Ruling 1011

Chapter 1011

Arianne and Tiffany were in much better spirits after they left the shopping mall. As planned, the pair went for a meal at White Water Bay Café. Then, they went to the beauty salon. Arianne was indeed irritated by the sight of Janice standing next to Mark. Even though they shared a bed every night and seemed to get along, who knows if Mark would promptly have an affair when she turned into a wrinkly old woman one day.

She didn't think that her life had turned into a complete mess after her marriage, but her confidence was shaken at that moment. At her age, she should be pursuing a career, yet she got married and gave birth at a young age. She couldn't give up on herself and stay in the glass house that Mark had built for her, and allow herself to become a degenerate. She didn't need that kind of life.

Back at the office, Aristotle had already learned to flip over, and he was full of energy too. Mark didn't dare leave him alone on the couch during work, so he had no choice but to hold him. Unfortunately, the little one refused to behave. He kept fiddling with his computer or his pen. He wouldn't even leave his contracts alone. He was getting exasperated by his antics when Janice opened the door and asked, "Mr. Tremont, do you need help?"

"No need, go back to work," Mark refused, remembering Arianne's glare in the shopping mall.

Janice could see the exhaustion in his eyes, so she stepped forward and said, "It's fine, I can take care of him for a while. Children are curious about everything around them at this age. They'll put anything in their mouths. It'll disturb your work. Let me take Smore. I'll leave when you're more settled."

Mark hesitated. "Sure… I'll be done soon. Just carry him around the office. Don't go anywhere else."

Janice nodded and smiled as she took Aristotle. “Mr. Tremont, Mrs. Tremont is very beautiful. She shines even without makeup. I recognized her at first glance when she approached us at the mall. I’d never met her… But I do remember Smore…”

Mark didn’t answer, but he couldn’t help the smile forming on the corners of his lips. He really had good taste.

Suddenly, his phone rang. He pushed his documents aside and answered the call. “Hello?”

Eric’s housekeeper spoke from the other end. “Mr. Tremont, something has happened to Mr. Nathaniel. I’m in the ambulance now. We’re reaching the hospital soon. You’d better hurry!”

He nearly lost his grip on his phone. He couldn’t read the words on his contract. He got up and bolted to the office door, then paused and said to Janice, “Come with me and take Smore with you!”

Janice wasn’t sure of what happened. “Uh… Okay!”

Jackson soon received the call too.

Mark contacted Arianne. “Eric has been sent to the hospital. Come over and take care of Smore. I’m taking Smore along to the hospital. I’ll text you the address!” He quickly ended the call and threw the phone at Janice, who was sitting in the back seat, holding Aristotle. “Send the hospital location to my wife. I’m worried that she might go to the wrong one. I’m driving so I can’t do it.”

Janice hastily followed his instructions. Once she had finished sending the location, she noticed that Mark had put a picture of Arianne holding Aristotle as his phone wallpaper. In the picture, Arianne wasn't meticulously made up but was dressed in casual house clothes. This man clearly cared about his wife and child. In fact, he wasn't as cold and unfeeling as he seemed…

Chapter 1012

Arianne and Tiffany rushed to the hospital after receiving the call. Arianne had a feeling that Eric's life had reached its end. At this point, entering the hospital was undoubtedly equivalent to entering the gates of heel. No one could say for sure if he could get through this.

When the group met at the hospital, Eric was still in the emergency room. Arianne noticed Janice, who was holding Aristotle, with a single glance. Janice realized that it was inappropriate for her to hold onto Smore, so she walked up to Arianne and said, "Mrs. Tremont, I'll give Smore to you now. I have to go back to the office."

Arianne took Aristotle, curled her lips and replied, "Mm, thank you."

She was uncomfortable. Mark could have asked Davy to come along; he didn't have to bring Janice. Unless, Janice was already with him when he received the call about Eric…

Their priority was Eric. She couldn't pick a fight with Mark at a time like this. Everyone was in a bad mood. Some things had to be left alone, for now.

The emergency procedure was still ongoing. The Nathaniels had actually caught wind of this and rushed to the hospital. They had been vicious to Eric back when he was fine and healthy. Now, he was close to

death, yet they clamored around him, every single family member. Obviously, they were harboring ill will. Strangely, Vicky had actually arrived with them.

Jackson stopped them, his expression utterly sullen. “What are you doing here?”

The Nathaniels were afraid of Jackson and did not dare barge in. Eric’s father feigned a calm outlook. “What are you doing? Are you going to beat us up? My son is in the emergency room. Can’t I see him? You’re only his friends. This is a family affair. It doesn’t concern you. You may go now!”

“He’s left the Nathaniel household,” Jackson replied through gritted teeth. “He has nothing to do with you now. He’s handed all funeral procedures over to me. You’re the ones who should be leaving. Do not disrupt his peace in his final moments. Out!”

Tiffany felt slightly afraid at the sight of Jackson in this manner. The sight of a usually jovial and even-tempered man suddenly flying into a rage was terrifying. Worried that he might start a fight, she was too afraid to placate him.

Not only did Eric’s father refuse to leave, but he plonked himself on a bench in the corridor. “I’m not leaving. What are you going to do to me? Call the police? I think the police would find our presence entirely suitable. You’re the ones who shouldn’t be here. We’ve only just found out that Eric is dying. All of his assets should belong to us Nathaniels. You have more than enough money. Why are you eyeing his cash? Quit hanging around and inviting snubs.”

Jackson balled his hands into fists, as if he would raise his fists at any moment. Mark stopped him. “Jackson, don’t fight with them. Eric is still in there. Let’s wait and see.”

Jackson sat down with a sullen look on his face, forcing himself to remain calm. The air was only silent for less than half a minute, when Arianne handed Aristotle over to Tiffany, got up and walked towards Vicky. “You did this?”

Vicky felt guilty, but she refused to admit it. “What are you saying? What did I do? Can’t I see Ricky one last time? What kind of friends are you? You won’t let me, his own girlfriend, see him one last time? You won’t even let his family see him. You’re just two-faced!”

Arianne smirked. “Heh… You’ve been eyeing Eric, haven’t you? He’s already said that as long as you stay away from him while he’s alive, he would give you a portion of his assets as compensation. You just can’t take it, can you? What are you trying to pull, dragging this huge group of people and disturbing his peace? Don’t accuse us of being two-faced. Eric never took a single thing from the Nathaniels after leaving that family. He only has his company, his house, and his car. The company’s been sold, and he’s already decided on donating his money. We have more than enough money, so we’re not holding onto anything. Do you understand? I once thought that you truly loved him, Vicky, but now it seems that you’re nothing but a disappointment.”

Chapter 1013

Vicky sobbed. It was either sincere or from other reasons. “Stop saying that. What ‘portion’ are you talking about? I know all about that. $30,000, what am I? A beggar? I really do love him, and this is what I get? Of course, I’m upset. I want to ask him, why? I only told his family about this because I want this family to reunite in his final moments. Was that wrong? Quit mocking me.”

Arianne’s eyes were brimming with tears of sadness. She felt sad for Eric. The last thing Eric wanted was for the Nathaniels to find out about his impending death, yet Vicky brought the entire circus along with her, just so she could get a share when the Nathaniels divide up Eric’s assets!

She took a deep breath. “Vicky, I’m not going to argue with you. I don’t want to cause a scene, not while Eric’s life is hanging by a thread. You’d better behave yourself, or I’ll give you something to be sorry about!”

Vicky looked at the Nathaniels and realized that no one had spoken up in defense for her. She was too afraid to speak now, so she meekly found a seat and sat down.

Arianne returned to her previous spot and continued carrying Aristotle, quietly waiting. After more than an hour, the emergency room door pushed open. Everyone got up at the same time and crowded around the doctor. This made the doctor jump in fright. “Wh-what… What are you doing?”

“How is he?” Mark asked.

The doctor calmed himself. “The patient has been suffering from late stage gastric cancer. We’ve received the records from his previous hospital, so we have a rough idea of his condition. This is an expected flare up from his disease… He doesn’t have much time. We’ve managed to stabilize him for now, but it’s only temporary. I don’t recommend leaving the hospital. It’ll be easier for us to save him if he stays here. Regardless of how this drags out… He’ll only have a few days. There’s nothing we can do. It’s best to prepare the funeral procedures. We’ve done our best.”

The last thing anyone wanted to hear from a doctor in the hospital was “we’ve done our best”.

Mark couldn’t accept it. He didn’t want Eric’s life to end just like that. “Doctor, is there any other way? Save him… Price doesn’t matter…”

The doctor shook his head and replied regretfully, “It’s too late.”

Eric was quickly sent to a normal ward. With Jackson guarding the door, not a single member of the Nathaniel family could get inside. Aristotle was particularly well-behaved, probably because he sensed the heavy sadness in the air. He didn't cry or fuss. Instead, he quietly observed Eric, who was still unconscious on the bed.

The Nathaniels were very patient. They waited outside the ward the entire time. By dinner time, the entire family ordered take-out and brazenly ate their dinner in the corridor.

Eric slowly woke up when the anaesthesia slowly wore off. He stared up at the lights above him. They felt blinding. He wanted to lift his hand to shield them from view, but his arms were restricted by multiple pieces of medical equipment.

Arianne stepped forward and bent down. Her and Aristotle's shadow helped Eric block out a little bit of the light. "Are you awake? Are you feeling alright?"

Eric smiled at Aristotle. "Mm, am I still alive? It feels like a dream…"

Arianne forced a smile. "What are you saying? You're fine, we're all here. You're not alone. I'm still… waiting for the day Smore starts talking. The first word I'll teach him to say is 'Uncle Eric'. You'll hang on until that day arrives…"

Eric was frail. He slowly turned to the side and looked at the doorway. "Are the Nathaniels here? I heard them. Let them in, or they'll never let it go. I don't want my disgusting life to follow all of you around too."

Chapter 1014

“With me around? Don’t worry. No one is getting in unless you say the word,” Jackson icily said.

Eric shook his head. “It’s fine. Let my sister in. She’s the only humane one in the Nathaniel family.”

Arianne beckoned for Jackson to get Eric’s sister. Jackson understood and opened the door. The Nathaniels were eating, yet they did not seem to be annoyed by the wretchedness in the hospital. When the door opened, they looked like flies facing a rotten chicken.

Jackson frowned in disgust. His gaze scanned every single one of them, standing quietly. Only then did he realize that Eric’s sister was the only one who had remained quiet and was the only one who wasn’t eating with them. Eric was right; his sister was the only humane one in the family.

“Sis, Eric’s asked you to come inside.” He called her “sis” for Eric’s sake.

Eric’s sister was taken aback. “Okay.”

Eric smiled at his older sister when she walked into the room. “You’re here, sis.”

His sister raised her hand to wipe away the tears in the corners of her eyes and smiled back at him. “I’m sorry, I didn’t take good care of you. I neglected you since I got married… You’re not the only one who

hates this family. I hate it too. I wouldn't even be near them if this hadn't happened to you. I just wanted to see you, one last time. Nothing else. Don't overthink this, I'm not like them…"

Of course, Eric knew this. "I know. I've never blamed you. Tell them that they're not getting a single cent from me, so stop hoping. I've given the Nathaniels everything that belongs to them. I don't owe them a thing, so stop nauseating me at a time like this. I don't want to see them."

His sister only managed to nod her head. She couldn't bring herself to speak anymore.

Suddenly, Eric closed his eyes. His breathing turned shallow. "I have no regrets now… I'm sorry, everyone, for making you all sad…"

The equipment immediately rang in alarm. The screen on the heart monitor turned into a flat line. Tiffany clutched her chest, sobbing profusely. Jackson stood by the window with his back facing everyone else. No one knew if he was crying. The dark landscape shielded everything perfectly.

Mark didn't call the doctor or the nurses. He knew that it was no use now. It was better to rip off the band aid now, instead of prolonging the agony. This was Eric's wish too.

"You're all Ricky's friends. I'll leave his funeral to you," Eric's sister choked with sobs. "The Nathaniels have no right to send Ricky off on his final journey. As for his assets, just follow whatever he's asked to do. Thank you." Then, she covered her mouth to muffle her sobs and ran out of the ward, as if she couldn't bring herself to stay any longer.

When Tanya called Eric "Ricky" for the first time, Eric felt uncomfortable because his sister and mother had been the only ones to call him "Ricky". No one else had used that nickname for many years. Later,

he gradually accepted and got used to having Tanya call him by that name. That meant that he had truly let go of the Nathaniels. There was still someone in this world who would call him “Ricky” and still remember him…

When they saw someone step out of the room, the Nathaniels, who had been standing watch outside, clamoured around Eric’s sister and asked, “How was it? Did you manage to convince Eric to change his mind? How will his company and house be divided among us?”

Chapter 1015

Eric’s sister’s footsteps came to an abrupt halt. She stared at her so-called relatives in disbelief. “What are you doing? Huh? Dad, your son is dead. Big brothers, your little brother is dead! What does he owe you? Nothing! All of those things belong to him. You don’t have the right to take them, even if he brings them to his grave! Some people are so ugly, it’s nauseating! Being a part of this family sickens me!”

The two older Nathaniel brothers were still holding on to the hope of inheriting Eric’s assets. Only Mr. Nathaniel contemplated this. Then, he sighed. “All of you, shut up! Forget it. We shouldn’t have come here today. Let him be…”

Vicky could tell that something was amiss. Only then did she realize that Eric was dead. She crumpled onto the bench listlessly, her entire body trembling. The man who had been laughing, chatting, eating, and sleeping with her just a few months ago was truly dead… He was gone from this world.

Suddenly, she realized that she had made a huge mistake. She never really wanted money or any form of material possessions. She just wanted something from him to hold onto, during his last moments. She had refused to face the truth. She wanted to be the most important person in the world to him, but he severed ties with her immediately after receiving a definite diagnosis. She dearly wished that Eric would have asked her to spend his final moments with him…

She still couldn't understand why he wanted to leave her, even at the end. It's true that she had lied, she had hidden her real identity from him, but her feelings for him were real. Now that he was dead, money or material possessions suddenly lost all of their importance.

She just couldn't accept this…

Mr. Nathaniel and Eric's sister left in succession, leaving the two Nathaniel brothers behind. They turned their attention to Vicky. "How long have you and Eric broken up? What if you faked a pregnancy? Wouldn't that settle everything? With a kid, we'll definitely have a chance at getting Eric's possessions!"

Vicky lifted her head and stared at them blurrily. Their ugly faces nauseated her. She didn't answer. Instead, she stared into space like a lost soul.

Suddenly, Arianne stepped out from the room. Of course, she had heard every word they said. "Not a bad idea. Unfortunately, I've heard every single word. So sorry."

The Nathaniel brothers blushed furiously. Then, they forcibly tried to justify themselves. "Eric's possessions are supposed to belong to us Nathaniels. Is it our fault that we have to resort to schemes to get them back? What they hell are you up to?

Arianne couldn't be bothered to deal with them. She strode towards Vicky straight away. "Now that Eric is dead, we can settle the score."

"What do you want?" Vicky asked in a hoarse voice.

Arianne raised her hand and threw a slap right across her face. She put all of her energy into that slap, and the Nathaniel brothers winced at the sight of it. “Are you awake now? Hm? Eric broke up with you when he first received the diagnosis, for your own good. He didn’t want to drag you down. And what are you doing? Can’t you… Can’t you show some sincerity in his final moments? Instead of letting him leave in disappointment? There are so many beautiful things in this world, but why did he have to run into disgusting flies like you?”

Vicky allowed her cheeks to grow red and swollen from the pain. “I just thought that I was the most important person in the world to him. That I should be the one to stay with him during the last moments of his life. I never thought that I’d end up lesser than all of you, his friends. He was only afraid of being alone and wanted to get married. That’s why he started dating me. He didn’t love me. He didn’t break up with me after the diagnosis for my own good. He just… never loved me…”

Arianne fell silent. Only Eric knew what he was really thinking. Perhaps he had worked hard for his future and looked forward to it, once. That’s why he had worked so hard at his job. He wanted to have a home of his own, a warm and loving home. That diagnosis on a piece of paper served as a sharp warning. He had experienced disappointment and destitution from his biological family, left them, and regained hope… Hope and disappointment twisted and turned on repeat in his life. Finally, today, it was all at an end, signed with a jagged full stop.

When she returned to her senses, Arianne realized that the Nathaniel brothers were still hanging around. “What are you still doing here? Hoping to get beaten up?” she snapped icily.

Chapter 1016

They were about to retort to that when they saw Jackson emerging from the ward. They became frightened and left in fear. Vicky got up from her seat. “Are you done fighting among yourselves? I’m leaving too… Since he doesn’t want to meet me, I won’t meet him…”

Arianne's anger had almost subsided when she slapped that person. She did not dwell long on it since Vicky was not being nasty either. "Eric promised to give you $30,000. It's his kindness toward you, no matter what. Give me your bank account number; I'll transfer the money to you later."

Vicky shook her head. "No need. What I really want is not those things."

Arianne did not insist. "Forget it. If you don't want it, I'll donate the money. Just let it be."

Tiffany was pregnant, so Mark asked Jackson to send her home first. Arianne needed to take care of Smore, so she was sent home with Tiffany too. Mark stayed alone in the hospital because he still had something he needed to deal with regarding Eric's death.

Looking at one's best friend who was now lying in the hospital bed without breathing, no one could still afford to stay absolutely calm. When there was no one around him, the tear that he had been forcing back rolled down his cheek silently.

It was a restless night for everyone. Arianne returned home and tucked Smore in bed. After thinking about it for a short while, she called Tanya. "Eric has passed away."

She did not know why she wanted to tell Tanya about that. She just felt that Tanya should know about it.

At the other end of the phone, Tanya seemed like she had lost her voice. She opened her mouth slightly, but she could not make any voice. The warm tears rolled down her cheeks vigorously. The last person who was related to her in the world had left now...

Eric once fulfilled the condition in her grandfather's will, taking extra care of her. She subconsciously treated him like her elder brother. But she did not even manage to meet him one last time before he passed away. It was useless now even if she regretted what she had done.

After a long while, she replied, "I… Alright… Thank you for telling me this."

She then hung up the phone and continued cutting the vegetables. Jett was at home that day, and she was cooking. Her tears blurred her vision. When she accidentally cut her finger, she screamed once softly and threw the sharp knife aside.

Hearing the noise, Jett rushed toward the kitchen. "What happened?"

She rubbed away her tears anxiously. "It's… fine. I accidentally cut my finger. It's alright. I can just put a band-aid on it. Dinner will soon be ready. You're tired now. Go and watch TV for a while."

Jett went to the living room quietly to look for the band-aid for her. He then carefully helped her treat the wound. "Just let me do the cooking. Go and sit there for a while."

Tanya shook her head. "You're the one who takes care of me. How could I burden you with such a trivial thing? I can do it…"

Chapter 1017

He hesitated for a short while. He then stretched his arms out and pulled her into his embrace. “I don’t know how to console people. If you’re sad, just cry.”

Tanya was stunned. Soon, a sob escaped from her throat gradually. She wanted to hold it back, but she failed to do so no matter what. “I’m sorry… He’s dead… I’m deeply grieved…”

‘He?’ Jett did not know who she was referring to. ‘Is it Jackson? That’s impossible. I heard nothing about that. But doesn’t she like Jackson? Other than Jackson, who could make her so utterly sad?’

He did not manage to ask her that at the end. They were put together because of their fates. They could only console and warm each other when it was necessary, but they could not afford to fall in love with each other.

…

After a few days, another thunderstorm came down on the capital. It seemed like the hot and dry weather before was just something before the thunderstorm. The rain seemed to want to wash away every last piece of dirt of the entire city.

They were almost done dealing with Eric’s funeral. They chose to put his tomb beside Arianne’s grandmother since Tiffany claimed that they could accompany each other. Her grandmother liked to nag, so Eric would not feel so bored after all.

They heard that Mr. Nathaniel had gone to Eric's tomb alone, but no one cared about that, since they did not have to. They just had to pretend that they knew nothing about it.

Mark seemed to be quite dispirited recently. Arianne did not find faults with him either. She was just being responsible, and she took up the roles of a good mother and wife.

However, the sadness that engulfed them did not seem to disappear for a long time. It was just like the heavy clouds in the sky of the capital.

During weekends, Mark went no place else and stayed at home. He would occasionally play with Smore. Other times, he would just lock himself up in the study. He only left the study during meals. Arianne took up the excuse of sending him water and snacks just to see what he was doing. He was lost in a daze. He did nothing else there.

In the evening, the rain became slightly softer, but it did not seem like it was going to stop any time soon. Butler Henry came home and put away the umbrella, putting it near the wall. "Madam, someone's looking for sir. She said that she's here to deliver the document for the company. She's now standing at the door. I didn't let her in directly."

Arianne responded slightly and handed Smore to Mary. She then went to the garden outside and saw through the gate that it was Janice, who held an umbrella. As a woman who was sensitive toward those things, she started to become vigilant.

One should really be vigilant toward another person when you start to mind her very existence and she constantly appears in your life.

She walked toward Janice slowly. “Are you here to deliver the document? Just give it to me then.”

Janice hesitated and said, “I need to wait for Mr. Tremont to sign it and bring it back to the company. I’m still working overtime now.”

Arianne smiled softly. “Are you working overtime on Saturday? It’s indeed hard work.”

Both Janice’s shoes and silk socks were slightly drenched. But she protected the document well, and it was not stained by even a drop of rain. “No, it’s not hard work. The entire staff of the company is working overtime today. We can take a rest tomorrow. Is Mr. Tremont home? I called him just now. May I come in?”

Chapter 1018

Arianne stretched her hand out and pressed the password of the door. “Sure.” Then, the iron door opened gradually. Janice thanked her and entered the house in a hurry. It was the first time Janice came here, but it seemed like she was quite familiar with the place. If it weren't for the fact that Arianne always stayed at home, she would certainly doubt whether it was Janice’s first time coming here…

Arianne then entered the house nonchalantly. Janice had gone upstairs, but Arianne did not go and keep an eye on them. She just waited quietly in the living room. After around five minutes, Janice came downstairs. “Mrs. Tremont, I’ll leave now.”

Arianne smiled faintly. “You’re working overtime, so I won’t ask you to stay here for awhile. But why don’t you ask Davy something for me? Is he that free with his work? How could he ask an intern like you to deliver some important document here? Isn’t he bullying the new employee?”

Janice's facial expression became slightly stunned. She could more or less hear the underlying meaning in what Arianne said. "It's fine… There's no gain without labor. I don't feel tired, and I don't think that I'm being bullied."

That reply was rather remarkable and slick without any flaws. Arianne noticed it then. Although Janice had just started working, she was not some beautiful but ignorant and stupid girl.

After she left, Arianne looked at the rain through the window for a long time. Then she held Smore and went upstairs with him. When they entered the study, she smelled a faint scent of cigarette. Although it was quite faint, it was easily discernible for someone who did not smoke.

She walked to the window and opened the tightly closed drapes. She then opened the window slightly. "How long are you going to be sullen and lock yourself up here? I know that everyone is extremely sad about Eric's death… Forget it. Let's not talk about that. Don't smoke so much. It's not easy for you to quit smoking. It's not good for your body."

Mark leaned against the chair and took a breath. "I just had a few cigarettes… Just take Smore out. The air here is not good. I'll return to the bedroom and sleep. I'm sleepy, so I'm not eating dinner. You can eat by yourself."

Suddenly, Arianne felt quite helpless. She did not know where it came from. She yearned to share the trivial things with him. She felt like chatting with him about the fact that Tiffany and Jackson were going to marry each other soon. But facing his gloominess and sulkiness, she felt that everything was unnecessary. No, she felt like even a word or a sentence was unnecessary.

During these past few days, the news about Alejandro's marriage was quite popular. By the time the news ceased to gain any more attention from the public, half a month had already passed. Only after Alejandro returned to the capital did Mark regain his desire to fight again. He needed to move on, and he needed to take care of his company. Their lives would continue. That was the reality. It would be fine as long as he left the dead end that trapped him.

Alejandro did not return to the capital alone. He brought along his newlywed wife—Melanie Lark. Both the powerful Smiths and the Larks were now bound by the arranged marriage. Someone even rumored that the situation in the capital would change drastically then.

Other than working, Tiffany was dragged along by Summer to go and try on the wedding gown, and discuss the details about the wedding ceremony. Of course, Arianne always joined them in such outings. Arianne could not help it since Tiffany did not have much of an opinion of her own. Tiffany liked to listen to her opinion about everything.

During weekends, Arianne was dragged along by Tiffany to go and choose jewelry. Summer was with them too. Summer put much focus on it since Tiffany was going to wear them during the wedding ceremony. Summer also claimed that Tiffany could choose whatever she wanted. Jackson did not join them since it was the kind of thing that women were better at. He felt that it was quite exhaustive to go shopping, so he would rather stay at his company to work overtime. He did not worry much about it since there was Summer and Arianne with her.

Summer adored Smore deeply. She did not even allow Arianne to hold him all this while. It was Summer who held him, and she claimed that she wanted to experience how it was like to take care of one's grandson. She was afraid that she might be unable to do a good job of it when Tiffany gave birth to the baby.

When they reached the jewelry counter, Tiffany was dazed by all the things there. "There are just too many of them, and all of them are so beautiful. But they're quite expensive too…"

Summer said generously, “Just take whatever you want. We’ve got a lot of money. You only marry once in your lifetime. It’s fine even if we’re extravagant. After all, the money and properties I’ve saved up until now belong to you and Jackson.”

Tiffany became slightly awkward. “Mrs. West, I can’t choose any anymore if you act like this… Why don’t you help me choose instead?”

Summer stared at her weakly. “Didn’t you find it quite easy to address me as your mom before? Now, you’re really getting married to Jackson, but it seems like you can’t change the way you address me.”

Chapter 1019

Tiffany soon obediently changed the way she addressed her. “Mom, please choose them for me with Ari. Faster! I’m dazed by all the things here.”

Summer looked at the jewelry for a while. She pointed at a necklace inlaid with a diamond in the middle of the array of jewelry. Before she could speak, they heard a clear woman’s voice beside them. “Get that diamond necklace for me. I want to take a look at it.”

Summer could not hold herself back in incidents when someone beat her to the punch. “Young lady, we were looking at it first. Please wait for a while. If we don’t want it, it’s not too late for you to take it then.”

That woman was about to say something. Suddenly, she saw Tiffany and she was stunned. She had seen Tiffany before in a photo that Alejandro put in his wallet.

At first glance, Arianne recognized that she was Alejandro's wife—Melanie. "Mrs. Smith, we want this necklace. Please look at the other jewelry."

Melanie became pleased when she was being addressed as Mrs. Smith. She looked at the diamond necklace and waved her hand slightly. "I'll give it to you then. After all, I've got an abundance of such things. I'll look at the other jewelry then. By the way, it seems like Miss Lane is my husband's friend. Aren't you? I heard him talking about you occasionally."

Tiffany appeared confused. Thinking about how Arianne addressed that woman as Mrs. Smith, she recovered her wits. "Are you… Alejandro's wife? The young lady from the Larks? Oh! I remember it now. I never met you before. I'm sorry, I didn't recognize you just now. That's true. I do know your husband, and we can be considered as friends. It's easier now that we know each other. I came to choose the jewelry for my wedding. My mom thinks that this diamond necklace is rather nice. Please give way to us."

The smile on Melanie's face was flawless, just like when she found the photo in Alejandro's wallet and put it back just like nothing had happened. There were some things that one did not have to say out loud. "Are you going to get married? Then let me congratulate you beforehand. This necklace is indeed good. I like white too. It's festive for you during your wedding. It's not like I gave way to you. It's fine. I'll leave you to choose the jewelry now. I'll go and shop someplace else."

Looking at her slim figure as she left, Summer seemed casual and said, "This young lady from the Larks is indeed quite beautiful. She's quite sensible too."

Tiffany was a rather careless person. She would not think about others' underlying meanings. She did not notice how Summer watched her facial expression. "Yes, that's true. She's indeed quite beautiful. Just look at her slim legs. They're sooo slim. I envy that. Alejandro is indeed lucky. After I give birth to

the baby, I want to slim myself down until I have those kinds of legs. If not, Jackson will always complain about my shortness. If I have slim legs, they'll certainly appear quite long."

Seeing that Tiffany was not upset at all, Summer secretly breathed in a sigh of relief. It seemed like she had been overthinking. There was never anything between Tiffany and Alejandro. She did not have to worry about that anymore.

Arianne saw everything. She said composedly, "The shape of your legs are different from hers. How could you even have slim legs like hers? Just give it up. Your body figure now is quite good. Besides, it's not good if you're too slim. We've found the necklace now. Just pick this diamond necklace. Let's look at the earrings and the others."

It was afternoon by the time they had finished shopping. Seeing that it was cloudy and it seemed like it would be raining soon, Arianne then took Smore and went home.

Summer dragged Tiffany along to the West family residence. The same thing happened every weekend. It seemed like Summer wanted so badly to feed her so much food and make her plumper. It would be better if her belly grew fast because of that. Then she would be able to deliver the baby soon, and Summer could hold her grandchild sooner.

Jackson was not there, and Tiffany was extremely full, but Summer still persuaded her from beside her. "Eat more. Have a lot of food so that the baby will be provided with supple nutrition. You didn't eat as much as before."

She wanted so badly to cry, but she could not bring herself to reject Summer. Hence, she could only send a message to Jackson secretly. "If you don't come soon, I'll be overfed. I'm at your mom's!"

Chapter 1020

After Jackson received that message, he rushed over there quickly. “Mom, why did you drag her here again? How could you feed her everyday? It’s not good if a pregnant lady is overfed.”

Summer said in annoyance. “So who knows better now? You or me? I fed Tiffie highly nutritious food. She won’t become plumper just because of that. It’s not easy for her to gain fat too. I’m still waiting to hold a fat grandson!”

Jackson was helpless. “What if it’s a daughter then?”

Summer was slightly stunned. “Daughter? How is a daughter any different from a son? They belong to the Wests no matter what. Daughters are nice and obedient too. It’d certainly be better if we got both a son and daughter.”

Tiffany was slightly scared inwardly. She heard Summer talking all day long that she wanted to hold a grandson. What if she delivered a baby girl then? Would there be a vast difference in Summer’s attitude before and after the baby was delivered just like what was shown on TV? She did not dare to dwell long on that. She held Jackson’s hand and got up from the sofa. “Mom, I’ll go home with Jackson now. It seems that it’s going to rain soon. The road gets slippery during rainy days, and it won’t be safe.”

Summer could not bear to let them leave, especially Tiffany and her baby. “Stay and have dinner then. You can leave tomorrow since you don’t have to go to work. It’s decided. Jackson, go and cook dinner. Just do it the way Tiffie likes it.”

Seeing that Summer was quite persistent, Jackson patted the back of Tiffany's hand in a consoling manner. "It's fine even if we leave tomorrow. I'll go and cook now. You don't have to eat so much later if you're too full. When you get hungry, I'll cook for you again."

Tiffany was helpless. "Alright…" After all, Jackson was here with her now. She would certainly be much rest assured.

During their chatter, Summer brought Eric up. "Eric was such a good guy. He passed away at such a young age. In the past, both Jackson and Mark had such a good relationship with him. Jackson seems quite haggard recently."

Tiffany quickly gestured for Summer to cease talking. "Shh… mom. Speak softer. Don't let Jackson overhear us. He's still quite sad about it."

Summer pursed her lips slightly. "I know about that. Haven't you noticed that I only brought it up now that he's in the kitchen? Since you're reluctant to move here, just come here during the weekends. I'm worried about letting Jackson take care of you. He's still a rough man no matter what. He's not as considerate and attentive as I am."

'A rough man?' Tiffany was amused. 'How on earth is Jackson a rough man? He's still quite young and considerate.' "Fine, I'll come here with Jackson during the weekends. We need to work during weekdays, and it's inconvenient for us to move to and fro. He enjoys serenity, so it's not so bad if there are only the two of us staying there."

During dinner, Tiffany's plate was filled to the brim by Summer before she even started picking up her fork and spoon. It was filled to the very top. She became slightly stunned. "I… I can't eat so much. I ate too many fruits in the afternoon. Now, I'm not that hungry."

Jackson pushed his plate toward her directly. “Share some of it with me. You won't be able to stomach all of that, and your stomach will feel quite burdened. If you’re hungry in the middle of the night, I’ll go and cook you some food again.”

Atticus complained about how Summer acted rashly. “Sum, is it so difficult for you to not bother about it too much? What Jackson said was true. Pregnant ladies can’t eat all the time. She can’t stomach all the food if she eats too much. I know that you’re happy and you like to take care of them, but you don’t have to busy yourself with that. Do you understand?”

Summer began to doubt herself. “Is it true? But when I was pregnant with Jackson, I loved to eat so much. I never stopped eating except when I was sleeping. I didn’t even feel that I was overfed. It seems like everybody’s body is different.”