**Ruling 1291**

Chapter 1291

Mark didn't answer. Instead, he walked ahead, sat down, opened his lunch box, and began eating.

In less than two minutes, the sound of a delivery man suddenly rang out from outside the office.

"Sir, I have your take out. Are you Mr. Tremont? I need some verification…"

Mark became upset. He had asked Davy to order takeout for him but had completely forgotten about it…

Arianne took a long breath. "I wouldn't have brought this over if I had known you had ordered takeout."

Davy was forced to take the blame. His voice rang crystal clear from outside the door.

"That's my takeout! I haven't eaten yet, and I'm starving! I put in the wrong personal details. I'm so used to ordering food for Mr. Tremont, I forgot to change it!"

He was obviously saying this for Arianne's benefit.

Arianne wasn't fooled. "Eat whatever you like. Have your takeout if you don't want this. It's not like I made the food. The chef at home made it."

"Am I not eating now?" Mark indifferently replied. "How could takeout possibly be better than food from home? Don't forget that you're here to apologize. Get off your high horse."

She was on a high horse? Arianne's chest was rising and falling uncontrollably now. Did he enjoy seeing her bow and scrape? She couldn't take it anymore.

"I only need to apologize for my mistake. It's not some earth-shattering mistake anyway. Have you slept with Janice yet? How have things developed between you?"

"Who was it that said just yesterday that she didn't care as long as I was happy?" he asked in amusement. "Didn't you say that you only needed the title of Mrs. Tremont?"

She was silenced. She had said that out of anger. His mention of divorce had muddled her brain. Wasn't this the best compromise? She wouldn't have said those things if she had known that he never intended on divorcing her in the first place!

Her expression sank with her rage.

Mark stopped needling her with his words.

“She’s gone. I didn’t like her anyway.”

Arianne was surprised. “Gone? You just rehired her and now she’s gone again?”

He didn’t explain why. She hadn’t thrown a fit, which disappointed him. That experiment was fruitless. In the end, both of them ended up hurt.

Arianne had initially planned on asking him if there was anything between him and Janice, but she held it in when she saw his silence. If something had happened, it would only give her extra pain. She would act as if nothing had happened at all.

Arianen waited for him to finish eating, then got up to pack up the lunch box. “I’ll be leaving then.”

“Mm,” Mark replied indifferently, showing no other reaction. Previously, he would have offered to drive her home or canceled working overtime altogether and go home with her.

Unbeknownst to them, something had changed.

She kept her disappointment hidden away and smiled at Davy before she left.

Davy waited for her to leave before slipping into the office. “Mr. Tremont, it’s the middle of the night. Aren’t you taking Mrs. Tremont home?” he whispered.

“She probably asked Henry to drive today,” Mark replied casually. “He must be waiting downstairs. I don’t need to take her home.”

Chapter 1292

“But what if she didn’t want to trouble poor old Henry and took a cab today instead?” Davy asked, voicing his skepticism.

Mark was taken aback. He had considered running after her but felt that the relationship between him and Arianne wasn’t completely at peace. So he decided against any further consideration.

“No, she would have definitely asked Henry to drive.”

Meanwhile, Arianne hailed a cab and went back to Tremont Estate. She was too exhausted to move, probably because the past few days had sapped all of the energy out of her. She hadn’t been able to sleep well either. She was very out of sorts.

Mary filled a small tub of hot water for her, instructing her, “Soak your feet, you’ll feel much better. Mr. Tremont didn’t take you home? You should have asked Henry to drive you then.”

Arianne was upset but forced a smile onto her face. “It’s fine, I’m not that fragile. It didn’t hurt to take a cab. Mark is busy and I don’t need him to drive. Henry’s back has been aching lately. Is he okay? It’s easy to fall sick at his age. You and Henry should get a medical check-up when you have the time. I’ll pay for the medical fees.”

Mary sighed. “Sigh. Mr. Tremont used to be so concerned about you. Why has he hardened his heart now? It’s not like what you did was some huge, horrific crime. Is he torturing you or himself?”

Arianne smiled and teased Mary, “You’ve been sighing a lot lately. Your sighs are aging you. Stop sighing. You’re already so old, yet you’re always worried about me and Mark. There’s absolutely no need. We’re both adults, we can manage our own issues. We haven’t reached the end of the line, I can feel it.”

Mary took the lunchbox that she had brought back into the kitchen. “That’s good. I’ll give Smore a shower. You’re tired, you should get some rest.”

Aristotle was upset when he heard this. Scuttling towards Arianne, he whined, “Mama… Showuh…”

“Okay, okay,” Arianne replied helplessly. “Mama will give you a shower after I soak my feet. Mary doesn’t have to do it. Mary is getting old and can’t carry you around all the time. Mama is young, I still have the energy to keep up with you. Leave it to me.”

Aristotle seemed to understand her explanation and obediently snuggled against her. When Mary emerged from the kitchen, Aristotle suddenly clung to Arianne.

“Mama… Mama… Showuh…”

Mary giggled. “Oh, you. Isn’t it the same as if I bathe you? You’re so used to having your mama shower you. What will you do when you’re older? Mama is a girl, and you’re a boy. She’ll have to stop bathing you when you’re three years old, so you might as well get used to it.”

Aristotle didn't have a wide enough vocabulary yet, but he vehemently refused to let Mary touch him. Arianne was left with no choice but to end her soak early and take Aristotle upstairs to the bathroom.

She was exhausted after that. She held Aristotle as she lay down on the bed and dozed off. Aristotle was still awake when she fell asleep.

After some amount of time, she suddenly felt Aristotle being lifted away from her. She was startled and grabbed Aristotle's leg. Seeing that it was only Mark, she heaved a sigh of relief. Then, she closed her eyes and continued sleeping.

This was an instinctive reaction ever since she had become a mother. Her child was her first priority.

She could sense that Mark had taken Aristotle to the nursery. She wanted to say something but was too exhausted.

Soon, Mark lay down next to her. She could smell the fragrance of his shower gel. It was similar to hers, yet different at the same time, mingling with his unique masculine scent. Usually, she would be roused from her sleep by his movements whenever he came home and showered.

Today, she had no idea when he had arrived home or if he had taken a shower.

Suddenly, his hand slipped into her nightgown. Janice's face immediately flashed across her mind as she turned over to put some distance between them. She was clearly exhausted, but that extra boost of energy had come from nowhere.

Mark flipped her over, seemingly displeased with her action. His breath was so close that she could feel it.

"This is your obligation as my wife. You'll have to accept it, even if you don't like it."

Chapter 1293

She turned her face to the side and opened her eyes. "Didn't someone relieve me of my obligations? Sorry, I can't bear having you touch me again every time I think of another woman tainting you. It's a totally different matter. It was my mistake for loaning Will the money behind your back. Your scandalous relationship with Janice is your mistake. I don't think my mistake grants you permission to sin wantonly."

His body stiffened in the darkness. "Who told you that I had a scandalous relationship with her? As for whether anyone has relieved you of your obligations, give it a try and you'll find out."

A slight pain made her frown before she could react to his words. She let out a gentle groan.

He had proved it very well. There was no ambiguity. His movements told her that there was no other woman!

She watched as he focused all of his energy on “clarifying” himself and tried to shift his concentration. She didn’t want to lose face and admit that she was at her limit.

“Why did you… bring Janice back into the company?”

He bent down and placed a kiss on the corner of her lips. “Because I wanted to see your reaction. Of course, I was disappointed every time. I thought that you’d flip out and yell at me if I brought the woman that you’ve personally dismissed back. In the end… Heh… Your hurt towards me was not limited to loaning Will Sivan money behind my back.”

The next day, Arianne stared at the hickeys on her neck in the mirror with a troubled look on her face. It was summer, so she couldn’t possibly wear a collared shirt.

She brushed her teeth despondently as she racked her brain over what to wear later. Mark suddenly walked into the bathroom.

“Get out.”

She was not happy. She was here first. “I’m brushing my teeth,” she retorted

She couldn’t be bothered to waste time with him, hurriedly gargling her mouth and walking out, her face extremely red.

She rummaged through her closet for a while and changed into a white, floral, tight-fitting turtleneck dress. She tied up her hair and checked herself in the mirror to make sure that no hickeys could be seen. Then, she relaxed.

She was just about to go downstairs when Mark happened to leave the bathroom.

“Are you wearing that to the office?” he asked her irritably.

“My company doesn’t have a strict dress code and it’s hot. What’s wrong with wearing this?” she asked curiously.

“It’s too short.”

Her heart raced. She ignored his objections and swatted his hand away. “I’m already annoyed that I have to wear a turtleneck on a hot day… If you don’t like it, don’t look at it!”

He aggressively pushed her up against the wall, lowered his head and stared at her, his gaze flickering. “Would you believe that I’d stop you from ever leaving the house today? If you plan on going out, listen to me. Change into something that meets my approval.”

She had no idea how enticing she looked in this dress. Her silhouette was in full display, but the skirt was too short.

Images from last night flashed across Arianne's mind for some strange reason. She swiftly wiggled out from underneath his arms, exclaiming, "I'm changing!"

Chapter 1294

She changed her clothes all at once to satisfy his standards, trying to avoid him forcing her into changing her clothes again. She wore office attire this time. The only problem was that it was very hot…

She did not plan on going to the office today, so going out to sketch in office wear was very uncomfortable, yet she was forced to pander to his demands. The thought of this made her very upset.

As she walked out, Mark asked in a seemingly casual manner, "Do you want me to drive you?"

He used to just drive her to work straight away, why would he ask her this question? She really wanted to tell him that she had arms and legs and would rather walk than take his car. She didn't need him to drive her.

"No need, I'm not going to the office today. I'll be sketching outside."

He didn't say anything more and told Brian to drive away.

She stared at the car as it drove off and stomped her feet in frustration. Was it that hard to get past this issue? In the past, no matter how bad their fights had been, they would always patch up after a night of intimacy, as if nothing had happened. Why was it so difficult this time? Just because she had given Will a loan? What did she have to do to please him?

She took a cab to her favorite café.

Tiffany suddenly called her to express her sympathy. “Ari, what happened between you and Mark? I heard from my man that things are tense.”

“Your man is right,” Arianne replied irritably. “Mark has asked for a divorce.”

Tiffany’s head nearly exploded. “What? He’s the one that forced you into this marriage and he’s asking you for a divorce over this tiny problem? Sure. Divorce him then. Take the baby and demand a huge sum of money from him. He’ll have to pay for your daily expenses every day too. You have to reap the best benefits for yourself and do not insist that you don’t want his money just for the sake of principle!”

Arianne wasn’t sure if she should laugh or cry. “Are you that eager for him to divorce me? It’s not that bad yet. He only suggested it. It’s not serious. Besides, I didn’t agree to it. So now it seems like it was just an oral request. Don’t worry, if we do get a divorce, I won't refuse to take any money. I will never leave Smore with him. Smore is my life.”

Tiffany let out a sigh of relief. “You scared me. I was just wondering, how could Mark possibly bear to divorce you? He raised you, played the assh*le part in breaking you and Will up, then forced you to be his wife. How could he possibly let you get away so easily? Only you could harden your heart and leave him. He could never do the same. It’s fine. I was just asking. I’m going to work now. We’ll talk later.”

Arianne’s smile remained on her face even after the call ended. Was it just as Tiffany had described? Mark can’t bear to divorce her? However, he had still brought up the subject.

Her phone suddenly rang again. She thought it was Tiffany, who probably had something to add. To her surprise, it was Will.

After a moment of hesitation, she picked up the call. “Hello?”

Will’s voice was just as gentle as ever. “Ari, give me your bank details. I’ll wire money over to you. My company received a large fund, more than enough to cover my debt. I’d like to pay you back first. I feel bad for owing you so much money.”

Chapter 1295

She didn’t expect Will to pay her back so quickly.

She paused and said, “Sure. I’ll send the details over to you later. Actually… I didn’t have that much money to give… Mark helped.”

Will fell silent for a few seconds. He seemed to be smiling, but his tone sounded bitter. “Then… Please thank him for me. He’s very good to you. I can rest easy as I have nothing to regret. He’s even willing to help me out, just because he loves you. I’ve underestimated his feelings for you.”

Arianne wasn’t sure of what to say, so she replied to him with an “mm” and ended the call. Then, she sent Mark’s bank details over to Will. She wasn’t doing this to get into Mark’s good graces. This was how it should have been in the first place. It was her fault from the very beginning. She, too, had underestimated Mark’s love for her.

Sylvain's figure entered her sights, just as she entered a daze. "What a coincidence, I always bump into you here."

"You're slipping out of the office during working hours. Should I be docking your pay?" Arianne teased.

Sylvain gently drummed his fingers on the table. "We're all designers here, loosen up a little. It's good to get out and get inspiration sometimes."

Arianne remembered something and scrolled down to Robin's new phone number. "Robin is currently working part-time at a relative's restaurant. She's getting ready for an accounting certification exam, at her mother's behest. Her family is arranging her marriage. She's decided to just marry the first man her parents like. This mediocre life isn't what she wants. I'll send you the address to her part-time job. You can decide what you want to do from there. I'm no matchmaker and I don't like to meddle, but it's just… such a shame."

A glint of light flashed across Sylvain's eyes, so quickly that Arianne almost didn't catch it in time. "Oh, got it."

Arianne kept her mouth shut. Sometimes, the calmer one seemed, the more tumultuous one's heart really was.

Sylvain left the café near noon. Arianne packed up and went back to the Tremont Estate. She wasn't completely unproductive with Sylvain around.

After leaving the café, Sylvain didn't go back to the office immediately. Instead, he went to the restaurant where Robin was working part-time. He didn't park his car too close to the storefront, just

watching Robin's busy figure through his glass window. A myriad of feelings filled his head, yet he couldn't sort them all out.

He drove away after lingering for a good amount of time. He wasn't sure if he should disturb Robin at this point in time. Every time he saw her, her mother's harsh words from her phone call would echo in his mind. Maybe he really was a jerk who didn't deserve her. Regardless of how glorious his life was now, he could never erase the darkness that lay deep within his being.

…

Tremont Tower.

The day slowly became night. Mark was trying to decide if he wanted to go home for dinner.

Just as he pulled out his phone, he saw a bank transfer notification—more than $3 million. This wasn't an entry from his company, and that account was a number that he had given Arianne. Arianne was aware of this number.

He connected the dots. Closing his laptop, he got up and called for Brian as he walked out, telling him to get the car ready—he was going back to Tremont Estate, immediately.

Brian noticed the emotional instability on his face along the way home, carefully asking him, "Sir, has something happened?"

Mark shook his head and didn't answer. He was wondering if this was the amount of money loaned to Will, and if so, why it had ended up in his bank account…

Upon his return to Tremont Estate, he immediately strode into the house without missing a beat. When he couldn't find Arianne in the courtyard or the ground floor, he went upstairs.

She was playing hide and seek with Aristotle. One was hiding, while the other was seeking. Their laughter could be heard from a distance.

Chapter 1296

He stopped and stared at them for a long time before speaking up. "Arianne, come here."

Arianne turned towards him. A hint of disappointment flashed across her eyes. It had been a while since he called her by her full name. He had always called her "Ari". Feelings were so easily changeable.

Aristotle was the first to pelt himself into Mark's arms. Arianne walked towards him. "What is it?"

"Has Will paid you back?" Mark asked.

She lifted her hand and tucked her hair behind her ear. "Mm, I've asked him to transfer it to your bank account."

He pursed his lips in silence. No one could tell what was on his mind. Arianne smiled. “I’m going to check on dinner. Play with Smore for a while.”

He frowned as he watched her go downstairs as if everything was completely fine. Perhaps he had been overreacting on this matter, but he couldn’t control himself. He could try and let go of the fact that Will and Arianne had once been in love, but every time they had any semblance of an interaction, he couldn’t keep calm.

Arianne carefully fed Aristotle during dinner but didn’t touch her own food for a long time. Since it was summer, the air-conditioning in the house was at full blast. Her food would be cold soon.

“Let him learn to feed himself,” Mark suggested. “His hands and legs seem to have good coordination, and he seems smarter than most kids his age.”

Arianne objected. “How many years do we have left to feed him? We only have about two years. Smore won’t let us feed him when he’s older, even if we wanted to. He’s not good with his utensils yet. He’ll make a big mess and he won’t be able to put a lot of food in his mouth. I’ll teach him, in time. You don’t have to worry.”

He put down his knife and fork. “He’s my son. Why shouldn’t I worry?”

Arianne noticed the emotional tick in his movements. She pursed her lips and didn’t say a word. Who knew what would cause his hissy fit this time? It was best to avoid annoying him. She would simply pretend that he was having premature andropause.

Mary sensed the tension at the dinner table and scooped Aristotle into her arms. “Come, I’ll feed you. Let your mama enjoy her dinner.”

Arianne smiled and talked to Mary about the household. “I’ve mentioned that you and Henry should get a medical check-up. When will you be going? I can take some time out to take care of Smore. Let me know once you’ve confirmed.”

After some consideration, Mary answered, “Next Monday. Henry should have some free time then. The weekend is coming soon and there’ll be a lot of people at the hospital. Henry and I are fine. We’re well-fed here, and we haven’t been made to do anything physically taxing. Our lives are much better off than most old folks. We’ll be just fine.”

The harmonious atmosphere made Mark feel very left out. He felt a little uncomfortable. “Don’t talk during your meal.”

Mary and Arianne shared a look, then kept their mouths shut. They simply couldn’t have a happy conversation at the dinner table like a normal family whenever Mark was around. He refused to talk and prohibited other people from doing so as well. He has always been a tyrant.

After dinner, Mark went into the study. He wore a sour look on his face the entire time, as if someone owed him a huge debt.

“We’re the only ones who can bear with his temper,” Mary grumbled to Arianne in secret. “He has always been like this since childhood. He’d ignore everyone else whenever he was in a bad mood and shut himself away.”

Chapter 1297

Arianne looked at Smore and pursed her lips. “He’s just avoiding me since he can’t stand the sight of me. He wouldn’t ignore his own son.” As she said this, she carried Smore upstairs and said, “Do you see the door to the study? Go and knock on it until you dad opens it up. Go pester him and make him give you a shower. Get him to give you a shower in the future as well, understand?”

Smore stared at her for a moment. He seemed to understand what his mom was saying, as he held onto his favourite Rubik’s cube and walked to the study. He looked at his little cube and could not bear banging the door with it; hence, he used his little hands and slammed the door.

Soonafter, Mark opened the door. Arianne immediately hid herself when the door was opened.

Mark knelt down and looked at Smore. He asked, “Did you come up alone?”

Smore held up his Rubik’s cube for him to see as if he was showing off his favourite toy. Smore had a lot of toys, but this was the only one he wanted to play with everyday. He would grow bored of every other toy and would no longer play with it once he did.

Mark took the cube from him and simply spun it a few times, managing to get the same colour on every side. It was a cube made for a child, so there was no difficulty to it.

At that moment, Smore remembered what his mom had just said to him. “Dada… Showuh…”

Mark had a headache, Arianne had always been the one to shower Smore. He did not believe that Smore could climb up the stairs on his own without anyone noticing. So… did Arianne teach Smore how

to get him to shower for the little one? He lovingly carried Smore in his arms and stood up. “Daddy still has some work to do, so I’ll come give you a shower when I’m done, ok? Why don’t you come in and wait for me for a moment, but remember not to touch my things and be a good boy.”

After confirming that Mark had brought Smore into his study, Arianne felt relieved and carried on with her work. The sketch that she made in the morning needed some fine tuning and had to be completed before work tomorrow.

She laid on her bed and nibbled on her pencil as she stared at her sketch for a long time. Mark suddenly carried Smore into the room and said, “Are you not coming to help?”

Arianne turned around and looked at him. “Can’t you handle it yourself? I’ve been showering him without anyone’s help all this time.”

Mark choked and paused for a moment before saying, “If you’re not coming, I won’t give him a shower but let him sleep just as he is.”

Arianne felt a shiver down her spine. “Smore sweated so much whilst playing this morning, how could he not shower? Fine, I’ll do it. You should just be the boss you are and sit aside.”

Mark suddenly grabbed onto her wrist. “What did you say to Will?”

Arianne was startled and stared at him. “I didn’t say anything. I only told him that I didn’t have that much money with me and you were the one who loaned it to him. I thought that if I had told you about it from the beginning, you would’ve loaned it to him anyway, so I just did according to what would’ve

actually happened. I'll discuss it with you before I do anything next time. As for the divorce… you should just let it go. I won't agree to it anyway."

Mark fiercely pulled her into his arms. "I was just… afraid that you still had feelings for him."

She laughed as she asked, "If I really took your words seriously and left both of you for Will, would you really have let me go?"

Mark firmly said, "I wouldn't. I won't believe that I said those blasphemous things myself."

When it was time for Smore to shower, Smore ignored the lovely moment his parents were having and separated them with his little hands. "Showuh!"

Chapter 1298

Arianne and Mark brought Smore to the bathroom while laughing together.

After they were done with the torture of showering Smore, Arianne laid on the bed on her knees and elbows to work on her sketch again. Her nightgown revealed her slender legs, and Mark gulped when he saw her. She did not know how seductive her posture was…

Mark did not dare to entertain his wild imaginations since Smore was still wide awake. He patiently coaxed Smore to bed. "You're all showered now, so be a good boy and go to sleep now."

Smore's eyes were wide open and he was playing around with Mark's pajama button. Mark grew impatient very soon and said, "Are you not able to sleep because of how much food you ate before?"

Arianne couldn't stifle her laughter. "Is this all the patience you have in you? I have to carry him around for half an hour before he goes to sleep while you've only been doing it for a few minutes. Take your time with it. I've noticed that my arms are getting more muscular from constantly carrying him around."

Mark carried Smore around and coaxed him to sleep absent-mindedly. He was more focused on scanning Arianne's entire body. Arianne was not as muscular as she claimed but still slender and slim in Mark's eyes.

When Smore finally went to sleep, Mark hurriedly placed the little one into his baby cot when Arianne suddenly stopped him and said, "Didn't you already get a larger bed? You could let him sleep with us. He won't take up that much space."

Mark suppressed the urge within him. He unbuttoned his pajamas and said with a straight face, "Wouldn't it be inconvenient for him to sleep with us?"

Arianne realized what Mark was thinking as she saw him gradually reveal his muscular body. She nervously said, "Didn't we just… do it yesterday? I'm a little tired today."

Mark casually flung his pajamas aside and said, "I've already patiently coaxed Smore to sleep, yet now, you're telling me you don't want to? I'm a normal man, you know."

What Arianne meant was that the marks from the other night were still there. If he kept up with his masculine instincts, when would she be able to wear her collarless apparels? Arianne wished she could wear her bikinis and her short pants in the hot summer. How refreshing it would be!

Before they could get into the action, Smore suddenly stood up in his baby cot and stared at them curiously. He was even a little angry as he said, "...You no... beat mama!"

Mark had lost all of his patience. Losing the heat of the moment, he pulled the blanket over himself and quietly laid down in bed. One day, he would move that little rascal out of his bedroom! In the past, he disliked having others in his room and preferred to be alone. Never had he expected to not only have a woman in his room now, but to add salt onto his injury, even a noisy little rascal.

Arianne tidied her nightgown and got up to coax Smore back to sleep. She could no longer hold in her laughter. She relished the sight of Mark being tortured helplessly. He would throw his temper at anyone and everyone except for Smore. After all, the saying that blood is thicker than water held true.

It was a Saturday the next day. Arianne woke up early but did not have it in her to get out of bed. Smore was still asleep as well.

Mark was still sleeping soundly, which was unexpected. The sunrays shone on his body through the window and made it seem like there was a layer of gold on him. The cold look he usually had disappeared. Arianne could not help but run her fingers over his face. They had already lived together for over ten years now, yet he still looked so young and there were no traces of any wrinkles anywhere.

Suddenly, her wrist was grabbed and she was pulled into Mark's embrace. "You're seducing me so early in the morning…"

Arianne's face turned red. "How am I seducing you? I was just checking to see if you were still breathing. Your breathing is so light…"

Chapter 1299

Mark covered her lips with his own. As he gently nibbled on her lips, he habitually removed his own clothes and pulled up Arianne's nightgown to her waist…

Arianne realized she could not escape what Mark had set out to do last night. She nervously looked in Smore's direction, afraid that he would suddenly wake up. Luckily, it was still the wee hours in the morning and the sun had just risen, so it was silent everywhere.

Mark was in a particularly good mood that morning, probably because he had his morning pleasure. He brought Smore out to play in the gardens after breakfast while Arianne leisurely sat at a side and read a book. The weather was not hot since it was not yet afternoon, and a slight breeze blew in their direction.

Tiffany suddenly visited the couple around 9am without informing Arianne beforehand. She brought Plato along with her but Jackson was nowhere to be seen again.

Arianne put down her book and went up to Tiffany's car. She picked up Plato out of the car. "You're here early. Why didn't you tell me that you were coming?"

Tiffany rushed into the house and poured herself a glass of water to drink. After that, she said, "I spent the night at the West family residence, and Jackson wasn't with me. I brought Plato over the moment I woke up this morning. Jackson still has to work overtime at his company today so he doesn't have time to spend with us. Hence, we could only come to you for company. Is Mark not working today?"

Arianne glanced at the father and son playing in the garden and said, “I don’t think he’s going today. What about it? Are you uncomfortable with him around?”

Tiffany chuckled. “Of course not. How could I be uncomfortable? I’m infamous for being thick skinned. It doesn’t matter if Mark is here or not. It won’t stop me from spending time with you. The main reason I’m here is that I want to take care of Plato myself, yet I’m lacking in experience. I’d be more at ease if I’m with you. I only have two days a week to enjoy my time with Plato, so of course, I have to cherish every moment. I’m tired, I feel as though my life is filled with suffering. I can’t bear to leave Plato alone, but I still have to take into account Jackson's feelings.

In truth, Arianne was envious of Tiffany. “Stop whining, you’re living a much better life than I am. Look at Jackson, look at how much he’s pampering you. Not only does he work to feed you, he’s even doing all the chores at home. All you have to do is sit around and wait to be fed everyday by your personal chef. I’m sure many people are envious of how lucky you are. Look at me… You should think about it yourself, as I really can’t be asked to complain anymore.”

Tiffany bent over and laughed. “You… you should look for his merits. At least Jackson is rich and quite handsome. He’s not gentle, but at least he’s not bad tempered. I find it funny though… You think Mark is mistreating you, but he treats others much worse than he does you. You should be grateful; at least, you’ve seen his soft side.”

The more Arianne thought about it, the more frustrated she became. That’s probably why people say that it is unhealthy to compare your life with another’s. To Arianne, her life with Mark would be so perfect if his character was similar to Jackson’s.

Mark and Smore seemed to have been disturbed by the commotion made by the women, as they walked together towards the pair. Mark asked, “What are you talking about?”

Tiffany and Arianne said together, “Nothing!”

When Smore saw that Arianne was carrying another child again, his face went red with anger. He grabbed Arianne’s leg and nudged it. “Mama… Hug!”

Tiffany took Plato from Arianne and pulled a face at Smore. “Have you inherited your father’s tendency to get jealous easily? Is your mom not allowed to carry another child for a moment?”

Arianne felt slightly awkward as Mark’s lips twitched. She said, “Hey… what are you blabbering about? What could a child possibly understand? It’s getting hot out here. Let’s go in and talk.”

Chapter 1300

Normally, Mark would not be able to say anything while Tiffany was around; he did not like to mingle around with the women either. Hence, he went up to his study.

Smore wanted to keep an eye on Arianne and make sure that she did not carry another child with her, so he stayed close to her and kept staring at Plato to make sure he stayed in his stroller. There is a saying that children love to mingle amongst themselves, especially with other children their age. Smore didn’t seem to want to play with Plato or get along with him, possibly because the latter was still little, so things seemed awkward between them.

At first, Arianne was afraid that Smore would hit Plato, but when she realized that Smore did not have that tendency, she relaxed and said to Tiffany, “Do you have enough breast milk? I’ve noticed that you did not bring any milk powder with you.”

Tiffany sighed. “How could I have enough? I just realized that you only fed Smore breast milk previously, but I can’t seem to have enough no matter what. Plato has been living off milk powder most of the time. When I try to breastfeed him at night, he’s only able to get a sip. Before we went out this morning, I took some lactation supplements. I think it should be just enough for today. In the worst case, I could get some milk powder from you. Children drink from the same brand anyways so there’s no need to worry. Plato won’t go hungry.”

Arianne was slightly embarrassed. “Plato is so young; Smore’s milk powder wouldn’t be suitable for him. There are different types of milk powder depending on the age of the child, did you not know that? I’ve never seen a mother as silly as you are. You’re so dense.”

Summer had been the one who fed Plato his milk, so how could Tiffany possibly know that there are different milk powders for different stages? Tiffany immediately got on the defensive and said, “This is my first time being a mother. Jackson’s mother has been taking care of it all along, so I haven’t gotten the chance to understand all of it. Normally, I don’t even have the chance to make Plato’s milk for him, as even his milk bottle is snatched away the moment I have it in my hands. Just what am I supposed to do?”

Although Tiffany may seem to be complaining on the surface, she actually sounded as though she was showing off, and that made Arianne annoyed. In an attempt to shut her up, Arianne shoved a piece of apple in Tiffany’s mouth and said, “Oh, shut up you. You’d be able to know all of this if you just paid a little attention to things.”

Tiffany munched on the apple and stared at Smore. “Why is Smore constantly staring at Plato? Could it be that they’ve grown feelings for each other?”

Arianne almost choked on her water. “Nonsense, they’re both boys. What are you blabbering about? Smore’s just curious about him. Just wait, the moment Plato is able to run around, the two of them will definitely be able to play with each other.”

In the afternoon, the children were having their afternoon nap when Tiffany suddenly jumped up excitedly. “Ari, shall we go shopping? It’s so boring at home.”

Arianne paused for a moment. “What about the children? They’re still taking a nap. Plus, it’s hot outside. Let’s not make ourselves suffer.”

Tiffany shot a glance upstairs. “There’s so many people in the house, wouldn’t they be able to handle just two children?”

Arianne immediately realized the situation. “Oh… Alright then, I’ll ask Mark to take care of the children when they wake up.”

Tiffany excitedly carried Plato while Arianne carried Smore to Mark’s bedroom. Plato was still very young, so he was placed in Smore’s baby cot while Smore slept on the bed. After settling down the children, Arianne went to the study. “Mark, I’m going out shopping with Tiffany. The two boys are sleeping in the bedroom. You stay home and take care of them, as I’m afraid that Mary wouldn’t be able to handle them herself and Smore’s picky about other people.”