

## Ambush OTQ 94

### Chapter 94 Pluck Alana's Hair

"Good boy." Rosaline hugged Timothy close to him and gently patted his fluffy hair. "Star is okay now. Your Daddy saved him. He won't be angry at you anymore. Also, you didn't do it on purpose, did you?"

"I thought someone shoved me from behind," Timothy pouted and said. "That's why I stumbled forward and shoved Star into the pond."

"Who could have done it?" Rosaline frowned hard. "I must get someone to investigate who else was in the garden that night!"

Alana was nervous when she heard that. "You shouldn't believe everything a child says! Timothy must be lying because he's feeling guilty!"

"I'm not lying!" Timothy's face turned red with anxiety. "Someone really shoved me from behind!"

"Enough with your lies!" Alana lifted her hand threateningly.

"How dare you!" Rosaline shielded Timothy and said to Alana sternly. "Is that how you should behave as a mother? I won't let you hurt my grandson!"

Alana was taken aback. Indeed, she had overreacted.

She was afraid that Rosaline might find out Alondra was the culprit.

Timothy was already on the verge of tears. "I told you she's not my mother! I've never seen Auntie Emma treat Sun, Moon, and Star like that!"

"You..." Alana wanted to say "son of a b\*tch" but stopped herself.

She could see that Rosaline was already red with anger and would not hesitate to get physical with her.

As expected, Rosaline said, "You're done here, Alana. You can go to your room now!"

"Madame Ryker..."

"Go," Rosaline ordered coldly. "Remember to coax Timothy to sleep later."

Alana nodded. "Yes, Madame Ryker."

Alana went up the stairs. Timothy buried his head in Rosaline's chest and said, "Granny, I don't want Alana to sleep with me. I want you."

Rosaline whispered in Timothy's ear. "I'll let you sleep with me if you can do something for me."

"What is it?" Timothy lifted his head in anticipation.

"Pluck a strand of Alana's hair and give it to me."

Timothy pouted. "Why do you need her hair? It'll be dirty!"

"I have my uses," Rosaline said mysteriously. "All you have to do is pluck a strand of her hair for me, and you mustn't let her know I told you to do it."

“Okay. I’ll get the hair for you, Granny,” Timothy said.

Timothy ran up the stairs with his stumpy legs.

“I’m sleepy, Mommy. Can you sleep with me?”

Alana was about to go to the bathroom. “You’re annoying! I’ve been out the whole day, and I want to take a hot water bath!”

“You can take your bath after I’m asleep.” Timothy looked at her with puppy eyes.

“What am I going to do about you?” Alana said sullenly. “Children are so annoying!”

“Hmph!” Timothy pouted.

Why doesn’t Pretty Mommy think children are annoying? She looks like she loves children!

Alana carried Timothy in her arms, brought him to his room, and tossed him on the bed.

“Sleep!” Alana said gruffly. “I’ll spank you if you don’t sleep in three minutes!”

“Ahh!” Timothy covered his bottom with his hands. “Don’t spank me, Mommy. I’ll sleep soon.”

“You’d better be sleeping then!” Alana leaned over to pin him down, and Timothy took the opportunity to pluck a strand of her hair.

“Ow! That hurts!” Alana yelled while covering her scalp.

“Sorry, Mommy. I didn’t mean to do that.”

“Sleep!” Alana growled. “I’ll lock you in the bathroom if you don’t behave!”

“Okay, okay! I’ll sleep!” Timothy hid under the blanket and pretended to fall asleep.

“Hmph! You’d better behave, you son of a b\*tch!” Alana snorted.