

Serve No One This Life #Chapter 11 - Read Serve No One This Life Chapter 11

Chapter 11

Knowing that they were about to have a falling out, they decided to go all the way. Angela wasn't a saint, and she wouldn't give Fanny any special treatment. Jessica was taken aback by Angela's words. Angela had always been the one to avoid delivering bad news. Now Jessica realized that she had been living in such a room in the Kins Family's house. It was truly overwhelming. These words undeniably dealt a heavy blow to Fanny's pride. After hearing Angela's words, everyone's opinion of Fanny changed. Fanny felt a burning pain on her face.

She didn't expect Angela to publicly humiliate her like this. And she didn't even call her sister anymore. She kept referring to her as Miss Kins, clearly trying to distance herself from the Kins Family. "Angela, are you blaming our parents for treating you badly? Our parents work hard to earn money, and we should understand and not be greedy. If you're truly unhappy, then let's switch rooms." As the older sister, Fanny advised Angela with a negotiating tone, making it difficult for anyone to refuse. Look, this understanding and considerate character is portrayed so well. Angela was almost moved to tears. | was deceived by this hypocrite in my past life and slaved away for her. Angela sneered and said, "Sure, then you move now. Walk the talk, and don't come crying to the brothers later, saying that | stole your room." Upon hearing this, Fanny's expression changed, and she looked at Angela in silence. Her beautiful eyes were filled with tears as if she couldn't believe that Angela could say such things. "Angela, you... fine, I'll move back as long as you come back." Fanny said with a grievance. Fanny's close friend couldn't bear to see this and angrily said, "Angela, you've gone too far. You're so shameless to snatch someone else's room. How can you be so malicious!" Throw a tantrum, and you get what you want. Angela had seen this trick for many years. She was truly tired of it. Angela went straight to the point, "Don't tell me to be nice when you haven't gone through the hell | did.

I've lived in that room for years, and | survived. Why can't Fanny? Is she born noble? Why does she get to live in a princess-like room while | don't?" Fanny's face turned pale, and she hurriedly said, "Angela, it's because | have health problems, so Dad and Mom treat me better..." "Oh, shut the f*ck up. Just say you don't want to switch rooms with me." Angela didn't give Fanny a chance to hesitate. She hit Fanny where it hurt the most and turned to leave with Jessica. Fanny looked at her with teary eyes, appearing pitiful. Just one glance at her, and one couldn't help but feel pity.

Listen, how eloquent she was. This was not something she fought for; it was all given to her by her parents voluntarily, and it had nothing to do with Fanny. If she continued to be aggressive, she would just be bullying a weak and sick person. Jessica was so angry that she stomped her foot. She was her father's only child, but there were many cousins in the family, so she was always favored. She had never seen a family that didn't

cherish their own daughter but treated their adopted daughter as a treasure. Today, this opened her eyes. Jessica refused to leave. She rolled up her sleeves and wanted to fight, saying, "Fanny, why are you so hypocritical? That's Angela's room, and she's the real daughter of the family. You're shamelessly clinging on and occupying what should belong to Angela. How dare you cry? You think I'll let this slide—" Fanny's eyebrows furrowed slightly, seemingly frightened. Her

face turned pale, and her body went limp. "Fanny, what's wrong?" "Fanny, wake up quickly! Call 911!" Fanny's friends screamed, and the crowd gathered around. For a moment, the onlookers directed anger and suspicion towards Angela and Jessica. Jessica stared in disbelief. She was eight yards away from Fanny and hadn't done anything. Is she really that skilled at deception? No wonder she had managed to fool the Kins Family with her appearance. It was the same old trick again. Angela felt annoyed. She let out a cold grunt, took out her phone, and dialed 911. "Hello, is this 911? Someone has fainted here. Please come quickly. If you don't arrive soon, they might die. Our address is..." After ending the call, Angela disregarded the astonished gazes of the crowd and left with Jessica. If she wants to create a scene, then she'll become famous for it. It had happened before. Angela hadn't done anything, yet she would be misunderstood as a bully who took Fanny's belongings. Fanny was like a delicate and precious swan, while Angela was seen as a dirty and vicious bug. Angela pulled Jessica back to the classroom. Jessica puffed her cheeks, clenched her fists, and wore an indignant expression. "Angela, I have truly witnessed the power of your sister. With her fair and delicate face combined with her cunning tactics, she is truly shameless and unbeatable."

Jessica was the only daughter in her family and also the youngest among her extended family. She had many older cousins, and in her mind, older siblings should protect their younger sisters. However, Fanny's actions completely shattered Jessica's beliefs. If she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, it would be hard to believe. Angela smiled and said, "Let's not dwell on unhappy things. After all, don't compare me to that b*tch, right?" But Angela didn't want to dwell on this issue any longer. She wanted peace of mind. Upon hearing Angela's words, Jessica burst into laughter but hesitated and asked, "Angela, you must be very upset about your family's favoritism, right?" Angela's thick eyelashes trembled slightly, and she smiled gently, "I'm not upset anymore."

Chapter 12

Angela had only one major class in the afternoon. After finishing her class, Angela planned to go straight home. Although she now had a place to live, she didn't have much money on her. The Kins Family believed that as long as they provided her with food and she didn't starve, she should be grateful. Angela left the school gate and waited for the bus while opening her phone. Out of habit, she wanted to go online and check if there were any part-time jobs on the app. But when she opened her phone, she felt a bit frustrated. It wasn't a smartphone, so she couldn't really find any jobs with apps. She could only make calls and send text messages.

After a while, a black sedan suddenly stopped in front of her. Subconsciously, she looked into the car and saw the back window slowly rolling down, revealing a man's deep and three-dimensional face. His expression was as cold and indifferent as always, exuding an air of nobility untainted by the mundane world. Jonathan glanced at Angela and said slowly, "Get in the car." Angela was stunned for a moment, not understanding what he meant. The man frowned and said in a low voice, "There's blood on your skirt." Upon hearing this, Angela immediately blushed, anxiously looking behind her. Sure enough, there was a small red mark on the back of her blue skirt. Although it was already September, the weather was still hot, and this was the only skirt she had. Embarrassed and angry, Angela covered the red mark on her skirt with one hand, but unfortunately, Jonathan saw it. She felt so embarrassed that she wanted to disappear on the spot. "Get in the car!"

Jonathan's cold voice came again. At this moment, the driver's door opened, and Sebastian, the driver, got out of the car. He smiled kindly and opened the back door, gesturing for her to get in. After thinking for a moment, Angela didn't want to be overly shy and got into the car, feeling embarrassed. But in her current situation, she didn't dare to sit on the seat, afraid of dirtying it. Angela lowered her head and could only squat down, looking like a helpless little creature. Sebastian closed the car door and sat in the front driver's seat. He turned his head and asked Angela, "Miss, where do you live?" "In the military district compound, on Northcity Avenue," Angela answered cautiously, not knowing where to put her hands and feet due to the embarrassment. Jonathan looked coolly at the crouching Angela and asked, "Isn't it uncomfortable to squat like this?" "It's not uncomfortable. It's fine..." Before she could finish her sentence, Angela, due to nervousness, hit her head on the car roof, causing her pain and making her too afraid to make a sound.

The rebuttal came too quickly, and she felt a bit awkward, burying her head even lower, not daring to breathe loudly. Jonathan pursed his thin lips into a straight line, glanced at her, took off his suit jacket, and threw it onto the nearby seat. "Use this as a cushion." Angela widened her eyes in surprise, her fan-like eyelashes trembling. This suit obviously had a high price tag. She had to figure out how to afford her meals now, so how could she dare to use such an expensive suit as a makeshift cushion? She couldn't afford it. Seemingly aware of her thoughts, Jonathan raised an eyebrow. "Do you think I need to extort money from a student like you?" Well... Angela accepted it, thanked him, and then carefully stood up and sat in that spot. The car sped along the road, and to avoid awkwardness, Angela kept her gaze fixed on the window. The bright car window reflected Jonathan's profile: handsome and unparalleled, clean, and clear, all while still exuding the maturity of a man. How could such an outstanding person die two years later? It was such a pity. Soon, the car stopped at an intersection. Angela breathed a sigh of relief, thanked them, and immediately jumped out of the car. For some reason, Sebastian also opened the car door and called her back. Sebastian hesitated briefly before finally asking, "Miss, have you always lived in the military zone?"

Are you familiar with an elderly woman named Charlotte?" Upon hearing this name, Angela raised her gaze with curiosity. "You know my grandmother?" "Is she your

grandmother? Can you tell me where she is now?" Sebastian's voice carried a hint of excitement. Angela nodded, but her expression turned somewhat sad. "My grandmother passed away three years ago." Sebastian seemed to have a hard time accepting this news, disappointment filling his face. Sebastian wanted to say something else, but in the end, he chose not to. He smiled kindly and said, "We arrived too late. Alright, young lady, you may go upstairs." Angela nodded, turned around, and walked back, her mind filled with speculation. Was Sebastian looking for my grandmother because of Jonathan's illness? In my previous life, did Jonathan die because they couldn't find my grandmother? Before she took a few steps, a hurried voice came from the car. "Master Jonathan, what's wrong?" "The medicine, where is it?" Sebastian anxiously searched through the car's storage compartment. He distinctly remembered placing spare medicine there, so why couldn't he find it? Angela's footsteps paused, and she quickly ran back, opened the car door, and got in. She saw Jonathan with a pained expression, his brows tightly furrowed, his face as pale as paper, and cold sweat seeping from his forehead. With one hand supporting his head, the veins on his neck were pulsating. Jonathan fell ill?

Angela was startled by this scene and instinctively reached out to feel his pulse. A few seconds later, Angela pursed her lips, roughly understanding Jonathan's condition, along with the scent of herbal medicine emanating from his body. There was the aroma of magnolia bark, *Centralis fungi*, and diazepam. And these were all herbs used to treat insomnia, excessive dreaming, and mental weakness. Especially diazepam. Its use indicated that the situation was already very serious. Long-term sleep disorders would make a person irritable and mentally exhausted. Treating it as a simple sleep problem would be futile. Instead, with the passage of time, it would only worsen. Jonathan opened his eyes, his black pupils as cold as ice, with a crimson tint at the corners. He gasped and turned his head, his face shrouded in darkness. With great effort, he managed to utter a few words, "Please keep your distance from me!"

Chapter 13

Chapter 13 You Will Die Chapter 13 You Will Die

Sebastian urged Angela to leave quickly as well. "He becomes a different person when he has an episode. He becomes aggressive and violent. He'll hurt anyone.

Angela's eyes flickered, but instead of leaving, she approached and anxiously grabbed Jonathan's arm. "If we don't treat him soon, he will die!" Angela exclaimed sternly. "Don't move!"

The young girl looked fierce, and Sebastian was startled, staring blankly at Angela's actions. Angela turned around and took out several silver needles from her bag. "Do you have any alcohol? Or wine?" Sebastian reacted quickly and hurriedly took out a bottle of *Centralis* spirit from the car's trunk, handing it to Angela.

Looking at the prominent words 'Centralis spirit' on the bottle, Angela was stunned for three seconds. She felt a slight pang of heartache, then quickly disinfected the silver needles, and skillfully and swiftly pierced the acupoints on Jonathan's head.

Fortunately, she carried the silver needles for self-defense, or she wouldn't know where to find them in such a short time.

As Angela displayed her exceptionally skilled acupuncture technique, a hint of surprise flashed in Sebastian's eyes. He was extremely astonished. Her technique was so experienced and proficient that she must have had at least ten years of experience.

After a session of acupuncture, Jonathan closed his eyes and collapsed. Angela quickly reached out and gently caught his head. He had fallen asleep. Angela's eyelashes trembled, her face filled with confusion as she looked at Sebastian....

Sebastian's mouth twitched, disguising a cough, and he quickly opened the other side of the car door. carefully supporting Jonathan.

Only after finishing everything did Sebastian feel a pang of sourness in his heart. In the eyes of outsiders, the young master was a privileged person, possessing a fortune that could never be exhausted in several lifetimes. But no one knew of Jonathan's hardships. At such a young age, he lost his mother, and his father not only had a mistress but also had an illegitimate child who was only a few years younger than the young master, eyeing the family's wealth. After a major illness, his health deteriorated, and nightmares plagued him, depriving him of a good night's sleep. Sleep disorders accompanied by headaches require medication to alleviate some of the pain.

However, in recent years, his drug resistance had been increasing, and the prescribed medication gradually became ineffective. Sometimes, Jonathan only had less than an hour of sleep. No one could function with only one hour of sleep every day.

What was simple for ordinary people was as difficult for Jonathan as reaching the heavens. But now, he actually fell asleep. Sebastian looked at Angela with red eyes and asked, "Miss, what's wrong with him?"

Angela glanced at the sleeping Jonathan, and Sebastian immediately understood. The two of them walked 1/3

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a few steps away.

"I have been living with

Angela explained to my grandmother since I was a child, and my medical skills are inherited from her.

Upon hearing this, a gleam of light appeared in Sebastian's eyes, and his lips trembled. "Then... can you take a look and see if you can cure the young master's illness?"

After pondering for a while. Angela said, "I can give it a try."

Sebastian cried and laughed at the same time, wiped away his tears, and nodded hesitantly. "Okay, let's do our best." There is always hope, which is always good.

Master Jonathan is such a good person, so he shouldn't have to suffer like this!

About half an hour later, Jonathan slowly opened his narrow eyes. As soon as he turned his head, he saw a delicate figure squatting at the side of the road.

Noticing that Jonathan had woken up. Sebastian asked with concern how he was feeling.

Angela also stood up and ran a few steps, walking to the side of the car. "Jonathan, how do you feel now? Are you feeling better?"

Looking down at her with his deep black eyes, Jonathan grunted softly.

Sebastian, who was worried, handed the pill he had found to Jonathan. "Master Jonathan, are you really okay? Why don't you take this pill?"

"Sebastian, can you show me the pill you're holding?" Angela's nose twitched, and she spoke up abruptly.

Sebastian didn't respond; he just glanced at Jonathan, who gave him a look, and he handed the pill to Angela.

Sniffing the pill, Angela's expression changed. Something was amiss with this pill. The other ingredients seemed fine, but there was one ingredient mixed in that elevated it beyond a simple painkiller. Jonathan. do you normally take this pill when you have a headache? How long have you been taking it?"

The person who prescribed this medication was quite cunning, and it would be difficult for ordinary individuals to detect any issues. After all, it was just a minor detail that only keen observers would notice. Although it was a small ingredient, prolonged use could

result in symptoms of chronic poisoning. It was truly despicable to harm someone in such a manner.

Angela couldn't help but wonder if Jonathan's untimely death was connected to this pill. "It's been a while," Jonathan looked weary and clearly didn't want to delve into this topic.

Sebastian suddenly had a thought and said to Angela, "This was given by an old practitioner of alternative medicine when the Sanderses invited a renowned doctor to treat the young master a month ago. Miss, could there be an issue with this pill?"

The doctor invited by the Sanderses. 15:52 Wed, 28 Feb G G— -

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"It's hard to say: perhaps it's due to my lack of expertise," Angela's eyes flickered as she smiled faintly. "If you trust me, I can create some other pills for Jonathan"

Chapter 14

Chapter 14 Washed Your Suit, Here You Go Chapter 14 Washed Your Suit, Here You Go

Jonathan enjoyed a peaceful half-hour of sleep. Now that Sebastian treated Angela like a god, there was no disagreement. Sebastian nodded immediately and asked for the time, promising to bring it later when it was ready.

Although Angela was unaware of the grudge between the Sanderses and Jonathan, she couldn't let Jonathan continue taking the problematic pill. She didn't want to cause any conflict either. She suggested changing the medicine. Jonathan was clever enough to investigate any problems himself.

Jonathan's face remained cold and indifferent. His gaze shifted and landed on her skirt. With a slight pursing of his thin lips, Jonathan picked up the black suit that had been used as a cushion and threw it at her, saying, "Put it on!"

Angela felt embarrassed and reluctantly put on the suit. "I'll wash it and return it to you, Jonathan."

Seeing the slightly overwhelmed expression on the girl's face, Jonathan's mood improved a bit. "No need; just throw it away if it's dirty." Angela clenched the suit. In 2004, when the economy hadn't fully recovered, a suit cost hundreds of dollars. And he's throwing it away just like that

Damn capitalists. Jonathan smiled, turned his head to Sebastian, and said, "Sebastian, drive."

As she watched the car speed away. Angela withdrew her gaze and thought for a moment before putting on Jonathan's suit. It looked oversized on her, but it covered up the marks on her buttocks. Holding her stomach, Angela returned home feeling uncomfortable. If Angela had looked a little longer, she would have seen the car turning into the detached villa in front of the courtyard.

"Sebastian, throw away those pills. Jonathan unexpectedly uttered these words. Sebastian nodded repeatedly and asked, "What about the Sanderses... Jonathan just glanced at Sebastian indifferently, and Sebastian immediately shut his mouth, not daring to say anything more.

After Angela finished tidying up, she rested for two hours. In the evening, she took the prescription she had written and went to the pharmacy to get the medicine. At the pharmacy, Angela handed the prescription to the pharmacist and smiled at him. "Hello, please help me get these medicines and grind them into powder. Thank you."

The pharmacist glanced at the prescription and smiled back, "Okay, please wait a moment." A few minutes later, the young man handed a large bag of powdered medicine to Angela, then lowered his head to calculate the price on a calculator.

"Your total is ten dollars." Angela took out a stack of coins from the bag, counted them, and handed them to the young man.

Holding the heavy bag of medicine, she suddenly felt a pang of pain. She only had a little over thirty dollars, and this bag of stuff cost nearly a third of her money.

She couldn't help but sigh. Money really doesn't last long! Finding a part-time job was becoming urgent. 1/2

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Chapter 14 Washed Your Suit, Here You Go

Otherwise, relying on this meager amount of money, she would starve sooner or later.

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After buying some honey, Angela went home and immediately started making the pills. At that moment, her phone rang. Angela took it out, and when she saw the caller's ID. she hung up without hesitation. A few seconds later, the phone rang again. Angela turned off the phone, deciding to ignore it completely

First, she poured the honey into a pot and boiled it over high heat. Then she switched to low heat and simmered it. She prepared a bowl of water on the side and continued simmering until the honey no longer produced foam. Then she poured in the powdered medicine and slowly stirred it into a sticky consistency. It was ready to be taken off the stove.

After allowing it to cool, she could begin making the small pills, Angela worked for a while and felt her arms growing sore. It had been a while since she had last done this, so she was a bit out of practice. Luckily, she wasn't making a large quantity, and two hours later, she finished. As she looked at the pills of uniform size in front of her. Angela felt a sense of accomplishment.

After cleaning up, Angela was so tired that she fell asleep on the bed. The next day, Angela put the small

late the pills into a small bottle and placed it in her bag before heading to school. Due to staying up previous night, she woke up late in the morning. She bought two meat buns at the school gate to satisfy her hunger.

As Angela entered the school gate, someone grabbed her wrist and pulled her aside before she could see who it was. The meat buns in her hand fell to the ground, and Angela immediately became angry. She had just bought those large meat buns and had only taken two bites!

When she saw who it was, Angela instantly became furious and shouted at Christopher, "Christopher, have you lost your mind? What are you doing so early in the morning?"

Those buns cost her five cents, and now they were gone.

Christopher snorted coldly, "I can't believe you still have an appetite for meat buns."

Of course, | have an appetite for meat buns. | can eat four of them. Angela couldn't be bothered with him. Right now, she only had one thought in mind: cherish life and stay away from lunatics!

Seeing Angela attempting to leave, Christopher grabbed her wrist, his anger evident in his eyes. "Angela, don't you feel guilty at all? | asked you to give up the spot for Fanny, but instead, you turned around and gave it to someone else. What do you mean by this?"

Yesterday afternoon, Christopher went to see Mr. Lone to inquire about the Brundelian speech quota, only to discover that Angela had pulled such a stunt. He was so furious that he almost stormed up to Angela and killed her on the spot.

Although he didn't think highly of the Turners, considering them merely nouveau riche, it was a fact that they were wealthy. He heard that the old man of the Turners doted on

his daughter. It wasn't worth offending the Turners over a quota But he would help Fanny get back what she deserved.

Chapter 15

Chapter 15 Don't Regret It

Angela smiled calmly and said, "So, is this all for that?" The spot is mine. | can give it to whomever | want, and you have no say in it." Christopher was shamelessly protecting Fanny, a scumbag. As long as she shed a tear, Christopher had no

resistance.

"You better go tell Mr. Lone that you want to give the spot to Fanny or else," Christopher said, almost infuriated. What Angela said could really make one explode with anger. It seemed that her previous obedience and gentleness were all an act. Thinking of this, Christopher's anger surged.

Angela laughed out of anger. Christopher was really going all out for Fanny. When she liked him before, her heart was filled with him. She didn't want him to be unhappy. Even if she made unreasonable demands, as long as she could see Christopher happy, she would reluctantly agree. But now, there was no love in her heart, and her true feelings were revealed. Angela's gaze turned cold. "Why? I've said it before. The spot is mine, and | can give it to whomever | want. My parents and brothers can't control me. Who do you think you are? What makes you think you have the right to meddle in my affairs?"

When she said this, Christopher's face turned red with anger, but he couldn't find the right words to retort. He could only stare blankly.

She forcefully shook off Christopher's hand and pointed at his reddened hand without any politeness. "Christopher, you better not provoke me. Otherwise, | don't know what | might do. If there's a next time, | won't be so easy to talk to."

After saying that, Angela turned around and left. Meeting someone like Christopher early in the morning ruined her mood for the whole day. It was really unlucky.

"Fine, Angela. Since you're so stubborn, don't regret it!" Christopher's face turned dark, and he angrily threatened. Angela smiled. As if I'll have a good life if | do as you say.

She treated them with all her heart and soul, but what was the result? She was pushed down the stairs and died a miserable death in the hospital. Her dear mother only cared about whether her organs were fresh enough after her death and if they could be used for the sick Fanny. She couldn't change her previous life.

But now, she was reborn, and she would live in the sunshine and bloom her own brilliant flowers. The buns were wasted, so Angela bought two more. Finally, she got her peace and quiet, which was great.

Just as she arrived in the classroom, Jessica came over to say hello. "Good morning, Angela." "Jess, good morning!" Angela took a bite of the bun and responded somewhat unclearly.

"Eating buns is not nutritious. Here, have this." Jessica performed a magic trick and took out a bottle of milk from behind, handing it to Angela.

Angela didn't hesitate and took it, taking several sips.

"I just heard that Christopher came to bother you. Did he do anything? Did Fanny tell on you about how she fainted?" Jessica entered the classroom, so she didn't see Christopher bullying Angela. If she had seen it, she definitely wouldn't have stood by.

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Angela quickly finished the milk in her hand, slurped a few times, threw the carton into the trash can, and then sat in her seat. "It's about the Brundelian speech opportunity." Angela raised an eyebrow and smiled. "What can he do? He's just taking advantage of the fact that I used to like him a little bit and wants to stand up for Fanny

He thinks he's all that, yelling at me first thing in the morning. And he cost me my buns. This was what made Angela the angriest.

Her money was running out, and she temporarily didn't have any source of income. Christopher was clearly doing this on purpose. But there were so many who hated her, so Christopher was nothing special. At most, he was just a former fiancé.

Jessica still had some concerns. "Angela, what if I give the opportunity back to you? I've been thinking about it, and I feel like this isn't right."

"If you give the opportunity back to me, then Christopher will snatch it and give it to Fanny, right?" Angela was reluctant and didn't want to see this kind of outcome, so she took the initiative. She believed that Christopher would keep his word. If the opportunity remained in her hands, he would definitely change the name on it to Fanny's as soon as possible. In her previous life, she foolishly handed over the opportunity to others in order to please the Kins Family. But now, she didn't want to do that anymore.

Sighing, Jessica agreed with Angela. If Fanny wanted it, she wouldn't give it! She wouldn't give it even if it rotted and stank in her hands! So, Jessica patted her chest and said with loyalty, "Angela, I'll keep the opportunity with me for now. If you change your mind, you can tell me anytime. Let Fanny dream on!"

Angela sniffled. Jessica was much kinder to her than the members of the Kins Family, who only criticized her. She would be lying if she said she wasn't touched.

In the afternoon, the school cafeteria was crowded with people. Angela and Jessica finally managed to get their food and walked towards the back. Unexpectedly, someone reached out and knocked over Angela's tray, causing the food to spill all over the floor. The tray fell to the ground, making a loud and piercing sound. There were many people eating in the cafeteria, and they all turned to look over, each with their own thoughts as if they were watching a show.

Angela looked up, gave a cold glance, and saw Samuel standing in front of her, looking smugly at her.

She wasn't angry either. An eye for an eye. She snatched the tray from his hand and slammed it on the ground. Giving him a cold look, Angela turned around and went back to line up for her food.

Because of this idiot, she had to spend an extra thirty cents.