

Serve NOTL 151

Chapter 151 You Don't Have to Be Kind

"I'll take you back to the ward, Zacharias," Scarlet said.

When Zacharias didn't respond, Scarlet immediately assisted him in walking out. Suddenly, she inquired. "You've been in the hospital all this time. How did you find out about the banquet?"

"It's all over the major forums and news platforms. The live videos are circulated everywhere."

Everyone in the ward was taken aback by his words.

Christopher was the first to check his phone and found the news. There were indeed several news outlets reporting on it.

Fanny saw it as well, and her legs went weak before she plopped onto a chair.

"How could this happen..." She widened her eyes in disbelief and stared at Christopher.

Christopher's expression was grave, but he tried to comfort her. "Don't worry. I'll look into it."

The guests at the engagement ceremony were all prominent figures, and all of them had close ties to the Sanders Family.

Afterward, Old Mr. Sanders and Michael both hinted that no one should spread rumors.

The guests were all astute individuals who wouldn't risk offending the Sanders Family over a tiny gossip. They wouldn't even take videos and spread them all over the internet!

Without hesitation, Samuel exclaimed, "It must be Angela's doing! She had everything planned in advance. This is a well-thought-out scheme!"

Scarlet also exclaimed, "They even brought Britney here. Isn't that enough? What lengths are they trying to push us to?"

When Zacharias, who had just walked out of the ward, heard them, he silently turned back to look at them. They've been blinded for too long. Every time there is a problem, they will directly attribute the issue to Angela.

And then, she was convicted.

Meanwhile, Angela returned to Springgate Estates with Jonathan. She ate the spare ribs and garlic prawns made by May.

Jonathan looked at the almost empty plate and smirked. "Since you've finished all the food, let's go for a walk later."

Angela smiled, "Sure!"

Then, she picked up her cutlery, waved them a little, and asked curiously, "I saw a lot of news reports about what happened at the banquet today. Were you the one who planned it?"

She scanned the comments below and noticed that Fanny's incident had become a joke, and many onlookers were enjoying the show, but Angela felt that it didn't seem like Jonathan's way of handling matters.

Jonathan's gaze brushed past her as he replied, "No."

He said it wasn't him. Who would have leaked the news if it weren't for me or Jonathan?

It seemed that Fanny had offended quite a number of people.

Just then, her phone rang. It was Scarlet!

She looked up at Jonathan, who also looked at her with slightly narrowed, cold eyes. He questioned with a confident tone, "Is it from the Kins Family?"

Angela nodded, realizing that the Kins Family was calling to settle the score.

After exchanging a few words with him, she was about to go out and answer the phone, but Jonathan uttered indifferently, "It's fine. I'll listen, too."

"Maybe it's better not to, Jonathan. Scarlet won't say pleasant things. I don't want to hurt

cars.

Jonathan raised an eyebrow, insisting that she should answer.

Upon seeing that, Angela compromised. Fine, let's listen together, then.*

your

As soon as the call was connected, Scarlet sounded like she couldn't wait to speak. "Angela Kins, you wicked betrayer! Do you think bringing Britney here can ruin Fanny and embarrass the whole Kins

Family? What's in it for you?

"Britney has been taken away now. If you have the guts, bring her back! Challenge me, and I'll break your legs!

“Take down the video circulated online, too, and admit to everyone that you slandered Fanny. It’s all of your doing, and Fanny has nothing to do with it at all!”

Angela raised a brow and answered with a calm tone, “What video? I have no idea what you’re talking about. It’s not beneficial for me that the Kins Family is embarrassed, but I’m happy to hear what happened.”

“Fine. You’re not going to admit it, are you? But who else would do this if not for you? You don’t need to defend yourself. No one else would target Fanny except for you! You’ve grown bolder after you married to the Lawson Family. But let me tell you, you won’t hold onto this position for long...”

Upon hearing this, Angela turned pale, and she started shivering. She accepted that Scarlet didn’t like her, so she never expected to receive motherly love from her in any of her lifetime.

But just because Scarlet hated her didn’t mean that Scarlet could curse someone she didn’t know well! How could one be so malicious?

Angela glanced at Jonathan’s aloof profile and clutched her hands tightly. “I may not hold onto this position for long, but since you have time to threaten me, why not comfort Fanny instead? She’s famous now. You better keep an eye on her, or who knows what might happen.”

As soon as Scarlet heard that, she understood it in a completely different way. Hence, she screamed, “Angela Kins, if you dare to touch my daughter again, I will never let you off!”

“Is this how the Kins Family bullies my wife?” Suddenly, Jonathan spoke in his deep and cold voice that could send shivers down one’s spine.

In fact, although Scarlet’s unfinished words were deliberately interrupted by Angela, Jonathan knew what she was going to say.

Scarlet meant that he did not have much time left to live.

She obviously didn't know that Jonathan had heard her unfinished words. She was shocked, and her face instantly turned pale.

However, she also didn't want Angela to gloat, especially when her fourth child was still in the hospital, risking the danger of losing his limbs.

In a fit of rage that had overwhelmed her rationality, she uttered, "Mr. Lawson, you are of high status. Hence, our family cannot afford to offend you. But Angela is my daughter, who was raised by our family.

"You don't understand the whole story. Angela is the willful and malicious villain. I am just fulfilling my motherly duty by disciplining her."

Jonathan's face was stern, but his lips curved slightly, and his gaze was extremely cold. "What

you should be most grateful for right now is that you are Angela's mother. Otherwise, the Kins Family may not even exist in Riverdon by tomorrow"

After that, he reached out and took the phone from Angela's hand, ending the call.

Scarlet stomped her foot in anger, completely unaware of the storm that was about to come.

Looking at Jonathan in front of her, Angela showed a distressed expression, her hands nervously resting on her knees.

"Jonathan, you heard it. I don't have a pleasant relationship with my family, or you can say it's terrible. Do you also think... I am an unfilial child who uses any means to deal with Fanny, and that I'm as ruthless as a snake?"

While waiting for an answer, Angela nervously clenched her hands and looked at him with a hint of melancholy.

"I'm not as kind as you think either."

She wondered if Jonathan, like other guys, preferred kind and innocent women who seemed to be uncontaminated by the filthy world.

Jonathan smiled, reached out to lift her chin, and leaned in close. His dark eyes shone, reflecting Angela's face. "Angela, you don't have to be too kind to be my wife. Well, you don't even have to be kind. You can be wicked, you can be bold, and you can be assertive.

"Whatever you want to do, do it. Even if it means committing crimes, I will cover it up for you."

Angela blinked her clear eyes as they gradually turned red.

Chapter 152 Surprise Attack at School

In order to protect Jonathan in her past life, Angela was always so careful and tried her best to please the Kins Family, only to end up being abandoned and betrayed. They didn't even leave her with a complete body. All her organs were dug out.

However, the man in front of her gave her the love she didn't dare to ask for.

Suddenly, the door of the entrance was pushed open, interrupting Angela's floating emotions.

Jonathan raised his eyes and looked over, his handsome face turning cold and his raven eyes scanning Simon, who was standing at the door.

Simon stood at the door with his heart beating rapidly. His hand was on the door handle as he was unsure whether to leave or stay.

Angela quickly stepped back, saying, "You guys should talk. I'll go back to my room first."

Jonathan's voice was cold as he uttered, "You better have something important."

In the study, Jonathan sat in the chair behind the desk, with Simon standing in front of him.

Simon held a folder in his hand and reported concisely, "The municipal project of the Kins. Family was given to the Hayes Family an hour ago.

"The news has been released that no one should cooperate with the Kins Family in the future.

"That's not enough. Jonathan lazily and arrogantly spit out his sentence.

Simon closed the folder and looked up at him. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Must I teach you?"

"No, sir." Simon nodded slightly and quickly left.

Angela wasn't aware of what Jonathan had done as she read in her room until nighttime.

When Jonathan came in, he saw her holding a medical book that had already turned yellow, yet she was reading it with fascination.

The collar of her pajamas had slipped down slightly, revealing a patch of skin. Jonathan's gaze fell on her dazzling fair skin before he diverted his attention.

In a soft voice, he said, "Cover yourself with the blanket before reading. Don't catch a cold."

Angela suddenly snapped into reality upon hearing his voice. Then, she smiled. "Jonathan, are you done with your work?"

"Yeah."

With that, he went to the bathroom, and the sound of running water soon followed.

It wasn't the first time they had shared a bed, but every night alone with Jonathan, Angela felt a great deal of pressure.

Now, she felt even less confident in herself. A man like Jonathan was really easy to fall in love with. Angela couldn't focus on the book in her hands anymore. She silently shifted to the other side, placing the cartoon plush toy in the middle as a barrier.

Then, she lay down properly.

Before long, Jonathan came out, and upon seeing this scene, he let out a faint smile. He then dried his hair and lay down.

Angela had her eyes closed, but she could feel that he had lay down, and her eyelashes fluttered

Jonathan's voice then sounded in her ear. "Still not asleep?"

Angela had to open her eyes and reply, "Yeah. I'm not sleepy yet." Otherwise, it would seem like she was pretending to be asleep.

She thought for a moment before asking, "Jonathan, since you've announced your marriage, the Sanders Family shouldn't bother you anymore, right?"

Angela genuinely wanted to help him, and she also cared about his situation.

Jonathan paused for a moment before answering, "It's not that simple. They might observe whether we are genuine or just putting on a show for them."

Angela furrowed her brows and couldn't help but turn sideways to face him. Then, she huffed, "They are really shameless! They always covet things that don't belong to them."

The two were very close, and Jonathan's nose was filled with a faint floral scent from Angela.

His gaze darkened as he clutched his hands into fists. In a deep voice, he assured her, "I will handle it. Don't think too much, and go to sleep."

Angela also responded with a hum before laying back down, closing her eyes to force herself

But in her mind, she was still indignant on behalf of Jonathan!

When Jonathan's leg fully

covered, she would definitely hate their delusions completely!

Angela pondered many things and was lost in thought, so she was unaware of how much time had passed before she felt herself being gently pulled into an embrace.

Her body was then enveloped by a strong arm, drawing her closer.

After being in a daze for a few seconds, Angela instantly snapped out of it, her senses: heightened.

Was she... being hugged by Jonathan?

Listening to his steady breathing, Angela bit her lip, not daring to move.

Jonathan had trouble sleeping, so it was unusual to see him fall asleep so easily that day.

Angela obediently acted as a pillow. As a doctor, she felt the need to protect Jonathan's sleep.

That night, Angela couldn't recall how she fell asleep.

The next morning, upon waking up, Jonathan had already left for the office.

Seeing the empty space beside the bed, Angela rubbed her face, reached out to touch it, and found it cold, which indicated that he had been up for a while.

and

After finally getting a good night's sleep, she wondered why he woke up so early. He should have slept a little longer!

After getting ready, Angela had breakfast and prepared to go to school.

On the way, she checked her phone and noticed that she received a text from Jessica.

It appeared that Jessica had read the news and was so excited that she spammed her with multiple messages.

Jessica said. 'It's satisfying to see Fanny getting what she deserves, but it's such a pity I wasn't there to witness her misery. I should send her a breakup song to celebrate their engagement today and break up tomorrow!'

'Christopher must be blind because Fanny lives up to her name. How could he not see through her facade? What's the use of those eyes of his? Now, he finally realizes the true colors of the kind and beautiful lady that even her own mother didn't want.

'Oh, I also read in the news that Jonathan has secretly gotten married, but isn't he seriously

him?' ill? He's practically on his deathbed. Who would sacrifice themselves to marry

Angela's smile faded as she read the last message. After a few seconds of hesitation, she replied to Jessica, 'Me.'

Since there was a time difference, Jessica should still be asleep.

When Jessica saw the message. Angela could already imagine her reaction.

She hadn't even told her friend about such a significant event.

After exiting the messaging app, Angela entered a forum where some people were mocking Fanny for being materialistic and abandoning her mother for money, but there were also people defending Fanny, saying she was born into nobility and couldn't help it.

Angela turned off her phone and decided not to waste any more time on it.

When she arrived at school, Oliver left.

Angela slung her canvas bag over her shoulder and was about to head inside when Stella came running out.

She aggressively blocked Angela's way and accused, "Angela Kins, you're the one who leaked the video, right?!"

"Why are you so shameless? Fanny didn't do anything to you, yet you keep targeting her!"

Angela smirked coldly. "Go and bark somewhere else. It's too early for this bullsh*t."

"What did you just say?!" Stella raised her hand to hit Angela.

As soon as she saw the video, she called Fanny right away. Fanny sounded very distressed, saying Angela wouldn't answer her calls, so she could only endure silently.

Moreover, she also mentioned that she wouldn't come to school for the time being, knowing that everyone at school must be gossiping about her.

Therefore, Stella decided to vent her anger on Angela. Not only did she want Fanny to know how much she valued their friendship, but she also wanted to teach Angela a lesson from a long time ago!

She knew Oliver, that tall and strong guy, was protecting Angela. He had been waiting at the school gate since early in the morning, so she only dared to come out after he left.

When Angela realized that she was about to strike, she narrowed her eyes, grabbed her wrist, took out a silver needle, and pricked at it.

Chapter 153 A Ridiculous Idea

Stella immediately felt a sharp pain. Before she could even scream, a slap landed on her face. The slap was heavy as it came with a gust of wind that caused her head to tilt.

Regaining her senses, she glared at Angela with shock and anger while clutching her cheeks.

"How dare you hit me?!"

"Why can't I? Are you from the royal family or something?"

Angela twisted her wrist, her oppressive gaze fixed on Stella. "I thought you were just Fanny's lackey, but I didn't expect you to be so loyal."

With a sneer, Angela continued, "Oh, my mistake. You're a dumb and malicious one!"

The word "lackey" seemed to trigger Stella instantly. Pointing at Angela, she shouted, "Fanny

and I are best friends!"

Angela smirked, her gaze unbothered as she looked at Stella as if she were a fool.

“Then why didn’t you show up at your best friend’s engagement ceremony yesterday?”

“Because I ate something bad and had diarrhea!”

“Oh, diarrhea. You’re usually pretty pretentious, though. How did you suddenly get diarrhea?”

“What do you mean by that?! What are you trying to say?” Stella grew furious and furrowed her brows tightly.

“You should eat more walnuts. It’s good for the brain.”

That day, when Stella flaunted the invitation, Angela knew for sure that Fanny would never allow someone like Stella to show up at her wedding.

Fanny had never considered Stella a friend but a lowly lackey who wagged her tail and followed her all around. She would only be used when needed.

Passing her the invitation was also a way to increase her loyalty, and she intended to use some other means to stop Stella from attending the engagement ceremony later on.

Fanny’s always good at buying people’s loyalty at the smallest cost.

After Angela ended her statement, she took out a tissue to wipe her hands. Her tone was

indifferent, but her words carried weight.

“If you dare to prance in front of me again, don’t blame me for being rude to you.”

Stella was slow to react as her eyes widened all of a sudden.

She did start to feel unwell shortly after having dinner with Fanny yesterday. By the evening, she had almost fainted from diarrhea, and she even felt bad for Fanny and apologized to her.

On the contrary, Fanny responded very gently by repeatedly comforting her that it was fine and that she could come to the wedding later.

She recalled that they had eaten at the same table yesterday, but Fanny had left midway to take a phone call.

Stella's back gradually tensed before she shook her head vigorously. It's impossible!

She had known Fanny for a long time, and she was certain that Fanny had always treated her sincerely.

Stella turned her head to look in the direction Angela had left. She had already walked far away, leaving behind a blurry yet youthful and dazzling figure.

She rubbed her still-burning face, her gaze gradually becoming clear.

How could she doubt Fanny just because of Angela's words?! Angela must be jealous of their friendship and deliberately tried to sow discord between them! How despicable!

Angela walked into the classroom and saw Alex sitting next to her seat, with Yusof and Louis beside him. The sight of the three of them together attracted the attention of several infatuated girls standing outside the window. Of course, most of them were swooning over

Louis..

Louis, as usual, had a cold expression on his face, as if someone had encroached on his territory.

As soon as Alex saw her, he quickly ran over and took the initiative to grab her bag with a flattering smile on his face. Angela dodged his hand and took a seat as if nothing had happened to create some distance between them.

Having already been accused of intentionally attracting Louis' attention, she didn't want to be accused of trying to seduce Alex as well.

Alex's efforts were in vain, but he didn't seem to mind at all. Instead, he smiled and exclaimed, "Angela! You're so amazing. The remedy you recommended to Louis and me wast

simply..."

After carefully choosing his words. Alex lowered his voice. "The most effective one

"Pift- Angela was twisting the lid of her water bottle when she suddenly heard his description, causing her facial muscles to twitch.

"Ahem... Alex, you didn't have to be so... explicit."

Yusof, on the side, nudged Louis' arm with a grin, "Bro, did you hear what this idiot just said? It's hilarious."

Louis gave him a cold look. Yusof sensed his bad mood and immediately quieted down.

Angela also noticed this, and it seemed to have something to do with her.

She looked at Alex, her eyes questioning.

Alex explained in a low voice, "Yusof's treatment method didn't work, but the remedy you gave worked wonders. He's quite impressed."

Before Angela could respond, a book came flying toward Alex. “What do you mean my method didn’t work, bestard? You’re just incurable, alright? Your case is just peculiar in the field of men’s health!”

It was Louis. He glared at Alex with dark eyes, his voice low and deep, and his face filled with frustration.

To deal with Alex’s condition, Louis worked through various aspects, stayed up for several nights, and even consulted Terence twice before coming up with a treatment plan.

However, his plans were not as effective as Angela’s prescriptions.

While Alex was excited to show him, Louis kicked him out immediately.

Angela chuckled, “Alex’s situation is indeed rare, and he’s been affected since he was in the womb. After taking the wrong path in recent years, his condition became even more complicated.”

Louis squinted his eyes while leaning back on the edge of the table, one arm lazily draped over Yusof’s shoulder. “Angela, please enlighten us.”

“If you truly want to cure him, you just need to follow one principle,” Angela said in a crisp and firm sound. “The greatest truths are the simplest.”

Angela continued, “Incorporate simple treatment methods into the treatment of complex diseases and start from the root.”

This was something her grandmother had taught her when she was young, and she had encountered similar cases later on to prove that it was true.

Louis tapped his fingers on the table, his gaze slightly lowered as he quickly understood the meaning behind her words.

Starting from the root of all things. He had overlooked this before. The rigorous plans he had made not only proved ineffective but could also potentially overwhelm Alex's body with treatments that were too aggressive. It could even worsen his condition..

Pursing his lips into a tight line, Louis cursed under his breath.

When Angela noticed the look of realization on his face, she began to take her books out. "Louis, you're a quick learner."

Louis looked at her with an unpleasant expression before uttering in a low voice, "Thanks for the lesson.

"I don't want insincere gratitude, Louis. Keep it

yourself."

Louis gritted his teeth before blurting out three words, "I mean it."

However, he still sounded somewhat reluctant.

Angela and even Yusof could tell, and they were both shocked.

When Angela was explaining earlier, he had wanted to scoff at it. What did she mean by incorporating the simplest treatment and treating the root cause? He was also a medical student, so how could he not know?

Complex illnesses required complex treatments and strong medicine.

And yet, even Louis was impressed!

Yusof glanced silently at Angela, who was already immersed in her studies.

Suddenly, a ridiculous idea popped up in his mind. Can Angela treat Sarah's father?

Chapter 154 Unfamiliar Situation

Realizing that he was being too greedy, Yusof couldn't help but chuckle at his own thoughts, which had shifted in just a few seconds

He had put in so much effort and even sought the help of numerous doctors, but none had been able to cure Sarah's father. Could Angela really outshine the experienced doctors who had been practicing for decades?

Moreover, Sarah's father's current attending physician was the renowned Joseph Kins.

He gazed ahead thoughtfully.

Angela was like a blind cat stumbling upon a dead mouse and was always seeking the spotlight. What if she couldn't cure Sarah's father? Wouldn't Sarah feel worse?

Yusof shook his head, dismissing the idea..

After the morning classes concluded, Angela went on her way to the cafeteria when she spotted Cassie approaching. She greeted her warmly while leaning on her crutches.

Angela's gaze lingered on Cassie's bandaged foot, and she sighed.

"You should rest properly now. Moving around like this will not only slow down your recovery but also risk causing further damage."

Cassie ran her hand through her hair. I'd go crazy if I stayed cooped up in my room any longer. Compared to being confined, I'd rather limp around.

“I’ve tried every trick I could think of before my father finally took pity on me and let me out.

“Your intentions are quite transparent, though, Angela chuckled.

Although Cassie was outspoken, she was also transparent and always wore her emotions on her sleeve.

Dealing with someone like her was actually quite straightforward and reassuring.

Just then, Louis, Yusof, and Alex emerged from the classroom.

Cassie waved her hand and playfully embraced Alex’s neck. “Alex, I heard you were unwell. What’s wrong? Are you trying to be a supportive friend to me?”

“Nonsense. Our conditions are different

Alex’s expression darkened as he pushed her hand away and asked with a somber look, “How did you find out?”

As he spoke, his eyes seemed to glance at Angela.

Angela rolled her eyes, and the implication was clear.

Yusof chuckled, “What are you worried about? Miss Hayes wouldn’t know what she shouldn’t know.”

The day before yesterday, when Yusof visited Hayes Residence to see Cassie, he casually mentioned that Louis was treating Alex's illness. When Cassie inquired further, he didn't divulge much.

"Hah! You guys are keeping secrets from me now? You don't treat me like a friend anymore, huh?"

Cassie embraced Alex's neck tightly and insisted, "Tell me! What is it?"

Alex couldn't break free from her grip, his face turning red. "Let go of me! Have you forgotten that you are a girl?"

While standing between the group, Angela observed their playful interactions and felt a sense of unfamiliarity.

Apart from Jessica, she didn't have many close friends. Since studying abroad, she had always been solitary at school. It felt like she had never experienced such a lively atmosphere before.

She pinched her hand lightly, unsure if she enjoyed it or not, but this unfamiliar sensation. made her uneasy.

Angela was about to mention that she would leave first when Cassie's suddenly embraced her with her other arm. Angela! You have classes with them and see them every day. You must know something, right?"

Angela had just parted her lips when Alex clasped his hands together and silently mouthed, "Angela, please. Let me keep my dignity."

Angela raised an eyebrow and remarked, "I'm not sure."

At that moment, Alex seemed to see Angela in a new light.

His eyes sparkled as he commented. Tadmire you, Angela."

“What are you admiring? Angela has a boyfriend.” Cassie punched Alex in the chest, “Wait, why are you calling her Angela too?”

As she spoke. Yusof quickly interjected. “I have to go. Sarah is alone in the hospital today, so I need to go and help her out.”

With that, he left quickly.

Angela noticed a hint of bitterness in Cassie’s eyes, but she quickly smiled. “Enough talking. Let’s go cat

“Angela. I’ll treat you today. Take anything you want.”

She hesitated, but Angela had been planning to go to the cafeteria anyway, so she nodded in

agreement.

Louis’ gaze casually brushed past Angela’s face before he coldly uttered, “I’m not hungry. You guys go ahead.”

“Hey, where are you going?”

Angela noticed that Louis was heading toward Professor Terence’s office.

Alex also caught on and chuckled, “Louis is no match for someone, so he must be going to seek advice from Professor Terence again.”

“Forget about him. Let’s go. I’m starving,” said Cassie.

Angela took the initiative to help Cassie, while Alex supported her on the other side.

This scene was captured by Stella at the other end of the corridor, who snapped a photo with her phone and sent it to Fanny along with the one she had taken earlier.

Meanwhile, Fanny was in her room, chatting on the phone with Christopher.

The incident with Britney Kourt embarrassed the Sanders Family. Due to that, Michael was even more dissatisfied with Fanny. He started lecturing Christopher and even had thoughts of breaking off the engagement.

After realizing this, Fanny almost cried on the phone.

Christopher assured her that his father didn't know her well yet, or he would definitely be very pleased with her as his daughter-in-law.

Before Fanny could even breathe a sigh of relief, her phone buzzed a few times, and when she saw the photo, her pupils immediately dilated.

In the photo, Angela was standing with some influential figures from the school, all of them smiling and looking like they had a good relationship.

Even the notoriously bad-tempered Louis had a faint smile on his face, but what made Fanny hate was that Louis' gaze was fixed on Angela!

She clenched the bedsheets tightly, her teeth grinding.

Angela had ruined her engagement ceremony, made her the laughingstock, and left her with an indelible stain! Yet now she was cozying up to someone she didn't deserve. How dare she look so happy?!

Buzz.

More messages popped up from Stella, 'Fanny, do you see how cunning Angela is? She not only seduced Louis, but now she's even entangled with Alex and the rest.

You need to come to school quickly and tell everyone what really happened at the ceremony. Don't let Angela succeed!"

'I feel sick just looking at her face now. Did you know that this morning, I went to confront her on your behalf, but she slapped me hard..."

On the other end of the phone, Christopher furrowed his brows. "Fanny, why aren't you speaking? Are you still upset?"

She let go of her hand and slowly smoothed out the sheets, saying softly, "No. I was just looking at the photos Stella sent me."

As she spoke, her tone suddenly changed, and she exclaimed in surprise, Angela is in it too."

"Angela? What photo? Forward it to me now."

"It's nothing. It's just a photo of Angela chatting with some friends."

Fanny selected the one where Louis was staring at Angela and sent it over.

Sure enough, a few seconds later, Christopher's cold voice came. "My brother hasn't even died yet, and Angela is already looking for a new man? How dare she set her eyes on the sons of the Johnson Family and even the Stuart Family? She has quite the appetite!"

How could a married person like her be so shameless in flirting with men?

She was a disgrace to both the Sanders Family and the Lawson Family!

“Christopher, why are you suddenly mad? You misunderstood Angela Cote and her classmates and friends. This photo might just be a casual one Stella took ever

Fanny’s gaze fell on the dressing mirror by the window. While staring at her own face, she slowly curled her lips into a sinister smile.

Chapter 155 A Photo Snapped To Frame You

After cuckolding, Fanny said weakly, “Please don’t say anything to James and Grandpa. Angelina has found a good

place to belong, which wasn’t easy.”

Christopher sneered. “Wanting more than what you already have is naturally not easy!”

“Christopher, you-

“Fanny. I’ll handle this matter. Just be patient. Let the school gossip settle down, and I’ll take you back to school in a

few days.”

“Christopher, you’re the best. I really... really like you.”

“You are my fiancée and the future mistress of the Sanders Family. It wouldn’t be right to treat you poorly while favoring

that scheming girl...” He stopped short of saying more. Christopher furrowed his brow and said lightly. “That’s enough

talk about her. I’m busy.”

After ending the call, he sat in his chair for a moment, then decisively got up and went to find Jonathan.

Jonathan looked at the photos Christopher handed him with a faint smile playing on his lips.

These photos were intentionally taken by Christopher to clearly show Jonathan how Angela was flirting with other men.

“Did you pay someone to take these photos?” Jonathan’s voice was barely above a whisper, but it had a commanding

presence that made Christopher’s spine tingle with apprehension.

Christopher’s fists tightened instinctively. He felt the air around them thinning as he found the answer to the question in

his heart.

“Jonathan, you’ve got it all mixed up,” he quickly said. “These photos were snapped by some people from the school,

and I managed to get hold of them.”

“Angela was getting cozy with them. If outsiders catch wind of this and it reaches the ears of those directors, it’s bound

to cause quite a stir. I don’t know how to handle this situation properly, so I came to ask for your advice.”

“If you have this in mind, then study more so that your father doesn’t think you’re useless and get disappointed.”

Christopher's heart skipped a beat, and his eyes darkened. Before arriving, he had already considered this possibility,

but he couldn't shake it off. He urgently wanted to know where

Jonathan stood regarding Angela.

The outcome? It was the last thing he wanted to see.

Quietly grinding his teeth. Christopher concealed his discontent while maintaining a composed demeanor.

Angela Kins. She's quite something!

Unaware of Christopher's thoughts, Jonathan seemed even colder in his black coat. He casually said. "Remain in the ancestral hall until dawn."

Daten. Christopher tensed at the mention of dawn, and his eyes widened in horror. It was only two o'clock in the afternoon.

"Hmm?" Jonathan's voice was icy and his eagle-like gaze fixed on him. "Anything else you want to add?"

"Why?" Christopher couldn't comprehend.

Jonathan's dark eyes lifted slightly, and he said coldly. "Blindly trusting outsiders? Lacking judgment and still not feeling an ounce of shame?"

"Jonathan, no." Christopher gritted his teeth, lowered his head, and didn't dare to say another word. I've learned my lesson. I'll leave now."

After Christopher left, Jonathan's attention shifted to the photo on the table.

The young girl in the picture glowed with youthful energy while being surrounded by her classmates of the same age under the soft sunlight.

The others were inconsequential, but... his gaze fixated on the face of a man who was ruggedly dressed. He casually looked away as a contemptuous smirk played on his lips.

His fingers idly traced the jade bracelet around his wrist as he summoned Simon in.

“Sir, what can I do for you?”

Just as Simon finished asking, he inadvertently saw the photo on the table.

Hmm...

He probably knows.

“Got it?”

Simon nodded slightly. He said, “Understood,” and immediately turned and left in a hurry

Half an hour later, Simon returned to the office to report the investigation results.

In the afternoon, Angela returned to Springgate Estates with a canvas bag on her back.

As soon as she walked in, she saw Jonathan sitting on the couch and reading a financial magazine.

Indeed, exceptional individuals make the most of their spare time.

Angela walked over with a smile and inquired, "Jonathan, why are you back so early today?"

Jonathan lifted his gaze and met her eyes. "You're back?"

"Yes, indeed." Angela beamed and exclaimed, "Jonathan, this afternoon, I created a recipe that will greatly aid in your recovery. I will prepare it for you tonight."

Jonathan closed the magazine and halted her. "Angela."

"Jonathan, what's the matter?"

Angela's confusion faded when she saw the photo he took out. She understood what he was up to.

If someone with ill intentions wanted to exploit public misunderstanding about their relationship being ambiguous, it could be quite troublesome.

As the saying went, rumors spread like wildfire, but the truth had to sprint to catch up.

Before, she wouldn't have cared what others thought.

But now, she had the title of Mrs. Lawson. It could cause a lot of trouble for both the Sanders and Lawson Families if word got out.

"Jonathan, my relationship with them is just that of ordinary classmates. My bond with Cassie is the closest among them." After she finished explaining, she asked solemnly, "Jonathan, where did this come from?"

"It was sent to Fanny from someone named Stella Johnston at your school. Then, it was forwarded to Christopher. In the end, it landed in my possession and was used to insinuate that you're being unfaithful," he replied.

Angela's eyes widened with realization, her thoughts racing even faster if someone with the intentions manipulated this situation, the elders would accuse her of improper behavior demand Jonathan to divorce her, and then start pushing for him to resign

These people are truly despicable

Angela was furious. She said, "Jonathan, let me handle this matter. Don't get involved:

Jonathan's gaze remained composed. "Understood"

Angela nodded vigorously, then held up the list in her hand. "Well, I will prepare some medicinal cuisine for you."

This time, the process of preparing the medicinal cuisine was complicated, and handling the required ingredients and herbs was also quite troublesome.

Having observed Angela prepare it numerous times, Ms. May was able to assist, and the two toiled in the kitchen for over an hour.

They presented a steaming small pot.

As Jonathan had a shareholders' meeting at noon, he sampled a few bites casually. Angela's medicinal cuisine whetted

his appetite.

The cold, stern expression in his eyes seemed to soften slightly in the presence of the steam.

After the meal. Angela administered acupuncture and conducted a thorough examination of

his body.

Finally, she beamed. "Jonathan, there's a noticeable improvement!"

"Perhaps..." Jonathan paused briefly, his dark eyes flickering and settling on her radiant face. He then responded, "I've

been sleeping better in recent days."

Angela blinked as she recalled the sensation of Jonathan holding her while asleep at night.

A flicker of unease crossed her face involuntarily.

She then composed herself and reaffirmed her resolve.

Jonathan had helped her a lot, and she was a physician, so it did not matter if he found solace in holding her while

sleeping.

The one to be concerned about was Jonathan. What if she succumbed to temptation one day, and violated the

slumbering Jonathan?

That would be a grave sin.

Jonathan chuckled, his voice resonant and deep as he said, "When are the final exams? Are you keeping up with your

studies?"

“We still have some time before the finals. They’re in January.” Angela promptly replied, eager to please him. “And yes,

I’m keeping up with my studies. The teachers are pretty good.”

“Is that so?” Jonathan’s movements with the beads were somewhat sluggish. “You are still young, so focus on your

studies and do not let irrelevant individuals distract you.”

Angela’s head spun for a moment. Isn’t this a typical parental warning against early romance?

“I truly have not. You can rest assured that I have been dedicated to my studies at school, and most of my thoughts are

centered on how to cure you.” She raised her hand to convey her sincere sentiments.

Sebastian passed by the doorway of the study and caught sight of the two inside, their intimate demeanor

unmistakable. A smile spread across his face, deepening the wrinkles around his eyes.

Mr. Lawson, once sullen and reserved, now appears much livelier in the presence of his wife. Young love really does

have its transformative effects...

He couldn’t wait to inform Bruce that Jonathan and Angela were deeply in love now, and it wouldn’t be long before

Bruce would get to hold his grandchildren!

Chapter 156 A Money Packet

The next morning, as Angela came downstairs from her room, she spotted a cheerful Bruce sitting there.

Jonathan was seated across from him, his gaze slightly lowered, with a smoothly curved profile.

Upon catching sight of Angela, Bruce's smile stretched even wider. He waved enthusiastically and called out, "Angela, good morning! Did you have a good sleep last night?"

Returning his warm smile, Angela replied, "Old Mr. Lawson. I slept like a log. What brings you here so early today?"

"Hehe... I came to check on how you and Jonathan are doing these days."

His intentions were clear, and Angela didn't want to give anything away. She simply blushed slightly and lowered her voice. "Old Mr. Lawson, we're doing fine."

Taking note of her reaction, Bruce assumed she was feeling a bit shy.

He chuckled even louder as if picturing himself strolling around next year with a chubby baby in his arms.

Bruce patted the seat next to him. "Angela, come sit here and chat with me."

Just as she was about to step over, Jonathan glanced at the time, lifted his gaze, and said calmly, "Grandpa, it's time for Angela to go to class."

Bruce shot him a glare and retorted, "I timed my visit perfectly. It's still early"

Quickly, Angela reassured. Jonathan, it's okay. I don't have any important class this morning.

Bruce finally let Jonathan go and resumed conversing with Angela, even reasing her about being bullied by Jonathan.

During his conversation, he completely disregarded Jonathan, his own grandson.

Angela repeatedly assured Bruce that Jonathan was very kind to her, so they proceeded to the dining hall for breakfast together.

The trio sat joyfully at the table, and Ms. May's culinary skills had notably improved.

Bruce was highly pleased with Ms. May and promptly presented her with a money packet. He praised her for looking after the young couple.

Ms. May accepted it with a heart full of gratitude.

Angela noticed a thick stack of money packets in Bruce's pocket.

She blinked in surprise and inquired, "Old Mr. Lawson, why do you carry so many money packets with you! Today is not a special day."

Across from her, Jonathan's dark eyes met Angela's, and a subtle smile tugged at the corner of his lips.

"After we got engaged, Grandpa began distributing them to everyone he encountered."

Bruce chuckled. "Such great joy should be shared with many."

Some old friends whom he hadn't had the chance to see were also informed of this news, and he even said that now they could share the joy of money packets, but in the future, when the two of them got married, they couldn't be stingy and should reciprocate a bigger one.

Angela glanced at Bruce, then at Jonathan, and softly chuckled.

After dinner, Jonathan happened to be heading to the company.

He offered to drop Angela off at school despite it not being on the way. Angela didn't decline. so as not to give Bruce the impression they were overly formal as a "young couple."

Thus, under Bruce's approving gaze, the two of them entered the car.

As they drove, Angela gazed out the window at the passing scenery until Jonathan's voice interrupted.

"Close the window and keep warm. It's chilly this morning. Don't want you to catch a cold."

She immediately obediently closed it and then looked out through the car window. Along the way, they passed several places, which were the construction sites of future large shopping malls and commercial buildings.

Angela turned to look at Jonathan and asked, "Jonathan, have you acquired extra properties. or land?"

He gave her a curious look. "You seem quite interested in that?"

He remembered she had brought it up on more than one occasion.

"It's not really about that. I just think the real estate industry will definitely be lucrative in the

ature," she said.

As her words trailed off, Jonathan fell silent for a moment before replying, "Yes."

It wasn't necessarily because of her words; his original plan was to venture into the real estate sector.

Recently, he had also acquired land and properties in Riverdon and its vicinity.

As they conversed, the car had already arrived.

Angela waved goodbye to him as she got out of the car.

Jonathan lowered the car window. "I'll pick you up

this afternoon

She didn't refuse and crisply replied, "Okay."

The car made a U-turn and drove off in the opposite direction.

Having adjusted her white coat, she began walking toward the school.

After taking a few steps, her phone suddenly vibrated with a text message.

She opened it and saw a message from Oliver.

Oliver: Mrs. Lawson, someone is following you in the ten o'clock direction. Should I take care of it?

I'm being followed?

Angela discreetly put away her phone, and out of the corner of her eye, she caught a glimpse of a figure. She looked up and saw Stella hiding behind a big tree outside the school gate.

Stella was acting sneakily, holding a camera and taking pictures of her.

Angela narrowed her eyes and walked over with a smirk.

When Stella realized she had been caught red-handed, it was too late to escape. Angela grabbed her wrist, and with her other hand, she managed to snatch away the camera while the former struggled.

Stella struggled even more intensely, feeling like her body was behaving strangely, as if she

had encountered something supernatural.

Though Angela was only holding onto her wrist, the latter felt unbearable moved. It felt as if she had been pinched at some pressure point.

Angela calmly looked through the pictures on the camera,

It was the scene of her getting out of Jonathan's car just moments ago.

pain whenever she

She chuckled lightly and said, "Your habit of secretly taking photos of people isn't good. You should work on changing it."

"W-what do you mean?" Stella asked, and her eyes widened upon sensing that something ominous was going to happen.

The next moment, she saw Angela take something out of her bag and sprinkle it on her face.

It felt cool and slightly stinging.

Stella screamed. "Ah, you splashed sulfuric acid on me! Help, someone..."

As she screamed, she felt something was wrong.

She touched her face and felt a liquid like water, with no particular smell.

Angela laughed recklessly. "Aren't you shameless? What are you afraid of?"

"You, you... you tricked me! Angela, this isn't over between us."

"The tool of the crime belongs to me now."

Angela lifted the camera and tucked it into her bag, then turned to leave.

Stella yelled after her. "Who gave you the right to take my camera? Angela, have you gone

mad?!"

She had bought it specifically to monitor Angela's every move at school for Fanny, and it cost her three thousand dollars!

"Otherwise... should we get the involved in your little problem with snapping pictures of me without permission?"

Stella's face turned pale. "You wouldn't dare!"

"Wanna bet? You'll find out if I have the guts or not," said Angela, and she reached for her

phone

Stella immediately panicked.

Riverdon University placed the utmost emphasis on students' morals. While secretly snapping photos wasn't a major offense, if it attracted the attention of the police and caused a commotion, it would become serious.

Upon seeing that Stella was weighing the consequences, Angela smirked and left.

To solve a problem, one needed to tackle it head-on. Knowing that Stella valued her belongings the most, Angela taught her a lesson by taking away her cherished possessions.

On this calm morning at Riverdon University, a ridiculous incident occurred.

Stella's face suddenly turned green on her way to class!

Amidst the laughter, she quickly pulled out a mirror. In the reflection, her entire face was

green.

She looked like a female version of a green monster, which scared her enough to toss the

mirror away.

Curious classmates gathered around her like spectators at a circus, and someone snapped a picture of her green face and posted it on the school forum.

At lunchtime, Angela quietly ate in the cafeteria while secretly enjoying Stella's new look.

It was the potion she had researched before, with its properties being colorless and tasteless. Just like water. But once it touched the skin and was exposed to the air, it would turn green within three hours.

It wouldn't go away for at least ten days.

For the next few days, Stella won't be roaming around the school, and she will not be able to secretly snap photos of me, Angela thought wickedly.

Chapter 157 Look More Sophisticated

After finishing lunch in the cafeteria, Angela headed to a nearby courier service point to send the camera to a school in a mountainous area.

She had recently read a report about volunteer teachers in the newspaper and was inspired to

the innocent smiles of the children.

This camera would come in handy for that purpose.

So, she mailed it along with the following details: Sender – Riverdon University, Stella Johnston.

With a wry smile, Angela considered this as Stella doing a good deed.

Later that afternoon, upon returning to the university, she heard rumors about Stella taking a leave of absence. However, when questioned about why the latter's face had turned green, the embarrassed Stella remained silent and didn't provide any explanation.

When she stepped into the classroom, Angela received a message from Cassie.

Hey Angela, where'd you go? Have you checked the forum? What's the deal with Stella? It's bizarre but kind of intriguing. If I could turn my face green like that, I'd haunt the woods every night to spook people.

Angela couldn't help but chuckle and shake her head when she saw the message. Cassie, your imagination knows no bounds, and your bravery is admirable.

Meanwhile, Stella was pouring her heart out to Fanny by confiding in her about what happened.

Fanny looked at her friend's troubled expression and said sympathetically, "Stella, I'm sorry. It's all because of Angela that you're going through this."

"Fanny, Angela is just too audacious! How can there be such audacious people in the university?"

Stella glanced around, then continued, "She even took my brand-new camera! It was fresh of the box! Now that the camera's gone, and I don't know when my face will heal, what am I going to do?"

Fanny's hand gently rested on Stella's arm and said soothingly, "Stella, it's okay. We'll go shopping together this weekend and get you a new one."

Stella's eyes lit up as she refused. "Fanny... I don't think that's a good idea. I can't accept gifts from you."

"Come on, it's no big deal. We're friends. You've had my back, so it's only fair for me to do something for you."

Stella smiled. "Fanny, I know you truly value our friendship."

Fanny lowered her head to take a sip of her tea, and a hint of frustration and disappointment flickering in her eyes.

She had thought Stella might do something significant, but she didn't expect to be fooled by Angela repeatedly.

What a moron, Fanny cursed inwardly.

Although the news from newspapers and forums had been taken down, word had already spread among those who needed to know. Over the past few days, she'd been bombarded with calls about the matter.

Skipping school became inevitable, with Christopher advising her to take a break before returning to class and helping her secure a leave of absence.

This time, it wasn't just Britney who showed up, but also the frail Jonathan who couldn't even walk.

After a bit of digging, she discovered that Britney's main reason for coming was to tend to Jonathan. The medical facilities in Riverdon were top-notch, and they happened to be at the hospital where Joseph worked.

The attending physician happened to be a colleague of Joseph's.

While brushing off Stella, Fanny pondered how to get rid of Britney's presence.

Since Britney's here to care for Jonathan, well... if he were to pass away, Britney wouldn't have any reason to stick around, right?

Fanny lowered her gaze while gripping the teacup firmly. Her eyes showed a mix of hesitation and a touch of darkness.

Suddenly, the new phone that Scarlet had just given her rang above the dressing table.

It was Christopher calling.

She adjusted her expression in the mirror and answered the phone with an unusually soft

“Christopher.”

“Fanny, today is the Sanders Family’s family banquet, so I’ll come pick you up.”

“Family banquet?”.

The fifteenth of every month was the Sanders Family’s family banquet, a fact that Fanny had nearly forgotten. She smiled. “Alright, Christopher, I’ll be waiting for you at home.”

“Oh, before I forget... Christopher hesitated for a moment, then added mysteriously. “Just a heads up, my mom will be joining us today. It’s your chance to make a good impression and maybe change my dad’s opinion of you.”

Christopher’s mother...

Fanny’s eyes narrowed slightly, and she said with amusement evident in her voice. “Got it. I’ll make sure to be on my best behavior and not let you down.”

Christopher’s mother is Teresa Webb.

Although they hadn’t met, Fanny knew about the chilly reception Teresa received in the Sanders Family, and Christopher rarely spoke about her.

If she was attending tonight, it wasn’t just a casual gathering. They probably wanted to introduce her to the entire Sanders Family, wasn’t it?

Fanny smirked and headed to her wardrobe.

Tonight, all eyes will be on me!

After finishing school. Angela didn't see Oliver but spotted Jonathan's car instead.

She hurried over, got in, and looked at the distinguished man with excitement. "Jonathan, why are you picking me up today?"

"Well, my grandfather called and invited us for dinner."

"Back to the Sanders Family?" Angela blinked, then glanced down at her blue and white school uniform. "Jonathan, should we go back and change first?"

No need, this is fine." Jonathan replied curtly

it u weren't for Old Mr. Sanders' insistence, he wouldn't bother dealing with those people.

He glanced sideways at her as she tidied her ouch of elegance.

1. up. After a few adjustments, she quickly transformed from a schoolgirl to a young lady with a touch of elegance.

Looking at herself in the rearview mirror, Angela glanced from side to side and smiled satisfactorily. "Do I look more grown-up now?"

Jonathan raised an eyebrow. "Are you saying I'm old?"

Angela widened her eyes and quickly waved her hands. "No, Jonathan, you're in your prime. I just thought I'd dress up a bit so that I look more sophisticated."

"Something's missing."

After a quick scan, Jonathan reached out and tapped the back of the driver's seat, bring out the box from the glove compartment."

Simon handed Jonathan a box from the glove compartment as he drove.

"Simon.

Opening it. Jonathan revealed a delicate necklace with a pendant made of pink gemstones shaped like flower petals, which was stunningly beautiful.

"Come here." He motioned for Angela to come closer, and he placed the necklace around her ivory-skinned neck.

The pink gemstone against her fair skin made her neck look even more slender and alluring, giving her a mature charm.

Angela touched the gemstone and asked softly, "Is it very expensive?"

Jonathan nodded. "It was a gift from the brand, worth 990,000."

Angela's eyes widened in surprise. She quickly covered the necklace with her hand. "I'll make sure to cherish it, and it'll always be with me."

Jonathan pursed his lips. There was no need for such formality.

The car smoothly pulled up to the Sanders Family mansion.

It was Angela's first time entering the Sanders Family mansion as Jonathan's wife.

Several cars she couldn't name were parked in the yard, and ahead was the main building.

Angela followed Jonathan as they walked in.

In the living rooms on the first floor.

Both Old Mr. Sanders and Michael were present.

There was another woman who left a lasting impression on Angela. She wore a black dinner gown adorned with a blue sapphire necklace around her neck, and her hair was elegantly styled.

Her facial features exuded the gentle and bright charm typical of a woman hailing from Riverdon.

The woman's

gaze briefly met Angela's, and she almost immediately recognized her.

She was Christopher's mother, Teresa Webb.

In her previous life, when she was infatuated with Christopher, Angela had thought about winning Teresa's favor.

However, Teresa rarely visited the mansion and resided outside with Michael most of the

time.

So, the opportunity never arose.

Angela found it somewhat ironic because she never expected to meet Teresa under these circumstances today.

Chapter 158 You're Courting Death!

On the couch next to him, there were several elderly individuals and a few elegantly dressed women.

They appeared to be relatives from the Sanders Family's collateral branches.

She had not seen them before.

Angela obediently followed Jonathan and entered with him.

Upon their arrival, everyone greeted them with smiles.

Angela responded gracefully to each greeting.

Jonathan remained silent, holding Angela's hand with a cold expression as he sat next to Old Mr. Sanders, exuding a sense of disdain.

On the other side of Old Mr. Sanders sat Michael and Teresa.

Jonathan did not even acknowledge the two.

Michael's expression turned dark as he looked at Jonathan with disdain. He was about to express his anger when his arm was lightly touched. Turning his head, he saw Teresa signaling him to remain calm.

Michael patted her hand, and his anger dissipated somewhat.

Old Mr. Sanders gazed at Angela, noting her round face and healthy complexion, with a few deep wrinkles at the corners of her eyes. In a steady voice tinged with affection, he said, "Angela, these are

your family members. Today, we are here to formally introduce the members of the Sanders Family to you. They are all family, so do not feel restrained. If you need anything, just let me know.”

“I won’t hesitate, Grandpa.”

Angela’s face lit up with a bright smile, her eyes shining.

Suddenly, Jonathan’s mocking voice broke the silence, cool and faint. “Grandpa, not everyone here is family.”

Though his voice was not loud, it resonated clearly with everyone present, indicating whom he was referring to.

The atmosphere in the living room seemed to freeze, with all eyes turning to Teresa.

Teresa’s face quickly paled as she lowered her head gently.

The anger that had dissipated in Michael was reignited. “You

Michael Jonathan is correct. It’s fine. Do not get upset in this situation. Teresa quickly grasped Michael’s arm, lowered her eyes, and said. “I should not have come. I will leave after

enting the gift to Jonathan and his fiancée

As she finished speaking, Christopher entered, followed by Fanny

Angela’s gaze landed on Fanny’s face.

Fanny wore a knee-length chiffon dress with flawless makeup adorning her face

In Angela's mind, she recalled the first time she was brought back to the Kins Family at the age of ten and saw Fanny

Back then, Fanny was just like now, delicate in every movement, like a doll displayed in a

showcase

Without much thought, she was about to avert her gaze when I any hoked eyes with her.

She clearly perceived the jealousy in Fabiby a tyci, smirked, and calmly turned away, treating her as if she were invisible

Fanny suddenly clenched her to a flawless side spread across her face

„Angela zi Nere, ten

Høie dare shirt

She is annulling to give up

Christopher first greeted Mr. Sanders with Fanny, then Macharl, and finally introduced

Tercu

Fanny, this is my mother”

mina

“Ms. Webby, in a tres a pleasure to meet you at last Christupilier has always spoken highly of you saying you are the most beautiful mother in the world”

Faty's weed were tweet, her expression since Now that we have, I tagtite"

"Christopher tends to exaggerate. He never stops praising you in my presence. After meeting

is evident that my son's taste is impeccable."

you.

Teresa covered her lips and chuckled softly, though a keen observer might detect a hint of insincerity beneath her well-maintained, gentle facade.

She then opened the blue purse she carried and retrieved a square velvet box. "Fanny, this is a gift specially prepared for you. It was meant to be given to you at your engagement ceremony with Christopher.

"Unfortunately, I was unwell at the time and couldn't attend. So, I am taking this opportunity. today to give it to you."

Fanny accepted it graciously. "Thank you, Ms. Webb."

"Open it and see if you like it." Teresa smiled.

"Okay." Fanny opened the box, revealing a pair of high-quality white jade bangles.

The bangles gleamed and felt warm to the touch. Fanny's eyes sparkled. Although she wasn't knowledgeable about jade, she could sense its value.

Fanny felt the admiring gazes of those around her.

In that moment, she felt as though they were treating her as the future mistress of the Sanders family.

She held the box tightly and exclaimed, "Thank you, Ms. Webb. These white jade bangles are exquisite. I adore them."

Upon hearing the words "white jade bangles," Jonathan, who was holding Angela's hand, narrowed his eyes.

Glancing over, the contents of the box became clear.

Suddenly, a coldness filled the air, and Jonathan sat up straight, his voice cutting through the harmonious atmosphere. "Teresa, you're courting death!"

and the others were taken aback, after which they heard Jonathan's words. "How dare

Angela furrowed her brows, feeling a surge of anger rising within her.

This is too much!

Teresa paled in shock, looking frantically at Michael.

Old Mr. Sanders' face darkened, and his gaze was serious. "What is going on? Is this something of Elisa's?"

Michael slammed the table and stood up, rebuking. "You took away your mother's things long ago. This is something I gave to her, and it has nothing to do with her."

Jonathan coldly ordered. "Simon."

Simon, who had been waiting outside the living room, quickly walked in and stood in front of Fanny, who instinctively tightened her bangles.

Simon acted decisively, snatching the bangles and presenting them to Jonathan.

Fanny's eyes quickly filled with tears of grievance. "Christopher..."

Christopher's lips tightened as he comfortingly grabbed her hand.

Jonathan held up the jade bangles, facing the light.

The jade bangles, in the midst of all the gazes, instantly shone brightly, like a dazzling starlight in the darkness.

At the same time, the word "Elisa" appeared inside the jade bangles.

Michael's face changed drastically. "It's impossible. You clearly took all your mother's things. These bangles are mine."

As he spoke, he suddenly realized.

These bangles were something he had accidentally found in the Sanders Mansion. He thought it was beautiful and deliberately brought it back to give to Teresa.

He never expected it to be something left behind by Elisa.

The corners of Jonathan's eyes were hooked, his gaze wild and ruthless, staring straight at Michael, who suddenly felt guilty and cold.

How could this son of mine resemble me at all?

I had raised a wolf

In the moment of his speechlessness, Teresa took a step forward, her shoulders trembling slightly, and sincerely said, "Jonathan, I am very sorry. Don't be angry. I didn't mean to. I just

thought these bangles were very nice. I didn't know it was your mother's heirloom.

At this moment, seeing the careful look of Teresa by his side, Michael was suddenly filled with anger. "It's just bangles. Your mother has so much gold and silver jewelry. It's merely giving it to Christopher's wife. What's the big deal?

"Is it worth speaking to your elders like this? You've ruined the atmosphere."

Teresa reached out her hand to pull Michael, tears glistening and falling from her eyes. "Michael, please stop. Don't let this affect the harmony between you and your son."

"This boy has never treated me as a father. I'm still alive. You are my wife, and you are his elder! It's only natural for you to be here. You don't have to be so submissive to him."

Angela silently clenched her teeth.

Angry and heartbroken.

She understood this feeling too well. It wasn't Jonathan's fault, but it felt as if he was the one to blame for everything.

Chapter 159 Concubine

Angela's eyes narrowed slightly. She was young, with a strong girlish air on her face, but the smile in her eyes was arrogant and calm. She casually said, "It's not always the most pitiful when someone cries. This trick is quite useful. I learned it from Fanny when I was a child."

Suddenly, the glass door opened, and a strong wind blew in.

It lifted Angela's fine hair.

The next moment, Angela, with a cold face, slammed the glass in her hand to the ground, shattering it into countless pieces.

Everyone was startled.

"Angela, are you out of your mind?"

Angela looked at them with a mocking gaze. "I am not a child anymore. Giving away my deceased mother-in-law's bangles to someone is so disgusting. Since you want to give it away, can't you be more careful? If you make a mistake, can you just say sorry and be done with it? Then can I slap you in anger now, apologize, and call it even?"

What's with the act?

How coincidental to give away the heirloom of Jonathan's biological mother.

Being a mistress is disgusting enough, but pretending to be innocent is even more despicable!

"How dare you, as a newcomer, dare to slam the table and break dishes in front of elders, Jon, manage your wife properly!" Someone spoke in a nonchalant tone.

Angela looked up and retorted. "Some elders should mind their own business."

Angela has seen the biased scene since she was a child, even spending decade's like this.

Having grown up witnessing such biased scenes, Angela didn't need to think much to confront these people.

The man was so angry that he suddenly stood up, tremblingly pointing at Angela, wanting to say something.

Jonathan raised his dark and deep eyes and stood up, completely shielding Angela with his body.

He was tall, with straight legs, almost blocking the light of the living room's crystal chandelier.

For a moment, the surroundings became a bit dim.

Michael and the others were stunned, obviously not expecting Jonathan to stand up.

Jonathan walked steadily towards those people.

In the eyes of everyone, he was like an elegant and swift jaguar.

Michael nervously stepped back, pointing at Jonathan, unable to speak.

“When my mother is alive, she is the mistress of the Sanders Family. When my mother dies, my wife, Angela, will be the mistress of the Sanders Family. As long as I am alive, Teresa cannot be the mistress of the Sanders Family or enter the Sanders Family

Jonathan exuded an air of arrogance, and with a dark and contemptuous tone, he said, “She can only ever be the concubine kept in the suburbs by you.”

“She can still set foot in the Sanders family now. You should consider yourself lucky”

No one doubted the authenticity of the last sentence.

As long as Jonathan wanted, Teresa would never be intact.

Christopher frowned and stood stiffly, his whole body tense. He looked at Teresa with hidden and mocking eyes, clenched his fists tightly, and then let them go weakly.

Fanny was held in his arms by him, her face pale.

Teresa was Christopher's biological mother. She was also her mother-in-law.

Now that he was being confronted by Jonathan and Angela, Christopher didn't even let her speak, making her feel nauseated.

Angela glanced lightly at Christopher and Fanny and noticed his expression.

Then she lowered her eyes and smiled lightly, with a hint of indifference between her precise eyebrows.

In her past life, when she loved Christopher, she stood up for Teresa, but now that everyone was dead, what's the point of holding onto that hatred?

Now, having seen and understood more, she could taste a different flavor of life.

They have driven people to their deaths, yet they still won't let go of Jonathan.

If they really cared, Teresa shouldn't have appeared today, doing such disgusting things to the living.

Michael was publicly challenged by Jonathan, losing his composure and trembling with anger. "You disobedient son. I am your father. Do you remember that at all?"

"Do you remember that I am your father?"

Old Mr. Sanders set down his teacup, splashing tea everywhere, asserting his authority without anger. "Can't we just have a peaceful family banquet? Father and son are always at odds. What kind of example is this?"

"Dad, why don't you take a look at this?"

"Enough! Sit down quietly." Old Mr. Sanders interrupted him, not engaging in an argument fueled by anger. "Angela is right. If you had any sense, this misunderstanding wouldn't have happened."

"Don't turn a blind eye all the time. Can't you see this situation clearly?"

With that, Old Mr. Sanders' gaze swept over Teresa.

She shrunk her shoulders, displaying her vulnerability and grievance.

"Dad, it's all my fault. Please don't get angry and harm your health."

"Since you know it's your fault, return the gift."

"Alright." Teresa nodded repeatedly.

Old Mr. Sanders looked at Jonathan and frowned. "You sit down too. Your leg is still healing: don't strain it further."

"Alright, let's sit down now. Let's move on from today's events, and no one is allowed to mention it again in the future."

Jonathan sneered lightly and sat back down leisurely amidst Michael's suppressed anger.

Angela went to help Jonathan sit down, then calmly placed her hand on his wrist to check his pulse.

She breathed a sigh of relief. Thankfully, his pulse was steady, so there was no problem.

To outsiders, it naturally seemed like the two of them were deeply in love.

Her fingers were soft and gentle, causing a slight curve to appear on Jonathan's thin lips as he took her right hand and smoothly put a jade bangle on it.

Angela widened her eyes, looking at him in confusion.

Then, her left hand was also adorned with another jade bangle.

The pair of jade bangles on her snow-white delicate wrists made her even more beautiful and translucent.

Jonathan explained. "These bangles were specially prepared by my mother for my future daughter-in-law. After she passed away, these jade bangles were never found."

With deep black eyes, Jonathan's voice was calm. "Now that they have been found, only you are worthy of them."

Listening to these words, Angela didn't know what to say for a moment.

Did he forget that we were a fake couple?

Turning her gaze slightly, Angela saw those who were staring at them, and she smiled brightly. "Jonathan is right. I will take good care of the gift our mother left for me."

"Good girl."

Jonathan raised his hand, stroking her hair by her ear, his deep voice sexy and alluring.

A glamorous, short-haired lady smiled. "Oh, Jonathan really knows how to pamper his wife. Angela, you really make us aunts envious."

Another plump lady chimed in, "We old folks can't compare to Angela."

Others echoed, "Angela, come and play with us more often in the future. You just married into the family: us elders must not neglect you."

"When you take charge of the internal affairs of the Sanders Family, we will definitely support you wholeheartedly and not let a young girl like you work too hard."

In the face of these flattering words, Angela just smiled politely, knowing they were all hypocrites hiding behind masks.

Those who wanted Jonathan to step down surely included them.

As Angela was surrounded by flattery, Fanny could barely contain her jealousy, her face almost twisted with hatred.

Not only did she steal the spotlight at the engagement ceremony, but now she shamelessly accepted the pair of white jade bangles.

She could now feel the mocking gazes of the Sanders Family members directed toward her.

Chapter 160 She Wants to Kill Me!

+15 Free Coins

Shortly after, the kitchen staff reported that the dishes were ready. Then, Kevin asked everyone to move to the dining room to start the meal.

Jonathan, I'm going to the bathroom."

Jonathan nodded. "Okay, take your time."

As Angela left, Fanny's eyes flashed with malice. She turned to Christopher and said, "Christopher, I'm going to the bathroom for a touch-up."

Ever since Jonathan mentioned Teresa, Christopher had been visibly displeased. He simply hummed in response to Fanny's words and paid her no further attention.

Seizing the opportunity while no one was watching, Fanny got up and headed towards the bathroom.

Just as Angela finished, she spotted Fanny standing behind the bathroom door.

With a twisted expression, Fanny looked at the white jade bracelet on Angela's wrist and had a hint of reluctance in her eyes. "Angela, don't you know your place?" she asked in a low voice. "How dare you steal my spotlight and tarnish my reputation? In a prestigious family like the Sanders, how long do you think you can maintain your pride without the support of your own family?"

"What about you?" Angela retorted with a bright smile. "Are you going to let anger consume you?"

"Anger? Hmph!" Fanny smoothed her hair and looked down at Angela. "You are not worth getting me angry. Whether in the Kins or Sanders Families, you will always be beneath me. I suggest you snap back to reality soon, Angela. Don't assume that being with Jonathan will grant you peace. On the day you are cast out, I will ensure you suffer miserably."

Upon hearing her words, Angela smirked and looked behind her. "Did you hear that, Grandpa?"

When Fanny heard Angela's words, her face turned pale instantly. She quickly turned around and said, "Grandpa, don't get me wrong. Angela and I were just..."

However, there was no one behind her.

Fanny's heart sank as she realized she had been fooled by Angela once again. She turned around and clenched her fists tightly, seemingly ready to strike Angela's face.

Looking at her, Angela narrowed her eyes.

Just as Fanny's hand was about to hit Angela, she suddenly froze. Her entire body stiffened. At that moment, she was paralyzed and unable to utter a sound. Only her eyes could move as she watched Angela slowly retrieve a silver needle from her chest. She waved it in front of Fanny with a smile, causing the latter to panic.

Angela's smile widened when she saw the fear in Fanny's eyes. "Are you scared now? Don't you think it's a bit too late now? You were quite arrogant just a moment ago. Why haven't you learned your lesson? Didn't I warn you that I'm no longer the foolish Angela I once was?" she taunted and traced the silver needle across Fanny's eyebrows and eyes. The tip of the needle almost threatened to pierce her eye at any moment.

Fanny felt her scalp tingle, but she could not move, no matter how hard she tried. Her eyes glared at Angela intently.

What is Angela going to do to me? I won't let her get away with it!

Fanny, remember this lesson well." It was as if Angela could read Fanny's thoughts. Her eyes were cold as she approached Fanny. "Fanny, behave yourself from now on. If you dare to raise your voice in front of me again or allow your dog to hurt others simply. I'll make sure you'll regret it!"

Fanny's eyes blazed with anger, and she wished she could crush Angela now.

Angela calmly put away the silver needle and waved. "Goodbye. Take your time to reflect on yourself."

Then, Fanny watched as Angela left! She couldn't believe that Angela would indeed abandon her here.

Meanwhile, Angela returned to the restaurant as if nothing happened and sat beside Jonathan.

“What took you so long?” Jonathan asked deeply.

“Oh.” Angela grinned. “I encountered a stray dog, so I thought about giving it a lesson.”

Jonathan chuckled at her words. He grabbed her hand and took a white handkerchief nearby. “Dogs carry many germs. Remember to wipe your hands clean.” Then, he proceeded to clean Angela’s fingers seriously.

Angela blinked and felt that no one would suspect they were a fake couple if they kept acting like this.

Given Jonathan’s unwavering support, Angela felt she would keep up her act too. She leaned closer to Jonathan and smiled brightly.

Across the dining table, Christopher felt his anger rising as he struggled not to glance at Angela.

Beside him, Teresa sensed his emotions and reached beneath the table to pat his hand comfortingly.

“Go check on your *lancée*. What’s taking so long?”

Only then did Christopher remember Fanny’s presence after hearing Teresa’s words. He frowned and murmured, “Alright, I’ll go now.”

As he walked toward the restroom, he saw Fanning there motionless. Glancing at his watch, he approached Fanny and said, “Fanny, why are you still here? The banquet is about to begin, and you’re the only one left absent. As he stepped closer, he noticed tears streaming down Fanny’s face. A mix of anguish and resentment filled her expression.

Immediately, Christopher felt distressed. He grasped her shoulders and asked, “What’s going

on?"

Upon Christopher's touch, Fanny suddenly regained mobility. However, her legs gave away as she leaned into him.

She wrapped her arms around him tightly and sobbed. "It's Angela. I don't know what she did, but I couldn't move. She even attempted to kill me with a silver needle. Christopher, Angela has gone mad. She wants me dead!"

In that split second, Christopher's gaze turned cold. "Angela? How is that possible? Where did she find the audacity?"

"Christopher, why would I lie to you? I thought I was going to die..." Her voice was as soft as a feather, brushing against his heart gently. Seeing that Fanny was trembling in his embrace, Christopher felt pity for her.

As rage rose within Christopher, he was also confused. Angela has always been timid. How could she dare to commit murder?! However, Fanny had no reason to lie to me.

Christopher wanted to confront Angela immediately, but today was a family gathering. At the same time, it was also Fanny's first time with the Sanders Family as his fiancée. He couldn't afford to have any trouble happen. After all, his parents had already disliked Fanny. If Fanny and Angela fought now, it would only make the situation worse....

Thinking about it, Christopher gently patted her back. However, his expression was grimmer.

"Don't worry. I will find a solution for this." Thoughts raced through Christopher's mind like a torrent, and he raised his hand to ruffle Fanny's hair. "Let's set this aside for now. Stop crying. now. Let's go back."

"Alright... Fanny bit her lip and lowered her eyes. At that moment, a cold glint flashed across.

her eyes.

She was unlike the Sanders. After all, what was there to be afraid of a dying person? After Jonathan's death, all this immense wealth would belong to Christopher and her!