

## Chapter 1721 She Is Not My Granddaughter

Janet stood discreetly to the side, her keen gaze fixed on the unfolding drama before her for quite some time.

Johanna quickly discerned Janet's presence in the room and felt a pang of sympathy. Her helpless smile and the deep sigh that escaped her lips conveyed an understanding of the untimely disturbance that disrupted Janet's sleep so early in the morning.

She hastily walked towards Janet, intending to shield her from the chaotic scene playing out so early in the day. Concern etched on her features, she urged, "Janet, go have breakfast first and then go back to sleep for a while."

"No need; I'm not sleepy anymore." Janet declined the suggestion. Her drowsiness had dissipated, and she didn't feel hungry at the moment. With a gentle shake of her head at Johanna, she opted to remain by her side and silently observe the commotion.

When Ansell caught sight of Janet standing there, he wondered whether Beal was sending him away due to the unpleasant incident that occurred between him and Janet last night.

"Uncle Beal, I beg you, please let me stay! I promise! I won't provoke Janet again!" Ansell desperately cried out to Beal.

The humility displayed by Ansell now sharply contrasted with his demeanor from last night.

The old woman sat on the floor in a pitiful state, depicting the narrative as a heartbreaking separation. Her wrinkly hands clung to Ansell's tightly as she beseeched Beal with tearful eyes, "Beal, please have some pity on me!"

Janet and Johanna stood to the side, observing the emotional turmoil of the elderly lady's cries and Ansell's protests lingering in the air for quite some time. Beal, with impatience etched on his features, signaled a desire to expedite matters and not waste any more time with the wailing people in front of them.

"Take Ansell out," Beal ordered, his firm tone filled with finality.

In response to this, Ansell became visibly agitated. He clung to the old lady's hand, pinning all his hopes on her to help him.

The bodyguards hesitated to lay hands on the elderly lady and glanced at Beal uncertainly for guidance.

Beal waved his hand in a gesture of helplessness, issuing a decisive command. "Separate them."

With Beal's consent, some of the bodyguards approached, tactfully prying the elderly lady's tightly clasped hand away, while others secured a firm hold on Ansell, effortlessly separating the two.

Just as Ansell was about to be taken away, he suddenly jabbed a finger at Janet's face and shouted with unwavering confidence, "Uncle Beal! The woman before you isn't your daughter. Your daughter is dead. The one

daughter. Your daughter is dead. The one standing here now is an imposter brought here by Brandon in the sole attempt to seize the White family's wealth!" ①

As Ansell's audacious claims escalated, his words provoked a livid reaction from Johanna and an immediate surge of fury from Beal. "Shut up!" he thundered.

Then he waved his hand and signaled the bodyguards to drag him out immediately.

Despite the commotion, the old lady managed to break free from the bodyguards' grasp, and she rushed forward to intervene with the guards dragging Ansell away.

Afraid of causing harm to the old lady, the bodyguards refrained from using force or laying hands on her to pull her back. ②

With a grim expression, the elderly lady shifted her sharp gaze towards Janet. Her beady eyes examined Janet skeptically from head to toe, and she joined Ansell's claims in crying out, "Janet is not my granddaughter! My granddaughter died miserably! She's being replaced by someone after her death!"

Janet, caught in accusations, shook her head helplessly, and Johanna offered her solace by holding her hand to comfort her.

"Beal White! You ungrateful person! I raised you, nurtured you, and worked hard for so many years. Now that you've become successful, the thought of helping your own family doesn't even cross your mind. Instead, you want to give away all your wealth to some unknown, dubious imposter."

Emboldened by the sight of the old lady



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standing in front of him to support him, Ansell persisted, "Uncle Beal, you must have a paternity test done between Janet and yourself."

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