

Chapter 1714 No One Will Mourn Your Death

The old lady and the two women with her were taken aback. They didn't expect Janet to be so quick-witted. Though her words sounded neutral, there was an undercurrent of sarcasm to them.

Realizing that Janet wasn't a pushover, the old woman shifted her attention to Johanna.

She held up the shopping list the butler had just taken out and tossed it in Johanna's direction, her face twisted with rage.

"My grandson wants to buy a sports car, and you always claim that you have no money. Look at this! Janet has just returned and you have already instructed people to buy so many things. It's such a waste! You have no right to buy anything!" the old lady exclaimed furiously.

Johanna was at a loss for words. She had absolutely no interest in talking to the old lady. She just wanted to call Beal and ask him to return to deal with this matter.

The old lady noticed that Johanna didn't try to talk back, and assumed that she was restraining

herself because of Janet's presence, as she didn't want to be too disrespectful to her. As a result, the old lady became increasingly arrogant.

She clenched her jaw and demanded harshly, "Johanna, give me the money you wanted to spend on Janet. I'm going to buy my grandson a sports car."


Johanna sighed in resignation. "These items are not expensive. The money will not be enough to buy a sports car."

The old lady knew that Johanna was reluctant to give her the money. So, she plopped down on the floor and began crying and making a scene.

"It's so unfair! I'm your mother-in-law, and you should support me financially. Johanna, you have such a spiteful heart!" The old lady wept pitifully. "Johanna, how can you be so cruel? You took Beal's money and abused me. I should expose you in front of the media!"

The old lady continued to sob while sitting on the floor. Johanna shot her a glance, but didn't want to indulge her by giving her attention. She simply let her cry, not bothering to engage with her.

Johanna discretely signaled to the nearby servant, indicating for her to quickly call Beal and ask him to come back and deal with this

Chapter 1714 No One Will Mourn You  +120 Points at most fiasco.

While the old lady busied herself with crying on the floor, the two women behind her also started creating a ruckus.

One of them was wearing a shawl with a designer logo. She stepped forward and said to Johanna, "Since you can't bear a son, what's the point of saving so much money? If you refuse to please your nephew, no one will be left to mourn Beal and you when you both die."

The other woman, whose thick lips were painted blood red, chimed in sarcastically, "Johanna, you're already in your fifties. No matter how many specialists you visit or medicines you take, you won't be able to bear a son. What use is all that money to you? Instead of wasting it on Janet and allowing outsiders to benefit, why don't you give it to my son?"

Johanna scoffed and rolled her eyes at the two women. Her lips curled up in disdain as she shot back, "If I die, I'll just instruct someone to scatter my ashes into the sea. I don't need anyone to mourn me or pay me their respects."

The woman with the shawl exploded with rage.

But before she could berate her, Johanna cut her off.

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"After all, you haven't exactly lived a good life. At least when you die, your son can mourn you," she remarked with a smirk.

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