

Pregnant 2

Chapter 2: Alive and Back After Seven Years

South Hampton continued to thrive and flourish for seven years after Jeanne left.

At the city's airport, Jeanne came out from the arrival gate with a large luggage. There was a six-year-old boy with curly hair beside her.

The boy had black-framed glasses on his fair and cute face and he was holding a storybook in his hand.

She was like a fashion model walking on a runway with that fashionable coat on her. Her wavy hair and fiery red lips elevated her beauty. Wherever she went, heads turned.

Increased attention to her style was nothing new to her. She held the boy's hand and walked further.

When she walked past a man, the man froze on the spot and turned around.

The man's attendant turned to where his boss was looking. "Fourth Master, sir, I think she's Jeanne Lawrence."

"She's back?"

"I heard Master Lawrence has fallen ill and she's back to see him for the last time," the attendant said.

"Oh really?" The man, known as Fourth Master, grinned subtly for a moment.

"Is that her... son?" the attendant muttered softly.

Fourth Master glared at his attendant. The attendant reverently looked away and followed his boss away.

Meanwhile, Jeanne was walking toward a woman, who seemed to be searching for someone.

"Monica!"

Surprised, Monica turned around to find her best friend, looking great.

"Jeanne! You're finally back! I thought you were going to spend the rest of your life eating pizza and pasta!"

It had been many years since the two met but Monica's quips remained as sharp as ever.

Jeanne switched the topic and asked, "Who are you looking for just now?"

"Edward, Edward Swan. Did you see him? He just walked in your direction."

"I don't know the man," Jeanne said with a lack of interest.

"You don't? But you tried to get into his pants back then!"

It was just a joke when she was young.

Monica smirked. "If you really got into his pants, your father might not have thrown you out back then..."

"Your car is outside, right?" Jeanne cut her friend off by switching the topic again.

"Yeah. Come on, let's go."

Monica wanted to help Jeanne with the luggage and it was then she noticed a boy beside her friend.

"Is this your son? He's so cute."

"Yeah. This is George." Jeanne nodded.

"Hello, George. Look at me, I'm Peppa Pig. Snort, snort..." Monica even mimicked a pig's snort to tease the boy.

George stared at her blankly as he took his glasses off. His eyelashes were extremely long.

Things got awkward quickly and Monica's snorting froze.

Jeanne mentioned that her son was an introvert and it seemed like she was not lying.

However, Monica had a different thought when she saw the look on George. She felt like the boy was looking at her like he was looking at an idiot.

At the next moment, George spoke with his meek voice, "Hi, Peppa Pig."

"You can just call me godmother." Monica ruffled the boy's curly hair.

George looked at his mother and his mother nodded.

"Godmother."

"Good boy. You're in for a treat, my dear godson! You'll get the best food to eat and the best place to stay. Even the best girls will be at your service!"

As Monica disregarded Jeanne's luggage, she held George's hand and strode forward happily.

George turned around to his mother with furrowed brows as if he was trying to ask if the woman was an idiot.

Jeanne sighed.

Despite being six years old, George had an IQ of 200, so everyone, to him, was an idiot.

The car drove off from the airport.

Monica was driving. Jeanne was in the passenger seat and George quietly sat in the rear seat alone.

The airport was a little far from the city center.

As the car drove onto the freeway, Monica asked, "Your grandfather told you to come back?"

"He's seriously ill and he wants to meet one last time."

"I heard the family is under your stepmom's control now. Jenifer, was it? You better be prepared when you meet her."

"Mhmm..." Jeanne hummed with a nod. There was a hint of menace behind her subtly squinted eyes.

"That b*tch, Jasmine, is going to marry Eden this month. They say an event of great joy can be auspicious and hasten the old man's recovery."

"I heard."

"Then..." Monica had a cautious glance at her friend. "Do you still... You know... think about Eden?"

"You're overreacting."

"What? I'm overreacting? You guys were lovebirds then! If it wasn't for that b*tch Jasmine, you're the one who should be the bride, not her!" Monica said with gnashing teeth.

"If she's able to ruin our relationship, then our relationship wasn't that strong in the first place." Jeanne was not overly concerned.

"I guess you're right." Monica nodded. "Then, who's the father of your son?"

Monica only knew that Jeanne got pregnant after she was sent away by her father seven years ago. She had been pressuring her friend for the past seven years and she still did not get the answer. It was driving her crazy.

"It's just some man," Jeanne answered nonchalantly.

She patronized Monica every single time.

Monica frowned. "I know it's a man, come on! It wouldn't be a pig, am I right?"

Jeanne giggled. "Yeah, it's a pig. That's why I named my son George."

George widened his eyes.

Monica was speechless. Jeanne's evasive attitude would drive her mad one day.

They chatted along the 40-minute journey to the Lawrence family's manor.

The car stopped in front of the gate.

Jeanne came down with George.

"Do you need me to go in with you?" Monica asked.

Monica could never forget what happened seven years ago at this place. Although she wanted her friend to be home, she respected Jeanne's decision to stay away.

If she was Jeanne, she would never set foot in the manor again for the rest of her life.

"It's okay." Jeanne grinned.

Since she had decided to come back, she did not plan to leave like a coward.

She turned around and saw the plate with Lawrence's name on it.

Her lips curled into a menacing grin.

She swore she would get her revenge. She left the manor at her worst and she ought to get back what was owed, 10 times more!

She looked at George. "Let's go."