

Chapter 717 Making A Scene

Their personality mostly had to do with their upbringing.

When they were young, the environment they grew up in made them timid and weak, so it went without saying that they did not have what it took to stand up to someone like Tracy, who had been assertive her whole life.

“What should we do now? Are we really letting them stay here for a few days? You know me. I can't guarantee that I'll be able to control my temper if your aunt continues to annoy me,” said Donald, irked.

Jennifer bit her lip in response, blinking innocently at Donald.

“Darling, you're so good at controlling yourself, so I'm sure you won't stoop to her level, right?”

“Well, who said I'm good at controlling myself?”

Here, Jennifer placed her hands on Donald's waist and slowly squatted down before looking up at Donald with an alluring gaze.

“Are you sure you can't control yourself, Darling?”

Her words sent a quiver down Donald's spine. He poked her nose affectionately, saying in a deep voice, “You little vixen.”

Early the next morning, Donald was still sleeping with Jennifer in his arms when Tracy's loud voice awakened him. The woman seemed to be yelling at someone.

Wearing a grim expression, Donald made his way to the window on the second floor only to find out that Tracy was scolding the property management staff who had come to clean their courtyard.

“We pay so much every year for property management. This is not supposed to be the standard of service you all provide. Did you all even ask for our permission before planting all these ugly-looking flowers in the garden? Also, did you see this thick layer of dust on the fence? Why didn't you all clean it?”

Despite being so harshly berated by Tracy, none of the staff had the guts to talk back to her.

Amidst their silence, the manager explained awkwardly, “Well, madam, we did ask for the owners' permission in our chat group before planting these flowers. Ms. Wilson actually agreed to have these chrysanthemums planted in her garden.”

“What does Jennifer know? She's still a child. What will people think when they see a garden full of chrysanthemums? They might think everyone who lives in this mansion is dead! Show me your floral booklet. I'm choosing another flower.”

“Well...” Hailey Jouda, the manager, was at a loss for words.

She was aware that only the owner had the say over their own property and that Tracy was only living at the mansion temporarily.

Just as Hailey was caught in a tight spot, not knowing how to deal with Tracy, Donald walked out of the mansion.

Relieved to see him, Hailey ran over and informed, “Mr. Campbell, Ms. Wilson chose these chrysanthemums for the garden, but this woman here insists on planting another flower. What should we do?”

“Why are you talking to him?” Tracy interrupted before Donald could answer. “I'm his aunt! What he says doesn't count. You should just bring me your booklet. Stop wasting my time!”

Just as Tracy uttered the last word, Donald said to Hailey calmly, “I came down just to let you know that Jennifer and I are the only owners of this property, so only our opinion matters here. By the way, just to give you a heads-up: I will file a complaint the next time I'm disturbed by all these noises early in the morning. Please make sure you guys do a better job at managing the property.”

At first, Tracy thought that Donald had come to take her side, but the latter pushed her into an awkward position right away.

Did he just say he and Jennifer are the rightful owners? What does that make me? He also said that he didn't want disruptive noises disturbing his sleep. Is he trying to tell the manager to chase me out the next time this happens again?

With support from Donald, Hailey was emboldened to completely disregard Tracy.