

Pregnant 601

Chapter 601: Confronting the Lawrences, Imposing Presence!

"It's alright."

"Can you deal with it alone?" Edward asked.

"There's nothing I can't do."

"I'm sorry to have let you down." Edward was very ashamed of not being able to be there for her.

However, Jeanne did not mind.

Of course, it would be better if Edward could come back. At least with his status, she did not have to hear all the gossip.

Even if he did not come back, she would not feel disappointed. She had never thought of relying on anyone anyway.

She said, "It's late. You should rest early."

"You too, Jeannie. Only by having more rest and restoring your energy can you perform better." Edward reminded her.

'Perform?' Jeanne smiled, thinking that what Edward said was reasonable.

Then, she said, "Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

Jeanne hung up the phone and was not reluctant to part with Edward this time. Unlike every night before, they would stay on the call until she fell asleep.

They were actually rational people.

No matter how deep their feelings for each other were, they knew what they should do when they encountered something.

Jeanne did not ask him what he did yesterday, and Edward would not tell her.

Between them, as long as they loved each other, everything else... They did not have to care about it.

Jeanne was relieved.

In the end, she did not click on the video. She was afraid that if she clicked on it, the few hours of sleep she could have tonight would be gone.

She closed her eyes and eventually fell asleep.

When she woke up, it was past 9 a.m. in the morning.

She did not think of going to work today, so she turned off the alarm clock and rolled over.

She had to admit that she felt refreshed when she woke up.

Then, she took her time going to the bathroom to wash up and then slowly changed into a decent black dress.

No matter what, she still had to dress modestly to go to Jonathan's funeral.

She glanced at herself in front of the mirror a few times to make sure there was nothing inappropriate about her. After that, she walked out of the dressing room, picked up her phone from the bedside, and went downstairs.

As she went downstairs, she looked at the messages on her phone.

Great. She had 36 missed calls, most of which were from Monica.

Did Monica not sleep that night?

She was afraid of being disturbed, so she turned her phone to mute that night.

However, seeing all of Monica's calls did not make her anxious. It was probably because she knew why Monica called her.

As soon as she called back, the person on the other side of the phone cursed, "F*ck. If you didn't call me back, I would've called the police! Why didn't you pick up the phone? Are you trying to scare me to death?"

"I was asleep."

"..."

"I was afraid I would be disturbed, so I muted my phone."

Monica was speechless. Was Jeanne talking about her?

"Is something up?" Jeanne asked.

"Uh..." Monica paused.

Actually, there was nothing important that she had to call Jeanne so many times.

She really had something to tell her at first, but later on, it was clear that she was over worrying.

"Nothing?" Jeanne asked.

"There is." Monica came back to her senses. "The matter of you and your father fighting at your grandfather's funeral is on the news. Now, everyone is accusing you of being too cold-blooded."

Jeanne had guessed so too. Hence, she replied, "Alright. I got it."

"How can you be so calm? You don't even know what they've written about it! It makes me so angry!" Monica said angrily.

What was there to be angry about?

The one who should be angry was Alexander.

She said, "Is there anything else?"

"No, but what are your plans today? Are you not going to pay respects to your grandfather?" Monica asked her emotionally.

"Of course, I'm going. I'll go after breakfast."

"Aren't you afraid your father will treat you the same again?"

"I've never been afraid."

Monica liked how powerful Jeanne was. She said excitedly, "In that case, I'll go with you."

"Don't you need to sleep?" Jeanne frowned.

"Of course, I do."

"You only got back at 4 a.m. last night, and now it's past 9 a.m. Have you been calling me the entire time? Don't you need to sleep?"

"It was because I was worried about you!"

"Now that you know I'm fine, you should take a good nap."

"I can't sleep either." Monica felt a little helpless. "It's been like this for a while. Once I wake up, I can't go back to sleep. I feel like I'm constantly tired."

"Do you miss Dr. Jones?"

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"Who knows? I miss him so much that I think I'm going crazy." Monica could only be honest with Jeanne.

"You clearly love him so much. Why can't you be a little more selfish?"

"I just can't do it. Besides, I don't regret it now. I just feel terrible whenever I think of Finn. You don't know..." Monica swallowed the words that were on the tip of her tongue.

Forget it. She planned to endure the fact that Finn slept with another woman. It could be considered her making up to Finn for her choosing to help Michael.

She could just... forget it.

Jeanne waited a long time, but when Monica did not continue her sentence, she said, "About you and Dr. Jones, you have to be mentally prepared."

Jeanne was reminding her that it was very likely that they would not be together again.

Nevertheless, Monica did not care, or perhaps she was in denial.

She believed that she and Finn had been together for so many years that Finn could let go of her so easily.

“Jeannie, what time are you going to the Lawrences?” Monica changed the topic.

Every time she mentioned Finn, her heart and entire body would hurt.

“I’ll go after breakfast. Around 10:30 a.m. in the morning.”

“Okay, I’ll go over around that time too.”

Jeanne still wanted to persuade Monica about something, but the latter immediately hung up the phone.

Jeanne gave in. Anyway, no one could stop Monica from doing whatever she wanted to do. Take her wanting to help Michael, for example.

At that, Jeanne went downstairs.

Due to Jeanne’s approval, George had been going to school late for the past few days.

It was now 9:30 am, and he was sitting at the dining table, eating his breakfast slowly.

On the other hand, Teddy was so anxious. He wanted to rush George but had no choice but to hold it in

When he saw Jeanne show up, he quickly said respectfully, “Madam.”

“Is there any more breakfast?”

“Yes, I’ll bring it out for you right away.”

“Thank you.”

Jeanne and George sat together.

George ate very slowly, but he ate quite a lot.

In fact, George had been a picky eater since he was young. However, after coming here, his appetite had increased a lot.

Teddy placed an exquisite breakfast in front of Jeanne. “Madam, please enjoy your meal.”

“Teddy,” Jeanne spoke as she ate her breakfast.

“Yes?”

“You’ve studied the recipes you feed George with, right?” Jeanne said.

Actually, she wanted to thank him.

Although she had always kept George by her side, in reality, she did not care enough about him. At least, she had never been so attentive to him before. When he did not want to eat sometimes, she could really make him go hungry.

On second thought, it seemed George was shorter than his peers because of her.

“I’ve observed him, but it’s not difficult to know what the young master likes to eat,” Teddy explained.

“He has the same taste buds as Fourth Master, so I just follow Fourth Master’s preferences.”

Jeanne wanted to express her gratitude, but she decided not to.

At that moment, George, who was relishing his food, put down his knife and fork angrily.

Teddy was a little dumbfounded.

George said, "I'm not eating anymore."

"But you ate so little." Teddy widened his eyes.

Jeanne took a look at George's plate and thought he had eaten quite a lot.

"I don't like it."

"But you just said yesterday that you wanted a sandwich. You like it the way Fourth Master likes it."

"I didn't say that," George retorted. "I don't like blueberry jam in a sandwich. I like ketchup."

"Fourth Master hates to eat tomatoes and ketchup the most—"

"But I do!" George enunciated each word.

"Alright. In that case, I'll change it for you." Teddy took George's plate away, removed the blueberry jam from the sandwich, and spread a layer of ketchup on it before placing it in front of George.

George's little eyebrows furrowed tightly.

Jeanne was watching the joke from the side.

"Young Master, eat it."

George braced himself and took a bite. The taste was so sour that his little facial features twisted.

Jeanne looked at his appearance and... gloated over his misfortune.

It was over. She was no longer a good mother. To think she was so happy that her son was feeling miserable!

"Is it good?" Teddy asked.

"It's good." George braced himself and answered.

"I didn't put much ketchup because I was afraid you wouldn't be used to it. If you like it, I can add a little more." As Teddy spoke, he picked up the ketchup and was about to spread it on the sandwich.

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George quickly grabbed the sandwich, looking as if Teddy wanted to harm him.

However, Teddy looked at George in a daze.

George said, "Enough!"

"Alright."

George took another bite, and it tasted terrible. He hated eating tomatoes the most, but at that moment, he ate the entire sandwich to not humiliate himself.

His little face twisted from eating the sandwich.

Seeing that George had finished his food, Teddy hurriedly said, "In that case, I'll ask the kitchen to prepare a sandwich with ketchup for you tomorrow."

"..."

No. He would never eat a sandwich again in his life.

"Young Master, get ready for school," Teddy reminded George as he cleaned up the dishes.

George burped. The taste of tomato in his mouth was unbearable.

"I'm going to rinse my mouth."

"I'll help you," Teddy said quickly.

George did not refuse either. He was probably used to Teddy taking care of him so attentively now.

Back then, George hated strangers getting close to him. Other than Kingsley and Jeanne, others would find it difficult to approach him.

Jeanne lowered her head and ate her breakfast while scrolling through some news on her phone. When George and Teddy were walking away, she said, "George is not going to school today. Teddy, help George change into a set of black clothes. I'm bringing him back to the Lawrence family's manor."

"Is it because Old Master Lawrence has passed away?"

"Yes."

"Alright," Teddy quickly agreed.

Jeanne nodded and then continued to eat breakfast while reading the news.

On the news, she was indeed being bashed terribly by the media.

They said she was heartless, and not only did they blame Jonathan's death on her, but they also scolded her for her indifference at Jonathan's funeral.

Jeanne looked at the news calmly. After all, those gossips, and the premeditated gossips of others, were just a flash in the pan.

Soon, they would be humiliated.

When she was almost done with reading and was about to close the news website, she suddenly saw another piece of news — Monica's news.

Although it was not very popular, she clicked on it.

The photo was of Monica protecting Jeanne behind her and throwing a fit at Alexander.

The news roughly repeated what happened at the scene and concluded that Monica did not have proper manners. Not only did she address her elders by their first names, but she even had an arrogant attitude.

Such news was not necessarily bad for Monica back then because Monica already had a bad reputation in upper-class society.

It was not that she was bad. It was just that she did not put on airs like the other rich young ladies, and so, she was seen as an anomaly.

Yet now, she and Michael were a thing.

Michael had to keep a positive image. Considering that, Monica's actions were a little inappropriate. Some people even wrote very bluntly in the comments below that Monica was not worthy of Michael.

Jeanne still felt something when she saw that comment, but she was calmer than Monica.

Instead of calling Monica right away to tell her, she would calm down and think about what to do next that would be more beneficial to her.

With that, she put down her phone and decided to concentrate on eating her breakfast.

Meanwhile, in the office of the quality inspection department's director, Michael received a call from his mother, Reese.

Reese sounded a little angry on the phone. "Someone called me today to say that Monica and Jeanne went to the Lawrences' house last night and caused a ruckus. They were very unruly, and the news is out. Monica doesn't carry herself like a rich young lady at all."

"Mom." Michael's tone was unpleasant. "It's best that you don't interfere with Monica's and my affair."

"I'm not trying to interfere, and it's not that I don't want to accept Monica either. In any case, the president personally handpicked Monica. Even if I don't like Monica, I won't separate the two of you. I'm just reminding you to tell Monica to watch herself and not ruin the positive image that our family has had for so many years."

"I know what to do."

"I don't understand why the president has taken a fancy to Monica." Upon hearing his son's reply, Reese still felt a little uncomfortable about it. "Since he thinks so highly of you, why won't he marry his daughter to you? There's Quinn and Stacey. Why can't one of them marry you? Why does he insist on giving you Monica, the most unreliable one."

"He has his selfish motives too." Michael could see it clearly.

"What selfish motives?" Reese asked.

"If he wants to regain control of the economy and manage it by himself, he naturally has to control the current large fortune group. The Cardellinis own the largest enterprise other than the Snows, and their line of work is related to pharmaceutical products. Once they rebel, it will easily cause huge unrest. Therefore, he has to have all of the Cardellinis technology," Michael explained, "The second reason is

that he's wary of me. He's afraid that if I become too powerful, I will affect the Sanders' power. That is why he will not consider marrying his daughter to me."

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"That old fox!" Reese cursed.

"As they say, being with a ruler is like living with a tiger. If we want to develop under the Sanders' regime, we have to follow what they say."

"I'm just a woman, and I don't know that much. Anyway, I'll listen to you."

"Don't worry. The Rosses will regain our glorious days."

"Okay."

Michael and his mother chatted for a while before hanging up. After that, Michael was no longer in the mood to get back to work.

He had seen the news late last night and this morning about Jonathan's sudden death. However, he did not think that it was a coincidence.

After some thought, he called Monica.

Monica limped as she struggled to change her clothes and was about to head out when she saw Michael's call. She picked it up. "Michael."

"Are you at home?"

"I'm going out now."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the Lawrences with Jeanne. The Lawrences are despicable, and I'm afraid Jeanne will be bullied. I have to go and protect her!" Monica was filled with righteous indignation.

Michael could not help but laugh.

Monica frowned. "Why are you laughing? My best friend has been bullied, and you're laughing!"

"No, I'm just curious. Where did you get the courage to think you can protect Jeanne?"

"Are you laughing at me?"

"No," Michael said gently. "I just think you're cute."

"Hmph."

"How about this? I'll go with you."

"There's no need. I'll hold you back from your work."

“Logically speaking, since Old Master Lawrence has passed away, I should go and pay my respects. Since you’re going, I’ll go with you. Besides, no matter what, Jeanne’s father will be a little wary of me. If I go, at least they won’t bully you and Jeanne in public.”

Monica was a little hesitant, but she found what Michael said made sense.

After all, Michael was in politics, and businessmen were most afraid of provoking politicians.

“There’s no need to overthink. I’ll come and pick you up right away.”

Monica had yet to refuse, but Michael had already hung up the phone.

She was going instinctively this time to challenge the Lawrences for Jeanne anyway, so the more, the merrier.

She waited at home for a while before Michael came to pick her up.

Monica told him every time that he could give her a call when he arrived and that she would then go downstairs. However, he would always come up without telling her to support her and bring her to the car for fear she would fall.

In the car, Monica was complaining about the cold-bloodedness and ruthlessness of the Lawrences, and Michael would occasionally agree.

The car soon arrived at its destination.

Monica gave Jeanne a call and waited in the car for a while until she saw Jeanne’s car drive into the Lawrence family’s manor.

Then, the two of them got out of the car together.

The moment Jeanne saw Michael, she was stunned for a second.

Michael, on the other hand, was very calm. He went up to greet her, appearing very friendly. “Jeannie.”

He called her the same as how Monica called her, and Monica did not think there was anything wrong with it.

It was not appropriate for Jeanne to refute Michael, but she purposely made herself seem a little distant. “I didn’t expect Director Ross to send Monica over.”

“Your grandfather passed away, so I should also come and pay my respects.” Michael appeared very composed.

Every word and action was too proper, so much that no one could find any flaws in them.

That man was either considerate or too good at pretending. Otherwise, Monica would not have trusted him so much.

While Jeanne was panicking for a second, Michael said promptly, “Oh, right. Call me Michael. Between friends, calling me the director is too formal.”

Jeanne nodded politely, to which Michael returned a smile.

“Jeannie, are you ready to go in?” Monica asked.

She could not think of anything at the moment. All she cared about was what was going to happen next.

“Of course.” Jeanne smiled.

She smiled and walked in front of the couple in the next second.

Monica took a deep breath, thinking, ‘This is good. She has come prepared.’

At that thought, she decided to follow Jeanne while Michael quickly supported her.

Monica was also used to Michael taking care of her, so she was used to that kind of physical contact between them.

Behind her, Finn caught that scene, but he remained indifferent about it.

He was here only because of Fourth Master Swan’s orders.

Fourth Master Swan was afraid that Jeanne would suffer a loss, so he asked Finn to come over and take care of her.

Finn had also considered that he would see Monica and Michael together... Although he did not want to see Monica, he was here with one aim.

With that, he followed her into the Lawrences’ hall.

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As an ordinary cardiologist, his status was not high enough to attract anyone’s attention, so he could stand in any corner and observe everything without anyone noticing.

As long as he could step out to protect Jeanne when the time came, it was fine.

Contrary to Finn, Jeanne’s appearance attracted the attention of the majority of people in the hall.

Quite some people had come to pay their respects to Old Master Lawrence. There were already some people in the early morning, and now there were even more people.

However,?even with so many people, the hall was still quiet.

Amidst the silence, there was some sadness.

Having been there for the entire night, Alexander, Jenifer, Joshua, Jasmine, and Eden looked a little weak.

When they saw Jeanne’s ruddy and energetic face, some people started gossiping.

“She’s only here now? She really has no respect for her grandfather at all!”

“Her grandfather passed away because of her. How dare she come at this hour? If I were Old Master Lawrence, I would turn in my grave!”

“That’s right. The rest of the Lawrences, including Jasmine and the son-in-law, Eden, have worked through the night. Yet, she’s acting as if nothing happened.”

“Fourth Master Swan didn’t even come!”

“That’s right. I told you something was missing! Fourth Master Swan didn’t even come. Is it because Jeanne doesn’t care about Old Master Lawrence’s death? Or is it because Fourth Master Swan and Jeanne don’t have a good relationship, and everything is just for show?”

“I think it’s both...”

...

When Monica heard the people around her talking, she could not control herself. She really wanted to cut off the tongues of those shameless gossipers.

Just as she was about to scold them, Michael suddenly pulled her back.

As if he had expected her to snap, he whispered in her ear, “Let’s see what Jeannie will do first.”

Monica frowned.

Her teaching those b*stards a lesson and Jeanne teaching the Lawrences a lesson were two different things!

Michael did not give Monica a chance to react as he dragged Monica to the Lawrences. However, Monica endured it.

Alexander also saw Jeanne coming.

He thought that Jeanne would not come after she left yesterday.

It would be best if she did not come because he could use the opportunity to criticize Jeanne after Jonathan was buried.

Hence, when he saw Jeanne appear, his expression naturally turned grim. The same happened with Jenifer, Joshua, and Eden.

On the contrary, Jasmine’s eyes were empty, like she was listening to orders numbly.

“What are you doing here again?” Alexander’s expression darkened, and he looked very imposing.

Jeanne said, “I’m here to send my late grandfather on his final journey!”

“How shameless are you to say that? If it weren’t for you, your grandfather wouldn’t have fallen down the stairs!”

“How can you be so sure that grandfather fell because of me?” Jeanne did not want to be outdone.

Toward Alexander’s aggressive attitude, she was just as fearless as always.

Alexander said righteously, “If it weren’t for you arguing with my father last night, he would have been able to sleep. He wouldn’t have gotten out of bed for a walk and accidentally fall down the stairs!”

“When did I quarrel with my grandpa?” Jeanne asked.

“You did!” Joshua suddenly said with a firm tone, “Because you allowed one of the Sander princesses to come and work in our company, grandpa had some questions, and you started arguing with him. Grandpa was just casually asking, but you were aggressive about it. You made grandpa so angry that he couldn’t fall asleep that night. Now that something has happened to grandpa, you don’t even feel guilty!”

Jeanne smiled sarcastically.

It seemed they had thought of those lines long ago.

Joshua pointed at Jeanne angrily and scolded, “Get lost. I don’t want to see you. Grandpa’s dead, and I don’t want you to cause him any more trouble. I, Joshua, will never acknowledge you as my sister. You will leave our home immediately!”

“I’m not the one causing trouble for grandpa.” Jeanne’s eyes narrowed.

“You’re not leaving, are you? Do you want me to chase you out?” Joshua said fiercely, looking as if he wanted to beat Jeanne up.

At that moment, Finn walked up to prevent Jeanne from getting hurt.

In fact, not many people present should be able to hurt Jeanne. However, since Fourth Master Swan had ordered him to protect her, he had to do his part.

At the same time, Monica could not hold it in any longer.

When she heard Joshua scolding Jeanne, she lost it and went forward. However, Michael kept her behind him, making Monica a little displeased.

She turned her head and was about to question Michael when she saw him go forward. He said fairly, “This is Old Master Lawrence’s funeral, and the family should send Old Master Lawrence off peacefully. No matter what caused Old Master Lawrence’s accident, I’m sure he doesn’t want the family to end up like this. It doesn’t matter. If there’s any conflict, we can talk about it after all of this is over.”

It was a sentence that would not offend anyone, and it also gave Jeanne an excuse to stay.

Monica actually felt that she should be grateful for Michael’s help, but she still felt upset.

She believed there was no need to talk to the Lawrences nicely at that moment. Now was the time to teach the Lawrences a good lesson so they would not stop accusing Jeannie.

Even so, she suppressed her anger and felt very unhappy.

Joshua glanced at Michael and restrained himself a little.

He did not understand why Michael, a person with great ability and prospects, would fall in love with Monica.

Monica must have been lucky!

At that moment, Alexander said, "Michael, you're right. My father's death has made me too sad. I'm sorry you had to see that."

Michael smiled, appearing very polite.

Even in front of outsiders, he always appeared decent and fair. However, no one could see how sinister and dark he was deep down.

Alexander turned his head to look at Jeanne, "For Michael's sake, and seeing that your grandfather just passed away, I won't argue with you for now! If you sincerely want to send your late grandfather on his final journey, you have to behave yourself. Otherwise—"

"Otherwise, what? You'll kick me out of the Lawrences just like seven years ago? It clearly wasn't my fault, yet you still blamed everything on me. You want me to suffer from your whipping and live a life worse than death overseas—"

"Jeanne!" Alexander's expression was extremely unsightly.

Jeanne's expression darkened. "Just because you won't talk about it now doesn't mean I won't! How did grandfather get into an accident like that?"

Suddenly, her presence was imposing!

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"It doesn't mean I don't care how my grandfather died!" Jeanne shouted at Alexander in an imposing manner.

Alexander was stunned.

For a second, he was frightened by Jeanne's determination. He even had an illusion that Jeanne knew something.

There was no way. How could Jeanne know?

When the incident happened, no one was present.

Furthermore, he had sent away many of the servants in the house, and the rest did not live in the main courtyard. They all stayed in another small courtyard, so when he made his move, he locked all their doors. There was no way the servants could have climbed over the wall and seen anything.

As for the personal servant by his father's side, he had given him sleeping pills that night.

It was not until his father had died for more than an hour that the personal servant woke up to find that his father was not there. Then, he found his father dead downstairs.

At that thought, Alexander became more confident.

He felt that Jeanne was just bluffing.

Moreover, the current Jeanne was different from the past. She could be invisible and give people a sense of oppression, making people tremble involuntarily.

“Jeanne, that’s enough!” Alexander rushed at her. “If you cause a scene here, I’ll kick you out!”

Jeanne did not care about Alexander’s threats at all.

On the contrary, George, who had been standing obediently by Jeanne’s side, looked at Alexander’s appearance, and his little face darkened.

The same happened with Monica.

She wanted to go up and fight Alexander, but Michael kept stopping her, telling her not to act rashly. It made Monica furious.

Alexander was bullying Jeanne so badly in public. How could she not act rashly?

She may not know what was going on, but she refused to believe that Jeanne had anything to do with Jonathan’s death.

Since it had nothing to do with Jeanne, how could Alexander accuse Jeanne so matter-of-factly and in front of so many people?

The more she thought about it, the angrier she got.

She twisted her body to try to get out of Michael’s grasp, but Michael tightened his grip on her.

Finn was standing not far from them, watching the subtle physical battle between Monica and Michael.

However, his attention was not on them either. He was looking at Jeanne, looking forward to what Jeanne would do.

“Cause a scene?” Jeanne sneered, “Yes, I’m here to cause a scene! I’m here to find the truth about my grandfather’s death!”

“The truth is that you made my father get up in the middle of the night last night, and then he fell from the second floor absent-mindedly!” Alexander continued to argue.

“Father, don’t you think it’s ridiculous for you to say something like that?” Jeanne raised her eyebrows.

Alexander’s expression sank.

At that moment, Jenifer pretended to be a good person and said, “Jeannie, please don’t argue with your father anymore. Your grandfather just passed away, and your father is in a bad mood, so his words are a little harsh. He didn’t mean to blame you. He just feels bad and wants to vent for a moment. You should understand your father’s current mood and say less.”

Jeanne looked at Jenifer and said coldly, “You’d better not speak.”

Jenifer’s face turned red in embarrassment as if she had suffered a great injustice.

Her eyes turned red. “Jeannie, I know you’ve never acknowledged me as your mother. I also know that you’ve always looked down on me, but... But for so many years, everything I’ve done for our family is sincere. I really want to keep the family together...”

As she said that, tears started to overflow, and she looked pitiful.

Jasmine had learned from Jenifer since she was young, so Jenifer was more skilled.

Jeanne had yet to speak, but there were people around who could not stand it anymore.

An older elder from a family stood out and said, “Jeanne, I’m not trying to teach you a lesson or anything. After all, you’re not my granddaughter, but I really can’t stand it anymore. Can you please let your grandfather rest in peace? As a junior, not only do you not respect your elders, but you even argue with your father and stepmother in public. Don’t you have any manners at all?”

“That’s right. I can’t stand it anymore either.” Another slightly older woman said, “If it were my granddaughter, I would beat her to death! Look at how haggard your stepmother looks because of the family, yet you’re still shouting at her. You have no manners at all!”

The words of a few respected elders seemed to increase Jeanne’s crime even more!

Chapter 607: Alexander Exposed, Revenge Feels Great

Many people were now pointing the finger at Jeanne, and it worried Monica a lot.

“Michael, let go of me.” Monica was a little angry.

“Monica, you’re only going to cause more trouble now. Listen to me. The more you talk, the worse Jeannie will be scolded.”

“Even so, I still have to vent your anger.”

“Monica, be more rational.” Michael kept trying to persuade Monica.

However, Monica was really about to explode. How was she supposed to be rational?

At that moment in the hall, an old man with a bad temper came forward again and lectured Jeanne angrily, “Apologize to your father and your stepmother immediately. Then, apologize to your late grandfather!”

How could Jeanne do such a thing?

However, the feeling of being criticized by everyone was still a little... unpleasant.

She did not want to waste any more time. Some truths should be exposed in front of everyone, and some people should get what they deserved.

Her indifference made the old man, who accused her in front of her, lose control. He reached out his hand and suddenly grabbed Jeanne.

The next second, he wanted to slap Jeanne’s face.

At that, Jeanne tensed up. She could totally resist, but she was afraid that if she pushed too hard, the other party would fall.

Since she did not want to provoke some unnecessary trouble, she decided to accept it. She was used to it anyway.

However, the pain that she imagined did not come to her. She just looked at a man's hand grabbing the old man's arm tightly.

Jeanne's eyes moved slightly.

She did not notice Finn, so she did not know when he arrived. Neither did Monica nor Michael notice Finn.

Everyone, including the old man, looked at Finn. "Who do you think you are? Let me go!"

"I am Fourth Master Swan's personal doctor. Fourth Master Swan is on his way back from a business trip and has asked me to accompany Jeanne on his behalf to attend Old Master Lawrence's funeral." Finn's expression was a little dark as he said, "Old Master Evans, please have some self-respect. Even Fourth Master Swan can't bear to hit his wife, so you'd better think twice before you act."

"I'm just teaching Jeanne a lesson for being rude," Old Master Evans said fiercely and pushed Finn away.

Finn also let go of him.

He said, "Whether Jeanne needs to be taught a lesson or not is not up to you to decide! Don't think because you're old that you can do whatever you want."

His words made Old Master Evans a little embarrassed.

Monica could not help but look at Finn.

She knew Finn had always been very sharp-tongued as one sentence could sometimes infuriate her. However, she had never seen him rebuke anyone in public.

She had always thought that Finn might have some inferiority complex, for he rarely showed himself in upper-class society.

That was why although they had attended many upper-class society banquets together, almost no one knew who Finn was.

"The times are really changing now. Old farts like us don't have any status at all!" Old Master Evans was embarrassed for a few seconds before he said in a sarcastic tone, "I don't know where you random people come from, but how dare you talk to me like this? I'm afraid that from now on, Harken will not have any respect for the old and love the young. Old farts like us should be buried as soon as possible... Ow!"

Old Master Evans suddenly shouted because, at that moment, George suddenly stepped forward and bit Old Man Evan's thigh.

George was definitely not light in his bite.

Old Master Evans cried out in pain and kicked George to the ground.

George looked at Old Master Evans fiercely as his little buttocks hurt.

Jeanne's expression instantly changed.

Old Master Evans cried out in pain for quite a while and then roared at George, "George, you b*stard! I don't know who Jeanne slept with and gave birth to this thing, but it has no manners at all! B*stard like him shouldn't be in the upper-class society. It's simply embarrassing!"

Jeanne clenched her fists tightly.

To be honest, she could tolerate the bullying herself but to her son?

She stepped forward, but Finn directly stood in front of Jeanne and said, "Let me do it."

Jeanne was stunned.

No matter what the reason was, treating an old man like that was unreasonable.

Moreover, George had indeed bitten Old master Evans first.

Finn did not seem to care as he went forward and raised his hand. Then, he slapped Old Master Evans.

"Slap!"

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It silenced everyone present.

Old Master Evans was utterly stunned by the slap.

He looked at Finn in disbelief that the b*stard, who came out of nowhere, had hit him.

The slap was not too hard.

After all, Old Master Evans was more than 70 years old. If Finn did not control how hard he slapped, he might kill Old Master Evans.

The slap was only meant to embarrass Old Man Evans in front of everyone instead of hurting him.

Old Master Evans was so angry that he could not calm down. At that moment, Old Master Evans's son and daughter-in-law could no longer sit idly and watch.

They went forward and wanted to fight with Finn.

Just then, a deep and stern voice echoed in the entire hall!

"Who said George was a b*stard?"

Everyone turned their heads and looked in the direction of the door, only to see Old Master Swan and Wade there!

At least for ten years, no one had ever seen Old Master Swan show up in other public places. Apart from the Swans' banquets, Old Master Swan had never attended any other events. Now that he suddenly showed up in the Lawrences' hall, it was pretty surprising.

The Evans' originally imposing manner was suppressed because of Old Master Swan's sudden appearance.

When George saw Old Master Swan, he immediately ran over and hugged Old Master Swan's thigh while crying. "Grandpa, someone hit me."

Old Master Swan's expression was cold as he squatted down and looked at George.

"What happened?" Old Master Swan asked George gently.

That made the others tremble in fear.

Those familiar with Old Master Swan knew he had never been so gentle to anyone!

George looked very aggrieved. "That grandpa over there pushed me to the ground, and my butt hurt from the fall."

Old Master Swan glanced at Old Master Evans. Then, he looked back at George and used his hand to rub George's little butt. "Here?"

"Yes." George nodded and said somewhat exaggeratedly, "It's swollen."

At that moment, Old Master Swan was amused by George.

The smile, however, made the others even more... shocked.

Old Master Swan touched George's head before standing up, holding George's hand, and walking toward Old Master Evans.

Old Master Evans looked at Old Master Swan and was still lacking confidence.

He gritted his teeth. "Old Master Swan, I didn't want to hit him. He was the one who came forward and bit me out of the blue. Look at my thigh. There are bloody marks from his bite."

As Old Master Evans spoke, he rolled up his pants, and sure enough, there was a bloody mark.

Yet, Old Master Swan smiled.

Everyone saw it, even if the smile disappeared a second later.

Was it a joke to him?!

Old Master Evans' expression darkened. "Old Master Swan, George was at fault first. Otherwise, do you think that at my age, I would be haggling with a little brat?"

"Grandpa, I bit him because he scolded my mother and said that my mother was rude!" George complained.

Old Master Swan's expression turned ugly again. He looked coldly at Old Master Evans, who quickly explained, "Mr. Lawrence just passed away, and Jeanne has been acting unruly at home. I couldn't stand

it anymore, so I stepped forward and said a few words. You don't know how arrogant Jeanne was just now. I also said a few words from the perspective of an elder."

"Jeanne is my daughter-in-law. I know very well what kind of character she is. There's no need for you to teach her a lesson." Old Master Swan was obviously protecting Jeanne.

Old Master Evans wanted to say something, but he was intimidated by Old Master Swan.

"Even if no one can say anything about your daughter-in-law, the fact that George bit my father is your fault. And even if my father pushed George away, it's normal. Moreover, my father was slapped by this kid beside him. No matter how highly respected you are, Old Master Swan, you can't just rely on your own power to do whatever you want!" Old Master Evans' son, Shane Evans, roared in dissatisfaction.

"So what do you propose?" Old Master Swan was now hostile.

Shane immediately trembled in fear, but he bit the bullet and said, "No matter what, we should at least make George apologize."

In the end, he was still a coward, afraid of offending the Swans, but he wanted to restore his family's dignity.

George hugged Old Master Swan's thigh tightly and said unwillingly, "I won't apologize. I didn't do anything wrong. He bullied my mother, so I bit him, and he hit me. My butt is so swollen that I can't even sit."

George's dramatics made Jeanne feel a little...

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The obedient George was actually pretty cute.

"Old Master Swan, you can't pamper George like this. George is still young and can still be corrected. If he grows up to become unruly, it will be the Swans' misfortune." Shane kept fanning the flames.

"Moreover, George has never been a Swan, to begin with. You don't have to protect him like this. In the end, it's not the Swans' fault that he's unruly. You can blame it on George not having a father since he was young—"

"Who said I don't have a father?" George was enraged.

At that moment, he let go of Old Master Swan's thigh and walked up to Shane. He said fiercely, "Fourth Master Swan is my father. He's my biological father, the kind that I can't choose!"

"I don't know if this is a white lie that the Swans told George, but I personally think that lying to him under the circumstances where everyone knows that George isn't a Swan isn't good for him," Shane said righteously.

The others obviously did not believe that George was Fourth Master Swan's son either.

George said through gritted teeth, "As I said, Fourth Master Swan is my biological father."

Little George almost wanted to swear.

It was the first time he wanted to let people know that his father was Fourth Master Swan, but no one believed him.

Old Master Evans laughed sarcastically. "Any Tom, Dick, and Harry can marry rich and join the upper-class society—"

"George is indeed the son of the Swans," Old Master Swan said firmly.

The entire hall was in an uproar.

They did not believe it at first, but because of Old Master Swan's confident tone, they had no choice but to believe it.

"George, take off your glasses," Old Master Swan said.

George was still wearing his glasses.

Jeanne said that when children were outside, they had to learn how to protect themselves. If they were too good-looking, they would be more prone to getting kidnapped, and after being kidnapped, they would become orphans.

George was most afraid of becoming an orphan, so Jeanne tricked him.

Upon hearing Old Master Swan's instructions, George hurriedly took off his black-rimmed glasses, exposing his face that was identical to Edward's to everyone.

Alexander and his family knew about it. Hence, they did not say a word at that moment.

Moreover, their spirits were crushed. After all, exposing George's identity to the public was to flatter Jeanne. The more smug Jeanne was, the more jealous the Lawrences became.

The scene fell quiet for a few seconds because of George's appearance.

Monica actually did not know because no one had told her.

Hence, when she saw George's appearance, she could not help but swear, "F*ck! He really did sleep with you seven years ago!"

Jeanne was a little speechless, thinking, 'Can Monica not be so tactless at a moment like this?'

Others also echoed, "He looks like Fourth Master Swan."

"He's carved out of the same mold. Why didn't I realize it before?"

"He's Fourth Master Swan's son."

In an instant, the hall was abuzz.

Everyone was discussing George's identity.

Old Master Swan said to Shane, "Do you see it now?"

Shane gritted his teeth and did not say anything more.

Everyone now understood why the Swans favored Jeanne so much. It turned out that Jeanne had given birth to a son for the Swans.

Previously, they thought that Jeanne and Fourth Master Swan were just in a marriage of convenience. Even now, there were people saying that Fourth Master Swan could not get an erection. That was why he got married to disguise himself and be a father. Now that they knew the truth, they could no longer offend Jeanne.

Seeing that Shane did not say anything, Old Master Swan opened his mouth and spoke with a rather authoritative tone, "There's both right and wrong in what happened today. But at Mr. Lawrence's funeral, let's not say anymore."

"Dad." Jeanne stepped forward respectfully.

"What else would you like to say, Jeannie?" Old Master Swan was in a good mood.

"Regarding my grandfather's death, I think we need to clarify something," Jeanne said straightforwardly.

Old Master Swan nodded. "Go ahead."

"..."

He had just said not to say anymore.

Old Master Swan was too obvious in protecting Jeanne.

However, no one dared to speak out even though they were angry.

After all, who would dare to resist Old Master Swan if he wanted to protect someone?

However, the whole thing had let everyone know that Jeanne's status in the Swans was not low.

Jeanne smiled gratefully at Old Master Swan before turning around to face everyone.

By then, Finn had also retreated behind Jeanne, silently keeping his presence to a minimum.

Monica still glanced at Finn even though he did not look at her.

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Michael noticed Monica's gaze, and his expression turned ugly.

In Monica's mind, the scene of Finn stepping forward to help Jeanne had clearly formed a stark contrast.

He admitted that his purpose in coming here today was to prevent Monica from doing anything out of the ordinary — to stop her every word and action.

However, he did not want Monica to find Finn better than him.

Besides, the reason why he could get Monica to help him to that extent was that Monica thought he treated her the best — that he was the kind of person who treated her unconditionally and selflessly.

He secretly gritted his teeth and acted as if nothing happened.

At that moment, Jeanne opened her mouth and said calmly, "My grandfather's death was so sudden that I don't think it was an accident. There were two reasons. Firstly, I didn't have any arguments with my grandfather yesterday, so the accusation of me pissing him off so badly that he couldn't sleep and accidentally fell down the stairs doesn't stand. Secondly, when my grandfather fell from the stairs, it should have been very loud, but no one came out to check what happened. Even if the soundproofing in the house were great, the servants accompanying my grandfather would have been able to sense that my grandfather had woken up. They wouldn't allow my grandfather to roam around in his wheelchair without them accompanying him."

Jeanne's words did make people suspicious.

Everyone was lamenting about Jonathan's accidental fall, but none of them had thought about why he would suddenly fall.

Hence, upon hearing what Jeanne said, they also found it strange.

Logically speaking, they had many people in the house. There was no way no one would not know that Jonathan fell.

Moreover, Jonathan had a personal servant.

It was impossible for such an accident to happen.

"Miss, I did oversleep last night." Jonathan's personal servant looked haggard. He was probably feeling extremely guilty. "I've never slept so soundly before. After I washed master up and sent him to bed, I felt so sleepy. I didn't even know when I fell asleep on the bed. When I woke up, it was already 12 a.m. Only then did I realize that the master in the next room was not there. That was when I hurriedly went downstairs and saw the master lying on the ground covered in blood..."

As soon as he said it, he started to sob.

"Did my grandfather call for you in the middle of the night?" Jeanne asked.

"No, I didn't hear it."

"Then does my grandfather usually need your help to get into his wheelchair?" Jeanne continued to ask.

"Yes. Usually, I would have to carry the master into the wheelchair. He hasn't sat in the wheelchair by himself for a few years."

Jeanne nodded and turned to Alexander. "Dad, don't you think this matter is strange? Grandpa couldn't even sit in the wheelchair himself. So, how did he get up in the middle of the night and fall down the stairs?"

Alexander was a little nervous, but on the surface, he looked calm.

"I told you. It was because you pissed him off so badly that he couldn't sleep and got up in the middle of the night. As for how he got onto his wheelchair and why his servant didn't help him... Didn't his servant make it clear just now? He was so sound asleep that your grandfather couldn't wake him up, so your grandfather could only get onto the wheelchair by himself." Alexander was starting to get a little

impatient. “You just want to clear your own name, and that’s why you’re deliberately trying to sow discord.”

“We both know whether it’s you or me who’s trying to sow discord.” Jeanne sneered. “In fact, I asked all those questions to tell everyone that my grandfather’s death wasn’t an accident. It was intentional.”

“What nonsense are you spouting? What kind of people do you think we, the Lawrences, are?” Alexander was furious.

Perhaps he had such a huge reaction because Jeanne was spot on about the accident being intentional.

Jeanne looked at him coldly before turning around and walking toward the huge LCD television hanging on the wall in the hall.

Alexander looked at Jeanne and felt panicky for some reason.

It was because he did not know what tricks Jeanne was playing.

While Jeanne turned on the television, everyone looked at her. They did not know what she was going to do, but they were somehow looking forward to it.

The hall was pin-drop silent.

After Jeanne turned on the television, she turned on her phone and started to make a wireless connection. Then, a video appeared on the television.

Jeanne said, “Everyone, please come over and take a look. I’m afraid you won’t be able to see it clearly if you stand too far.”

The moment she said that, the others walked over.

Alexander’s heart started to pound against his chest.

He could not seem to control his body as well. At that moment, he even wanted to stop Jeanne from doing whatever she was about to do.