come of hooking up with him? Jonathan is about to get married. You’re but his plaything!”

He couldn’t believe Angela was shameless enough to still hook up with Jonathan when the latter was getting married soon. Is she aspiring to be Jonathan’s lover!!

Angela’s countenance had turned sub-zero at this point, and her gaze was laced with disdain. “Who are you to say such words to me? You’re Fanny’s fiancé. If you have so much time on your hands, use them on her instead! And stay away from me!

“Mind your own business and stay out from others! Can you not read expressions? Can’t you tell I’m annoyed with you?”

She genuinely thought Christopher had a screw loose in his head. Don’t you despise me and want nothing to do with me? What are you doing, rambling to my face?!

At that, Christopher glared daggers and mocked her with gnashed teeth, “I’m merely advising you. People of Jonathan’s background are heartless. There’s no such thing as true love. You’ll be thrown away like a tattered rag when they’re done with you-”

Smack!

A slap interrupted him before he could finish his words, making his left cheek sting. As he held his left cheek, anger burned ablaze within his eyes. “How dare you slap me?!”

“I’m also merely advising you. Jonathan isn’t someone you can afford to defame,” Angela warned icily.

She could ignore all the curses and insults people threw at her, but no one was allowed to speak ill of Jonathan under her watch.

While the two stood in a standoff, Fanny and the Kinses showed up.

“What are you two doing?” Scarlet questioned with a frown, her tone not very pleasant.

From afar, Fanny recognized the dress Angela was wearing as the new summer collection. from a luxury brand. It was expensive and not something everyone could afford.

With a glint in her eyes, she hurried over to grab Angela’s hand, her clear and innocent eyes. filled with joy. “Angela, why are you here at the Laurel Hotel? Are you here to celebrate my birthday? I knew I mattered to you!”

Chapter 93 Almost Cost Me My Life

Angela stepped back, avoiding Fanny’s attempt to hold her hand, and glanced at the people at the back—all members of the Kinses.

That day, Fanny was donned in a camel-colored

group

of

Fanny donned a camel-colored coat that day, the latest winter collection from Kalista Kouture, with a limited edition priced at five figures. The perfume she wore was a fragrance that was constantly out of stock.

Also, she noticed the ruby brooch on Fanny’s dress, which Scarlet had cherished for many years. It was her favorite jewelry, matching her name, and had been in her collection for

many years.

Once, when she accidentally bumped into the brooch and caused it to fall to the ground, Scarlet became so enraged that she beat her up severely and even forbade her from eating. for a day.

soup

Eventually, a maid took pity on her and secretly gave her some bread and in the evening. But the next morning, she suffered from a high fever until her homeroom teacher called to say she had skipped class and missed the whole morning.

Livid, Scarlet stormed into her room. Seeing that she was still lying in bed, the mother hit. the roof, believing her daughter was being lazy and didn't want to go to class. At that, she yanked off the blanket, threw it on the floor, stomped on it with her heeled boots, and even cursed uglily.

It wasn't until Scarlet dragged Angela out of bed that she ultimately realized her daughter's temperature was abnormal, with a burning forehead. Finally, she phoned the doctor for a home visit.

Since that experience, her stomach became feeble. Even when her favorite foods were in front of her and overeat just a little, she would feel nauseous.

Seeing the ruby brooch now brought back memories like a fast-paced movie reel in Angela's mind.

How ironic it was that the very ruby brooch that had caused her to receive severe punishment just from accidentally bumping into it was now given to Fanny by Scarlet as her birthday gift.

In just a moment of absentmindedness, Angela's countenance returned to being icy, and she sneered, "Do I not have a birthday of my own? Why should I celebrate yours? Do you have a

screw loose but can't afford a mechanic? Also, don't touch me. Your perfume reeks. You better stand back before I puke all over you and ruin your new Kalis

I swear, some jack*ss must've cursed me, or how can I run into these idiots at every turn?!

Fanny's gaze dimmed, and she glanced helplessly behind her before shifting back with a bitten lip, apologizing, "I'm sorry, Angela. I don't mean it like that... I'm just happy to see you. We share the same birthday, so I naturally remember yours. Look, we even got you gifts."

"Why are you apologizing?" Samuel, made infuriated by Fanny's apology, went up and pulled her to his side. "Did we not want to celebrate her birthday? She was the one insisting on severing family ties! Are we supposed to beg on our knees for her to come?"

Angela, however, smirked. "Of course, you should apologize. After all, without my withdrawal, do you think you can be engaged to Christopher and be the only young lady of the Kins Family? Everything you have now is, by right, mine. You are at fault, and I never said you're innocent."

After all, the agreed-upon bride in Kevin and her grandfather's marriage pact was her, who was still in her mother's belly at the time.

Fanny's expression froze for a moment, and at the same time, her whole body trembled violently.

Noticing Fanny's body stiffening, Christopher pulled her into his arms. "Watch your mouth, Angela Kins!"

Angela slowly shifted her gaze to Christopher's face, her cold eyes staring at him for at moment. "And you believe you're some saint, hmm?"

Christopher immediately frowned, powerless against Angela's aggressiveness.

Where Angela had slapped him earlier was still throbbing with pain.

And while Angela turned to walk away impassively, George was beside himself with rage. thinking Angela was an uncultured swine who would shamelessly insult her sister and brother-in-law publicly.

As his gaze darted around, he noticed the gift box in Zacharias' hand. Without hesitation, he grabbed it and hurled it toward Angela's back.

Suddenly, a black figure flashed out of nowhere and stood in front of Angela, intercepting the gift box with arms as strong as iron.

“Be careful!”

Everyone present gasped in shock.

Sensing the commotion, Angela turned around and saw Oliver standing firmly behind her, gripping the now-deformed gift box.

Oliver was one of the two stationed outside her ward 24/7 back then, the other being Axel, who was off doing something else.

Oliver turned sideways, watching everyone warily, ready to act. His eagle-like eyes swept warningly over everyone, making it clear that if anyone dared to make another move, he wouldn't hesitate to use force.

Angela stood still, her dark eyes fixed on the enraged George. “Do you think I would let you hit me again?”

George's eyes flickered, but he remained silent, his countenance grim.

The next moment, Angela took the deformed gift box from Oliver's hand and smashed it to the ground. With a loud snap, the lid opened, and the gift fell out.

It was a snowdrop crystal necklace, just like the one Fanny had around her neck. The snowdrop was delicately carved, like a flower blossoming proudly in the ice and snow. It was very beautiful and delicate. But now, the necklace, which had fallen out, had its pendant shattered, scattered all over the floor.

Fanny covered her mouth with both hands, her eyes wide with astonishment. “Angela, Zacharias got it, especially for you as a birthday gift!”

Zacharias' pale lips trembled, staring blankly at the necklace on the ground.

Scarlet, feeling heartbroken that her son's heartfelt gesture had been ruined, angrily scolded, "Angela, what did Zacharias do to deserve this from you? You're so heartless to treat his sincerity like this!"

Finding her accusation ridiculous, Angela tilted her slender neck slightly and sneered, "My gifts are always the same as Fanny's and even occasionally forgotten. Especially, my foot! When can you stop lying to yourselves? Sincere? Don't make me puke."

Then, she turned to Zacharias and monotoned, "Zacharias, I hate snowdrops the most, don't you know that? I'm allergic to it, and it nearly killed me when I was three."

With that, she stepped over the shattered necklace with her heels, walking away gracefully.

As Zacharias slowly came to his senses, he looked at his mother's frustrated expression and pressed his lips tightly together.

He remembered that Fanny liked snowdrops and said she liked what it symbolized. Thinking it was a good symbolism, he bought a pair as birthday gifts so the sisters could wear matching ones and avoid bias.

He had no idea Angela was allergic to snowdrops and had almost lost her life because of them.

It finally dawned on Zacharias that what he got was Fanny's favorite while never considering for a second if Angela would like it. This guilt made Zacharias rub his temples irritably.

"Are you feeling unwell? Should I call a doctor?" Scarlet asked anxiously.

Meeting Scarlet's worried expression, Zacharias asked, "Mom, didn't you know that Angela is allergic to snowdrops?"

Chapter 94 Taken Away by a Luxury Car

Everyone knew the gift he got Angela was identical to Fanny's, yet no one pointed it out. Thus, the only explanation was that no one knew.

Scarlet's well-maintained face froze for a moment, her tone indifferent, "She's not close to me but close to her deceased grandmother. How could I know when she doesn't tell me anything?!"

"But Angela's your daughter, one you gave birth to. Don't you have any concern for her?" Zacharias felt uneasy.

"If she could be half as thoughtful and sensible as Fanny, not doing those annoying things. would I not care about her? She did this all to herself." Scarlet's tone was not very pleasant, partly fearing that Zacharias would overthink, which would be detrimental to his health. She suppressed her worries and said, "If I had to choose between the two, I would choose Fanny

Zacharias said nothing in turn.

"Just treat it like before, when Fanny is still your sister and Angela... pretend she never appeared before." Scarlet felt exhausted.

The master was right. Fanny is the lucky star who can bless the prosperity of our family, while Angela is the jinx who tauses us nothing but trouble!

Was she wrong in only wanting to live a peaceful life?

With a deep frown, James advised, "Zacharias, that's enough. Do you want to upset Mom over Angela?"

Zacharias frowned slightly but ultimately said nothing.

In the corridor on the way back to the private room, Angela adjusted her shawl, her thick, long hair cascading down on both sides of her face, presenting an elegant figure.

"No need to report what happened just now to Jonathan," she said softly.

Oliver's narrow eyes flashed with confusion, but he quickly responded, "Okay."

George nearly hit her head, and the unimaginable might occur if the worst happened. If that had happened to any other woman, they would've told Jonathan immediately and had him back them up.

A few steps ahead, Angela saw someone at the end of the corridor and hurriedly approached him. "Mr. Sebastian."

Sebastian's eyes lit up upon seeing her. "There you are, Angela. I've arranged for a car to take your uncle and his family back. Mr. Lawson had something to attend to and returned to the car first. He asked me to stay and tell you to wait at the entrance."

"Alright." Angela replied sweetly.

Together with Sebastian, they took the elevator down and waited for the car at the entrance.

Just as she arrived at the entrance, George and his family emerged in the lobby, and immediately, Fanny wrapped her arms around Christopher's, saying with worry, "It's so cold outside, but Angela still has to wait for the cab. How sad. Why don't we give her a lift?"

Christopher glanced at Angela. Seeing her slender figure, he frowned with annoyance and disapproved of Fanny's idea, not wanting her to approach Angela. "Forget about it. She wouldn't be grateful even if we offered her a lift. Why bother?"

"It's alright, I don't mind. Angela is just all talk and no action. She won't do anything to me." Fanny blinked innocently. "Besides, you can consider it as me test-driving the car you gave

me."

With that, Fanny let go of Christopher's arm and jogged to the entrance.

She tossed her hair and smiled coyly, deliberately showing off the luxury car keys in her hand. “You can hardly ever hail a cab here at Laurel Hotel. Shall we give you a lift? Christopher also just so happened to get me a car for my birthday. Let’s try it out.”

Angela didn’t even bother glancing in her way, automatically tuning out Fanny’s words.

She had seen too many instances of this kind of blatant and subtle boasting in her past life.

Having sealed her heart away, she was unfazed. If there was anything she felt, it would be ridiculous.

Despite Angela’s impassiveness toward her, Fanny continued to approach the former and threatened, “Since you’ve decided to leave, leave thoroughly. Never come back. You should fully realize by now that despite so many years passed, I am still the only daughter of the Kins Family!

“In terms of schemes, you’re no match for me, and in terms of ability, you’re inferior to me. So what if you put in effort all these years?

“Admit your defeat. After removing yourself officially from the registry, go back to your shabby countryside, or I have plenty of ways to make.

you leave.”

“Oh, so you’re finally done pretending, hmm?” Coldness flashed in Angela’s eyes as she scanned Fanny’s face. “You should look in the mirror and see just how ugly your smug face is now. But, Fanny, what are you so proud of? You’re only picking up things I threw away. Since you want them so badly, do your job and be a nice trash can. Keep them in.

“As for driving me out of Riverdon, who do you think you are?”

Fanny's face contorted with rage. "Why you-"

Just then, two black luxury cars pulled over by the entrance, and Oliver briskly stepped out from the car behind to open the rear door of the first car. "Please."

From Fanny's angle, she could only vaguely see a man sitting inside the car, revealing only half of his figure without his face. He reached his hand out to hold Angela's, the cuff of his sapphire blue suit shimmering in the cold light.

Just half a silhouette exuded an unparalleled aura of nobility and invincibility. His face was hidden in darkness, impossible to discern.

Angela reached out and took the man's offered hand, stepping into the car. Oliver blocked Fanny's view, swiftly closing the door with seamless precision.

Sebastian, who had witnessed everything, glanced coldly at Fanny. "A word of advice: don't mess with the wrong people," he said before returning to the second black car with Oliver and driving away.

By the time Fanny came around, there was only the exhaust left by the luxury car in the distance.

So, Angela hadn't been waiting for a cab! What's more, that luxury car is a classic Rolls-Royce! At that, Fanny looked down at the car keys in her hand, clearly inferior in comparison, and bit her lip. Who was the man in the car? Could it be Jonathan? No, Jonathan is getting married. The bride's family must certainly be prestigious. No way would he still be interested in Angela and hook up with

her!

"Fanny!" someone called out from behind her.

The Kinses happened to arrive at the entrance at this point, and with grave worry, Samuel asked, "Did she say something offensive to you again?"

“No, Samuel, when I arrived, Angela was just about to get into a car,” Fanny said gloomily and wrapped her arms around Christopher’s before continuing with hesitation, “I thought she came by herself, so I wanted to give her a lift. But then a luxury car pulled over and picked

her up. However, the license plate didn’t match Jonathan’s usual one. Angela seemed to be in a bad mood all day. Did something happen to her? I hope she doesn’t do anything foolish.”

Hearing Fanny’s words, everyone couldn’t help thinking of the news about Jonathan getting married.

George and Scarlet’s faces instantly turned grim. They had already heard a few days ago Angela wanted to hook up with Jonathan. Having assumed that Angela also picked up the news, they simply assumed she decided to switch her target, having now lost her chance with Jonathan.

“Shameless!” George cursed. The second Christopher calls off the engagement with her, she tries to cory up with her potential brother-in-law’s older cousin, and now, she’s hooking up with some random guy!

Zacharias, on the other hand, coughed a few times before seeking confirmation. “Fanny, did you see who the man in the car was?”

Chapter 95 Returning to the Kins Residence to Retrieve the Household Registration.

Fanny was taken aback for a few seconds, not expecting her usually indifferent brother Zacharias to concern himself with such matters.

“Angela got into the car too quickly. I didn’t see, Fanny hesitated, then looked up at Christopher beside her. “If it was Jonathan—you’re here too—wouldn’t he have come down and said hello?”

But Fanny’s words, when heard by others, took on a different meaning immediately.

If the person in the car was indeed Jonathan, why would Angela hide him from sight? This indirectly confirmed Fanny’s worry that Angela had hooked up with some other man, someone unsavory.

Scarlet's countenance turned grim in response. However, she didn't flip out. Instead, her tone was incredibly distant. "Our family can't afford such a daughter."

"When we get home, immediately have the servants pack her things and throw them out!" George thundered, his voice and demeanor stern, his face growing grimmer by the second.

"Dad, Mom please don't be hasty. It might just be a misunderstanding." Fanny seemed startled by George's outburst and hurriedly explained, looking on the verge of tears. "It's my fault. I shouldn't have brought this up..."

Christopher wrapped an arm around Fanny, comforting her, while stealing glances at George, who was now brimming with anger.

"My cousin rarely leaves the house. He probably doesn't know I'm here today. I'll ask him when I get back." He tightened his grip on Fanny's hand.

George had acted in a fit of rage earlier inside the hotel, showing no concern for Angela's well-being. Although he didn't love Angela, witnessing George's violent punishment of her left him somewhat shocked.

Last time, after Angela woke up in the hospital, Christopher had overheard nurses gossiping that she had been severely beaten by her father as soon as she regained consciousness. He initially thought the severity had been exaggerated, especially since Angela was George's biological daughter and that she had already sustained injuries previously. But now, he started having doubts.

Fanny nestled in Christopher's embrace, squeezed his hand tightly, then lifted her head, her expression filled with worry as she spoke, "If it really was Jonathan, be careful what you say in

front of your future sister-in-law. Don't mention today's incident, lest she misunderstand."

Christopher's heart sank at her words.

Samuel, on the other hand, sneered, “How can you still be making excuses for her at this point, Fanny? Whether it’s with Jonathan or any other man, she’s a despicable third wheel. What’s the difference?”

Fanny hesitated to speak further, which only fueled their anger further.

Seeing their reaction, she slightly lowered her head, a hint of a smile flickering across her lips, concealing the fleeting amusement in her eyes.

On the other side, Angela was about to release Jonathan’s hand, which she used to assist herself into entering the vehicle, when she grabbed it again, asking, “Why is your hand so cold, Jonathan?”

Then she clasped his large palm with both hands, blowing warm air onto his hand and rubbing it back and forth.

“Is it because you’re not dressed warmly enough? It’s winter now. You can’t sacrifice your health over fashion or inconvenience. You have to stay warm. Besides, braving the cold doesn’t do your blood circulation good either.”

Angela would become a chatter-bug whenever something related to her profession arose. As she nagged, she would even glance at him sideways. “Your legs have been hurting again recently, haven’t they?”

Although it never snowed in Riverdon, the season would always bring forth a damp coldness, which was even more unbearable.

Jonathan’s hands subtly stiffened as he squinted. No woman had ever rubbed his hands like this just to warm them up.

He grew up surrounded by all sorts of people, and both his grandfathers educated him on weighing the pros and cons, strategizing, and mastering the art of control. Thus, the people around him were either valuable or worthless.

“It’s... manageable.” Jonathan lowered his gaze.

After rubbing for a while, Angela suddenly realized Jonathan might think she was taking

advantage of him. So, she stopped and drew her hand. "Warmer now?"

With the external warmth disappearing abruptly, Jonathan frowned and replied soberly, "Still a bit cold."

Angela widened her eyes in surprise. After a moment, she reached for his hand again.

"Do you like the room May arranged for you? She'll be in charge of the daily affairs of the house from now on. If you need anything, just let her know."

Jonathan's voice brought Angela back to reality in an instant. She exclaimed softly and instinctively answered his question, seriously thinking for a moment. "I think it's great. I'm satisfied with everything, and I don't think there's anything lacking..."

Then, Angela suddenly remembered the betrothal cash. It was a huge sum, millions. Just thinking about it made her panic.

With thought inchoate, she looked out the window at the scenery, gradually realizing they weren't en route to Lawson Residence.

"Where are we heading, Jonathan? Aren't we going home?"

"We're going to the Kins Residence, Jonathan replied briefly.

"The Kins Residence?" Angela blinked, feeling a little confused.

“To retrieve your household registration.”

At that, letters from the perpetual calendar flashed across Angela’s mind—a good day for engagements and weddings.

“Are you suggesting that we sign our marriage certificate once I retrieve my household registration?”

Never did she expect to get engaged and married on the same day.

Jonathan was truly a businessman. His every next step was fast and unexpected, leaving her defenseless.

And so, she remained in a daze throughout the journey until they were about to arrive at their destination when Angela realized that she had been holding Jonathan’s hand the entire time.

Before long, the car pulled over in front of Kins Residence.

Angela quickly released his hand as she opened the door.

There was a striking red Mercedes–Benz parked outside the villa, presumably Christopher’s birthday gift to Fanny.

In her memory, Christopher only achieved true financial freedom after Jonathan’s death. This birthday gift must have cost him dearly.

Concerned that Jonathan would have trouble moving about freely, Angela quickly suggested after getting out of the car, “Wait here for me, Jonathan. Oliver alone will suffice. I’ll be back before you know it.”

Then, she trotted to the gates and pressed the doorbell.

Meanwhile, Oliver glanced inside the car, vaguely seeing the extraordinarily handsome silhouette that exuded a deep and serene air.

“Just do as she says. Keep her safe.”

Oliver nodded in acknowledgment and quickly chased after Angela.

The Kins Family housekeeper was the one to come out. She first took a gander at Angela’s face and then checked out her outfit before finally muttering, “Miss Kins, you’re back.”

Over the years Angela lived in this household, the housekeeper only ever addressed her as Miss Kins and never Miss Angela. However, the housekeeper would affectionately call Fanny “Miss Fanny, making her, the genuine young lady of the Kins Family, seem more like an outsider.

“Mm,” she replied indifferently.

Seeing that the housekeeper showed no intention of stepping aside, Oliver strode forward with an icy demeanor. He extended his strong and powerful arm and yanked the gate violently.

With a loud crash, the door fell apart.

Chapter 96 Every Corner of the Kins Residence Is Disgusting

Oliver’s crude action stunned the housekeeper instantly, and with fear and panic, she shouted while backing up, “You’re trespassing on private property! If you dare do anything, I’ll call the police and have you arrested!”

Angela’s gaze turned icy in response. “Now, how can you say that? Am I not allowed in my own home?”

Always remembering that his task was to keep Angela from harm’s way and intercept anyone or anything that upset her, Oliver shoved the yapping housekeeper and threatened, “Another word, and I’ll beat you up as I did with that gate.”

The housekeeper shut up instantly, shuddering in fear.

As Angela looked at the gate Oliver violently tore down, she felt inexplicably pleased. With her chin up in the air, she proclaimed, “Well done. You get a raise!”

“Thank you, Mrs. Lawson.”

Mrs. Lawson? Angela wanted to correct him but ultimately held back. After all, Oliver wasn’t wrong to address her as such.

What was she doing now? Had she not come to retrieve her household registration so that she and Jonathan could get married?!

She blushed in response, and to calm herself down, she muttered repeatedly about needing to get used to Oliver and the others calling her ‘Mrs. Lawson.

This is a part of the agreement. Jonathan has helped me so much. I have to do my part.

With Oliver’s show of force, none of the other Kins Family servants dared to step forward.

Angela quickly walked in and entered the living room, which looked just like before with a slight difference—the framed photo on the wall had changed.

In the freshly taken photo, Fanny was wearing that day’s outfit, holding Christopher’s arm, standing beside Scarlet, with her four brothers standing firmly behind. Everyone in the photo had a smile on their face, exceptionally harmonious.

After just one glance, Angela looked away and went straight to the small utility room she used to stay in.

The door of the utility room was slightly ajar, as if there were too many things piled up

inside, and the door couldn't close properly.

She pulled the door open and found that the room had been filled with clutter in her absence. Several boxes were placed on her bed, haphazardly stacked.

Angela remained calm as she walked in, rolling up her sleeves, and began to move the cardboard boxes on the bed one by one.

Glancing inside the boxes, she saw that they were filled with Fanny's outdated clothes and unwanted items.

Is this meant to tell me that only what Fanny doesn't want, I can have?

Oliver followed closely behind, but upon entering, he immediately frowned at the cramped and cluttered space. Is this where ma'am used to live?

Though he had only known Angela for a few days, he couldn't help feeling enraged at the sight.

With a stern face, he strode forward and took the boxes from Angela's hands. "Let me do all the heavy lifting, Mrs. Lawson. You just give the order."

Angela, still recovering from her injuries, quickly agreed. "Take all these boxes, the ones on the bed, and these ones too, and throw them all into the living room!"

"Okay." With his strength, Oliver swiftly cleared the clutter in no time.

Bam, bam!

The sound of things being tossed around frightened the servants standing at the corners of the hall, their faces turning pale with fear, afraid that the stern-looking brute would beat them up.

One of the servants, frightened, quickly called George. "Sir, please come back quickly. Angela has brought in a burly man, and we couldn't stop them. They've thrown away a lot of Miss Fanny's belongings."

Back in the utility room, Angela pulled out a dusty bag and silently began to pack the remaining items after shaking off the dust. There wasn't much left of hers here, just some books left by her grandmother and a few photographs.

Last time, she couldn't take everything with her in one suitcase, so she only packed the essentials. This time, she planned to take everything away, leaving nothing behind for the Kins Family to grow tired of.

After finishing the cleanup, Angela walked out and stared at the housekeeper. "Where is the household registration?"

The housekeeper hesitated for a moment before stuttering, "It's in sir and madam's room"

"Go and get it," Angela ordered plainly. "Now!"

She didn't want to go in herself, finding each and every one of their rooms repulsive and disgusting.

After taking a gander at Oliver's towering figure, the housekeeper rushed upstairs in fright and returned with the household registration in her hands, which were trembling as she handed it to Angela.

Taking the household registration, Angela flipped through it and found herself on the last page.

Then, she glanced at the dismantled gate. "I'll compensate for the gate. I'll have someone deliver a new one later. I won't owe the Kins Family anything," she said and left Kins Residence with Oliver.

With her page of the household registration now in hand and her belongings packed, there was nothing left for her at the Kins Residence to linger over.

Upon exiting Kins Residence, she found the door of the black car that had been waiting silently open, and she could coincidentally catch Jonathan's side profile when he worked.

Angela's heart skipped a beat. Indeed, good-looking people have no flaws from any angle!

She held up her skirt and jogged toward the car, and after poking her head inside, she chirped with sparkling eyes, "Look. I got the household registration."

The next moment, she quickly got into the car and urged the chauffeur to drive away in a panic.

A chuckle escaped Jonathan as he set his work aside. "Why are you in such a hurry?"

"You have no idea how intimidating Oliver was just now. When the servants refused to let us in, Oliver, with his strong muscles, simply broke the iron gate. Who knows how much that gate was worth? I even pretended to be generous and said we'd compensate them for it." Angela was animated as she spoke, her face lively and bright. "And then I threw away all of Fanny's stuff, so we need to leave quickly to avoid running into them and wasting our breath.

As she spoke, Angela remembered something and quickly pulled out her phone, blocking all the Kins Family members' contact numbers.

Jonathan listened attentively, then smiled with interest. "Since you've already made the promise, I'll have to help you cover it up. I'll have Sebastian see to it."

Look at that: for someone who can expand his business to such a skill, his mind is indeed more cunning than others.

Angela smiled sweetly, ingratiatingly. "Thank you, Jonathan. Don't worry. I'll make a note of it in my notebook and pay you back when I make money."

Jonathan quirked a brow in response, noncommittal.

Amidst their conversation, the car quickly left the Kins Residence and soon disappeared from view.

After drinking some sobering cure and taking a short nap in the car, Donald felt slightly less intoxicated. However, instead of resting in his room after returning home, he sat alone on the balcony, smoking.

He finished one cigarette, then lit another, and the ash fell into small pieces onto the floor.

Hecate also had a furrowed brow, expressing her concerns. "Smoke less. It's not good for your lungs."

Just now, at the restaurant, she hardly understood much of the conversation about agents, guaranteed accounts, and the new terms regarding wedding procedures. It overwhelmed her, and she could only nod along.

They were dealing with top-tier wealthy families, operating on a completely different level of understanding. Their methods were sophisticated and intricate. If they were intent on deceiving Angela, it would be a piece of cake.

Hecate sighed again, thoughts about other things. "If George and Scarlet find out Angela is getting married unannounced, they might be agitated. Should we call and let them know?"

Chapter 97 One Hundred Thousand

After a brief silence, Donald shook his head. It was evident to anyone with eyes how poorly George's family treated Angela.

Donald's expression turned colder as he stubbed out the half-smoked cigarette in his hand, his tone harsh, "George's family has hearts as hard as stones. Whether they are aware or not is irrelevant. If they ignore the grievances Angela suffers in her husband's home, I will step in. I will bring her back to our home."

Whenever Angela suffered grievances, even if she was bullied in school, Donald and Scarlet showed no concern. Instead, they would blame her for causing trouble and ask her to reflect on herself.

Hecate sighed. Donald has a point. They only ever care about their adopted daughter.

“Still, Angela’s prospective in-laws gave a ton of betrothal gifts. If they find out that you’ve intervened as the overseer, I’m worried Donald and Scarlet will cause a scene,” she said.

Donald snorted and replied coldly, “They can come at me all they want. All those betrothal gifts were given to Angela. We didn’t take a penny. I have a clear conscience!”

Hecate nodded in agreement. Donald’s right. We have no intention of coveting Angela’s betrothal money. If George and his family were any better to Angela, she would have no need for us to step in at all!

Neither of them spoke again, and the room fell into silence until the door opening echoed from the entrance, followed by the doorknob turning.

Queenie quietly entered the house silently with puffy eyes, clearly having just finished crying.

Her situation startled Donald and Hecate, and they quickly approached her.

“Queenie, what happened?” Hecate couldn’t help but feel heartbroken, and then she had a suspicion in her mind, causing her expression to suddenly change. “Did your husband’s family hit you? Queenie, you must not hide this from me and. your dad!”

A lump immediately formed in Queenie’s throat. Her voice became hoarse, and she forced back her tears as she said, “No, Mom, no one hit me.”

Under Donald and Hecate’s persistent questioning, she finally revealed the truth.

“Mom, Dad, I need money...” As if finding it difficult to utter these words, Queenie choked for

a while before finally managing to speak up with difficulty, then covered her bloodshot eyes

and sobbed.

“Horace’s mother is seriously ill, and the surgery and medical expenses require a large sum of money. Horace and I don’t have much savings, and what we can gather is far from enough...”

She didn’t want to ask her parents for money, but her husband’s family used both gentle and forceful tactics, pressuring her to come up with the money.

Because Horace wanted her to be a full-time housewife, she hasn’t had a job since graduation. Horace gave her a monthly allowance for living expenses, and that was the only money she had. But... it was all used for living expenses, and with her mother-in-law watching over her, any surplus would be taken away by her mother-in-law. How could she possibly have any money?!

She had hoped that Horace would stand by her more, but he said, “Queenie, my mother’s illness can’t be delayed any longer. Think of a solution. If it’s not possible, go back home and ask your parents for some money.

“Besides, your uncle’s family is so wealthy, and they’re also related to Jonathan. This amount of money is nothing to them, but for us, it’s life-saving money!”

With no other alternatives, Queenie had to return home.

Donald felt sympathy for his daughter and couldn’t possibly deny her the money. He didn’t say anything, just let out a deep sigh, “Since our Queenie’s mother-in-law is ill, we should offer assistance. Family should assist each other in times of need.”

He had initially planned to give Angela a generous dowry when she got married. The groom’s family was wealthy, and although they were an ordinary family, they couldn’t compromise their dignity and manners.

But now, he was faced with a dilemma.

“How much do you need?” Hecate quickly made her daughter sit down and then poured her a cup of warm water.

Queenie pursed her lips and reluctantly said, “We need a hundred thousand.”

Hecate widened her eyes in shock and was stunned for a few seconds. “A hundred thousand?! What kind of illness does your mother-in-law have that requires so much money?”

“It’s kidney failure. She needs dialysis and a kidney transplant. Horace said that a kidney is expensive, and he’s also trying to raise money from everywhere,” Queenie explained with a

weary look on her delicate face.

She had been taking care of her mother-in-law these past few days, and it had already worn her out mentally. Her mother-in-law never liked her, and now that she was sick, she was even harder to deal with. She would say all sorts of harsh things to Queenie, accusing her of wishing her mother-in-law dead.

Horace’s bad attitude didn’t help either. He said that marrying her didn’t help him at all.

Donald turned grimly but showed no emotions.

After a long pause, he said, “Leave the money to your brother and me. Don’t worry. You stay here tonight, and I’ll give you ten thousand dollars before you leave. Use it to fill the gaps.

first.”

“I’m useless, Dad. You’re already so old, yet I’m still asking for your support, causing you trouble.” Queenie felt deeply sorry.

Her father was a teacher, and her mother worked in a textile factory. Their combined monthly income was only a few thousand, and it took them a whole year of scrimping and saving to accumulate ten thousand dollars. Asking her parents for so much money all at once, Queenie couldn't bring herself to do it.

Hecate looked at the dark circles under her daughter's eyes. Her face had become much thinner than the last time she saw her. She felt a pang of sadness and could only imagine how Horace's wicked mother tormented Queenie using her illness.

Hecate got up and fetched a set of her own pajamas for Queenie. "Now, aren't you just making your dad and me sad?! Are you hungry? I'll go and make you something to eat. Look at you; you're ice-cold.

Go and take a shower while I make your favorite."

A lump formed in Queenie's throat again as she listened to her parents' caring words, and she held it back until she reached the bathroom and closed the door before bursting into tears.

In the kitchen, Hecate and Donald cooked up Queenie something to eat.

"They're still short a large sum of money. Let's not forget about Angela's dowry, too. Quincy has only been working for a few years. He definitely won't have much savings. How are you going to come up with the remaining money?" Hecate asked, feeling frustrated.

As Donald cooked the noodles, he contemplated. "I'll go to the hospital tomorrow and talk to the doctor first."

Hecate nodded. She was just an ordinary illiterate housewife who had no better ideas.

Springgate Estates, Lawson Residence.

Angela woke up the next morning, bathed in the bright and warm sunlight.

Opening her eyes, she saw unfamiliar white curtains surrounding the bed, and for a moment, she couldn't quite comprehend her whereabouts.

After obtaining their marriage certificate last afternoon, Jonathan returned to work at the company while she returned to the villa in Springgate Estates and spent the afternoon reading.

In the evening, Jonathan was too busy to come home for dinner, so she ate May's cooking alone and then went upstairs to study for another two hours before going to sleep.

Although she and Jonathan had obtained their marriage certificate, their current interaction pattern remained the same, and it made Angela feel particularly reassured.

After lying in bed for a few seconds, Angela threw off the covers and quickly got up, then washed up and went downstairs.

In the dining room, Jonathan was dressed in a gray turtleneck sweater, complemented by gold-rimmed glasses. He seemed to radiate a touch more warmth than before.

He was emotionlessly flipping through some documents at the table until he heard her coming down. He took a gander at her and put the papers in his hands down.

"It's 7:35 a.m. now," he reminded plainly. "You're about to be late."

Chapter 98 Blocked Him

What?!

Angela's originally cheerful face froze instantly, and she quickly turned to look at the wall clock. It was indeed 7:35 a.m.

Sh*t! My 8 a.m. class!

The good mood she woke up with vanished completely. Angela turned and rushed upstairs to pack her things. She stuffed the books on the table into her backpack and then stomped downstairs hurriedly.

She didn't even have time to greet Jonathan as she dashed out of the door.

Jonathan shook his head and finished his breakfast. Then, Sebastian, who had been waiting nearby, helped him put on his black coat.

Then, Jonathan instructed Oliver, who was waiting by the entrance, "Pick a car with high safety ratings and take her to school."

Oliver nodded, feeling thrilled. Mr. Lawson trusts me enough to let me attend to Mrs. Lawson's safety alone! I bet Axel will be green with envy!

He chose a sturdy Land Rover, known for its high safety standards and durability.

Naturally, Angela couldn't outrun a car, and in less than a minute, Oliver pulled up in front of her.

"Mrs. Lawson, Mr. Lawson instructed me to take you to school."

Angela's eyes lit up with gratitude, and she quickly opened the back door and got in.

Jonathan is truly an angelic soul. I must devote all my life's learning to swiftly heal his legs! No, it starts tonight! I won't retire early; I'll wait until Jonathan returns and administer acupuncture and prepare medicinal meals for him—I'll do both!

Then, Angela's nose twitched. "What's that smell? It smells so good."

Oliver slapped his head. "Oh, right, here. Mr. Lawson instructed May to pack your breakfast. I already ate mine. May's breakfast is out of this world!"

He had devoured five large meat pies, along with a few other things.

Angela felt a mixture of sadness and indignation. That means... I was the last one to wake up?!

Taking the bus from here to school was a bit circuitous, usually taking half an hour. By car, it was much closer, taking just over ten minutes. Plus, they could drive right up to the building. After calculating the time, Angela no longer panicked and started eating breakfast without

worry.

Having been tended to by May for two weeks, Angela knew just how great of a cook she was. In fact, she gained five pounds, especially since all she did was eat and sleep during that period.

While she was eating, Oliver suddenly opened the glove compartment and took out a brown folder, handing it to her.

“Ma’am, here are some things about your brother-in-law, Horace, that Axel just gave us today.”

They did it?!

Angela’s eyes lit up. She took the folder from Oliver while holding onto the meat pie using her mouth and poured out all its contents.

She slowly examined the contents. In addition to some photos proving Horace’s affair, there were also several contract documents and records of several transfers.

Seeing Angela’s slightly puzzled expression in the rearview mirror, Olivier explained, “We accidentally discovered that Horace had embezzled public funds and profited from private companies while investigating. Considering that you might also need these, we compiled them together.”

Angela chuckled lightly, her eyes turning cold. She took out the contract documents and put the photos back into the folder, which she placed on the front passenger seat.

“Send these photos anonymously to Queenie and stamp a lipstick mark on them.”

A lipstick mark? Olivier nodded dumbly, promising to do as Angela ordered.

Soon, the car drove into the university, and Angela quickly directed Olivier to the classroom blocks.

After getting out of the car, she checked the time on her phone and realized she still had a few minutes before 8 a.m.

With that, she stuffed the several contracts into her backpack and hurriedly made her way upstairs.

Many universities lacked elevators, whether it was now or ten years later, so climbing stairs was the only option.

“Angela!”

Suddenly, Angela felt a strange force tugging at her arm, causing her wrist to ache.

She steadied herself and turned around, her eyes darkening with anger. “What are you doing here. Felix?”

She hadn’t responded to any of Felix’s messages, and he hadn’t made any further advances either, so she thought that was the end of things. But little did she expect to find Felix waiting for her at school.

Behind Felix was a motorcycle. He was wearing a leather jacket and had a stylish haircut. His ruggedly handsome face was quite attractive to young girls.

“Waiting for you,” said Felix, and he let go of her hand, turning around to take a bouquet of roses from the motorcycle, admiring himself in the rearview mirror.

Adjusting his expression to his satisfaction, Felix turned around to give the roses to Angela, only to find that she had disappeared.

Looking at the flowers in his hand and then around him, he couldn't find Angela anywhere.

After a few seconds of consideration, Felix took out his phone. He gave up texting and instead called her.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is not in service..."

Not in service?!

Felix stood frozen for a moment before realizing what had happened to him. F*cking hell Angela blocked my number!

His countenance turned beyond grim, and he tightly clenched the bouquet of roses, resisti the urge to throw them on the ground.

This d*mned bouquet had cost him quite a bit, and the employee at the flower shop had said that girls love roses, especially eleven of them, symbolizing wholehearted devotion. They promised that the girl he was pursuing would certainly say yes.

Say yes, my foot!

He wanted to go and get a refund right now!

While Felix turned around, Angela quickly hid in the nearest classTOOTE

Through the crack in the door, she saw Felix gnashing his teeth for a moment before riding away on his motorcycle.

Seeing that he had finally left, she breathed a sigh of relief.

“Huh...”

A sudden cold sneer sounded from behind, causing Angela’s heart to jump.

She turned around abruptly and was surprised to see... Louis. And his two cronies.

There was a hint of mockery and contempt on Louis’ handsome face as he heartlessly spoke, “Get lost, don’t get in the way.”

Angela was about to move aside but stopped. She looked up at Louis defiantly. “And how do I do this ‘get lost thing? Care to teach me?”

Rude much?

Yusof chuckled and then approached, casually draping his arm around Angela’s shoulder. He winked and glanced outside. “Say, that handsome guy just now, is he your boyfriend?”

Boyfriend?

Angela wrinkled her nose in disgust, swatting Yusof’s hand away coldly. “Although our relationship is just so—so, as classmates, can you please not be so malicious in your words? What kind of sin did I commit to end up with a boyfriend like him?”

I have a husband, thank you very much. And only someone like Jonathan is worthy of being labeled

handsome!

“Also, you call that handsome? You’ve never seen a handsome guy in your life, have you: He’s just trying too hard.”

With that, Angela opened the door, clicked her tongue in disdain, and ran off with a look of contempt in her eyes.

Yusof blinked, leaning against Alex with a broken heart, and looked at Louis. "Did she just insult us?"

"Only you," Louis sneered at him, then walked away briskly.

Chapter 99 We're Not a Pair

She only had two morning classes, so she could take a break before the afternoon classes, which were packed with internal medicine courses, began.

After finishing her class, Angela packed her bag and prepared to head to the library to review the internal medicine books for the afternoon. She had never studied medicine

systematically before. All she had previously learned were unconventional methods and practical operations.

Jessica Turner left the country last week, just when Angela was still in the hospital. At school, she lost her only close friend, and since she transferred to another department, she hardly knew anyone in her class. Therefore, she always went to and from classes alone.

Just as she left the classroom, a young man wearing black-framed glasses appeared before her. "Angela Kins?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm Angela Kins. And you are?" Angela nodded, looking at the young man in front of her with curiosity. He seemed somewhat familiar, but she couldn't remember who he was.

In general, other than Louis Chandler and his two friends, with whom she had a quarrel on the first day of class, she didn't know anyone in the class.

The young man pushed his glasses upward as a hint of surprise flashed across his face. "I'm Gale Hall, the class monitor. The notes your friend Jessica Turner borrowed were mine."

Angela exclaimed in realization and thanked him. So, the notes Jessica borrowed were his.

"Can you give me your contact information and address? I need to register you as a new student. Also, do you have Skype? If not, you should register one, and I'll add you to the group chat."

Angela was about to give out her Skype ID but suddenly hesitated, shaking her head as she denied having one. Instead, she provided her phone number and address.

Skype only emerged in 2003 and now, it was 2004. So, it was considered quite trendy.

Angela registered for Skype several years later, around the time of her graduation from university, and that was because the class monitor suggested leaving a contact method. In fact, Jessica was the one who helped her register the very Skype account she used for over a decade.

Moreover, she had grown accustomed to using WhatsApp, which still didn't exist just yet.

"Oh, one more thing," Gale mentioned after exchanging phone numbers. "Professor Noah called me, asking you to see him in his office. He has something to discuss with you."

Professor Noah wants to see me?

Angela nodded and said okay. She then put away her phone and headed to Noah's office, which she had a little trouble locating.

Upon arriving at the door, she knocked, and a deep, steady "come in" came from inside.

To her surprise, Louis and a tall and beautiful young woman with a high ponytail were in the office as well.

This girl... I don't recall ever seeing her in our class, she mused.

Louis glanced at her with indifference, then withdrew his gaze, his hands in his pockets, looking cool and aloof.

Regardless, Angela kept her gaze straight ahead and greeted, "Hello, Professor Noah."

Seeing that Angela had arrived, a smile appeared on his usually serious face. "Angela, you're here. I've checked your schedule, and you don't have classes for the rest of the morning, right? Come with me to the hospital. You and Louis will assist me, and Winter, you will assist Professor Lambert."

As he spoke, he stood up and started putting documents into a black briefcase.

Louis frowned and said coldly, "We're not a pair."

Angela quirked a brow, looking a bit nonchalant. Her expression seemed to say she was speechless, as if she were looking at a child.

Noah clicked his tongue and shot Louis a stern look before smacking the young man's shoulder. "What, is a pretty girl not good enough for you? Look at you, acting all high and mighty."

Winter stood beside Louis, very close to him. After glancing at Louis' indifferent expression, she smiled and walked over to Angela.

Winter extended her hand with a charming smile. "Hello, I'm Winter Heron, a senior in your year. Maybe we'll be classmates in the future. Just call me Winter."

Perhaps because Winter's expression was too similar to Fanny's, Angela couldn't bring herself to like this senior.

"Hello, Angela, Angela replied with a slight lift of her beautiful eyes, keeping her response extremely concise.

Winter's eyes flashed with a hint of surprise, but she quickly suppressed it. Instead, she reached out and hugged Angela like an older sister. "Professor Noul is known for being strict, and he has scolded both Louis and me many times before. But Professor Lambert has a good temper. Even if you make a mistake, he won't scold you. How about I ask Professor Noah switch you with me? You look so sweet; it'll break my heart if you cry from being scolded:

It was well known that Noah was notoriously strict. Even Louis, a rare genius and Noah's favorite student, had rarely been praised by him. Declan Lambert, on the other hand, was gentle. Even if a student made a mistake, he'd smile and forgive.

Angela blinked and said, "I will follow the professor's arrangement."

Experience had taught her to avoid dealing with people like Winter, who smiled on the surface but might betray her in the end.

Winter's eyes stiffened for a moment, and then she smiled affectionately. "Okay, if you change your mind, you can tell me anytime."

Angela nodded indifferently and then took a step back. "Sorry, Winter, I'm allergic to perfume."

Winter couldn't hide her embarrassment, her pretty face turning a bit pale and then a bit red.

After Noah finished packing up, he led the group downstairs to the parking lot and drove straight to the hospital.

En route. Noah explained the reason. Several medical schools had jointly organized a free clinic. Three professors from each hospital would participate, and each school would have one professor on duty at the hospital every day.

For the employed professors, having so many real-life cases in front of them was an excellent opportunity to bring along their apprentices and make some extra gains.,

In their profession, not only theoretical knowledge was important, but practical experience was also crucial. After all, people never get sick following the contents of medical books. The accuracy and proficiency of diagnosing illnesses were even more important.

Regardless, Angela knew that Noah wanted to take them three as free labor, providing free medical consultations and running errands.

Having done similar things countless times in her grandmother's clinic in her past life, Angela remained calm and even numb. She responded indifferently.

Winter chuckled lively. "Alright, professor, rest assured. Louis and I have followed you for many consultations before. We won't embarrass you."

"Don't underestimate the situation. This time, several schools are collaborating, and the people they bring along are all outstanding young talents. Ordinary graduate students simply can't compare. Plus, there are several with a family background in medicine, and there's the genius Daniel Lockwood," warned Noah as he drove.

Winter and Louis exchanged a glance, their expressions becoming more restrained. "Yes, sir."

Angela didn't understand the significance of these details or who Daniel Lockwood was. Finding the conversation boring, she withdrew her gaze from the scenery outside and took out the internal medicine book she had prepared to review.

Winter glanced over. "Angela, are you studying internal medicine?"

Without lifting her eyes, Angela responded with a plain 'hmm' while scribbling with a pencil.

Winter's eyes flashed with complexity. It wasn't a problem for Angela to study internal medicine. After all, she was a sophomore, and studying such subjects was normal. However, she wasn't the type of student that a teacher would take out. Winter and Louis had already self-studied undergraduate content long ago and even undertook experiments that required graduate-level skills..

“Oh, Angela,” Winter exclaimed with feigned surprise. “Haven’t you finished studying the

you be able to keep

content of traditional medicine yet? Louis and I finished it long ago. Will

up later?”

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It sounded as though Winter was genuinely concerned.

Angela kept her brows slightly furrowed, her gaze cold and clear. “Thank you for your concern, Winter.”

Then, she returned to her book, her dark hair framing her face in soft waves. Only half of her face was visible, but it was enough to captivate with its beauty. Her forehead was smooth and radiant, adding to her allure.

Winter smiled lightly, saying a courteous “You’re welcome” before turning her attention away from Angela.

It was rumored that Angela had been admitted by the teacher’s special arrangement, not even finishing her exams, only completing half of them. No one knew what was so special about Angela to make even someone as strict as Noah open the back door for her.

Soon, they arrived at the hospital. A doctor in a white coat was waiting at the entrance, scanning the surroundings. As soon as he spotted the familiar car plate, he approached them.

After parking the car, Noah shook hands with the doctor and briefly introduced Angela and the others before leading them toward the back of the hospital.

Hospitals, with their constant flow of people, were where the stark realities of life and death. were most vividly displayed.

After passing through a corridor and exiting a door, they entered a wide outdoor plaza with tables lined up, each with a doctor's name written on it. Since it was a charity clinic, there were already many people waiting at each table when they arrived.

"Professor Noah, this is your station. If you need anything, just have your students find me. I'll be in the office," the doctor said in a gentle tone, leaving his office address and phone number.

Noah waved his hand dismissively, quickly putting on his prepared white coat and sitting down. He glanced at Louis, who immediately picked up the cue and carefully stored away the contact information.

Angela glanced around. Noah's reputation was significant; there were far more people waiting at his station than at others, at least a hundred.

Naturally, it was impossible for Noah to handle them all. Angela immediately knew she was right about him bringing them three along to be used as free labor.

After taking his seat and gulping down some weather, Noah began swiftly organizing. "Winter, go over to Professor Lambert and coordinate with him. Louis, you team up with Angela. Stick to the usual routine; Louis, you fill Angela in."

After that, Noah started seeing patients immediately, taking their pulses and asking about their conditions. He was indeed efficient.

Angela quickly adapted and turned to Louis, asking, "What do I need to do?"

Not having been involved in previous coordination, Angela wasn't familiar with the routine.

Louis was about to explain when Winter intervened, her expression grave. "There are too many patients today, far beyond what we anticipated. I suggest Angela go and assist Professor Lambert. Louis and I will continue as a team. We've worked together many times and have experience.

"Plus, Professor Lambert has fewer patients. It'll be easier for Angela to manage, unlike things here with Professor Noah, where it can get chaotic and stressful."

Louis' face turned cold, his dark eyes sweeping over them. "Hurry up and decide. I'll go get busy."

With that, Louis walked past them without giving much face, starting to work.

Unlike his usual self, Louis, now questioning patients, spoke with a gentle, soothing tone, calm, composed, and swiftly calming down anxious patients.

Winter smiled lightly, patting Angela's shoulder. "What do you say, Angela?"

"I'm good with any arrangements," said Angela as she shot Winter a plain glance after warming up her wrists and putting on a surgical mask.

Without waiting for Winter to say anything else, Angela turned and headed toward the position marked with a sign bearing Declan's name.

Winter bit her lip, unsure why, despite achieving her goal, Angela's glance made her uncomfortable and left her feeling stifled. But a few seconds later, Winter's emotions returned to normal. She believed she made the right move.

With this large-scale joint charity clinic, every professor brought along their own students, all of whom were predetermined. Winter needed to seize this opportunity to shine and stand out during the clinic.

Louis, gifted and talented, was unmatched among the younger generation. Only by teaming up could they maximize their advantages.

After casting a deep glance at Angela's departing figure, Winter resolutely turned to collaborate with Louis.

Every ten patients were sorted into categories: mild cases, severe cases, and complex cases, Angela and Louis were responsible for mild cases, while complex cases were referred to Noah for diagnosis. Cases that couldn't be diagnosed were immediately handled through joint consultations.

“Professor Lambert, hello. I’m Professor Noah’s student, and I am here to assist you. What do you need me to do?” Angela asked softly.

Declan was overwhelmed with work at this moment, barely having time to drink water. Hearing that he had assistance, he was so happy he could shed tears.

Originally, he was supposed to have a student with him, but his favorite student had broken his leg while playing basketball and was still lying in the hospital. Unable to find a suitable replacement at such short notice, he asked Noah to assign him a student for emergency assistance.

Declan turned around with joy but froze when he saw Angela. She looked younger than expected, with a neat bun on her head. Although she wore a mask, her bright eyes sparkled in the sunlight. Without a

doubt, she possessed extraordinary beauty beneath the mask.

D*mn, Noah, you good old b*stard. I didn’t think you’d assign me such a beautiful assistant!

But seeing her young age and fresh face, Declan changed his plan. Instead of assigning her patients, he decided to give her some miscellaneous tasks.

Feeling uplifted by the sight of the beautiful girl, Declan kindly instructed her on what she needed to do, even writing down a simple guide for her to refer to, just in case she forgot.

Taking the paper, Angela glanced at the words written on it, quietly folded it, and tucked it into her pocket. Then, she began assisting Declan without hesitation.

Here, with fewer patients, Angela divided them into groups of five and distributed number cards. While glancing at the medical records, she selected patients suitable for Professor Lambert, whose profession was in the digestive system. Many cases were common gastrointestinal issues like gastritis, peptic ulcers, and gastroptosis.

“Doctor, please take a look. My grandson hasn’t been eating well these past few days. He feels nauseous and has been vomiting for days, but it hasn’t improved,” explained an anxious grandmother, accompanied by a teenage boy who seemed quite uncomfortable, leaning against her with closed eyes, whimpering softly, and appearing somewhat dazed.

Declan checked the young man’s pulse, which was a bit weak. Then, after reviewing the

medical history, he noticed that the young man was in high school, under a lot of academic pressure, had irregular eating habits, and was already suffering from gastritis.

“What has he been eating recently?” Declan asked, puzzled. The symptoms seemed to match gastroenteritis, but the pulse didn’t quite fit.

Pressing on the young man’s abdomen, Declan inquired, “Does it hurt or feel bloated?”

With gentle breaths, the young man muttered softly, “It hurts... Just treat me already. Are you really a doctor? I’m dying here.”

The sudden outburst from the young man left Declan looking flushed and somewhat flustered. “I need to know what’s exactly wrong,” he argued.

Quickly, the grandmother covered the young man’s mouth, apologizing guiltily, “I’m sorry, I’m sorry. He wasn’t like this before.”

Observing quietly from the side, Angela suddenly pulled up the boy’s sleeve, revealing several red spots on his skin.

“What... What are you doing? Let go of me!” the young man protested.

Angela gave him a sideways glance, then reached for his wrist and pressed on his numbing acupoint. Just like that, the young man, who had been irritable just moments ago, suddenly went limp.

Angela then lifted the young man's shirt from behind. r

Releasing him, Angela calmly stated, "It's a minor poisoning."

more red spots on his back.

"What are you doing, Angela? Let go of him. You're only a sophomore. What are you doing, diagnosing?" Suddenly, a sharp voice erupted from behind. "I'm sorry, my junior is just speaking nonsense."