Ruling 1311

Chapter 1311

“Why are we going to your mother’s place?” Jackson asked apprehensively. “If you want to see her, go tomorrow morning. Why must we go in the dead of the night?”

Tiffany pouted. “Can’t you listen to me? I’ve suddenly remembered that the plant from Alejandro is with my mom. I want to throw it away! If my mom finds out that that plant was a gift from Ethan, she’d grind it to mulch, let alone water it and fertilize it every day!”

Jackson immediately understood. “Yes, yes, you should get rid of it.”

They drove over to Lillian’s, who was surprised when she saw them. Of course, she was happy too.

“What are you two doing here? You should have said something. Have you eaten?”

Tiffany couldn’t be bothered to chat with Lillian. She strode towards the balcony in the bedroom and searched for the potted plant.

Jackson was left with no choice but to deal with Lillian.

“Uh… We’ve eaten. Tiffie just wanted to grab something, that’s why we’re here.”

Lillian could tell that they were only here for a short visit, and she was not happy about it. “I thought you came to visit me. So you’re just here to show your face? It’s so hard to even see you these days.”

Jackson chuckled awkwardly, “Mom, what are you talking about? Tiffie and I are usually busy and Plato’s at my mother’s. We’ll visit you when we have the time.”

Soon, Tiffany emerged with the potted plant. Lillian was confused. “Why are you taking that plant? You came back here just for the plant? I thought you didn’t care about it? You left it with me.”

“Er… Well… I didn’t know what kind of flower this was at first,” Tiffany replied, trying to beat around the bush. “I recently read online that this plant isn’t suitable for a home environment, and it would be detrimental to your health, so I’m taking it away. You’re old now and you shouldn’t have to put up with this. What if something happens, right? It’s late. Jackson and I will be leaving now. Get a good night’s rest.”

Lillian was apprehensive. “Fine, Drive carefully then. And throw the plant away since it’s bad.”

Once they left the neighborhood, Tiffany walked towards the trash can. She was about to throw the plant away, but she suddenly hesitated.

Alejandro mentioned that he would tell her a secret when the flower bloomed. She now knew what that secret was. Since that was the case, there was no need for her to angrily throw the plant away. She would wait until Alejandro returned to the capital, then give it back to him personally.

Having lived for more than twenty years, she was already aware that it was impossible to escape the dangers of the world. Since Ethan had returned for her, they would have to resolve it once and for all, sooner or later.

She couldn't avoid this anymore.

Seeing no movement from her end, Jackson asked curiously, "Throw it away, what are you waiting for?"

She put the plant in the boot. "I'm not throwing it away. I'll give it back to Alejandro when he comes back to the capital. I guess you could say that I'm returning it to its original owner. Let's go home. I'm tired and I want to go to bed."

Chapter 1312

Jackson felt uneasy. "I think… You should just throw it away. There's no need to give it back to him. Tiffie… Are you okay?"

Tiffany smiled at him. "What do you think? When have I not been okay? What are you so worried about? I'm an unkillable cockroach. I provoked Ethan on my own. Otherwise I wouldn't have ended up ruined and homeless. I caused it. I can't keep running away and relying on all of you. I'm not scared. Regardless of how scary Ethan is, we were together for three years. He's human too, not the devil. Although, everything he's done is scarier than the devil…"

Jackson reached out and soothingly stroked her head. "Okay, let's go home."

Tiffany thought that she was being strong enough, but she lost in her dreams.

She was plagued with nightmares that night and was startled awake a few times. As a result, Jackson couldn't get a good night's sleep either.

It was daybreak, but she couldn't go back to sleep at all. She curled up in Jackson's arms, sobbing. "I dreamt of my dad. He was scolding me very fiercely, saying that I have bad luck in marriage and caused him an unrestful death. He was blaming me…"

Jackson stared up at the ceiling, looking haggard. However, he forced himself to wake up. "He won't. Why would your dad blame you? You had no idea at the time. You're a victim too. You're overthinking this, which is why you're having that nightmare. They say that your thoughts in the day reflect your dreams at night. Empty your mind, stop letting your thoughts wander. You would never have let this happen if you knew beforehand."

"Do you think I'm stupid?" Tiffany asked grievously. "So stupid that nothing can help me?"

Jackson turned to the side and planted a kiss on her forehead. "You're not stupid. You're my one and only silly goose."

Tiffany finally slept at 8PM. Jackson let out a sigh of relief. He tiptoed out of the bed and washed up, then got ready to go to the office. He had used all of the persuasive womanizing tactics that he had learned throughout his life. He wanted to stay back and keep her company, but he had work to do at the office.

Tiffany finally woke up at noon. She felt helpless when she realized that Jackson hadn't woken her up. She got up, washed up, and had lunch on her own. Once she was done, she suddenly realized that she

didn’t know what to do. She didn’t want to see her baby in this state. It was easy to overanalyze once everything had turned silent. She stared at the plant in the corner and felt increasingly annoyed at the sight of it. Hence, she moved the plant out the door.

After some thought, she pulled out her phone and hesitantly thought of sending Alejandro a message. She typed it out a few times then deleted it all over again. She had no idea how to start the conversation. She remembered how Melanie had been initiating conversations with her and realized why. Melanie probably knew that she and Alejandro didn’t have a normal relationship. She was trying to outflank a love rival while she, Tiffany, was stupid enough to treat her like a best friend whom she could talk about anything with. Curses!

In order to busy herself and avoid overthinking, she tied up her hair and threw herself into cleaning the house from head to toe. She cleaned every nook and cranny; even the dishes and cups were not spared.

When she finally flopped onto the couch and stared at the spotless ground, she felt a strange sense of achievement and felt more relaxed as well.

She got dinner ready after estimating Jackson’s after work hours. Even though her skills were nothing compared to his, she did her best.

Jackson noticed that something was amiss when he arrived home. “Did the cleaners come by early today? Aren’t they supposed to come tomorrow?”

Tiffany stood in front of the dinner table and set the table. “Wash your hands and come to the dinner table. The cleaners didn’t do it. I cleaned the house. I had nothing to do and I didn’t want my thoughts to wander, so I found something to do. Let’s not see the baby today. I’m not in the best condition…”

Chapter 1313

Her abnormal behavior made Jackson's heart thump. "Tiffie… Are you alright? You don't have to act tough. If you want to cry, just do it. You'll feel much better after that."

Tiffany rolled her eyes at him. "Why would I cry? Just because Ethan's back and he's deliberately trying to get close to me means I'm going to burst into tears? I'm not a three year old. Don't underestimate me. I'd feel pressured, or at most, a little stressed. Don't worry, it's fine. Try my cooking today."

Jackson didn't believe her. Her abnormal behavior was an example of her current mental state. He couldn't help repressing his emotions too.

He washed his hands and headed to the dinner table. He looked at the considerably sumptuous variety of dishes, but wasn't in the mood to eat.

"Why? Are you ignoring my food?" Tiffany asked, feeling upset. "I rarely ever cook and you're ignoring me? You won't ever get another chance."

He scooped a helping of salad into his mouth with a bitter smile on his face. Only then did he realize what true tastelessness meant.

"No, I'm just a little uneasy. I imagined all kinds of reactions from you after finding out the truth, but this certainly wasn't one of them…"

Tiffany shrugged nonchalantly. “Don’t you all think that I’m not smart enough, that I’m insensitive? That I’m simple-minded? Isn’t this how I’m supposed to act? Being sad and trembling in fear really isn’t my style. Am I supposed to act like that? Is that the only way for me to look normal in front of you? Let’s look at it from a different view: Ethan was the man I once loved. How scary can he really be? I just feel very heavy and I want to stay as far away from him as possible, I want nothing to do with him anymore. You’ve mentioned that he’s Mark’s younger brother. I know that they don’t have the same mother, but how big of a difference can it really be?”

Jackson didn’t answer. From a different perspective, Mark was scarier than Ethan, more extreme…

His silence made Tiffany even more eager to prove that she really wasn't suffering under a huge burden. She acted as if nothing was wrong and began questioning him on Alejandro. “How do you think Ethan morphed into Alejandro? What else has he done, aside from manipulating Tanya into getting pregnant and pushing the blame onto you?”

Jackson told her everything he knew and Tiffany sighed.

Jackson noticed that she hadn’t touched her utensils, and reached out to scoop more dishes onto her plate. “He ended up in an accident in order to save you and his leg hasn’t been the same since. I’m guessing that Don Smith wanted to kill you, he found out, and happened to appear right on time to save you. If you take a step back and set aside all the stupid things he’s done, he’s never lost when it comes to loving you. Luckily, the only things destroyed during that incident were his legs. He could have lost his life. He didn’t hesitate at all. Don Smith wanted him to be the real Alejandro, so he’s probably been restricting him from making contact with anyone from his past, including you.”

“Loving me?” Tiffany snorted derisively. “His love is really special then. I can’t accept it. Your way is nice, it’s more suited to my tastes. If it were you, would you have risked your life to save me too?”

“Yes,” Jackson replied without hesitation.

The pair shared a smile. Everything seemed brighter and more cheerful.

…

Two months later, Smith Estate, Ayashe.

Don Smith’s illness had plummeted severely, as he had occasional moments of both consciousness and unconsciousness. Despite receiving the best medication, he couldn’t hold on until the end of the month. Every moment could be his last. His bedside was constantly under surveillance, someone watching over him 24/7.

In a bid to look like a good grandson, Alejandro watched over him most of all. With so many eyes on him, he was forced to do it, no matter how unwilling he felt. Don Smith used to be defensive towards him, but he had no need to worry now. Sometimes, the pair would chat during his moments of consciousness.

Chapter 1314

Don Smith’s eyes filled with yearning as he stared out at the warm afternoon sun outside the window. “Ale… I’d like to go outside and enjoy the sun.”

Alejandro didn’t answer. He got up and carried Don Smith onto his wheelchair. Unbeknownst to him, he moved very carefully and gently, afraid that the frail old man would get hurt somehow.

They arrived at the courtyard outside. The temperature was just right, with a slight breeze in the air. There was the pleasant fragrance of green grass and earth too. A smile hung on the corners of Don Smith's lips, a long-forgotten sight. "Ale, is this our first time enjoying the sun in peace?"

Alejandro nodded. "Mm, it's the first time."

The old man's ruddy eyes lit up with a smile. "That's right… It's the first time… Maybe the last time too."

Alejandro frowned. "If you want, I can take you out here whenever you want. What do you mean, 'last time'? You're talking as if you're about to breathe your last at any moment. You're so good at tormenting, why not torture me a little longer? How could you possibly be satisfied with this?"

Don Smith turned around and looked at him. "Have you considered an instant death for me? That way, you'll be able to control the Smiths sooner and do whatever you want without my restriction."

Alejandro paused then calmly replied, "I have, and not just once. But I'm not that stupid. You don't have many days left anyway. I don't have to be so anxious. Consider it a way for me to appease my conscience then."

Don Smith chuckled. "Hehe… If you really were Alejandro, I'd be dead by now. I know my own grandson better than anyone else. He hated me so much that he'd grit his teeth at the very sight of me. He wouldn't be as 'kind' as you are, letting me drag out my existence, breathing freely."

Alejandro didn't answer. He didn't know the real Alejandro that well, so he declined to comment.

After a while, Don Smith suddenly asked, “Where’s Melanie? Why haven’t I seen her? She’s pregnant. You should show her more concern. Don’t let her go out on her own.”

“Don’t know,” Alejandro replied nonchalantly. “It’s not like I can control where she wants to go.”

A wave of concern hit Don Smith’s face. “You’re not waiting for my death to divorce her, are you? And to get rid of the baby in her belly? I won’t let that happen. I’ve mentioned this before—Ethan Connor is dead. Your only option is to live the rest of your life as Alejandro Smith, so play your part well and don’t do anything Ethan would do. How could a woman cause you such obsession? Melanie is far more superior than Tiffany Lane in both family background and looks. Melanie is a member of the Smith family. Her baby is the heir to the Smith family and yours too! You have no right to decide on its survival!”

Alejandro remained silent, as usual. He couldn’t be bothered to waste his breath on these things. His only objective was to show this dying old man as much charity as possible.

By night time, Melanie was still nowhere to be found.

Don Smith was too worried to eat. He refused to take his medication too. He used all of his strength to smash everything in his room. “Where is she? Why can’t she be contacted? What have you done to her?”

Chapter 1315

Alejandro stood calmly in the doorway. “I haven’t done anything to her,” he replied insipidly. “She was still around this morning. This is Ayashe. Even if I wanted something to happen to her, would the Larks

agree? I've already got my hands full with you. How could I possibly have the time to do anything to her? I won't be responsible for you getting a stroke."

Don Smith finally calmed down when he realized that Alejandro was telling the truth. He stopped flinging everything in the room. "Find her! I've called Lark Mansion. She's not there!"

Alejandro had the staff clean up Don Smith's bedroom, then headed to the courtyard. Jett tagged along and said, "Don Smith's abnormal temper is expected in his current condition. Please, don't mind him, sir."

Alejandro lit a cigarette. "Find Melanie. See where she's gone off to. As long as she's not around, the old man would think that I've done something to her. Once you've found her, tell her to come home and watch over the old man until he closes his eyes forever. At least, I'll have some peace and quiet too."

Jett grunted in reply and led some men out of the Smith Estate.

As the day slowly turned to night, Jett reverted with a message. "Sir, Mrs. Smith is… in the hospital…"

Alejandro's hand trembled almost unnoticeably as he held the phone. "Why is she in the hospital?"

"W-well…" Jett stammered. "Y-you'd better come over, sir. I'll send you the location."

Alejandro had the car prepared after the call, and he zoomed towards the hospital. All sorts of scenarios flashed across his mind, but when he set foot into the ward and found Melanie safe and sound, he went into a one-second daze. “What happened?”

Melanie lay in bed, averting her gaze. “Grandfather’s been in bad shape lately. He wants to see the baby, so I want the baby to come sooner. It’s not a big deal, my condition is normal. I’ll have to stay in the hospital under observation for two days before surgery. You were busy taking care of grandfather, so I didn’t want to bother you with this.”

Alejandro’s expression turned into ice. He swept his gaze across the hospital ward and realized that, aside from Jett, there was a nursemaid present too. That meant that the Larks were not aware of this either. His heart burned with rage. “Get out of the hospital at once. We’re going home!”

Melanie frowned. “I’m not going home!” she said, stubbornly.

“Ignore her,” Alejandro insisted. “Jett, carry out the procedure for her discharge.”

Jett agreed that it was inappropriate to force the baby into an early birth, even though it was all so that Don Smith could meet the baby. He was on Alejandro’s side in this matter, so he promptly went off to carry out the discharge.

Melanie gasped with rage. Noticing the flames of war forming between the pair, the nursemaid couldn’t stand it any longer. “Uhm… I’m going out to have a look. Mr. Smith, Mrs. Smith, I’ll leave you to it.”

Once the nursemaid left, Melanie exploded. “Why won’t you let me do this? My due date is almost here, so it won’t affect the baby that much. Why are you going all out to stop this? Is this for your selfish

motives? I've always known that you only let me keep the baby after weighing your gains and losses—you were afraid that grandfather would find out. Grandfather's at the end of the line now. Are you waiting for him to die before telling me to get rid of my baby, just before its birth? You've never intended for this baby to be born, have you? The death of an unborn child would be much easier on your conscience, but a safely-delivered baby is considered a new life. Getting rid of it would be extremely troublesome. It'd only get in the way when you find another woman. Isn't that right? No one can stop you once grandfather dies… I have to consider my well-being and the baby's. Whether it's to give grandfather a chance to meet the baby, or for mine and the baby's sake, I am not going home with you!"

Chapter 1316

Alejandro suddenly moved forwards and held up her chin. He spoke in a very cold tone, "If I hadn't wanted you to give birth, this child would've been long gone instead of being kept till now. You've never believed me and have always had your guard up against me, thinking that I would get rid of you and your child the moment the old man died. How absurd!"

Melanie was in so much pain, tears filled up her eyes. She was slightly startled as well. Could she have overthought it? She was uncertain of how things would turn out but did not dare put both her and her child's life on the line. If she lost, the child would be gone for sure.

Alejandro impatiently released his grip when he saw Melanie's tearful look. "Don't you dare cause me any more f*cking trouble! Come home with me at once!"

As Melanie lowered her head, her tears fell from her eyes and stained the white quilt. "I won't go back with you. I have all the more reason to do this since you already think that way. This is grandpa's only regret, and I don't intend to let him pass away without letting him see this through. I've always listened to you, so can't you listen to me just this once and sign the consent papers? I have not told my family about this, and I need an immediate family member to sign the papers. You're the child's father, which also makes you the most qualified person to sign it."

Alejandro remained silent. He had already guessed that the reason she did not undergo the surgery immediately was because no one would sign the consent papers and not because of her health. The Larks would definitely object to the matter, so she did not dare tell her family about it and kept hesitating about it. Otherwise, the child would've been long out already.

Seeing that Alejandro remained silent, Melanie continued to plead. "I beg of you, can't you listen to me just this once? I promise that I'll listen to everything you say after this…"

At that moment, Jett was done with the procedures and returned. "It's done, sir. We're free to leave now."

Melanie looked at Alejandro with a pleading expression. After a moment, Alejandro sighed. "It's fine, we're not leaving. If she wants to have the baby so badly, let her have it."

Jett was confused. Did Alejandro change his decision in such a short time again?"

"Then… Shall I apply for her admission again?"

Alejandro coldly said, "Do I have to tell you that?"

Jett hurriedly said, "No, I'll get right on it!"

Melanie's tears had not dried, but she smiled and reached out to hug Alejandro. "Thank you!"

Alejandro's body was frozen stiff and had no reaction. He looked at her bulging belly and spaced out. Through the clothes and her belly, he could not believe that there was a life inside her belly. The feelings he had for the child were so blurry and hazy.

The surgery was fixed for the morning of the next day. No one knew about this except for Alejandro, Jett, and Melanie's nanny. Alejandro had a conference call with Don Smith and lied to the latter that Melanie was at the hospital for a checkup and would be back in the Lark mansion later. Alejandro had no qualms as long as the old man was not worried. He felt as though he was being choked by the old man, thanks to his constant mood swings.

When it was 11PM, Melanie saw that Alejandro did not seem to intend to leave and asked, "Are you not going back?"

Chapter 1317

Alejandro sat in his chair and said expressionlessly, "The old man has ordered me not to leave your side. Besides, it's better that I stay, as I get to have some peace and quiet. Further, I don't feel like serving him anyway."

Melanie lowered her head and kept quiet. She knew that he did not actually feel that way. Whatever the reason, the moment Alejandro realized Don Smith did not have much longer to live, he'd been serving by his side constantly. Even if Don Smith threw a fit and lashed out at him, Alejandro neither complained nor retaliated; he was not even able to take care of his leg. Melanie thought that this was a good chance for him to relax.

It was also a blessing in disguise for Melanie as well—how else would Alejandro stay by her side in the hospital willingly?

The next morning, the doctor brought over the consent papers for Alejandro to sign as Melanie laid on her bed nervously. She had never even gotten a scar in her life, let alone entered an operating theatre. It was hard for her not to be terrified as her time drew nearer. However, Melanie did not dare to show Alejandro her fears, as she was afraid that he would criticize her. She was the one who had made this decision, so she needed to see it through no matter what.

As Alejandro's long slender fingers gripped the pen, he paused just as he was about to sign the consent papers. "You seem terrified. Are you sure you want to do this? There's no turning back once I've signed it."

Melanie froze awkwardly for a moment. "Who says I'm terrified? Sign it, I'm not scared! Don't delay the surgery!"

Alejandro turned his head to look at her with a grin and, in a flash, signed the consent papers in several required areas.

Melanie repeatedly took deep breaths and her breathing grew even more rapid when the doctor said that she was ready for the operation.

Soon, the preparations were completed and Melanie was pushed into the operating theatre. Her whole body trembled, as she was surrounded by fear and there was no way for her to calm herself down. Would there be a woman who wouldn't be scared if they were in her situation?

Melanie subconsciously looked at Alejandro, who was slowly following behind. He seemed way more calm than she was at the moment. She almost burst into tears, regretting how she had not informed her family beforehand. If she had, she would probably have more people to console her and make her feel better, despite having to take an earful from her family first.

As the doors to the operating theatre closed, her tears flowed uncontrollably. She could not even be bothered about whether Alejandro mocked her.

Alejandro stopped in front of the doors. His thin lips seemed to be saying something but Melanie could not hear him, nor did she have the energy to try.

After preparing the items for the newborn baby, Jett waited with Alejandro at the operating theatre. As he saw Alejandro sitting there silently with an eyebrow raised, Jett said, “You really don’t have to be so worried. It’s very rare for something to go wrong during this kind of surgery. She won’t feel a thing after anesthetics have been administered.

Alejandro looked at Jett with a curious look. “Who says I’m worried?”

Jett raised an eyebrow and said, “I’ve been with you for a long time now. If I still can’t understand what you’re feeling, I may as well not work for you any longer. You really don’t have to hide your feelings, sir. There’s no need to be shy.”

Alejandro did not retaliate but looked through the items that Jett had bought. “Have you missed anything? I wouldn’t want us to realize that we’ve missed something at the last minute.”

Jett said confidently, “Relax, I won’t miss anything. I’ve done this before.”

Seconds turned to minutes, and minutes turned to hours. It seemed as though a long time had passed, but in actuality, it was the opposite. Soon, a very faint and soft baby cry could be heard from inside the operating theatre. Alejandro's eyes were dead fixed on the doors that were tightly shut. It was unknown what was going through his mind at that moment.

Shortly after, a nurse came out with a baby in her arms. "Is Melanie Lark's family around? Could someone come with me and bring the baby for a checkup while the rest stays here to wait for the parturient?"

Without waiting for Alejandro's reply, Jett got up and said, "I'll go with the baby. You stay here and wait for Melanie."

Chapter 1318

The nurse thought that it was strange that two men were guarding outside the theatre, but she did not ask anything about it. She instead said, "Both mother and daughter are fine. Although the baby was born prematurely, she was still very close to her due date, so she does seem to be fine from the looks of it. Once she's cleared after her checkup, she won't need to be placed in an incubator."

After Jett and the nurse walked off with the baby, Alejandro came back to his senses. It's a girl…? Would the old man insist on them having a second child before he passed on…

The nanny brought over some nutritional food just as Melanie was being brought out of the operating theatre. However, she was still under the effects of the anesthetic and her face was very pale. It was the first time that Alejandro did not have an impatient look on his face, despite having stood guard at the hospital for such a long time.

When she did not see the baby, the nanny whispered softly, "Has the baby been taken to be incubated because of the premature birth?"

Alejandro casually replied, “I don’t know.”

The nanny was speechless. Did he have to be so cool about it? He was not even worried in the slightest…

After a while, Don Smith called. Alejandro immediately got up and walked to the corridor before answering. “Hello?”

On the other end, Don Smith was very anxious. “Where’s Melanie? Is she not coming home today?”

Alejandro rubbed his glabella annoyedly. “She’s not going back. I’m currently out shopping with her so you don’t have to worry. I’ll come back home later.”

Don Smith was still anxious. “Pass the phone to Melanie; I would like to speak to her.”

Alejandro glanced at Melanie, who was still unconscious, and tonelessly said, “She’s in the washroom and can’t answer at the moment. Can you stop being a nuisance? She’s a fully grown adult, what’s the worst that could happen to her? We’ll send you a video in a moment. I’ll be hanging up now.”

After he hung up the phone, Alejandro stood by the corridor for a moment before returning to Melanie’s ward. Alejandro was well aware that he could not hide the fact that Melanie had been hospitalized from Don Smith for too long. With the old man’s curious nature, he would find out about it before Melanie could be discharged.

Melanie gradually woke up from her coma after two hours. The first thing she said after waking up was, “Where’s the baby? Is it a boy or a girl? The doctor did tell me when I was in the operating theatre, but I couldn’t hear clearly…”

“It’s a girl,” Alejandro said. “Jett has gone with her to get her checkup and hasn’t returned.”

The nanny walked towards Melanie and fed her a glass of water. “Are you hungry, Melanie? I’ve brought you something to eat. Would you like to have some?”

Melanie shook her head. “I’m not hungry, I just want to see my baby.”

Just as she said that, Jett walked in with the baby in his arms. “Alejandro, Melanie, the baby’s healthy and doesn’t need to be placed in an incubator. However, she needs to stay here and be observed for two days… As for Don Smith, I believe we won’t be able to hide from him for long, will we? Should we tell Don Smith about it first?”

Melanie tried to sit up, but she groaned in pain the moment she moved a little. Alejandro raised an eyebrow. “You’ve just undergone your surgery, so can you not move? You will be in a world of pain the moment the anesthetics wear off. Jett, bring the baby over here.”

Jett carefully placed the baby beside Melanie on the bed. She looked at her daughter’s red face and cried with tears of joy. The bond between her and her daughter was evidently strong, seeing how Melanie had thought that her baby wouldn’t survive...

Chapter 1319

Once Melanie was at ease, she looked at Alejandro and said, “We won’t be able to hide the truth from grandpa. I believe we should just tell him since the child has already been born. The reason we had this surgery was so that grandpa would be able to see his grandchild earlier. As for my family… I’ll tell them about it after I’m discharged.” Melanie was worried that her family would head over to the hospital and cause a scene the moment they found out. Just thinking about the scene gave her nightmares. All she wanted at that moment was some peace and quiet.

Alejandro nodded his head. He took out his cell phone and recorded a video to send it to Don Smith, informing the latter that the child had been born and which hospital they were at. As Alejandro was recording the video, he took a good look at his child’s face. She could not be considered to be pretty; her skin glowed red and was rather thin, unlike other babies, who would have fairer skin. However, Alejandro actually thought that the child did not look ugly. In fact, he felt as though he could keep on looking at her.

When Don Smith found out about the truth, he did not spare the time to call and scold Alejandro. Instead, he angrily rushed to the hospital.

When Don Smith saw Melanie and her child, tears seemed to well up in his eyes, although he tried to conceal it. “Melanie, why didn’t you listen to me? You and your child’s safety is what mattered most… Why did you have to give birth prematurely?”

Melanie laughed. “Grandpa, aren’t the both of us safe in the end? We’re fine. Would you like to hold the baby?”

Don Smith shook his head. “I’ll just look at it.” Don Smith found it hard to even walk now; he was either lying flat in bed or on a wheelchair—even his arms did not have the strength that they used to. He was afraid that he wouldn’t be able to hold the child properly.

Jett held the baby in his arms and stood in front of Don Smith. The latter stared at the baby for a full minute before smiling as he asked, “Have you named it? Is it a boy or a girl?

Alejandro, who hated to be in such sensational situations, said tonelessly, “We were in a rush and simply came up with a name. She’s called Melissa.”

When Don Smith found out that the child was a girl from her name, he did not seem to be unhappy. “Fine, fine, that’s alright. A daughter isn’t a bad thing. The thing is, she’d need to marry into another family in the future, so I think the two of you should have a son to help continue the Smith legacy. I’m not saying I don’t like having a granddaughter—I love her all the same.”

Alejandro kept quiet, as he knew that the old man would react this way. The old man was going on about continuing the Smith legacy, yet it was already all but broken a long time ago, since he himself was a fake. Wouldn’t the old man find it ironic by saying that?”

Don Smith’s passive aggressive reminder for Melanie to get a second child did not sit well with her, but she did not show it on her face. “It’s fine, grandpa. I understand. The Smiths are a big family, so it’s natural for you to want a grandson.”

The old man gestured for Alejandro to take the child away. “Oh well… I’m just blabbering more often now that I know I haven’t got long left. I wouldn’t be able to live to see your second child anyway. Does your family still not know about this?”

Melanie nodded her head. “Yes, I dared not tell them since they wouldn’t agree to giving birth prematurely. I’ll let them know after I’m discharged or after the child reached one month old. There are quite a lot of people in my family, so a lot of them would nag at me and I find that annoying.”

The old man did not say anything. He suddenly raised his hand to instruct his man that he wanted to leave. The bodyguard behind him hurriedly pushed him away in his wheelchair and left the ward.

Melanie was slightly anxious. “Do you think grandpa secretly minds that I’ve given birth to a daughter? Isn’t it the same no matter what gender they are at this time and age?”

Alejandro stood up and tidied his shirt. “He’s a dying man. Why would you bother with what he thinks? I’m heading back for a while. I’ll come back later tonight.”

As he left the ward and stood at the corridor, he saw Don Smith coughing uncontrollably. Alejandro raised an eyebrow and walked up to him. “Did you suddenly come out because your sickness was relapsing? You couldn’t even make yourself clear and ended up making her wonder if you preferred a male over a female. If it wasn’t to let you see your grandchild earlier, she wouldn’t have opted for a premature birth.”

Don Smith’s face was as white as a sheet after taking his medication. “I-I… couldn’t tell her in time. How was I to know that my illness would choose to attack at this time? Plus, there’s a newborn baby in there. What if she had contracted my illness? Ale, Melanie’s at the point where she needs to be taken care of after giving birth. You should stay here and take care of her. My body isn’t allowing me to move around too much outside, so I’m going home now.”

Alejandro pushed Don Smith’s wheelchair instead of the latter’s bodyguard. “Let’s go back together. I need to change my clothes anyway. I’ll come back later tonight.”

Chapter 1320

During the return journey, Don Smith stared at Alejandro for a moment before asking, “Did you stay at the hospital since last night? Were you the one who signed the consent papers for the surgery as well?”

Alejandro had an annoyed look on his face and turned to look out of the car. “Yes.”

Don Smith had a look of relief on his face. “It seems that I over-thought about the matter; you wouldn’t bear to kill your own flesh and blood. My only wish now is for you and Melanie to live together. You should be able to settle down, more or less, now that she and you have a child together. Forget about your past and focus on who you are now.”

…

When the sky began to turn dark, Alejandro returned to the hospital.

When he arrived at Melanie’s ward, he realized that Jett was sitting just outside at the corridor and asked, “What are you doing here?”

Jett was slightly embarrassed. “Melanie is… breastfeeding. Normally, the doctor would need to check her wound after breastfeeding and clear off whatever is necessary. It wouldn’t be convenient for a guy to be in there.”

Alejandro pushed the door open and entered the ward. Melanie was laying sideways, breastfeeding Melissa, when the nanny said to him excitedly, “Melanie’s secreting the milk really quickly. There is no need to use the mik powder that we’ve bought.”

Melanie was slightly embarrassed. “Please stop saying that…”

The nanny jokingly said, “You’re a married couple, so what’s there to be embarrassed about? Alejandro is willing to stay here and take care of you despite his busy schedule. You two seem to have quite a good relationship going on.”

Melanie looked at Alejandro. “Thank you.”

Alejandro, feeling irritated by Melanie’s thanks, said, “What’s there to thank me for? Are you thanking me for carrying out my responsibility and bringing you to the hospital? Could you choose your words more carefully? You’re making it sound as if Melissa has got nothing to do with me.”

At midnight, Alejandro was awoken by Melissa’s cries, and no one in the ward was able to sleep. Melanie asked the nanny, who was coaxing Melissa to stop crying, “I’ve already breastfed her earlier, so why is she still crying?”

The nanny held Melissa in her arms while walking back and forth. “It’s alright, it’s very normal for them to want to be held as they are coaxed to sleep since they’ve just been born.

It was true, the little girl fell asleep soundly after a short moment, and the entire world seemed to turn silent. However, the nanny had to keep holding onto her—the moment Melissa was not held in someone’s arms, she’d start crying again.

Alejandro was now wide awake and could not go back to sleep. He went out to the washroom and smoked a cigarette. Alejandro's cell phone suddenly rang, and when he saw that the caller was from the Smith estate, his heart sank. "Hello?"

The caller said in a very heavy tone. "Sir, Don Smith has just passed away."

Alejandro took a last puff at his cigarette before throwing it on the floor and extinguishing it by stepping on the cigarette butt. "I'm on my way now."