Ruling 1201

Chapter 1201

Robin looked at her and felt that she wasn't joking. Thinking that something might have happened, she asked worriedly, "What's wrong, Arianne? Are you alright? I've never seen you so panicked before…"

Arianne took a few deep breaths before regaining her composure. "My friend is going into labor right now. I'm both happy and excited! I need to head over there now, so I'll leave the sketch to you. I'll buy you a meal when I get back!"

Robin sighed in relief, asking, "Is it the lady whom we had lunch with the other day? Tiffany, if I'm not mistaken. I hadn't expected her to go into labor so soon. No worries, I'll take care of the work around here, you go on and head out. I had thought you were in some kind of trouble… If it's a child about to be brought into this world, that's a good thing."

Giving birth was definitely a good thing, but had Arianne concerned was Tiffany's safety, hence why she was more worried than happy.

When Arianne arrived at the hospital in a rush, Jackson's family and Lillian had already arrived. All of them were standing in front of the operating theatre nervously, their faces were pale; even Jackson seemed to be trembling. It wasn't until Jackson leaned against the wall that he managed to seem normal.

Arianne was initially as nervous as they were, but when she saw the same nervous expression on their faces on everyone's faces, she found the situation slightly funny instead.

“Actually, it’s much safer to have a C-section. The risk of things going wrong is really miniscule, so there’s no need to be so nervous. Especially you, Jackson! Stop trembling already.”

Jackson gave an awkward cough and stammered out, “I-I… I’m not trembling… stop it. It’s only a child being born, why should I be nervous?”

Summer heard what Jackson had said and couldn’t help but nag him, even though she was just as nervous as him. “What do you mean by that? Just a child being born? Are you even humane? Tiffany is in there being cut open with knives and you’re so calm about it? If you weren’t trembling even more than I am, I would really love to smack you to release my anger.”

Arianne, on the other hand, had calmed down after arriving at the hospital. There were so many people who were worried for Tiffany, what good would it be for her to be worried too? Tiffany may have had a stroke of bad luck bumping into Ethan in the past. However, she was undoubtedly the happiest woman at present, all thanks to Jackson, who more than made up for all the unhappy events that had happened to Tiffany in the past.

By the time Arianne arrived at the hospital, Tiffany had just been sent to the operating theatre and prep work was being done for the surgery, hence the baby was not yet born.

After a few minutes, the doors to the operating theatre swung open, a nurse coming out with a newborn baby wrapped up warmly. “Will Tiffany West’s family members please bring their child for a checkup and shower.”

Other than Arianne’s delayed response, everyone else rushed over and surrounded the nurse. Instead of looking at the baby, they asked about Tiffany’s condition.

“Where’s the mother? Her baby’s already out, so where is she? Is she alright?”

The nurse gave a warm smile, answering, “She’s fine, the operation was a success and the doctors are just stitching her up now. She’ll be out soon so could you… take care of the baby first? Aren’t you all curious to see if it’s a boy or girl, and how heavy it is?”

Summer gave a long sigh of relief, stating, “Of course, we do. We just need to be sure that the mother’s fine before worrying about the little one. Jackson, you take your baby for the checkup, I’ll stay here and wait for Tiffany.”

Jackson’s eyes were fixed at the doors to the operating theatre, still unable to calm himself down. “Mom, you go ahead with the baby,” he insisted, “I’ll stay here and wait instead.”

Summer did not concur. “Alright alright. I’ll go, I’ll go. You stay here and wait for her then.”

When Tiffany was finally brought out of the operating theatre, Jackson was the first one to rush up to her, his face unable to hide the pain he felt in his heart. “Tiffany! Tiffany, are you alright? Does it hurt?”

Tiffany barely managed to open her eyes, the anesthetic still in effect. She had a hard time keeping her eyes open as she mumbled, “It… doesn’t hurt actually… I just feel drowsy. Our plan to have a daughter has gone down the drain. We’ve given birth to a son, so your mum should be over the moon. Our plans to become in-laws with Arianne, however…”

Chapter 1202

Tiffany's words made everyone laugh hysterically, Arianne approaching her and saying, "It's fine, you can work on your second child when you've recovered. It takes at least three years to recover from a C-Section, so you'll need to wait until then before you can try to get pregnant again. By that time, Smore would be around four years older than your daughter, which is a good thing anyway. Don't rush it and get some rest first."

Tiffany felt relieved after hearing Arianne's words and went into a deep sleep almost immediately.

Jackson, on the other hand, was shocked when he saw Tiffany sleeping. "Doctor! What's wrong with her? Even if she went to sleep, it shouldn't have been so sudden, should it? Has she gone unconscious?"

The doctor, following behind them, twitched his eyes. "No, she hasn't… She's still under the effects of the anesthetic, so it's normal for her to sleep it off. The surgery was a complete success. Your wife's doing just fine, so you shouldn't get shocked and end up falling sick. We'll send your wife to her ward so that she can get some proper rest."

Arianne tapped Jackson's shoulder and asked, "Did you hear what the doctor said? What are you doing, spacing out over there? If it wasn't due to Tiffany giving birth, I would probably never have realized that you were such a faint-hearted person. Hurry up and send her to her ward now."

Whilst Tiffany was asleep, no one dared to speak loudly in her ward. Even Summer kept quiet as she took care of the baby. The baby slept most of the time, only waking up was when he was hungry and started crying. Hence, before he could even cry, someone would immediately put a bottle of milk in his mouth, wanting to avoid disturbing Tiffany's sleep.

The baby was quite healthy with a weight of 3.6kg, having been very energetic making lots of noise when he was born. That shows how well he was fed and nurtured while he was still in his mother's womb.

It was almost dark before Tiffany gradually awakened. She groaned in pain even before her eyes had opened. "It's so painful…"

Jackson approached her, and lowering his body, asked, "Is your wound hurting? I'll ask the doctor to see if there's any way to reduce the pain."

Tiffany shook her head. "Have you forgotten that you've already asked the doctor to use whatever medication's necessary while you were signing off on the surgery? Especially the pain killers. Don't you see them hanging over there? It might be because I've grown a little immunity against the medicine, but it's actually not that painful. It's quite similar to the pain I have while I'm on my period.

Lillian brought Tiffany a tray filled with nutritional food she had prepared earlier. "Would you like to have something to eat, Tiffany? You'll recover faster if you eat something, that's what the doctor said."

Tiffany did not have an appetite, however. "I'll pass on the food. Mom, could you let me see my baby, I remember seeing him in the operating theatre when the nurse brought him to me. I thought he looked quite ugly though…"

Summer hurriedly carried Tiffany's baby and placed it next to Tiffany. "Here you go. He's not ugly, he looks as good as Jackson did when he was born."

Tiffany looked at the little baby and gave a big, deep smile. “I see… so this is how Jackson looked like when he was little. I can see the resemblance now. I still can’t believe that I’ve given birth to a child, it just feels so magical…”

Suddenly, Arianne’s phone began to ring, showing it was Mark. Arianne walked out of the ward and picked up the phone.

“I’m at the hospital, Tiffany’s given birth to a baby boy.”

Mark asked, “Do you want me to go pick you up? It’s raining outside.”

Arianne gave it some thought and realized that there was no need for her to stay overnight and accompany Tiffany. She replied, “Sure, come over then. I’ve been here for almost half a day already, I’ll come back again tomorrow.”

After hanging up, she bid Tiffany and the others goodbye before leaving the hospital. Mark had been waiting for her downstairs by the time she appeared. It was actually raining heavily, with some lightning and thunder and strong winds present. The sky was covered with thick, pitch black clouds, which was quite frightening.

Chapter 1203

After getting into the car, Mark asked about the situation and Arianne showed him a picture she had taken earlier of the baby boy, saying, “It’s a plump little baby, weighing over 3 kilograms. He’s very healthy and looks a lot like Jackson.”

Mark did not say anything, as if he had something on his mind.

Arianne asked, “What are you thinking about?”

He paused for a moment before saying, “Now that Tiffany has given birth to a baby, I’m afraid that Alejandro won’t stay put any longer.”

The joy on Arianne’s face was wiped clean instantly. “That’s right, I believe Alejandro was already at his limits by letting Tiffany safely give birth to her baby. Who knows what he will do next? I’m sure Jackson’s worried about this as well. The secret that Alejandro is Ethan probably won’t stay a secret for much longer.”

Mark suddenly told Arianne some interesting news, exciting her by saying, “Alejandro just sent Melanie back to Ayashe today. Melanie is a few months pregnant now. I believe Alejandro will be taking action very soon, now that he’s sent her away. Her presence would only hinder his plans.

Arianne frowned and said, “I have no idea what’s going on in Melanie’s head. She should’ve caught on by now to what’s going on, logically speaking. Anyway, we’ve already known that this day would come sooner or later, so there’s no need for us to dwell on the matter any longer. We should remind Jackson to be careful as well.”

Back at the Tremont estate, Arianne pushed all the annoying matters aside and rushed towards Smore. Being together with Smore was the only time she could completely relax and be herself, not thinking about anything.

Coincidentally, she saw Brian moving his luggage outside. Arianne held Smore in her arms and teased him, “You’re moving out, just like that? You’re going to be living with another person in your life very soon. I wish you all the best Brian.”

Brian was slightly embarrassed by her words. “Madam… it’s not guaranteed to happen yet, so please don’t laugh at me. I might even need to move back in again in the future.”

Arianne scoffed at him and said, “Stop blabbering nonsense, you’re already moving in together, so how is that not guaranteed? Alright, you should leave now. It’s getting late and it’s still raining outside, so be careful.”

Brian nodded in reply, moving his luggage into the trunk under the rain. Mark suddenly walked towards him and the two of them stood behind the trunk, talking about something. Mark had even put something into Brian’s coat pocket.

The noise from the rain was loud, so Arianne could not hear what they were saying. She guessed that Mark might have given Brian something like money, since Brian had been in the Tremonts’ service for many years now. That was probably how Mark usually won the hearts of others: by treating others genuinely from the heart.

When Brian drove off, Mark walked back into the house, his coat slightly drenched from the rain and some rainwater dripping from his tall nose. The season was one where the temperature would drop whenever it rained, so Arianne reminded Mark, “Hurry up and go take a shower. You wouldn’t want to catch a cold.”

Chapter 1204

Mark stared at her for a few seconds. “Aren’t you going to ask me what I gave to Brian?”

Arianne pursed her lips. “What’s there to ask? It’s most likely money. Although you seem cool on the outside, you’re actually quite nice to the people around you, especially those who have been with the Tremonts for many years like Brain, Mary and Henry. Brian’s expenses are going to shoot up and become much higher than they used to. The moment he decides to get married, he’s going to have to figure out how he’s going to buy a house and other problems; he’s going to have to spend money constantly. Therefore, apart from money, I can’t imagine what else you could give him. Now that he’s got half a family now, you should readjust his working hours instead of asking him to be on standby 24/7.

Mark grinned. “I’ve already discussed with him about his working hours, and he has agreed to it. Also, giving him money would seem too common; plus, he wouldn’t accept it even if I gave it to him. It would be too distasteful to talk about money with Brian. If I were to give him too much, he would think that I was chasing him away and reject the money because of the pressure. On the other hand, if I were to give him too little, I would look petty. Therefore, I’ve given him the keys to a house as his family home. I told him he could stay there long term but did not mention that it was a gift for him, or otherwise, he probably would not have accepted it. As for the ownership of the house, we’ll talk about the transfer another time. Talking about it now would probably only ruin the moment and he’d probably reject it as well based on his character. Giving him a house would be more realistic than giving him money. He has already been with me for so many years that it wouldn’t be appropriate for me to let him spend all his savings just to buy a house. Therefore, a house would be something that he needs more than anything now.”

Arianne nodded her head in agreement. “How did I not think about this? Thank goodness you’ve considered all the possibilities. Buying a house would probably be his biggest expense now. But now that you’ve given him a house, his burden will surely be lightened instantly.”

Mark suddenly reached out his hand and pinched her nose. “Aren’t you unhappy that I’ve just casually given out an entire house without discussing it with you? Whatever it is, our money belongs to the both of us; would you be so casual about it? I expected you to take the initiative and ask me about it.”

Smore imitated Mark and pinched Arianne's nose. Arianne was slightly annoyed as she pushed away his hand. "Although you did not get me to sign a prenup before we got married, I know very well that the majority of your wealth has got nothing to do with me. So, what you did was completely alright and I do not have any objections to it. You may not have discussed it with me earlier, but haven't you told me about it now? Thus, I don't have any opinion on this matter."

Mark raised an eyebrow and went upstairs without saying anything.

Arianne saw that Mark didn't seem to be angry so she paid no attention to him. She was in a peaceful mood herself. She knew where she stood in the family, hence she knew that she had no right to control Mark's wealth and expenses. She would only seem cocky if she had tried, which was why even if Mark had given her all his money, she would not dare take it.

At dinner, Arianne was on the phone with Robin to discuss work. Robin was still working overtime to help her do her sketch. There were a few items that Robin was still unclear of and needed to talk to Arianne face to face, hence suggesting looking for her at the Tremont estate.

Arianne thought that it was not a good idea to let Robin look for her since it was late and it was also supposed to be her own work. "It's fine, we can talk about it when I'm in the office tomorrow. It's still raining outside so you shouldn't trouble yourself. Also, wouldn't you find it troublesome to travel all the way here?"

Robin laughed and said, "It's no trouble at all as long as it's convenient for you. Your work always takes my breath away; I really love your style. I can't wait to finish the sketch and get a sample done to see how it actually looks. I'm so excited about it that I can't sleep because it's still incomplete, even if we're almost done with it."

Arianne looked at Mark to seek his consent, as he didn't like having strangers in the house.

Mark didn't seem to care as he said, "Go ahead."

After getting his approval, Arianne replied to Robin, "Alright, come over then. We can have a chat about it and you can learn some stuff while we're at it. You should be able to become independent when you have your own work in the future."

Chapter 1205

When Robin arrived at the Tremont estate in a taxi, Mark had already finished his dinner and took Smore upstairs with him. Arianne was in the living room discussing work with Robin. The rain had already cleared when Robin was ready to leave. The air was filled with the freshness that comes after the rain with a slight humid smell from the rain water.

Arianne accompanied Robin to the taxi stand. "See you tomorrow."

Robin waved at her and said, "You should head home first. I'll see you tomorrow. By the way, your house is really beautiful, as expected of a luxury home."

Arianne smiled and returned home when she saw the taxi driving off.

After a busy day, Robin sat in the car and took a deep relaxed breath. She enjoyed living a fulfilling life where every moment was well spent so that she did not have the time to have any sad thoughts. However, there would come a point where she would still have to slow down. To be exact, now…

Jessica had been sent to prison, and Sylvain was most likely going to be dragged into it as well. She wondered how Sylvain was doing.

As she was deep in thought, she suddenly realised that the scenery outside the car window had become unfamiliar to her. She thought of how she was a young woman stuck alone in a car and panicked. She timidly stretched her head to look at the driver, but all she saw was the driver's side profile swaying in the same direction as the car since it was dark. Robin began to tremble in fear.

She suddenly thought of the news of how many women had been victims of crime while travelling alone at night and became horrified. It was still quite a long journey before she arrived home. Plus, she was unfamiliar with the route that seemed remote. Robin's teeth began to tremble as well.

She carefully took out her cell phone to call her dad, but her phone had been turned off. She then realised that her dad would normally turn off his cell phone before going to bed; both her parents would have to be asleep by now. She tried very hard to calm herself down and thought that the best option she had was probably to call a guy and pretend to meet up with him.

She scrolled through her scarce list of contacts and fixed her sights on Sylvain's number. Without thinking too much, she called his number and called him. The moment the call was connected, Robin hurriedly said without waiting for Sylvain to speak, "Where are you waiting for me? I'm in a green and white colored taxi, and I'm not quite sure where I'm at now. There's a road sign in front that says Carrion's Creek. I should be approaching your place, I think? You're waiting for me by the road? I should be arriving soon; the driver might have taken a shortcut…"

The phone was silent for a moment when Sylvain's voice suddenly came out. "Ask the driver to drop you off at Carrion's Creek. I'm nearby and will come over now. Don't hang up the phone."

Robin was close to tears. Sylvain had not asked her why she had called him out of the blue; could he have sensed the horror she was feeling? She asked the driver to drop her off in front with a trembling voice.

Very soon, the car stopped by the side. Robin hurriedly paid the driver and darted out of the car without turning back to look at the driver's face.

She was in a remote area all alone and couldn't stand still because of the cold wind blowing at her. She held up her phone and said, "I'm out of the car; what should I do now? I don't know where I am. I only know I'm at a place with a signboard that says Carrion's Creek."

Just as Robin finished speaking, to her horror, she found that the taxi had actually turned back towards her. The driver had taken a U-turn and driven back in her direction! The car had stopped on the opposing road by the pastures. Robin immediately thought that the taxi driver was staring at her with his terrifying face, which was filled with murderous intent. Shivers ran down her spine. "It's back… The taxi has turned back! It's right in front of me on the opposite side! I'm not kidding, Sylvain. Help me!"

She felt that she was being ridiculous the moment she called for help. Sylvain could be overseas now for all she knew, so what was the point in calling him? At best, she could scare off the driver and force him to drop her off safely. However, she would be finished the moment the driver realised that no one was there to pick her up…

The moment Robin intended to apologise for disturbing Sylvain so late into the night and was going to call Arianne instead, Sylvain suddenly said, "I'm unfamiliar with the roads here. Turn on the GPS on your phone so that I know where you are. I'm on my way and will be with you soon, so don't worry. Turn your phone on speaker mode and we'll keep on talking as you walk straight ahead. Stay calm!"

Chapter 1206

After a second's worth of hesitation, she chose to trust him. She was surprised that he was still in the country. This was a merciful stroke of luck in her misfortune.

She amplified the sound on her phone and hurriedly followed the road ahead. The street lights cast a long shadow on her figure. The sound of her high heels clicking against the ground seemed particularly sudden. Every moment seemed to drum heavily into her heart. She forced herself to act tough, too afraid to turn around. Her eyes glistened with tears. "I'm walking. Where are you?"

Based on the current state of their relationship, she wasn't sure of what else to say aside from asking him where he was.

Sylvain seemed to be driving. He quickly answered, "I'm close."

His voice echoed through the phone, piercing through the quiet night and providing her with a strange sense of assurance. Only then did she realize how good it was to hear his voice, clear and rife with magnetism.

After more than ten minutes, which was full of terror for her, a red sports car swiftly passed by her like the wind. It suddenly stopped then reversed to her side. "Get in."

Robin heard Sylvain's voice and frantically opened the car door, getting inside. Her body was still trembling uncontrollably. "Thank you…"

Sylvain didn't answer. He scanned his surroundings from time to time before driving off. After a while, he said, "That car's been following you the whole time. It's a good thing you called me."

Robin followed his line of sight outside of the car. He was right. The cab turned around immediately once she got into his car. She was scared out of her wits. If Sylvain had only been a few minutes too late, or if he were out of the country, or if he chose not to help her, she would have been in deep sh*t tonight.

The tears that she had been holding back for so long finally streamed down her face. "I won't ever take a cab again. It's too scary."

Sylvain turned to the side and looked at her. "There's really nothing to be scared of. Most cabbies are perfectly fine. I've memorized the car plate number. Don't worry, I'll take you home now, okay?"

She sniffed and nodded. "Okay, thank you. You saved me. Are you free tomorrow? I want to buy you a meal."

Sylvain laughed. "Come on, I saved your life. Is one meal enough to write that off? This is a huge favor. Shouldn't you pay me with more… devotion?"

Robin was taken aback. She remembered his personality, so she didn't take him seriously. "Stop joking around. How can you joke around when I've suffered a huge shock? I'm probably going to have a few nightmares now. I'll be traumatized for life."

Robin didn't see the need to explain why she was all alone at night to him. Her issues may not necessarily interest him. After all, their short relationship was more of a joke. To this day, she still wasn't

sure if he merely saw her as a tool to ward off his loneliness. She put on a straight face and changed the topic. “What are you doing in this country? Do you plan on expanding your business here? That scandal… must have had a huge effect on you, right?”

Chapter 1207

The flippant expression on Sylvain’s face instantly disappeared. “So, do you think that I’m an assh*le who relies on a sugar mommy too?”

Robin was suddenly at a loss for words. That’s what everyone thought. If she denied it right now, it would be hypocritical. After a two second pause, she opened her mouth to speak, but Sylvain stopped her mid-way. “Okay. You don’t have to answer. I don’t care what people think.”

The atmosphere turned sombre after that. Robin felt slightly suffocated in the car, so she winded the windows down, allowing the night breeze to blow through her hair and release the fragrance of her shampoo into the car. It was a charming scent. Sylvain suddenly spoke up. “Tie up your hair.”

“I don’t have a hair tie…” she replied awkwardly.

He pulled out a hair scrunchie, as if he were doing a magic trick. “Here.”

She accepted it and felt even more awkward than ever. She had left this when she stayed over at his place once. She was surprised that he still kept it and… Brought it along with him everywhere he went? Just as her mind exploded into a flurry of over-analysing, Sylvain laughed. “You’re not thinking that I’m sentimental, keeping your stuff like that, like I can’t bear to throw it away, are you? I planned on throwing it away, but I didn’t have the time. I left it in the pocket of my coat and forgot all about it. It’s been washed along with my clothes a few times.”

She immediately understood. “Thank goodness you didn’t. I like this scrunchie.”

Robin fumbled around her bag as they approached her home. Her heart sank when she realized that the jingling sound of her keys in her bag were missing. Sylvain’s sharp vision noticed her tiny movements and carefully asked, “Don’t tell me, you forgot your keys?”

She gritted her teeth. “Yes, I did. But it’s fine, my parents are at home. I can ask them to open the door for me!”

Sylvain lifted his wrist and showed her the time on the watch. “It’s past eleven. Are you sure you won’t get yelled at? I seem to remember you telling me that your mom throws a wave of fits, big enough to drown a man when she is disturbed from her sleep.”

Robin kept her mouth shut. She was definitely going to get yelled at. Even the thought of her mother’s stern tongue-lashings filled her with terror now.

Sylvain stopped the car downstairs at her building, then sought confirmation again. “Are you sure you want to go home? Think about it. Don’t wait until I leave. You won’t have anywhere else to go by then.”

She stared at him with surprise. Was he implying that she could stay over at his place if she didn’t go home? In the past, that would have been fine, but with their current relationship? No way. “It’s fine. I can go home. Thank you for today. Let’s have a meal tomorrow. See you!”

Just as she opened the door, Sylvain grabbed her by the wrist. “Come over to my place. There’s room for you to stay over. It’s not like it’s your first time not going home for the night. You’re old enough. Do you really think that your mom is going to hit you? Are you going to squat in front of the door all night, like when you were a kid?”

Robin’s heart raced uncontrollably. They had only dated for a few short days and hadn’t talked much, yet he remembered everything she had said.

She had only mentioned this to him in passing. She had been out, playing with a friend until late at night. She was too scared to knock on the door when she got home, afraid of a scolding. As it happened, her mother thought that she had tagged along with her father to a relative’s house, so no one noticed her at the door. Hence, she squatted outside the door for the entire night…

By the time she returned to her senses, Sylvain had already turned the car around and driven away. She didn’t even have the time to turn him down. A small corner of her heart was stirring silently.

Chapter 1208

She stepped into Sylvain’s villa once again. “Jessica gave me this place when I represented the company in a competition and won first place. I accepted it, not because I liked being someone’s boy toy, but because the benefits I’d given Jessica exceed this house. My conscience was clear, so I accepted it.”

Robin walked to the couch and sat down. “Do you… have feelings for Jessica?” She had been wanting to ask this question, ever since she found out about his relationship with Jessica.

Sylvain eyed her for a good measure of time. “Do you want to know?”

His gaze made her feel very uncomfortable. “I… I was just making conversation. You don’t have to talk about it if you don’t want to.”

Sylvain walked to the bar and opened up a bottle of wine, poured a glass, and gave it to her. “It’s not that I don’t want to talk about it, and there’s nothing to avoid talking about either. I used to admire her. It was many years ago. Everyone has delusions of love in their youth. Some are lucky enough to find the right people and fall into a passionate love affair. Those who are less fortunate turn into sacrificial lambs. I later realized that she didn’t want a romantic relationship. She liked being surrounded by a harem of men. She also craves for something new. I’ve probably been with her the longest out of everyone else. I’ve seen so many new men pop up beside her. Once I realized that she and I were not lovers, and that we would never be lovers, the admiration I once had for her turned into disgust. To this day, the only feeling I have left for her is disgust. I stayed involved simply for the sake of receiving benefits.”

Robin gradually understood. “So, you don’t have feelings for her? I’ve seen Jessica before. She’s got style and is very good with dressing up. Of course, she’s very rich too. I never thought that she’d turn out to be that kind of person… I’m not talking behind her back; I’m just surprised.”

She nervously took a huge gulp of wine. The thick, sharp notes hit her throat, making her feel very uncomfortable. However, she gathered her willpower and swallowed it all. She could count the number of times she’d had a drink in one hand. She’d never been able to get used to the taste of alcohol.

“It’s fine.” Sylvain chuckled nonchalantly. “That’s just how she is. So what if you talk about her? It’s great now. I’m free from her. I feel as if my life has meaning again. It’s getting late. You should wash up and get some sleep. You can sleep in my room. I’ll take the couch.”

Robin couldn’t bring herself to do that. Sylvain was now left with no place to sleep in, just because she had forgotten her keys. “It’s fine, I can sleep on the couch. You’re tall, so it’d be difficult for you to sleep

on there, but I'm smaller, so it would be big enough for me to sleep in. I'll go wash up. It's decided; thank you for taking me in for the night."

She sent her mother a message in the bathroom, a lie, telling her that she needed to work overtime at the office tonight. Her mother would see the message when she woke up and wouldn't worry about her then. If her mom found out that she was staying over at a man's house, she'd hit the roof.

Sylvain's voice rang aloud from outside the bathroom, just as she sent the message. "Open the door, I have a fresh change of clothes for you. Toss your dirtied clothes into the washing machine after your shower. I'll dry them when they're washed, and you can wear them tomorrow morning."

She put her phone away and opened a small crack in the door. Once she accepted the clothes, she realized that it was Sylvain's shirt, which still carried a freshly-washed scent. It was fresh and very fragrant

Sylvain was already in his room when she stepped out of the shower, so she went to bed on her own.

She didn't feel too awkward this time, probably because this wasn't her first time here. She had a restful sleep this time. When she woke up the next morning, she found her clothes, nicely washed, right next to her and folded neatly. Previously, she hadn't had the time to find out what kind of man Sylvain really was. Today, he felt different to her.

Aside from being overly-friendly, he seemed frivolous on the surface and gave off a kind of playboy vibe. In reality, he was very meticulous and very kind.

Chapter 1209

Sylvain had probably slept very late last night. He was still asleep when she left, so she had no choice but to leave him a note. She had to leave some form of notification, at least. That was the polite thing to do.

She had just arrived at the office building when Arianne pulled her aside. “Your mom is here, asking everyone in the office if you stayed all night to work overtime. She seemed really angry when she found out that there was no one at the office last night. She’s waiting for you. Where were you last night? Didn’t I walk you to the cab? Didn’t you go home?”

All the color drained from Robin’s face. “Arianne… I didn’t think that my mother would come all the way here. I’m so sorry! You have to help me! I left in the cab last night, but there was something wrong with the cabbie. He dragged me to a secluded road. I was so scared, so I called Sylvain, and he picked me up. Going back and forth took up a lot of time. It was pretty late and I forgot my keys. My parents have a habit of turning off their phones at night when they go to bed, and I was too afraid to wake them so I went to Sylvain’s. My mom will kill me if she finds out that I spent the night in a man’s house! Arianne…”

Arianne frowned. “You and Sylvain…”

Robin realized that her mind had wandered into the gutter. “No, no, no. I only slept over for the night, nothing else! He’s really a nice guy; it’s not what you think. I’d probably be dead by now if it weren’t for him last night. Arianne, please back me up with my lie to my mother, okay? Just this once! Please!”

Arianne knew that Robin was really bad at lying. She sighed. “Fine. I can’t let your mom scold you in front of the entire office, can I? Come on, let’s go upstairs. We’ll say that you slept at my place last night. I shouldn’t have let you go alone. Thank goodness you’re alright. I guess it was my fault. I’ll take care of it.”

Mrs. Cox marched forward when they arrived at the office upstairs and grabbed Robin. “Where were you last night? How could you lie to me? You weren’t working overtime at the office at all, were you? I was wondering. What company would make their staff stay overnight at the office? Have you learned to lie to me? Hmm? You’re all grown up now, so you think you don’t have to listen to your parents, do you?”

Robin tugged Arianne’s sleeve. Arianne gathered her courage and explained, “Ma’am, let me explain. I’m Robin’s mentor. I had to take the day off yesterday for an emergency. She had to work overtime to rush out a sample for me. By the time she was finished, it was pretty late, so she stayed the night at my place. She didn’t want you to worry, so she told you that she was staying the night at the office to work overtime. It was a well-intentioned lie, was it not? Please don’t be angry. She’s fine now, isn’t she?”

Mrs. Cox seemed skeptical. “Is that true? You’re not working with each other to lie to me, are you? If this were a perfectly normal situation, why would she keep this from me?”

“I was just worried that you’d overthink it and get worried,” Robin quickly answered. “That’s why I didn’t tell you the truth. Arianne’s husband is the CEO of Tremont Enterprise, Mark Tremont. Why would she lie to you? If you don’t believe me, you should at least trust Arianne, right?”

Arianne wasn’t sure if she should laugh or cry. Even Mark ended up dragged into this mess, because of this…

Mrs. Cox eyed Arianne for a good amount of time. “She does look like someone from the Tremont household. I’ve never seen her in person, but I have seen her picture on the internet. As the saying goes, one takes on the behavior of one’s company. I’d worry a lot less if my Robin sticks with you. Next time, give me a call first if you can’t come home. I don’t have the time to come looking for you at your office all the time. Honestly, you’re already an adult. When will you stop worrying me?”

Robin let out a sigh of relief, then lovingly took her mother's hand and led her downstairs. She gave Arianne a big thumbs-up from behind just before she left.

Chapter 1210

Arianne shook her head helplessly and returned to her seat. Robin's relationship with Sylvain was still considered vaguely above average. Sylvain's future was now considered bleak after everything he had been through. She wasn't sure of what to make of Robin's relationship with Sylvain. She would simply play by ear.

Mark picked her up after work that evening. The pair headed to the hospital with a bag full of fruits. As she had expected, Tiffany was in too much pain to get down from bed. She had suffered worse than she did. She was supposed to get down from bed the next day after surgery. The amount of IV fluids she had received meant that she had to go to the toilet a few times. Tiffany would wail and howl whenever she had to go to the toilet. Her cries made Jackson, who had to support her along the way, break out into cold sweat.

Tiffany burst into tears when she saw that Arianne and Mark had arrived. "Arianne," she sobbed. "I should have listened to you and chosen natural birth instead. I'm in so much pain…"

Arianne helped her lie down and peeled a banana for her. "There's no pill for regret. Natural birth hurts too, and the birthing process is slower. You'll need a few days from the start of the birth to the end of it. You'll suffer waves of pain over and over again in between. It's not any better than a Cesarean. It's going to hurt anyway. The only difference is the recovery time frame. Just make sure to eat well over the next few days, and you'll recover faster. It'll stop hurting after two days, trust me. Just put up with it."

Jackson carefully wiped Tiffany's tears away. "Don't cry, my mom said that it's bad to cry postpartum. What if it slows the recovery rate?"

Tiffany shot him a resentful look. “I still don’t understand why I chose to give birth to this child. How much did I love you that I would willingly agree to suffer all of this for you? I feel as if I’ve come back from the dead…”

Jackson grabbed her hand emotionally and raised it to his lips, pecking it gently. “I know, I know. You’ve been through a lot. I’ll always be there to take care of you for the rest of your life. Just this once, I can’t take the pain away for you.”

Mark played with the baby on the little cot next to them, while clicking his tongue. “If you two keep up with your lovey-dovey nonsense, I’m going to leave. I can’t take this anymore.”

Tiffany giggled. “You still can’t take a few sweet-nothings? Just because you don’t talk to Ari like that, doesn’t mean other people don’t. Mark Tremont, who do you think our son looks like? Everyone says that sons take after their mother, and daughters take after their fathers. Why doesn’t my son look like me at all? Everyone says that he looks like Jackson.”

Mark observed the little baby with a serious look on his face. “He really doesn’t look like you. He looks more like Jackson. Maybe it’s strong genetics…”

Arianne laughed as well. Ever since Mark became a father, he’d turned into a completely different person around children. He looked very gentle and would shirk off his cold and aloof exterior and play with the baby. However, it was probably because this was Jackson’s baby.

Summer and Lillian arrived with a nutritious dinner soon after. Summer was discussing taking Tiffany over to a special, high class postpartum center over the next two days for her recovery. Tiffany objected to it once she heard of this. “I’m not going! I want to stay home. I’d feel more comfortable then. Why should I go to some fancy postpartum center? It’s the same anywhere else, isn’t it? I’d just have to

watch my diet. I have a great chef at home. Would the postpartum center have that? Why waste money? I'm not going!"

Summer turned to Lillian with a difficult look on her face. "What do you think? I'm just worried that I might not be able to take good care of Tiffie at my home. She has just had a baby and might not be able to eat or sleep well. I think it's much better to go to a postpartum center. You'll have professional dieticians to prepare your food and take care of your baby. The little one has just arrived and I haven't taken care of a baby in years. I'm out of practice. He's so small that I'm afraid to touch him. I'd feel more prepared after a stint at the postpartum center."