Ruling 1421

Chapter 1422

In truth, Brian had already returned. He just did not resume his duties immediately. Brian arrived at Tremont Estate within half an hour.

When he entered the house, his forehead was covered in sweat. He asked the girl, “What are you doing here?”

The girl snorted. “I knew I would be able to find you here. Weren’t you avoiding me by hiding yourself away from me? You could’ve not come here if you had the balls! I’ll ask you again, are we still getting married or not?”

Brian looked at the girl for a moment with a dark face and said, “No.”

Startled, the girl immediately went up to Brian and began to hit him. Brian endured her behaviour for a moment before grabbing both her hands. “I’m sorry, I won’t be able to marry you. We could’ve gotten back together had you not come here and caused a scene. Now, it’s no longer necessary, and I will not be able to fulfill your requirements. I’d gladly spend everything I have for you, but I would most definitely not land myself in debt for you because you never even considered my situation. I could buy a house; I even have a car and could transfer ownership to you, but as for your other requests, we can stop the discussion here if you aren’t willing to compromise. I’ve completely given up on being patient with you.”

The girl roared. “Who do you think you are? You think you’re so great? Aren’t you just a lousy old driver? I can’t even bear telling anyone else in my hometown what you do for a living. Aren’t you just driving your master around like a dog? How dare you talk so arrogantly to me!”

Mary was watching from one side with Smore in her arms and did not dare to make a sound. If she did that, it would only make Brian feel even more embarrassed.

Arianne folded her arms. She could very clearly tell who was right and who was wrong in that scenario.

Brian's face flushed red in anger. "So, that's what you think of me. Isn't that just perfect? Please, leave this place immediately. We're officially over."

The girl did not give up. "Who gives you the right to break up? Everyone in my hometown already knows that I've been living with you in the capital for a very long time. How am I supposed to deal with this embarrassment? I'll accept your break up, but I want $30,000 as compensation!"

Brian was so angry, he began to laugh. "Have I misheard? Why didn't you tell your family that I've never even lifted a finger at you? All this time, you've been living off of my money without even washing my clothes or even cooking me dinner. All you do at home is eat, sleep, and watch TV. I don't suppose you've been enjoying your life so much back in your hometown, have you? If you're talking about compensation, I should be one asking from you. I've helped your parents raise their daughter for so long, yet I've not even mentioned anything about money. You really don't have a shred of dignity within you at all!"

Arianne sighed. Brian thought that Arianne was unhappy when he heard her sigh and looked apologetic. "I'm sorry for being such an inconvenience to you, madam."

Arianne was not able to say anything as the girl snorted, her eyes filled with contempt for Brian. Why did she have to force herself to be with him if she looked down on him so much? Arianne has always treated Brian as part of her family, so how could she be willing to watch Brian be humiliated so badly? Arianne immediately said, "There's nothing to apologize for, Brian. We're a family, there's no need to be

strangers to each other. This girl doesn't deserve you at all. There's no need for you to even compensate her, just forget about her. We'll find you a better one. I'll pay for your house, within the capital—three storeys, choose whichever you please. As for the car… I'll give you $150,000 for it as a wedding gift. You can decide on how much you want to pay for the wedding party. I promise you all this and I will definitely see to it that it's done."

Arianne's offer was more than the girl could hope for. She became nervous, as Arianne had personally promised to provide all that. "I won't break up! I will never break up!"

Chapter 1423

Arianne tutted and said, "It doesn't matter to me whether you break up or not, as my gifts are not meant for you anyhow. So long as you're involved, I won't even give a single cent. Plus, you're wrong. Brian's not our dog. Each career is to be equally respected. Brian's been working for us for so long, he's literally a part of our family. Why don't you stop looking down on people and leave him? You don't deserve him at all. I find people who don't even understand their worth very laughable."

Brian did not want to waste his time on the girl any longer. He waved his hand to call on the security guards to throw her out of the house.

The girl struggled against the guards and refused to leave the door. The guards' threats were completely useless.

Brian was on the brink of flipping out. "I did not expect for it to turn out like this. I thought she was just being childish because of her young age, but now, I finally see what she truly thinks of me. I'm sorry for being such an embarrassment, madam."

Arianne shook her head. "Nobody's laughing at you. However, I must say that you have a rather bad taste in women. Age doesn't define a person's maturity—she's just plain naive and materialistic. In all

seriousness, your love life is truly filled with pitfalls. Why don't you gather your emotions and find a better one next time?"

The girl still refused to leave even as the sky darkened. Mark thought that it was strange when he saw a girl standing guard by the main gates, but he paid no attention to it and drove into his home. The moment the gates were open, the girl snatched the opportunity and ran into the house again. "Come out right this instant, Brian!"

Brian was embarrassed that he had to hide in the Tremont Estate for the entire day. Arianne advised him no to go out. He wouldn't be able to handle the situation well.

Mark got down from his car and stared at the girl for a moment. "Are you Brian's girlfriend? Why have you brought your argument to my place?"

The girl broke down in tears and told Mark how Brian had wronged her. Mark's face darkened as he felt frustrated. "Brian, come out and settle your own problems now!"

Brian did not come out. Instead, Arianne appeared and said, "Brian won't be able to settle this, so I'll handle it."

Mark did not know what was happening but could not be bothered to ask. He entered his home and went upstairs.

Arianne walked towards the girl and asked, "What do you want exactly?"

The girl could tell that Arianne was not someone she should trifle with, so she refused to communicate with her. “I want to talk to Brian, bring him out now! I’ve got nothing to say to you.”

Arianne tonelessly said, “Do you know that it’s a crime to trespass on private property? Are you not being angry and bullying Brian because of how well he pampered you in the past? Respect is a two-way street and should be given mutually, but you’re taking advantage of him completely. No one is obliged to treat you well, unless they are your parents. Why don’t you save yourself from some humiliation and leave now before I call the police?”

The girl did not believe that Brian would bear to see Ariann call the cops on her. “Go ahead, I’ll never let him go even if you do. He can’t be the only one who decides whether to end the relationship or not. I have to agree as well!”

Arianne had actually intended to call the police. However, as she took out her phone to dial the number, the girl smacked the phone out of her hands. The phone dropped onto the floor, and its screen smashed to bits. Arianne did not fret. “This phone’s the XX’s latest model. It’s not too expensive, just approximately $1,500. Pay up before you leave.”

The girl’s face turned pale. “Aren’t you just bullying me with your wealth? This is a matter between me and Brian. You haven’t got the right to interfere!”

Chapter 1424

Arianne said to her in a harsh tone, “I wouldn’t interfere in your matters if you hadn’t brought your argument to my doorstep. Now that you’ve done it, how could I not interfere? Who would dare to bully you when you’ve got so much demeanor on you? Obviously, you’ve been the one who’s been bullying us. You’ve already taken all the glory for yourself; what else could you possibly want?”

At that point, the girl began to feel that Brian would not bother with her, so she might as well stop herself from making matters worse. The girl named her price. “$45,000—I’ll leave when I receive this amount, or otherwise, there won’t be peace for anybody. I wouldn’t be sent to prison even if you tried, since it’s just a lovers’ quarrel.”

Arianne saw that the lights in her bedroom on the second floor had turned on and was afraid that Mark would cause an even bigger scene. She coldly said, “I don’t wish to make matters worse, so leave now! He hasn’t even touched you. He has even paid for your living expenses for so many months now, so how dare you still ask for money? You’ve even increased your price? Brian’s been treating you with respect all along, yet you’ve treated him as a fool!”

The girl did not say anything and remained seated on a chair in the garden. She would never leave without receiving her payment.

The guards wanted to chase her away again but were stopped by Arianne. They would only be able to throw her out to the main gates, which would make no difference.

Brian could not sit still any longer and rushed out of the house. “What do you want exactly?”

The girl took out her phone and played her game as if nothing had happened. Brian was so angry, his eyes reddened. “Could you please leave both of us some dignity? You know very well how I felt about you. I truly intended on marrying you, but you take me for a fool. We’re completely incompatible with each other, so there’s no need for us to continue any longer.”

The girl stopped scrolling on her phone, but still, she would not budge.

Brian grew even more furious. “You really disgust me!”

The girl jumped out of her chair and looked at Brian with tears in her eyes. “You say you love me and want to marry me, but you won’t contribute. What do you take me for? A cheap prostitute on the streets? If you really loved me, there’s nothing that you wouldn’t do for me. You just don’t want to get it done, that’s all!”

Brian wryly laughed and said, “I’m sorry, I’m not from a wealthy family, so I can’t fulfill your requirements. I’ve experienced your unreasonable attitude before and I can’t take it anymore. Go on, cause a scene all you like. The worst thing that could happen would be my resignation. Plus, I wouldn’t even have the balls to continue working here after everything that you’ve done.”

Suddenly, the windows from the bedroom opened. Mark stood by the window and shouted to the guards, “Take her away to the police station. Every time she comes, take her there again.”

Although his method was rather aggressive, it was actually effective. The moment the girl had been forcefully taken away, the whole world turned silent.

Brian couldn’t control his emotions any longer and requested to resign from his job. Arianne had thought that he had just said that on a whim. “There’s no need to resign, it’s fine. These kinds of situations… don’t mean anything. Plus, you haven’t brought us any problems so you shouldn’t feel sorry.”

Brian was a masochistic man; he was so angry that he almost shed a tear. “I really haven’t got the balls to stay here any longer. If it wasn’t for my parents, I would rather remain single forever. Women love men who are handsome and rich, yet I’m neither of those. Why did she have to pretend that she wanted to marry me when we weren’t compatible with each other in the first place? Causing such a ruckus right at the end of the relationship, I’ve truly had enough.”

Arianne took a serious look at Brian. He was quite tall and rather fair, since he did not have to stand under the sun throughout the year. He had a rather tall nose and splendid features. Brian could be considered to be a typical handsome dude. Although he wasn't filthy rich, he had enough to provide a good life for his spouse. All in all, he was more than capable to be a match for that little girl.

Chapter 1425

Brian had been tortured into looking down on himself, which was a pitiful sight to see. "What are you thinking? You deserve a lot better. It's she who doesn't deserve you. Stop overthinking things. Your resignation is out of the question. Mark would never agree to it. Why don't you rest a few days? Treat it as a vacation and come back to work when you're feeling better. There are a lot of fish in the sea. When you meet the right person next time, I will fulfill my promise and give you the house and car that I mentioned. Cheer up."

Brian was emotionally down in the dumps. He was even dragging his feet when he left the Tremont Estate.

Mark teased Arianne when he went downstairs for dinner and said, "Are you so passionate about doing this kind of stuff because you're too idle? Wouldn't it be better to just get the guards to send her to the police station?"

Arianne glared at him. "Why are you being like this? Isn't this Brian's matter? He's been of service to you for so many years now; could you really just leave him be when he's in trouble? The girl was clearly taking advantage of his honesty and loyalty. Don't you think he has the prerequisites of being a playboy? Yet, why is he the one being played? He's being played like a complete fool. However, you are right about one thing though—I am very unoccupied. I'll have to look for something to do again after resting for another two days."

Mark looked at her with a serious look and said, “Come help me in my company.”

In truth, Arianne had intended to do so. After managing Tremont Enterprise for so long, she’d come to understand that there was nothing better than developing and improving one’s own company rather than working for others. All her previous concepts of leaving Mark and being completely independent had all been dashed. Would she not be able to shine in her own company? Was there a difference since she would be able to fulfill her dreams anyhow?

“Alright then, just give me a simple position as a designer. I’ll work my way up and become the director.”

Mark half-jokingly said, “Relax, I won’t be letting you cut any corners. At the office, I’m your boss. I won’t be giving you any special treatment compared to the others. Further, you can’t go around flaunting your authority as the CEO’s wife. Work’s work.”

Arianne believed what Mark had just said. “I understand, I’ll do my best. Remember to pay me my salary every month. Don’t think for a second that I would work for free just because I’m your wife. Also, you should pay me a rather decent salary. I did give up a job with a very high annual salary just for you, after all.”

Mark raised an eyebrow and said, “Don’t worry, with your portfolio, your salary would definitely be higher than that of an average designer. I’ll make you a different offer, but it won’t be as high as you used to receive. There will be room for increment if you perform well. In addition, if you’re able to catch up to Sylvain’s level, your salary could even go over $1.5 million per annum. Plus, it’s a good opportunity for you to learn from him. There’s a saying that he who stays near vermillion gets stained red, and he who stays near ink gets stained black. I do believe in this.”

A few days later, Arianne actually began to work at Tremont Enterprise. Technically speaking, Arianne owned the company, so she was confused as to who she was actually working for. Was she working for herself?"

The employees in the office no longer gave Arianne strange gazes, since Mark's accident had been cleared up. However, Mark had actually employed her with half of the salary she received from her previous company. From a monetary standpoint, it would be better for her to work in her previous company. However, looking towards her future career development, of course it would be better for her to work in a larger company. Based on how reputable Tremont Enterprise was, even a fool would know what to choose.

The couple went to the office together. As soon as they arrived at the company's garage, Mark immediately turned into the cold CEO and both of them went their separate ways.

Arianne had been arranged to be seated beside Sylvain. Both of them had their own separate desks and it could probably pass off as an office if there was a wall between them. Sylvain jokingly asked her, "Are you working for yourself now? Isn't the company owned by you? Has Mr. Tremont reclaimed ownership of it yet?"

Arianne gleefully said, "No, he can't be bothered to deal with the hassle and said it doesn't matter who owns the company. You shouldn't treat me as your boss's wife, since we're keeping it professional among us. Therefore, that would make us colleagues now and I'm counting on you to mentor me. You're the most prominent person in the design industry, so I'll need to do my best to suck up to you and learn as much as I can from you."

Sylvain's lips twitched. "Would Mr. Tremont be alright with you sucking up to me? Are you sure he wouldn't turn me into minced meat?"

Arianne firmly said, “Don’t worry, he was the one who said that I should learn as much as I can from you. ‘He who stays near vermillion gets stained red, and he who stays near ink gets stained black.’ Mark has always been able to clearly differentiate work and personal matters—I even need to call him Mr. Tremont while I’m in the office.”

Chapter 1426

Sylvain was half-suspicious. “Fine, I’ll buy your cr*p. Who knew that you could do it that way?

Arianne giggled. She went to the company cafeteria with Sylvain during her lunch break. Tremont Enterprises’ cafeteria hall was quite imposing; there were all sorts of dishes available—self-service. She could have whatever she wanted and it was free. No one needed to pay for food that tasted even better than a restaurant outside, so most employees chose to eat in the cafeteria.

When Arianne and Sylvain sat and ate together, they were crowded around by a group of women. “Sylvain, you’re pretty close to our Madam CEO.”

“Stop bullsh*tting, we’re just getting along,” Sylvain replied bitterly. “We’ve known each other for a while now. What if Mr. Tremont hears this? Are you trying to get me fired?”

The women peered carefully at Arianne’s face. If Arianne should seem remotely displeased, they would stop tactfully. However, Arianne did not. She was still smiling, so their jokes became bolder. Arianne was once their boss, after all, and now she was working as an average employee. No one could understand her, or dared to approach her so easily, mostly because they were afraid of offending her, yet they wanted to win her favor at the same time.

Suddenly, Mark and a few high-ranking executives entered the cafeteria. They collected their lunches and sat at a table not too far away. Mark had his back to Arianne too. Everyone would have thought that Mark and Arianne were unrelated, if their relationship were not an unwritten truth.

Only then did Sylvain believe Arianne's words. "Mr. Tremont is very professional. He doesn't even look at you at the office."

Arianne pushed the fried chicken in her plate aside. "I can't finish this. This chicken thigh is too large. I had a big appetite when I chose this, but now, I'm full."

"The company doesn't allow wastage," Sylvain whispered. "Throw that away and you'll get a fine. I'm not kidding."

"But I really can't eat any more," Arianne whined helplessly. "I'll pay the fine then. How much is it?"

"Not a lot, just $15," Sylvain replied, holding up fingers.

$15 for one chicken thigh? Arianne gobbled up the thigh. "I'm done. I'm going back now. Get me two bottles of drinks later. Orange juice, please."

The group of female co-workers began a fervent discussion when Arianne left. "Mrs. CEO sure is thrifty. She won't even waste $15. She could just snap her fingers and have $15 million."

Sylvain pushed his clean tray away and replied, "Not all rich people are that wasteful. Take me, for example. I've never wasted any company food. You should all leave once you're done too. See ya."

Mark got up as well when he saw Arianne leave. “Please excuse me. Don’t forget the meeting this afternoon. Have everything ready.”

The office was empty at the moment. Arianne had had too much to eat and couldn’t move. She sat in her chair, swaying around.

Mark approached her, leaned against the table, and stared at her. “What are you doing? Are you tired?”

Chapter 1427

Arianne shook her head. “The work isn’t tiring, eating is. I don’t even dare waste a piece of fried chicken that I’m too stuffed to eat. I’m so bloated. You’re horrid, docking $15 every time someone wastes food. Three more times, and I can buy a new lipstick.”

Mark smiled and stroked her hair. “You silly goose. Can’t you throw it away in secret? Can I really punish you? You’re the exception. Everyone else has to pay.”

Arianne stared at him in disbelief. “We agreed to be professional. Didn’t we agree to no nepotism? Were you joking around? You’re playing favorites…”

Sylvain returned just then and placed the drinks that he had brought in front of Arianne. “Mr. Tremont.”

Mark immediately reverted to his serious exterior, straightened up, and said, “Mm.” Then, he walked away.

Arianne's heart was filled with glee. This guy was getting good. Working in his company really was the best decision.

That night, everyone gathered at Jackson's house for dinner. Arianne went back to the Tremont Estate and picked Aristotle up. He and Plato could play together, as Tiffany hadn't sent him back to Summer yet.

Jackson was busy in the kitchen while Mark chatted with him on the side. Arianne and Tiffany were binge-watching while watching the kids.

Aristotle suddenly ran to Arianne. "Mommie, mommie, give me a baby sister."

"Why?" Arianne asked with a smile.

Aristotle pouted and considered the question. He was either unsure of how to explain himself, or hadn't thought of a reason. "Aw, your mom can't give you a baby sister. I'll do it for you then. You can take her to your mommy when I'm done, okay? If you want, you can have Plato too."

Aristotle happily glanced at Plato. "Reawy?"

"Really. I don't mind," Tiffany giggled. "You don't know this, but my son nearly became your wife. Who'd have thought that he'd turn out to be a boy?"

Aristotle hugged Plato. “I wike him. He can be my wife!”

Tiffany laughed so hard that she was gasping for air. “Oh my god, looks like he’s not straight after all. Haha!”

Arianne wasn’t sure if she should laugh or cry. “What would a kid like you know? It’s just for fun. Smore, we’ll talk about getting you a sister later. Go and play with Plato.”

At dinner time, Aristotle did more than eat his own food. He scooped some dishes and put them in Plato’s plate too. “He’s going to be so caring when he grows up. He’s great at taking care of others, and he’s only two! Are warm and gentle men nurtured from a young age?”

“Plato is my wife. I want to be nice to him,” Aristotle replied seriously.

Mark’s expression blacked. “What are you saying? He’s your little brother. He’ll never be your wife.”

Chapter 1428

Jackson laughed. “Tiffie, maybe we should hurry it up and have a second baby? Who knows, maybe it’ll be a daughter this time?” he said, half-jokingly.

Tiffany rolled her eyes at him. “I don’t mind, but would you take care of it? You’d throw the baby to your mom right after it’s born. You might be fine with that, but I’m not.”

Just as she had spoken, Tiffany suddenly turned to the side, covered her mouth, and made a retching noise. “Jackson, did you clean the fish properly? The fishy smell is strong.”

Just then, all eyes turned toward her. Jackson’s face was filled with disbelief. “I was just joking. You’re not really pregnant, are you? Don’t you trust my cooking skills? I cleaned the fish very thoroughly…”

Tiffany stared at the grilled fish on the table, lost it, and bolted to the washroom. Arianne immediately knew that she was pregnant when she saw this. “I don’t think you can run from this. She’s pregnant again. You’re pretty awesome, Jackson. Very spot on.”

Jackson didn’t answer. He went upstairs to get something, then sent it to the washroom. A few minutes later, they could hear Tiffany raging at him. “This is all your fault! I didn’t want a second baby so soon! Your son is only a year old. Are you trying to kill me?”

Arianne and Mark shared a look. This matter was either god news or bad news. Tiffany had just had a C-section during her first birth. It was only a little more than a year ago. Who knew if she could give birth now?

Meanwhile, Aristotle was feeding Plato. Not only was he a clean eater, but he was also adept at feeding others too. Not a scrap of food messed up the table.

On the way home, Mark asked Arianne, “Have you considered having a second baby?”

Arianne kissed Aristotle, who was sitting on her lap. “One is enough. I’ve never considered it. I can’t have kids anyway. And it’s not just me. You can’t have kids either, can you? Smore asked if he could have a sister. Tiffany discovered that she was pregnant, not too long after.”

Mark’s face was awash with Schadenfreude. “I think they can keep the baby. Tiffany’s healthy enough. As long as nothing bad comes up in their examination tomorrow, they’ll probably have the baby.”

The next morning, Tiffany called Arianne after her check-up. “Ari, I’m having a breakdown. I’m really pregnant. It’s been nearly forty days. I’m healthy, the doctor says that my body is fine and I’ve healed very well from the cesarean. I can have the baby, but I have to be careful and come for frequent check-ups. I haven't decided anything for now, but Jackson told his mom about it. His mom isn’t going to let me abort it, since the doctor says that it’s fine to have the baby. She says that abortion is a sin, and the baby’s arrival is God’s will. What should I do?”

Arianne wasn’t sure of how to approach this matter. “Uh… If you don’t want the baby, don’t have it. If you can’t bear to abort it, carry it to term. I’ll support you, no matter what decision you make. Of course, your health is the main priority. As long as your body is fine, everything will be okay.”

“Of course, I won’t be able to do it,” Tiffany sniffed pitifully. “But I don’t think Jackson’s too enthusiastic about having a baby. He’s so cold to Plato. How could I possibly have another baby? He was silent the whole time after the examination. I couldn’t be bothered to ask him. He definitely doesn’t want it at all.”

Arianne sighed. “You need to ask him first before making that assumption. Stop coming up with wild theories until you do. It’ll only cause you even more anxiety. It’s not like you got pregnant all on your own. He made you pregnant, so he has to take responsibility. Ask him. Be brave and just ask. I’m working now. Call me and update me when it’s all settled. I’m having roast chicken for dinner tonight; you can Jackson can come over too. We’ll talk tonight.”

Tiffany went back to the car and stared at the silent Jackson after her call. “What do you think?”

“What do you mean?” Jackson turned to the side and asked absent-mindedly.

The very look on his face enraged her. “Should we get rid of it, or keep it? You have to say what you think, don’t you? Am I the only one involved? Let’s be honest, my only quarrel with you is your attitude towards kids. You act like I’m the only one having kids. Could you stop being such a jerk?”

Chapter 1429

“Don’t be angry, that’s not what I mean,” he said helplessly. “I just think that you’ve just had a baby not too long ago and I’m worried that your body won’t be able to take it. If you insist on keeping in, we’ll transfer to the best hospital and have another examination. As long as we can confirm that your health won’t be affected, we’ll keep it. I’m not mean to the kid, and it’s not that I don’t like kids. Don’t make assumptions.”

Tiffany felt much better. “I want to keep this baby. It’s here anyway. It’d be heartbreaking to get rid of it. I’m exhausted today, so let’s do the check up tomorrow.”

Jackson nodded, then drove to the West Residence. Knowing that Tiffany was pregnant again, Summer took Plato away. Taking care of their kid was now Summer’s favorite pastime.

Summer’s dog, Little Bean, dashed towards the pair, wagging its tail when they arrived. Its position in the family had been on decline ever since Plato’s arrival.

“Tiffie, are you… keeping the baby?” Summer asked as she rushed forward to help her alone.

Tiffany glanced at Jackson. “We’ll keep it if he wants to. If not, we’re getting rid of it.”

Summer shot Jackson a glare. “His opinion doesn’t matter. You’re free to keep it as long as you want to. Let’s keep it. He’s gotten you pregnant, so he’s obligated to listen to your opinion.”

Jackson felt the sting of Summer’s snub. “Mom, am I even your son? I never considered getting rid of the baby. I’m just worried for her health.”

“If you were worried for her health, you wouldn’t have gotten her pregnant,” Summer snapped.

Jackson nearly choked from her words. It was only one time. Who knew that this would have happened?

Tiffany hadn’t told Lillian about this yet. Lillian was on her honeymoon with Johnny, enjoying newly-wedded bliss. She couldn’t disturb them. Johnny was with Lillian now and stayed in her home. It’s not that Johnny didn’t have a place to stay, but he was just worried that Lillian might not be used to moving into his place. However, Johnny sold off his house once they got married and gave the money to Lillian. He was thoroughly whipped.

They stayed at West Residence until past 4PM, then drove to the Tremont Estate.

Tiffany wanted to bring Plato along, but Jackson refused because she was pregnant again. It was inadvisable for her to be carrying children.

Tiffany began whining away from the moment she saw Arianne. “This is bad. I wish I wasn’t pregnant. Just thinking about giving birth feels scary, but I can’t bring myself to get rid of it.”

Arianne summoned Aristotle to her. “Come here, Smore. See if the baby in Aunt Tiffany’s belly is a little brother or a sister?”

Aristotle placed his hand on Tiffany’s belly and replied with a serious look on his face. “Sister.”

Tiffany pinched Aristotle’s cheeks. “It's what you’re hoping for, isn’t it? You won’t have to worry about finding a wife when you’re older. We’ve agreed. If it’s a girl, you’ll have to marry her.”

“Okay!” Aristotle replied gullibly. “I’ll buy her a pwetty dwess.”

Tiffany scooped Aristotle into her arms and kissed him. “What a good son-in-law, you are. Maybe we should change the way you address me? You can call me ‘mom’ from now on. I’m going to be your mother-in-law once you become my son-in-law anyway. Haha.”

“No!” Aristotle squealed and pelted himself into Arianne’s arms. “I only have one mom-mie.”

Arianne couldn’t take anymore of this; Tiffany was acting like a big baby. “Can’t you grow a brain? You’re on your second kid now and you’re still acting like one. Thank goodness you’re not the one raising them, or your kids would become badly influenced by you. Their IQ would be finished, just like yours.”

Chapter 1430

At dinner, Mark raised his glass towards Jackson in a Schadenfreude manner. “Congrats, you’re going to be a dad again.”

Jackson rolled his eyes at him. “Stop it. Is your vasectomy something to be proud of? I’m going to get a vasectomy tomorrow, so that I won’t have any more kids. I can’t take any more.”

Only then did Tiffany arrive at a realization. “Why didn’t I think of that? Mark’s had a vasectomy, so you should have done it too. Besides, there’s no use in leaving it.”

Jackson stared at her as if she were an idiot. “A vasectomy only prevents you from having kids. You don’t turn into an eunuch. How the heck does your brain work?”

When Mary joined the dinner table, the younger ones curtailed their conversation topics. Henry had been a butler at the Tremont Estate for most of his life, so he rarely joined them at the table. This was a form of etiquette for Henry. Arianne hoped that Henry would let loose one day, just like Mark. Unfortunately, he was set in his ways.

Suddenly, Arianne’s phone rang. She pulled it out and checked it out of habit but was chastised by Mark. “Don’t fiddle with your phone at the dinner table.”

She refused to listen to him this time. “During your absence over those few months, I’d been so busy that I managed company work in my dreams, every day. I couldn’t even stop at the dinner table. Forget about your sucky rules, I couldn’t even be bothered with etiquette at the time. It’s not like checking my phone will kill me.”

It was a message from Harvey, saying that his parents would like to pay her a visit, and asked Arianne for her opinion.

It was fine if Harvey came alone, but Arianne wasn't in the mood to see Zoey or her husband. Past events had left her with a very bad taste in her mouth. After some thought, she lifted her head and asked Mark. "Harvey says that Zoey and the rest would like to pay us a visit."

"Is this really a simple visit?" Mark asked with a frown. "You decide. I might not be home anyway."

Arianen took a deep breath. "If you're not around, I won't be around either. We're working together now, so our schedules are similar. Zoey and Mr. Harris are more likely to behave with you around. Just be there, please? Don't make me handle them alone, or I'll go crazy. I would never agree to seeing them if it weren't for Harvey. Zoey and Mr. Harris are horrible human beings, but we shouldn't drag Harvey down because of that."

"Tell them to come then," Mark calmly said.

Arianne replied to Harvey's message and put her phone away. She suddenly remembered that it would be Easter soon. Harvey was probably paying her a visit in lieu of the occasion, right?

As expected, Harvey, Zoey, and Mr. Harris arrived on Easter with gifts in hand. Arianne and Mark were both having a day off and were relaxing at home. Harvey looked more mature now, as he had already started work. His youthful aura was gradually being replaced by an air of seriousness.

“Sis, brother-in-law, I wasn’t sure what you liked, so I brought all sorts of food. The store we bought these from is supposedly quite good.”

“Mm, have a seat,” Mark replied, sitting on the couch.

Harvey casually sat down. Zoey and Mr. Harris looked very guilty and seemed very uneasy. Zoey looked at Aristotle and awkwardly began a conversation. “Your kid has definitely grown. He’s so cute. Such fair complexion, he looks like a mini heartbreaker. He’ll be very good looking when he grows up.”

Arianne smiled and didn’t answer. Instead, she gestured to Mary for tea.

Mark began chatting with Harvey. “How’s work?”

Harvey answered easily and chatted in a calm manner. He seemed to have a good grasp on his job, which greatly impressed Arianne. Mark was very pleased with Harvey. “Keep working hard for two more years. Once you’re more experienced, you’ll get a much better job. A little extra experience wouldn’t hurt.”