

Chapter 367 You Are Still Blaming Me

Johanna exploded at Vanessa's cold interrogation.

“What the hell did I do wrong for both of you to toss me aside like rubbish?” she screamed at Vanessa. “If you guys never loved me, why even have me in the first place? Was sending me off to be alone in a strange country when I wasn't even an adult your way of taking care of me? All of my other classmates went home for the holidays. What about me? All I could do was go back to that condominium. For my birthday, I had to buy myself a cake. Whenever I called you, you barely spoke for a minute before hanging up.”

Johanna began to sob, and her tears started to blur her vision. “I was just a kid then, too. Why should I have to shoulder the problems that you two caused?”

“If I'd never taken care of you and left you with your father, do you think you would have a good life now?” Vanessa hissed coldly. “Do you think you got to go to school for free? If I hadn't paid all of your school fees, you wouldn't have been able to graduate.”

Johanna chuckled drily. “So you're still blaming me, is that it?”

Vanessa was about to speak when her phone rang.

She glanced at it and picked up the call immediately. Her voice softened as she answered, “Hey, Darling. I'm out buying some things now. I'll be back soon.”

After hanging up, Vanessa turned back.

She shoved the card into Johanna's hand and warned, “You better leave tomorrow morning. Stop contacting Timothy and never come back!”

After leaving those words behind, she hurriedly turned to leave.

Johanna stood there motionless, her hands and feet freezing. She loosened her grip, and the card fell to the ground.

She had run into the convenience store, all excited to see her mother once again. She had even foolishly hoped that her mother would hug her and talk about how she regretted sending her overseas on her own for so many years.

She certainly hadn't expected for her mother to slap her across the face and even accused her of ruining her life.

Am I not your daughter?

Johanna felt as if a black hole had opened up inside of her, sucking her happiness dry. She crouched down and began crying, her teardrops hitting the ceramic tiles.

The cashier walked over and asked, “Miss, are you all right?”

“I-I'm fine,” Johanna said as she wiped her tears away. She made a beeline for the alcohol section and took out as many cans of beer as her hands could carry.

After paying, she sat on the curb right outside the convenience store and downed them one by one.

It was already extremely late at night. Apart from the streetlights, there was no other hint of life except for the occasional car that drove past.

She stared at the empty streets and tried to think about the happier memories that she had of her family, but soon enough, they dissolved into nothingness.

She couldn't help but think about how lonely she had been when she was living alone overseas.

When she had just reached that country, she hadn't known anything, and she had lived far away from school. The condominium that Vanessa had found for her wasn't in a good place in town—its tenants were mostly old men who were either alcoholics or hardcore gamblers.

She had even been targeted by a sick pervert who had noticed her walking home alone every day.

If it hadn't been for the surveillance cameras she had installed in a blind spot of the condominium and her nightly habit of checking the footage after going into her unit, she would really have been in trouble if she had just walked in.

She had gritted her teeth and held on for so many years on her own. The only time she came back was because she missed her mother. Yet, Vanessa had only thought of it as Johanna trying to ruin her life.

Even now, Vanessa didn't let Johanna explain anything and simply blamed everything on her.

If she doesn't love me, why did she even give birth to me in the first place?

Johanna sniffed and saw her phone lit up next to her with a WhatsApp message from Timothy.

Timothy: Johanna, did you get home with your mother?

Johanna's eyes immediately reddened, and she swung her phone onto the ground harshly.

I don't have a mother anymore!

A cold night breeze blew into her face and cut against her cheeks painfully, which woke her up and out of her trance. She bent down to pick up her phone.

She tested it and it seemed to still be working fine, so she made a call.