

Chapter 1717 Damn Brandon

Johanna relaxed, a visible wave of tension leaving her shoulders as she heard the news. "That's a relief. With Janet around, I was worried they'd try to stir up trouble for her."

Beal nodded, understanding her concern.

Their debt to Janet was already immense, and now that she was finally home, their priority was to ensure her peace of mind.

"Let's leave those unpleasant things behind," Janet suggested, a warm smile gracing her lips as she placed Beal's favorite braised beef in front of him. "Enjoy, Dad."

With the unwelcome guests gone, the atmosphere shifted to one of comfort and joy as they savored their dinner together.

As the servants busily unpacked the items Johanna had requested, the butler carefully carried them to Janet's room, ensuring everything was in its rightful place.

Later, the family gathered on the living room sofa, engaging in lighthearted conversation.

The memory of her family's intrusion cast a brief shadow over Beal, and he felt a pang of guilt. He turned to Janet and apologized. "I'm so sorry about your room, Janet. I should have handled them more effectively."

Janet responded with a gentle shrug, her smile reassuring. "It's okay, Dad. I didn't lose anything important, and besides, Mom already replaced everything I needed."

Beal's heart warmed with relief. He reached out and placed a hand on Janet's head, his touch filled with affection. "You're such a mature and understanding daughter."

Taking a bank card from his wallet, he extended it to Janet. "This is for you. Consider it pocket money."

His mother and sisters-in-law usually visited every year or two to stir trouble, and Beal wouldn't hesitate to bribe them with money to drive them away peacefully.

However, the revelation from his servants about the insults hurled at Johanna and Janet while he was away changed everything.

A cold anger filled him. He wouldn't let them exploit him any longer.

He realized the money he tirelessly earned could be better spent as an allowance for his daughter instead of feeding the greed of ungrateful relatives.

Janet accepted the outstretched bank card with a grateful smile. She didn't take any money with her when she ran out of the house. This unexpected generosity brought a wave of relief and appreciation.

"Thank you, Dad," she whispered, her voice

laced with genuine gratitude.

"Rest and enjoy yourself, Janet. Go out, have some fun, and clear your mind. Don't hesitate to use the card if you see anything you like," Beal said, his tone brimming with fatherly affection, as he patted Janet on the shoulder.

Janet frowned. Beal seemed to be aware of her disagreement with Brandon. "Okay, Dad," she said before tucking the card safely into her pocket.

After enjoying a warm conversation with Beal, Janet noticed her room still being tidied up. To give Beal and Johanna some privacy, she decided to step outside for some fresh air.

"Dad, Mom, I'm heading out to the garden for a bit. You two can chat." She then stood up.

"Go ahead, dear. Just be careful. And when your room is ready, feel free to come back and rest," Johanna said warmly as she watched her daughter leave.

Alone in the tranquility of the garden, Janet instinctively reached for her phone, only to realize she'd left it at Brandon's house.

This realization further fueled her frustration.

Having been away for a while, she expected at least an apology from him, or perhaps he could have asked someone to return her phone. His complete silence only added to her irritation.

"Brandon!" Janet muttered under her breath.
"You've done it and pissed me off."