

Chapter 1713 Ill Bred

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Peeking from behind Johanna, Janet recognized the old lady leading the group as a stranger, but she clearly remembered the two flashy women from their previous encounter at the hospital.

Realizing who these women were, Janet braced herself for trouble.

Johanna, sensing Janet's discomfort, gave her hand a reassuring pat. She then turned to the old lady and asked, "Mom, weren't you resting? What brings you here?"

Although Johanna's voice was still polite, it was clear she wasn't thrilled to see them.

"This is my son's house. I can go wherever I please here," the old lady replied coldly.

The two women behind her looked smug and pleased with themselves.

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"I didn't mean it like that." Johanna kept a generally upbeat demeanor.

Yet, the old lady paid no mind to Johanna. She

strode over to Johanna, shoving her aside with force. Her gaze then shifted, thoroughly examining Janet from head to toe.

Finally, her clouded eyes settled on Janet's face.

Janet, slightly awkward, greeted her with a polite smile. "Hello, Grandma."

She pieced together that this woman must be Beal's mother, hence her grandmother.

It seemed fitting for her to call her that.

The old woman was clad in a stylish, casual outfit of light gray. The clothes were obviously high-quality, but her wrinkled face, shadowed with a mix of sadness and greed, seemed at odds with her chic attire, creating an odd contrast.

The two women with her, dressed head-to-toe in designer gear, still managed to look tacky despite their expensive dresses.

The old lady, clearly annoyed by Janet's composed demeanor in the chair, huffed. "What a rude little thing you are. No manners, just sitting there and not offering me a seat. What kind of upbringing did Johanna give you?"

Janet bristled at this, feeling a surge of resentment. Johanna sent the old lady an angry look.

It was clear to Janet that the old lady didn't like her.

Feeling a bit helpless, Janet stood up, addressing the old lady. "There used to be four sofas here, enough for several more people. But I haven't been home in ages, and it looks like thieves have taken all the sofas from my room, leaving no place for you to sit."

Janet emphasized the word "thieves," hinting at something more.

The moment she finished, the expressions of the old lady and her companions changed dramatically.