

## Chapter 1968 The Child Is Tyler's

Two hours later, the doctor emerged, holding the child. He placed the baby in Janet's arms. "The test results are in," he announced.

The news hung heavy in the air. The anxiety was palpable.

Janet unfolded the report. To everyone's astonishment, the results confirmed the child was indeed Tyler's biological son.

Surprise washed over Janet. She passed the report to Norma, her voice laced with confusion. "Why did you run away this morning? If the child is Tyler's, what were you worried about?"

Relief flooded Norma as she scanned the report.

The child being Tyler's hadn't even crossed her mind.

Straightening up, she adopted a defensive tone. "It's none of your business where I go. Now that the child's paternity is settled, it's Hannah's responsibility. She can't afford to raise him, so since you were raised by her, you should take care of him and me. Monthly living expenses would be a good start."

She rattled off a list of arbitrary amounts, expecting

Janet to comply.

Brandon's jaw clenched. Norma was a leech, no different from Tyler. But with Janet pregnant, he couldn't risk upsetting her.

"Helping raise the child is fine," he conceded. "But you need to leave."

"Leave?" Norma's eyes widened and she crumbled to the floor. "You heartless brute! You want to tear me away from my child? Don't you dare! You'll be the death of me!"

Janet's expression hardened. She felt a headache creeping in. "Enough! Stop this drama! You don't have to leave. I'll help care for the child. But behave yourself, or I might reconsider."

This silenced Norma, who scrambled to her feet.

Janet conceded because she knew Hannah had a hidden fondness for the child.

A relieved smile spread across Norma's face. "You're a sensible woman. Shame you married such a cold-hearted man. Who knows? Maybe he'll throw you out on the street too, once your baby arrives."

Brandon pulled a long face. Fearing he'd explode in rage, Janet interjected quickly. "This is a hospital. Let's discuss this at home."

"Really? Is the baby truly Tyler's?" Hannah approached, her voice trembling with excitement.

"Yes, he is! Your grandson!" Janet beamed. She genuinely shared Hannah's happiness.

Seeing their joy, Norma remained unfazed. Her voice dripped with entitlement. "Now that the results are clear, when can I expect my money? I'm sure with your means and kind heart, you wouldn't mind. To begin with, two nannies would be ideal for the child at this age."

Johanna bristled. "Don't you dare take advantage of Janet's generosity! She's not your personal ATM. We only have one kind soul in this family, and you better not test her patience. One wrong move, and you'll be out the door."

Her voice held a steely edge, effectively silencing Norma.

With a dramatic huff, Norma snatched the child from Hannah's arms. "Fine! We're leaving! We won't come crawling back even if we're on our deathbeds!"

Fearing for the child's safety, Janet reacted swiftly. She retrieved the baby from Norma's grasp and placed him with a nearby maid. "Take the child and help Hannah get some rest."