Ruling 1261

Chapter 1261

With the addition of Sylvain and fall approaching, the company was busy as it always was during the start of every season. Mark returned home later than usual and worked overtime during the weekends.

Feeling bored, Arianne brought Aristotle along and invited Tiffany on a shopping spree.

Tiffany pushed Plato on the baby stroller as she complained about Jackson's lack of intimacy with his child.

"Isn't it good enough that he's good to you?" Arianne asked jokingly, "The baby has always been secondary to him. He had no intention of getting married, but you somehow managed to trick him into marrying you. Can't you give him some time to adjust? Plato is his biological son, he'll learn to like him sooner or later. Why are you so worried? I used to think that Mark didn't like Smore as well, but look at him now, he's holding Aristotle every day, reluctant to let go."

Tiffany snorted. "Jackson is different! Every time we visit the baby at his mother's after work, he refuses to carry him. He says I can do it. What's that supposed to mean? Am I the only parent of this baby? He's nothing compared to Mark, that big block of ice!"

When they arrived at the fashion department, Arianne noticed the design that Sylvain had previously sold to Mark was on the market now. The actual piece was even more exquisite and inspiring than the sketch. It was as though it had a life of its own.

Tiffany followed her line of sight and smiled. “I’ve heard this is a design by that big-shot fashion designer, Sylvain. Didn’t Mark hire him? Only the Tremonts would have the balls to take on such a huge headache and turn it into a headliner. Any other company would be finished.”

Arianne smiled confidently. “Nothing goes bad in Mark’s hands.”

Tiffany clicked her tongue. “Oh, showing off now, are we? Your man is awesome, your man is the best. I remember someone who’d get a headache at the very sight of Mark and ran away to open up a dessert shop just to avoid him. Who was that? Luckily, you had Smore. Otherwise, you probably wouldn’t be together now. You’d probably torture Mark even into his ripe old age until he can’t move anymore and give up on you. How unfortunate that you can’t escape from eating your words. You used to run away, but now I don’t think you will even if you’re asked to.”

Only a best friend would have the guts to say such frank words without any reservations.

Arianne was indignant, but she did not vocalize it. “That’s enough, stop bringing up the past. My makeup is almost finished. I need to get some.”

When Arianne arrived at the sales counter, she paused in her tracks. Now, she was really having a headache. She did not expect to see Alejandro here. Jett was here as well. It seemed like Alejandro still needed a special cane to move around. His left leg seemed to have sustained a more serious injury since he held the cane on his left. However, he looked no different from a normal person when he stood still.

Tiffany, on the other hand, stepped forward and greeted him as though nothing was wrong. “What a coincidence! Are you shopping for Melanie? What cosmetic brands does she like?”

Alejandro glanced at Arianne. He forced a smile on his face as he said, “The same ones you like, I think. She told me. You’ve been secretly communicating, haven’t you?”

“That’s right,” Tiffany replied with a smile. “I heard that she has returned to Ayashe. She’s pregnant, why isn’t she with you?”

Alejandro answered without skipping a beat, “She’s not used to this place. She grew up in Ayashe, after all. She should be as comfortable as possible during her pregnancy. It doesn’t matter as long as she’s happy.”

The sight of the pair happily chatting away was an eyesore to Arianne. Damned Ethan, using Alejandro’s identity to weasel his way back into Tiffany’s life. Tiffany was even stupid enough to see treat him like a friend. How long more did he plan on torturing Tiffany before he would be satisfied?

Chapter 1262

After a substantially long conversation, Tiffany finally remembered that she was here to buy makeup with Arianne. She turned around and noticed the strange expression on Arianne’s face. “Ari, what’s wrong?” she asked suspiciously, “What’s with the long face? Are you feeling okay?”

Arianne took a deep breath before she replied, “Yes, I’m feeling a little faint. I don’t want to shop anymore. Let’s go.”

Tiffany lifted her hand and touched Arianne’s forehead. “Is it anemia? You’re too skinny. I’ll ask Mark to fatten you up later. Since we’re already here, why don’t you get your stuff? You only need to pay for them. It won’t take much time. Why don’t you take a seat? I’ll do it for you. I know the brands you use.”

Alejandro turned to look at Arianne, his eyes flashing with defiance. Both were well-aware of the circumstances.

Arianne swallowed her anger and sat on a bench. Her only hope was that Tiffany would hurry up and buy the makeup so they could leave. Every second with Alejandro was a risk.

“Tiffany, has the plant I’ve given you bloomed?” Alejandro asked, bringing up the potted plant. It was a deliberate question.

Tiffany handed her credit card to the cashier and answered, “It has. I’ve almost forgotten about it until you mentioned it. It bloomed in winter. It’s such a rare flower. I’ve had it for so long, and it finally bloomed in the cold. However, it’s with my mom. I can’t be bothered with it. It was still a flower bud when I last checked. Didn’t you say that you’d tell me a secret when it blooms? Since I ran into you, I can ask you now! What’s the secret?”

Arianne’s breath caught in her throat. She glared at Alejandro who was smiling meaningfully. “Do you… really want to know? I’m afraid you’re not ready for it.”

Tiffany’s curiosity was piqued. “What kind of secret is it? Why do I need to be prepared? I can take it. Just tell me, don’t keep me in suspense.”

Arianne could no longer sit still. She rose to her feet and cried out, “Tiffie! Let’s go! I’m really not feeling well, I’m feeling nauseous…”

Tiffany shifted her focus back on Arianne. “Alright, alright. I’m almost done.”

Then, the cashier handed the credit card back to Tiffany. “Hi, I’ve swiped your credit card. Please keep it well. Come again soon.”

Arianne heaved a long sigh of relief when they stepped outside. Her forehead broke into cold sweat. Was Alejandro going to reveal his identity as Ethan if she did not intervene? That jerk!

Tiffany found Arianne’s behavior strange and noticed Arianne was sweating. She asked, under the impression that Arianne was severely ill, “Ari, do you want me to take you to the hospital? You’re dizzy and nauseous. It’s not normal. It doesn’t look like anemia. What if it’s something serious? Let’s go. We’re going to the hospital right now!”

Arianne’s act was just an excuse to drag Tiffany away as soon as possible. Why would she need to go to the hospital? She shook her head. “I’m fine. I think it’s just too stuffy in there. I feel much better now that I’ve had a breath of fresh air. Shopping malls are all sealed off with air-conditioning during summer, and it’s so crowded too. I’d like a cool drink. It’s a bit hot today. Let’s go to that café, the one we went to the last time. They make pretty good tea and desserts.”

Chapter 1263

Soon after, Alejandro and Jett left the shopping mall and entered the car.

Alejandro stared at the pile of female goods next to him, a hint of frustration could be seen in the space between his eyebrows.

Jett looked at him through the rearview mirror. “Sir, don’t let external factors distract you. You’ve decided on visiting Mrs. Smith in Ayashe,” he reminded softly, “Don Smith will never give you the Smith family’s inheritance if you make any move now.”

Alejandro stared out the window and calmly replied, “I know.”

He would not have made this trip today if Don Smith did not pressure him into it. He even had to expend effort to buy so many things for Melanie. He did not expect to run into Arianne and Tiffany there. Based on Arianne’s reaction, Mark must have told her everything.

Someone else had given him that plant. It was a species unique to Nafaeth. He had gone through so much effort to bring it back into the country, and no one knew when it would bloom. With meticulous care, one probably would not have to wait too long. Initially, he had planned on revealing his identity to Tiffany after it bloomed. Unfortunately, with the changes and accidents that kept happening, including the severe injuries he sustained from the car accident in order to save Tiffany, he could not proceed as planned.

Waves and waves of jealousy rose in his heart when he saw Tiffany’s baby. He really wanted to tell her everything, but he could not afford to be reckless due to his current circumstances. He would still be the one standing by her side right now if those incidents did not happen…

At night, in the Tremont Estate.

Mark arrived home a little earlier today. Arianne brought up Tiffany’s run-in with Alejandro at the dinner table. “I ran into Alejandro when Tiffany and I took the kids shopping today. I can’t shake the feeling that he’s going to reveal his identity as Ethan. I was so frightened.”

Mark frowned but did not react too strongly. “Don’t worry, that was probably coincidental. Alejandro is making a trip back to Ayashe. He’s leaving the capital tonight so nothing’s going to happen. Don Smith is the only one who can control Alejandro now. He would never visit Melanie Lark in Ayashe if Don Smith didn’t pressure him into it.”

Arianne recalled that Alejandro had gone to the cosmetics counter just to shop for Melanie and was immediately enlightened. “I was curious about that… It’s good that he’s leaving, but who knows when he’ll return? It’d be best if he disappears and doesn’t come back…”

It was only a casual remark, but it drew Mark’s gaze to her. She recalled that Ethan was still Mark’s brother at the end of the day and quickly said, “I’m sorry, I was just making a flippant remark. That’s not what I mean… I just don’t want him to hurt Tiffie anymore.”

Mark lowered his gaze. His expression was frosty as he said, “When have I ever acknowledged him as my brother? I thought you were being serious. I can make it happen for you.”

Arianne gasped and stayed silent. He really thought she wanted Alejandro to disappear? Would he have done it if she was serious? This was not the first time he had acted like that. She was slightly traumatized by this. She promised that she would no longer make mindless remarks in front of him.

After dinner, Mark took Aristotle to play in the courtyard as usual. He, a grown man, had sat in the swing in order to ensure his son’s safety on the swing. He held Aristotle in his lap. He had to bend his knees in order to swing. He was such a cold and distant man, and yet, there he was, sitting on the swing with his son. It might be a peculiar sight, but it was strangely comforting.

Arianne stood on the side, watching the father and son. She could not help but smile.

Arianne's gaze seemed to make Mark feel awkward. He put his leg down and stopped the swing. The sudden stop displeased Aristotle, who pouted and tugged on his collar.

Chapter 1264

"Why did you stop?" Arianne asked. "Keep going."

"You push. Or, sit on the swing with Smore," Mark replied mischievously.

Arianne had a fall from a swing when she was younger and was traumatized as a result. "No, no, no, you swing with him. I'll push. Your legs are long enough, it should be quite easy for you to swing. You don't need help, why are you asking me to push?"

He raised an eyebrow and replied, "So that you can participate as well, instead of standing there in a daze…"

There was something off with his words…

Arianne gave in and walked behind them. She placed her hands on his back and pushed.

Aristotle cried out in delight from time to time. It seemed like Aristotle was not extra delighted when he was with Janice. It was just that her playtime with him was too quiet and restrained. After all, it was her first time being a mother, and her first time playing with a kid. She had a lot to learn.

Meanwhile, at White Water Bay Villa.

After dinner, Jackson washed the dishes in the kitchen as usual. Tiffany could stare at his apron-clad figure for days. She did not do anything except leaning against a wall in the kitchen and stare at him.

“What are you staring at? Do you want to do the dishes?” Jackson teased.

“No way.” She pouted playfully. “Aren’t you worried that my hands would become rough? I thought you didn’t want me to do these things? Plus, it’s changed since we had a kid, hasn’t it? I like looking at you like this. You look like a poor little wife.”

Her words made him choke. “What do you mean ‘little wife’? Who says things like that? I’m a real man! If I had known you’d see me in this light, I wouldn’t have lifted a hand.”

After cleaning up, she shot him a meaningful look as she switched the lights off. “I’m going to give you a little something.”

His vision suddenly turned black, making him feel uneasy. He lifted his hands to feel the space in front of him. He stepped forward, using his memory to navigate around the furniture in the room. “What is it? Why do you have to turn off the lights? I don’t like the dark…”

Tiffany quickly stuffed something into his hand. He touched it and knew what it was immediately. “You… I never thought of this. Have you been staring at it the whole day?”

Tiffany threw herself into his arms. “What else? You let it hang around in front of me every day, and I can only touch but not eat. Why aren’t you turned on by me anymore? Do you regret marrying me? Does it feel more natural to stay unmarried?”

Jackson did not reply to her immediately. He had considered that before. Although it did not feel as natural as before, he did not regret marrying her. After some thought, he replied with an inoffensive answer, “No. How can I regret marrying you? I don’t know what regret means. I’ve only been holding back because I love you. Do you really think I’m not turned on by you? Since you’re so eager… I’ll show you. Turn on the lights.”

Chapter 1265

Just as he was feeling around the wall to turn on the lights, Tiffany stopped him. “No! I like having the lights off. I’m feeling a bit shy.”

He knew what was on her mind. She worried he would be turned off by her stretch marks. He smiled and kissed her forehead. “Aren’t you silly? You’re usually shameless, I didn’t know you’re capable of feeling embarrassed. I’d never be turned off by you. You gained these marks because you had my child. They’re your medal of honor.”

Tiffany fell for his words. He really did have a glib tongue that helped him to deliver all those smooth words.

Jackson turned on the light when she was still lost in her thoughts.

Tiffany quickly grabbed the covers and hid her body as soon as the lights came on. “Aw, come on! I don’t want the lights on. Give me time to adjust!”

He smiled mischievously. He ignored her complaints and grabbed her hands to stop her from wiggling away…

Her breath caught in her throat as she lifted her chin. Her sight became blurry.

A pillow lay pitifully on the ground in front of the bed as though it disdained their wild shenanigans.

After they were done, Tiffany curled up in Jackson’s arms, drawing circles on his arms.

Jackson caught her hand, stopping her from her continued teasing. “That’s enough from you. I’m exhausted. Let me off the hook, will you? I still have to live out the rest of my days you know.”

She smiled, infatuated. “You’ve gotten old. You used to have so much vigor…”

Jackson realized she was going to bring up old quarrels so he quickly rose to his feet. “I’m going to take a shower. I need to sleep early since I have to go into the office early in the morning.”

How could Tiffany possibly let this opportunity go? She jumped up like a carp. “Let’s shower together!”

He could not stop her so he had no choice but to let her come along.

Her hands misbehaved while they were in the shower and slithered all over his body from time to time.

He felt extremely helpless, but he knew he could not do anything about it. “Any more of this and none of us will be able to sleep tonight. Do it, I dare you.”

She lathered up some foam and smeared it all over his body. Using this as an excuse to take advantage of him, she said, “I’ll help you wash up, then, okay?”

All of a sudden, she recalled her run-in with Alejandro in the shopping mall earlier during the day. Since Alejandro was shopping for Melanie, it seemed like their relationship was pretty good. If Jackson knew, would he stop feeling so anxious all the time?

Alejandro might not necessarily be the mastermind behind Tanya’s plot against Jackson. There had to be a huge misunderstanding somewhere. Moreover, it had been a while since he had initiated contact with her. The more she thought about it, the more she was convinced that Alejandro would not do such a thing.

“Ari and I bumped into Alejandro in the daytime,” she said tentatively, “He was buying makeup for Melanie and specifically asked the salesgirl for makeup suitable for pregnant women. Melanie uses the same brands as I do. They seem happy together…”

Chapter 1266

Tiffany noticed that something was amiss before she finished speaking. She lifted her gaze and saw that Jackson's expression had grown cold. His eyes flickered with panic. She couldn't understand what was happening to him. "Wh-what's wrong? Why are you looking at me like that?"

It was like he had changed into a completely different person. His tone was as cold as ice. "With that marriage of convenience, do you really think that he'd actually develop some f*cking feelings for Melanie Lark? It's all in your mind. I've told you, you are not allowed to see him. Not even by accident and especially not on purpose. Next time, avoid him!"

His sudden change in demeanor frightened Tiffany. She gaped, unsure of what to say.

Jackson quickly finished his shower and stormed out, leaving her alone in the bathroom. Her heart immediately felt empty. Everything was going so well until she had mentioned Alejandro, and it suddenly turned into this…

Unbeknownst to her, Jackson hid himself away in the study after storming out and puffed on a few cigarettes in succession. The fingers holding his cigarette trembled continuously. He was too afraid to think about it—her reaction when she found out that Alejandro was actually Ethan. Would she go into a breakdown? He couldn't bring himself to show too much emotion in front of her, so he had to hide away and calm down. The only thing he could do now was to limit her interactions with Alejandro. Unfortunately, despite his best efforts, he couldn't keep him away completely. Thank goodness Arianne happened to be there too. Thank goodness…

…

Ayashe, Lark Mansion, the wee hours of the morning.

Alejandro did not go straight to the Smith Estate after alighting his plane. Instead, he went to see Melanie first. After all, Don Smith had made it very clear that he was here to see Melanie, and he was not allowed to delay.

The Larks had completely changed after realizing that their son-in-law wasn't handicapped. They fawned over him. Some crowded around Alejandro from the moment he entered the house and asked about his health. The Larks had stayed up half the night when they learned about his arrival.

The smile on Mrs. Lark's face was so huge that it was unsettling. "Alex, I've asked the chef to prepare supper. Would you like some?"

"No thank you," Alejandro replied indifferently. "I'm not in the habit of eating supper."

Mrs. Lark's smile immediately stiffened, but she soon went back to normal. "That's fine. Melanie is already asleep. You can rest in her room. You haven't seen each other in a while, so you probably want to catch up and spend some time together. I won't disturb you then."

Alejandro replied with a soft "mm". Mrs. Lark's smile faded away once he went upstairs. She never thought that Alejandro would be so rude to her. She had specially prepared supper for him, yet he had wasted it all away with a single response. It wasn't just the food that had gone to waste but her efforts too. She was upset, but she had to feign magnanimity.

When Alejandro pushed the door and entered Melanie's room, he found that she was still awake.

She sat on the bed and stared at him calmly. “Has grandfather forced you to come here again? Just put on an act. I know you don’t want to be here, so I’m not going to force you.”

Alejandro didn’t reply immediately. His legs felt unbearable from standing for too long, so he sat on the chair in front of her dresser.

This was his first time in her room. Just like most girls, she liked pink. Most of the things in her room were pink, even the plush toys on her bed. The air permeated with her fragrance. She would have looked like a young virgin if it weren’t for the obvious bulge in her belly.

Chapter 1267

Alejandro actually felt relaxed when he entered her room, unsure of the reason why. “Are you well?”

Melanie was slightly startled. “I told you, you can drop the act. There’s no one around, so must you continue the facade? I won’t snitch on you to grandpa, so you can head back tomorrow. I’m doing quite well here.”

Alejandro paid no attention to what Melanie said and summoned Jett, who brought in everything that Alejandro had bought for her. Her dressing table was soon filled with the stuff.

Melanie’s heart began to soften, but she forced herself back to maintain calm as she said, “Thank you for your kind gesture, but I refuse to accept these, as I know you aren’t giving them to me willingly.”

Jett did not want to be involved in their argument, so he left the room after placing the gifts.

Alejandro said expressionlessly, “If you don’t want them, just throw them away. These cosmetic products aren’t worth much; even the jewelleries I gave you are only worth a few hundred thousand dollars. So, do as you wish. Since you do not want to see me, I’ll be leaving tomorrow morning. Get some sleep. I’m off to shower now.”

When Melanie saw him walk into the bathroom, she angrily grabbed one of her plush toys and punched it. She was frustrated with how Alejandro was always able to anger her with his nonchalant attitude!

Melanie could not sleep, as she heard water rushing out of the shower. She got up and walked out of her room to talk to Jett, who was standing guard outside. “Aren’t you going to sleep? Are you afraid that Alejandro will be in some kind of trouble in my house? Are the Smiths always so dubious?”

Jett gave an awkward smile. “It's not that. I’m on standby here so that I can be with Alejandro whenever he needs me, as it’s still inconvenient for him to move around on his own. Plus, it’s my duty to be by his side while we’re overseas. There’s nothing else to it. You’re not well and it’s late now; you should get some rest.”

Melanie leaned against the wall and frowned. “How am I supposed to sleep? Everytime I see him, it always ends the same way. I already expected this and I was well prepared to not see him—he shouldn’t have listened to grandpa and come over to find me. Now that you’re here with him, how are you supposed to take care of your family? Wouldn’t your wife be mad at you for constantly being away from home?”

Jett shook his head. “Tanya’s quite understanding. She has never complained to me for not accompanying her. To be honest, I am quite worried about her. Therefore, I’ve hired a nanny to take care of the house whilst taking care of the baby, so all’s well.”

Melanie was suddenly envious of Jett and Tanya. “I see that the two of you are doing quite well together, unlike me… My marriage is a complete mess. Do you think that two people who have no feelings for each other could live together forever? Do you love Tanya?”

Jett stayed silent for a moment then said, “Time solves everything, including loving someone you don’t have feelings for. So long as it is a living thing, you’d begin to grow feelings for them. I guess… you could live together forever.”

Melanie laughed sarcastically. “But I doubt Alejandro would have any feelings for me no matter how much time has passed. He’s just like a cold-blooded animal. Anyway, enough of this topic. I’m going to bed now, and you should too. There’s no need for you to trouble yourself and stand guard here; I’ll take care of him.”

As she was done, she opened the door and entered her room. The moment she turned around after closing the door, she panicked and immediately covered her eyes. “Alejandro Smith! Why are you naked?”

Alejandro had a teasing look on his face. “Why are you covering your eyes? It’s not like you’ve never seen it before. I just forgot to take my clothes.”

She turned around towards the closet, took out a piece of towel, and threw it to him. “Can you be any more despicable!”

Alejandro caught the towel and wrapped it around his waist. “Alright, I’m tired. Let’s go to sleep.”

Melanie sighed in relief and carefully turned around to make sure that he wasn't naked before getting into bed. "Turn off the lights. I can't sleep with it on." In truth, she might not be able to sleep even with the lights off, not when there was a living being right next to her.

Alejandro followed her instructions without throwing any tantrums and reached out his hands to turn off the lights. As darkness encompassed the entire room, Alejandro could only smell Melanie's scent in the room. His heartstrings began to be pulled.

Chapter 1268

Alejandro was well aware that it was his natural male instincts, nothing more.

Melanie's eyelids grew heavier after a moment, probably due to the deadly silent atmosphere that seemed like a lullaby and, additionally, her pregnancy, which made her tire easily. She had thought that she would not be able to sleep because of Alejandro…

While she was adjusting her sleeping position in a daze to make herself comfortable, Alejandro suddenly said, "Stop moving around."

Melanie was just about to sleep but was awakened by his sudden sound. She began to feel annoyed and threw her temper at him by saying, "I'm in my own house, sleeping on my own bed. Why can't I move around? Aren't you being too unreasonable?"

She had not noticed that she had hit his leg while she was moving around. Alejandro suddenly got on top of her, with each hand on one side.

Melanie was shocked and turned to look away. “What are you doing? Get off me!”

Her fist was so small and petite; not only did it not hurt him, but her actions made Alejandro even more horny. “I asked you not to move. Are you not listening to me?”

Melanie did not dare move again but scowled at him.

Alejandro took a deep breath, and Melanie suddenly grabbed onto his wrist. “Don’t touch me!”

He ignored her warnings and asked with a croak, “How many months have you been pregnant now?”

Melanie angrily said, “You don’t know how many months have passed since my pregnancy began? You seriously don’t know?!”

Of course he knew, but he merely was not in the mood to think.

Melanie was afraid that she would injure her baby, so she did not resist Alejandro’s advances but instead shed tears, which stained her pillow. Alejandro was truly a cold-blooded animal. He wouldn’t be able to warm up to her no matter how long they were together…

However, when he hugged her tightly and his breath was merely inches away from her face, Melanie couldn’t hate him no matter how hard she tried. She had the misconception that he may actually love her from the way he was hugging her so tightly…

The next day.

Melanie did not wake up till noon, her face filled with dark circles from her insomnia the previous night. As she yawned and went downstairs, she was shocked to find that Alejandro was still at her house, sitting in the living room and chatting away happily with her family.

She could not help but applaud his Oscar level acting skills for how he was able to mingle around well with her parents when he clearly did not like them. There was absolutely no flaw in his acting.

When he noticed that she had woken up, Alejandro asked with a smile, “Are you hungry? Get yourself something to eat. We’ve already eaten.”

Melanie could only play along, as she saw the happy look on her parents’ faces. “I’m famished. Sit around and talk to my parents; I’ll be right over once I’m done. Afterward, I’m going out shopping for a while. Would you like to come with me?” She wanted to get him out so that he would not have to force himself to deal with her parents at least.

Alejandro took her up on the opportunity and asked Jett to prepare the car after nodding his head. He was free from being stuck with her parents now.

Chapter 1269

When Melanie was done eating, Alejandro left her house and sighed in relief the moment he got onto his car.

Melanie noticed this and asked him, “Do you feel relieved now? I asked you not to come, yet you chose to ignore me. I dislike dealing with my parents as well.

Alejandro remained silent. He had woken up too early and was still sleepy, so he shut his eyes and rested.

Melanie was unsure of herself. Had Alejandro found out that she was secretly talking to Tiffany? He probably… didn’t know about it, did he? Otherwise, he would be bursting out in anger instead of being so calm. She figured she might as well come clean before he found out himself.

After pawing for a moment, she said, “I’ve been contacting Tiffany.”

Alejandro’s body froze unconsciously. “And?”

So, she was right—Alejandro would only react when it was related to Tiffany; he would ignore everything else she said. Melanie was slightly disappointed but concealed it from him. “Are you not mad?”

Alejandro opened his eyes and looked at her. “What’s there to be angry about? You wouldn’t do anything towards her.”

Melanie was lost for words. Was he so certain that she wouldn’t bring any harm to Tiffany? She had always thought that she did not know Alejandro’s character, but he, on the other hand, could see right through her so confidently?

However, he was right. She wouldn't do anything to Tiffany… Despite how pampered and domineering she was as a child, she could clearly tell the difference between right and wrong.

At the Tremont estate.

Arianne brought Smore to the gardens to play after they had eaten. Tiffany had said that she wanted to go over, yet she still had not arrived.

Arianne was well aware of her son's aggressive behaviour and warned him beforehand, "Plato is still very young and doesn't know anything, just like you were when you were his age. I don't want you to raise your hand against him when he comes over to play later, understand?"

Smore did not seem to pay attention to what she had just said but continued playing by himself. Arianne assumed that he had understood her.

After a moment, Tiffany's car finally arrived by the entrance. She had arrived with just her son, who was seated at the back seat in his child seat.

Arianne rushed towards them and held Plato in her arms. "Wasn't Jackson ranting on about your driving skills? Why did he allow you to bring Plato all alone?"

Tiffany grinned. "He's just being annoying; I'm a very experienced driver. Now that I can finally take care of my own son over the weekends, how could I possibly let him nag at me incessantly? To be honest, it's

quite tiring to take care of a child. I thought I should let Summer rest and let me take care of Plato these two days.

Arianne lowered her head and played around with Plato as she walked towards the slide.

When Smore saw that his mom was carrying another child in her arms, his face fell and he stopped playing on the slide. Smore rushed up to Arianne and slapped her thigh, which was the highest he could reach at the time with his height.

Tiffany saw this and squatted down in front of Smore. “Is Smore angry? Is there something wrong with your mom carrying my son instead of you? I see that you’re quite the hot tempered boy. The two of you need to be good friends, so there’s no need to be envious of each other, understand? Since your mom is carrying my son, I’ll carry you then. Is that alright?”

Smore turned his head and ignored Tiffany, his tiny mouth pouted angrily, which made Arianne and Tiffany laugh at him helplessly.

Chapter 1270

Of course, Arianne did not dare to carry Plato again since she was afraid that her son would get jealous.

When Arianne asked if Tiffany had come up with a nickname for Plato, she shook her head. “No, is there a need to come up with a nickname for boys? When Smore grows up into a handsome young man, wouldn’t it be ridiculous to still call him Smore? The young ladies that fancy him are going to laugh their asses off. Nicknames are only cute when they’re little.”

Arianne's lips twitched. "I think you're just too lazy to come up with a nickname for him, aren't you? You're coming up with all these reasons. Nicknames are meant to be called while they're young; there's no need for them anymore when they grow up."

While they were talking, Jackson suddenly called and said, "Have you actually driven over to Arianne's with Plato by yourself? Don't you know your own driving skills? What were you thinking? What if something had happened? You should've asked my mom's driver to send you there."

Tiffany was very annoyed. "I suppose you can't wait to see something happen to me, can you? I'm already here. Isn't that good enough? I'm just less skillful at reversing. What's the worst that could happen if I only drove forward? You should just carry on with your work."

Tiffany may have been annoyed, but she was actually secretly happy. Her emotions showed even after she hung up the phone call.

Arianne tutted and said, "I envy you. You have someone who misses you and cares for you. You must be very happy."

Tiffany suddenly thought of something. "What are you planning to do for Smore's birthday? It's not time yet, is it? Shouldn't we make it big since it's his first birthday?"

Arianne had already discussed it with Mark for some time. Plus, Smore's birthday had already passed. "It has already passed. We didn't celebrate it because Mark said… Smore's birthday is also the day that I almost lost my life, so there's nothing worth celebrating. If we really wanted to celebrate, we should be celebrating that I managed to survive it. No wonder the Tremonts have never liked celebrating birthdays; their mentality is completely different from others'. However, there is some truth to his words. Everyone's birthday should not be focused on themselves, but their mothers. We should be celebrating our birthdays, but it would be more meaningful if we were to celebrate it with our mothers.

I don’t agree with those people that celebrate it together with a bunch of friends by drinking and partying.”

Tiffany nodded her head like a woodpecker. “I’ve finally understood the logic after living for twenty over years. I suppose I’ll have to go back and celebrate my next birthday with my mom. I suddenly miss her so much!”

Arianne smiled and did not say anything. It was very likely that Helen had already left the capital. She wondered when they would meet again. There was a possibility that the day might not even come. She had left Helen’s life as a child and became the one who was abandoned.

Meanwhile, at the Tremont Tower.

Sylvain was being conscientious with his work. He understood that he had received the chance of a lifetime and would willingly spend his weekend working overtime with Mark.

Sylvain had a habit of drinking coffee while working, especially the coffee at the cafe near the office. Just as he was about to go to the cafe, he noticed a woman wandering around by the entrance to the office; it was as if she wanted to walk in but couldn’t.

Sylvain stopped in his tracks and asked, “Who are you looking for?”

The woman became startled for a moment when she saw him. “Are you… Sylvain Trudeau?”

Sylvain was already used to the attention from the public. There were many that knew who he was, so he wasn't surprised to be recognised. He smiled and said, "That's right. I noticed that you were wandering around here. Do you want to go in?"

The woman nodded her head. "I'm here to see Mr. Tremont. He had sponsored me in the past and I used to work here, but… I've already left the company. I only want to return the money to him, but I can't get in."

Sylvain had gotten wind of a lot of gossip within the office recently, so he was able to accurately name the woman after some thought. "Would you happen to be Janice Bell?"

Janice was slightly curious. "Do you know me?"

Sylvain did not explain how he knew of her name. "If you want, I could help you pass it to him? There's no way you would be able to meet Mr. Tremont without an appointment. I'm sure you know that better than I do."