

## His 'True Love' Shows Up Unaware She's Become The Ultimate Joke Chapter 04

I hurriedly called for a driver, and we rushed Evan to the hospital with Mrs. Williams by my side. Thankfully, it wasn't flu season, so the private hospital was fairly empty, and the admission process went smoothly. I stayed with Evan until he fell asleep, then handed him over to Mrs. Williams so I could grab a quick bite in the small waiting room.

Erica, who'd shown up by then, was furious. She slapped the table in frustration. "Jazz, I'm telling you—there's something going on with Brandon and that woman. Call him right now. I don't care about any business deal; he needs to get back here! Let's see if he values money more than you and his son."

"It's hardly comparable," I replied, trying to keep my calm. Despite my own frustration, I'd been holding back. "He can't hide forever; we can wait a couple of days."

"But Evan is sick!"

"Evan has a doctor. It's not as if Brandon's one himself."

"See, that's the problem!" Erica groaned, exasperated. "You've let him get too comfortable, Jazz. You're way too good to him!"

"Am I?"

I chuckled to myself. This wasn't about being good to Brandon; it was about protecting my son and myself. I wasn't about to explode without solid evidence and give Claire—or anyone else—the satisfaction of seeing me unravel. Making a scene would just leave me looking petty and hysterical.

"Oh, I wouldn't be so sure he's alone," Erica muttered darkly, giving me a pointed look. "I bet he's on this trip with her."

"Maybe not," I said, finishing my cake and motioning toward the door. "Look—speak of the devil."

"What?" Still steaming, Erica whipped open the door and saw Claire approaching. Without missing a beat, she let loose. "You must have a bloodhound's sense of smell to sniff out an opportunity like this!"

Claire didn't flinch. If anything, she smiled pleasantly, putting down a gift-wrapped drone on the table. "I heard Evan wasn't well, and with Brandon out of town, I thought I'd drop by to visit and bring him a little gift."

She glanced at me, eyes twinkling. "Rough night, Jazz? Looks like you didn't get much sleep. I guess Brandon told you he's decided to invest in my cat café?"

"Excuse me?" Her words took me by surprise, but I kept my face neutral. "He didn't mention that. But if he plans to make any decisions, he'll need the approval of the majority shareholder."

I pushed the drone back toward her. "Take this with you. My son doesn't need your gifts."

Really?

picked out with me. Didn't he tell you?"

Her words hit me like a punch, tearing down any patience I had left.

I felt a surge of heat, and in that instant, every shred of composure shattered. All the principles of self-control and dignity flew out the window. She had no right to even look at my son, much less give him anything! I was shaking as I grabbed the box and hurled it at her.

The following content is exclusive to SVIP members

The drone crashed to the floor, and a thin line of blood trickled down her forehead.

"Help! She hit me! Someone call the police!" Claire screeched, her voice shrill and panicked.

By the time Brandon arrived, my parents had also shown up. We moved to an empty room next door to avoid disturbing Evan. Tension hung thick in the air. With a bandage on her forehead, Claire looked up at Brandon with tear-filled eyes.

"Brandon, I was just trying to check on Evan. I brought him a gift, but I didn't mean to upset Jazz."

The defiance from earlier was gone, replaced by a meek look as she glanced in my direction. I scoffed, but before I could say a word, Brandon's voice cut through.

“Claire meant well, Jazz. How could you go so far as to hit her?”

“What?” I almost couldn’t believe what I was hearing. Was my husband defending her?

This woman had brazenly shown up, making herself at home in my family, and I was the one he reprimanded? Even if I’d given her a slap that knocked her across the room, it would have been justified. Yet here she was, playing the victim.

As I fumed, she casually mentioned, “I know I’m no one special, but I’ve always thought of Evan as my own.”

That was it. I almost lost control again. Was she angling to replace me in my own family?

“You can..”

I didn’t get to finish before my mother squeezed my hand. Her steady grip helped me regain my composure. Taking a deep breath, I swallowed the rising anger. Losing my cool would only worsen things, and Claire was already waiting to paint me as irrational and insecure.

My mother’s voice was calm but firm. “Let’s all take a step back. Jazz is just worried about her son’s health, and emotions are high.”

Our family’s reputation was impeccable, with my parents known for their pride and high standards. The fact that they were willing to let this slide was already a sign of restraint. But Claire took that as a cue to push further.

“Mrs. Eastwood, you’re absolutely right. It’s only my face that’s hurt. Evan’s mother’s feelings are the real priority here.”

She snickered, laughing lightly, and the glint in her eyes was anything but sincere.

Brandon’s frown deepened. I could see him wrestling with his own thoughts, but finally, he sighed and turned to me. “Jazz, you did overreact. Just apologize to Claire.”

“Oh, come on, Brandon, there’s no need to make her apologize,” Claire interjected sweetly. “I’m sure Jazz didn’t mean it. I’m not even mad.”

She tried to wave it off, but her smug expression betrayed her. And when Brandon mentioned he'd take her back to the office to discuss the ...project, she practically glowed with satisfaction. She looked at me as if she'd won some unspoken war.

But we all knew she was clueless to the core.