

Fated out Chapter 20

Chapter 20

"What happened? Well, it's just a person who came from a slum, and somehow got the Larsons to adopt her. The woman acted so pretentiously, and thought that she was an actual daughter of the Larsons just because she entered the Larsons. What is infuriating is that I don't know how she persuaded Mr. Larson and Mrs. Larson to live in Whitney's room." Xenia ranted and she felt that it was unfair for her good friend.

Whenever Jessica was mentioned, Xenia became angry. After all, this incident was caused because of Jessica, that b*tch! If it weren't for her, she would not have been beaten, and this mess would not have happened.

Jessica!

Xenia gritted her teeth and recited her name silently. *w(w)w.novèlworM.com*

Xenia was simple-minded, and did not have many thoughts, but her parents were different.

The two of them looked at each other, and noticed the underhanded trick there.

"Who told you these things?" Mrs. Yard asked.

"Of course Whitney told me." As soon as she was finished, she felt that she had to defend her friend, and added, "When we saw that Whitney was in a bad mood, we only found out why after we kept asking her. You know Whitney's character. She doesn't like talking about these things."

Mrs. Yard looked at her naive daughter, and kept shaking her head. *@ww.nOYEℓ(w)σR(m).com*

"Ask Nanny Song to apply some cream on your face."

After asking her daughter to leave, Mrs. Yard said to Tim, "Considering Julianna's character, she doesn't seem like someone who would suddenly adopt a child. When Zachary was adopted, she was very reluctant. It seems illogical that she would suddenly adopt a girl so easily."

"Yes." Tim nodded in agreement.

Tim made a phone call. "Go and check the situation with the adopted daughter of the Larsons. Yes, the adopted daughter. The more detailed it is, the better."

20 minutes later, the investigation was complete.

"Our conjecture was correct. The child that was brought back was the Larson couple's biological daughter. Whitney was a child they'd brought back by mistake," Tim said with raised eyebrows.

They had heard of something like this before, but this was the first time it happened to someone close to them.

Mrs. Yard was shocked, and finally understood why. "No wonder. That child, Whitney, didn't tell Xenia the truth."

As she spoke, Mrs. Yard smiled, and softly said, "Speaking of this, it all started because of her, and we can use her to solve the problems of the two families."

"I think that people will be interested in these strange things, especially since they occur in the homes of rich people. A person who lived in a slum. A dove occupying a magpie's nest that replaced the position of the real daughter. Isn't it very exciting? This is comparable to a TV show, and is more interesting. Hubby, don't you think so?"

Tim hugged his wife in his arms and smiled. "You have many wild ideas. What if the people on the internet don't buy it?"

"It's very simple. Spend some money and use some mercenary forces to guide public opinion so that everyone's focus is shifted to this matter. Even if someone is still holding on to our affairs, he can't cause another wave."

After all, this incident happened suddenly, and the two families were caught off guard.

Tim kissed her on the forehead. "You can comfort our daughter for me. I was a little hard just now."

"Are you regretting now?" Mrs. Yard laughed. "Honestly, she deserved it."

When Mrs. Yard found Xenia, she looked at her swollen face, and was distressed and angry. "In the future, you should mind your words."

"Mom, even you are blaming me. Xenia pouted aggrievedly.

"Don't just believe whatever Whitney says in the future. You have to use your brain."

Xenia sulked in her heart. She listened, but her words left her other ear, and she dealt with it in a perfunctory manner. "Ok, I get it.

"I've finally managed to contact you." The paparazzo breathed a sigh of relief. "The sensational news on the internet has changed, the two

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companies have probably taken action. If you still want to keep the momentum, you can only spend money to hire spreaders. Otherwise, you will lose to the other party."

Jessica looked at the latest news that made the headlines while listening to the paparazzo. After he was done, she calmly said, "No need. This is the end of the matter. I will transfer the final payment to you now."

After hanging up the phone, Jessica took out the SIM card from the phone, flushed it down the toilet, and watched it disappear.

"Miss, it's time for dinner."

Just as Jessica was about to walk down the stairs, a sharp shout came from behind her.

"Stop there."

Jessica ignored it, and went straight down.

Seeing that she didn't stop, Whitney went down the stairs angrily. She wanted to reach out to grab her, but she did not position herself well, and fell to the ground instead.

"Ah!" Whitney screamed miserably. *wWŴ.N⊙ve/wσRm.Com*

The sharp sound echoed in the villa. Julianna, who was in the living room, James, who was in the study, Mrs. Willow, and the others rushed over immediately.

"What's wrong?" When Julianna saw that her daughter was lying on the ground, she anxiously asked, "Whitney, why are you on the ground?" "What happened? Why is it so noisy?" James walked downstairs and saw James lying on the ground. He frowned slightly. "What happened?" Whitney endured the pain and her eyes were misty. "I'm fine. Dad and Mom, please don't blame Jessica. I was the one who accidentally fell." Julianna was overwhelmed with anger. She rushed forward, and was just about to hit Jessica's face.

However, the slap sound did not occur as Whitney had hoped. Jessica firmly grabbed her wrist. With a flick of her hand, Julianna stumbled two steps back.

"You've gone too far. You hit your sister and you still dare to attack me. Do you even consider me your mother?" Julianna spat.

"If you treat me as your daughter, I will treat you as my mother. If you don't treat me as your daughter, you are not my mother."

"You..." Julianna turned to look at James. "Hubby, did you hear what vicious things she said?"

"Vicious things?" Jessica sneered. "You immediately lifted your hand to hit me after hearing her side of the story. May I ask if you really treated me as your daughter? If not, what right do you have to talk to me like that?"

Whitney wanted to crawl up and stop it, but once she got up, she fell back on the floor as she was in too much pain. She anxiously yelled, "Mom, it's really nothing to do with my sister. I just wasn't careful. Don't blame her. It's all my fault, and I was in the wrong."

The more eagerly she admitted her guilt, the more Julianna did not believe her.

"Hubby, look at Whitney and then look at her. This brat has not lived with us, and has developed a habit of lying. If this is seen by the other families, the Larsons will be disgraced."

James looked at Jessica. "What exactly happened?"

"Dad, don't blame my sister. It's my fault." Whitney quickly tried to defend her, but her small face was pale as she was in pain. Cold sweat spread on her forehead.

James furrowed his brows, and distress flashed past his eyes. He looked at Jessica more coldly. "Explain."

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