Ruling 1101

Chapter 1101

Arianne was stunned. So it was alright for him to bring another lady with him since he had informed earlier? Although the objective was clear, who could guarantee that nothing would happen? Who was to say that he wouldn't have too much to drink or have too much fun, and something happened because of it? No matter how she thought about it, she still felt uneasy.

"Tiffany can't go because she's pregnant, but I can. I'm not afraid of danger. Even if Alejandro is Ethan, he didn't harm me when I had met him privately, right? I should help Tiffany keep an eye on Jackson. I'm worried that Jackson wouldn't be able to control himself…"

Mark rubbed his chin with one hand and laughed. "It's obvious that you yourself are worried, yet you used your best friend as an excuse, saying you intend to stalk her husband. To be honest, I can't let you come with me. I won't let you take even the slightest risk. Listen to me, you sit here and wait while I get to work."

Arianne could tell that there was no way she could change his decision. Did men find it troublesome when their woman was involved in complicated issues, hence they despised it? Women did tend to overthink things and get lots of ideas. Arianne was very unhappy at that moment.

Back at home, she hugged Smore lovingly as usual. Smore was on the sofa, playing with some Legos. Although he couldn't build anything due to his young age, he was still trying to put the pieces together. When Arianne walked up to him, she accidentally knocked over some of the pieces that had been built. Smore lost his temper at her for the first time. His tiny meaty hands pushed his mother away as he huffed and puffed in anger.

She flinched. "You're playing with Legos when you can't even sit up straight? Who taught you to play this? Are you that clever? Is mummy less important than your Legos now?"

Smore paid no attention to her and continued playing.

Mary walked up to them and chuckled as she said, “Smore is much smarter than other kids of his age. He isn’t playing around with his toys aimlessly. Instead, he plays with it quietly without breaking anything. He’s just great.”

Arianne pouted, as she was saddened that Smore had refused to kiss her suddenly. “How dare you push me away, I was the one who bought you these toys. Are you an ungrateful child? Try coming to me for milk when you’re hungry, I won’t give it to you!”

Mark was on the way upstairs as he said, “Just the right timing. It doesn’t matter if he doesn’t want you, I’m unexpectedly available. Why don’t you come up and shower, we can eat after that.”

Arianne pretended to walk away to see if Smore would hug her, but the little guy didn’t even glance at her. She gave up and went upstairs pouting. “What’s wrong with him? Wasn’t he just fine yesterday? He’d hug me every time I come home, why doesn’t he want me today?”

Mark stood in front of the bed and took off his clothes. “I don’t know. Probably you’ve offended him somehow since he’s the type to hold grudges. Relax, he’ll still need to look for you when he’s hungry. Do you want to shower together?”

She held up her hand and covered her eyes. “No thanks. You go ahead first. I don’t want to get cock-eyed from looking at you, I shall see no evil.”

He went up to her and embraced her, his hands forcefully removing her hands. “Haven’t you already seen this evil long enough? It’s cold outside, let’s get a shower together. No wonder Smore doesn’t want to stick to you.”

Arianne was dragged into the bathroom with him. She saw his muscular body through the mist of vapor, and her heart raced.

Mark grinned as he saw Arianne standing there spaced out. He had always been confident of his body. He single-handedly pressed her against a wall, his other hand working his way to removing her office clothes. Arianne hurriedly tried to think of a way to remove her clothes herself, but he had already dominated her.

Chapter 1102

The water from the showerhead continuously fell onto them—her drenched clothes had also been cleanly removed. She couldn’t open her eyes for a while since water had gotten into them. At that moment, the embarrassment she felt was no longer important. She only wanted to grab a towel and wipe off the water in her eyes since she felt insecure without her sight.

She reached out her hand to get a towel based on her memory, but Mark had grabbed her hand before she could get it. She did not dare to push him away since the floor was slippery and begged him due to the insecurity. “I’ve got water in my eyes, hand me the towel, please… I can’t see…”

He lowered his head and whispered in her ear, “You can hold onto me if you’re scared, I’m here…”

She knew that he was doing it on purpose and replied to him with a slightly urgent tone, “Stop fooling around. I’m feeling very uncomfortable, hurry up and hand me a towel!”

Very soon, a towel had been placed on her hands. She heaved a sigh of relief and wiped the water off her face hurriedly. Before she knew it, she had been completely pressed against the wall.

She had already known that he had his motives when he offered to shower together.

When they got out of the bathroom, Mary spoke while standing outside their bedroom with Smore in her arms. “Aren’t you hungry, Smore? Why don’t you call out to mommy and daddy to come and eat with you.”

Arianne smiled awkwardly due to the rather long shower. “Didn’t he not want me? He even pushed me away just now, I’ll talk to him again if he finds me personally.”

Smore did not move an inch and stayed in Mary’s embrace silently without the slightest intention of being held by Arianne. Mark returned to his usual composure and said, “Let’s go, time to eat.”

At the dining table, Mary was feeding Smore. Smore had a Rubik’s cube in his hands and did not let go even while eating, occasionally looking at it to check if it had dropped from his hands. Arianne grew even more depressed. “What happened that made him not want to kiss me all of a sudden? What have I done to him? I’m his mother.”

Mary looked at Smore lovingly. “A son can’t be angry at his mother overnight. I’m sure he’ll come to you before he sleeps tonight. This morning when you left the house, he surprisingly didn’t cry.”

Mark did not interrupt their conversation and ate his food with his head lowered as he quietly listened. His lips curved into a meaningful smile…

Arianne had a slight temper as well. She asked Mark to put Smore to sleep as usual and wanted to see how long it would take before he cried for his mommy. She went downstairs to grab something, and when she returned to the room, she heard Mark's voice as she approached the door. "Bad mommy, daddy will give you a kiss, so you don't have to pester your mum so much, understand? See, daddy's the one who puts you to sleep, daddy's the one who buys you the most toys, daddy's also the one who feeds you your milk while mommy sleeps like a pig. Isn't daddy nicer to you? Mommy belongs to daddy, you belong to daddy too, so you can only look for daddy and not mommy, understand?"

Chapter 1103

Arianne found it both frustrating and funny. She had been wondering what had happened between her and Smore—so Mark had been the problem all along. She seemed to recall that she had not fed Smore his milk last night. Mark had secretly used the reserved milk to feed Smore, right? How did he not find it tedious! Smore had been brainwashed by his father's nonsense!

She furiously stormed into the room. Smore was shocked by the sudden loud noise. His eyes stared at her innocently, his lips curved. Arianne did not have the time to care for Smore and immediately rushed up and grabbed a pillow before slamming it onto Mark. "How could you! I knew I shouldn't have left Smore with you for the night! I had never known you to be so cunning?!" she said.

Mark saw that he had been exposed and said with a straight face, "I'm just worried that he's too attached to you, and you'd be exhausted because of it. My methods may not have been right, but at least the result's the same, right? Look, I'm putting him to sleep with heated up reserve milk. There's no need for you to bother yourself with this, so you can sleep soundly until tomorrow, right? Don't you feel your burdens being lightened?"

Arianne was speechless. If his motives for gaining dominance weren't so obvious, she might have actually believed his nonsense. She took a few deep breaths before she could forcefully calm herself down and said, "You're sleeping in the guest room tonight, now get out of my sight!"

Mark persevered with a wry smile. "I don't want to."

She ground her teeth. "Fine, if you're not leaving, I will. You can sleep together with Smore and take care of him all you want. I don't care!"

He fiercely stood up and grabbed onto her wrist. "Just one night? If that's so then, I'll do it… It's my fault this time."

She nodded, her intentions clear.

He helplessly grabbed his pillow and walked, looking back occasionally. He had never thought that the day would come where his dominance would be overruled, damn it…

That Saturday, Arianne brought Smore to the Wynn mansion with Mark as planned. The mansion seemed to look much livelier now that it had been renovated. Most of the detail had been maintained as it used to be, so not much has changed. Arianne felt surprisingly emotional the moment she stepped into the house.

That place had been where she and her father lived since she was young. Arianne used to live a happy and fulfilling life with her family until her father met Helen. It was exactly because of her father's decision that caused a whole series of tragedies, which also decided her fate.

Alonso's distant relative was in charge of the mansion's cleanliness. They were a loving couple who loved being clean and worked hard. The entire mansion looked clean from the outside, and the flowers in the garden had been trimmed nicely.

After staying for a while, Arianne decided to leave with a heavy heart. She looked at the mansion emotionally before turning to the old couple and said to them, "I'll leave the mansion under your care. Thank you."

The old couple was humbled. "We shall take good care of the mansion for sure. We should be the ones thanking you for giving us this job."

Arianne smiled, turned, and looked at the mansion again before turning away and walking off.

Mark kept looking at his wristwatch during the journey, so Arianne asked, "Are you in a hurry? You can drop me home and be on your way. Could it be that… you're going to the ball today?"

Mark nodded his head. "That's right, it's almost time for me to meet with Jackson, but a slight delay wouldn't cause any harm, don't worry."

Chapter 1104

She grumbled, “Who’s going to be your partner for the day? Can you tell me? Since she’s going to be your partner, you will definitely have to have some form of body contact, holding onto your arm, to say the least… So I should have the right to ask, right?”

Mark helplessly said, “Isn’t it manners to hold onto our arms? Relax, I will do my best to avoid any form of body contact. I’m not sure who my partner is since I’ve left it to Jackson to arrange. My guess is that she’s probably a university student hoping to earn some cash as part-time, so it should be a simple case of trading. There’s really nothing for me to tell you because I don’t know her. Jackson has always been the one who is most familiar with women.”

Arianne snorted without saying anything else.

Mark had dropped her off at their house door before driving off. The time was a little past three, and she was thinking if she should give Tiffany a call when Mary suddenly showed up to welcome her. “Madam, your mother is here. She’s been sitting inside for quite a while now.”

Arianne held onto Smore in her arms as she entered, her footsteps slightly hastened. She asked naturally when she saw Helen, “Are you feeling better now?”

Helen was sitting on the sofa and elegantly sipping on a cup of coffee as she replied, “Yes, I’m feeling better now. Can I hold Smore? It’s been a while since I’ve last seen him. He’s grown up quite a bit and much cuter now.”

Arianne passed Smore into Helen’s arms. “Mary, pour me a glass of water please, just plain water will do.”

She was almost dying of thirst from the trip to her old home.

Mary quickly brought her a glass of water, and she finished the entire glass in a heartbeat and habitually wiped her lips. Helen had been surprised at her behavior.

Arianne noticed Helen's gaze and asked her curiously, "What's with that look? Do I have something on my face?"

Helen retracted her gaze and mumbled, "You're still the same as you used to be while you're younger… When you came home after playing around outside, you would come and pester me for some water. Whenever I handed you the water, you'd chug it down and wipe your lips as you have just done. You haven't changed a bit."

Arianne was startled but did not reply to Helen. "I had just been to the Wynn mansion. The renovations are done. Have you seen what it used to look like?"

Helen nodded. "I have, it's very big and grand. It's a pity that no one's lived in it for so many years. It seems I'm the flint who started the fire, am I right?"

Arianne did not answer. Whatever that had been lost no longer mattered to her. What mattered was the people remaining, isn't that right? What happened in the past was her father's own choice. She did not have the right to hate Helen in her father's place.

Helen looked at the entrance, probably to reduce the tension in the atmosphere. "Is Mark not home yet?"

Arianne pursed her lips. “There’s an event tonight, so he’d most likely be back late. If it’s convenient for you, why don’t you stay for dinner? It would be the perfect time for Smore to familiarise himself with you. Otherwise, he might forget his grandmother’s face when he grows up.”

Helen could hear the sarcasm in Arianne’s words and did not dare to reply. She thought that Arianne was projecting her anger for the time she had abandoned Arianne.

Realizing that she may have said something inappropriate, Arianne immediately corrected herself. “I did not mean anything else, don’t be mistaken. I truly meant what I said.”

Helen smiled. “Alright then, I’ll stay for dinner. Before I forget, I should remind you, if Aery looks for you saying she wants to meet you and Mark before she leaves, don’t do it. I don’t want to see her fake behavior, nor would I want to give her the chance to do something wrong again. I’m utterly disappointed in her.”

Chapter 1105

Arianne asked, “Did she actually mention it?”

Helen did not conceal the truth and said, “Yes, that’s why I’m reminding you. Whatever it is, she’s my daughter. But she’s got nothing to do with you, so you don’t have to go soft on her.”

To be honest, Arianne liked Helen’s character, not everyone was able to break down all aspects of a situation as clearly as she did. Helen had many merits that not many people would have apart from

being a strong, independent, and beautiful woman, and those outstanding traits had made her very attractive. Otherwise, her father would not have been infatuated by her.

At Mark's side, it was past six in the evening. Mark arrived at the luxurious ball event, which was a front for a big party organized by familiar faces, the only difference was that everyone was dressed gentlemanly and more elegantly. Of course, the elegance was just on the surface, as there were a lot of dark shenanigans at play there. Mark had never liked to attend events like these. The moment he entered, he scanned everyone in the room and could not find Alejandro in there, but his information could not have been wrong.

Jackson had only arrived after approximately ten minutes. He had to move separately with Mark since he had to pick up the female partners he had hired.

Jackson's taste had always been spot on, and he knew what kind of partner would be appropriate for the occasion. The women were almost flawless with their voluptuous body figures and height, at least it looked that way after they had makeup on.

When Mark saw his part-time partner, his eyes turned cold. "Why are you here?"

Janice was startled as well. "Mr. Tremont… I-I… I had not thought that it would be you… About that… I was just wanting to earn some fast cash outside of office hours. Now that I'm off work and not in the office, I suppose it shouldn't affect me being here, right?"

Putting the panic aside, Janice was glad that she had attended the event and was dressed in a nightdress with decent makeup on. Her appearance was almost flawless, and she was satisfied with it.

Mark did not reply. If Arianne found out that his partner for the night was Janice, he would probably not live to see another day when he got home. However, he was clear on what he could and couldn't do and pulled Jackson to one side. "What the f*ck are you doing? Why can't you look from the many girls that you know and had to choose them?"

Jackson helplessly replied, "Do you think I would dare to look for those girls? Tiffany would kill me if she found out. I had never thought I would find a girl from your office either, it's truly just a coincidence. Anyway, it doesn't matter. We'll swap, alright? I've just had a quick walk around the event. You first, have you found Alejandro?"

Mark shook his head. "No, I suppose he hasn't arrived yet, or maybe he is in one of the VIP rooms. We'll know for sure after hanging around."

Mark followed Jackson's advice and swapped partners. Janice shot Mark a confused look but did not open her mouth and ask.

Mark had never had the knack of striking a conversation himself, so Jackson would be the one to get all the information required. When it was past seven in the evening, Jackson finally found out that Alejandro had arrived half an hour ago. However, he had not entered the hall due to his leg and had gathered in a VIP room with some of his business partners privately.

Chapter 1106

After receiving the private room number? Jackson eagerly abandoned Janice and rushed right over. At the same time, he informed Mark via text message.

Alejandro had been recuperating at home due to his leg wound, so he had no chance to approach him. This time, he wasn't going to let him slip away!

He pushed the door open, and the room went silent. Aside from Alejandro and a fat, oily man, there were two bodyguards and a few scantily-clad women. Jackson eyed Alejandro. "Tell everyone to leave, or else."

Alejandro stared at him calmly. He waved his hand, and the bodyguards and women got up and left. The fat old man tactfully left when he saw this as well.

"Your information network is efficient. You've been waiting for me, haven't you? Is Tiffany aware that you've brought a date?" Alejandro poured himself a glass of wine, completely calm.

Jackson balled his hands into fists. "You knew that I'd find you here, so why come? Lynn didn't fall to her death because she lost her footing. You did it, didn't you? She was working for me. You should have come at me directly. What kind of a man are you, attacking a woman like that?"

"Getting so angry over another woman, I'm so sorry for Tiffany," Alejandro said, downplaying it. "It doesn't matter how Lynn died, the police have closed the case. Whatever you're going to say, it's no use. Why did you stoop to getting a woman to sell out her own life for you when you knew that this would happen? You're here today to get a sample from me to prove if I'm Ethan Connor, aren't you? There's no need for a sample. Let me confirm it for you right now. I was once Ethan Connor. But now, I'm Alejandro Smith. You'll never get a sample from me because you'll never leave with it. I know that Mark's here too, but so what? I can tell you everything you want to know. I admit it, I'm Ethan. But I'll never give you the advantage. Did you know? I gave Lynn a chance to call you and ask for help before she died. She called you, but she didn't ask for help. She simply went on an unnecessary spiel. She was obviously trembling with fear…"

Jackson's chest was heaving intensively from anger. He was clenching his fists so tightly that he released a cracking noise. He could imagine how desolate Lynn felt at the time. To Lynn, not asking for help was probably her way of making up for her past mistakes. However, Lynn's death had left him with guilt that would haunt him for the rest of his life.

He never thought that Alejandro would admit to his identity as Ethan so easily. A confession was far easier than a report from a piece of paper. It was the truth. Of course, there was no need for the sample, even for proof. However, it didn't matter if he were Alejandro or Ethan. He had committed the most heinous sins. Ethan's sins against Tiffany could never be wiped away. How could he possibly let this man walk free? He still had to get that sample. He wanted to expose Alejandro's identity and send him straight to prison!

He didn't react at once, even though it would be so easy, as they were the only people in the room. However, Alejandro seemed completely fearless and did not seem unprepared. Sometimes, irrational acts didn't bring results.

Alejandro poured him a glass of wine. "My wonderful big brother hasn't arrived. Wait for him. If we're going to talk tonight, I'll stay and talk."

Jackson noticed that both his thumbs' fingerprints seemed unclear as if they were riddled with old scars. He had destroyed his fingerprints on purpose! He was that cautious. Naturally, he wasn't going to walk into their trap when he knew that they were watching him.

Jackson forced himself to stay calm. He walked to the couch next to him and sat down. "Why have you been deliberately approaching Tiffany? I'm warning you, you get anywhere near her again, and I'll make you regret it!"

Chapter 1107

“Your precious woman was once hopelessly in love with me for three years,” Alejandro replied calmly. “I had her too. Before you did. Once upon a time, I was the only one in her eyes. But now, you’re the only one in her eyes. I just couldn’t accept it. I was young and foolish, and revenge was the only thing I could think about. I didn’t really pay attention to the woman who shared my bed. Blame it on regret. There’s nothing wrong in wanting to make up for it, right?”

The words “woman who shared my bed” brought Jackson’s ire once again. Wasn’t he straight-up telling him that someone else had slept with his wife before? It would have been fine if the matter hadn’t been brought up, but it was sickening to hear it. “Make up for it? Hah! Do you think you deserve that? She and I might never have gotten involved if you hadn’t destroyed her family and killed her father. To her, it would be best if you never showed your face in front of her again. And yet you’re naive enough to think of making it up to her. Aren’t you disgusting enough? I don’t care about what happened between you in the past, but now? Touch her and see what happens, I dare you!”

Alejandro’s eyes were filled with mockery. He calmly fiddled with the wedding ring on his finger. “You still haven’t done anything to me yet. Isn’t it because you’re scared? You’re scared of Tiffany finding out that I’m Ethan and afraid of the damage you’ll cause once you’ve made a move, and that you’ll never be able to erase it. You can’t abandon your wife and break the law without a care. The once carefree heir to the West family now has his hands and feet tied after getting married… If this were in the past, I probably wouldn’t be able to remain sitting here and talking to you by now, right?”

Jackson wasn’t an idiot. It was obvious that Alejandro was goading him on purpose. If he punched him, right now, their mission would be a failure. Since Alejandro was really Ethan, he would have to wait for Mark to arrive before making a decision. However, it had been a long time, and Mark was still nowhere to be seen.

Mark ran straight into Janice at the corner of a staircase. She stopped and didn’t seem like she was going to let him pass. He frowned impatiently. “Can I help you?”

Janice held up her long skirt and smiled. “Nothing, it’s just that I don’t know where Mr. West has gone off too. I don’t know anyone here, so I was wandering around. I didn’t expect that you’d spend money to bring another woman here, instead of Mrs. Tremont too. Mr. Tremont… I’m curious, why didn’t you ask me to be your last-minute date? Is it because you’re embarrassed?”

Mark really wasn’t in the mood to chat with her at a time like this. “You are not allowed to tell anyone about what happened here. I have business to attend to. Step aside.”

He mercilessly pushed Janice aside. The heel of her stiletto lost footing, and she accidentally twisted her ankle. She would have rolled down the stairs if she hadn’t caught herself with the railing in time.

Her pretty face drained from color in shock. “Mr. Tremont!”

Mark had already walked up a few steps but was forced to stop when he saw her in this manner. “What now?”

Her eyes brimmed with tears. “M-my ankle… It’s twisted. It hurts.”

Mark was highly annoyed. The more anxious the situation was, the more obstacles appeared. He admitted that he had used too much force when he pushed her away, so it was inappropriate for him to leave just like that. In his helplessness, he rushed back and dragged her to the top of the stairs. “Go back to the lounge and find a place to sit down on your own!” Then, he turned around and ran off.

His main worry was of Jackson losing control and attacking Alejandro’s men. He finally found Alejandro’s private room and burst in immediately. The scene he found was unexpected. Jackson and Alejandro were sitting in a civilized manner, and there were no signs of a fight brewing. He heaved a sigh of relief.

Chapter 1108

Alejandro pulled out an empty wine glass and poured a glass for Mark. “Have a seat.”

Mark glanced at Jackson and walked over to take a seat with an expressionless look on his face. “Mark, he’s Ethan. He’s confessed. He killed Lynn too,” Jackso said.

Alejandro couldn’t be bothered to explain too much. Besides, it didn’t matter if he killed Lynn or if Don Smith did it. It wasn’t a big difference. “Are you two here on a crusade against me?”

“You’re extremely lucky, Ethan,” Mark calmly said. “You’re quite bold too. Since you’re alive, you should tuck your tail away and stay off the grid. Why are you back? Would you like to die again? Or did you think that I’d be helpless against you, now that you have the Smiths as insurance?”

Alejandro snorted. “I’ve never thought of it that way. However, Alejandro’s identity has made everything much easier for me and prevented you two from doing whatever you want to me. Isn’t that right? I didn’t come back for you, Mark. It would have been fine if I did die, but I’m still alive. What do you think Arianne would think of you if you attacked me again? How long did it take for you to establish your good image for her? It’d fall apart in an instant. She would still see you as the demon who killed her father, that you’d never change. Would you dare put that to the test? I’m hoping for us to mind our own business. You know what I mean.”

Mark frowned and asked, “Then why have you come back? To live your life out in peace as Alejandro Smith? That’s not your style.”

Alejandro lit a cigarette. “Mm, you’re right. That’s not my style. I’m sure you can both guess my objectives. Why are you even asking?”

Jackson rose to his feet. “You get anywhere near Tiffany again and see what happens!”

Mark held him back. “Jackson, stay calm.” Jackson took a deep breath and forced his anger back down once again. Mark was worried that Jackson would lose his temper and attack if this continued, so he sent him away. “Leave all of this to me. You can leave. We’ll talk later.”

Jackson shot Alejandro a look and left, taking his anger along with him.

Mark stared at Alejandro and asked, “You can’t possibly still plan on having Tiffany come back to you. You’re married to Melanie Lark, and Tiffany is with Jackson now. Don’t you think that you’re being a little too absurd and too much of a bigot? The Smiths will never break away from the Larks. You and Melanie will never be able to separate. Stop trying to make things messier than it already is. It won’t benefit anyone.”

Alejandro pulled out his wedding ring and hung it on his fingertips, fiddling with it. His nonchalance belied his feelings toward this marriage. “I never planned on letting them get married. All sorts of accidents happened along the way. But Tiffany is pregnant now, and I’m hurt. I won’t do anything until she delivers that baby. I’ll make her come back to me sooner or later. I can’t stand watching her be with another man. You can’t stand it when Arianne looks at another man either, can you? You should understand how I feel perfectly well then. Mark Tremont, it doesn’t suit you to lecture others on morality. Don’t test me, or I wouldn’t know what I’d end up doing. I can give up on everything else. I only want her. Don’t try to force me into giving way. I can’t turn back anymore. A man at an impasse usually turns into a madman. I’ve hurt you in so many ways, and I’ve already died once by your hand. We’re even. From now on, stay out of my business!”

Chapter 1109

Mark could see through Alejandro's determination. His heart sank. "I can't possibly stay away. Jackson is my best friend. I won't stand idly by when it involves him. Since that's the case, don't blame me. I will defeat you with Arianne's approval."

The party wasn't over, but Jackson and Mark left anyway. They gave Janice and the other woman some money, then told them to take a cab home on their own.

It wasn't a completely fruitless endeavor this time. At least, they had managed to confirm that Alejandro was Ethan. Unfortunately, Alejandro had been well-prepared, so they had failed to obtain any substantial evidence to publicize his identity and send him to jail. This was going to be a long battle, and it was only just beginning.

Jackson was at the height of his temper. "What the hell does he want? Does he want to take my woman away from me? Forget it!"

Mark sighed. "He won't do anything until Tiffany gives birth. You should calm down for now. It's getting late. You should go home. Try to keep Alejandro's identity as Ethan a secret. Don't let Tiffany find out. If you really can't keep it from her, play by ear. Don't go through too much trouble."

Jackson leaned against his car and lit a cigarette, feeling decrepit after blowing his fuse. "I don't think I can keep it from her anymore. Tiffie will figure it out. She's always seen Alejandro as a friend. Who knows if she's been communicating with him in secret. Every time I remember that Alejandro is Ethan, I'd lose control, yet I can't tell her about it… I'm so afraid of Alejandro getting close to Tiffie again, so very afraid…"

Mark paused, then said, “Then we’ll just have to find a way to get rid of him. There are only two ways here, as long as he’s Ethan—one, death, two, prison. I will always be on your side. As long as I’m around, don’t worry.”

A short while later, Jackson threw his cigarette on the ground and stepped on it to put it out. “I know. I’ve got to go. We’ll just see how this goes.”

Meanwhile, at the Tremont Estate…

Arianne frantically wrapped a blanket around Tiffany. Just a while ago, Tiffany had suddenly arrived, braving through the snow. She looked slightly rattled too. She was truly frightened. Jackson should still be at the party with Mark now. She wasn’t sure what had happened, and Tiffany still hadn’t said a word.

It took a long time before Tiffany’s body warmed up, and she returned to her senses. She pulled out her phone and tapped on a picture. “Ari, Jackson’s been seeing women behind my back…”

Arianne’s heart thumped. She took the phone and looked at the screen. Jackson was standing with another woman. Although they weren’t touching, the pair were very close together and seemed quite intimate. There were other people nearby, it was a woman too, but the face wasn’t in the shot. Based on the background, it would seem that they were at a party… Could it be tonight’s party?

“Who sent you this?” She asked hesitantly.

Tiffany bit her lips. “Alejandro. He’s there too. He saw it, so he took a picture and sent it to me. I didn’t want to tell you at first, but Mark was with another woman too! Alejandro sent it to me. See for yourself. I don’t want to, it’s disgusting.”

Chapter 1110

Arianne was aware of tonight's party. However, as Helen had just left, she hadn't had the time to think of anything else. She was still quite calm before she saw that picture, but when she saw the picture of Mark holding Janice, she stiffened. She wasn't aware that Mark's date for the night would turn out to be Janice. Based on the picture, they were at the top of the staircase in a secluded corner. They were all alone, and their stance seemed so intimate…

She continuously consoled herself that she had to trust Mark. He had told her about this earlier on, hadn't he? She shouldn't doubt him… But why Janice of all people? She had a rough idea of Janice's background. She was born from a poor family and had just stepped out into society. However, the clothes on Janice were not considered cheap. She couldn't have afforded them, based on her financial state. She was uneasy.

Regardless, Tiffany was pregnant, so she had to calm Tiffany down and act as if nothing was wrong. "Tiffie, we can't be sure if they've done anything wrong, simply based on a picture. We can ask them when they get back. You're pregnant. You can't let your emotions get the better of you, it's bad for the baby. How about this? You stay here, and we'll wait for Mark to get home. Then, we'll have a calm discussion."

Tiffany shook her head, contradicting her. "They're in cahoots. They're not going to sell each other out. What reason would Alejandro have to lie to me? None. That's why something must be wrong. You don't have to console me. Don't you feel upset too?"

Arianne was momentarily at a loss for words. It's true, she was upset. However, she felt that she had to talk about it first. It would have been fine if Tiffany had found out from someone else, but it had to be Alejandro, of all people. Tiffany was not apprehensive of Alejandro, she, however, did not trust him.

By the time Mark returned, Arianne had already put Aristotle to sleep and was squatting with Tiffany in the living room.

Mark was surprised when he saw them. “You…”

Tiffany shot him a glare. She was filled with so much grief that she couldn’t speak. Arianne looked quite upset too. “Who was your date for tonight’s party?”

He instinctively remembered. “I’ve told you, I found a female partner at the last minute, the kind that you’d have to spend money on for her time. We only walked around. I never thought that I’d end up running into Janice.”

Tiffany’s emotions were bubbling over. “‘We’? Jackson was there too, wasn’t he? He told me that he was busy with work at the company. So he tagged along and had fun with you too! We know everything, stop lying!”

Mark pursed his lips, feeling gloomy. Jackson actually lied to Tiffany and told her that he was busy with work and did not tell him about this beforehand. This was a huge mess…

Noticing his silence, Tiffany pursued her interrogation. “Say something. Why are you being so quiet? Don’t you have any explanation?”

Afraid that Tiffany would kick up a big fuss, Arianne showed Mark the picture and spoke in a heavy tone. “Say something. Tell the truth. Alejandro sent the pictures.”

Mark's heart burned with rage when he saw the pictures. "The woman next to Jackson was my female partner for the night. The other one is Janice. I was only aware of this coincidence when Janice arrived. I would never have hired her if I had known this. There's nothing more infuriating than these, right? Then it's correct. Because nothing happened. As for 'hugging' Janice on the surface, I pulled her away because she was in my way, and she twisted her ankle. So I helped her downstairs. Someone took a picture of that. I'm sure you can figure out if the cameraman's intentions were scrupulous or not. I have nothing else to explain. I'll call Jackson at once and tell him to come over. I'm going to take a shower now."