Ruling 1571

Chapter 1571

When Arianne brought Smore downstairs to have their breakfast, Mary curiously asked, “What’s happening upstairs so early in the morning? Is that “pain in the ass” causing a scene again? We really can’t catch a break. How is sir able to be so patient when he’s always been the impatient one in the past? I believe he has endured quite a lot since the past few days.”

Arianne forced a wry smile. “It’s fine. You should get back to your work. I’ll be fine feeding Smore myself. You don’t have to bother with whatever’s happening upstairs. We’ll have peace in the house very soon.”

The commotion upstairs had not ended even by the time Arianne and Smore were done with their breakfast.

Mark was so angry that his whole body was trembling. “Why did you do that?! I’ve always respected you and trust you, yet look at what you’ve done! You’ve isolated my woman and also caused such an incident to happen. Why did you even return here in the first place? Were you trying to make everyone’s lives miserable?!”

Shelly sat by her bedside and roared, “Enough! I’ll admit that I did it. Is that enough? I did everything just to stay by your side. I was afraid that Arianne would chase me away. All I wanted was to stay here!”

Mark slightly raised his head and took a deep breath. “How many more secrets are you keeping from me?”

Shelly evaded his eyes, unwilling to answer.

Mark knew that she would act like this. “If you’re not going to come clean, forget it. I’ve had enough. Your mental state is terrible, and you need to receive treatment. I’ll make the arrangements now. You’re going today.”

Shelly felt scared. She tried to get up but immediately fell on the floor. Mark subconsciously reached out his hands to help her but stopped himself and stood there unmoving.

Shelly knelt on the floor and begged as she sobbed. “Please don’t send me to a mental hospital. I’m not sick. I did everything I did for you… only you… Why can’t you understand? You can’t leave Arianne by your side. She doesn’t truly love you. You’ll die by her hands! You’ll be playing right into her hands if I’m gone.”

Mark did not want to hear any more words that defamed Arianne. He turned and left the room, without even looking back.

When Arianne saw him walking down the stairs, she approached him and asked, “What happened?”

He had a deep frown on his face. “What else do you think happened? I’ve asked her to receive treatment, as she’s in a very bad mental state. I’ll arrange for someone to pick her up. I’m heading to the office now. If you find her annoying, you should go out for a walk as well and wait for her to leave before you come back.”

Mark darted out for the door before Arianne could say anything.

When Shelly heard Mark's car leaving the Tremont Estate, she struggled down the stairs. "Mark! Come back, Mark!"

Arianne held Smore in her arms and hid in the living room, afraid that Shelly would go batshit crazy on her. However, when Shelly was sure that Mark would not return home, she found Ariane to blame for everything and limped towards the living with her crutch. She pointed at Arianne and yelled. "It's all because of you! You're a complete menace! Don't you dare think I don't know what you've done. You're thinking you can have Mark all to yourself after you're done chasing me away, isn't that right? He wasn't the one who put your dad in trouble, yet he's raised you until today. He doesn't owe you anything! Don't you dare think of harming him!"

Arianne wanted to refute but thought that arguing with a mentally ill person was a complete waste of her breath. Arianne had already explained herself to Shelly in the past, but it was obvious that the latter did not believe her, so she thought that she should just let Shelly be.

Chapter 1572

The men from the mental hospital arrived at 10 AM. Shelly was already agitated before they arrived, then struggled with all her might. In the end, they had to inject her with a sedative to calm her down.

The scenery shocked Smore speechless, and his face went pale. Arianne went up and consoled him for a very long time before he felt a little better.

When Shelly was taken away, Mary was obviously happy. "Finally, now that she's been taken away, peace will finally return to the Tremont Estate. How dare she say that you're the one who caused all this trouble. I think she's the one who's the troublemaker, as she's been causing all sorts of ruckus the moment she laid foot here. I used to think that she had a strange character, but now I realize that she was mentally ill, so serious to the point that she requires treatment. I think that you're not the only one who's the victim here. Alejandro is as well."

Arianne found it strange and asked, “Why do you say so? She doesn’t know that Alejandro Smith is Ethan Connor, the illegitimate son of the Tremonts.”

Mary carefully looked at her. “She… she knows. Previously, she came and asked me how Alejandro was related to the Tremonts’ illegitimate son. I admitted to it because I was so annoyed by her. Since she asked me about it, I’m sure she must have heard some rumors about it.”

Arianne immediately became curious. How could Shelly have gotten a hold of the rumor? Could it be because of… the news article that Seaton had someone publish? Was Shelly investigating that? Based on her character, she must have thought that the article was true and both Arianne and Alejandro meant to harm Mark…

Arianne went to Shelly’s room to confirm her suspicions. She opened up Shelly’s laptop, only to find that a password was needed to gain access. Arianne entered Mark’s birthday out of hope. Since Shelly would go on and on about how everything she did was for Mark, it was quite obvious that Mark held a very important place in her heart.

Sure enough, Arianne struck the jackpot, as her attempt was proven to be the correct password.

Arianne was confused. Why would Shelly treat Mark so kindly? Arianne had always thought that their relationship far exceeded that of an aunt and her nephew.

After a series of investigations, Arianne found the news article in Shelly’s laptop. A file about the ship accident was included as well. At the end of the file, Shelly had left a comment: ‘No one can ever harm my Mark. Whatever you do to him, I will return the favour twice over!’

Arianne shivered when she imagined Shelly's face as she said those words. Arianne, having truly experienced having a mentally ill person target her, felt very uncomfortable with it. It was a good thing that she realized it earlier, as Shelly was on her way to the mental hospital already.

Mark returned home early that day, but the atmosphere was no longer how it used to be. Shelly's incident had caused everyone to feel anxious.

When Mark was done showering and returned downstairs, Arianne told him everything that she found on Shelly's laptop. Mark gave her no reaction, however. "She's already gone, so let's not bring her up anymore. Whatever she had intended to do, she isn't going to do it anymore now. I've made the arrangements with the mental hospital. I hope she'll recover and regain her senses."

The next day, Arianne returned to the office and continued her work. She was much more relaxed now that Shelly was gone.

When Tiffany found out about what had happened to Shelly, she sent a congratulatory text message to Arianne for finally being free from that riddance. However, Arianne could not bring herself to be excited. The mental hospital was not a pleasant place to be in. If it wasn't because they were out of options, Mark would definitely not have sent her there. Plus, how was she supposed to feel happy when Mark's face was dark the entire day? Despite what Shelly did, she was still Mark's aunt.

The peaceful days did not last long. The mental hospital suddenly informed that Shelly had escaped!

When they received the news, Mark and Arianne both found it hard to believe. How could a cripple manage to escape from a mental hospital?

Chapter 1573

After understanding what had happened, they found that there was a crack in one of the walls at the mental hospital that was being renovated recently. However, due to the continuous heavy rain, it was hard for renovation works to proceed as planned. Hence, due to the renovation being on hold, there was a gap in the wall.

The security in the mental hospital towards each patient was very strict, so no one would ever have thought that someone would manage to escape the facility, let alone a cripple.

Shelly neither returned to the Tremont Estate after escaping, nor did she look for Mark. He was worried that something bad would happen to her due to the recent bad weather and the fact that she was a penniless patient with no means of contacting others. How was she possibly supposed to continue her daily life?

Mark had brought along some men with him to find Shelly but to no avail. It was as though she had disappeared into thin air. The longer she was missing, the more Mark blamed himself for sending her into the mental hospital. If he had not sent her to the facility, nothing of the sort would have ever happened. Was he wrong by doing so?

It was a rainy night, and Mark returned home very late that night because he was out searching for Shelly. Based on his dark expression, it was obvious that there was still no news on Shelly's whereabouts.

Arianne was waiting for Mark until midnight. "Still nothing?"

He did not even look at her. “Isn’t this what you wished for?”

Arianne shivered. “What do you mean? Are you blaming me for this now? Yes, I was the one who went and investigated the incident at the showroom. It was also I who told you that I couldn’t bear to live with her any longer, or otherwise, you wouldn’t have sent her to the mental hospital, nor would she have been able to escape from the facility. So, now that she’s missing and her location is unknown, you should blame all of it on me, right? Is that enough for you? I can understand what you’re feeling at the moment, but have you ever considered my feelings? She has always thought that Alejandro and I had conspired to cause you harm, so she always had her eyes on me. Every time she was around me, I felt like I had a time bomb strapped onto my body! Furthermore, I was terrified that she might harm Smore. Although Smore is your son, he’s my son as well, so I’m afraid that her hatred for me would one day cause Smore to be involved! She said very clearly that everything she’s done was all for you, you! Aren’t you just her nephew? How protective is she of you? All of this is too strange and I’ve had enough of it, but I never wished for her to disappear or just drop dead. Yet, this is what you think of me. If it weren’t for this incident, I would never have known just how little I meant to you!”

When she approached the end of her sentence, she began to feel as though she was wronged. Mark had been out searching for Shelly everyday until he’d be nowhere to be seen throughout most of the day, yet Arianne would never complain about it. Plus, she was even worried about something bad happening to Shelly and hoped that she could be found soon. She could understand how agitated and frustrated Mark must feel, but why did he have to treat her with that attitude?

Tears flowed out uncontrollably from Arianne’s eyes, and her gentle sobs made Mark slightly panic. “I’m sorry… You should get some rest.” It was not his intention for his words to hurt her, but he was in such a foul mood. Moreover, there were too many unfortunate incidents happening around him lately; he felt as though his entire body was filled with negativity.

Rest? Arianne turned around and returned to her bedroom, locking the door behind her. She would fester so deep in her anger the entire night that she would not be able to sleep!

Mark did not knock on the door, nor did he intend to coax her. Arianne cried non-stop throughout the entire night. She had accompanied him for so many years, even getting married to him and bearing his son. She did not intend on wrestling with Shelly on who meant more to Mark, but she just could not understand how a woman whom Mark had not met for so many years could easily replace Arianne's position in his heart.

Spending a decade together was not enough to replace an actual blood relationship, was that it? Wasn't it Mark who had gone to such extreme lengths in order to keep her by his side? Wasn't it he who said that he loved her? Did he not know that a casual rant out of anger from him was enough to make her suffer for a long time?

The next morning, when Arianne brought Smore downstairs for breakfast, Mark was around as well. He did not have the habit of checking his phone while eating, but now he was actually making phone calls as he ate. Naturally, it was to try to find out the whereabouts of Shelly. When he saw her, he did not give any kind of reaction but was instead fully focused on his phone.

Chapter 1574

The bitterness in Arianne's heart grew deeper and felt worse. She fought hard to stifle her tears because she did not want to cry in front of Smore, who was staring at her.

Mark looked at her when he was finally done with his phone call. "You look terrible."

Arianne ignored him. She had not been able to sleep the entire night and even cried non-stop. Plus, she had not washed herself before coming downstairs this morning. Therefore, she should very much be looking untidy. Was looking terrible enough to describe the state she was in?

On the other hand, Mark did not even mention what had happened yesterday and pretended as though nothing had happened. He headed upstairs by himself after he was done having breakfast. He was not

planning on going to the office, since it was a weekend that day. It was very likely that Mark would be heading out soon to continue his search for Shelly.

After having continuous rain, a wave of freezing cold weather followed as snowflakes could be seen mixed together with the rain that day. Mark would probably be even more worried about Shelly when he realized that it would soon be snowing heavily, wouldn't he?

The gloomy weather instantly made the daytime seem much shorter, as though nighttime would arrive anytime soon.

Arianne could not sit still any longer. She wanted to go out and try her luck as well. What if she could find Shelly? The earlier Shelly was found, the earlier they could regain peace in their lives. Arianne did not want to face Mark's daily anger and cold treatment any longer.

Back in the bedroom, she found Mark sitting by the window and pretended not to see him as she put on a warm set of clothes. She wanted to put on her favourite beige coat but could not seem to find it, so she rummaged through her closet in frustration and ended up making a huge mess in her once tidy closet.

Mark's face darkened when he saw her placing so many clothes on the bed. He got up and darted towards her, grabbing onto her wrist. "What are you doing?!"

Arianne could not see the panic and anxiousness Mark had in his eyes, since she was not looking at him. She wringed free from his grasp and continued to rummage through her closet.

Mark suddenly hugged her from behind, using so much force that Arianne was shocked by it. As she struggled, she could hear him whisper in her ear, “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have said that last night. I wasn’t trying to blame you; I was blaming myself. Please don’t go… Don’t leave me…”

He thought that she was packing up and leaving the house? Was that why he was so nervous?

His reaction made her feel a lot less hurt. Although she was still slightly angry at him, she wanted to laugh at his reaction as well. If he knew that he had to admit his mistake and beg so pitifully, why did he have to say those hurtful words? Arianne was still feeling angry and wanted to ignore him, but she was hugged by him so tightly, she felt a little uncomfortable. Just as she was about to wring free from his strong arms and began to struggle, she was held up by him.

She wanted to speak, but before she could say a word, her lips were completely sealed by Mark’s.

She immediately thought of how Mark would not be gentle with her after their kiss, since both of them had waves of emotions within them. She tried to stop him. “I wasn’t trying to leave. I just wanted to get changed, but I can’t seem to find the coat that I want to wear!”

Chapter 1575

How could Mark possibly bring himself to believe her words? Mark only wanted to fill up the void of insecurity that was quickly enveloping him.

After a long while, the storm finally stopped.

Arianne put on her nightgown and tidied up her closet. She easily found the beige coat that she had spent a long time trying to find just before. It was hard for an agitated person to stay focused; something that was obviously so close to her had suddenly seemed to disappear from her sights.

She held up her coat and threw it at Mark. “I told you that I was just trying to find my coat. There you go, do you see it?”

Mark laid sideways in bed and lazily glanced at the coat. “Did you have to take so long just to find a coat? Did you have to rummage around so much? It was just in plain sight; who’re you trying to bluff? I admit that I was in a bad mood yesterday, as too much has happened recently and it’s really hard for me to keep a straight face as though nothing has happened. I’m sorry.”

Arianne sighed. “Come on, get up and let me clear up all of this away. I’ll accompany you in your search, so stop lying in bed already. You’ve already filed a police report and your men are already tirelessly searching for her. Aunt Shelly truly knows how to hide herself. Didn’t you say she’s unfamiliar with the local area? The capital has gone through so many changes over the past years, and I’m sure she would find it strange to maneuver around, despite growing up in the capital for so many years. Where could she have gone to? She hasn’t got any money with her, nor does she have any identification with her. The weather is so cold now that it’s hard not for others to be worried about her.”

Mark stared at her for a few seconds. “Are you really willing to accompany me and look for her?”

Arianne frowned as she glared at him. “What do you mean? I dislike your aunt as much as she dislikes me. She’s too stubborn to even listen to anything that others say. Plus, she’s deeply delusional about me being out to harm you. I don’t think I can ever live on good terms with her, but… she’s still your aunt, at the end of the day. I don’t wish for something bad to happen to her because I don’t want to see you sad.”

Mark's lips curled into a smile as he reached out his hand towards her. Arianne approached him whilst kneeling on the bed. He kissed her on the forehead as she got closer. "Thank you, thank you for enduring so much for me and being so generous."

Arianne blushed at Mark's words. "Enough, you. Weren't you desperately looking for your Aunt Shelly? Hurry up and get up now."

The couple tidied themselves and brought Smore along with them before they headed out, driving around the area as they searched around. They drove around through every nook and cranny within the capital, as long as the road could fit their car. Although it was a very silly method for them to use to search for a missing person, as long as there was a glimmer of hope, they would not miss it. What if Shelly suddenly appeared in a corner somewhere?

Smore laid against the window and watched as different sceneries passed by him. A child's curiosity was easily piqued when they had yet to experience many things.

Suddenly, Smore pointed at a car that was parked by the roadside and said to Arianne, "Mama, car car nice. Papa buy!"

Arianne looked towards the direction Smore pointed. It seemed that both father and child loved the same things; Mark used to love cars in the past as well. Smore spotted a Lamborghini supercar, which was the same model as the one Shelly had, except that the colour was different. The one Smore spotted was red.

Mark was in a good mood, which was rare, as he turned to look at Smore. "Alright, Papa will buy it for you. I'll buy it for you when it's your birthday, which is just a few months away. It won't be long now, so wait for it."

Chapter 1576

Arianne half-jokingly said, “I sold off most of your cars when the company was in peril before. I suppose you still can’t drop that, can you? Are you trying to use your son’s birthday present as an excuse to fill up your garage again? How old do you think Smore is? He’s just about to turn three years old on his next birthday—what could he possibly understand? Even if you bought it, wouldn’t it be you who’s the one driving? You should stop buying so many cars and keeping them as an exhibition, wasting your resources. We’ll be fine as long as we have sufficient cars.”

Mark’s lips curled into a smile. “Yes, my wifey’s right. Let’s not buy it then. Smore, it’s not that papa doesn’t love you, but your mama’s the one who’s being strict.”

When she heard the word “wifey”, Arianne’s hair stood upright, although her heart was elated at the same time. It was a rare sight for him to be such a smooth talker. Everyone had been feeling stressed with everything that had happened recently; it was rare to see such “fair weather” that day. Although it was still raining with some snow mixed within, to Arianne, the weather was very fair.

After searching for the whole day, it was normal for them to not have found any leads. Plus, neither of them were too hopeful when they went out to search for her in the first place. They were still unable to find her despite having sent out a handful of men after her. It would really be striking the jackpot for them if they had managed to find her on the streets.

When they returned to the Tremont Estate, Mark headed to his study and constantly stayed on his phone, his activities obviously related to Shelly.

Smore kept on muttering about the car that he saw on the roadside that day, which made Arianne so helpless that she could only buy a toy car of the same model for Smore online. Smore was still so young; it would be much more appropriate for him to have a toy model instead.

When it was almost 10 PM, Arianne was in Smore's room coaxing him to sleep. Suddenly, her phone rang. Arianne reflexively declined the phone call because Smore had just fallen asleep, and she'd need to coax him all over again if he was awakened by the phone call.

Arianne sighed in relief when she saw that Smore was not disturbed by the noise but was deeply asleep. She grabbed her phone and tiptoed out of his room. She looked at her phone screen when she was out of the room and saw that Melanie had called her. She called her back and said, "Hello? I'm sorry, I was coaxing Smore into sleeping just now. Is something the matter, Melanie?"

On the other end, Melanie sounded rather urgent. "It's Alejandro. He's in trouble. He was covered in blood when he came home just now, and he refused to tell me the reason when I asked. He has currently locked himself in his study. I asked him to go to the hospital, but he refused. I even tried to bring a first aid kit to him and said that I'd treat him, but he said that it wasn't serious even though he's bled all over the floor…"

Arianne was shocked. "What? How did such a thing happen? Is he seriously injured or not?"

Before Melanie could reply, Alejandro snatched her phone from her. "Hello? Arianne? I'm fine. I was just stabbed by someone, but they didn't injure my vitals. Don't listen to her blabber; she's just making a big fuss out of it when it's merely a small matter. I'm not as foolish as Jackson to just stand there while someone tries to stab me. Instead, I retaliated. However, it was dark, so I didn't manage to get a good look at the stabber other than to note that it was a woman. Also, she seemed to be a quick runner.

It seemed like Alejandro would not let go of how Jackson had been stabbed by Seaton; he would still bring up the matter after such a long time had passed. However, when Alejandro said that it was a woman who had stabbed him, Arianne immediately thought of Shelly, as Mary had told the woman that Alejandro was the illegitimate son of the Tremonts. However, didn't Shelly lose the use of one of her legs? How could she have ambushed Alejandro and left unharmed?

Arianne hung up the phone call after confirming that Alejandro was not seriously injured. Then, she hurriedly told Mark about the incident, hoping to see how he would react.

Mark frowned before he said in contempt, “He has probably offended someone. The Smiths are infamous for their underhanded means, so it’s nothing unusual for someone to want to take their revenge on him. Further, he’s been ambushed by a woman and even got himself stabbed by her twice—I can’t think of anything more embarrassing if word got out.”

Arianne had expected for Mark to mock Alejandro so blatantly. She tentatively asked, “Do you think… Aunt Shelly’s leg isn’t actually crippled?”

Chapter 1577

Mark’s facial expression slightly changed. “Are you saying that Aunt Shelly’s the one who ambushed Alejandro? Stop joking, you already know that Aunt Shelly isn’t that fit to begin with, and even if she had the use of all her limbs, it’s more likely that Alejandro would’ve successfully retaliated and she wouldn’t have been able to escape unharmed.”

Arianne did not dare to dive deeper into the topic. “I didn’t mean it like that. It was just a random thought that came to mind… It’s quite late now, so let’s get some sleep and continue our search tomorrow. I’m sure we’ll get some leads soon.”

When the lights were out, the entire house was enshrouded in darkness. Mark laid sideways as he faced Arianne. She could neither see his facial expression through the darkness, nor did she know how he was riddled with insomnia the entire night.

Could it be true that Aunt Shelly had faked losing the use of her leg just to bluff him? Could it be that her leg wasn't crippled at all? Why would she go to such lengths and do such things? Why did the family love that he yearned so much feel so heavy? Within his memories, his image of Shelly was becoming more and more vague. However, the memory of how well she treated him was still very fresh. Despite the limited amount of times that they had interacted with each other, she still managed to leave such a deep impression on him, and Mark just couldn't seem to understand why.

If the person who had harmed Alejandro was actually Shelly, then she must have done it for him. She must have been worried that Alejandro's real identity of being an illegitimate son of the Tremonts would threaten him. In that case, would Arianne be the next target? Shelly had always thought that Alejandro and Arianne were both out to get him. When Mark thought about all of this, he suddenly became terrified.

The next morning, when Arianne woke up, Mark was nowhere to be seen.

She went downstairs to look for him. It wasn't until she asked Mary that she found out that Mark had left early in the morning.

Arianne thought that Mark had gone out to continue his search for Shelly, so she did not ask any further. She thought that it would be better for her to do what she could as she helped Smore change into a fresh set of clothes.

On the other hand, Mark was at the hospital that Shelly had been admitted in previously. He stood outside for a long time and smoked half a box of cigarettes before entering the hospital.

Perhaps he was in a very heavy mood, as even his steps felt heavier.

When he found the doctor that was in charge of taking care of her, he closed the door behind him as he entered the clinic before sitting on the chair opposite of the doctor.

The doctor did not raise his head but habitually said, “Please provide me your registration number.”

Obviously, Mark had no such thing with him, as he wasn’t there because he was sick.

When the doctor did not receive a reply, he raised his head and looked at Mark. “Oh… Mr. Tremont? Have you hurt yourself somewhere?”

Mark expressionlessly said, “No, I’m here because I wanted to ask you more about my aunt’s leg and its actual condition… I would suggest that you think carefully before answering.”

The doctor’s gaze turned evasive as he subconsciously adjusted his glasses, which were above his nose bridge. “Well… Whatever do you mean, Mr. Tremont? Her condition is as you already know. Didn’t you say you would take good care of her? I’ve already previously told you everything about how you should take care of her. She’s supposed to come back for her checkup in another half a month. Remember to bring your aunt with you then. If there’s nothing else, I’ll have to attend to my next patient now.”

Mark squinted his eyes and his tone turned cold. “Her leg isn’t actually crippled, is it? Did she ask you to lie for her?”

Chapter 1578

The doctor gulped a few times, probably because he was overly nervous. Based on his obvious reaction, Mark knew that he had guessed correctly.

The doctor finally broke after being threatened by Mark's stare—no one would ever dare to offend a person of such importance like Mark. "Yes, she asked me to do everything! Her leg was truly injured, but it wasn't to the point where she would be crippled. She has already regained her mobility and can move around like any normal person after recovering over this period of time. However, she needed to avoid any strenuous activities for her to be able to fully recover. She begged me so hard. She said… your wife was trying to chase her away and she had to lie in order to be able to continue to stay at your house, at her safe haven. I couldn't bear not to help after seeing how pitiful she was…"

Mark's mental barrier immediately crumbled. So, it was true… Aunt Shelly had been lying to him all along. She had orchestrated the entire incident and even faked losing one of her legs. In that case, what about the scars she had on her bones? What about the fact that she had been seriously abused in the past?

Mark gritted his teeth as he continued to ask, "What else are you hiding from me? Are the scars on her body faked as well?"

The doctor hurriedly said, "Those are real! When the test results came out, I had asked her if she wanted me to hide it from you as well, but she said that it was fine and that I could tell you about it. The scars she had on her body were from someone continuously inflicting harm on her over a long period of time. I'm telling you the truth! Mr. Tremont, you really can't blame me for this. I've got nothing to do with it…"

After knowing what he wanted to know, Mark's movements were slightly stiff as he got up. "I'm sure you know already, but you are not to tell another soul about any of this. Understand?"

The doctor nodded his head like a woodpecker. “Yes yes yes, I definitely won’t tell anyone else about this. I swear it!”

When Mark left the hospital, he stood in front of his car and lit another cigarette. He had had too many cigarettes today that his lungs felt uncomfortable. His cough had also worsened.

Mark got a headache everytime he thought of Shelly. What was he supposed to do after he managed to find her? Send her to the mental hospital for treatment again? Would she willingly stay there and be treated? Or would she escape and disappear just like last time? Whatever the case, he needed to find her first and learn who she really was. Mark could feel it now—Shelly truly treated him too well, so much so that it felt like she was being paranoid.

When the cigarette between his fingers died out, Mark drove off to the Smith Manor. The chances of Alejandro being stabbed by Shelly were very high, so Mark needed to get more details and investigate further. Mark had initially thought that Shelly was just a helpless woman with no way of harming someone else, but now, that no longer seemed like the case.

When he arrived at the Smith Manor and met Alejandro, he did not beat around the bush and asked, “What was the situation? You may not have had a clear look of the woman’s face, but I suppose you must’ve noticed some of her features, haven’t you?”

Alejandro might have been injured, but he looked completely fine aside from being a little pale. “Features…? Tall, slim, rather fit, long hair, slightly curled. I just don’t know if she looked pretty or not. Did you not run here to check up on me? I suppose the sun really does rise from the east.”

Melanie was carrying her baby in her arms when she heard Alejandro evaluating another woman; she shot a look of disdain at him. He was able to give a woman who had stabbed him twice such a good evaluation. Truly, he could not stop himself from admiring other women at any given time. It’s man's

primal instincts to be lustful. He was even able to notice what the woman's body figure was like in that kind of situation!

When Alejandro noticed Melanie's stare on him, he pretended no to notice but smiled at Millie, who was being held in Melanie's arms.

Mark could not be bothered with him and said, "Who's concerned for you? Stop imagining things. I just… wanted to understand the situation."

Alejandro's eyes wavered. "Well well, are you suspecting that the culprit's your aunt? You really shouldn't hide things from me. I already suspected that it was her, but the fact remains that I couldn't see her face. Furthermore, I've only met her in the office once, so there's no way for me to confirm my suspicion. Plus, doesn't she only have function in one of her legs? The person who injured me had use of all four of her limbs and was quite nimble as well."

Chapter 1579

Mark's throat slightly moved as he gulped. He found it quite hard to bring the words to his mouth. "Her leg isn't crippled. In fact, she has probably mostly recovered after such a long period of time. Hence, it shouldn't be an issue for her to move around freely. She's been lying to me all along."

Alejandro was not surprised by the fact. He had been receiving news about what Shelly had caused at home. "I see… Then, I'm pretty sure she's the culprit. She must've known who I truly am, which would explain her ambush. She already managed to escape from the mental hospital, so if she really wanted to hide, it'd definitely be hard for you to find her. Plus, she hasn't got any money or identification with her, yet she's able to survive outside for so many days; she's truly amazing. However, we have no idea if anyone else other than me has been hurt when she's had one of her mental attacks. Now that I think of it, it's quite scary to be targeted by someone who's mentally ill."

Mark found Alejandro's words to be rather unpleasant and became unhappy as he said, "Enough, stop saying that she's mentally ill. Plus, she wouldn't simply attack others. You deserved what happened to you."

Alejandro sarcastically mocked, "Oh? Are you saying that she's not mentally ill? Then why did you send her to a mental hospital? Mark, you should think deeper about the situation. An aunt whom you've had not contacted for so many years suddenly shows up and causes a huge ruckus at your home. Is that really normal? No matter how close a person is to someone, they would still become distant after being away for so long. Therefore, why would she have rushed towards you and risked her life in order to protect you? It isn't as though she doesn't know the concept of a tooth for a tooth, yet she still dared to lay a finger on me. Is she afraid that I am a threat to you? She didn't hire someone else to do it but did the deed herself. Wouldn't it have been better if she had done it in secret? I'm really curious as to what secrets your aunt is hiding.

Secrets…

What kind of secrets could they possibly be?

There was no way Mark could solve the mystery no matter how hard he thought about it. He felt even more saddened when he recalled the scars on Aunt Shelly's body.

After a moment, Mark turned around and walked towards the exit.

Alejandro asked, "Are you leaving?"

Mark stopped in his tracks. "Yes, or should I stay and stab you another two times?"

Alejandro laughed hysterically. “If you really wanted to do that, you would’ve already done it the moment you stepped through that door. I just want to let you know, your aunt ambushed me near “New City”, which is in the northern region.”

Mark heard him but did not stop in his tracks, swiftly leaving the house.

“New City” was the largest entertainment city in the northern region. It was a place for people to drink and have fun, so naturally, it was a “sanctuary” for men. When Melanie heard the name being mentioned, she couldn’t help but frown. “Alejandro Smith, were you about to leave “New City” when you were stabbed, or was it the other way around?”

The smile on Alejandro’s face immediately disappeared. “What kind of nonsense is this? I wasn’t there. I just so happened to be doing something nearby…”

Of course, Melanie would not believe his nonsense. She was so angry that she punched him twice. “Don’t you think that I’m unaware of what you’ve been doing behind my back. Jett’s a much more honest man than you are! I don’t care how much you used to fool around in the past. Now that we’re married and I’m your wife, I will not allow you to mess around outside anymore. If I ever catch you going to that kind of place again, I’ll… I’ll… I’ll file for a divorce!”

Melanie did not mean it when she mentioned the word “divorce”; she merely wanted to scare Alejandro but did not have any other better leverage to use against him.

Chapter 1580

Alejandro's face darkened. "Divorce? Who're you trying to scare off? If we get divorced, our daughter belongs to me. I refuse to believe that you'd be capable of snatching her away from me. Why bother getting a divorce when you can't bear to be away from your daughter? I meant it when I said that I wasn't there, so either you catch me in the act, or you can stop suspecting me. Women have a really serious case of being suspicious of everything, going around thinking about all kinds of nonsense every single day. Are you not tired?"

Melanie pouted her cheek and scoffed, placing Millie in Alejandro's arms before turning to walk away. Alejandro was initially quietly seated in his rocking chair and did not dare make too big of a movement since his wound was still hurting. However, he instantly felt so much pain that he gritted his teeth when Millie's weight was dropped onto him.

Millie stared at his exaggerated facial expression, looking like she was shocked. Her jet black eyes did not even blink as she seemed to forget to move around for a moment.

When the pain passed, Alejandro had a kind look flashing through his eyes. Melanie's face just now seemed rather cute…

That night, Mark found a cafe near "New City" that was the vantage point for him to have a stakeout. His instincts told him that Shelly would appear there.

Since Shelly did not have any money and identification on her, a complicated place such as "New City" would be the best place for her to continue to survive since that place was a safe haven for people of all sorts of race and color.

Mark hoped that she would not appear there, as the elegant and serene image he had of her would instantly disappear if she did. However, the ruckus that she had caused had almost completely ruined his image of her already.

Mark stayed there until the cafe closed at 11 PM. He stood on the streets and stared for a moment at the lights of “New City”, which was opposite him. Just when he was just about to leave, a familiar silhouette suddenly appeared within his sights. Shelly had truly disappointed him in the end—she had actually appeared there. Furthermore, she had her arms linked with another man’s arm, who was wearing a suit. The two of them looked very intimate with each other.

Mark’s heart was immediately filled with an indescribable anger. She would rather suck up to some scum just to survive while avoiding him? Mark was very suspicious for a moment. Was she still the Aunt Shelly that used to be worth his respect?

Not knowing whether he should follow her, his mind was in turmoil. Shelly’s appearance seemed as though she was in her 30s’ at most. Additionally, her skin was in such good condition that it would be impossible for others to realize her true age. The mature aura she had around her was more than enough to attract the gazes of men. Moreover, her outstanding stature and exquisite face would make it easy for her to survive in that place.

Shelly brough the man with her to a pub and left after she got him seated. Shortly after, she brought two younger and more beautiful women up to the man. It was obvious that she was not some kind of escort of sorts, but more of a socialite.

Mark observed her for a while. When he saw how Shelly was chatting away happily with a bunch of men, Mark could not hold it in any longer and walked towards her across the crowd.

When Shelly noticed him, the seductive smile on her face froze and was replaced with panic and guilt that flashed through her eyes. “Mark…”

Mark did not say anything as he grabbed onto her wrist and made her leave “New City” with a darkened face. Shelly did not struggle. Instead, she kept her head low and was lost in her own thoughts. It was possible that her leg was still recovering and she had also been wearing high heels for a long time, so she could not keep up with Mark’s swift steps but seemed rather sluggish.

When they arrived back in Mark’s car, he immediately locked the car doors. “Talk. What else have you been hiding from me? Tell me all the secrets you have. Didn’t you say you did it all for me? Tell me who you are to me that you had to do everything you did for me!” Mark began to shout by the time he was at the end of his sentence; he even slammed the steering wheel while he was at it.