

Chapter 7 Mother-in-law's Defense

"I'm sorry, Jeremy. I..." Joanna couldn't help but cry. "I got too carried away. Madeline just told me... she wouldn't bring up the divorce with your grandfather. She's never going to leave you."

"Nonsense. I never said that."

For the first time, Madeline lost her temper in front of Jeremy.

"Did you?" Jeremy threw Madeline a cold gaze.

"If you don't believe me, I can talk to your grandfather right now." Madeline shrugged, adopting an indifferent posture.

Jeremy rubbed his temples and gave out a sigh.

He then said in a mild tone, "Joanna, I know you want me to get divorced soon, but I've explained to you. I'm worried about Grandpa's health. I want him to have a happy and perfect birthday party. If you have to force me to make my choice between you and my grandpa, I'm afraid I'll let you down."

Joanna panicked upon hearing this.

She reached out, tugging at Jeremy's shirt, looking pitiful. "I'm sorry, Jeremy. I didn't mean it. I shouldn't have argued with you over this that night. I was just afraid. I was afraid you might hesitate to divorce and even more afraid that you might reject me."

With that, Joanna unexpectedly reached out and hugged Jeremy.

Madeline widened her eyes, astonished that the shameless mistress was hugging her husband in public and even in her presence.

Just as Madeline was about to curse her, a cold voice intruded.

"Shame on you! How could you have such an intimate action with a man right in front of his wife?"

Madeline found the voice somewhat familiar.

She had just turned around when she heard Jeremy's voice. "Mom, why are you here?"

"Why can't I be? I was doing a routine inspection in the mall and stumbled upon this vulgar scene, so I came to put a stop to it, but I didn't expect my son to be involved."

Brittany Whitman snorted, showing no politeness.

"Mom, it's not Joanna's fault. It wasn't intentional, and..."

Jeremy's words were cut off as Brittany forcefully interrupted.

"Then it must be your fault. You're hugging another woman in front of your wife. I feel deeply ashamed to have raised my son like this."

Brittany never concealed her despise toward those mistresses.

"You better behave yourself. If I catch you irting with any woman other than your wife again, you'd be exiled from the Whitman family, you hear me? The Whitman name can't be tarnished by such dishonorable actions."

Without any unnecessary talk, Brittany made her command.

Madeline, standing on the side, was quite surprised.

After getting married, Madeline and Jeremy seldom returned to the Whitman family's mansion. They paid most of their visits back for Charles.

Madeline's encounters with her mother-in-law were scarce.

In her impression, Brittany was an aloof woman. She always maintained an indifferent attitude toward her, leading her to believe that her mother-in-law didn't favor her.

She used to console herself that Brittany would prefer a daughter-in-law of similar status as her—elegant, sophisticated, and with a good background. Given her humble origins, Madeline believed she wouldn't meet Brittany's standards.

Thus, Madeline never took the initiative to bother Brittany.

Never would she have expected that Brittany would step in to defend her against Joanna. And frankly, damn, it felt good.

Joanna clenched her hands and replied, "I just returned and heard about Mr. Charles Whitman's birthday party. I wanted to buy a gift for him. Jeremy knows his preferences, so I asked him to give me some suggestions on the gift. Please don't blame Jeremy."

Brittany's sharp gaze focused on Joanna. "I don't think Dad invited you. Don't bother to buy the gift. It makes no point."

"Mom, please stop. I invited her." Jeremy couldn't bear his mother's attitude anymore.

"Shut up." Brittany immediately shot him a stern look.

Brittany continued to say, "It's your grandfather's birthday, not yours. You can invite whoever you want on your birthday, but since when were you able to make decisions on his behalf? I suggest you remove this idea from your mind."

Joanna's face turned ashen. She looked lifeless as a doll.

Then, Brittany questioned Joanna with a sharp voice, leaving her no chance of defense, "You ain't got a job. Where did your money come from? To put it bluntly, you took it from my son, so, you are still spending the Whitman's money."

Joanna, who had been keeping her emotions in check, nally reached her breaking point.

"Thanks for your concern, though my family isn't as prosperous as before, we can still manage this expense. The Bartley family, even in our decline, is still better off than Madeline's family. Madeline doesn't even have a penny, and the Whitman family covers all her expenses. Can she afford a gift?"