

Chapter 1970 Kick Norma Out

Before their workday concluded, Tasha and Lexi forwarded the name and brand concept for the new studio to Janet via email.

They decided on "Rowena Studio" for the studio's name.

As the workday neared its close, Norma departed with Janet. Despite being only halfway through the day, the job already felt more familiar to her.

During their commute home, Norma confided in Janet, expressing her desire to relocate with her child. She also disclosed her financial struggles, acknowledging that funds were a pressing concern.

Janet inquired, "What expenses are you incurring? The company covers three meals a day, and you're lodging at my place, so I presume you don't have any additional costs."

Norma asserted, "I need to go out and have some fun. It requires money."

With a derisive snort, Janet retorted, "That's your concern. My focus is solely on Hannah. Plus, you've got a job now. If you want out, you're free to leave. Hannah can handle childcare."

Enraged, Norma shot back, "I don't have the funds. How can I afford rent? Fine, I'll stay put at your place forever. You will have to shoulder my retirement."

Janet merely tilted her head, a subtle smile gracing her lips, offering no verbal response.

However, upon their arrival at the villa, the imposing presence of the bodyguards obstructed Norma's entry.

Fuming, Norma yelled, "What are you doing? My son is in there! Let me through or I swear I'll take you to court for child trafficking! Have you no shame?"

After Janet clapped her hands, two servants appeared from the villa carrying Norma's belongings. Without any semblance of care, they flung her luggage out the door.

Staring at the now scattered possessions, Norma stood in shock, disbelief etched across her features.

Janet's smile remained, but her tone turned icy. "I'm sorry. Despite my soft heart, I don't tolerate being pushed around. Behave, and you can stay. But it seems you are intent on taking advantage. That's something I simply won't abide by."

Norma stood dumbfounded. "What are you doing? My son is in there!"

Janet arched an eyebrow, her voice laced with defiance. "I can't say I'm certain he's yours, given how easily you walk away."

"How dare you, Janet! How dare you tear me away from my child!"

As Norma's protests grew louder, two bodyguards stepped forward and ejected her from the place, her belongings tossed out alongside her.

Seething with anger and disbelief, Norma cursed Janet for her heartlessness. Forced under the pressure of the guards, she departed reluctantly.

Inside, Janet settled into an armchair with a cup of coffee and exhaled a sigh of relief as she watched Norma being driven away.

Stepping into the room, Hannah inquired, "Has that woman truly left?"

Janet nodded, her voice firm. "Hannah, don't return to the countryside. I understand you're uncomfortable here. I'll find a rental for you and your grandson. Nannies and staff will be at your disposal. Just live there peacefully. I assure you that woman won't trouble you again."


Hannah nodded in agreement. Norma's familiarity was solely with the White family; venturing out, she'd be unlikely to trace them.

A few days later, Hannah moved out.

Brandon and Janet orchestrated her relocation to the newly acquired residence, ensuring all necessities were in place for her comfort.

Brandon issued a firm directive to the servants.

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 +120 Points at most

"Under no circumstances should Norma be allowed entry here."

With a weary sigh, Hannah reassured them, "You don't need to worry about me. I can manage myself and my grandson. Focus on your duties. Janet, especially with your pregnancy, you must prioritize your well-being."

"I will, Hannah."

After heartfelt goodbyes, Janet slipped into the awaiting car and departed.