Ruling 1081

Chapter 1081

Arianne's laughter could be heard throughout the entire building till even Brian could hear it as well. He mumbled unhappily, "I'm a disgrace to mankind, not being able to marry even at the age of thirty…"

During the journey, Arianne took out a mirror from her bag to tidy up her makeup. She had done her makeup in a hurry; since she had to leave suddenly, her lipstick was slightly crooked.

Just as she was done tidying up, Mark reached out and turned her face towards him. His fingers rubbed against her lips. "I've told you not to use such a red shade already. I'll throw away all those lipsticks one of these days."

She slapped his hand away. "You're really asking for me to hit you. I've just put this on! How is this red? I've already chosen the lightest shade they have. My lips have always been this red naturally, alright? You chauvinistic man, you're hopeless!"

Mark saw that she did not dare take out her lipstick to put it on again and grinned.

After being angry for half an hour, Arianne noticed that there was still quite a distance before they arrived, so she asked, "Is there no progress with Alejandro's case? I suppose the Smiths really are being very careful."

Mark took out a tissue and wiped off the lipstick residue on his finger. "It's not a problem. Now that Alejandro is discharged from the hospital, we can search for another opportunity since there's still quite some time before his leg recovers. The atmosphere in the Smith family is quite heavy at the moment.

They won't have the resources to bother Tiffany and Jackson so they're quite safe for now. As long as Alejandro remains put, time is not an issue."

As they arrived at Arianne's company, Mark grabbed onto her suddenly as she got out of the car and kissed her. "Don't go putting on your lipstick now."

Arianne nervously glanced at Brian, who was sitting at the driver's seat. She nudged Mark's arm and scowled. "You shameless man!"

Mark smiled as he saw Arianne run off, but he quickly composed himself and tucked away his smile when he heard Brian laughing, unable to hold it in any longer. He sat up straight and said, "What are you laughing at? Damn bachelor."

Brian couldn't laugh anymore, Mark's words had still hurt him personally. Could he not laugh because he was a bachelor? Where's the logic in that!

At the West Group.

Jackson was busy conducting his monthly meeting. When he passed through the office area with the executives, he saw that Tiffany had taken off her coat and was only wearing a thin sweater. He sternly pointed at Tiffany whilst he was talking to the executives. His eyes shot a threatening look while he was at it.

Tiffany stuck out her tongue and put on her coat. She felt as bloated as a penguin and felt that she looked ugly no matter which angle you looked at her from, especially with her bloated belly. No amount

of luxurious apparel could help her. She had finally gotten the chance to take off her coat with the radiator on in the office, yet she still had eyes on her.

Aye, who was quite close with her, had been transferred out, and now, everyone in the company knew that she was Mrs. West, their boss's wife. None of them were willing to talk to her except for when giving pleasantries. Her superior had even given her so few tasks that she would normally sleep on the job out of boredom, which usually ended up with half a day gone. This was Jackson's way of forcing her to hurry home and rest.

Not only that, Summer would often bring food to the company for her, afraid that Jackson had not taken care of her properly. Summer had no idea that Jackson had taken care of every little detail, even her trips to the bathroom had a time limit since it wouldn't be good for the baby if she had stayed there for too long! He was also insistent on not letting her eat what she shouldn't. All of this had made Tiffany even more eager to hurry up and release the baby from her belly so that she could be rid of all these annoyances.

As Jackson arrived at the boardroom, his phone rang just as he sat in his chair.

He held up his phone to see who the caller was and noted that it was a text message from an unknown number. 'I've decided not to work under Alejandro anymore. Can we meet up?'

Chapter 1082

It was Lynn. She always lingered around him. Every time he blocked a number, she would come back with another one. Jackson had begun to think about changing his own number. However, he thought about it deeper. He had not been able to confirm whether Alejandro was actually Ethan or not. Could Lynn be of use since she was working under Alejandro?

The thought did cross Jackson's mind a while ago, but he did not execute the plan since it may get others involved unnecessarily. Now that Lynn had said that she no longer wanted to work for Alejandro,

he began to hesitate a little. What if it was true? He and Lynn went way back. They just weren't able to develop their relationship to the extent that others might have imagined.

As he thought of this, he swiftly replied to her message. 'Will contact you at three in the afternoon.'

After finishing lunch with Tiffany, he sent her back to the office to have an afternoon nap. He kept looking at his watch for the time, and as Tiffany began to fall asleep, he whispered, "Have a good rest. I need to head out at three in the afternoon. I'll be back soon. Let's go for a nice dinner when I get back."

Tiffany said drowsily, "Alright, get going. Don't bother my sleep…"

Jackson composed himself as he relaxedly put on his jacket and left the company, calling Lynn the moment he got into the car. "Come to the cafe by the East Lane."

The cafe was a public area and it wasn't noisy, but there were quite a number of customers. It was just the right place to meet Lynn, as he still had to keep his guard up around her.

After he arrived and sat in the cafe, Lynn arrived soon after. She had always loved simple and dark colors; hence, she was clad in black all the way from her hair down to her dress. Combined with her calm demeanor, it looked quite intimidating.

"Are you afraid that Tiffany might find out that you're here to meet me? Is that why you've chosen a remote area as our meeting spot?" asked Lynn, half jokingly.

“Was there something you wanted to talk about? Speak up,” said Jackson directly.

Lynn called for the waiter to order a cup of coffee before beginning to say, “Haven’t I already said that I may call you even if there isn’t anything to talk about? I just wanted to see you. I’ve decided not to work for Alejandro any more. I’ll be leaving the city soon, so I wanted to see you before I leave. As for everything that has happened in the past, I do apologise. I overestimated our relationship and underestimated your love for Tiffany. If possible, please help me to apologise to Tiffany as well.”

Knowing her for so long, Jackson could tell whether she was lying or not. He relaxed his nerves unconsciously and said, “I’ve always been a forgiving person, plus you haven’t caused me any harm in the end. Therefore, I forgive you. Take care of yourself, and don’t do anything foolish that might demean yourself.”

Lynn slightly nodded, her eyes growing red slightly. “The way you just spoke to me, it’s back to how it was in the past. It’s… wonderful. If you have anything that I can help with in the future, just ask. It’s my way of repaying you. I know… you may never contact me ever again, so just take it as my own way of making myself feel a little better.”

She had hit the nail right on the coffin. Jackson held onto the glass in front of him and said, “I need you to do one thing for me.”

Lynn lifted her eyes and looked at him. “Go on.”

He paused for a moment. “Before you leave Alejandro, help me get some of his hair. Blood would be fine, but that would be much harder, so some fabric with his hair on it would be easier. Don’t ask me why; I won’t force you to do this for me. If you agree to do this, you must be extra careful since there are risks involved.”

Lynn was no fool. She knew that what she was being asked to do was dangerous. “If something were to happen to me, would you be saddened?”

He raised his eyebrow slightly. “Haven’t I just asked you to be careful? Think about it, you don’t have to do it if you don’t want to since you don’t owe me anything. Whatever happened in the past is history.”

Chapter 1083

Lynn drew a quick breath. “I’ll help you. I owe you my life, so what’s this to me? I’ll contact you when I’ve gotten it, so you should head back first in case Tiffany finds out you’re meeting me. Remember to delete any traces of me contacting you.”

When she finished, she immediately got up and walked off. The waiter returned to their table with a fresh cup of hot coffee and placed it on the table of an empty seat. Jackson looked at the cup of coffee and went deep into thought. His heart felt a little uneasy. He was not worried about Lynn’s capability in completing the job, but he knew that there were risks involved with this task and he secretly regretted asking her to do it since he was not used to asking women to do things for him. However, he knew that he had no choice since Tiffany was involved in this.

During the winter, night came earlier. Jackson was driving Tiffany back to White Water Bay Villa. Normally, he would be very careful as he drove, yet on that day, he seemed to be distracted even though the roads were slippery due to the snow. He even almost drove past a red light.

Tiffany was aware that he was always drifting off somewhere recently even though she had told him about it. Her suspicions grew stronger by the day. She wanted to open up his brains to find out what he was thinking!”

When they arrived home, she deliberately slammed the door hard after getting out of the car. She knew that she had to pretend to throw a tantrum, or otherwise, he would not take her seriously.

Jackson realised that something was wrong with her and helplessly ran up to her with a smile on his face as he embraced her. “What’s wrong, madam? Are you hungry?”

She glared at him. “What is wrong with you? I can’t shake off the feeling that you’re hiding something from me. You’re usually a very careful person, yet you almost ran through a red light just now. You’re making me feel very anxious. I hate it when you hide things from me.”

His smile froze but returned to normal soon enough before he pushed her into the house. “It’s cold outside. Turn on the radiator to keep yourself warm while I make you something to eat. Stop suspecting so much. I was just a little distracted with something that had happened during a meeting today. I promise it won’t happen again. I shouldn’t get distracted when I know I’m driving with you and our baby. I’m sorry, don’t be angry anymore.”

She angrily grabbed onto Jackson’s hand, unwilling to let it go as she said, “Don’t think you’re off the hook with a little persuasion. Do you feel that the married life isn’t as you imagined? You used to be a bachelor, yet now, you’re married to me. Do you feel unsatisfied with this life? Do you feel pressured? I understand that an unrestrained life is much preferable… but you chose this life yourself. If you really do feel tired, I…”

Before she could even finish, Jackson lowered his head and sealed her chattering mouth with a kiss. He then looked at her with a serious look on his face and said, “Didn’t I just tell you not to run wild with your imagination? Am I such an immature person in your eyes? Do I look like a person who would easily change his decision and then regret immediately? I did not intend to marry previously, but that was before I met you. Now, I feel happy with my life. Alright, I’m going to make you something to eat. Be a good girl and wait here.”

Tiffany still felt uneasy. The man was clearly standing in front of her, yet he felt so distant. That was the first time she hated herself for her own stupidity, for not being able to figure out what he was actually thinking. How she wished that she could be smart for once! She became anxious, as she did not want to let him leave her sights. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed it. “The food can wait. I want to…”

Before she could finish, she could feel her bulging belly creating a barrier between them. Jackson gently pushed her away and said, “No, you wouldn’t want to. I’m able to suppress it, and you should rein it in as well, alright? Wait for a little longer. When our child is born, we’ll have all the time we want to ourselves.”

She frustratedly stormed off to the sofa and sat down, then used her finger to gently poke at her stomach. “Damn it!”

The little one in her belly seemed to have felt it, for it began to play around with her as if they were doing some light exercise together. As she saw her stomach faintly raising and dropping under her jacket, she got a shock and did not dare breath too heavily. “I’m sorry, I was wrong. I won’t poke you again, alright? Please stop moving so much, my belly’s about to burst!”

Jackson made a clear chuckling noise and knelt down in front of her while placing his ear near her belly to listen to the commotion inside. The little one had suddenly grown quiet. She grinned sarcastically. “See, the child doesn’t like you. He stopped moving the moment you were near him.”

Chapter 1084

He got up and headed to the kitchen. “The baby’s being curious. It’s not that he doesn’t like me.”

At the Smiths' private manor.

Alejandro, Melanie, and Don Smith were eating in the dining room. It was mostly Melanie and Don Smith talking to each other, as Alejandro kept quiet without interrupting then.

As they spoke more excitedly, Don Smith suddenly asked, "Melanie, how is it that you're so into meat these two days? In the past, you would rant on and on about losing weight, and you would only eat a tiny bit everyday during meals because you were afraid of gaining weight. Now that you're eating more for the past two days, you seem to look much better. You should maintain this lifestyle. Health is the most important thing to have."

Melanie looked at Alejandro and saw that his body had frozen. She immediately said, "My doctor has said that my anemia is getting a little serious, and he advised me not to go on a diet. I don't seem to be able to stop the moment I begin to eat freely."

Don Smith laughed. "Is that so? The doctor is right though. You should be taking better care of yourself since you have anemia. Eat whatever you like. Just ask the chef to make it for you, and Alejandro and I will eat whatever you want. I had thought that you were pregnant, but it seems that I've thought too much. When Alejandro's leg has recovered, the two of you need to start planning on having a child. I wish to be able to see my great grandson while I'm still alive.

Melanie broke off into cold sweat. "Oh...Al-Alright…Sure…"

Alejandro suddenly put down his cutlery. "I'm full. I'll be excused now."

Melanie hurriedly got up and helped him to his room, but her belly knocked onto the edge of the table and her face paled suddenly. When the pain began to subside after a few seconds, she exhaled and walked behind Alejandro to send him back to his bedroom.

When the door closed, Alejandro suddenly grabbed onto her wrist and said, “Not even a moan of pain? You can’t hide it any longer. You should take the opportunity to see a doctor and get rid of the child.”

So, he had noticed when she banged her stomach… She pushed away his hand. “I’m not in pain. I haven’t thought it through, so don’t try and affect my decision. It’s my decision to make whether I want to keep this child or not. You should get some rest. I’m still hungry, so call Jett if you need help.” Melanie turned around and walked off after she finished.

Just as she arrived at the door, Don Smith suddenly said, “You should ask the chef to be careful of the food he makes for you since you have anemia. Avoid eating junk food; I don’t want you fainting over me out of nowhere someday. Others might think that you’re exhausted from taking care of me.”

Her footsteps staggered, and her heart confused with mixed feelings. She could not guess what Don Smith was thinking. Was it true concern or was it really just her imagination? She did not want to give herself any false hope; hence, she decided with the latter.

After a moment, Alejandro went towards the window in his wheelchair. The corner of his eyes glanced at the pillow and blanket on the bed, which was supposed to be neat and tidy, and found it strange.

After investigating in detail, the edge of the blanket had been slightly lifted. Although it was not obvious, he was sure that someone had fiddled with the bed. Someone other than him had been near the bed. It could not be Jett, nor could it be Melanie. Jett would not simply fiddle with anything here, and the bed was still tidy when he had gone out to eat.

Chapter 1085

He pursed his lips and called Jett. “Look at the surveillance cameras. Did anyone enter my room while I was eating.”

Jett was curious. “There are no cameras in the room. There are never cameras in the bedroom, only the areas outside.”

He looked at Jett and gave him a meaningful look as he said, “There is a surveillance camera just outside my room that is aimed directly at my bedroom. You aren’t aware of it because Don Smith had it installed. Look for his men to check the records—there’s no need to do it in secret.”

Jett cautiously nodded his head. “Alright, I’ll get right on it.”

Five minutes later, Jett returned and said, “Sir, it’s Lynn! She had looked around outside your door before and entered only when she confirmed no one was looking. It’s unknown why she had entered your room, but she looked normal when she left and it didn’t seem like she took anything with her. Have you lost something? She had come to me to hand me her resignation today and asked me to inform you on her behalf.”

Alejandro’s eyes turned cold. “Find her immediately and take her to the basement. Take her cell phone off her the moment you find her, and stop her from deleting anything on her phone.”

Jett knew that something was about to happen after hearing what Alejandro had said and immediately ordered men to look for Lynn. Lynn had just packed up and was ready to leave, but she was captured

when someone suddenly pushed the door open before she even had the chance to react. She had not expected to get caught so soon. No wonder Jackson had asked her to be extra careful…

When she was brought to the basement, she was thrown on the ground to face Alejandro. Her knees fell against the ground and the pain prevented her from getting back up on her feet.

Alejandro lowered his head to look at her from his wheelchair as he scrolled through her phone. He saw that there were quite a few messages between her and Jackson before he coldly said, “Have you met Jackson today? You would’ve reported to me if you had met him in the past because you were doing it under my instructions. However, this time you didn’t report to me. Why? Oh, I hear you’re resigning? This isn’t good. Tell me honestly, what has he asked you to do? If you could be a good girl and tell me, I’ll be merciful.”

Lynn gritted her teeth and said, “He hasn’t asked me to do anything, I just wanted to explore other places—that’s why I resigned. This was my own personal meeting with him, it was also to end everything with him, that’s why I didn’t tell you.”

Alejandro slammed her phone onto the ground in front of her. “Then tell me, why were you in my room? You even deliberately went in while I was away.”

She bit her lip and remained silent, unable to find an appropriate excuse because she could not casually enter Alejandro’s room—her rank did not allow it. There were only a handful of people who could enter his room, so no excuse could be suitable in that situation; it may even make her look stupid.

Alejandro gestured to search her. Jett chose to do it himself, afraid of the possibility that the others would molest her while they were at it. He searched Lynn’s body professionally and found a small hidden pocket. Some strands of hair were in it, Alejandro’s hair.

Alejandro's face darkened. "Did Jackson ask you to do this? I expected the day would come when you betrayed me, so I have never trusted you either. You've brought upon this yourself. Jett, finish her, cleanly."

Jett had intended to say something but stopped without making a move. Alejandro turned his head to look at him. "What's wrong? Can't do it? The moment she brings this to Jackson, do you know what would happen to me? I would go from being the Smiths' young master to a wanted criminal. The unlucky ones die first. Isn't that how the world works?"

Jett had never expected for this to happen, so he couldn't help but plead, "But it hasn't fallen into Jackson's hands right? Let's teach her a lesson and only throw her out. A woman like her…"

Alejandro's eyes turned dangerous. "Are you teaching me how to do things?"

Jett did not dare speak another word. He grabbed onto Lynn and held her up. At that moment, Alejandro looked at Lynn and said, "You probably have some last words, I'll give you the chance to make one last phone call, call whoever you wish, but you only have one minute."

Chapter 1086

Lynn paused. She picked up her phone and stared at Jackson's number. Her tears landed on the screen.

She was scared. She was afraid of death. Regardless of how strong she was, she was still a woman, and she wanted to live. Oh, how she wished for someone to come and save her. In the past, the first person she would turn to in her time of peril would be Jackson. Now, she had lost the right to do so.

She called him in the end. She knew that Jackson wasn't going to answer. He must be taking meticulous care of his pregnant wife, Tiffany, right now…

However, unexpectedly, the call connected.

She burst into tears at that very moment. Her body was trembling ceaselessly. She tried her best to hold back her sobs and control her urge to call for help. "Jack, I've used up a lifetime's worth of fortune in meeting you. Let's end it here," She ended the call after saying her piece. She hadn't managed to hear Jackson's voice. She didn't even know if he had heard her at all.

Alejandro watched the entire scene before driving his wheelchair to the doorway with a deadpan look on his face. "Jett, take me back. Let someone else handle this. You can't bear to do it anyway."

Jett shot everyone else a warning glare. His Implication—don't resort to overly violent means against Lynn.

"You can go now," Alejandro said casually after returning to his room. "See if Melanie is feeling uncomfortable in any way. She knocked into her stomach during dinner."

Jett stared at Alejandro's side profile in surprise. When had Alejandro ever shown Melanie any concern? "Okay," He replied.

He arrived at Melanie's door before suddenly realizing that he could ask her for her help. He burst into the room without knocking on the door. "Madam, come with me to the basement!"

Melanie had finished showering and had just changed into her pajamas. She jumped in fright. "Jett! What are you doing? You should have knocked. What if I wasn't wearing anything? What's going on?"

Jett couldn't care less. He grabbed her wrist and sprinted towards the basement. By the time they arrived, someone was squeezing Lynn by the neck, and she looked close to death. Melanie widened her eyes in shock. "Stop it! What are you all doing? Stop!"

Lynn survived. Jett sent her away.

Melanie was in shock. She was both rattled and enraged. She burst into Alejandro's room and asked, "What are you doing? Who do you think you are? Do you think you can trample on people's lives whenever you wish? You shouldn't go too far!"

It looked like Alejandro had long expected for her to find out about this. He looked completely indifferent. "Whose life have I trampled on? Didn't you save Lynn's life? The Larks' and Smiths' hands aren't as clean as they may seem. You and I are no different from one another."

Melanie was immediately rendered speechless. "You won't send anyone after her again?" She asked. "I understand that she's offended you, but please, let it go this time. She's just a girl, must you be so cruel?"

He shot her an indifferent glance. "Have I done anything else from the moment you've arrived? I never said that I wouldn't spare her."

She couldn’t understand him. However, she kept her mouth shut as she remembered that Jett had sent her away.

Chapter 1087

Meanwhile, Jackson was staring at his phone screen with a complicated look on his face. Why did Lynn call him all of a sudden? It was as if… That was her final goodbye. So does that mean that something happened while retrieving the specimen?

This was expected, but if it really happened, Alejandro would never let Lynn walk out alive…

He pulled off his apron at the thought of this and grabbed his car keys. “Tiffie, I’m going out. You enjoy your meal and go straight to bed after. I’ll be back soon.”

“Where are you going?” Tiffany asked with a frown. “Dinner’s ready. Why aren’t you having dinner first? You have to have something to eat regardless of how busy you are, right?”

He wasn’t used to lying to her. He instinctively averted her gaze. “Well… There’s been an emergency at the company that I have to take care of first. It’s fine. I have to provide for our family. I have you and the baby now. I can’t do it all alone now. Earning money is important.”

Despite her displeasure, Tiffany did not object. She simply reminded him to be careful on the road and to pay attention while driving.

Jackson let out a sigh of relief as he left. He felt guilty everytime he had to lie to her, as if he had done something very wrong to her.

He immediately called Lynn's phone, but there was no answer. He suddenly realized that Lynn could have run into trouble at Alejandro's manor and he had no way of saving her. He couldn't just come and go whenever he pleased there. He couldn't do anything else except wait for Lynn to answer his call.

He drove to Alejandro's manor and stared at its imposing courtyard in the night. Then, he called Alejandro instead. He had secretly gotten his number from Tiffany's phone.

The call was soon connected, and Alejandro's deep and hoarse voice answered, "Who is this?"

"Where's Lynn?" He asked in a cold voice.

Alejandro smiled when he heard his voice. "Jackson West? How very interesting. After calling Lynn's phone for so long, you've finally thought of calling me? What do you think I did to her? I never pegged you for someone who'd use a woman. Tsk."

Based on Alejandro's tone, Lynn's discovery was confirmed.

Jackson did not deny it, nor did he try to relieve himself from blame. "The things you've done are no better than my own actions. Where is she? What have you done to her?"

“What do you think Tiffany would think if she found out that you’d called me to ask about Lynn’s whereabouts?” Alejandro replied casually. “Don’t cross the line. It’s bad enough that you used to sleep around in the past, but you have Tiffany now. It wouldn’t be a good idea for you to go back to your old ways.”

Jackson was growing frustrated. The answer he needed was constantly evading him. “I’m asking you, what the f*ck did you do to her?”

Alejandro scoffed. “Come and find out yourself, if you really want to know.”

He ended the call immediately after that.

Chapter 1088

Jackson punched his steering wheel and stared at the Smiths’ courtyard through his windshield. He was sorely tempted to burst in, but he knew that he couldn’t. Otherwise, the headlines tomorrow would be filled with news of him breaking into private property, and would surely include some unnecessary gossip about him. He wouldn’t be able to keep anything from Tiffany once that happened. This was only one of the possibilities. Another was that once he went in, he would never be able to get out.

However, could he afford to sit idly by? Lynn was in trouble because of him. He was now regretting asking her for help. If he hadn’t met her or asked, they could remain completely unrelated, and this would never have happened.

Since he had no way of solving this, he had no choice but to turn to Mark.

He called Mark and heard Aristotle's childish babbling as he learned how to talk and Arianne's giggling. He was instantly unsure of what to say, he felt as if he shouldn't be interrupting Mark's life.

"Jackson, what's up?" Mark seemed to be in a good mood. His tone seemed to be filled with glee too.

Jackson paused then said, "It's about Alejandro. Haven't we been reaching dead ends? Lynn contacted me and I met with her. She agreed to get a specimen for me and… Alejandro found out. I don't know what's happened to her. She might still be in the Smiths' courtyard, but I'm not 100% sure. I've slipped out behind Tiffie's back and I'm near Alejandro's manor. I'm quite sure that I won't be able to get in. I'm worried…"

Mark grew stern from the other end. "I know how you're feeling. You can't possibly ignore her. Knowing Alejandro, Lynn's probably in the middle of a disaster. How about this: call the police, make up any excuse, and have them rush over. That way, you can stall for time. With the police around, he wouldn't dare do anything to Lynn in the manor, even if he wanted to. I'll send my men over to watch him. If they remove Lynn, they'll be sent away. You should go home now. Tiffany will be suspicious."

After confirming the plan, Mark summoned Henry. "Henry, bring some men over with you and keep an eye on Alejandro's manor. If you see anyone escorting a woman out, take care of them. I'll send you her picture later."

Henry glanced at Arianne, grunted in reply, then turned around and left.

Mark wondered why Henry glanced at Arianne. There was a strange look in his eye. He turned towards her, perplexed. As it happens, Arianne was staring at him too. They locked eyes. Her eyes were filled

with apprehension, his was filled with confusion. “Why are you looking at me like that? I’m just helping Jackson. Lynn was helping him retrieve a DNA sample, but she was caught. I’m afraid that something has happened. Alejandro’s manor is too far away from White Water Bay, and Jackson would take up too much time going there alone. Tiffany will find out. Should I… not help?”

Arianne curled her lips. “I didn’t say that you shouldn’t. I was just wondering if you two best friends would help each other hide everything and cover up the truth.”

The corners of Mark’s lips twitched. “What are you thinking? Do I look like that kind of man to you? It differs according to the situation. Are you referring to affairs? That’s not possible; Jackson and I aren’t like that.”

Arianne didn’t say that she believed him, nor did she say that she didn’t. However, the look on her face proved that she didn’t believe him at all. She changed the topic. “If something does happen to Lynn, I’m afraid that Jackson will feel immensely guilty and blame himself. I hope she’s alright. I’m taking Smore upstairs to sleep now.”

Mark fell silent as he watched her walk upstairs. She was right. If anything happened to Lynn, Jackson would be haunted by guilt for the rest of his life. After all, they had known each other for many years. Despite their misgivings and that they had been cut off from each other for most of their lives, this shouldn’t have to be the end.

This was destined to be a restless night. Henry and his men never saw anyone escorting Lynn out of Alejandro’s mansion, even until the next day.

The grievous news of death soon followed. According to the latest news reports, someone had discovered a female corpse at the foot of a mountain. A postmortem from the police showed that she had fallen to her death. Her time of death was during the wee hours of the morning.

The corpse was Lynn's. Jackson went to collect it personally. Lynn did not have any relatives. Jackson had given her a new life, so it was fitting for him to help provide her with an end. Even though everything seemed so helpless and wan.

Chapter 1089

This matter had forced Tiffany into magnanimity, even if she objected to it. She chose to spend the weekend at the Tremont Estate to give Jackson some time. She didn't dare go to Summer's, and she didn't go to Lillian's either. She was worried that the elders might find Jackson's behavior inappropriate if they found out.

She, who had always been insensitive, seemed worried and became very quiet. She buried herself on the couch, staring into space for an entire afternoon.

Arianne couldn't bear the sight of it. "Tiffie, are you… not happy that Jackson's managing Lynn's funeral? I think you should just leave him be. She's dead—let's be more open minded."

Tiffany shook her head dazedly. "I'm not being close-minded. That's not why I'm unhappy."

"Then what is this about?" Arianne asked, confused.

Tiffany took a deep breath. "I think he's keeping something from me. He won't tell me no matter how many times I ask. On the night of Lynn's death, he suddenly said that he had to go out right after making dinner. Apparently, some emergency happened at the office. I asked him to have dinner first but he

wouldn't have it. I waited for him at home for a very long time, but he didn't come home. So I thought of going to the office to send him some food and a scarf, but the office was empty when I arrived. He lied to me. He never used to lie to me… When I returned home, he was still out. I muddled through it and somehow fell asleep. The next day, when I woke up, he was home. Nothing seemed amiss, but before I could ask, news of Lynn arrived. Forget it, I'll talk to him once he's done settling Lynn's affairs. He's stressing me out."

The restlessness and anxiety in her tone was very clear to Arianne. Jackson had gone to Alejandro's manor on the night of Lynn's death. It took him a long time to arrive home as he had been delayed by travelling to and fro. After all, it was a long journey. "Are you worried that he's having an affair?" Arianne asked, attempting to exonerate Jackson. "He wouldn't. Mark was speaking to Jackson on the phone last night, probably about business. Maybe he wasn't working at the office. You have to keep your spirits up. You're pregnant—do it for your baby."

Tiffany didn't answer. Her eyes stared emptily up ahead. She clearly wasn't listening to her at all.

Arianne sighed, helpless.

Jackson finally appeared on Sunday night. He entered the house, bringing the winds of winter along with him. He was cold all over, and his face was thin and sallow as if he had experienced a great upheaval. It was a worrisome sight.

Tiffany didn't say a word. She followed him home straight away.

Arianne sent them away at the door with Aristotle in her arms. She watched the falling snowflakes outside and couldn't help the sinking feeling in her heart. When would this end?

Suddenly, a hand reached out and closed the door. Her view was blocked. She turned around and looked. It was Mark.

“The winds are strong outside. It’s cold,” he said in a soft voice. “Why are you holding Aristotle out in the wind? Come inside and eat. Let Jackson and Tiffany deal with their problems on their own.”

She nodded and walked to the dining table, then placed Aristotle in his stroller. Then, she sat down. “Setting everything else aside, I sympathize with Lynn. She died from doing Jackson a favor. Alejandro is too cruel.”

Mark showed no signs of emotion. He fed Aristotle a small mouthful of mashed chicken breast. “Actually, this wouldn’t have happened if Tiffany had gone to collect the sample instead of Lynn.”

Arianne was shocked. She was at a loss for words. Jackson would never let Tiffany take the risk. He wouldn’t tell Tiffany a single thing about this.

Chapter 1090

After a short pause, Mark changed the topic. “Renovations at Wynn Mansion are almost complete. When would you like to have a look?”

Arianne’s spirits were finally lifted. “Next weekend. I can’t wait to see it. Wynn Mansion must have looked very similar to Tremont Estate in the past.”

“It’s just a pity that it’s so lifeless without anyone living in it,” Mark said. “I’ve already sent someone to check on the house. I’ll have people cleaning and maintaining it regularly, so don’t worry.”

Arianne had nothing to worry about. She was always comfortable with the way Mark handled things; that’s why she left everything to him. She didn’t do anything except give out orders. He had even paid the bill. “Thank you.”

“What are you saying?” Mark asked with a sunken look on his face. “I’ll regret helping you if you speak to me in such a courteous manner. Do you have to be so modest with me?”

She smiled helplessly. “It was a sincere display of gratitude. It’s not some feigned display of courtesy. Look at Jackson: he’s keeping everything from Tiffie and their relationship is on tenterhooks now. Are you keeping anything from me? Should I be upset too?”

Mark lowered his eyelids. “I’d never keep anything you need to know from you. I tell you everything that’s necessary in full detail.”

She knew, so she decided against pushing the question. She was still apprehensive about the plane crash from that year, but Mark did not want to talk about it again.

White Water Bay Villa.

Tiffany went straight to her room to get some rest when she arrived home. She didn’t eat or speak to Jackson.

Jackson seemed too busy to attend to her mood swings at the moment. He wasn't warm and inviting as usual. Instead, he quietly let her be.

The conflict between them finally came into play. Tiffany could no longer contain her suppressed emotions. "Jackson West, you're exhausting."

Jackson stiffened. Then, he reached out, wrapped his arm around her and softly asked, "What's wrong?"

She pushed him away with all of her might. "I don't know what's happened, but I'm very disappointed with my life, and I'm very disappointed in you too. Yes, you're great. You've taken care of me as if I'm some sort of big baby and a cripple, so I don't have to worry about a thing. You're extremely considerate, cautious, and meticulous. So much so that I had to use dumb luck in order to find out that you've been lying to me! I'm wondering if I would have ever found out that you were lying to me on the night of Lynn's death if I hadn't gone to see you at the office…"

Jackson sat up and looked at her. "You went to the office at night that day? It was snowing, and you came looking for me at the office with your pregnant belly? Didn't I tell you to stay at home?"

She lay on her side, staring at him. Her eyes brimmed with tears. "Are you questioning me? I was only worried that you'd starve after leaving the house without food. You forgot your scarf too. I was worried that you'd go hungry and cold, but you were lying to me. You were never at the office! Where did you go? What have you been keeping from me? I don't want to rely on guesswork and suspicion anymore. It hasn't been easy for us to reach this stage. Don't you dare destroy my beautiful image of you!"

The atmosphere had reached an impasse. Jackson stayed silent as wrestled over the question of revealing everything to her or not. Ultimately, he decided against it when he remembered Tiffany's reaction to hearing Ethan's name. "I'm not keeping anything from you… I went to the office that night,

then I went out with a client. It was a restaurant in a hotel, so of course there would be women. I didn't tell you because I was afraid of upsetting you. I went home straight after it ended. It's not what you think. Don't ever go out on your own like that again."