

My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 461

selling lollipops and hastened toward it. “I would like a strawberry-flavored

her hand suddenly froze.

man.

“Could you pay for me first, Mr.

only had his phone in his hand.

“You could

my phone.

to scan the code.

Genevieve took the opportunity to lean

anymore.

She recalled Jack’s words before she returned to the country.

“Some people will never change, Genev.

It’s been four years.

right.

I gave birth to his two children? I can’t even see

to Genevieve’s palate.

Upon coming across a bin, she licked it twice and threw it away.

Armand was mystified

for it?

Genevieve was inconsolable.

couple walked through the bustling crowd of the old street side

that crowded its entrance.

An employee stood by the door

“Come,” he called to the crowd.

piece must be left on the board within the designated time.

made of pure silver to the

how to expel the pieces on the board.
Genevieve leaped at the opportunity to participate in such an

rigged the game to earn the participation fee of five.
Five here and five there

hastily.

“We don’t set the rules.

eliminate all the pieces in thirteen seconds.

swiped his tablet open to show the players’ ranking list of the game to the crowd.
Genevieve was not

than her first.

“If only my son were here,” she lamented.

her, narrowed his eyes at her words.
Genevieve did not waste any

for him in the crowd.
She hurriedly chased

clasped behind her back.
Armand was forced to slow down

at all.

tone.

like his father?”

“I know now,” Armand said stiffly.

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gush of wind swept past her back. When Genevieve

was not the slightest hint of remorse on his face.
When Armand saw this, he grabbed a coconut from

to me that you did not realize you almost ran into her.

who was already shivering in pain, was gripped by fear when he saw

road maintenance and the couple could not hail a car, they decided to walk all the way to where they

short, none of them won anything.

“Do you want to have a try?” she asked Armand.

“No.”

“Come on.

to make payment.

“It’s really easy.

she pulled the disgruntled man over.

His unwillingness was apparent from the frown sitting on his brows,

adroitly and swiftly on the board, eliminating all the black pieces.

Under the admiring gaze of all the other tourists,

“Wow! You’re really good at it.

player in the world took thirteen seconds to complete this? It’s been a long

the first.

Genevieve was astounded when she saw

yet he actually made it to the top in

employee her preferences for the rings.

The pair of rings had geometric patterns, and they shone brightly

the box and just left.

When they finally

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of them was the man Armand had hit with coconut because he had almost run into Genevieve earlier on.

He

her gaze across the street and realized there were no surveillance cameras at

and act so antagonistically in public.

Beside her, Armand looked unperturbed by the commotion.

He slowly pulled Genevieve

angered Armand.

He popped his knuckles as his face darkened.

signaled at his gang with a glance.

Some of the men

hit with bats.

She was worried sick since there were eight of them in total, and

fearful when the ruckus dragged out for a good

pull away the jackets when everything suddenly died down.

Then, someone's groans and cries broke the silence.

What

to the ground.

As for Armand, he was standing in front of them without

big bruise on his arm.

Just as she was about to utter something, her eyes widened, and she threw her

intended to ambush Armand with his bat from behind.

"Ouch!" Genevieve suddenly felt a pang of pain in her

she had overexerted herself.

"I-I'm okay...

much that her face became contorted.

"Didn't I ask you to stand still?" Armand snapped.

"So,

That's the best thing I could think of doing.

brick?" she asked, picking up her bag and showing it to Armand.

is heavy.

out loud, but he quickly straightened

happened.

Because there were no surveillance cameras around, the gang fabricated their own story and said that Armand was the

were detained for a month.

It was already twelve midnight when Genevieve and Armand arrived at

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front desk.

After a few minutes, another

It's not something difficult.

Don't tell me you're afraid of me.

ankle to save you today.

Over in Genevieve's room, she was reclined in bed

her phone.

Seeing that Armand did not reply after some time, she pouted and

saw that photo Genevieve sent, he immediately gave her a

fastest I could finish it was in thirteen seconds.

playing this game too?" Genevieve asked, surprised.

"Well, he's your daddy.

What do you expect?"

"But I invented the game.

even more upset.

"You created that game? How did you even know how to program a

tell me about it.

own game fast enough.

Son," Genevieve said snarkily.

A short pause followed.

to talk to each other too much.

After all, given Armand's keenness, he might notice something.

when can we go back?" Lucian asked.

Genevieve thought about the uncertain situation and sighed.

"Not anytime soon.

she was speaking, Genevieve heard Amanda's voice in the background.
It seemed

but the call ended abruptly.
Genevieve looked

same because, in hers, Lucian loved to bully Amanda.
Genevieve looked

about to text him again, the doorbell rang.
Genevieve thought about the food she had

toe.

to enter.
After that, she closed the door and skipped over
the bathroom.

Could you help me wash my hair?"
Armand was annoyed.

this is a leather chair, and it's heavy," she replied,

nice if it's cold."
Armand was left speechless.

The food she ordered was from a famous shop

some, but the latter was not bothered.
After she was

rubbed and cleaned her hair.
After he shampooed her hair, he put on a hair mask and

Chapter 465 Do You Miss Me Since Armand thought it would be too much work to carry her all the way out to the bed, he just held her waist and put her on the washbasin. Then he plugged in the hairdryer and passed it to Genevieve. Instead of taking the hairdryer from him, Genevieve lowered her head and smiled subtly. "Mr. Faulkner," she said, "why not you go an extra mile since you already cleaned my hair? It's not easy to blow-dry my own hair

like this. Besides, my hair is so long.” Armand fell into silence for a while. With a sigh, he turned on the hair dryer and did as she requested. The sound of the hairdryer echoed in the bathroom. Because Genevieve’s hair was long and thick, it took Armand a good half an hour before her hair completely dried. Just as he wanted to turn off the hair dryer and leave, he realized Genevieve had circled her legs around him, locking his movement. Armand glanced down at her. Under the warm yellow lighting in the bathroom, Genevieve’s features appeared to be exceedingly lovely. She gazed up at Armand alluringly, but the man looked unfazed. “Let go,” he said emotionlessly yet gently. “My legs are tired. I need to rest them somewhere,” she replied innocently. “Well, you can still leave. I’m not stopping you.”

Despite what she said, she did not give Armand the chance to leave as she leaned against him. The design of the washbasin at the hotel was low. Since Armand was tall, Genevieve had to lift her head to look at him. She blinked and stared at the man. “Are you afraid of me, Mr. Faulkner?” “Why should I be? I just don’t like you being so close to me.” “But what if I want to?” Genevieve grabbed his shirt, forcing him nearer to her. They were so close her breathing was beating against his lips. Genevieve widened her eyes and stared at him as she waited for a response. When she could not help but blink, her lashes brushed against his lips. But still, Armand did not respond. Seeing that, Genevieve leaned forward and planted a short kiss on his lips. Her eyes smiled. The kiss was soft and tantalizing as if it embodied all the feelings she had for him. Armand swallowed dryly at her attempt. His arm was still supporting her from the side, but he did not move further. Genevieve wrapped her arms around him and kissed his cheeks and his Adam’s apple. “Mando,” she murmured softly, “you still look so handsome after so many years.” Her fingers ran across his brows before sliding down his nose bridge. “Do you miss me?” Armand finally looked down at her. He cupped her head and kissed her hard. Genevieve’s limbs tightened around his waist and around his neck. She could feel his warm chest pushing against her body as he lifted and carried her outside. Genevieve was not sure if it was because of his movement or the intoxicating kiss that her vision of the ceiling light was blurry. It was as if she was drunk.

Engulfed by Armand’s warmth and the softness of the bed, Genevieve felt lethargy washing over her. She closed her eyes to rest with her arms still around him. “Mando...” she whined softly, “could you stay with me tonight?” She felt secure with him around. Her sleep would always be sweet and deep. When Genevieve woke up again, it was already morning. A whole night of physical closeness had left her body hot and sweaty. She opened her eyes and saw the beautiful green Genevieve Orsi tattooed on Armand’s firm chest with her initials and a series of numbers below it. A smile curved on her lips, and she kissed his chest. Little did she know Armand was already up and had

been looking at her quietly all this while. "What?" she asked. "Can't I kiss you?" She arched her brows, kissing him once more on his chin. The stubbles on his chin rubbed against her lips, putting a frown on her brows. Armand flashed a faint smile. He pushed Genevieve away and got out of bed from another side. Then he grabbed the bathrobe hanging on the chair before putting it on. "Hey, are you not carrying me to the bathroom after all you did to me last night? My whole body is sore now, thanks to you. Do you expect me to walk there?" she asked grumpily when she saw that he was going to the bathroom.

"You came on me," Armand replied calmly. "You brought it on yourself, so you'll have to suck it up." "I seduced you, but you could well reject me, right?" Genevieve argued, lying back in bed. "I don't care. You have to carry me over, or I'll just stay here the whole day." Armand was at a loss for words. He turned back and scooped her up from the bed. The blanket slipped off from her body, revealing the love bites all over her delicate skin. Armand grabbed another bathrobe and wrapped it around her before carrying her to the bathroom. Once they entered, he put her on the washbasin before he ripped the toothbrush package off, squeezed out some toothpaste, and stuffed the toothbrush in Genevieve's mouth. While they were washing up, someone's phone suddenly rang. Hearing that it was hers, Genevieve asked Armand to fetch her phone. Genevieve picked up immediately when she saw that it was the housekeeper who was in charge of taking care of the kids. "Anything?"

Chapter 466 Remarry You Genevieve's face paled before the housekeeper could even finish speaking. She got off the washbasin in a hurry, but a twinge of weakness shot through her legs. Armand caught her in time. When Genevieve got herself together, she pushed his arm aside and left the bathroom. "Don't panic, all right?" she said over the phone. "I want you to contact Ulysses. I'll head back right now." Genevieve quickly took out some clothes from her luggage while she was still on the phone. When Armand got out, Genevieve went over to him. "May I use your private jet?" she asked. "Could you get in touch with the Aviation Authority and tell them I need to fly to Dartan? I need to go back now."

Armand wanted to turn down her request, but when he saw how worried she was and that her voice was shaking, he paused for a bit before picking up his phone from the bedside to call Steven. Steven was very efficient. Within twenty minutes, the route was cleared, and the private jet was on the way to Lightspring. Genevieve did not have time to explain everything to Armand. She got the documents she needed and left for the airport. Armand remained all alone in the room for a long time even after she left. The messy bed-sheet and the clothes on the floor were all evidence of their night together. However, in less than eight hours, Genevieve had once again departed from

his life. Why? Why does she still have so much power over me even after all these years? Why do I always lose control around her? Meanwhile, Johanna was still in bed when she received a call from Genevieve saying she was on her way back to Dartan. She shot up from the bed the moment she found out the reason for her return. “Hey,” she said assuringly, “Dartan is Jack’s territory. The kids will be all right. Don’t worry about things at the company. I will tell Mr. Dixon... Did you tell Armand about it?”

“I didn’t.” Since that was what Genevieve had decided to do, Johanna did not probe any further. After the call ended, Johanna suddenly realized that she was not sleeping in her own condominium but in the place she used to stay with Timothy. Just as she was caught in confusion, Timothy walked in. It was then that Johanna recalled that he had come looking for her yesterday, and the two had a fight until he forcibly took her back to his place. She glared at him and went to take her clothes. Timothy followed her closely. He took out her tight-fitting bra from the drawer and put it on for her. “Come on, Jojo. My darling—” “Shut up. We’re not married anymore!” Johanna shouted, snatching the bra away from him. “I know it’s my fault, but I swear Denise and I really ran into each other coincidentally at the mall. I really had no intention of meeting her,” he confessed. Johanna turned away, wearing her bra. “You don’t have to tell me that. I am not interested to know.” D*mn it! The hooks on her bra were not clipping together. Timothy pushed her fingers away and hooked them for her effortlessly. “Come on, Darling. I’m sorry. Please forgive me.

I helped her a few times only because she’s my late friend’s sister,” he said, hugging her from behind. “Her sister, Dakota Wallowitz, was my first love. We went to the same high school together.” Timothy had never told Johanna this before because he never saw the need to. Like all the other young men, he had his crushes when he was younger. Dakota was pretty and talented, and Timothy fell for her, but he was not the only one who had feelings for her. In fact, almost all the boys at school liked her. That day, he bumped into Dakota after school. When he found out that she was going to the mall to buy something, he offered her a ride in his car, but they were met with a mishap when someone kidnapped them. Timothy told Johanna the story, resting his head on her shoulder. “My family already owned the largest pharmaceutical group at that time. They were trying to get back at my dad, so they tried to kill us after getting the money.

The whole car was drenched with oil, and the fire spread in no time. Dakota was the one who pushed me out at that critical moment. Before she sacrificed herself, she asked me to take care of her family, and that is what I did. Over the past ten years and more, I’ve always made sure they have everything they need. “When I knew that her sister was studying in Jadeborough, I asked

the driver to attend to all her needs. I didn't have any interaction with her until she came to the hospital that day. She asked me to help one of her classmates, and it was not like I could say no. "Trust me, Darling. Nothing happened between us. I mean, if I really did anything with anyone else, I wouldn't even have the stamina left to do anything with you when I came home." Timothy glanced at Johanna, rubbing his chin against the nape of her neck. Johanna elbowed his waist.

"Ouch!" Timothy feigned pain and stole a kiss from Johanna. "I was too impulsive that day. I shouldn't have asked for a divorce. I regretted the moment we arrived at the City Hall." Back then, he did not want to back down because of his ego, so he ended up going through with the divorce. "I promise you I won't fight with you ever again. I'll go on my knees for as long as you want," he said pitifully. "Please, Darling. I want to remarry you."

Chapter 467 Pregnant Johanna was moved, but she took a deep breath and made up her mind. "I'm not interested in what went on between you and your first love. I don't want to know and neither do I want to marry you again," she insisted, pushing his hands away. Timothy was taken aback. He went in front and looked her in the eyes. "I've explained everything to you, yet you still choose not to believe me?" Johanna kept quiet. She took out a shirt from the closet and put it on. "What can I do to make you believe me?" Never in his life had he ever put himself down to beg someone. Johanna was his weak spot. He was not serious when he married Johanna since he simply wanted to know what it felt like to be married. But after spending four years with her, he could not help but fall for her. He loved how Johanna used to always stick by his side like a child. After their divorce, the whole house became lifeless, and Timothy felt lonely.

"I know I didn't give you a memorable wedding, but all that can change. I can get you a ring and a wedding dress and I will propose to you again." Timothy took a step forward, wanting to pull her into his arms. Johanna did not even give him a chance. She pushed his hand away and darted backward. "Did you not hear what I say? We're divorced, Timothy!" she repeated with a cold look on her face. "I'll call the police and report you for sexual harassment if you ever bring me here again." The smile on Timothy's face faded away as he gazed at her. "Why do you not believe me?" he asked after a moment of silence. "Is it because you have fallen for someone else? Is that why you wanted a divorce?" That was the only explanation he could think of for her nonchalance when they went for a divorce. "I don't care what you think about me, Timothy." Johanna was not interested in continuing the conversation, so she put on a miniskirt and turned to leave. Before she went out, she went over to the bed, pick up her phone from the rug, and put it back in her bag.

Breakfast was already prepared and laid out on the dining table when she left. It was all her favorite food.

Johanna stopped when she saw it, but she still decided to leave in the end. She felt a lump in her throat the moment she entered the elevator, and tears streamed down her cheeks. Seeing that she was almost reaching the ground floor, Johanna quickly wiped away her tears and swallowed her grief. A cab happened to pass by the residential area, so she hailed the car. When she opened the door, a disturbing smell of cheap leather came toward her. Johanna closed the door and dashed over to the bin, gagging. She stood there for a while as she rested her palms on her knees. Thinking that it was because she had not eaten anything, she navigated her way to the subway station and bought some food at a store next to it. The nauseating feeling was dispelled after she had some food, so she scanned her card and went into the station. However, when she entered the carriage, she felt like vomiting again although there was no unusual smell in the subway. Noticing a woman carrying a tote with wordings to the effect of looking out for pregnant women, Johanna gave up her seat for that lady despite her own discomfort. "Thank you," the woman said.

"No problem," Johanna replied, then sent a text message to a design workshop representative she was working with on WhatsApp. Suddenly, she looked up at the woman, alarmed. The woman had placed her bag on her lap, and its wordings appeared to be unusually glaring in Johanna's eyes. Her hands shuddered. No way... After she reached the station, Johanna rushed out and went to the nearest drugstore using the navigation to get what she wanted before heading to the production company. When she was finally done with her work, she took her bag and went to the restroom. The result of the pregnancy test showed in no time. It was a single line. Johanna heaved a sigh of relief, but she saw something else the next second. Another vague line had gradually appeared. She was pregnant.

Chapter 468 Do You Not Want The Child Johanna sat on the toilet seat for a long time, stunned. It was not until she heard her colleagues talking outside that she snapped back to her senses. Thinking that there could be a possibility of a faulty test, she thought she should still double-check the result at the hospital. Wait. Timothy works at the General Hospital. I don't want to risk running into him. At about eleven, Johanna took a cab to the private hospital Jermaine had talked about. After she arrived, she met Jermaine at the outpatient appointment counter. He had no idea what happened to Johanna, but he still helped put her through to a gynecologist who was not from the General Hospital as she requested. It so happened that he was there to send something for her sister at the hospital, so he went to look for Johanna after that. "You know the doctors at the General Hospital are better,

right?" he asked as they were going up the elevator. "Besides, I'm sure Timothy can help you get a good one too, so why not you go over?"

"I'm not going because of him. I don't want to see him," Johanna said shortly, pursing her lips. Jermaine did not ask any further. After he led her to the gynecologist, he left. As for Johanna, she told the doctor about her test result, and the doctor asked her to do another test downstairs. This time, the two lines on the test paper were obvious. "It's positive," the doctor declared. "Take an ultrasound upstairs if you're not busy today." Johanna was still in shock even after she came out of the room. How can this be? We were careful. I'm a mess myself. How am I supposed to take care of a child? She leaned against the wall, trying to come to terms with the news. When she finally accepted reality, she went back to the doctor's office and asked to do an ultrasound. The doctor wrote her a slip, and she went up. When she arrived at the ultrasound room, Johanna saw Jermaine talking to a female doctor along the corridor. Jermaine instantly understood what was going on the moment he spotted the ultrasound slip. "This is my friend, Janet," he said to the doctor beside him before turning to Johanna. "This is my sister." Johanna stared at him in disbelief. Thereafter, she went into the ultrasound room with Janet. It was after ten minutes that Jermaine saw Johanna again.

They went downstairs together toward the exit. "I can send you to the General Hospital. I drove here," he said. "I'm fine," Johanna answered, shaking her head. She tore the report and threw it into the bin. Jermaine was startled by the sight. "Do you not want the child?" Unlike her usual self, Johanna looked downcast and spiritless. "My parents divorced when I was still young, and now Timothy and I are divorced too. I don't think I should bring this child into a broken family." Johanna had never wanted a child herself, yet she still got pregnant. She inhaled deeply and smiled at Jermaine. "Anyway, thank you, Dr. Sitler. We should pretend that we never met." Jermaine was silent for a while. "All right," he said with a nod in the end. When Jermaine got his car from the outdoor parking lot and was about to leave the hospital, he saw Johanna standing at the roadside, seemingly waiting for a cab. Suddenly, a Mercedes-Benz pulled up beside her, and she took a look at the person sitting in the back seat before going in. Jermaine thought the car plate number looked familiar.

Is that Timothy's car? He remembered that was the car that picked Timothy up at the General Hospital before he started driving himself. I thought he was still at the hospital when I came here in the morning. Jermaine was puzzled, but he brushed the thought aside and drove back to the General Hospital after the Mercedes-Benz disappeared out of his sight. When he arrived at his office, Timothy was already waiting for him inside. Timothy's face darkened

the moment he saw Jermaine. Timothy got up and pushed the latter against the wall. "Since when did you guys get together?"

Chapter 469 You Are Degrading Yourself Jermaine sucked a mouthful of cold air when he felt the pain in his back. "Hey, Timothy, I'm not even together with Ms. Joule. There's nothing going on between us." "I saw her talking and smiling at you at the bar the other day. I saw everything." "It's not like I can walk away if she wants to talk to me," Jermaine said helplessly. "Then why did you go to the private hospital?" Timothy questioned. "Someone told me they saw you talking to her at the hospital today." Timothy could not understand. She had rejected him in the morning, yet there she was, meeting up with Jermaine at the private hospital the next moment. The thought of it infuriated Timothy. He grabbed Jermaine by the collar, almost lifting him from the ground. "Even if she's interested in you, she is still my wife. That doesn't change even if we're divorced. Don't you dare lay a finger on her. I swear I will chop off your hands if you do that!" Jermaine felt suffocated. He tried pulling Timothy's hands away desperately as he choked out, "T-Timothy... Let me go... Listen..." "What were you guys doing at the hospital? Tell me!" Jermaine had no choice but to come clean.

"She was the one who contacted me. She wanted an appointment with a gynecologist," he said, taking a careful look at Timothy. "She's pregnant." Timothy let go of his hands. "What?" Jermaine coughed a few times, then quickly put his hands around his neck to protect himself. "She's pregnant, but she tore the report and threw it away. She said she can't have a child when her life is so messed up." When Jermaine finally caught his breath, he told Timothy about what he had seen. "By the way, I think I saw your family's car at the hospital this morning." Timothy did not respond. It was as if he did not hear Jermaine at all. "Timothy?" Jermaine called out. "I thought she got into your car after she left the hospital. If it wasn't you, then who was it?" "What do you mean?" Timothy asked, looking at him in confusion. Over at Blue Shore Café, a waiter was serving two women at the window seat. After the waiter left, the beautiful woman took out a small container of medicine and gave it to Johanna. "Have you eaten?" Vanessa asked. Johanna took it up slowly, reading the words on it. She smiled and looked up. "I see you have a lot of free time at your disposal, Mrs. Jensen. I just got to the hospital, and now you've already received the news about my pregnancy."

"Johanna, are you trying to take revenge after everything I've done to bring you up?" Years back, when Timothy brought Johanna home saying they were married, Vanessa was horrified. Never in her slightest imagination did she expect Johanna to do that. Ever since that time, she had lived in fear for four years, thinking Johanna would say something to Timothy. "Revenge?" Johanna asked in return. "Am I not your daughter? Do you—" Vanessa threw

lemon water in her face before she could finish her sentence. "I wouldn't have sent you abroad if I'd known you would do this to me. I spent tonnes of money on you, but this is what you do to me in the end. I should've just let you die!" Vanessa seethed, glaring at her. Johanna wiped away the water on her face. A taste of sourness and sweetness spread across her mouth. Vanessa put down the glass on the table. "Timothy's Jeremiah's only son. He will inherit the family's business in the future, so the woman he marries has to be from an equally good family. Do you think Jeremiah's silence is his concession? Do you think he really acknowledges you as his daughter-in-law? He didn't say anything because he still thinks Timothy is still not mature enough to take care of the company. Give it two years, and he'll start making noises.

Do you think you can change anything by getting pregnant? Let me tell you, Johanna, you're just degrading yourself!" "So you can marry someone else and be a good mother to his child, but you can't do the same for me?" Johanna questioned. "Then what should I do?" Vanessa asked. "Do you expect me to be a single mother and take care of you after I divorced your father? Where do I get the money I need to raise you? You wouldn't even be able to study abroad if I had not married into the Jensen family. I am your mother, but I also have my own life!" "Yeah, you're right! I'm being unreasonable," Johanna agreed, forcing back the tears in her eyes

Chapter 470 Why Did You Not Tell Me Johanna opened her bag and pulled out a card. "Take this. There's two hundred million in it. I made all this on my own, and it has nothing to do with Timothy. Take this as my repayment for what you have done for me. We're strangers from now on. As for the child, I won't use him as leverage to ask for anything. I didn't plan on having this child, anyway." With that said, she opened the package brutally and took out two pills before swallowing them with a mouthful of lemon water. Water spilled on her clothes, but Johanna could not care less. She looked at her mother with teary eyes as she put down the glass. "May you be happy and have a happy family." Vanessa turned away. At that moment, the cafe door was flung open, and Timothy darted in. He walked right over to Johanna.

"Darling!" he called out in anger. "Why didn't you tell me you were pregnant?" "There's nothing to tell you about. I don't plan on keeping it anyway," Johanna replied calmly. When Timothy saw that her clothes were wet, he glanced over at the table and saw the glass of water and the drug package. He grabbed it and read the label. What? "Did you take this? When did you take it?" Timothy interrogated, his voice shaking. Johanna did not answer. Timothy forced open her mouth and stuck two fingers deep down her throat to induce vomit. Johanna felt nauseous. She pushed him away but to no avail. Timothy continued until she threw up all her breakfast, but that was not enough to stop

him. When he saw that she had vomited, he went through her puke until he finally saw two undissolved pills. "How could you be so selfish?" he roared. "I've listened to everything you said over the last four years. I did as I was told because you didn't want a child, but now that you're pregnant, you should have at least told me! I have a say in whether we're keeping this baby or not!" "We're already divorced, and I'm the one bearing the child. I get to choose what I want to do with it," Johanna replied coldly. Timothy was so incensed he was on the verge of swearing in her face. "You got pregnant before we got a divorce, so, of course, I have the right to know. You can't just take it away like that!" he exploded. When he finally stopped, he took another look at her and asked, "Please, Darling. Tell me why you're so angry with me." Johanna remained silent. Remembering why Johanna was there, Timothy turned toward Vanessa and narrowed his eyes. "What did you say to her?" Although the couple had stayed at the condominium Timothy bought after they got married, they would still go back to the Jensen residence on important occasions.

During those visits, Timothy had always had the impression that his stepmother did not like Johanna. There was once he even overheard Vanessa talking rudely to Johanna. Vanessa was caught in a tough spot. She quickly forced a smile. "I-I didn't say anything to her. I ran into Jojo when I came out, so I invited her for coffee, and we chatted for a bit." "Tim, you should clean your hands," she said, passing him a piece of tissue. "You shouldn't make things difficult for Jojo if she doesn't want the child." "Are you kidding me?"

Timothy snapped. "You had been avoiding her, but now you're telling me that you asked her out for coffee?" Timothy called the waiter and asked to look at the security footage. Vanessa was terrified. She had not expected Timothy to come here at all. All she wanted to do was to make Johanna take the pill and leave right after. That was why she had picked a place close by. If Timothy saw the footage, he would know that it was Vanessa who had brought the pill. "There's no need to look at the footage," Johanna interrupted. "I ate it myself. She doesn't like me because I'm her daughter."