

Serve No One This Life

Chapter 26 Get Something Nice

Chapter 26

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Angela was overwhelmed with guilt when she saw Quincy. She couldn't help but reflect on how her own foolishness in her previous life had burdened her cousin with guilt for the rest of his life. She wanted to slap herself for it.

Quincy had been in love with a girl for many years, but Angela, in an attempt to match Joseph with the girl, did her best to intervene. However, she later discovered that the girl actually had feelings for Quincy. After marrying Joseph, their relationship became strained.

As Angela lowered her gaze and remained silent, Queenie thought that her words as the older sister had hurt her. She quickly comforted her, "Angela, don't be sad. Quincy is just in a bad mood. Actually, he would love for you to move in, right, Quincy?" Queenie nudged her older brother with her elbow and used her eyes to signal him to say something nice and comfort their sister.

Quincy coldly snorted as if he couldn't see anything and expressionlessly went into the kitchen to help their father. Angela blinked. She didn't mind Quincy's attitude. Instead, she felt guilty. She felt responsible for Quincy's bad mood.

"Don't mind him. He's just being stubborn. Treating girls with such a bad attitude, it's no wonder he's in his twenties and still can't bring a girlfriend home." Hecate glared at Quincy with disapproval in her eyes, very dissatisfied with her son's behavior.

When Quincy heard the word "girlfriend, his footsteps noticeably paused, but it was only for a moment. He then continued with his long strides and quickly entered the kitchen.

Queenie leaned closer to Angela and whispered, "My brother is in a bad mood. It seems like the girl he likes has a boyfriend" Angela lowered her gaze, her face turning pale.

Donald's family didn't know the situation, but she knew it very well. Quincy liked Felicia, and her boyfriend was Joseph Joseph, whom she had tried so hard to match with. She had taken away the girl her cousin liked, and her cousin only gave her the cold shoulder. He didn't kick her out, which was considered showing mercy. Angela bit her lip and remained silent. Her big, bright, watery eyes flickered. They were not married yet, so she didn't know if there was still time to win Felicia back from Joseph!

The dishes were all served, and the table was filled with dishes that Angela liked to eat. She was so touched that she didn't know what to say. It had been three years, but Donald still remembered her favorite dishes.

Emilia Langdon looked at the table full of dishes and couldn't help but frown and scold Donald.

"How many times have I told you not to cook so many dishes at night? If you can't finish them, they will go to waste. Such a waste!"

After a pause, Emilia continued, "You young people haven't experienced any hardships. You don't know

the shame of wasting. In our time, we couldn't even have enough to eat. Now that times are better, we shouldn't waste good food like this!"

Donald nodded repeatedly and hurriedly explained, "Mom, I made all these dishes because Angela came over, and Queenie and Quincy also came back for a visit. It's not easy for them, so I thought of making more dishes. It won't go to waste."

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Although he said that, Emilia still had a stern face. Making so many delicious dishes, how much money would it cost? With one more person, there would be more expenses. Angela would have to provide for herself while staying here. She couldn't just eat, drink, and live for free.

Hecate served a bowl of chicken soup for Angela and reminded her, "Be careful, you're so thin. You need to drink more chicken soup to nourish yourself." Knowing that Angela had suffered a lot in the Kins Family, Hecate went to the market early in the morning and bought an old hen. She added red dates and wolfberries and stewed them for several hours. The aroma alone was particularly appetizing.

Angela delicately sipped the chicken soup with a spoon and smiled, complimenting. "Auntie, your cooking skills have improved greatly. This chicken soup is delicious."

Upon receiving praise, Hecate generously added a ladleful of chicken soup to Angela's bowl and said, "If it's delicious, have some more. There's plenty left."

Quincy silently continued eating, but upon hearing Angela's flattering words, he couldn't help but sneer a few times. Hecate, now angry, glared at her son. "Why are you being so sarcastic?"

Quincy's tone was cold and filled with disdain as he replied, "She should have more, especially to nourish her brain so she won't become even more foolish. As he finished speaking, a hint of pain flashed in Quincy's black eyes.

Donald's family stared at Quincy in disbelief, shocked by his hurtful words. Angela nervously gripped her cutlery, her face turning red. She took a deep breath and looked at Quincy.

"Quincy, I'm sorry. I was wrong about that matter. I will explain it clearly to Felicia." She accepted the consequences of her actions, even if it meant being scolded or hit by Quincy,

Quincy coldly smiled, "No need!"

Their son had always been exceptional since childhood, and they never needed to control him. Hecate couldn't control him either. She looked around anxiously and said, "Quincy, Angela is still young. As her older cousin, you should guide her when she makes mistakes. Don't use hurtful words."

Quincy pursed his lips and ignored his mother's words. "I'm full. I'm going back to the office first." With that, he walked away.

Hecate sighed and turned to comfort Angela, "Angela, don't be angry. Quincy has a temper, but he still cares about you. I'll make him apologize to you when he comes back!"

Angela smiled awkwardly. Hecate favored her, but how could she ask Quincy to apologize? "Aunt Hecate, what Quincy said is correct. I was indeed foolish and made numerous mistakes," Angela apologized with a sense of guilt.

Hecate gazed at Angela affectionately and served her food, encouraging her to eat more. After finishing the meal, Angela and Queenie wanted to help with the dishes. However, Hecate waved her hand and hurried the younger ones out of the kitchen to watch TV.

As they entered the living room, Angela's phone in her pocket began to ring. Angela took it out and glanced at the caller ID. It was her estranged father calling. Receiving a call at this time, she didn't know what it could be about, but it surely wouldn't bring good news because, in the Kins Family, good things

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never came her way. She turned and went to the balcony to answer the call. Just as she pressed the answer button, George's angry voice came from the other side. "Angela,

you're becoming more audacious. Why didn't you consult with us before transferring faculties? Do you still have any respect for me as your father?"

It seemed that the counselor had already informed George about her plan to transfer faculties. Angela's expression turned cold. She rubbed her car and ended the call immediately. No matter how much she had explained in the past, they wouldn't believe her. They trampled on her dignity, taking advantage of her care for them. Now, she didn't care about any of those people. For those she didn't care about, Angela didn't want to waste her time dealing with them.

After ending the call, she turned and saw Donald standing at the door, looking at her with concern. "Was that your dad?" She nodded, unsure of how much Donald had overheard.

Donald furrowed his brow and asked in a deep voice. "Does he always speak to you in that manner and with that attitude?" Although he knew that Angela didn't have a good life in the Kins Family and that the Kins Family treated her poorly, hearing George curse at his daughter as if he held a grudge against her. Donald felt a pang of unease in his heart.

She is such a good girl, so why does she seem like trash in George's eyes? George took out an old leather wallet and pulled out two one-dollar bills, placing them in Angela's hand. "Take this money and buy yourself something delicious, Look at how thin you've become. You're like a stick."

Angela looked at the money, feeling both amused and tearful. "Is this your secret stash?"

Chapter 27

Chapter 27 Do Not Assist Angela Chapter 27 Do Not Assist Angela

Back in the Kins Residence, Angela abruptly hung up the phone before George could finish his sentence. Furious, George threw his phone onto the couch "From now on, stop providing any financial support for Angela, and you are not allowed to assist her privately! George's face turned red with anger. That ungrateful girl didn't appreciate what she had. He wanted to see how long she could maintain her stubbornness

Zacharias smiled and agreed, "Dad, we have never given Angela money privately, and we won't in the future" Even when throwing a tantrum, there should be limits, But Angela's recent actions clearly showed that she had crossed the line, attempting to compete with Fanny in this manner. Angela had chosen the wrong path. As a female college student, she needed money for various things. Without financial

any support, she wouldn't be able to survive. Sooner or later, Angela would come back begging for forgiveness

Hearing the satisfactory response, the expression on George's face softened slightly. "Hmph, without the support of the Kins Family, let's see how long she can hold

Scarlet came downstairs with red eyes as if she had been crying. Scarlet gritted her teeth and said coldly. "Even if she kneels in front of us, we won't allow her to come back. She didn't spare her own brother. I won't put anything past her."

This wasn't the first time that Samuel and Angela had fought. Usually, she would just let it go. But this time, Angela had gone too far. She had Samuel taken to the police station, and he was detained for an entire week. Samuel had never experienced any hardships since he was young. How could he endure the suffering of being in jail? Thinking about this, Scarlet couldn't help but shed tears. The old house was filled with worthless things. If they were smashed, so be it. They compromised and said they would compensate Angela twice the amount. But for some reason, Angela didn't want the money. She insisted on having Samuel locked up.

And somehow, Jonathan got involved in this matter. She wondered how Angela deceived him. The cops. wouldn't budge, insisting on following the legal procedures. She's alienating the whole family. Does she even want to come back to us?

At this moment, Fanny walked over with a plate of fruits, gently comforting, "Dad, Mom, have some fruit to calm down. Angela is just temporarily upset with the family. She feels that you have been too good to her, and she's jealous. Once she realizes this after some time, everything will be fine."

Seeing her daughter being so considerate, George felt warmth inside. But when he thought of Angela, his daughter who only made him angry, he couldn't like her at all. After all, she hadn't been raised by them. since childhood, and she had picked up all the bad habits from the countryside. Even after being by his mother's side for several years, she still hadn't learned to behave. Now that his mother had passed away. Angela had no one to control her, and her true nature was revealed! Thinking of this, George sighed. "If Angela could be half as sensible as you, I wouldn't have to worry so much. After all, she was his own

daughter. Although she was constantly opposing them now, George still hoped that Angela could be as obedient and sensible as Fanny.

Fanny brought them a piece of watermelon and said with teary eyes, "It's all my fault. If it weren't for me, Angela wouldn't have moved out, and Samuel wouldn't have been detained for a week. It's all my fault."

Scarlet couldn't bear to see her beloved daughter like this. She gently wiped away her tears and comforted her softly. "It's not your fault. It's Angela who doesn't know how to appreciate it. She moved out for only a few days and already forgot her place, and she did such things without considering the consequences."

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Zacharias also chimed in. That's right. Fanny, It's not your fault. Don't blame yourself for everything. It just makes your brothers worry about you."

Joseph sat quietly on the side, occasionally furrowing his brow, but he refrained from expressing his opinion

Mrs. Lime placed the final dish on the table, wiped her hands on her apron, and called out to the living room. Madam, it's time to cat"

The individuals in the living room all stood up and made their way towards the dining table. Scarlet served Fanny a bowl of fish stew and said affectionately, "Fanny, you haven't eaten anything all day. Have some fish stew to warm your stomach."

Fanny took a sip and couldn't help but frown. It was far inferior to the fish stew Angela made, but she still managed to drink it reluctantly.

James rummaged through his wardrobe in his room, searching for clothes. He had a dinner appointment in the evening and needed to entertain clients. "Mrs. Lime, where did you put my blue shirt?" Usually, Angela would take care of his clothes. If he wanted to wear something, he would simply ask her, and she would know its whereabouts. Now that Angela was not here, it was Mrs. Lime who attended to their daily needs. James was busy with work and rarely at home. This time, returning because of Samuel's matter, he always felt a bit empty, as if something was missing.

Mrs. Lime wiped the water stains off her hands with an apron and hurriedly approached, "Master James, what are you looking for? Would you like me to help you find it?"

James glanced at Mrs. Lime, who was covered in grease, and shook his head, "Never mind, Mrs. Lime, you can go about your business. I'll find it myself. When Angela was here, she was always able to accurately locate the clothes he was searching for. She distinguished between the ones he frequently wore and the ones he rarely wore, making them easy to find. But now it was different. Looking at the pile of clothes in the wardrobe, James suddenly missed Angela.

He scratched his head irritably, randomly picked a shirt, put it on, and prepared to leave. However, Scarlet stopped him. James, you'll probably have to drink when you go out to socialize. Have some fish stew to fill your belly first!" She then served James a bowl of fish stew. After taking two sips, James couldn't help but frown and almost spat it out.

Reluctantly, he swallowed the stew but lost his appetite. What kind of terrible fish stew was this? It was like night and day compared to Angela's culinary skills. "Mom, I'm running late. You guys enjoy the fish stew. I'm leaving" James glanced at his watch, put down the bowl, and left.

That night, Angela slept peacefully. She woke up early, and Hecate had already prepared breakfast. Seeing her awake, Hecate urged her to wash her hands and eat. Angela nodded eagerly, finished breakfast, and then rode on Queenie's electric bike back to school. Before leaving, she also gave her some pocket money to buy snacks.

Holding the warm money in her hands, Angela felt a warmth in her heart. Donald's family treated her so well. The phone in her pocket rang, and Angela took it out and looked at it. It was an unfamiliar number. She hesitated for a moment but decided to answer it. On the other end of the phone, there was Jonathan's captivating voice. "Send me your bank account number."

Angela was confused, blinking her big eyes, "Huh?" 2/3

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"Medical expenses." Jonathan explained calmly. The voice on the other end of the phone was deep and hoarse, sounding particularly alluring.

Angela's ears turned red, and then she suddenly realized that Jonathan wanted to give her money to cover her medical expenses. However, she didn't have a bank card or anything of the sort. Usually, her family would provide her living expenses in cash. Online payments through apps were not popular yet, and people still used cash or bank cards for transactions. Moreover, she had never considered having to pay a registration fee for seeing a doctor with Jonathan, even though she was really short of money right now.

"I-I don't have a card, but... I can get one." Angela's voice gradually became quieter, but Jonathan still heard her. "I understand."

After saying that, the call ended. Angela let out a sigh of relief and put her phone back in her pocket. Yesterday at the police station, Jonathan had already done her a favor by coming to her rescue. She couldn't ask him to pay for the medical expenses. It would be audacious. But as she touched the few remaining bills in her pocket, Angela shed bitter tears. She was truly too poor.

Chapter 28

Chapter 28 Bowing To Poverty

Chapter 28 Bowing To Poverty.

Angela had only a few morning classes. After finishing two classes, Angela went to the bank and obtained at

Since it was still early after leaving the bank, Angela decided to go to work at the milk tea shop.

When Selene saw Angela, she didn't seem surprised. Instead, she casually remarked, "You finished your classes early today!"

Angela responded with a simple mum' and noticed a table in the corner covered in seed shells. Angela grabbed a cloth and went over to clean the table.

ac This girl is quite diligent. Selene smiled with satisfaction and then noticed a couple entering the shop.

The couple seemed affectionate, and the girl was looking around as if searching for someone. Selene politely approached and asked, "What would you two like to drink?"

Suddenly. Fanny pointed towards Angela, who was busy cleaning in the corner, and asked Christopher beside her, "Christopher, is that Angela? How did she end up here... working as a waitress?"

Christopher also noticed Angela. Angela was holding a trash can and sweeping the nut shells from the table into it.

The daughter of the Kins Family had fallen to the point of working part-time at a milk tea shop, but it was her own doing. If only Angela didn't have such a strong desire to possess things that didn't belong to her and instead peacefully coexisted without fighting or snatching as the second young miss of the Kins Family, she wouldn't have fallen into such a state. Especially Angela, who had no regard for her own life and even got involved with his older brother. Christopher was truly annoyed.

Looking at Angela, who was cleaning up the trash, Christopher walked over with a cold expression and kicked the trash can over. The trash can toppled, causing the garbage inside to spill out. Angela looked at the scattered garbage on the ground, raised her head, and stared coldly at the man.

The girl's icy gaze made Christopher pause for a moment, and then he immediately said, "Angela, don't think that by clinging to my older brother and trying to please him, you can change anything. What doesn't belong to you, even if you fight for it until your head breaks, it still doesn't belong to you! No matter how many people from the Sanderses you try to please, | will never like you!"

“Christopher, what are you saying!” Fanny furrowed her eyebrows in anger, pushed Christopher away, and then looked apologetically at me. “Angela, don’t blame Christopher. He’s just... | apologize to you on behalf of Christopher.”

After speaking, Fanny glanced at the trash on the ground and said, “Don’t be angry; I’ll help you pick up the trash.” With that, she squatted down to pick up the seed shells.

Christopher pulled Fanny up with concern and gently patted the dust off her white dress. “Let Angela pick. it up herself. Don’t dirty your dress. This store won’t even be worth the cleaning if it gets dirty.”

Fanny playfully stuck out her tongue, threw the nut shells into the trash can, and wiped her hands with a tissue. This dress was specially brought back from abroad by Christopher’s relatives as her birthday gift. It

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was designed by a master, and there was only one in the whole city that she was wearing Feeling guilty. Fanny said, “I just wanted to help Angela. After all, it’s not easy for her to live alone outside. My dad doesn’t allow us to help her financially, so we can only help in other ways! After speaking, Fanny took out a red bankbook from her pocket and handed it to Angela.

“Angela, this is some of the lucky money | saved during the holidays, | haven’t spent it all yet, so take it for emergencies.”

Angela looked at the vintage bankbook and sarcastically smiled. “Fanny, drop the act. Let’s put aside the act of helping others, okay? Don’t come and waste my time anymore.”

Fanny was stunned for a moment, a complex expression flashed across her face. “I just wanted to help you. Leaving the Kins Family, Angela, you will regret it.”

Huh. Angela smiled confidently, “Don’t worry, | won’t regret it.”

The girl had black hair and red lips. Her hair was tied up in a high ponytail, revealing a smooth and full forehead. When she smiled, she exuded a pure and beautiful aura. Fanny was a little confused.

Selene was worried that Angela would face trouble if things escalated, so she quickly brought a broom. Angela hurriedly took it and signaled to Selene that she was fine.

Glancing at Fanny and Christopher, she silently sighed. These two individuals were obviously from wealthy families, and she couldn’t afford to offend them.

Holding the broom in her hand, Angela swept the dirty floor and said coldly. "Christopher, a responsible ex—fiance should act as if he were dead, not flaunting his would-be sister-in-law around as if afraid that people wouldn't know you have a relationship. Just leave." She distanced herself from the Kins Family and no longer sought their favor, but they were the ones who clung to her. They were truly despicable.

Christopher's dark eyes were filled with coldness as he stared intently at Angela, his face pale and uncertain.

Fanny's eyes turned red from being talked about, and she grabbed Christopher's arm with a grievance. whispering, "Christopher, it's all because of me that you two are arguing. Let's go and not disturb Angela's work."

But Christopher couldn't bear to see Fanny being wronged, and his temper flared up.

"Boss, give me fifty cups of different flavored milk tea. Christopher arrogantly slapped two 10—dollar bills on the counter, pointing at Angela, and continued, "And I specifically request that she be the only one making it. After she finishes, she will give them out for free at the school gate. Anyone can take them except for Angela."

Selene looked at Angela with concern. This was clearly going too far. Angela had just arrived a few days ago and didn't know how to do anything. Wasn't this making things difficult for her?

Angela stopped Selene from refusing. She wouldn't let go of an opportunity to make money. She dumped the trash into the bin, clapped her hands to get rid of the dust, and walked to the counter, putting away the two hundred yuan. "Alright, we'll do it"

Angela wouldn't argue with money. She wasn't unintelligent. She was currently in such a dire financial situation that she could feel the weight of her poverty. She needed money, and if someone foolish wanted to give it to her, she wouldn't refuse.

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Christopher looked at Angela with a gloomy expression, thinking that he had misheard things. However, Angela had already begun working efficiently.

Fanny tugged on Christopher's arm and pouted, complaining, "Christopher, you're going too far. Angela still has classes in the afternoon. How long does she have to keep making fifty cups of milk tea?"

Christopher gently touched Fanny's head. "You're just too kind; that's why she keeps taking advantage of you. I'm helping you release your anger, silly."

Fanny seemed a little hesitant. "I've said it many times: Angela has never taken advantage of me, never. Why don't you believe me?"

Following Selene's instructions, Angela poured ice cubes into the milk tea cup, covered it with a lid, and shook it up and down a few times. A cup of refreshing iced milk tea was ready. And then, two cups, three.

cups... Christopher kept observing them from the counter but soon grew tired of standing and sat down on a chair, continuing to wait.

Two hours later, fifty cups of milk tea were prepared. Christopher had someone bring over several large boxes, which were taken away. Before leaving, Christopher looked deeply at Angela as if he hadn't expected that she would actually do it..

Fanny felt guilty and handed a cup of milk tea to Angela, saying, "Angela, you've worked so hard. This is for you.

Christopher snorted coldly, "Fanny, this kind of person doesn't deserve sympathy. I'd rather give it to the dog than give it to someone like her."

With that, he threw the milk tea on the ground, and Selene's dog came out and licked it up.

Angela: ... Watching this despicable couple leave, Angela pinched her slightly aching wrist. She had been working for over two hours, and not only were her wrists sore, but her legs felt almost numb.

They say money can buy anything.

Angela comforted herself, not to compare, not to compete, and not to get angry at bastards like those two.

Chapter 29

Chapter 29 Uncultured +5 Free Coins Selene noticed that Angela looked exhausted and suggested that she take a break for the day and come back tomorrow.

Angela didn't refuse. It was only 2004, and milk tea was mostly made with milk tea powder. The fifty cups she had just made had already used up most of the milk tea powder for the day. There wasn't much else to do in the shop in the afternoon.

She used the remaining time to study.

Although she wanted to earn more money, studying was still her top priority at the moment. She also had to prepare for the exam to change her major.

It was mealtime, and there were many people at the school gate. Just as Angela arrived at the school gate, she heard someone call out her name.

"Angela!"

Seeing that it was Sebastian, Angela was a little surprised. "Sebastian, why are you here?"

After the initial surprise, Angela's heart tightened. Did something happen to Jonathan?

"Angela, Master Jonathan asked me to give you the medical fees. Sebastian handed her a leather bag.

Angela was stunned. She thought Jonathan knew that she didn't have a bank card, so she put this matter aside for now. Unexpectedly, he sent Sebastian to deliver cash.

Compared to his scumbag younger brother Christopher, Jonathan was like night and day.

Thinking about how Jonathan died so early in her previous life, Angela felt even more regretful.

After regaining her composure, a slightly

barrasted smile appeared on Angela's beautiful and fair face.

Originally, she didn't want to accept it, but she couldn't resist being poor.

Jonathan was truly a benefactor who saved her from dire straits!

Moreover, she only prescribed a course of treatment. Jonathan's condition would require more time in the future. With a wealthy patient like Jonathan, she could break free from the Kins Family with more confidence.

Sebastian handed the leather bag to Angela and smiled, "Take it. Thanks to the medicine you prescribed, Master Jonathan's complexion has improved a lot after a few days. His future treatment will still rely on you."

Angela didn't refuse. After all, she had been studying medical books these past few days, preparing to prescribe a medicinal diet for Jonathan.

A course of medicinal diet was not cheaper than taking medicine. The heavy paper bag felt substantial in her hands!

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Angela was even more moved in her heart. She blinked her eyes and happily said, "Thank you, Sebastian, Then I'll accept it first. I've been studying medicine these days and was just thinking of preparing a medicinal meal for Jonathan. Combining medicine and food will be better for Jonathan's health."

Sebastian was overjoyed. "That's great! Angela, when should I come to pick up the medicinal meal?"

Originally, Angela planned to buy all the necessary ingredients for the medicinal meal to proper proportions and then give the recipe to Sebastian.

But from Sebastian's words, did he think she was going to make the medicinal meal for Jonathan?

Angela thought for a moment. Jonathan had given her so much money, so she should do more; otherwise, she would feel uneasy about taking the money.

So, Angela smiled and said, "You don't need to come to pick it up. I'll make it and deliver it to you." How could such a kind person die so young? Angela touched the leather bag, and her determination to save Jonathan became even stronger!

Sebastian was extremely happy. Looking at Angela, his gaze became even kinder, and then he happily drove away in the Mercedes-Benz parked on the side of the road.

It was also black but with a different brand, a Mercedes-Benz. It seemed that all of Jonathan's cars were black.

Afterward, Angela walked to the school with the leather bag in her arms. When she opened the bag and took a look, a neat stack of ten-dollar bills was revealed.

How could Jonathan give so much? There's like a few hundred dollars here. Jonathan is so generous! She decided to make him a special version of the medicinal meal tomorrow!

And for some reason, Jonathan had always been in a wheelchair as far as she could remember. Whenever she had the chance, she would find a way to visit him.

After spending the whole afternoon studying at school, Angela hurriedly went out to buy the ingredients and medicinal herbs needed for the medicinal meal. Soon, she found herself loaded with bags and bags of groceries.

However, there were still some items she hadn't purchased. Meat and fish had to be bought on the day of preparing the medicinal meal to ensure freshness. After all, not every household had a refrigerator yet, and Donald's house was one of them. These meat products were naturally prone to spoilage.

When Angela returned home with bags and bags of groceries, it was still early. Donald and Hecate hadn't come back yet; only Emilia was at home. When Emilia saw Angela coming back with so many things, her eyes couldn't help but widen.

"Angela, why did you buy so many things?"

Angela didn't have a good impression of her grandmother. Now, listening to her almost interrogative tone. 24

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she vaguely mentioned that she was making medicinal meals for others.

"You can make medicinal meals?" Emilia had a skeptical expression on her face, but she reached out and took the package from Angela's hand. As soon as she opened it and saw that it contained a large amount of dried lotus seeds and dried lily bulbs, she muttered, "So many lotus seeds and lily bulbs; this must have

cost a lot of money"

"These ingredients were bought by a gentleman who had them delivered to me. | only earn a small fee for preparing the meals."

"A fee? How much does he give you?" Emilia rolled her eyes. These ingredients were not cheap, so the person who specifically hired someone to make medicinal meals must not be short of money.

Angela was living here for free, and Emilia was just thinking about how to ask her for living expenses. This was the perfect opportunity

"Not much. Emilia. | still have to study, so I'll go back to my room first." Angela put the package in the kitchen and quickly returned to her own room.

Emilia watched her leave, feeling a bit unhappy. Angela was really lacking in manners. She ran away before the elder finished speaking.

No wonder the Kins Family didn't like this child. She had no manners at all. She hadn't even had a chance to discuss living expenses.

As Angela listened to the silence behind her, she breathed a sigh of relief because she knew that if she stayed any longer, Emilia would definitely inquire further.

She didn't want others to know about Jonathan.

Just as Angela was pondering this, another thought crossed her mind. Wait. | consider her an outsider, but Jonathan is my close friend?

She quickly dismissed the idea. Of course not.

Perhaps it was because she treated Jonathan as her own patient that she wanted to protect his privacy. Grandma had mentioned that safeguarding the privacy of one's patients was a doctor's responsibility.

In this lifetime, she aspired to be a proper doctor and not just someone who solely treated Zacharias. Therefore, she believed she was safeguarding her own patient.

Furthermore, she had received such a substantial amount of money from him. How could she not consider him her benefactor?

Outside the room, Emilia stood at the door, holding her breath, and listening for a while. She didn't hear any sounds of studying and couldn't help but mutter to herself, "Angela's not studying in her room. She's just finding excuses to avoid me

She frowned, contemplating whether or not to knock on the door to ask for living expenses, but the corner of her eye suddenly caught sight of the items she had just placed in the kitchen. It quickly reminded her of something, and a smile appeared on her lips as she went back to tidy up those things...

Chapter 30

Chapter 30 What Are You Looking At? Chapter 30 What Are You Looking At? +5 F#
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Donald and Hecate arrived home one after the other. They were aware that Angela was going to cook medicinal food, but since she didn't want to elaborate, they didn't inquire further and quickly changed the subject.

Noticing that Emilia didn't bring up the matter again, Angela felt relieved and somewhat surprised. In her memory, Emilia was a person who was petty and mean.

When she was ten years old, she came to Donald's house to play with her cousin Queenie. Queenie gave her half of an apple to share, but when she turned around, she saw Emilia, whom she had just met, frowning and staring at her.

Later, she heard from the neighbors' gossip about Grandma's opinion of her-

"An unwanted child with no manners, just coming to her daughter's house to freeload. She's nothing but a glutton who gets greedy at the sight of an apple."

The adults openly mocked her, traumatizing Angela because she was just a child. Fortunately, Emilia returned to her hometown shortly after, and Angela gradually began to enjoy visiting Donald's place.

Now, Angela was no longer the child who could only be ridiculed by others, but the house hadn't been renovated yet, so she had to stay at Donald's house for the time being. She didn't want any conflicts with Grandma that would create an uncomfortable atmosphere at home. As long as Emilia didn't cause trouble, Angela was content to be at ease.

There were no classes the next morning, so after studying at home for a while, she went to the market and selected a plump and delicious sea bass. She asked the vendor to clean it and brought it home to make sea bass soup with lily and cinnamon-vine.

When she opened the plastic jar where she had stored the dried lilies yesterday, she was taken aback. She didn't know if it was her imagination, but she felt that there were fewer dried lilies in the jar than when she put them in yesterday.

Initially, Angela didn't pay much attention to it, but when she opened the box of dried cinnamon-vine and the box of wolfberries, she realized something was amiss. Each of them had less. She did mention to her family that she could use these ingredients for cooking... but the meals they made last night and this morning didn't include any of them.

Angela furrowed her brow, but now she was the only one at home. Donald and Hecate had already gone to work, and Emilia had gone to the park to exercise with the other ladies. She could only set this matter aside for now.

After spending an hour in the kitchen, a steaming bowl of sea bass soup with lilies and cinnamon-vine was ready. Angela didn't know how much food Jonathan could eat, so she tried her best to fill the insulated lunchbox to the brim.

When she made arrangements with Sebastian yesterday, Angela had already asked for Jonathan's address. It turned out to be in a residential area near the military zone.

15.56 Wed, 28 Feb GGO

Chapter 30 What Are You Looking At? 37%

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Upon arriving. Angela realized belatedly that Jonathan's place was actually very close to her grandmother's house, just around the corner. Behind her grandmother's house was a villa area guarded by security personnel at the entrance. It was no less impressive than the villa areas of the future, even after more than

a decade

Unable to enter due to the presence of security guards, Angela called Sebastian, who quickly arrived and brought her inside. It was a beautiful autumn day, with blue skies and white clouds. The villa area was filled with blooming flowers, and sparrows flew by from time to time, creating a picturesque scene.

After a short while, Sebastian stopped and pointed to a villa in front, saying, "We've arrived"

Angela looked up and saw a standalone villa that seemed out of place. Not to mention the simple exterior design of the villa; even the small garden outside was bare. Compared to the lush greenery along the way. this place looked like a wasteland.

This... is Jonathan's home?

While Angela was still in a daze, Sebastian had already unlocked the door and greeted her with a smile, "Angela, you're early. Master Jonathan is still in his office. Please wait outside for a moment."

"Okay, Sebastian," she replied, following him. Even though she didn't intend to explore, she couldn't help but be taken aback by the strong minimalist style of the villa's interior.

Sebastian had mentioned that Jonathan lived alone, but the house was excessively monotonous. Every empty space was devoid of any decoration, and even the dining table only had one chair.

Despite wearing flat shoes, Angela could hear the echo of her footsteps as she walked through the empty villa. It was beyond minimalistic. If someone didn't know any better, they would assume that the renovation had just begun and no one had moved in yet.

With Sebastian by her side, Angela didn't feel too overwhelmed. However, when Sebastian entered the room to inform Jonathan, she was left standing outside alone. A sudden wave of loneliness washed over her, making it difficult to breathe.

Fortunately, Sebastian soon opened the door again and said with a smile, “Angela, come in quickly.”

Angela hurriedly entered the room, and a faint woody fragrance enveloped her. She looked up and saw Jonathan’s handsome face, which made her inexplicably nervous. She raised the lunchbox in her hand and greeted obediently, “Jonathan.” She had come to deliver medicinal meals to him.

Jonathan nodded slightly in response.

Angela approached and placed the food container down. After hesitating for a moment, she took out a small notebook from her pocket and spoke hesitantly in a low voice, “Jonathan, during this period, I have mainly prepared nourishing meals for you to regulate your body. Let your physical condition stabilize first, and then you can consume stronger therapeutic meals in the next treatment cycle... These are some precautions I have written for you regarding the use of medicinal meals.”

As she spoke, the man remained silent, not even looking at her. Just when Angela thought that he wasn’t paying attention, he slowly raised his gaze and accepted the paper she handed over. When Angela wrote those instructions, she hoped that Jonathan wouldn’t suffer the same fate as his previous life.

She remembered that in her previous life, after Jonathan’s death, Christopher ultimately inherited all of the Sanderses’ assets, which filled her with anger.

I refuse to believe that God takes the good ones young and lets the bad ones live long. Jonathan deserves a good life! Therefore, in addition to the instructions for the medicinal meals, Angela included every detail related to his health on that paper, no matter how trivial. Written in beautiful and elegant handwriting, it was presented to Jonathan.

As they started chatting, Angela relaxed and couldn’t help but talk incessantly. “Jonathan, you should consume the medicinal meals while they’re still fresh. Reheated medicinal meals won’t be as effective.” Jonathan’s gaze lingered on the beautiful handwriting on the paper for a while. Upon hearing her voice, he turned around, nodded, and glanced at Sebastian. Sebastian quickly went to fetch bowls and chopsticks.

With only Jonathan and Angela left in the room, the atmosphere suddenly became quiet.

Angela felt embarrassed to stare at someone else’s room, and there weren’t many places within her line of sight. Soon, her gaze fell upon Jonathan’s hand.

Tsk...

That hand resting on his suit pants was pale, with distinct finger joints, as if it were meticulously carved by a skilled craftsman out of white jade. It was cold and moist, yet exuded an irresistible allure.

Even his hands were captivating. Angela couldn't tear her eyes away. Well, which woman could resist admiring a handsome guy?

She had always admired handsome men, and her gaze quickly moved up along his slender wrist, but inadvertently shifted to a noticeable bulge between his pants. Angela was momentarily stunned, then realized what it was. Her gaze felt like it had been scorched, and she couldn't help but exclaim in her mind.

And at that very moment, the person involved spoke up. "What are you looking at?"