

Chapter 1164 Meeting Jean Again.

It was probably because Rose saw clearly how Jean was impossible to teach as time went by that she eventually gave up on the idea of disciplining and teaching Jean well into behaving like a real wealthy lady.

Rose would be able to put up with anything else as long as Jean didn't cause trouble and make the Fuller Family a joke. However, even this small wish of hers couldn't be fulfilled.

A person with a personality like Jean's was destined to never stay put peacefully. Sure enough, Rose would occasionally hear all kinds of news about how Jean was making trouble or a joke out of herself outside, or how she was spending a lot of money on nonsense, and so on.

All in all, Rose's health had probably deteriorated because of the constant headache she had from Jean's antics in the past 10 years. It was also because of this that her dislike for Jean continued to grow.

Rose couldn't understand how a species as rare as Jean existed on the surface of earth. And it was exactly this woman who had caught the fancy of Rose's son.

Right when Rose was still deep in her thoughts, she heard a burst of hurried footsteps before Jean's voice came from behind, sounding as if she was trying to butter up Rose. "Good morning, Mother." Rose's face was dark when she turned around. She was suddenly extremely upset when she saw how chubby Jean was. "You seemed to have put on a lot of weight," she commented as her eyes scrutinized Jean.

Indeed, Jean did put on a lot of weight. The last time Rose and Jean met was about two months ago. Even though Jean had always been on the heavier side, at least she could still completely open her eyes then. This time, however, the most she could do was bring her eyes to half their size.

Rose could see how ridiculously chubbier Jean was in just a matter of two months. Putting her weight aside, what the heck is up with her outfit?! Rose grumbled to herself.

Jean was chubby from head to toe, and yet she was wearing tight-fitting clothes that put her layers of fat on full display. It was as if she was afraid that people couldn't see how meaty she was.

Again, putting the form-fitting clothes aside, what in the world is that horrendous color combination she has on?!

Jean had a total of at least six or seven colors from head to toe, and she paired her outfit with a mink coat.

It was a wonder how she could wear something so painful to look at in the public.

Oblivious to the disdain and complaints Rose had about her, Jean let out a bashful smile when she heard Rose comment about how she had gotten plumper. "It is... just a minor weight gain."

"Minor?!" Rose was stunned by her shamelessness. "Look at the meat on your face. It jiggles when you speak. I fear I won't be able to even see your eyes if you keep putting on weight!"

"Surely you are exaggerating, Mother?" Jean lowered her head to look at herself.

She admitted that she has indeed gained weight recently, but she won't get that fat!

Anyway, Jean had faith that she wouldn't put on that much weight.

“Fine, if you say so. I can’t tell you what to do anyway. Do as you please. Just don’t whine about how you regret your life choices in the end when you have high blood sugar, or high lipids or high blood pressure. And don’t go looking for Toby. Don’t think I don’t know how he has been urging you to lose weight and go for check-ups regularly with the medical team and weight loss team he arranged for you. You, on the other hand, are going against his words behind his back. You actually dismissed everyone after he moved out of the Fuller Residence since he can’t keep an eye on you!” Rose huffed coldly.

Upon hearing that, Jean lowered her head out of guilt. “I... I didn’t want to do that either. After all, Toby did that because he is filial. But Mother, if only you knew that kind of weight loss plan those demons customized for me! They really do try their absolute best to keep any food that has taste out of my meals! My energy was depleted after I ate that for three days. Also, the medical team kept making me do yoga every day, so much so that my bones were almost bent! That was why I—” “Enough.” Rose impatiently waved to cut her off. “You always have a reason. It is your body after all. Why should an old lady like me who is going to die anytime now care if you don’t even care about your own body? I would rather you tell me about what is up with your outfit today. Is this what your fashion coordinator put together for you?”

Rose was curious to see who it was that was so irresponsible to coordinate such an ugly combination of clothes together.

She was going to have that person fired straight away after she knew who it was.

Jean would be nothing but a joke to the public if people were to see her clothes.

Rose even had suspicions that the fashion coordinator was a spy for someone else.

In a way, this daughter-in-law of hers was the target of envy of many women within the circle. After all, Jean, who married into the Fuller Family with that background of hers and had a filial stepson, was considered a winner in life.

Therefore, Rose had always known that there were many younger women within the circle who harassed Jean both openly and behind her back throughout all these years.

Jean’s existence caused an emotional imbalance within these juniors, as they thought that even daughters of wealthy families like that couldn’t compete with a vulgar, poor woman.

That was why it was possible that it was those juniors who had arranged the fashion coordinator for Jean to deliberately make the woman wear ugly clothes so that she would be the butt of the joke.

Jean touched the mink vest on her shoulders, but she didn’t seem to understand what Rose meant.

Thinking that Rose was complimenting her outfit today, she giggled cheerfully. “This wasn’t done by a fashion coordinator. I did this myself. It is pretty nice, don’t you think so, Mother?”

Rose was about to faint from the blood that rushed to her head. “You did this yourself?” she repeated.

“Mhm!” Jean still hadn’t noticed the severity of the issue as she straightened her chubby body, a proud expression appearing on her face.

Rose could only hear the buzzing in her ears at this point.

Fine, she sighed. I unfairly judged those juniors with my own wicked eyes.

They are much kinder than I imagined them to be. They didn't plant a spy this time.

Jean is probably the one who is a spy of the Fuller Family.

Seeing how Rose suddenly fell silent and brought a hand up to hold her forehead in discomfort, Jean quickly stepped forward and panickedly asked, "Mother? What's wrong?"

Even though Jean didn't like her mother-in-law very much, Rose had never treated her ill, and would always leave her be. Despite not liking her, Jean was still willing to care about Rose.

"Don't come over!" As though she had seen a ghost, Rose quickly stretched out a hand to stop her when she saw Jean walk toward her.

Jean subconsciously stopped in her tracks upon hearing that. "What is the matter?"

"Your outfit. It is hard on the eyes. You are a little too close, so step back. My eyes hurt." Rose disdainfully waved her off.

Jean then dropped her head to look at her clothes before her expression turned gloomy.

My outfit looks great, though. Why would it be hard on the eyes?

Even though she was unhappy, she still obediently took a few steps back.

They were in the old manor now. She wouldn't be able to prove herself innocent if something were to happen to Rose.

Rose finally heaved a sigh of relief when she saw Jean obediently back off. She then frowned and asked in a solemn voice, "Who said you can match this outfit yourself? It is fine if you wear it, but you are wearing it outside of home! Are you not satisfied yet with how much of a joke you have made out of the Fuller name?"

Jean immediately got upset after hearing those words. "What is wrong with my outfit, Mother? What is so funny about this? I look amazing! Also, I am Mrs. Fuller, after all. Who would dare joke about me?"

"Who would dare joke about you, you say?" Rose sneered. "Let me tell you—there are way too many who have laughed at you. They only don't do it in your face because of your status. They talk about everything behind your back. As for your outfit, how is that 'amazing'?! It is so ugly it will break the ugliness meter if there was one. And what are you thinking by coordinating your outfit yourself when you have a fashion coordinator?"