

Pregnant 12

Chapter 12: Teach The B*tch A Lesson

The conversation in the garden got so awkward that it got silenced.

It was then a sharp scream came from inside the hall.

Jeanne turned around. She had a feeling that something had happened.

She strode inside swiftly.

Fourth Master Swan watched her strode in and decided to follow her inside.

In the hall, Jeanne saw her son, George, standing in the middle and was surrounded by people.

When Jeanne strode over, George looked at her with a grievance.

Jeanne was already wondering what took George so long in the men's room and now it seemed like he had already come out by himself.

She looked around and saw Octavia, who also garnered quite the attention to herself.

Octavia was hugging her falling dress and she was screaming in panic.

Someone had stepped on her dress and caused it to slip off her. Even her nude color breast pads were exposed, embarrassing her in front of everyone.

"What's wrong?" Damian came over in a hurry.

"T-This rascal stepped on my dress on purpose! He did it on purpose!" Octavia was driven mad by the embarrassment that she could barely keep herself calm.

Damian threw a glance at Thedus.

Thedus quickly took his jacket off and covered his mother's embarrassment.

"No, I didn't do it on purpose. I came out of the men's room and wanted to look for my mom. I accidentally ran into Grandma," George explained with teary eyes and an innocent look.

"Grandma, I really didn't mean it. I'm sorry."

He even politely bowed to express his apology.

Octavia would never let the boy off with just an apology. She pointed at George and screamed, "You ill-educated b*stard! Someone send him out immediately!"

Monica had also just arrived at the charity ball.

She was late because her husband, Finn, got delayed by an operation.

The scene of her godson being bullied fueled her anger. She wanted to jump in and reason with Octavia but before she could, Jeanne had stepped up.

"I wonder who's the ill-educated one. Madam Locke, or my son?" Jeanne said.

The emotion in her voice was flat but it was deterring.

Monica was shocked at her friend's reaction. The others were too.

Jeanne stepped up boldly and confronted Octavia. "My son said he didn't do it on purpose and he had already apologized. As an elder, must you be this calculative with a boy?"

"YOU!"

"Besides, this is a ball for high society and all ladies here know how to maintain their temperament and etiquette. As an elder, Madam Locke shouldn't have allowed a young boy to step on your dress. Are you being careless or was my son being naughty?"

"JEANNE!" Octavia screamed. "You're not even married to my son and you're this arrogant already?!"

"Do you mean when I married your son, I could be even more arrogant? Like you?"

"YOU!"

"Let's take one step back and look at things. I'm your son's fiance and as my son's future grandmother, you should've been tolerant with a boy and not insult him in public. Madam Locke, if you reacted this way, can I say that you never planned to accept me and my son into your family?" Jeanne asked.

She sounded flat throughout the confrontation and yet her words were pressuring.

Octavia was silenced and Damian was shamed in public.

Octavia's condition was already an embarrassment and yet Jeanne criticized his wife in public for overreacting. His wife's silent grievance brought shame to his entire family.

Damian reacted bitterly to the criticism. He shouted at Thedus, "Stop embarrassing yourself here, bring your mother away!"

Thedus glared at Jeanne before he helped his mother away.

Aggrieved, Octavia's eyes got teary but she could not do anything. She simply followed her son away from the crowd.

Damian glared at Jeanne but she barely reacted.

Alexander quickly stepped up and said, "Damian, it's just a misunderstanding. He's a kid and a kid tends to be clumsy. Let's calm down and try not to make things worse for both families."

Countless eyes were looking at Damian and he was forced to put his grievance and embarrassment aside. "Indeed it's a misunderstanding. We're almost half a century old and we're being calculative with a six-year-old. It'll be a joke if this gets out."

The crowd nodded in agreement.

High society was a place of hypocrisy. Deep down, the crowd was just there to watch and take pleasure in people's misfortune but they had to make themselves look as if they were there to ease the situation or solve the problem.

The little commotion faded after a while.

Jeanne brought George to the side.

Monica strode over and called her loudly, "Jeanne!"

Jeanne saw her friend in a black tube dress that showed off her sexiness.

Monica was quite pretty. She was skilled in makeup, always energetic, and fashionable.

Her slender arms were curled around a man's arm, who was in a gray suit.

The man had a pair of glasses that accentuated his politeness.

"He's my husband, Finn Jones." Monica introduced her husband to Jeanne when she noticed her friend was looking at him.

Finn blinked and extended his hand for a shake. "Hi. Monica always talks about you. You're more beautiful than rumored."

"Nice to meet you," Jeanne said and shook his hand but kept her distance from the man.

Finn pulled his hand back and said politely, "Excuse me. I think I saw my friend there."

Monica let go of her husband and watched him walk away.

Jeanne had a glance at him and noticed that he was walking toward Fourth Master Swan.

Monica was less perceptive. After her husband left, she said, "Jeanne! My goodness, I thought your sharp edges were ground blunt over the years! I thought you've become a tamed pet but when you lashed out at that old lady, you got me, girl! I was so excited!"

"That woman is foul-mouthed. I met her a few times during other events and I heard her gossiping about other girls. Yet she acted like she's Saint Mary in front of people, how disgusting. I've always wanted to teach her a lesson but you did that for me tonight!"

Monica was excited.

Jeanne simply smiled.

She had a look at George.

George got nervous and averted her gaze but he accidentally locked eyes with that handsome man with a sharp gaze.

George frowned. He disliked the man. He disliked Fourth Master Swan.