

Chapter 1722 Take Her Away

Johanna's face flushed with anger as she heard Ansell's words.

She moved Janet behind her protectively and shot a piercing look at Beal.

Her eyes swept over Beal's mother and nephew. With resolve etching her features, her voice turned icy. "Janet is my daughter; there is no doubt about it."

She stepped towards Ansell with unwavering determination, her eyes brimming with scorn. "As long as I breathe, our wealth belongs to Janet and Janet alone. No one is entitled to it, and the idea of subjecting Janet to a paternity test shouldn't even cross anyone's mind!"

Her words were a clear message to Ansell, a command to abandon his claims to what wasn't his.

Having already done a paternity test with Janet, Beal knew for certain she was his daughter.

"Johanna, you bitch! You and Beal must have conspired to send my grandson away!" The elderly lady's face twisted in fury as she bore down on her.

No stranger to the old lady's scornful gaze, Johanna ignored her and walked straight to

Witnessing his mother and nephew accuse his daughter out of greed, Beal felt a storm of anger and disappointment.

He looked at his mother clutching Ansell's hand, knowing she wouldn't release it for anything.

With a sense of resignation, he closed his eyes and instructed the bodyguards, "Take her away as well."

The old lady stared at him in shock. "Beal, what do you mean?"

The bodyguards promptly began to escort her out.

In the courtyard, a private plane stood ready.

Several family members had already been ushered onto it by the bodyguards, all awaiting Ansell.

As the old lady was helped onto the plane, she turned to Beal, disbelief etched on her face. "Beal! You ungrateful son, are you really going to send me away too?"

Beal sighed, a look of helplessness in his eyes. "Mom, you're so attached to your grandson, so it's best you all return to our hometown together. Don't worry about finances, I'll take care of your living expenses."

The cold, distant look in his eyes hit the old lady hard. She realized he was serious about sending her away.

She struggled seeking any way to change his

mind, but soon found herself on the plane.

Ansell was next, forced onto the plane despite his protests. "No! I won't leave! I won't leave!" Ansell cried out, tears streaming down his face as he banged on the cabin door, a look of utter despair in his eyes.

Just as the plane was about to take off, he turned to his grandmother, grasping her hand. "Grandma, I don't want to go! I haven't even gotten that new sports car I wanted!"

He continued to pound on the door, shouting through the protective glass at Beal outside. "Beal White, you've forgotten where you came from. You're heartless, even sending away your own mother!"

Beal, however, stood expressionless, watching the plane ascend. He remained still until it vanished from sight.

Finally, he let out a sigh of relief, a sense that the family drama had at last come to an end.