

## CEOs Baby 591

### Chapter 591

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"I'm from Harken, but I've been studying in Yarra for ten years. I feel like I've made some progress in my career and that it's time for me to return to serve my country," Mason said in all seriousness.

Jeanne could not help but laugh at that moment.

'Serve my country? Harken is lucky that he hasn't killed a few of its people.'

The interviewer wanted to ask more questions, but when he heard Jeanne's laughter, he quickly shut his mouth.

Jeanne also realized that she seemed to have forgotten herself, but she coughed a few times and composed herself. "Sorry for being rude, but I didn't mean any harm. I'm just very pleased with what Mr. Locke said. After all, a lot of people use the resources of their motherland to make a living overseas and then never think of coming back."

"Thank you, Director Lawrence, for your recognition." Mason was neither haughty nor humble.

With that, the interview continued.

The morning went by, and the interview was halfway through.

During the break, Jeanne came out of the toilet, and her footsteps halted.

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At that moment, Mason, the interviewee in the morning, had also come out of the toilet and was washing his hands.

Jeanne's gaze fell on the man's fingers in front of her. Who would have thought that such a beautiful pair of hands would be so good at killing people?

She averted her gaze and turned on the tap. She said, "Kingsley sent you here."

"I volunteered," Mason replied.

Both of them were washing their hands seriously, and neither of them looked at the other.

From afar, they did look like they were interacting.

"Are you not satisfied?" Mason asked. "Am I a burden to you?"

"Your resume is perfect." Jeanne changed the topic.

"Mr. Thorn did it."

"I guessed so too." Jeanne nodded.

After the interview with him, all the interviewers were extremely satisfied with Mason. The position of the marketing department's senior manager was almost decided.

Kingsley really knew how to cause trouble for her.

She was hiring people to help her manage the company so that she did not have to worry about its business. However, Kingsley loved to ruin her plans every time.

Both their eyes moved because someone came over.

Jeanne washed her hands and turned off the tap.

Mason also turned off the tap and took the initiative to pass Jeanne a tissue.

Jeanne nodded. "Thank you."

She behaved as if she was unfamiliar with him.

"Take care, Director Lawrence," Mason said respectfully.

Jeanne smiled.

It was not necessarily a bad thing to have the world's number one assassin, K01, treat her so respectfully.

She could still remember when Kingsley was too busy to train her for a period of time, he had that person train her for a month. In her memory, that one month was worse than death. However, she had to say that she improved more in a month than in the one year Kingsley trained her.

It made Kingsley reflect on himself for a long time, whether he was being too merciful to her.

Jeanne returned to the interview room, and the second half of the interview continued.

However, Jeanne was stunned, and the other interviewers were also shell-shocked.

Jeanne had never thought Lawrence Enterprise, which was ranked last of the twelve families, would attract so many big shots.

The talents who came to apply today for the senior management roles today were all giants among men. However, this person was the goddess among men.

She lowered her head and looked at the resume of the 'goddess' resume.

It was Quinn Sanders, the Sanders' second princess.

She really got what she wanted.

A few days ago, she was still thinking about Michael and the Sanders' princesses, and now, here she was.

Jeanne was surprised. For a 24-year-old, Quinn's resume was shocking.

Apparently, the president, Warren, favored the third princess the most, but he spoiled the third princess to be unruly and willful. However, the second princess, whom he disliked the most, had grown into a person he was most proud of.

At that moment, Jeanne looked at Quinn. Although her dress-up was a little more formal, compared to Melody, she looked much better and her temperament was much classier.

It made Jeanne a little curious. Quinn was more outstanding than Melody in every aspect, so why did he not like Quinn?

Perhaps Melody was the cannon fodder that the Sanders had purposely raised.

It was used to hide the truth. After all, the real trump cards were always understated. Take Quinn in front of her, for example.

In the interview, since Jeanne did not speak, the others did not dare to speak either.

On the contrary, Quinn said in neither an arrogant nor servile manner, "I'm very sorry. Due to my identity, I used my assistant's name and information when I registered. I hope the interviewer can understand why I did it."

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“Of course.” Jeanne nodded. “Maybe if you used your name 'Quinn Sanders' to send your resume, we would've directly rejected you.”

Jeanne's straightforwardness made the other interviewers gasp.

Quinn did not mind. “In that case, I'm very glad I chose this method. I hope all of you can see what I'm capable of and see me in a different light.”

“Ms. Sanders, we can see how capable you are from your resume, and we've also heard about your status and identity. However, I'm just curious as to why Ms. Sanders chose to come to our company. If you want to experience normal life and assimilate into civilian life, I think Swan Enterprise is the best choice,” Jeanne said.

Quinn flashed Jeanne a dignified smile.

“Director Lawrence, are you trying to ruin your husband?” Quinn joked.

Jeanne really did want to ruin him!

“You know my identity would bring inconvenience to others, yet you still recommend me to Swan Enterprise,” Quinn said with a smile.

Jeanne pursed her lips. “I just think you are more suited to develop your career in a bigger company.”

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“No, my career is suitable for growing business. What I need is a sense of accomplishment.” Quinn appeared a little serious. “Actually, I have applied to many companies in the country, but many have tactfully rejected me. Even if they didn't reject me, they arranged for me to have a high-paying job that I could mess around with and do nothing. I didn't plan to apply for Lawrence Enterprise, but I've heard a lot of rumors about Director Lawrence. I personally don't think Director Lawrence is the kind of person who would follow the masses. I believe you would give me a different answer than others!”

"I feel honored that Ms. Sanders decided to choose Lawrence Enterprise and even me. However, I'm sorry to disappoint you, Ms. Sanders. I'm just an ordinary person, and I share the same thoughts as the rest." The underlying meaning was that she refused Quinn to join Lawrence Enterprise.

However, Quinn did not look disappointed. Instead, she said, "Director Lawrence, why don't you look at my resume again and decide."

"Your resume—" Before she could look at it again, she was stunned by Quinn's gaze.

It was clearly a signal for her to lower her head.

The moment she lowered her head, she saw a message from Kingsley pop up on her phone that she had turned to mute. "Let Quinn enter Lawrence Enterprise."

Damn it. Kingsley, that bastard!

Her expression changed slightly, but she tried her best to adjust her emotions.

Quinn was still smiling. Instead of looking nervous, she looked confident.

Jeanne was silent for a few seconds.

At that moment, everyone in the interview room was an employee under Jeanne, so no one dared to make the decision.

Moreover, it was obvious that the second princess of the Sanders wanted an answer and would not leave without one. In other words, they had to decide now whether Quinn should stay or not.

In the awkward space, Jeanne raised her head. "Looking at Ms. Sanders's resume again, your capability has really convinced me."

Quinn still had a smile on her face. It was the standard Duchenne smile.

"I think no one can reject Ms. Sanders from joining us, and I don't want Lawrence Enterprise to lose out on such a great talent just because of Ms. Sanders's identity." Jeanne felt disgusted saying it. "So, if Ms. Sanders thinks that Lawrence Enterprise can provide for you to grow in your career, I sincerely hope Ms. Sanders can join us."

She even lowered her head as she said and redeemed herself perfectly from rejecting Quinn just now.

The other interviewers were all somewhat surprised at Jeanne's sudden change in decision.

Logically speaking, they should not allow Quinn to join the company.

With Quinn's status and identity, no one would dare to do anything to her. Even if she had any thoughts or was being unreasonable, no one would dare to refute her.

If Quinn was capable, it would be fine. If not, accepting her into the company would be a disaster waiting to happen.

"Director Lawrence, you're flattering me. To be able to obtain Director Lawrence's approval and successfully get the job, I feel extremely honored." Quinn replied respectfully, "In that case, I'll go out and wait for you to get back to me."

"There's no need to wait for us to get back to you. Ms. Sanders has been accepted," Jeanne said.

Quinn smiled gratefully. "Thank you."

"I'll inform the staff tomorrow to go through the onboarding procedures."

"Okay, I'll do my best to cooperate."

"Take care, Ms. Sanders."

Quinn expressed her gratitude once again before walking out.

After Quinn was out the door, Jeanne could not hold it in any longer. She was not in the mood to sit in for the next person's interview.

She had to give Kingsley a call to ask him for an explanation.

She said, "You don't have to wait for me. I'll be back in a while."

"Yes."

Jeanne left the interview room. Just as she walked to a corner and was about to make a call, a female voice called out from beside her.

"Jeanne."

Jeanne looked at Quinn, whom she thought had left.

However, at that moment, Quinn suddenly walked up to her while maintaining the nobility that a Sander had.

"Are you surprised I came?" Quinn asked.

"Yes, I'm very surprised, but it's not just me. Everyone is surprised." Jeanne did not look any different.

"No, yours is different from the others." There was a hidden meaning behind her words.

Jeanne smiled. "What are you trying to say, Ms. Sanders?"



"You're overthinking it." Quinn maintained her smile. "I just came to greet you on my own initiative. I didn't mean anything else. But..."

Jeanne frowned as Quinn moved closer to her, making her wary.

Quinn's voice was a little soft, but Jeanne could hear it. She even felt her hair stand on end.

Quinn said, "Jeanne, I know who you really are."

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"Jeanne, I know your true identity!" Quinn approached Jeanne and whispered.

Jeanne's eyes flickered as she looked straight at Quinn and tried her best to remain calm.

"All of your identities!" Quinn added.

Jeanne pursed her lips.

Quinn did not seem to want a response from Jeanne either, and with a smile on her lips, she left.

Jeanne could not figure out what Quinn did all that for. To show off that she knew a lot of things about her?

Her eyes moved slightly.

In fact, she did not need to care about it because her identity was not something she had to keep secret. It meant nothing to Jeanne that Quinn knew.

The only thing she was unhappy about now was that Kingsley had asked her to accept Quinn.

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In the end, she dialed Kingsley's number.

When the call connected, it was as if he had expected that she would call and interrogate him. "Warren forced me."

Before Jeanne could ask, Kingsley had confessed the truth.

Jeanne swallowed what she was about to say and forced herself to adjust her emotions. "What's his intention?"

"He said he wants to help you take control of the Lawrence Enterprise faster because he's not satisfied with our current progress," Kingsley said in a cold tone. "But I don't think that's the case. He's doing that because he doesn't trust us."

"Is that so?" Jeanne snickered

"Probably." Kingsley nodded. "But it's not important."

Jeanne frowned, thinking, 'What's important to Kingsley?'

"After all, Quinn is not your match."

"You think too highly of me." Jeanne said sarcastically, "Although I don't know Quinn very well, I know she's different from Melody. Melody is competitive, and her desires are all displayed on her face, so dealing with Melody is easy. As long as we trigger her desires, she will do something out of control, and it's easy to subdue her. As for Quinn, having grown up in the Sanders for so many years, her abilities are obviously astonishing, but she lacks the edge. Did the president keep her hidden because he doesn't like her, or is she too shrewd?"

Jeanne paused for a moment before coming to a conclusion, "I believe it's the former."

"I agree with you." Kingsley nodded.

"When did you know that Quinn wanted to join Lawrence Enterprise?" Jeanne asked.

"Just now." Kingsley said bluntly, "If I had known in advance, I wouldn't have caught you off guard."

Sometimes, Kingsley could annoy Jeanne with what he said to her, but she never doubted the authenticity of his words!

"Actually, you don't have to care too much about Quinn. Just do whatever you need to. The purpose of her joining Lawrence Enterprise is, at most, to monitor your every move. As long as we're on the same page as the Sanders, she won't make things difficult for you."

"I know." Jeanne nodded.

"Are you feeling a little disappointed?" Kingsley suddenly asked.

Jeanne was stunned for a moment.

Then, she smiled. "What do I need to be disappointed about?"

"That Warren doesn't trust you."

"I'm not disappointed." Jeanne said indifferently, "What's there to care about?"

"You're more open-minded than I thought."

"I'm not open-minded. I just understand certain things."

Over the years, she had understood it all and even knew what she had to do.

"Let's not talk about it anymore." Jeanne rubbed her sore shoulders. "I need to continue with the interview."

"Oh, right. Did you meet K01?"

"I did, and I almost didn't recognize him," Jeanne replied. "If I didn't know his real name, I would have forgotten that he actually looked like this."

"I sent the best person I have to your side. You should know why."

Of course, she knew.

It was because there would be a lot of danger.

She said, "You don't have to protect me. From the moment I stepped into Harken, I never thought I would be able to escape unscathed."

"Well, I did." Kingsley suddenly became serious.

Jeanne's heart skipped a beat.

"I've thought about having you come back unscathed."

Jeanne pursed her lips.

Kingsley had always thought that she had been deeply hurt by her relationships, be it family or love. Hence, he was always afraid that she would be consumed by anger.

In reality, Kingsley had unknowingly given her a lot of warmth.

She said, "Okay."

She just could not get sentimental about Kingsley because that man was both good and evil.

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She really could not treat him as a good person, so she could not be grateful to him.

As soon as he hung up the call, Jeanne returned to the interview room, and the interviews lasted a whole day.

After interviewing 100 people seriously, the interviewer summarized the interview scores and decided on the final five names.

One of them was Mason.

When he confirmed Quinn, the interviewer still had some objections. "Are you sure you want to use her?"

"Can we go back on our word?" Jeanne raised her eyebrows.

The interviewer wanted to say something, but Jeanne interrupted him. "Since we don't have a choice, there's no point struggling over it."

Upon hearing what Jeanne said, all the interviewers shut up.

Jeanne was not one to drag her feet. She ordered, "Announce the successful candidates for this interview. They are required to complete the onboarding procedures by tomorrow and officially start work next Monday."

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“Yes.”

“The meeting is adjourned.” With that, Jeanne stood up and left.

By the time she returned to her office, it was already past the end of the working day.

She stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window in her office and looked at Harken, lit up by bright lights.

In fact, it had been a long time since she took in her surroundings and enjoyed the view. Sometimes, she felt she was living in a state of numbness, living to fulfill her purpose only.

Suddenly, she looked at the phone on her desk that was ringing and walked over unhurriedly.

She thought it would be Edward.

After all, he had called her almost every day over the last few days he was away. He would, without fail, call her when she returned home late.

Since she would be home late again today, she thought he had come to “question” her.

However, it was not Edward but Alexander.

Jeanne picked up the phone and heard Alexander roaring, “Jeanne, are you crazy? How can you let Quinn, the second princess of the Sanders, join our company? What on earth are you thinking? If you want to suck up to Quinn so shamelessly, what right do you have to use our Lawrence Enterprise as a scapegoat? Why didn't you ask my opinion before making such a decision? Do you think that you can fool everyone just because of your power in Lawrence Enterprise?”

Alexander's voice reverberated from the other end of the phone.

Jeanne really did not want to explain it to Alexander. She felt nothing other than disgust for him.

Moreover, letting Quinn into the company was indeed her personal decision, so she did not have much reason. Since there was no reason, she just chose to ignore it.

She hung up the phone and could imagine how furious Alexander was, but she could not care less about him.

Then, she took out a cigarette and took a drag on it.

Actually, nothing much went on today. She just suddenly felt a little emotional and wanted to be alone.

After all, Kingsley's actions were becoming more and more radical, which meant that more and more things were going to happen.

She, too, felt a little uneasy about that.

Suddenly, the phone rang again.

Jeanne looked at the incoming call, but it was not Edward. This time, it was Jonathan.

He must have thought her decision was wrong, so he had come to question her.

She took a deep breath. At the thought that Jonathan would not be alive for long, she decided she could be a little nicer to him.

Her tone was gentle. "Grandpa."

"What's going on with Quinn?" Jonathan asked.

"I can't refuse, but of course, I have my reasons."

Jonathan frowned.

Just as Jeanne was going to explain her reasoning, she heard him say, "Come back home. I want to hear your reasons."

Jeanne agreed immediately. "Okay."

Once she hung up the phone, she put out her cigarette and tidied her things before picking up her bag and leaving.

Somehow, she felt a strange knot in her heart.

By right, Edward should have called her by now.

Jeanne sat in Miles's car while Miles drove her to the Lawrence family's manor.

Jeanne had a lot on her mind.

Miles looked at her through the rearview mirror and said, "I heard you met K01."

Jeanne came back to her senses. "Yes. I didn't expect Kingsley to send him here."

"Mr. Thorn also sent many of his capable assassins here," Miles said sincerely. "He actually treats you very well."

"No, he's just afraid that the mission will fail."

Miles was not a talkative person, to begin with.

Even if he did not agree with Jeanne's point of view, he chose to remain silent after being refuted.



The car stopped at the Lawrence family's manor.

When Jeanne went in, all the Lawrences were there.

Alexander looked at Jeanne walking in with an extremely ugly expression.

Just as Alexander was about to throw a fit at Jeanne, she had already walked to the second floor, not giving Alexander the chance to lash out at her.

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Alexander was so angry that he kicked the coffee table in front of him, making a loud noise.

Shocked, Jennifer quickly went forward and said, "Alexander, don't be angry. It's not good for your health, and some people don't care even if you are angry."

Alexander said coldly, "She will eventually!"

Joshua, who was also in the living room at the moment, quickly agreed, "Jeanne is courting death! And she won't end well!"

The three people downstairs all wanted her to die immediately.

Nevertheless, Jeanne did not care. After all, she also wanted all the Lawrences to die a horrible death!

She faced Jonathan respectfully and explained her reasons, "Everyone rejected Quinn because of Quinn's shocking identity. Every company's concern is that a person like her will be impossible to control. I admit that we have no way to control Quinn, and we don't even dare to offend her. However, this doesn't mean Quinn cannot join the company."

Jonathan did not speak. It was as if he was patiently listening to her explanation.

Jeanne said, "All people see is the pressure Quinn's identity will bring to the company. However, they've never thought about the other way around. Isn't Quinn's identity also a resource for our company? First of all, news about Quinn joining Lawrence Enterprise company will become a hot topic, and it's free publicity for us to spread our image to the public. If the second princess of the Sanders is working at Lawrence Enterprise, our future will be limitless. Then, won't Lawrence Enterprise's stock market soar?"

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"Second of all, Quinn's identity as a princess of the Sanders can, in fact, act to control Quinn. Her every move represents the Sanders, so she will manage herself better or even stricter than others for fear of ruining her reputation. In fact, we don't have to worry too much about Quinn not listening to the arrangements of the company. What she wants more is to perform in the company. Moreover, Quinn is very capable. I've seen her resume. If she can bring us what we need, she'll be an asset."

Jeanne seemed to have convinced Jonathan.

He looked at Jeanne and said, "Actually, I've considered all the things you just told me. I'm actually not against Quinn joining Lawrence Enterprise, and I think that with Quinn's status, she wouldn't bring harm to the company. Overall, it's beneficial to us. But in the end, there are two sides to everything. If you can't control her, you'll get half the results, and the gains can never make up for the losses. What I want to know now is whether you have control over Quinn. Can you not be afraid of Quinn's status and control her?"

"I can," Jeanne gave him an affirmative answer.

At that moment, she could not help but secretly sneer at herself.

What Jonathan was trying to say now was that if Quinn really caused trouble in the Lawrence Enterprise, she would be the one to offend Quinn. In other words, if Quinn were to bring harm to the Lawrence Enterprise, she would have to step forward and confront Quinn head-on.

She would have to bear all the consequences!

The corners of Jeanne's mouth curled up into a smile. "Grandpa, I was the one who recruited her. I will definitely take full responsibility!"

Jeanne gave her promise to Jonathan even though she knew he would not be around anymore soon for her to keep her promise.

However, at that moment, Jonathan was visibly happy. He said, "I was right to trust you. You are more courageous than your father and your brother, Jeannie."

Jonathan sighed, feeling emotional.

He lamented, "If only you were a boy."

Jeanne could tell that Jonathan's words were sincere. From the bottom of his heart, he acknowledged her and felt helpless and regretful toward her.

Jeanne smiled.

Of course, she would not be moved.

After all, if Jonathan did not think highly of her, he would not have said such words. However, by saying that, he meant that the Lawrences would be given to Joshua no matter what.

It was because Joshua was the only son of the Lawrences, and only he could carry on the family line.

If it were in the past, she might still feel sad. However, after knowing that she was not one of them, she felt nothing.

"Actually, it's not important. You don't need to feel bad. Even if you give it to Joshua in the future, I will help him manage the company well," Jeanne said generously.

Jonathan was somewhat gratified. "Your father and brother should really be grateful to you."

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Jeanne smiled and did not seem to mind.

After that, she chatted for a while longer in Jonathan's study.

When she left the room, Alexander's family of three was still in the living room as if they were purposely waiting for her.

Alexander said fiercely to Jeanne, "Jeanne, you're getting a little lawless now!"

"Isn't that the power grandpa gave me?"

"You!"

Jeanne walked in front of them casually. "Just now, grandpa agreed with my decision. He even said I'm more courageous than the two of you."

"What are you so proud of?"

"He said that the Lawrences still need a useful person to support them. But..." Jeanne sized up Alexander and Joshua with a somewhat disdainful gaze. "He's very disappointed in the two of you."

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Having been ridiculed, Alexander raised his arm.

Jeanne looked at him and said, "Are you sure you want to hit me?"

Alexander was stunned by what Jeanne said.

Jeanne sneered. "If you're incapable, just admit it. If you treat me better, I wouldn't have to fight with you for anything."

"So you admit that you want to snatch what's mine?" Flustered, Joshua suddenly interrupted. At that moment, he was furious.

Jeanne glanced at Joshua. "Snatch what's yours?"

"That's right. You want to snatch what's supposed to be mine!" Joshua said fiercely.

"Do you think you're worthy of it?" Jeanne was sarcastic.

Under Jeanne's gaze, Joshua felt that he was useless for a second.

In front of Jeanne, he was useless and could not withstand a single blow.

He was so furious that he lost control, dashing over to Jeanne and wanting to push Jeanne down.

Jeanne dodged it just by moving her body a little. Although she avoided Joshua's brute force, she still fell to the ground on purpose.

Her eyes watered, and she looked pitiful. "Joshua, what did I do wrong for you to treat me like this? Is it wrong for grandpa to like me now?"

Joshua was confused for a second.

Even though he used all his strength to push her, it was clear that he missed. Yet, why did Jeanne suddenly fall to the ground?

Moreover, the way she fell to the ground was visibly different from her usual arrogant manner.

What tricks was Jeanne playing?

Before he could figure it out, he heard Jonathan's stern voice from the second floor. "Joshua, are you rebelling against me now?"

Startled, Joshua shuddered as he raised his head and saw his grandfather standing there with a stern expression.

At that moment, Jonathan was getting the maid to push him out of the elevator.

When Joshua saw his grandfather's serious expression, he could not help but feel afraid.

Hence, he quickly explained, "No, grandpa. Jeanne fell down by herself. I didn't even touch her—"

"I was standing just fine. Why would I make myself fall? Joshua, can't you just admit what you've done? Are you even a man?" Jeanne complained to Joshua.

By then, Jonathan's personal servant had stepped forward to help Jeanne up.

Jeanne seemed to be in great pain, and her brows were furrowed tightly.

"I really didn't. I pushed her, but she dodged. I really didn't touch her. If you don't believe me, you can ask my mom and dad if I touched her," Joshua explained anxiously.

He probably wanted to clear his name.

"Dad and Mother have always been on your side," Jeanne muttered.

It was that seemingly unintentional sentence that made Jenifer and Alexander, who had planned to defend their son, keep quiet.

Seeing that the two of them did not speak, Joshua became even more nervous. He kept saying, "I really didn't push Jeanne. She's putting on a show in front of you to frame me. Jeanne, why are you so evil? Do you want to see our family in shambles?"

"Joshua, you can do whatever you want, but you can't say whatever you want. Am I the one putting the family in shambles, or have you guys been ostracizing me? I think I've done enough for the Lawrences. What right do you have to say such things about me? Do you really want me to completely break away from the family and cut off all contact with you guys?" Jeanne was extremely aggrieved, "Just now, you even said I stole what belonged to you. What did I steal from you?"

"Stop talking nonsense. When did I say you took my things? It's clear that you're deliberately trying to sow discord. Grandpa, I'm innocent. Jeanne's trying to drive a wedge between us. She doesn't have good intentions—"

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"Enough!" Jonathan's expression was grim.

On one hand, a noisy family was annoying him, and on the other, Alexander and Joshua still could not understand who they had to rely on to grow the company. Moreover, they even went against Jeanne so openly! If he did not have Alexander as his only son, he would have given up on them long ago!

Jonathan still had the authority. With one sentence, Joshua did not dare to speak anymore.

"Apologize to your sister!" Jonathan ordered.

Joshua looked at Jonathan in disbelief. "Why?"

"Because you hit your sister!"

"I didn't hit her. I really didn't. She fell on purpose. She's the one pretending to be pitiful. She—" Joshua was angry.

“Joshua!” Jonathan's face was black.

“I didn't do it. I won't apologize even if I die!” Joshua still had his temper.

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As the only son in the family, he was always more domineering than the others!

“No need,” Jeanne said.

It was as if she was giving Joshua a way out.

“I'm not hurt. Moreover, an insincere apology means nothing,” Jeanne said generously. However, she said sarcastically, “Grandpa, it's getting late, so I'll head back first. I don't want to stay for too long and make everyone unhappy. Goodbye.”

Jonathan glared at Joshua, his expression extremely ugly.

However, he was gentle toward Jeanne. “I'll send you to the door.”

“Thank you, grandpa.”

With that, Jonathan saw Jeanne out.

Meanwhile, Joshua was so angry that he wanted to kill Jeanne. It was clearly Jeanne who did it on purpose. Why should it be his fault?

His eyes were bloodshot, and he was on the verge of going mad.

Jonathan sent Jeanne off and returned. When he faced Joshua, his expression was still grim. “Be careful in the future. You're not allowed to provoke her!”



Instead of speaking, Joshua clenched his fists tightly.

“This will not happen again!” Jonathan said coldly and left.

As soon as Jonathan left, Joshua could not help but fly into a rage.

“I really want to kill Jeanne. I want to kill her!”

“Enough!” Jonathan shouted at him. “You’re nowhere near as capable as her. You deserve to be schemed against!”

Alexander saw it clearly, but what was the use of saying it out loud? After all, Jonathan would not believe it at all.

In Jonathan’s eyes, only the oh-so-capable Jeanne existed! Why would he care about the rest of them?

“Dad.” Joshua was so angry that his eyes were red. “When can we actually—”

Alexander gave him a look.

Joshua gritted his teeth. “I’ve really had enough of this. If this continues, I don’t know what I’ll do!”

After saying that, Joshua left in a huff.

Jenifer looked at her son’s angry appearance and whispered into Alexander’s ear, “If this goes on, even if your father doesn’t give the Lawrences to Jeanne, she will tear our family apart.”

Alexander’s expression turned cold, and a trace of cruelty flickered in his eyes.

...

In the quiet night, Jeanne tossed and turned in bed, unable to fall asleep.

Today, Edward had not called her for an entire day, and she had a feeling that things were not simple.

She sat up from the head of the bed, considering whether to call Edward.

In fact, she was not holding herself back from calling him. She was just afraid that she would disturb him.

She knew his departure this time was not as simple as it seemed.

Hence, she thought about it and still made the call in the end.

Before the call could connect, another call interrupted hers.

Jeanne looked at Monica's call and was a little surprised.

It was so late — 2 a.m. in the morning, yet Monica was still awake.

She immediately hung up the call to Edward and picked up Monica's call.

As soon as the call connected, Monica said anxiously, "Jeannie, did you know your grandfather has passed away?"

Jeanne was stunned.

Monica hurriedly said over the phone, "I had some insomnia, so I was scrolling through my phone. Then, I scrolled through the news of your grandfather's death. It seemed it was an accident and that he fell from the second floor. When the maid found out, he was already dead, and they didn't have time to

resuscitate him. Sigh. Go and look at the information your father posted on his personal social media platform. It shouldn't be fake.”

Indeed, it was not fake.

However, she was just surprised that Alexander acted so fast.

After all, Jonathan was still Alexander's father, and he protected Alexander wholeheartedly.

After so many years, did he not feel anything for his father?

Chapter 598: Jonathan's Fate, The Cold-blooded Lawrence Family

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He was able to do it because Jonathan had encroached on his interests!

“Jeannie, are you listening?” Monica was a little nervous.

No matter the relationship between Jeanne and the Lawrences, Jonathan's death should make her feel bad.

“I heard you. I'm going back to the Lawrences to take a look.”

“I'll go with you.”

“No need. It's too late. You should rest early.”

“I won't be able to sleep for a while anyway, so I'll go with you. You don't have to pick me up. I'll just take a cab there myself,” Monica hurriedly said.

Jeanne could not reject Monica's kindness. After all, in Monica's heart, she was supposed to feel terrible.

She said, "I'll pick you up. Give me the address."

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"Okay." Monica sent the address to Jeanne.

Jeanne took a look and got up to get changed.

As she left, she called Kingsley. "Jonathan is dead. He fell to his death. Take a look at the surveillance footage and send me the evidence."

"Okay."

After that, Jeanne hung up the call and called Miles. "I just sent you the address. Pick up Monica first and then me before we go to the Lawrence family's manor."

"Did something happen?" Miles was on alert.

"Someone from the Lawrences is dead. Let's go watch the show."

"..."

Was the Lawrences not Jeanne's family?

Jeanne waited in Bamboo Garden for half an hour until Miles brought Monica, who was still in a cast, to pick her up.

Jeanne had just gotten into the car when she heard Monica's unusually excited voice say, "Jeannie, are you alright?"

What was there not to be alright about?

She had been looking forward to this day.

However, she said, "I'm alright."

"I don't even know what happened. Why would he suddenly fall down the stairs? Doesn't the manor have an elevator? Why did he take the stairs?" Monica thought it was a little strange.

Jeanne did not answer.

"If you're so old, you'll definitely know that you'll fall to your death. Sigh." Monica sighed.

In Monica's heart, no matter how evil the Lawrences were, they did not deserve to die.

Jeanne kept quiet and did not say much.

At that moment, she looked out of the window and was thinking about some things. When the Lawrences wanted to kill her mother, were they as unscrupulous and merciless?

She looked like she was in a low mood.

Monica thought she was still a little sad, so after yapping on for a while, she chose to accompany her quietly.

Soon, the car arrived at the Lawrence family's manor, and a lot of reporters were already crowding the manor's entrance.

Jeanne frowned.

Did Alexander call so many reporters over to show his grief over Jonathan's death?

Did he not know that the more he acted that way, the worse his fate would be?

Monica looked at the reporters at the door and was a little speechless. "Don't these media people sleep? What's there to be enthusiastic about a dead person?"

The car finally drove into the Lawrence family's manor under the siege of the reporters.

In the dark, a reporter followed the car and sneaked in when the door opened.

Jeanne noticed it at a glance.

Actually, it was not that she did see the reporter. It was the security guard at the manor's entrance who pretended not to have seen the man.

Jeanne's eyes narrowed.

What tricks was Alexander trying to pull this time?

The car stopped at the entrance of the main hall, and quite some cars were parked on the compound.

As soon as Alexander's personal social media platform released the news, many people naturally received the news. Business people were best at socializing, and since this was also a way for them to network, quite a number of people came.

When Jeanne and Monica walked into the hall, quite a few people were inside.

At that moment, the hall had been made into a funeral hall.

On the huge wall hung a standard photo of Jonathan's face when he was alive, but the photo was now in black and white.

At the bottom of the photo was an ice coffin with Jonathan lying inside.

There were staff members around the ice coffin arranging flowers for the funeral. Most likely, the setup had not been completed yet.

However, the rest of the things in the hall had been moved away. With the mournful music playing in the background and everyone at the scene wearing black clothes and a solemn expression, the moment they walked in, the sorrowful atmosphere hit them.

Monica felt very uncomfortable.

She could not help but look at Jeanne, who looked calm and had no reaction to it at all.

She did not know when Jeanne had become so powerful.

Chapter 599: Jonathan's Fate, The Cold-blooded Lawrence Family

If audio player doesn't work, press Stop then Play button again

She could stay calm in the face of anything.

The appearance of the two of them attracted the attention of some people.

Most turned their heads to look at them, watching as they walked toward the middle, where Alexander, Jenifer, and Joshua stood, all dressed in mourning clothes.

They were entertaining the guests and mourning at the same time.

Jeanne had just walked over when Alexander's pained expression twisted in anger.

Then, he slapped Jeanne hard on the face.

In the quiet space, the slap was exceptionally loud.

Monica was shocked. Not caring that her feet were still in a cast, she rushed forward to protect Jeanne. "Alexander, what are you doing?"

However, Jeanne sneered.

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It turned out Alexander was doing all of that, making such a big scene out of it, just to put on an act. His motive was probably to drive her out of Lawrence Enterprise reasonably!

She pulled Monica behind her.

Monica had a valiant look on her face. She looked like an old hen who would fight with anyone who wanted to touch Jeanne to protect her young.

That woman was clearly weak, yet every time something happened to Jeanne, she would become fearless.

In this world, only Monica could make her emotional, a different kind than Kingsley, George, and even Edward.

She said to Monica in a low voice, "I'm fine."

Monica was most afraid of hearing Jeanne say that. She always felt that Jeanne said that so as to not make others worry and because Jeanne was considerate to others.

Jeanne, on the other hand, was sometimes speechless at Monica's naivety. It was that naivety that led Monica to trust someone like Michael so much.



Her eyes moved to look at the indignant Alexander in front of her.

On top of the slap he had given her for breaking up the engagement with the Lockes, Alexander had slapped her twice, and she would definitely return the two slaps to him!

Alexander continued to accuse Jeanne, "How dare you have the cheek to come back to see your grandfather? If you hadn't quarreled with your grandfather tonight, perhaps he wouldn't have been so angry that he fell down the stairs!"

To be honest, she was not surprised to hear Alexander accusing her of pushing Jonathan down the stairs. He might as well take this opportunity to make her sound evil.

Jeanne still kept Monica behind her as she looked at Alexander and threatened, "Dad, you best watch what you say."

Her tone was cold.

However, Alexander pretended not to hear it.

"If I knew dad couldn't sleep because of his argument with you, I would've stayed with him! Then, he wouldn't have gotten out of bed to take a walk and accidentally fell down from the second floor! The lights at home were dim, to begin with..." The more Jonathan spoke, the more upset he sounded. He shouted at Jeanne angrily, "Your grandfather's death is definitely your fault!"

The gazes of many people in the surroundings were all on them.

At that moment, because of what Alexander said, they started to whisper among themselves.

"So Old Master Lawrence's death is related to Jeanne."

"How evil. Old Master Lawrence was so old. Why was Jeanne arguing with him?"

"I heard Old Master Lawrence treated Jeanne well. Back then, he was trying to make up for chasing Jeanne out of the house that year."

"Some people really don't know any better."

...

A lot of people were gossiping around them, and it made Monica furious when she heard it.

It was clear that they were saying those words intentionally to Jeanne.

She shouted at everyone, "What nonsense are you all spouting? All of you, shut up!"

Actually, Monica still had some authority. After all, she was in a relationship with Michael now.

Everyone knew that Michael's career was limitless, so everyone still treated Monica with some respect.

At that moment, the hall became a little quieter.

Seeing that Jeanne did not speak, Alexander became even more intimidating.

He originally thought Jeanne would refute him. He was even a little afraid of the power Jeanne had, so he made sure he was prepared. However, he did not expect that Jeanne would be so indifferent to his accusations against her.

Was it because she knew that once Jonathan died, no one in the Lawrences would protect her?

Or was it because now she knew that the more she said, the more badly she would be scolded?

No matter what, he had to make Jeanne get the hell out of their family!

At that though, Alexander became even more agitated. "Jeanne, I don't want to argue too much with you in front of so many people. Your grandfather just passed away, and I'm not in the mood to argue with you. However, I will not let this matter go! Get lost right now! I don't want to see you!"

"Dad, do you know what the saying 'He who is unjust is doomed to destructive' means?" Jeanne raised her eyebrows.

Alexander looked at her coldly.

"You'll know soon enough," Jeanne said.

After that, she turned around and left.

Under everyone's watchful eyes, she felt without even taking a look at Jonathan, who was in the coffin.

Monica was a little surprised at how partial Jeanne was to her grandfather's death.

Just a few words and that was all? Would she not become everyone's gossip if she left just like that?

As Jeanne left, she just happened to brush past Jasmine, who had rushed over.

Jeanne turned to look at Jasmine and how she had been crying her heart out since she entered.

It was a stark contrast to her indifference.

In fact, she did not feel anything.

All she did was take a glance at her and avert her gaze, only to see Eden standing not far away. The corners of his mouth seemed to be pulled into an evil smile, even though it was only for a moment.

That meant Eden was colluding with the Lawrences again.

She really did think that after Jasmine's incident, the Lawrences would have had a fallout with Eden.

However, on second thought, it seemed she had thought too much of the Lawrences. They were... heartless!

Chapter 600: Confronting the Lawrences, Imposing Presence!

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Jasmine's crying and Jeanne's indifference were a huge contrast.

Jeanne looked askance at Jasmine who was crying her heart out.

Jasmine should be glad that she could take advantage of this opportunity to temporarily get out of the Snow family's home, where she was living a life worse than death.

In fact, Jeanne did not need to ask around or think to know how badly Eden could treat Jasmine.

Jasmine was only crying for herself — crying about how she had been living a life worse than death.

Nevertheless, Jeanne did not care about her.

After all, karma would come back and bite Jasmine in the \*ss. She brought it upon herself, and Jeanne did not have to feel sorry for her.

She walked past Eden, not bothered by the evil smile on his face.

In any case, when the truth was finally revealed, she would definitely not be the one to be humiliated.

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With that, she dragged Monica along and walked away in front of everyone.

Eden's gaze was the same as most of the others. They were all looking at her back and seeing how determined she was to leave.

Alexander was overjoyed with the outcome. In front of so many people, Jeanne's reputation was destroyed. He had even bribed the reporters to write all sorts of negative things about Jeanne on the news. That way, the next time he chased Jeanne out of the Lawrence Enterprise, it would be a matter of course. No one would think that he had done something wrong.

The more he thought about it, the more excited he was.

However, he still had to put on a particularly sad expression on his face.

His eyes turned to look at the coffin.

Never in his father's wildest dreams would he think his son would do something to him and kill him while he was caught off guard.

When Alexander thought of the grievance his father had caused him and how Jonathan died with his eyes wide open tonight, Alexander felt very happy.

One day, the family would truly be his, and his word would be the law!

He would no longer be controlled by his father!

...

Jeanne brought Monica back to the car.

The entire thing had taken more than an hour.

Monica could not hold it in anymore as soon as she got into the car. Irritated, she said to Jeanne, “Jeanne, is it appropriate for you to leave like this? Everyone will think you're disobedient! They'll think you have no respect and don't care about your grandfather's death. You're—”

“I've never cared.” Jeanne interrupted Monica, who looked at her in a daze.

Jeanne smiled. “Monica, I'm not as kind as you think. Jonathan deserved to die.”

“But...” Monica wanted to say, 'He was your grandfather.'

However, she swallowed her words in the end.

Back then, Jeanne believed that, no matter what, they were a family. Even if there was hatred between them, she could not continue to hate that person when he died.

It was later on that she found out some hatred was irreconcilable. It could make people lose their rationality and become cruel.

Even so, Jeanne did not explain herself to Monica.

She did not want to lie to her, but neither did she want to tell her directly how dark this world was.

Monica could trust a person so much and do what she felt was right without hesitation because she had lived in a very happy environment since she was a kid, so she did not think anyone would harm her. She had never thought about it.

In fact, a person had to experience it for themselves before they knew how terrifying the world was.

However, Jeanne would rather Monica not suffer at all! That way, Monica would not have to force herself to endure it and grow!

After all, the process was... too cruel.

Jeanne sent Monica home first before returning to Bamboo Garden.

Then, she lay on the bed, looking at the video Kingsley sent her on her phone.

She did not open it for a long time or know how much time had passed until her phone rang.

When Jeanne snapped out of it, she looked at the time.

It was 4 a.m.

She picked it up. "Hello."

"I thought you should be awake." Edward's sexy voice came from the other side of the phone.

"Yeah, I'm awake."

"Jonathan is dead." Edward went straight to the point.

"He fell to his death from the second floor."

"I'm sorry for your loss," Edward said.

Jeanne smiled.

The man knew that she did not care about Jonathan's life.

She asked, "When will you be back?"

“I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I won't be able to make it back in two days,” Edward said apologetically.