Ruling 1111

Chapter 1111

Tiffany was furious and almost in tears as she saw Jackson heading upstairs. “Is this his attitude when he’s explaining something? Can you believe that, Ari? It’s already past eleven at night, and nothing has happened? Why would Alejandro have any bad intentions? Why did Jackson hide from me that he had attended an event with another woman? I’ll understand that he can’t bring me along because of my pregnancy, but what about you? Why didn’t Mark bring you along, either? Could he make his bluff more believable?”

Arianne’s mind was in turmoil as well. She would not have thought so much if Janice wasn’t there. Was it truly just a coincidence? Before she could handle her mental situation, she gathered her thoughts and threw her suspicions aside, and consoled Tiffany. “Tiffany, Mark wouldn’t lie. Jackson probably has his reasons for lying to you. Let’s wait till he comes back and ask him, alright? Calm yourself, and don’t be angry. It’s late, why don’t you take a nap first?”

Tiffany lay on the sofa with her reddened eyes and said weakly, “How am I able to sleep? I’m feeling so anxious I feel the sky’s about to fall on me. I’ve been suspecting that he’s hiding something from me recently, he seems distracted constantly. How am I supposed to trust him when it’s not his first time lying to me?”

Arianne fell silent, she couldn’t take it any longer emotionally and wanted to tell her that Alejandro could possibly be Ethan. Nonetheless, she thought that it wasn’t the right thing to do either. She felt trapped and hated that feeling. She had run out of ideas to calm Tiffany down and could only wait for Jackson to return.

Jackson had received Mark’s call before he arrived home and immediately made a detour to the Tremont estate.

After he entered the building, his hasty steps slowed down. His head lowered as he stood in front of Tiffany and said, “I’m sorry that I lied to you. I wasn’t busy at work in the office and was at an event instead. I was afraid that you’d be jealous when you found out that I had to bring a female partner with me, and your body condition didn’t allow it. Thus, I hid the truth from you.”

Tiffany looked at Jackson. The tears she had previously stifled began to flow uncontrollably. “Didn’t you promise not to lie to me, not to hide anything from me anymore? How am I supposed to trust you when you break your own promise?”

Jackson did not reply, probably because he really did not know what to say at that moment. Mark had already told him that Alejandro had sent Tiffany those photos, yet he couldn’t tell her anything about it. He would rather have Tiffany misunderstand him than to let her know that Alejandro was actually Ethan.

Jackson had forgotten that silence was the most dangerous thing in that kind of situation since silence would have meant that he gave up on his argument and admitted that it was the truth.

Tiffany suddenly burst, grabbed the pillow on the sofa, and slammed it on him. “Tell me the truth, how many times have you done this behind my back?! Tell me!”

Arianne was shocked and hurriedly grabbed onto Tiffany to stop her. “Tiffany! You can’t do this, you’re pregnant, remember!”

Tiffany fell silent and looked at Jackson without saying a word as her tears continued to flow as though she had something to say. Jackson took a breath. He did not dare to look at Tiffany’s expression because he was afraid that he would be heartbroken yet helpless at the same time. “None, I haven’t done anything wrong to you, I have only hidden some facts from you. Let’s talk when you wake up tomorrow morning, alright? It’s late, and you need to rest. Let’s go home.”

Tiffany wiped her tears. “I don’t want to go back. Every time I look at you, I will think of how you had other women in your arms, which will evolve into something even worse, and I feel uncomfortable everywhere. Leave me. I need some time alone.”

Arianne could not hold it in any longer. She thought that she needed to tell her the truth because the situation called for it. Just as she was about to speak, Jackson noticed her intentions and spoke before she could. “I’ll come back to see you tomorrow. You should stay here and calm yourself.” As he finished, he shot Arianne a look before he turned around and left.

Arianne understood what he meant, so she swallowed the words that she had almost blurted out.

Arianne brought Tiffany to sleep together in the guest room and spent a lot of effort before she was able to coax the pregnant lady to sleep. Mark sent a text message the moment Tiffany slept. “Come here.”

She felt uneasy and replied, “Let’s communicate through text, I need to take care of Tiffany.”

Chapter 1112

Mark’s next text message had a stubborn attitude in it. “If you don’t come here immediately, I’ll get over there.”

Naturally, Arianne could not let him enter the guest room as that would wake up Tiffany. Helplessly, she could only tiptoe out of the guest room and enter Mark’s room. “What do you want to say?”

Just as she spoke, she was grabbed and thrown onto the bed with Mark on top of her dominantly. She was afraid that Smore might wake up from the noise and did not struggle but was slightly furious. She groaned and asked, “What are you doing?!”

Mark seemed to be venting his frustration as he said, “Are you suspecting me? Hmm? Wouldn’t this be the best proof? Do you still think I’ve done anything with another woman?”

She bit her lip and stayed silent. She had thought that he would have explained everything, but who knew it would only end up the same way.

She could only give in. “I-I… I believe you…”

Shortly after, the rain stopped.

Mark gently kissed her lips. “How was it? Normal enough? Do I look like I’ve done anything behind your back?”

Arianne blushed. She could not fend off his straight-to-the-point attitude. “I-I… I’ve already said that I believe you… Are you still not going to drop it? Could you blame me when you did not inform me beforehand that your partner was Janice? Even if you didn’t know that Janice was going to be your partner, it’s still your problem and your fault anyhow. You look after Smore tonight, I need to be by Tiffany’s side. I was going to tell her everything, but it seems like Jackson still wants to continue hiding the truth from Tiffany. I’m worried that if this goes on, Tiffany will divorce him. Was your trip tonight worthwhile?”

Mark got off of her and lay beside her. “Yes, Alejandro has admitted that he’s Ethan, but we did not get the chance to obtain his DNA sample. He knew that we would be stalking him and was so well-prepared. We wouldn’t have made it out alive if we actually managed to get the DNA samples. His objective is clear, he’s willing to give up everything except for Tiffany…”

Arianne was slightly shocked. Ethan has returned from the dead as Alejandro, all because of Tiffany? As she thought deeper, it seemed to make sense.

Ethan’s childhood had been filled with tragedy. He had almost never received any fatherly love, and his mother had passed away long ago. He had been living with George for most of his life and had harbored a lot of hatred toward the Tremonts. He had been living with that hatred for most of his life.

Tiffany had suddenly appeared in his life and shown him love for three years, three whole years. He had missed out on all the selfless love and care that Tiffany had given him, and when he realized it, not only was it too late, he had even ruined Tiffany’s relationship with her family. His current perseverance and obsession for Tiffany were probably due to the regret that he had for Tiffany and wanted to make amends for her.

He was willing to give up everything and only wanted Tiffany, a woman who had loved him unconditionally. However, it was a shame that Tiffany had already fallen in love with another long ago, someone who was really worth her unconditional love that she could rely on.

Fate had its own way of playing people with its unending twists and obstructions with no light to be seen at the end of their hardships. It was truly pitiful and spiteful.

Chapter 1113

It seemed like no one was able to get a good night's sleep that night, especially Jackson, who wasn't able to sleep at all without Tiffany by his side.

The next morning, he had thought that Tiffany had returned home when he heard someone knocking on the door. He raised his spirits slightly and opened the door, only to realize that it was Summer. A hint of disappointment flashed through his eyes. "Why are you here?"

Summer had brought with her some nutritional products for pregnant women. Her face was glowing, and she looked rather happy. "Of course I'm here to see my daughter-in-law and my grandson. Where's Tiffany? Is she not up yet? The two of you haven't come to visit this weekend, so I could only come to you instead."

Could this be an unlucky streak? Just when Tiffany wasn't around, Summer had appeared. Jackson was a little depressed as he said, "She's… not around. She's at Arianne's."

Summer knew that something was wrong through Jackson's facial expression and weak tone. "Have you two gotten into a fight? Tiffany hasn't been home the entire night? Jacky, you really are asking for it. How could you argue with a pregnant lady? You're a man, don't you understand such an easy concept? Hurry up and bring her back now."

Jackson sat on the sofa and lit a cigarette. "Forget it. I'll let her cool down a little first. She wouldn't come back with me even if I went to find her now."

Summer smacked the back of his head, the cigarette in his mouth fell, and he felt a little annoyed. "Mum… can you stay out of our business? I know what I'm doing."

Summer did not budge. “Did anyone force you to be with her and marry her in the past? It was all on your own accord, and you spent a lot of effort to get to this point, so what’s with the attitude now? Don’t make me look down on you. If you aren’t even able to coax your own woman, you’ve wasted your entire life! Who allowed you to smoke in the house? Pregnant women shouldn’t inhale these kinds of harmful gasses, go out and do it if you must. If you’re not going to bring her back, I will!”

Summer was just about to leave when Jackson suddenly grabbed onto her. “Mum! Alejandro Smith is Ethan Connor.”

Summer was stunned. “What did you say? H-how… how is this possible?”

Jackson choked as he tried to find the words. “It’s true, I’ve checked and confirmed it myself. Tiffany’s the only reason he’s back. Things are quite complicated at the moment, so you should stay out of it. Tiffany doesn’t know about this yet, she can’t know about it. Her face paled the moment I brought up Ethan’s name, so she shouldn’t be agitated. There are a lot of facts that you’re not aware of at the moment. I can’t even find the words to even tell you about it… You should head home first. I’ll think of a way to resolve this, but I need some time.”

At this point, Summer had somewhat understood the situation that Jackson was in. Her daughter-in-law should already know some of the facts rather than being completely unaware of what was happening. She knew the seriousness of the revelation that Alejandro was Ethan. “Alright… Jacky, Tiffany is a good girl. She’s much younger than you, so you need to pamper her more instead of agitating her, nothing’s unsolvable. If you need my help, give me a call. I’ll head back first. You should have a good rest, you look terrible.”

Jackson forced a wry smile. He was glad that Summer was more open-minded than Tiffany—that had lightened a lot of unnecessary worries from his head.

On the other hand, at the Smith estate…

Don Smith angrily glared at Alejandro. “Melanie has already left for so many days, are you really not planning to do anything? What the hell are you planning to do?! I’ve told you before that you mustn't affect the relationship between the Smiths and the Larks no matter what you do. Have you forgotten what I said? Go, bring her back here!”

Alejandro didn’t seem to care. “She has her own pair of legs. Am I able to stop her from leaving?”

Chapter 1114

Don Smith was so furious his face flushed red. “Would she have left if you had not angered her? Do you think that I don’t know what you’re playing? We're in this together now, and you have to listen to me even if you don’t want to!”

His words were right, though. Alejandro had some reaction, but it was sarcasm. “Do you not know why she’s left? She thinks that I’m the one that killed Lynn. The woman she had saved did not live to see the sunrise, so she thinks I’m a cruel man, that’s all. You want me to go get her and then tell her that you’re the one that killed her? Wouldn’t that ruin her image of you as a kind grandfather? Hmm?”

Don Smith was speechless, and momentarily did not reply. “Is that really all there is to it?”

Alejandro raised an eyebrow and did not say anything. Don Smith sighed. “I’ll call her.”

Very soon, the call was connected. The old man put the phone on speaker mode, and Alejandro could clearly hear Melanie's voice, "What's wrong, grandpa?"

Don Smith adopted his kind act again, and his voice was gentle. "Melanie, you've already left for quite a while now. When are you coming back? Ale's not good with words, so he doesn't know how to say fanciful words. I've just asked him and know what's going on between the two of you. It's all a misunderstanding. Ale had not done anything to that Lynn woman, the Smiths didn't even lift a finger that night. I've checked, Lynn actually died from a fall. How would Ale do such a thing? You had already let her go. Naturally, he wouldn't pursue the matter any further. I've already taught him a lesson. These sorts of cruel acts must never be done again in the future. So why don't you come back home?"

Melanie paused for a moment before replying, "Is it really not him? But when I asked him directly, he did not deny…"

Don Smith continued to persuade her. "Of course it isn't. Don't you know him? He's angry that you don't trust him. Thus, he couldn't be bothered to explain himself to you. I've given him an earful already since he has made a mistake as well, and he has admitted to it. He can't pick you up because of his leg, so I'll send someone to pick you up, alright?"

Melanie hesitated for a moment before she agreed and said, "Alright, I'll take the flight back today. You don't have to arrange for someone to pick me up. I'll make my own arrangements. I'm sorry for worrying you, grandpa."

When the phone disconnected, Alejandro tutted. "You've got my admiration. You managed to coax her successfully with just a few words. Your acting skills of multiple personalities are truly formidable."

Don Smith glared at him. "You had better buck up. I don't care if you need to act. You must treat Melanie better anyhow. If anything like this happens again, I'll make you pay!"

Back at the room, Alejandro went deep in thought for a moment before calling Jett. He had instructed Jett to pick up Melanie at the airport. As for the baby inside of Melanie, he needed to resolve it as soon as possible before the matter got out of hand. Don Smith was guaranteed to find out when her stomach began to bulge, and by that time, it wouldn't be up to him any longer.

Come afternoon, Melanie arrived at the Smith estate. After greeting Don Smith, she apologized to Alejandro directly since she had misunderstood him previously.

"I'm sorry, I should've gotten the facts of the matter first."

Melanie had always been the Larks' pride and joy and had never lowered her head to anyone ever. Therefore, her apology may not seem sincere on the outside, but it was definitely genuine.

Alejandro did not react and continued to sit in front of the window to look at the statue by the waterfall out in the garden. "It's fine. However, there is something that mustn't be delayed any further. When are you planning to abort the baby in your belly?"

Chapter 1115

Melanie's pretty face changed and turned pale. "Haven't we already discussed this? I won't get rid of the baby. If you really do not wish to admit that it's yours, then I'll announce to the public that it's not your flesh and blood. After all, you're the one who rather have yourself look like a fool whose wife cheated on him, than to claim your own flesh and blood!"

He turned his wheelchair towards her. “Why must you insist on keeping the child? I don’t want it now. We can talk about it later.”

Melanie insisted. “This is my first child, I must have it. You’re not the only one who gets to decide about this. Shouldn’t you ask for my opinion as well? Can you not be so selfish? This is a life, it’s our… Two people’s child, can you get rid of it just because you don’t want it?” As she finished, her voice choked and slightly trembled.

She had hoped that Alejandro would provide her the warmth she desired, even if it was just a little bit. However, she really could not understand. How could he be so heartless as to kill his own flesh and blood even if he didn’t love it? She could accept his treatment toward her, but she was utterly disappointed at his cruelty for his own child.

Alejandro’s gaze fell on her flat belly. A little life was beating and growing within. He could not imagine that a child was about to be born, his child…

He knew that things wouldn’t end well if he had a child with a woman he did not love, just as how his mother did not love him since birth in the past. If Tremont senior had loved his mother, things would probably not have gotten to that point, would they?

As he thought of this, he firmly decided. “We can do anything you want, as long as you get rid of the child. I will treat you as best as I can, I will fulfill all your married couple fantasies. As long as… you get an abortion.”

Melanie could not see through the complicated emotions Alejandro had behind his eyes. She was clearly disappointed with him, yet she continued to lie to herself by holding onto that faint glimmer of hope. Was it really possible that he did not want to have a child at that moment? They were still young, so it

was not impossible to get pregnant again in the future. There was no need for them to keep arguing on the matter and ruin their relationship.

After battling with her own thoughts, she gave in and said, “Alright, I promise you. I will get an abortion. However… you must tell me now, when do you intend to have another baby? I don’t want to live on without a child. Our families need to have a successor eventually. You know that.”

As long as she agreed to get rid of the child, Alejandro was willing to say any lie without a second thought. “Three years. It’s still too early now. Give me three years, alright?”

When he spoke, he deliberately forced himself to speak gently and politely to increase his persuasiveness.

Melanie nodded. “Alright. I’m quite tired. I’ll go and rest now. I want you to accompany me when I go to the hospital tomorrow, is that alright?”

He reached out his hand and held onto hers. “Alright.”

That night, out by the Tremont estate…

Jackson stood in front of his car and had just finished smoking his cigarette. He waited for the smell to dissipate before taking a deep breath and walked in. He was afraid that Tiffany would notice the cigarette smell and purposely chewed on a piece of gum.

He knelt on the ground with a bouquet and some dessert that he had bought when he entered. “I was wrong, Tiffany. Let’s go home now.”

Chapter 1116

Tiffany curled into a ball as she hugged her knees on the couch and cast him a sidelong glance. “It’s been one full day and one night. Are you awake now? Have you thought of a good script to cheer me up? You haven’t answered me. You’ve had fun being with a few women behind my back. If you tell the truth, we’ll have something to talk about. If you’re going to lie, forget it.”

He looked at Arianne pleadingly. Arianne shrugged, holding Aristotle in her arms, indicating that she was at her wit’s end too. He had no choice but to surrender. “I did not. Really. Last night was the first time I’ve brought a woman to a party. We didn’t do anything else. I don’t even know that woman. She’s a last-minute female date that I’ve asked a friend to help rent out. I didn’t even give her my contact details. Mark and I had one each. If you don’t believe Mark and me because you think that we’re in cahoots, you can ask the other woman. That woman’s name is Janice Bell. She’s from Mark’s company. Ask her if you don’t believe me. Mark was afraid that it might be awkward, so Janice became my last-minute date. The woman next to me in that picture is Mark’s date, really! I was leading two women when I walked in. I hadn’t met up with Mark back then, and someone took a picture of that. You should be suspicious of the person who’s sent you those pictures.”

After one day and one night, which included Arianne and Mark’s lobbying during her time at the Tremont Estate, Tiffany’s rage had subsided. She pretty much believed in Jackson now. “Really? You know how insecure I’ve become now that I’m pregnant. I get worried every time I don't see you. From now on, you have to stay within my sights at all times. Even if you absolutely have to leave me and do things on your own, you’d better share your location with me through your phone. If you can do that, I’ll let this go. Also, you can’t keep things from me anymore.”

Of course, Jackson would say anything now, as long as he could calm Tiffany down. “Okay, I promise. I’ll do it. So, my dear, shall we go home?”

Tiffany snatched the flowers away from him, grinning. All women liked flowers. “Let’s not go home yet. You’re here anyway. Let’s eat. Open up the desserts. The food won’t be ready so soon, but I’m a little hungry.”

Jackson feverishly waited on her, too afraid to slow down at all. Aristotle drooled at the sight of the desserts and tried to grab them. Arianne quickly carried him away. “Your teeth haven’t grown yet. You can’t have any of these things. You can eat them once you’ve grown up.”

Aristotle refused to comply. His tiny arms and legs kicked and struggled. He burst into tears. Arianne was embarrassed. Tiffany generously took half a spoon of the dessert with her fork and put it near Aristotle’s mouth. “Let him have a little bit. He’s crying already. If a pregnant woman like me can have some, why can’t a little tot like him have a taste? Just don’t let him have too much.”

Aristotle immediately stopped crying after receiving the delicious sample. His entire mouth was a mess. He couldn’t stop.

Arianne was close to a breakdown. “It’s too sweet. He can’t have too much of it. Look at him, he’s addicted.”

Tiffany grew increasingly enthusiastic as she continued feeding him. “So what if he’s addicted? No one will ever get tired of the desserts from this shop. Let him have some, it’s not like he eats it all the time anyway. You’re such a cruel mom.”

“You haven’t even given birth, and you’re already overflowing with motherly love?” Jackson teased. “I’m wondering if you’ll let the baby have every kind of food in the future. I think we’d better listen to my mom and let her take care of the baby when it arrives.”

Tiffany shot him a glare. “Shut up. I might have forgiven you, but you haven’t been punished yet. You’d better behave yourself over the next few days, or I will lose my temper.”

Jackson shut his mouth and went upstairs to see Mark. In reality, he needed a smoke.

He lit up a cigarette once he stepped into the study. Nicotine addiction was a hard habit to kick. It was possible to get rid of the addiction immediately, as long as one was ruthless enough. However, once one took a puff during troubled times, they wouldn’t be able to stop.

Mark hurriedly opened a window to air it out. “Are you insane? If Arianne thinks I smoked, I’m dead!”

Chapter 1117

Jackson laughed thoughtlessly. “Are you really the kind of person who’d be scared of his own wife? I’m going stir-crazy. Why can’t I have a smoke? Just spray it off with some perfume or something later.”

Nevertheless, Mark did not put out Jackson’s cigarette. He lit one up for himself since no one else was looking. “Is it settled? Tiffany didn’t tear you to pieces?”

Jackson exhaled. “No. I got lucky, I guess. My arms and legs are still attached. Pregnant women have terrible tempers. In the past, I would have faced her straight-on. This time, I had to wait one day and one night for her to calm down before coming over. She’s having a baby, and I have to suffer with her too. It’ll be fine once this baby is born.”

Mark, who had experience, shook his head confidently. “Nope. It only gets worse after the birth, trust me.”

The corners of Jackson’s lips twitched. He put out his cigarette. “Don’t scare me. By the way, you really aren’t going to hesitate at all with Alejandro? He’s Ethan, and your brother too.”

Mark’s expression turned cold. “Does he deserve that? I’ve never seen him as a Tremont. We could have coexisted in peace, but he’s continuously tried to attack me. Now that he’s become Alejandro Smith, he’s probably confined by Don Smith somehow. That’s why he ended up marrying Melanie Lark, despite having his eye on Tiffany. Luckily, the Smiths are still controlling him. But once Don Smith is dead… He can do whatever he wants. We don’t have much time. Don Smith isn’t at the peak of health.”

Jackson sighed. “Regardless, we’ll talk about this when the baby is born. Pregnant women can’t get riled up. It’ll be a win if we can brave through this. Eric was gone too soon. Thank goodness you’re still around, or I wouldn’t have anyone else to talk to.”

The conversation came to an end at the mention of Eric.

During the meal, Jackson dutifully served Tiffany. He would personally scoop a helping of every dish she eyed.

Arianne watched from the sides and rejoiced for Tiffany, who had managed to find such a wonderful man. She carelessly turned toward Mark, who happened to be looking at her. He paused when their eyes met. “Want me to get a helping of food for you?”

Arianne's good mood immediately dissipated. She turned away. "I have hands, you know."

Everyone knew that women tended to be contrary in times like this, but Mark completely missed the mark. He actually believed her and continued eating as if nothing was wrong.

Tiffany laughed. "Ari, I'm starting to pity you. He's upgraded from a block of ice to a block of wood. Haven't you felt any warmth at all?"

Mark was perplexed. "What do you mean?"

Arianne sighed. "Nothing. Tiffie, focus on your meal. Not even food can shut you up now? I'm used to it. I don't envy your lovey-dovey ways with Jackson. I won't be able to stand this clinginess, if I were you."

Jackson frantically shot Mark a few looks. Mark finally understood and scooped a helping of dishes on Arianne's plate. "Eat."

Arianne was being disagreeable. "No one is forcing you. I can get it myself. You just pay attention to your own food."

Mark glanced at Jackson. "See that? It's not that I'm ignorant. She thinks that there's no need."

Everyone was speechless. You can't teach a clueless man anything!

Tiffany and Jackson left after the meal. Truthfully, women were easily persuaded. A bouquet of flowers and a few sweet words usually did the trick.

Chapter 1118

Arianne took Aristotle for a bath after a short rest. Mary was old, so Arianne would take care of Aristotle's needs whenever she was home. She was exhausted but happy to do it. Childhood only happened once, and it was fleeting. She did not want to miss out on Aristotle's growth.

Heavy snow was falling outside, but the house was just warm enough. After a tiring time in the bathroom, Arianne emerged, drenched in sweat. However, the sight of the fresh-smelling Aristotle brought her a sense of fulfillment. She carried Aristotle back to the room, put on his clothes, and put him in his cot. "Mommy's going to take a bath. Have fun with daddy, okay?"

Aristotle grinned at her as he ate his fingers. She smiled back.

Mark walked to the cot and looked at Aristotle. "Do you want me to treat you like how Jackson treats Tiffany?" he asked her.

Arianne was taken aback. Then, she answered seriously, "I do, and I don't. Women like being taken care of, but everyone is different. You and Jackson are very different too. Just do it in your own way. I'm not Tiffie, and I'm probably not as easy to please as she is. I think it's too forced if you purposely try to imitate him. I'm going to take a bath. You watch Smore."

Mark pinched Aristotle's chubby little cheeks as he watched Arianne walk into the bathroom. "Do I look like a block of wood? Do I? Am I not good to your mommy? I think I'm pretty good… I've never been this nice to anyone else."

Aristotle imitated him and punched his face with his little fists. That attack didn't hurt him at all, but it slammed into his heart. Perhaps… he wasn't doing enough for Arianne. Even Aristotle thought so!

He waited for Arianne to step out of the shower, then strode forward to take the towel off her hands and dry her hair. "Sit down. I'll dry your hair."

Arianne's heart thumped. She had always been the one to dry his hair. What was with the sudden change? Had the scene from the dinner table shaken him and enlightened him somehow?

She did not object, despite her apprehension. She sat down and let him have his way.

He wasn't very good at it and wasn't meticulous enough. Sometimes, his fingers would catch into her hair, which hurt. However, she endured it in silence, afraid of wounding his ego.

Mark's objective was simply to dry her hair, as he hadn't done anything like this before. Hairstyles were out of the question. Arianne let out a sigh of relief when he finally finished drying her hair. "Thank you."

Mark meticulously wound the hairdryer back and put it away. "I know I'm not good at it, but I'll get better with practice. I'll give you everything I have, and I'll work hard at it."

Arianne stared at him for two seconds and curled the corners of her lips. “I know. I’ve never envied anyone else.”

He walked to her front, reached out, and picked up her chin, staring down at her. His eyes were filled with rarely seen emotion.

She sat on the side of the bed. Looking up at him took a lot of effort. Her line of sight hit right at his waist. They were too close to each other, which made her heart race on its own. Her body trembled backward. “It’s time to put Smore to bed…”

He bent down and closed in on her. “Smore is already asleep. No need for that.”

She wouldn’t have noticed if he hadn’t mentioned it. She turned toward Aristotle and found that he really was asleep. His lips landed on hers before she could react. She was already backing away and lost her balance. Thus, she landed on the bed, and he naturally straddled her.

Chapter 1119

Suddenly, Aristotle woke up, probably because of the sudden noise. He crawled up from the side of his bed with his tiny arms. “Yaya…”

Mark stiffened. He shut his eyes helplessly, surrendered, and got up to coax his son. “Aren’t you supposed to be asleep? If you’re going to sleep, stay asleep. Why are you crawling up?”

Arianne wanted to laugh but held it all back. “Then I’ll leave Smore to you. I’ve got work tomorrow, so I’m going to bed.”

The next day, Brian took the day off, saying that he had to go back to his hometown for a blind date. Thus, Mark drove himself.

“Wait for me, I’ll pick you up after work,” he said after dropping off Arianne at the office.

Arianne nodded. She was just about to open the car door when he pulled her back in. He didn’t say a word and simply stared at her. His gaze was slightly begrudging.

She carefully planted a kiss on his lips, and he finally let go. She noticed that he had become extra clingy since last night. Not only had he personally helped dry her hair, but he would also kiss her goodbye every day now. Was it really a good idea to become romantic at his age?

She didn’t dare point it out and got out of the car, then walked into the office.

She was slightly late today, and most staff members had already arrived at the office. Robin was changing the water container at the water cooler. She was a thin and slightly frail little girl, so moving the huge water tank took a lot of effort for her. She couldn’t drag it over, and replacing the water container would be particularly taxing.

Everyone around ignored her as if it had nothing to do with them.

Arianne saw this and called out to her. “Robin, come over here and help me with these sketches. I’m too busy to handle them.”

Robin released the water tank, straightened up, and gasped. “Okay, I’ll be right over, Arianne. Can I fix the water cooler first?”

“No need,” Arianne replied. “There are plenty of people in the company who can do that. A girl like you shouldn’t be made to do something so strenuous. Leave it. Someone will get to it when they’re thirsty. Ignore it.”

After a bout of hesitation, Robin gave up on fixing the water tank, walked to Arianne’s side, and said, “Thank you, Arianne.”

Arianne smiled. “Don’t mention it. From now on, you don’t have to do anything that you don’t want to do. No one has the right to force you. It’s quite normal to see an intern being ordered around in the office. It’s a common occurrence. I’ve said it, you don’t have to care.”

Suddenly, whispered tones hit Arianne’s ear. “Pfft. People can really do anything they want when they have strong support. She won’t let Robin do stuff for us, but she’s entirely in her own element when she orders her around. It’s just replacing the water container. Anyone can do that, and she’s making it sound like we’re bullying her.”

Robin overheard this as well. “Ignore them, Arianne. I’m happy to do things for you. Actually, you haven’t been making me do anything too exhausting. It’s much better than them. Besides, you’re doing this to help me.”

Chapter 1120

Arianne didn't like being patient. She did not want to shoulder such baseless accusations. Her intention was to teach Robin, not just to order her around. She got up and deliberately raised her voice. "Robin, I haven't looked into how the sample got destroyed. Even though we salvaged it in the end and there was no particular setback, we can't just let go of something like this. I'm going to request for the surveillance footage from Mr. Yaleman. You take care of these sketches. Thank you."

Robin knew that Arianne was going to kick up a fuss, so she carefully replied, "Mm."

There were surveillance cameras in every corner of the office, including the workshop. Everything was clear once they checked the footage. The staff who usually bossed Robin around had been the ones behind it. They hadn't known that it was Arianne's sample and had to use the mannequin the next day. Thus, they had taken out the sample straight away. That would have been fine, except that they had cruelly planned on making Robin do it all over again, so they destroyed it.

The truth was out, now that they had checked the surveillance footage. Arianne's stance was clear. "Mr. Yaleman, I don't know if you can tolerate this, but I can't. They might not be taking a shot at me, but at an intern instead. Don't interns have rights too? Aren't they a part of this company too? Is it really that fun to pull pranks like these? This is simply immoral. What if we didn't manage to salvage the sample? We would have let our client down and caused problems in our partnership. I suggest dismissing everyone involved. From now on, I will mentor Robin. No one else will be allowed to boss her around."

"Okay, okay," Mr. Yaleman nodded feverishly and bowed. "I'll fire them immediately. Robin will work with you from now on. Robin's performance hasn't been great since she joined the company, and she hasn't really achieved much. I've been planning on telling her to find another job. She won't have to leave now, with you around. I can relax."

Arianne indifferently replied, "Of course she wouldn't have any achievements. She's been bossed around to do meaningless tasks. She orders takeout, buys takeout, buys coffee, changes the ink in the

printer, changes the water tank in the water cooler, what could she possibly learn? That's all for now. I'm going back to work."

"Arianne," Robin whispered softly to her when she returned to her desk. "What did Mr. Yaleman say? Did you find out who did it?"

Arianne nodded. "We did. They will be dismissed. I didn't quibble over it at first because I didn't see a need. Later, I found out that some people liked taking advantage. So I had to get even."

Soon, Mr. Yaleman summoned the group into his office, and they emerged, ashen-faced, packed up, and left.

Mr. Yaleman was showing Arianne a lot of consideration. He informed everyone in the company that they were prohibited from bullying the intern.

Robin was so grateful that she nearly burst into tears. "I'll do my best for you, Arianne. I'll help you out as much as I can! If you ever need my help, just say the word!"

Arianne smiled. "No need. You're here to learn from me, not to work for me. I used to ask for your help, but I didn't know that the others have been bossing you around too. My work is simple, I can handle it on my own. If you have any questions, feel free to ask."

The air in the office seemed to clear after the group was dismissed.

Meanwhile, in Tremont Tower, it was past 09:00 a.m. by the time Mark arrived at the office after dropping Arianne off. He had just entered the office when he found Janice sitting on his couch.

He frowned. “What are you doing here?”

Janice immediately got up. Her ankle was still twisted, it seemed pretty obvious. “I’m here to return something of yours. I’m sorry. I pulled out one of your buttons at the staircase during the party. You left before I could return it to you. I believe that your suit must have been expensive, so it would be difficult to replace the button. So I came to return it to you.”

Mark thought back carefully as he stared at the button, lying quietly in the palm of her hand. He couldn’t recall anything at all. He didn’t notice that he had lost a button either. “It’s fine, it’s just clothes. No need to give it back to me. Throw it away. If there’s nothing else, please leave.”