Chapter 182

So, Alex ignored him and continued to scroll through Instagram.

Oliver, seeing that Alex didn't respond, decided to interact with this fool less in the future, lest he become infected by his stupidity. At this moment, both brothers were utterly disgusted and annoyed with each other.

Meanwhile, Olivia was at home, desperately wanting to rush over and scold Alex. But to maintain her persona as a considerate sister, she had to endure it and fume in silence.

She thought for a moment and sent a message to Justin, asking if he wanted to post on Instagram.

Justin replied, "Don't bother."

Olivia sent two more messages trying to chat, but Justin didn't reply. After a while with no response, Olivia felt uncomfortable.

So, she deliberately sent a message to Justin's mother, Abby, asking if Justin was busy since he hadn't responded to her messages, expressing her concern for him.

At the Ford family residence, Justin saw the subsequent messages from Olivia. Not only did he have no desire to reply, but he also felt annoyed and threw his phone aside. He picked up a bottle of wine, poured himself a glass, and started drinking.

He wasn't surprised by Lindsay's decision to reject Elric and start her own studio. After all, he knew she had always been independent and self-reliant, which was something he admired about her.

In fact, he wanted to be with her right now, have a meal, and celebrate her opening her own studio. But he also knew she wouldn't pay attention to him. Recently, he had tried to contact Lindsay, but all his attempts failed. She would hang up as soon as she heard his voice.

As for posting on Instagram like Alex did, he wouldn't do such a brainless thing. It would only make Lindsay dislike him more. He felt frustrated and troubled, unsure how to get Lindsay to let go of the past and reconcile with him.

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

"Come in," Justin said.

Abby heard the response and pushed the door open.

She saw Justin sitting on the floor, looking dejected and drinking. Her brows furrowed. "What are you doing? Why are you like this?"

Justin stared at his glass and said, "Nothing, just in a bad mood."

Abby was displeased by his appearance. "Is this about something online? Or is it about that Lindsay?"

Justin didn't answer. Instead, he looked up and asked, "Do you need something?"

Abby's frown deepened. "Via sent you messages. Why didn't you reply? Where are your manners? Is this how I raised you?"

Already annoyed and a bit drunk, Justin suddenly smashed his glass on the floor, startling Abby.

She was about to scold him when he spoke first, his eyes red. "Via, Via—does an outsider mean more to you than your own son? When did you ever raise me? I was brought up by Grandpa."

For the first time, he shouted, "I'll say it one last time. I don't have any feelings for Olivia. I won't be with her. The only one I like is Lindsay."

Abby was shocked by her son's fierce opposition, especially since he was defying her wishes.

"What kind of spell has Lindsay cast on you? How can she compare to Via? And after everything she's done online to embarrass you, you still think about her."

She looked at him angrily, exasperated. "Why are you so pathetic?"

What was so special about Lindsay? Abby couldn't understand what her son saw in her. In her mind, her son should never go against her wishes.

No way.

He must not end up like that rebellious girl who always went against her own mother.