Ruling 1051

Chapter 1051

Jackson looked at her calmly, his long nails gently tapping the table as if he was waiting for something. Summer exploded a second later.

“How could you ask Tiffany to wash the dishes? A maid would be able to take care of your daily needs and it doesn’t cost much to hire one. What’s this nonsense about not liking to have strangers in the house? Excuses. You’d better change your mindset and go hire a maid, Jack!”

Tiffany had never expected Summer to react so strongly.

Jackson rushed over to grab the bowl that was in her hands and said, “You see? Are you deliberately trying to get my mum to nag me? Normally you wouldn’t rush to do the chores, but now that my mum’s around, you do? I’ll do it, go get some rest. I don’t wish to see strangers wandering around in my house.”

Tiffany rubbed her hands helplessly, muttering, “My bad…”

Summer seemed content to see Jackson walking into the kitchen. “Come here Tiffany, let’s talk.”

Tiffany smiled as she walked over and sat next to Summer on the sofa, explaining, “To be honest, Jackson’s the one who’s been doing the chores in the house, even before we got married. I just help out every once in a while. He should be even more exhausted than me.”

Summer held onto Tiffany's hands and gently patted the back of her hand. "It's ok, you don't have to help him. It's a man's duty to take on his wife's responsibilities, no matter how small of a matter it may be. Jack would take you for granted if you were to do the chores. You didn't marry into our family to be a nanny, so leave those trivial matters to Jack. You're young, surely you must want to enjoy your life for a few years. I'll help you with your child when the time comes. It'd be too strenuous for you to breastfeed your child every day since you'd need to carry him around everywhere. We could opt for baby powder."

There was a myth that mother-in-laws usually make their daughter-in-law's life miserable by projecting all those painful experiences that they'd gone through in the past onto the latter.

However, Summer was different. She'd never received her husband's love and care and had to shoulder all the burden herself, yet she had raised her son to be loving and caring towards his wife. Meanwhile, she herself gives her daughter-in-law even more love and care than her own son.

Tiffany was deeply touched, explaining, "Ari is still breastfeeding Smore, so I believe I should breastfeed my child for at least a year. I do want to enjoy my life for a few more years, but I must fulfill my responsibilities as a mother as well, just like how you've raised Jack. I will definitely give my child whatever I can provide."

Summer looked into her eyes and decided she liked Tiffany even more. "Alright, I shall respect your decision. We'll be heading back now; you and Jack should get some rest. Do come by and visit us more often, including your mum as well. She must be feeling lonely now that she's living alone."

Tiffany nodded her head and got up to send off the couple. Jackson peeked his head out of the kitchen when he heard the door closing, asking, "Have they left?"

She hopped towards Jackson and wrapped her arms around his neck. “Yep, they’ve just left. Your parents are such nice people, I feel so lucky to have them in my life. What have I done to deserve such happiness?”

Jackson couldn’t help himself from teasing her, “Yet, you almost threw this happiness away.”

Tiffany pouted her lips and kept quiet. It was true, she had almost thrown it all away, including Jackson. If it hadn’t been for her pregnancy, who knew how long it would have taken before they got together. There was even a possibility that they would not have gotten together at all… The only reason they got married so early was because of the little life in her stomach, which was also the best thing to happen to her.

Seeing that Tiffany would not let go just yet, Jackson gently asked, “What’s with the sudden hug? I’m not finished with cleaning up the kitchen yet.”

She pulled back her hands and placed them behind his waist, untying the apron wrapped around him.

“Let’s leave that for tomorrow. It’s getting late now, so why don’t you come to bed with me? I do want to get naughty with you-”

Unable to fend off her unceasing coax, Jackson lost any interest in continuing to clean up the kitchen. Instead, he grabbed onto Tiffany and carried her upstairs.

Tiffany’s heart began to throb uncontrollably as they went into their bedroom.

Chapter 1052

Would Jackson, a man who is usually horny, be able to resist the temptation when even she couldn't? Tiffany did not believe that there was not a man in the world that would be able to resist seduction from other women. She would rather die if Jackson had gone out with another woman when they had just gotten married! Normally, Jackson would just brush off her advances, but not today. Today was the day she could openly ask for it, and there was no way she would miss that chance.

Jackson placed her on the bed and straightened himself, ready to leave. Tiffany grabbed onto his sleeve in a flash and said, "Where are you going? Didn't we agree on it this afternoon? Come on, it's our wedding day! Can't you let me do as I please just for today? It's so difficult to live a plain and bland life everyday…"

Jackson burst into laughter and said, "Alright alright! I'm just going for a shower, what are you thinking? I'll be right back, so you be a good girl and wait for me."

She then let go of his sleeve and mumbled, "Since when did you start to be so thorough?"

As Tiffany's mumbles reached Jackson's ears, he turned around and glared at her. "Alright now, what are you mumbling about?"

Tiffany chuckled. "Nothing! Hurry up and get showered."

When he closed the bathroom door, she immediately got off the bed and changed into a white colored nightgown made out of silk. The lower half of the gown was slightly loose to conceal her belly, and the bust and hip area had a laced edge that made the wearer look even sexier.

As she waited for Jackson impatiently while counting to a hundred countless times, Jackson finally finished bathing and came out with only a towel wrapped around his waist. His body had just the right amount of muscle tone from his usual exercise routine. He was covered in vapor from having just bathed and the fragrance from the shower gel. One look was all it took for Tiffany to have a hard time keeping herself from pouncing at him like a wild animal.

She could clearly feel her heartrate accelerating—it seemed like it was about to burst. Her gaze couldn't leave his body, and his attractive face bewildered her. No wonder all the women before her had pounced on him. She wouldn't have been able to rein herself in if she was in their positions either.

As he walked to the bedside, she grabbed him and was on top of him in an instant. Neither of them spoke as they stared at each other. Her fingers ran from his throat all the way downwards.

She clearly saw him gulping. At the same time, he pulled down the lace on her gown as his eyes burned passionately. "You're clearly playing with fire."

HIs voice had already begun to turn croaky, but she heard him clearly and bit her lip. She said while looking at him seductively, "Don't you like it?"

He did not answer. Instead, he took a deep breath and grabbed her waist, slightly plump due to her pregnancy. At that moment, he had his wits with him and was still in control of his actions, and he said croakily, "Get off me, you might hurt yourself."

She pouted her lips in contempt. "What's the worst that could happen? You're worrying too much, I'm not even as nervous as you are and I'm the pregnant one. Lay still, I'll do it."

He couldn’t reject her—this was his first time seeing this side of her.

Chapter 1053

When it was over, she held his hand up in the air and uttered, “You’re now bound to me by this ring, hence you’re forbidden from looking at other women, not even a glance.”

He embraced her from behind, closing his palms and firmly holding her hand. “Would I have to look at other women now that I have you? I stopped looking a long time ago. Get some sleep, I’ll accompany you for your checkup tomorrow.”

She turned her head and kissed his forehead. “I can feel the baby moving.”

He was slightly surprised, as this was the first time she had said she was able to feel the baby moving. “When?”

She said embarrassedly, “While we were doing it just now…”

He chuckled and placed his hand on her belly. “It’s got nothing to do with me; your mum’s the one who’s ‘greedy’.”

The next day, at the Tremont Estate.

The temperature began to drop as the weather changed, causing Smore's nose to be runny and for him to keep coughing. Arianne was considering taking the day off and sending Smore to the hospital but was worried that it would leave a bad impression with her superior since she had just started the job.

Mark guessed what she was thinking from her helpless expression and said, "You head off to work alone; I'll bring Smore to the hospital. I've got nothing much going on this morning."

She was slightly embarrassed. "Smore is more important than my work to me. I could apply for a day off. You don't have to force yourself."

Mark looked at her as he put on his tie. "How am I forcing myself? It's you that shouldn't be forcing yourself. You've just started working at your current company. It won't look good for you if you take consecutive days off. I wouldn't like this kind of employee either if it were me. Go on, I'll take Smore to the hospital."

She smiled heartily. "Alright, I'll be off then. Remember to wear a mask before you get to the hospital. It's the flu season now. Surely, there'll be a lot of children down with the flu, so don't fall sick along with Smore."

As she finished, she turned around and was about to walk away when Mark grabbed onto her. He stared at her bright red lips and said, "Why have you put on such bright red lipstick? Wipe it off."

She looked at him in awe. “Is it that red? It looks rather plain to me. The ladies in our office all have makeup on, so it won’t look appropriate if I don’t put on some as well. Also, I’d look better if my lips were a little redder. Leave it be, you wouldn’t understand.”

He did not budge. “Don’t expect to leave that door if you aren’t going to wipe it off.”

Helplessly, she walked into the bathroom to wipe off her lipstick in front of the mirror. She could only put on some lip balm to cover up her dry lips. “Better now? Why are you making such a big fuss out of it?”

Mark did not reply. He was not going to tell her that he couldn’t be at ease if she was not by his side, and he did not want any other man to get the opportunity to so much as glance at her. However, he did not have a choice, as she had insisted that she wanted to work; his heart throbbed anxiously.

After Arianne left, he headed to the hospital along with Smore and Mary. As he arrived at the parking lot, he bumped into Tiffany, who had also visited the hospital for her checkup coincidentally. Jackson reached out his hand and caressed Smore’s face. “Do you have a flu, little one? Look at your runny nose. I see that your father isn’t disgusted by it even though he’s a germaphobe. You are his son, alright.”

Mark took out a tissue and wiped off Smore’s snot. “Are you here for a pregnancy checkup? I’m headed to the pediatrics, which is on the other side. I’ll be going now.”

Tiffany wanted to hug Smore, but her belly was so big that it had become inconvenient. “Bye Smore. I’ll come play with you over the weekend.”

Chapter 1054

When they arrived at the obstetrics and gynecology department, Tiffany was so hungry, it made her feel unwell. “I’m so hungry. The doctor previously mentioned not to have breakfast for today’s checkup.”

Jackson said to her in a gentle tone, “It’s fine, I’ll bring you out to eat when you’re done with the checkup.”

Tiffany did not realise it at that moment, but she was asked to not eat because she needed to have her blood drawn. Well done, Jackson. Tiffany’s face paled and panicked when she saw tubes and tubes of blood being drawn from her.

Jackson put pressure on the position where her blood had been drawn with a cotton wool carefully as he said, “It’ll be over soon. Just a little bit more blood to be drawn. You don’t seem like the type to be short of blood, so stop scaring me.”

She shot him an angry look. “I’m neither anemic nor dizzy, I’m panicking!”

Suddenly, Jackson saw two figures at the hallway through the edge of his eyes. One of them was Tanya while the other was obviously a man, but he had his back facing them and Jackson couldn’t see his face.

Tiffany recognised them immediately. “Is that Tanya and Jett? What’s going on? Why are the both of them here together? Is Tanya here to see the obstetrics and gynecologist?”

Jackson couldn’t care less and said, “Let’s go.”

Tanya stood still. “That’s not right. Jett is Alejandro’s subordinate. Why would he be here with Tanya? Shouldn’t her husband be here with her for this kind of checkup instead?”

Jackson seemed to have realised something. “Are you saying… the child inside Tanya is Jett’s? The same Jett that serves under Alejandro?”

Tiffany nodded her head. “That’s right, Jett has always been following behind Alejandro. I don’t understand how the two of them could be together. I’ve only met Jett along with Tanya two or three times. They couldn’t have been close enough to have a baby together, right?”

This huge revelation made Jackson realise that something strange was amidst. Tanya was the one who made him take the fall in the past to the point where their friendship was beyond repair. Now that he had found out that the child inside of her could be Jett’s, who was under Alejandro’s paycheck, he wondered if Alejandro had planned all of it all along.

Tiffany seemed to have realised something as well, but she couldn’t be sure of herself since she did not have confidence in her own intelligence. She held onto her belly as support as she walked towards the couple to confirm her suspicions.

As she approached, Tanya noticed her and became nervous instantly. “T-Tiffany…”

Without batting an eyelid at Jett, she looked at Tanya and asked, “Are you carrying Jett’s child?”

Tanya did not answer but helplessly looked at Jett instead. He pulled Tanya behind him and said, “It’s mine.”

Tiffany raised an eyebrow and ased, “What exactly is going on here? If that’s true, why did you say that it was Jackson’s child? You’re not getting away without giving me an explanation today, Tanya!”

Tanya grabbed tightly onto Jett’s sleeve like a frightened bunny, as she did not dare make a sound. Jett glanced at Jackson and said, “There’s nothing to be said except that she used her pregnancy as an excuse to make Jackson the fall guy, but now, she’s with me. It’s all in the past now. Is there a need to keep prying into this matter?”

Jackson said in a cold tone, “We’re not prying. We just need an explanation. Why did she make me the fall guy when the child is actually yours? Could it be because… someone ordered her to do so?”

Tanya replied hurriedly, “It’s not that! What happened between me and Jett was purely an accident. When I realised I was pregnant, I did not tell anyone. I only did what I did because I still liked you at the time. I’m sorry, it’s all my fault. Truly, I regret my actions. Now that I’m with Jett, my child has a father now. Please stop with this guessing! No one had ordered me to do it. I was merely being naive and jealous of Tiffany!”

Chapter 1055

Tanya did not seem to be lying, but Jackson refused to believe that Alejandro had nothing to do with it.

Tanya’s face was pale from nervousness. Her body trembled slightly. She knew that she couldn’t reveal the truth. She never expected to bump into Tiffany and Jackson here. She and Jett would be finished if she failed to convince them.

Tiffany looked at Tanya straight in the eye and seriously said, “Look at me. I’ll ask you one more time, are you telling the truth? Is there no one else involved in this? Has anyone else ordered you to do it? Did you do it all on your own? Are things between you and Jett serious?”

“Yes, I’m telling the truth,” Tanya replied, word for word. “Jett and I are serious. We’ve already registered for marriage.”

Tiffany released a sigh of relief. “That’s good. Let’s leave the past in the past. I won’t argue with you. However, I won’t forgive you either.” Then, she turned around and led Jackson away.

Tanya, however, was not relieved when they left. She turned to Jett and said anxiously, “What should we do? What if they suspect and find out? Even if we keep our mouths shut, Alejandro won’t spare us if the matter ends up being exposed!”

Jett held her shoulders consolingly. “Don’t worry, nothing will happen as long as I’m here. You stay here and wait for the medical report. I will go to the orthopedics and check on Alejandro. You’ll have to find your own way home later. Alejandro will be staying at the hospital again, starting tonight. I won’t have the time to take care of you for now.”

Tanya seemed more assured. “Mm. Okay.”

Jackson was still worried about the matter. He remembered that Mark was in the hospital too, so he sent him a message behind Tiffany’s back: ‘We ran into Jett and Tanya at the gynaecological department. Jett, who works for Alejandro, is the father of the baby in Tanya’s belly. Something smells

fishy, but they refused to admit to anything. I can't find anything. Tiffie is here, so I can't interrogate any further.'

Mark, upon receiving the message, paused thoughtfully, then replied: 'With the addition of his sacrifice in saving Tiffany, we can pretty much confirm that Alejandro is behind this. Think about it. He has reason and has shown signs of trying to break the both of you up.'

Jackson looked at Tiffany, who wasn't too far away. He deleted the message. She probably refused to believe that Alejandro had incited all of this, right? He would figure out this matter thoroughly, but he would do it while keeping her in the dark.

Mark returned to the office after Aristotle had finished his medical check up. Of course, Mary came along too.

Janice pranced forward as he inspected the office area and confidently greeted Aristotle. "Hey Smore, here with daddy at the office again? Do you remember me?"

Aristotle ate his fists, showing no particular reaction. Janice looked at Mark and said, "Mr. Tremont, you're later than usual today."

"I was delayed. Go back to work," Mark replied expressionlessly.

Janice didn't say anything more and waved at Aristotle. "Bye bye!"

Mary, who was tagging along from behind, stole a few more glances at Janice and felt uncomfortable. She was always wary whenever women approached Mark.

The people around waited for Mark to go further into the distance with Aristotle in his arms before crowding around her and beginning to fawn over her. “Jan, when did you get so close to Mr. Tremont? No one in the company has ever been able to get that close to Mr. Tremont, except you. That explains why you don’t pay the supervisor any attention at all. Everyone has had to pander to her. That old woman has a horrible temper.”

Chapter 1056

Janice grinned in vain. “I wouldn’t say that we’re close. It’s just babysitting Mr. Tremont’s kid. I wouldn’t be here today if Mr. Tremont hadn’t sponsored me. Alright, let’s get back to work. I’m still waiting to be confirmed.”

The bystanders muttered, “What’re you worried about? You’re definitely going to be confirmed since you’ve got such a good head start. It’s the others who should be worried.”

At that moment, their superior looked in their direction. “What’s with all this chatter during working hours? If you want to chat, go home!”

With the exception of Janice, everyone did not dare to retaliate and went back to their jobs. She shot her superior an unsatisfied look. She hadn’t been able to meet eye to eye with the old lady for quite a while now!

Her superior was no simple woman either. “What’s with that attitude, Janice? Do you detest me? This isn’t your company, so you must obey your superiors. If you want to be a princess, go home!”

Janice casually opened a bottle of yogurt and provoked her superior. “There are no rules in any company that forbids people from talking, so your orders are unreasonable. You sound as if you’re the owner of the company. This isn’t the way a superior should be treating their subordinates, am I wrong?”

Her superior’s face turned livid. “It’s my duty to manage this entire department, and you are to obey my every order as long as you are working here. You’re free to leave if you don’t like it!”

Janice said in a monotone voice, “What reason would you have to make me leave when my work performance has always been outstanding? Are you sure you’re not being too harsh by forbidding your staff from chatting when we have some free time? Why don’t you try appealing to either the director or Mr. Tremont and make me leave. We’ll see who comes out of this victorious.

Her superior was so enraged, she picked up a folder within her grasps and threw it at Janice. “The marketing department doesn’t need rookies like you!”

As the folder landed on Janice’s head, the yogurt in her hand fell onto the ground and her forehead began to bleed from a cut. The onlookers panicked and hurriedly brought some tissues to put pressure onto Janice’s wound. Some even dared to retaliate at their superiors. “How could you hit someone just because you’re the superior? You went too far by injuring someone so seriously!”

The superior was startled. She had not expected for the situation to escalate so badly. The folder she had thrown was a hard back with some sharp edges by the sides; Janice had been unlucky to be hit right on the forehead with the edges.

Janice remained silent and pressed on her forehead, which was bleeding profusely, and got up to walk towards the director's office. She even remembered to change into a pair of disposable slippers. Davy saw her and asked immediately, "What happened to you? Why do you have a bandage on your head?"

Her eyes teared up. "It's nothing. I'm here to see Mr. Tremont…"

Davy informed Mark without hesitation and opened the office door to let her in.

When Mary, who was just changing Smore's diaper, saw Janice walk in with her bloodied face, she became shocked. Janice began to cry before Mary could even ask her what had happened. "Mr. Tremont, I can't stay in this company any longer…"

Mark raised his eyebrow as he looked at her. "What's the matter?"

Janice said chokingly, "My superior seems to hate me, and I don't know why. My colleagues and I were just chatting since we had some free time, but then she picked up a folder and threw it at me. I believe it is normal for colleagues to communicate and understand each other better. Also, there are no rules in the company that state that chatter is forbidden during working hours, am I right? She's dominating her subordinates just because she's our superior, and it's not just me who's being dominated by her. The others in the department are facing the same issue as well."

Mary felt strange. She thought that it wasn't necessary for Mark to handle this sort of matter personally. Surely, the director could resolve this? The other managers could do it as well. Something was wrong with this girl. Just when Mary had made the decision to inform Arianne about this incident, Mark spoke up first. "You should look for the director to handle this matter. I'm busy."

Chapter 1057

Janice instantly choked. She had initially thought that Mark would show her some pity and have some sympathy for her. Now, however, she felt as if her bloodied face was both unbearable and a joke.

Seeing her remain in the same spot, unmoving, Mark continued. “Didn’t you say that you can’t stand being in this company any longer? I won’t force you then. If you want to leave, you may do so after settling this matter.”

Janice did not expect this outcome. “I just lost myself in my anger for a moment. I was being rash,” she hurriedly said. “This is a great company. I don’t really want to go… I’ll take care of it. Please excuse me.”

Mark waved his hand. “Mm. Go. This company isn’t like any other place where you can come and go whenever you please. Please handle matters with more maturity next time.”

Janice returned to her desk, ashen-faced. Someone brought a medicine box to help her with her wounds. Having received no rejections from Mark since the very beginning, she had thought that she would be viewed differently from other employees in his eyes. Unexpectedly, she had over-analyzed it.

She received financial aid from Mark every month, compared to the rest. She thought that they were connected in some way, but she was simply imagining things…

In the past, she would always pay close attention to every single news feature about him and never missed a single detail. Now, after so much effort, she had finally managed to gravitate to his side. She wanted him to notice her and pay attention to her, that’s all.

Then, the supervisor stepped out of the director's office and approached Janice straight away. "I'm sorry. I was irrational. If you need any form of compensation, just say the word."

Based on the situation, Janice knew that the director wasn't going to push the supervisor into taking responsibility. There was no use in pursuing the matter. Hence, she might as well play the good guy. "It's alright. It's my fault for speaking out of turn. It's alright. I hope that we'll get along better in the future. There's no need for compensation."

The supervisor was clearly apologizing simply for the sake of it. Neither of them were sincere about it. She immediately went back to her office desk after receiving her apology.

"I'm pretty sure that she's only apologizing because the director asked her to," someone mumbled. "Look at that arrogant look on her face. She doesn't look apologetic at all. Jan is far more magnanimous. She's been beaten to this state, yet she's not pursuing the matter."

Janice felt a lot better when she heard how everyone else was on her side. Suddenly, the director called out to her from the office door. "Janice, come into my office when you're done with your wound. I need to speak to you."

Janice got up and straightened out her clothes, then walked towards the director's office. "How can I help you, director? Is this in regards to my altercation with the supervisor?"

The director stared at her calmly. "Haven't we dealt with that matter already? She's already apologized to you, and you're not too bothered about it either. I'd like to speak to you about your promotion to a permanent position."

Janice's heart leaped in secret. She had been toiling endlessly during her internship and she had put in far more effort than anyone else every day. A smooth transition into a permanent position was well within her expectations. "Oh, when can I join as a permanent staff member? It should be about time, shouldn't it?"

The director paused, then said, "Based on your evaluation by your superiors, I've decided to extend your internship for half a month. Of course, you are welcome to opt for a better job. If not, you'll have to stay for half a month and see how it goes."

Chapter 1058

Janice felt as if she had been doused with a bucket of cold water. She went into a mild daze, slightly enraged. "What do you mean? My internship is almost over. I've been performing very well in my job. Why are you extending it? There has to be a reason, right?"

The director calmly replied, "Yes, you're right. You've done very well in all aspects of your job, far more outstanding than the batch of interns from this round, but your attitude is horrendous. You've already come to blows with your superior before the end of your internship, ending up battered and bloody. As your superior, allow me to give you a piece of advice. The working world isn't as easy as it seems. Don't get too cocky, or you'll get into trouble. Try to tolerate small issues. There is no need to tolerate big issues; the higher-ups in this company aren't blind. Aren't you aware of these things? I heard that you've gotten close to Mr. Tremont, so I called him, afraid that you might not be satisfied with my decision. He finds my decision entirely appropriate."

Janice stared at the director, who displayed a very calm demeanor. Suddenly, she felt as if she was put on the spot from all directions and finally understood what it meant to get punished when one refused to conform. She had always believed that pushing herself to the front in all aspects was the best way to go. Now, it seemed that she had to hide her best qualities if she wanted to maintain a steady position. How were both parties battered and bloody from that fight? She was the only one who had sustained injuries!

She was only an intern whose position hadn't become permanent yet. It would be completely normal for the supervisor to give an unfair account of her to the director. The company had no lack of capable staff like her. The "so-called" internship extension was nothing more than a means to force her into leaving. Even Mark had mentioned her immaturity in solving issues… Of course, she wasn't going to leave. She was going to stay, even if this was a trap.

Janice took a deep breath when she thought of this and said, "I understand. I won't leave. I'll stay and work hard to change your mind over the next half a month."

"Okay, you may leave," the director said with a wave.

Just as she returned to her desk, someone bolted forward and asked in a whisper, "You've been promoted to a permanent position ahead of time, haven't you, Jan?"

A nameless flame rose from within Janice's heart. One should never poke a sleeping dragon; it was as if someone was opposing her on purpose. She endured her rage and did not show it. Instead, she smiled. "Let's get back to work. The supervisor will scold us again if she catches us."

In the afternoon, after work, Mark, Mary, and Aristotle left the office. It was raining heavily, and there was even a small stream on the ground.

Just as their car was about to leave, Janice suddenly strode in front of the car. Brian thought that she had something important to discuss with Mark. Seeing as it was raining heavily, he had no choice but to unlock the car and let her in.

Mark, Mary, and Aristotle were all sitting in the back. The front passenger seat was the only empty seat in the car. Janice put on the seatbelt when she got into the car, then pulled out a tissue paper from her bag to wipe off the rainwater from her face. “I’m so sorry, Mr. Tremont, I forgot to bring an umbrella. My stop is on the way to yours. Would you mind dropping me off? The rain is much too heavy. Who knows when it’ll stop?”

Mark was annoyed. This was the main entrance to the office and working hours had just ended. Many of his staff were watching him, and he hated it when people vied for special treatment. Most importantly, Janice was completely drenched and had dirtied his car.

“It may be raining, but couldn’t you have called for an Uber 10 minutes ago, even if you didn’t have an umbrella?” he asked in an icy tone.

Janice looked embarrassed. “I didn’t think of that. I won’t do it again.”

Mark never liked these horrible habits. “It certainly won’t happen again because you’ll learn, starting now. Get out.”

Janice bit her lips and got out of the car, ashen-faced. Just as she had steadied her footing, Mark’s car drove away and splashed a puddle of rainwater all over her. She did not go into the shade to avoid the rain but looked up at the countless droplets of rain falling from the sky. The dark, gloomy clouds mirrored her current emotional state. This was her most unlucky day. Her spirits had slipped into an all time low.

Chapter 1059

“Sir, it was on the way anyway. Why didn’t you drop her off? You embarrassed such a young girl,” Mary teased in the car.

“She brought it onto herself,” Mark replied indifferently. “No one is allowed to flaunt special treatment in front of me. She’s old enough to know how to avoid awkward situations and how to avoid embarrassment. I am her boss, not her father. It is not my obligation to shelter her from rain.”

Then, his attitude changed as he said, “Brian, stop by Ari’s office. It’s raining and she has probably forgotten to bring an umbrella. Pick her up and we’ll go home together.”

Brian grunted in reply and steered the car into a different direction. Mary kept quiet, but she was actually elated. There was nothing concerning about a man being hit on by a bevy of girls outside his home. The most important thing of all was that he had the ability to remain in control. Mark wasn’t gallant enough, but he was certainly loyal to Arianne.

Mark gave Arianne a call when he arrived at her office downstairs. Arianne had stayed at the office due to the heavy rain. She had initially planned on waiting for the rain to die down before leaving. He had arrived just in time.

Mark had shifted to the front seat by the time she arrived and left her with space in the back seat.

Aristotle opened his arms, babbling away and demanding for Arianne to hold him before she could properly seat herself. He immediately wiggled himself into her arms. She had been exhausted from a full day at work, but it all disappeared when she saw Aristotle. “Have you been a good boy with daddy, Smore? Did you miss mommy?”

Of course, Aristotle couldn't speak. He deftly reached his hand into her clothes. That meant that he was hungry and wanted milk! She was embarrassed. "We'll be home soon. I'll feed you when we get home, okay? Did daddy forget to feed you today?"

"He's fed," Mary quickly replied. "Just fed before we left the office. He must have missed you after being away from you the whole day. He's not really hungry."

"It's like you're implying that Smore isn't my son," Mark grumbled. "How could I possibly let him starve? He's deliberately putting on a show for you, isn't he? I don't know how I could have offended him that he'd throw me under the bus like this."

"Stop it," Arianne said with a smile. "How could a baby possibly concoct such a plan? I wasn't suspecting you."

When they arrived at the Tremont Estate, Mark turned to Brian just as he got down from the car and said, "It's time to wash the car, especially the interior."

Of course, Brian knew why it was time to wash the car. "Okay."

Arianne was apprehensive. "It looks pretty clean to me. I smelled its freshly-washed fragrance just a few days ago. It was washed before, wasn't it? Why are you washing it again? Is your germaphobia acting up?"

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Mark did not give an honest answer. “We usually wash it pretty often. Forget it. I’m going upstairs to shower.”

Mary watched him quickly walk away before ratting on him to Arianne. “A young girl from the company sat in the front seat just as we left the office. It was raining and the entire seat got wet. Brian wiped it clean, but Mr. Tremont still found it unbearable. He has always been this way from a young age. He can never stand anything greasy, sticky, or damp. She got into the car and asked him to drop her off along the way. In the end, he chased out of the car and went off to pick you up. That’s what’s great about Mr. Tremont. He’s not a flirt.”

The corners of Arianne’s lips lifted spontaneously. “Not bad… He’s really not much of a flirt. This girl—is her name Janice Bell? I know of her.”

Mary nodded. “I think so. I saw that name on her staff card. She fought with her supervisor today too and ended up bleeding in the head. She ran to Mr. Tremont’s office to file a complaint, but he told her to speak to her director instead, as small matters like this are not under his jurisdiction. Girls these days have such impure intentions. However, you’re still young too, Ari. You don’t have to worry about Mr. Tremont fooling around. He’s not that kind of a man.”

Arianne wouldn’t have been too worried about Mark, even if Mary hadn’t assured her. He had always provided her with sufficient sense of security, so much so that she sometimes found him abnormal and believed that she was simply daydreaming.

After dinner, Arianne went to the nursery to put Aristotle to sleep. Mark stood on one side, keeping her company, and brought up the events from the hospital in the daytime. “I ran into Jackson and Tiffany when I brought Smore to the hospital. They were there for a prenatal exam and ran into Tanya there, who wasn’t alone. She was with Alejandro’s man, who also happens to be the father of her baby. I think his name is Jett.”

Arianne was surprised. “Jett? What would Jett be doing with Tanya? They’re completely unrelated. Do they know each other very well? Or… Could it mean that Alejandro was behind the whole scandal where Tanya framed Jackson for impregnating her? Well, it does make sense now. Tanya is a naive and inexperienced girl. How could she possibly have trapped Jackson all at once? She would never have accomplished that if someone wasn’t backing her up. However, since Jett is the father of her baby, and she has decided to give birth to it while being with him, I’d say this is a good thing. I guess it was her good luck.”

Mark squinted his eyes and surveyed her. “It’s no fun to talk to you about these things. I’ve only started the conversation and already you’ve managed to understand it all completely. There’s no point in continuing it. Can’t you be curious like a normal person? It’d be nice if your brain were a little slower.”

Arianne shot him a glare. “How could I not figure this out? It’s so simple. You raised me; I learned everything I know from you. Isn’t it less exhausting to interact with an intelligent person? I’m pretty sure that Tiffie is blissfully unaware of what Alejandro has done. I could see from the way Alejandro looks at Tiffie that he loves her. He’s probably still in the hospital because of her. Who knows what repercussions he’ll end up facing. Although they’re all married, it’s still kind of scary the more I think about everything that has happened. For example, if Alejandro has something to do with Ethan… That’s much too horrifying. We don’t have any concrete evidence for now, and it’s all just hearsay. It’s like the truth is becoming clear yet murky at the same time…”

Mark paused in thought then said, “Jackson will investigate this. I’ve investigated all I can from my end. The breakthrough would be on Tanya’s side. Jackson is definitely going to see Tanya and will be keeping this from Tiffany. You’d better keep this to yourself.”

As Arianne nodded, she suddenly realized that Aristotle was wide-eyed and listening in on their conversation, showing absolutely no signs of going to sleep. “You should go out,” she said helplessly. “Smore will not fall asleep as long as you’re here. My efforts to put him to bed would go to waste.”

Mark pinched Aristotle’s little cheek. “Such a good listener at such a bitty age, eh? I’m giving you half an hour. Give your mommy back to me.”

Aristotle kicked his legs, as if in protest. He even screamed in a piercing, loud voice, causing Arianne to fall into a fit of giggles. Mark snorted. “Already good at retaliating against me at a young age. What a pity it is to have a son.”