

Chapter 1720 Making A Commotion

"Alright, it's all good now," said Johanna, guiding Janet to sit by the bed's edge. She held her hand tightly and offered comfort, all while glaring at Beal, who stood nearby.

Janet noticed Johanna's displeasure and feared an argument might ensue due to the recent events. To ease her concerns, Janet quickly reassured, "Mom, Dad, I'm fine, honestly; don't worry."

"That's good," Johanna replied, withdrawing her gaze from Beal and focusing on Janet. "Remember to lock the door before you go to bed just in case those shady people return to cause you trouble."

"Okay." Janet nodded obediently.

Johanna stood up with a steely gaze, her eyes reflecting frustration and protectiveness as she addressed Beal. "I've reached my limit in tolerating these individuals. I can handle their harassment directed at me, but I won't allow Janet to suffer, even in our own home."

After Johanna's scolding words, Beal lowered

his head, ashamed. He gazed at Janet and apologized, "I'm sorry, Janet. It's my fault. I'll resolve this matter as soon as possible."

Not wanting to exacerbate the situation for him, Janet furrowed her brows and responded, "It's okay, Dad. We'll handle this step by step. Mom and I are not afraid of them."

Beal nodded and smiled with relief. "I promise to send those people back tomorrow morning. They won't disturb our lives anymore. You can relax and stay at home for a few more days."

"Okay." Janet nodded in agreement.

"Well, you rest now, honey. We won't disturb you any longer," Johanna said as she left the room with Beal.

The following morning, the sunlight streamed through the window, casting a warm glow over Janet as she slept soundly.

Suddenly, she was awakened at the sound of a loud cry.

Feeling drowsy, Janet struggled to open her eyes and instinctively covered her ears to block out the noise. Impatiently, she squinted at the bedside clock and realized it was only 7 a.m.

"I'm so sleepy. Who's making all this noise so early in the morning?" Janet grumbled, then

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rolled over, intending to go back to sleep.

However, the sharp cries continued, shattering her drowsiness completely.

Feeling irritated, she begrudgingly threw off the covers, slid her feet into her slippers, and shuffled her way out of the bedroom.

The cries outside her room grew even louder. Janet could easily discern who was causing the commotion in the living room downstairs.

Stretching and yawning wearily, Janet trudged down the stairs. As she descended, she caught sight of Ansell, whom she had met the previous night.

Ansell was nestled in the arms of the old lady, crying inconsolably.

Janet furrowed her brow and ran her fingers through her slightly messy hair as she gazed at the imposing figure of Ansell, who stood almost 6 feet tall yet clung to the old lady's sleeve like a stubborn child. A hint of irony played across Janet's lips, leaving her without words.

Wiping away his tears, Ansell implored sorrowfully, "Uncle Beal, please don't send me away! I don't want to leave Grandma! Let me stay here and take care of her!"

The old lady held Ansell tightly, moved to tears

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by his words.

Turning to Beal, she pleaded, "Beal, please let Ansell stay! I'm getting old, and I need someone by my side!"

The old lady's refusal to part with her grandson left Beal in a profound dilemma.