Ruling 1761

Chapter 1761

Mrs. Cox was the first to recover from the nasty shock. With a practiced smile, she approached Ursula and invited, “Ah, Sylvain’s mother! The wedding’s just started—your timing is impeccable. Let us sit together.”

Before Mrs. Cox’s extended hand could touch Ursula, the latter slapped it away curtly. With the air of superiority she had summoned, Ursula declared, “Don’t touch me! I’m way too ‘inferior’ to your esteemed family, innit? If you people really gave a sh*t about your in-law, then you wouldn’t have started the wedding before I’m here, would you? Miss me with that disgusting, fake-a** nicey-nice act, if you be sooooo kind!”

Ursula was loud and shrill. Almost everyone heard her, and already the first batch of susurrus joined the room.

Mrs. Cox, at her core, was a thin-skinned woman who valued her face; it was the biggest impetus behind her fiery antagonism against Sylvain and Robin’s relationship, after all. To be denigrated in public like this, right now, made her lose her face—and that turned out to be her shortest fuse.

“Excuse me? It’s you who’s tardy at your son’s wedding. I fail to see your logic in blaming other people for that! What would happen if you didn’t show up by nighttime, huh? Are we supposed to wait for your esteemed presence until then too?” she bristled. “Oh, I know all about your thinking, ma’am. You never once saw us as anything worth your upper-class attention, did you? Otherwise, why is today the first time we’ve ever met? Let me be clear, I may be marrying my daughter off, but it doesn’t mean I’m giving her away. Despite being the groom’s family, you have not been proactive, have exhibited no camaraderie, and now, you put on this bluster as though some peasants have just laid their hands on you. By Jove, who are you trying to impress?! You think you’re sad because your son married my daughter? I say it’s the opposite! It upsets me that my daughter has to marry off into your family!”

Arianne leaped to her feet and took hold of Mrs. Cox's hand, tugging on it. "Hey, now… Mrs. Cox, please, let us all take our seats. Better not let this delay too much of the event, right? Let us save this conversation for later, okay?"

Meanwhile, Mr. Cox's blood was boiling. Still, he pressed his flaring temper back for his daughter's sake.

Sylvain marched from the altar and caught Ursula by her wrist. "Please, just take a seat for now, okay… Mom? There will be a time and place for talks like this after the wedding, but not now," he stated. "Besides, I informed you about our wedding—early on. Why were you late?"

A loud, acrimonious sneer escaped Ursula's flaring nostrils. "Oh, yes, you're not wrong at all. You informed me, darling, but you didn't discuss with me. I've never agreed to you and Robin's marriage, have I? This whole union was y'all's irreverent doing—y'all registered yourselves as a married couple! The two of you got that marriage license for so long already, and only now there's this hullabaloo about a wedding? Ha, y'all can't fool me—it's because her family demands it, isn't it?" she gibed. "You don't need to say a thing, darling, I can figure it out on my own. They want a car, a house, betrothal gifts and whatnot, don't they? How much did you have to throw at them, huh? See, this is why I told you—you have to marry someone from the right kind of family, with the same standing and mindset as your own! Otherwise, this is what happens—a family of parasites leeching on you for life. Aren't you sick of 'em yet, dear?"

Mrs. Cox's chest was visibly undulating. Every breath had become elaborated in fury. "How dare you…! You're making things up! Since when has our family ever wanted anything from Sylvain? In fact, my daughter's union with your son is a betrayal to her true class and level, if I do say so myself! And yet, you still think that's not good enough for you?! On what grounds do you have to slander against us, huh?! Let's go, Robin. This wedding is cancelled! Then tomorrow, you and Sylvain are filing for a divorce, and that's final!"

Mrs. Cox yanked Robin aside so violently that her wedding veil went askew, allowing her increasingly pale face to be shown for all.

The dignity of her family! Forcefully torn from them, gone up in smoke…

“Enough!” Sylvain growled. “This is my life’s choice! It’s none of your business, Mom! You forsook raising me, abandoned me, and never gave a damn about me—so do the same now and don’t intervene! I welcomed you to join in on the occasion, but if you think that was an invitation to sow discord and ruin everything, then here’s the door. Please step out of it and leave us alone!”

She realized that her rhetoric was not going to turn the tide to her favor, so Ursula changed tactics with her reddening eyes, heralding a tirade. “I only left you behind because I had no choice! Didn’t I send you money behind my husband’s back? God Almighty, all my son remembers is the part where I left him! Do you know how difficult it was for me after your dad died? Back in those days, living conditions were very, very demanding, you know… What would you have me do, stay with you and wait until poverty killed us? You’re my flesh and blood, darling, how could you accuse me of not giving a damn? All I want is for you to be happy with a girl who actually befits you—but sadly, that girl isn’t Robin Cox. I mean, just look at the sort of jerks her parents are!”

Raw rage flared and thrashed against Mr. Cox’s threshold. It triggered his old malady—and suddenly, he swooned.

What was previously a festive hubbub descended into riot. Infuriated, Mrs. Cox abandoned her carefully-crafted image of a couth scholar and threw a punch at Ursula, causing a melee to erupt.

Amidst the maelstrom, Arianne frantically called an ambulance, Sylvain and a few guests tried to break up the fight, and no one noticed Robin quietly turning away from the crowd. Leaving.

The draping hem of her bridal gown, still as immaculately white as ever, delicately grazed through the steps. The cacophony of chaos below assaulted Robin's ears so hard that the world turned a little hazy. Her hand seized onto the handrail with all its might so its owner could assume a somewhat steady gait and not topple over.

She had no idea when her heels abandoned her. They left her soles bare as they scrapped against the stairs while she rose, higher and higher.

Chapter 1762

How could any of them recover from this imbroglio?

Was there any way to mend what had been broken?

How on earth would she be able to make her parents forget the sheer obloquy that had marred their image today? Her mother, especially—her thin-skinned mother, who cared about her face more than anything, who then suffered scathing humiliation right on her daughter's wedding day.

The light at the end of the tunnel—the light she had yearned for so much—was once again painfully out of her reach for God-knows-how-long.

Her parents would force her. They would force her to part with him, to never enter the Trudeau household again.

Her head would not stop imagining it—a million ways her parents could coerce and force and demand that she leave Sylvain. Then, on the far side of these agonizing thoughts, was Ursula Siebeech-Jaark,

wearing the same twisted grimace she made whenever she saw her, the one that oozed utter contempt. It was an expression that had now extended even to her parents.

She reached the top of the steeple, looked down, and took in the verdant lawn sprawling below. How it teemed with all the careful décor Sylvain had put his heart into setting.

A breeze billowed her untainted white veil. It carried the scent of fresh white roses surrounding the church into its arms and spread it around. Behind her, the great bell continued its booming toll from the belfry, nullifying the cursed chaos below.

As soon as her father's knees hit the floor, her last mental bastion crumbled along with him.

She closed her eyes and vaulted forward. It's over.

No more suffering.

On her way down, she saw Sylvain stumbling out of the church with her unconscious father on his back.

He was the last thing she saw. The star-crossed lovers' eyes linked for one last, transient second; it was all the time she needed to burn him into her eyes—

And then there was nothing.

“Robin——!”

Arianne’s shriek came first. By then, scarlet blood had splattered out of her in a shower, dyeing the stony steps below her and the surrounding verdant lawn red.

She landed on the narrow, stone-paved path leading to the church. It was the only one out there, yet Robin plunged right onto it.

Sylvain’s pupils dilated. His body froze in mid-action. All manner of noise passing into his ears muted itself, as though it were being blocked. In that trance of silence, all he saw was Robin… and the bloody pool that soaked her.

She had donned a bridal gown he personally designed. She was all dolled up in the most gorgeous get-up. Today was their wedding day.

But now, there the bride was, lying on the ground, completely devoid of life. There were only about ten feet between them, yet all of his courage had left him, leaving Sylvain utterly petrified at the prospect of touching her…

Mrs. Cox staggered close enough until she fell forward next to Robin’s body before breaking into a tearful, excruciating howl. She had never shed tears in front of anyone before, but she had lost her face already and there was little to care anymore.

Ursula, who did not expect Robin to jump to her death, was stunned into silence. The only thing she wanted was to break Sylvain and Robin apart; the only reason why she was here was to express her choler—never in her wildest imagination had she ever wanted it to end with a person's death. Fear was not the only strong emotion dominating her, though. In fact, another sentiment was ballooning within her: hate.

Now that this happened, Sylvain would be even less inclined to care for his mother! Robin could die if she wanted to, fine by her; what Ursula could not forgive was how that girl put Ursula on her backfoot through her death. Thanks to this wretched maneuver, she and Sylvain could never get along again!

Thus, the terrible imbroglio ended in tragedy. Arianne, Sylvain, and Mrs. Cox found themselves glued to the floor outside the hospital's emergency room, wordless, with their heads cast downward, like people who had just undergone enormous anguish.

After an imperceptibly long time, the door pushed open. Mrs. Cox reflexively lurched forward and tugged on the operating doctor's arm. "What happened? How are my husband and daughter?"

The doctor removed her mask and sighed mournfully. "I'm sorry, ma'am, but your daughter left us by the time she reached us. Your husband, meanwhile, suffered a lethal heart attack, and we… we couldn't save him, either. We did what we could, ma'am; we're sorry."

Mrs. Cox's sight turned dark. She fainted.

All in a day, a family of three had been reduced to its last member. Right now, it was the surviving Cox who was now sent into the emergency room.

Arianne turned to check on Sylvain. She found him sinking into a long bench, his face completely buried in his hands while anguished sobs escaped him.

What have you done, Ursula Siebeech-Jaark? Plunging your son into such despair—and what good has that brought anyone?

Arianne had not said anything. A bright, fine young woman… gone just like that. The dead were often not the ones who bore the worst; it was always the living, those who survived them, who were most hurt by death. How was Mrs. Cox going to live from now on? How was Sylvain ever going to come to terms with the fact that it was his birth mother who killed his wife and father-in-law?

Arianne kept Sylvain company in the hospital until Mrs. Cox was finally awake. Fortunately, her health appeared intact and uncompromised, as she only fainted out of intense grief. Still, despite waking up, she still looked a bit catatonic and unfocused, as though her spirit had left her.

Sylvain choked back on his tears. “I’m… I’m so sorry, Mom…”

Mrs. Cox’s befogged eyes glazed over the window where a lone robin flitted past outside.

“Why are you telling me you’re sorry?” she replied. “This isn’t your fault… As long as you know who caused this to happen and don’t protect that b*tch, don’t ever be sorry. I know you love Robin from the bottom of your heart, Syl. You’ve always wanted me to agree—to bless the union between the two of you—and so you endeavored hard, just for me to say yes. How could someone like you ever think of maltreating my daughter?

“But your mother… Oh God, your mother isn’t human. She was my only daughter, Lord! I-I loved her… I poured my soul into raising her right; I watched her grow so big only to… only to see her die, being coerced by that inhuman! And now, I’m all alone. A childless widow. My family’s gone—what else is there to lose? Nothing. Nothing’s holding me back from making that b*tch pay for her sins… even if it kills me!”

Arianne quickly poured Mrs. Cox a glass of warm water. “Please, have some water, Mrs. Cox. Let’s not get too worked up, alright? Your body needs to relax.”

“Arianne.... Mrs. Tremont!” The woman received the glass and burst into tears before she even took a sip. “You were best friends with our little Robin, weren’t you? She must have told you something! She must have mentioned how much she was suffering, right? Why else would she die like this; why else would she throw her own life away?! It wasn’t in her nature to be so weak-willed! Just how much… How much had she suffered?”

Although Robin told Arianne about Ursula disliking her, she had not divulged anything else. Honestly, Arianne had no illuminating answers, either, especially since Robin had never acted out of character before. What happened back in the church was certainly maddening, but it should not have been severe enough to make taking one's own life a viable choice, right?

Once the Coxes’ tragedy was made known, many of the family’s relatives—distant or close—gradually swarmed into the hospital. Worried that an altercation would break out, Arianne pulled Sylvain away from the powder keg. Before she left, however, she reminded Mrs. Cox that her door was always open for the older woman’s every need.

Arianne watched Sylvain go through the motion in a nigh soulless trance, with her heart growing more and more uneased. As a good measure, she offered to stay with him throughout his journey home. At the very least, her presence should introduce a safe for Sylvain against driving absent-mindedly—or worse, letting his darker impulse possess him into killing himself.

“Had Robin shown any abnormal behavior?” she asked on the way home. “I mean, just what happened today alone shouldn’t have been enough to push her to such extremes, right? It’s just… such a divorce from who she used to be. I’ll never forget how sunny and cheery she was when I first met her.”

Sylvain’s mien was still mired with a glazed, disconnected daze. “Don’t know… I don’t know... She’d always seemed normal. I thought that, by separating my mom and her, I’d be able to shield her from all this pain and pressure, but I didn’t know… I didn’t know it was still too much… My mom…. I know my mom’s been distressing her, just as her parents were. The fiasco that had happened today—even if she hadn’t despaired enough… I doubt it would have ended better by any measure. Maybe that debacle was it. Maybe it was the last straw on the camel’s back.

“You know, Arianne,” he rambled on. “I suddenly realize how much I’ve lost. I don’t even have a sense of direction anymore. I don’t know where to go from this point onward… Or even what to do.”

Chapter 1763

Arianne was suddenly on alert. “What are you planning to do? Now that the milk is already spilled, we should clear up this mess first. Robin has already left—are you planning to let her look at your current state? I can understand what you’re going through; I’m also very confused at the moment. That’s why you should go back home, recollect your thoughts, and help Robin do a good job for her dad’s funeral. You're the Coxs’ son-in-law and also the only man in the family now, so you’ll have to do all of this yourself; their relatives will only be able to show up and not be of much use. As for the issue between you and your mom… Let’s talk about that after this is done. You should focus on driving safe, while I go to your house to see if there was any foul play involved. I’m positive that if this is all there was to it, Robin would not have died.”

Although Sylvain did intend to end his own life, it was a good thing that he hadn’t actually done it and arrived home safely.

Sylvain's house looked like it usually did, no different from when Robin was still there, but she herself was no longer present. Sylvain was close to breaking down as he cuddled within his sofa with no intention to move an inch. 'Every corner in here has a memory, a memory that Robin and I shared. I can't bring myself to come into contact with it.'

Arianne sighed. "Would you mind if I have a look through Robin's personal belongings?"

Sylvain casually said, "Sure, go ahead and help yourself. Most of her personal stuff is in the bedroom, first room on the left upstairs."

Arianne patted Sylvain's shoulder before she headed upstairs.

Arianne did not find anything suspicious after going through Robin and Sylvain's bedroom once. There were a few identical bottles of vitamin C's that Robin usually took stashed away by her bedside drawer.

Arianne casually picked up a bottle to have a look. 'The bottle of vitamin C is very light, so she should have eaten almost half of it.' However, when Arianne picked up another bottle, she was startled for a moment. 'Logically speaking, a normal person would finish eating a whole bottle of vitamin C before opening another bottle, especially when it's the same type. So, why are these two bottles about the same weight?'

Suspicious, Arianne took up all five bottles of vitamin C to have a look at the contents inside. 'The vitamin C pills have all been switched to another type. These aren't vitamin C at all!'

When Arianne recalled how Robin had said she didn't want a baby, she seemed to form a theory. "Sylvain! Come up here please, Sylvain!"

When he heard Arianne shouting, Sylvain immediately got up and headed upstairs. “What’s wrong?”

Arianne handed over the bottles of vitamin C to Sylvain. “This stuff that Robin normally took isn't vitamin C at al; they’ve all been switched with something else. Did you not even notice this?”

Obviously, Sylvain was completely unaware based on how startled he looked. He opened up the bottle and took a sniff before frowning. “I’ll take these to someone to see what they actually are. I’ve always thought that she was taking vitamin C…”

Arianne told him her deductions. “I think… the reason why she didn’t want to have a baby is related to this medicine. She must’ve switched out the medicine into these vitamin C bottles to hide the truth from you. You’ve got to hurry up and get someone to find out what these really are!”

Sylvain nodded his head and drove with Arianne to the nearest hospital, where he knew a doctor.

Chapter 1764

When the doctor told them the truth about the pills, both Arianne and Sylvain were shocked. ‘Those are actually antidepressants?! Robin had been fighting against depression, but no one even found out about it while she silently took her medications!’

Sylvain’s hand trembled as he held the bottle. “I’m such an idiot… Why didn’t I know that she was sick…?”

‘Was our relationship so straining on her that she’d been suffering from depression? If I hadn’t insisted on being with her, insisted on receiving blessings for a marriage that would never end well, and had instead given up much, much sooner, would things be different? It’s all because of me! I kept on pursuing her and now I’ve ended up becoming the reason for her death!’

After leaving the hospital, Arianne had no idea what she should say at that point. ‘It all makes sense now. Robin jumped off the steeple because she was depressed.’

Sylvain remained silent the entire journey, his thoughts unknown. Although Arianne felt really bad, she did not know what she could say to console him.

After a while, Sylvain suddenly said, “I’ll drive you home. Don’t worry, I’m fine. I won’t do anything stupid like suicide, although I’ve got no reason to live now… Do you know? I now feel like all my years of struggle and hard work have all been for nothing. I’ve now gone back to square one and lost everything again. Although it’s got nothing to do with money, it feels like… I’ve lost the most important person in my life in the blink of an eye. Sh*t happens in life; I’ve got to live on. Robin’s mom only had one daughter and now I’ve caused her to lose her life, so I’m the only person who can take care of Robin’s mom now.”

‘It’s good that he thinks this way.’ At that thought, Arianne heaved a sigh of relief. “You’re right, Robin’s mom will currently be devastated, so you’re going to have to fulfill your duties to the very end and not think of anything else. You don’t have to send me home; I’ll get my own ride. Nobody wanted this to happen. The company is going to give you all the time you need to take care of everything, so you can come back to work whenever you’re up on your feet. Don’t worry about it.”

After thanking Arianne, Sylvain kept quiet as though uttering another word would cost him his life.

When Arianne arrived home, Mark was already there. He had arrived back home on the same day he had his business trip, since it was just in the neighbouring city. It was at that moment that Arianne realized that it was over 6 PM when she saw how dark the sky was outside.

Mark was still unaware of what had happened with Sylvain, so he asked, “Why are you back so late from the wedding?”

Arianen dropped her handbag and laid lifeless on the sofa. “Something’s happened, something terrible. Sylvain’s mom caused a huge scene, forcing Robin to jump off from the steeple. She died on the spot, and it was too late to even send her to the hospital. Not only that, but Robin’s dad suffered from a heart attack and passed away as well. Sylvain’s mom, on the other hand, was extremely crafty; we have no idea where she hid when we went to the hospital.

“At the end of all this, she didn’t even show up. It’s as if everything that happened has got nothing to do with her. Can you believe someone like her even exists? Does she feel comfy causing her son to be buried under all this mess? It’s outrageous! If I weren’t there, I definitely wouldn’t have believed that something like this could ever happen!”

Mark frowned. “So… Things are looking very bad at the moment? I was under the impression that Robin had an extreme personality and was much better than you. In fact, I would’ve thought you’re more likely to do something like that, not her, so how did this happen?”

Arianne instantly felt bad when she thought of the bottles of vitamin C. “She was suffering from depression and hid the truth about it from everyone. In order to do so, she switched her antidepressants with the vitamin C pills she usually took. Also, this was the actual reason why she didn’t want to have a baby. In fact, not even Sylvain knew that she was sick. That’s how Robin was, always afraid of people worrying about her… She ended up suffering all by herself.”

Mark gently sighed. “I hope that Sylvain can move on as soon as possible. His original one-month marriage leave stands; that should be enough time for him.”

Arianne rolled her eyes at him. “Can you be a little more humane? How can you still be thinking about work when such a thing has happened? Can’t you give him a little more leeway? A month’s time is definitely too short for someone who’s just lost his beloved wife. Everyone can stand on the high ground when they aren’t the direct victim in the situation. However, once they do, they’ll understand how devastatingly painful it is. What’s he possibly going to do by going back to work when he hasn’t recovered mentally? He needs inspiration to be able to come up with his designs.”

Chapter 1765

“Thud, thud, thud.” Smore ran and stood in front of Arianne. “Mommy, Granny said that I can go to school now. Is that true? Is it?”

Arianne raised her hand and patted the little boy’s head. “Yes, you’re going to school from next month onwards. You’ve turned three years old in the blink of an eye, why do I suddenly feel like I’m getting old…?”

Mark rolled his eyes at her before getting up to head upstairs. “Hurry up and take a shower. You laid on the couch directly the moment you came home.”

Arianne casually picked up a pillow and threw it at Mark. “What’s that sudden look of disgust? Has our relationship dulled? What happened to the time when you hugged me and called me “baby”? Do all men change their character as quickly as they take off their clothes?!”

Mark’s quick reflexes helped him catch the oncoming pillow. He looked at Arianne with a startled look. “When have I ever hugged you… And called you “baby”? Who have you been learning all of this from?”

Arianne hugged her son and chuckled. “Is there a need to learn this? It’s built into all women. All right, go ahead and do your work. Remember to prepare the school fees for your son. Don’t even think of taking my money when I’m only earning that measly salary every year.”

Mark threw her a disdainful look. “Is that even an issue? It’s just a miniscule amount, there’s no need for you to concern yourself over it.”

Just as Mark headed upstairs, Smore rushed towards Arianne and called her “baby”, causing her to laugh hysterically. “I’m your mommy, not your baby. Your baby’s still in the hospital. Why don’t we go visit her someday? All right, go along and play now. Mommy’s extremely tired, and I’m in need of a shower.”

Arianne would only be able to completely let her hair down and relax when she was at home with Mark and Smore. The scene of Robin jumping from the steeple to her death was deeply carved into Arianne’s memory as a traumatic experience. ‘A perfectly fine person, gone just like that.’

The next day, Sylvain went to the Cox family’s residence to take care of both Robin and her father’s funeral proceedings.

Mrs. Cox looked extremely pale and haggard after just one night. “Sylvain, your mother has never showed up since the beginning, nor has she even said anything. How does she sleep peacefully at night? How can she not feel even a little sorry for causing both my daughter and my husband to lose their lives?!”

Sylvain picked up Robin’s obituary photo and rubbed it without showing any expressions on his face. “Don’t worry, I’ll find her once the funeral is over. I know you must be feeling really bad right now, and

so am I. Although both Robin and Dad are now gone, I'll always be your son-in-law, so if there's anything you need, just let me know. I'll take care of you as long as you're here."

Mrs. Cox's eyes had gone red as she shouted uncontrollably, "I just want her to say something! Can't she even apologize? Is it that hard?! Does she want me to take her down with me?! I'm all alone now, so there's nothing for me to lose anymore. The only thing that's holding me back at the moment is you, since that's your biological mother! How could a woman like her be your mother?!"

Sylvain hung up the photo and heaved a sigh before he said, "It doesn't matter if she apologizes or not. Based on her character, even if she did apologize, it wouldn't be out of sincerity. Since I'm done here, I'll be leaving now. Give me a call anytime if you have any problems. But as of now, I have some matters to attend to.

"Mom, you must carry on living. Don't think about joining her in the afterlife. It isn't worth it, and there won't be a need for you to do it. Also, stop calling that woman my mother; she's not worthy of it. From now on, you're my only mom."

Mrs. Cox rested against the sofa and sobbed silently. "My daughter…"

Sylvain left after consoling her.

When he gave Ursula a call, he found that her phone was placed in silent mode, so he directly headed for her house.

The house that Ursula was living in had been purchased by Sylvain, so it was only natural that he would have a key to the house. As he opened the door to enter, Ursula was watching TV with a facial mask on her. She looked so relaxed and leisured as though nothing had happened at all.

Chapter 1766

When Ursula saw him, her eyes were startled for a moment as she sat upright out of a guilty conscience. “You… How did you get in here? Are you done with everything? I’m sure there are a lot of matters to handle at the Coxs’.”

Sylvain was not furious because he had already vented all his helplessness and anger by shouting alone the night before. Instead, he walked towards Ursula and threw a debit card in front of her. “This is all the money I have with me that I can spare—take it. From now on, we’re no longer related, so don’t ever mention that I’m your son to anyone. I don’t have a mom like you.”

Ursula glanced at the debit card on the coffee table and snickered. “Robin was the one who decided to die, so what does it have to do with me? Also, her father was the one who got a heart attack and died because he was all the while ill, yet you’re pinning that on me as well? If that’s the case, that family is really frail. If I had known earlier, I wouldn’t have provoked them in the first place. They’re the ones who did not know their place to begin with. How could they forcefully match two people together when they don’t even know where they stand? You’re a highly reputed designer; how could a girl from that family possibly be worthy of you?”

Sylvain almost broke his teeth by gritting them so hard. “Enough! Who gives you the right to insult the dead after causing their demise? What has my current success got to do with you? Who gives you the right to control what I do? Who do you think you are?! What have I got to do with your failed marriage? You’re the one who made a mess of everything, yet you’ve come back to torture me. You disgust me! Are you happy now?! You’ve got everything you ever wished for! Although I don’t wish for things to end up like this, this is more than enough to compensate you for giving birth to me. Don’t ever come looking for me again!”

Ursula was so furious that she pulled off her facial mask before she stood up and yelled, “Why are you shouting at me?! You refuse to recognise me as your mom just to serve another person’s mom? No matter how much you refuse to admit it, I’m still your mom. Do you think you could chase me out of your life by giving some measly amount of money? If you had gone according to my arrangements in the first place, I wouldn’t have asked you to get a divorce. Just looking at you and Robin together made my stomach churn! They had it coming!”

Sylvain was so furious that his entire body trembled. He balled both his hands into fists.

Ursula felt a shiver run down her spine when she saw the state Sylvain was in. “W… What’s the matter? Are you going to hit me?”

Sylvain instantly punched the wall, and his entire hand got covered in blood.

Ursula was so shocked that she shrieked before covering her mouth, not daring to utter another word.

When Sylvain left Ursula’s house, his hands were still bleeding. However, he did not seem to feel the pain, for the pain in his heart was far greater compared to it.

After sitting in the car to calm himself for a while, Sylvain drove to Tremont Tower and headed directly for Mark’s office.

Mark was slightly surprised when he saw the state that Sylvain was in. “I’ve heard… about your incident. What happened to you? Hurry up and treat the wounds on your hands first…”

Sylvain stood upright and said with a firm tone, “Mr. Tremont, please transfer me to somewhere overseas. I’ll be able to move out in three days!”

Mark could almost guess what Sylvain was up to. “I could do it if you want, but… with the current condition Mrs. Cox is in, aren’t you afraid that something might happen to her when there’s no one to take care of her? I suggest you postpone your plans for the moment; transferring you overseas isn’t an issue.”

However, Sylvain had already thought of everything while on the way there. “I’ll look for a caretaker to look after my mom. All I want now is to leave here, leave that heartless monster so that they can never find me again!”

When Sylvain said “my mom”, he was referring to Mrs. Cox. On the other hand, the monster he was referring to was Ursula.

Mark went deep in thought for a moment before he said, “Fine, you decide when it would be best for you to depart. Take the next few days to arrange all your matters in the country. There isn’t any rush for you to get back to work when you arrive at the overseas branch. I want you to settle yourself down first before going back to work. Most importantly, I don’t want to lose a capable employee like you.”

Chapter 1767

Before Sylvain left, he transferred the sole proprietor over his villa to Mrs. Cox so that she could help sell it and keep the money for herself. That way, even if Sylvain wasn’t in the country, she wouldn’t have any problems surviving if she ever landed in any trouble.

It was not known where Ursula had gotten her hands on that information, but she forcefully stopped Sylvain while he was on his way to the airport by getting the car to stop by the roadside.

However, instead of getting out of the car, Sylvain merely locked the car door and opened up his window just a little.

After getting out of her own car, Ursula rushed towards Sylvain's car and tried to open his car door. However, when she realized that she couldn't, she slammed against the car. "Open up this door and get out right now!"

Sylvain looked at her expressionlessly. "Don't make me miss my flight. You have two minutes. Say whatever you have to, but nothing unnecessary because I don't want to hear it."

Ursula was now frightened for real because the moment Sylvain left for overseas, he would have completely escaped from her grasp. "Why do you have to leave? To avoid me?! I'm your biological mom, how could you possibly give away your villa to Robin's mom!"

Sylvain's lips curled up into a sarcastic smile. "Are you my mom? Are you worthy of it? I don't want to repeat myself anymore, so you'd better have some self conscience. Also… have a good life. Now, please leave. I don't wish to see you anymore."

Ursula still stubbornly refused to remove her hand from Sylvain's car window. "Don't you even think of leaving! Do you think you could get me out of your life by leaving? Aren't you afraid that I would do something towards Robin's mom?! If you dare leave, I'll go look for her!"

Sylvain looked at her with a sarcastic expression as he slowly and calmly said, “You want to look for her? Please go ahead. Even if you don’t look for her, she might come and look for you instead. You’re the one who’s caused the deaths of her daughter and her husband; she would actually very much like to bring you down with her to her grave. Although I’ve spent a lot of effort trying to talk her out of it, I can’t stop you if you would like to end your own life.”

Of course, Ursula wouldn’t actually dare to look for Robin’s mom. She was merely choked and at a loss for words, so she said that to threaten Sylvain.

Sylvain took the opportunity to swipe her hand away before stepping on the accelerator and driving off.

Ursula was an extremely cowardly woman, as she hurriedly took a few large steps back. All she could do at that moment was stomp her foot angrily on the ground as she watched Sylvain drive off into the distance.

Ursula only knew that Sylvain was going overseas and had given his villa to Robin’s mom, but she did not know where Sylvain was heading in particular. After pondering for a moment, she headed directly for Tremont Tower. ‘Mark must know about this.’

However, what Ursula had not expected was for her to even be unable to enter the main entrance of Tremont Enterprise. The guards were adamant on not letting her in no matter what she said. As she looked at the looming tower before her, she suppressed her anger and went to the underground parking lot. ‘I’m going to wait here. I refuse to believe that Mark won’t come down here!’ At that thought, Ursula found Mark’s car and specially waited near the car to stand guard.

Finally, Mark and Arianne arrived at the parking lot at 6 PM, chatting together happily. When Ursula saw them, she hurriedly got out of her car and rushed towards them to stop Mark’s car. “Mr. Tremont, Mrs. Tremont, it really isn’t easy to meet with you!”

Arianne's face instantly turned dark and she spoke so loud that Mark could hear her clearly. "She's Sylvain's mom, Robin's b*tch of a mother-in-law. She's the one who forced two family members to lose their lives at the wedding."

Arianne deliberately said those words for Ursula to hear, causing the latter to have an extremely furious expression on her face. "You…! What bullsh*t! I never asked Robin to jump off the steeple! Her father was the one who had a weak heart in the first place! I'm here to ask where Sylvain has been transferred to!"

Mark shot a glance at Ursula. "This is an internal matter of the Tremont Enterprise, so why would I tell you? It isn't an important secret; you could easily ask Sylvain about it. Why, may I ask, are you here asking me instead? If that's all, please move aside and stop wasting my time."

Chapter 1768

Not only did Ursula not move aside, but she actually took a few more steps forward. "I have every right to know about my son's whereabouts, don't I? I'm doing this out of concern for him. Is there a problem with that? Even if you have some bias against me, you can't strip me off my rights. All you have to do is tell me and I'll be out of your way. Otherwise, I'm sorry, but no one's leaving here today!"

When Arianne recalled the scene of Robin's death, she became extremely angry. "How are you any different from a common scoundrel? Are you trying to find out where Sylvain is headed to continue tormenting him? You've already tortured him to this stage already, so what more do you want to do to him? Don't you clearly know why he's leaving you? Isn't he doing it to avoid you? Can't you leave him be already?!"

Then, Mark grabbed onto Arianne. "What's the point of talking to someone like her? I'll call the security over, don't worry about it."

When Ursula saw that Mark was really making the phone call, she had no choice but to leave no matter how unwilling she was. She would be completely humiliated if, under the public's watchful eyes, she were to be thrown out by the security guards.

During the journey back home, Arianne was still angry. "That woman's so shameless. I thought I've already met the most shameless person in my life, but never did I think that I would meet another that surpasses them. Is it considered to be a lifetime trauma if I'm having nightmares of Robin's death every night? Yet, the real "perpetrator" is actually still able to act so high and mighty as though all that's happened has got nothing to do with her!"

Mark patted the back of Arianne's hand. "All right now, it's already in the past, so forget about those unpleasant incidents. There's a whole world of much worse people out there, you'll get used to it when you've seen more of them."

Suddenly, Arianne's phone began to ring. It wasn't until she saw that it was Tiffany who was calling her that her anger waned a little. "Tiffany? What's the matter?"

Mark's lips twitched when he saw how quickly Arianne was able to change her expression. 'So, it really does depend on the person she's talking to. I'm actually a little jealous of how close Arianne is with Tiffany sometimes, especially when she's never treated me so gently before.'

On the other hand, Tiffany was extremely happy. "My daughter's going to be able to be discharged in three days! I'm going to pick her up personally! I'm so happy right now, Arianne! Will you come with me on that day? Is that all right?"

Arianen was startled for a moment. ‘She was still in pretty bad condition awhile ago, yet now she’s actually able to be discharged in three days? I don’t think Tiffany is aware of the situation, since I doubt Jackson has told her anything.’

Tiffany began to become anxious when she did not receive a reply from Arianne. “What’s wrong? Say something. Are you not going to go with me?”

With that said, Arianne instantly regained her senses and said, “No, no, of course I’ll go. She’s almost a month old and is finally able to go home. Congratulations, Tiffany! Remember to call me when the time comes.”

After hanging up the phone, Arianne was slightly worried as she asked Mark, “What’s going on? Wasn’t Jackson adamant on saying that he was going to give up? Why is the baby suddenly able to be discharged?”

Mark had no idea what was going on either. “Maybe something good has happened? If the doctors say that she can be discharged, then there definitely wouldn’t be any problems. Isn’t that great? It’s very good news.”

Arianne frowned. “If Tiffany finds out that the baby might never be smart… would she be able to handle it?”

Mark pursed his lips. “Compared to death, I believe this is the best outcome, isn’t it? Even if she finds out about it, she will be able to accept the fact very quickly. Don’t you understand how she is already? All right, stop thinking too much. Take the day off when you pick up Tiffany’s baby and accompany her.”

Arianne brought along Smore on the day they went to pick up Tiffany's daughter. Initially, Jackson was against letting Tiffany leave the house since there were a few more days left before she was well enough. However, Tiffany refused, as she immensely missed her daughter, so there was no stopping her.

Chapter 1769

After finishing the processes required at the hospital, Tiffany was unable to stop as she paced around excitedly.

In comparison, Jackson was overly calm as he sat on the bench by the corridor, completely silent.

When Tiffany noticed that, she unhappily said, "How are you not even a little excited? Isn't she your daughter? My goodness, am I the only person who's excited here?"

Jackson had another attack of his overly straightforward character right at that critical moment. "Who said you're the only one who's excited? Isn't my mom excited as well? She wanted to come, but you insisted on her not coming in order to take care of Plato at home…"

Tiffany was so angry that she rolled her eyes at him. "She's your daughter, not your mom's, so there's no use if anyone else misses her when her own dad doesn't! Try not getting her to call you dad if you can!"

Jackson was unable to smooth talk his way out of the situation since his thoughts were filled with something else, so he remained silent.

When Tiffany's daughter was carried out by a nurse, she instantly rushed towards the nurse to retrieve her daughter. The baby girl seemed to be much more energetic than she used to be; she was wide awake as she scanned her surroundings.

Tiffany was so happy that she broke into tears as she held her baby in her arms, unwilling to even let her go. Smore grew impatient, as he wanted to see her, so Arianne carried him in her arms as well. "You can only look at her; she's still very little, so you need to be gentle with her and take good care of her, understand?"

Smore curiously stared at the baby girl, who had the urge to touch her cheeks, but became wary as he resisted his own urges.

Arianne was just about to say something when Jackson suddenly came up to them and said, "Let's go home first, mom's definitely worried sick. Arianne, why don't you bring Smore along and have a meal at our house? You could accompany Tiffany in the meantime as well. She's been confined in the house for so long that she's become bored stiff."

Then, Arianne nodded her head. She knew that Jackson had intentionally interrupted her conversation with Tiffany. 'Their daughter is very likely to have some intelligence issues in the future, so we don't know whether we're going to be in-laws in the future. From how I see it, it all depends on Smore himself. Even if Tiffany's daughter turns out to be perfectly well and healthy, we can't force him to like her if he ends up liking someone else, so it's got nothing to do with being flawed or not. If Smore is really able to love this baby girl without any qualms, I'll approve of it.'

When they arrived at the West family residence, Smore seemed to have found his "buddy" when he saw Plato. Then, the both of them played around together, causing the whole house to be filled with joy.

On the other hand, Summer was also elated when she saw her granddaughter. When she saw that the baby girl's weight was less than what the average baby's should be, she was so heartbroken as she wiped a tear and became unwilling to let go of the baby girl. "Our little baby, it must have been hard on you. But you're all good now that you're home. Granny will make sure to feed you so much that you grow up healthily and don't suffer anymore."

Jackson noticed that Tiffany's hands were empty as she stared at her daughter, so he said, "Mom, why don't you go ahead and ask the cooks to make a few more dishes. Let Tiffany feed the baby her milk."

After Summer nodded her head, she returned the baby girl back to Tiffany. Then, Jackson followed Summer into the kitchen and softly whispered to her, "Mom, the baby is able to leave the hospital with no issues, but… the doctor has said that she might not be very intelligent because there was a moment when she lacked oxygen while she was being born. Tiffany isn't aware of this yet, and I have no idea how to tell her… I won't be able to cover up the truth for too long since it's going to be much more obvious when she grows up. Hence, we've got to play it by ear."

Summer began to panic so much that she trembled. "Are you serious? So that means… the baby might not be intelligent? Well… it's a miracle enough that she was able to survive. That Nikolai really is quite cruel. His conscience allowed him to do such a thing to Tiffany while she was still pregnant, depriving my granddaughter of the chance to live like a normal person in this life. I can't help but hate him whenever I think about it…"

Jackson grabbed Summer's shoulder to console her. "All right, don't be sad anymore, mom. The Larks have been bought over by Alejandro and are gone now, so that's a revenge properly served. I suppose the Larks are so angry that they can't even get a good night's sleep. Not after how much I drove them up into a corner and caused them to sell off their business at such a measly price. Of course, I will never ever give them the chance to revive their business. For as long as I live, I'll continue to make them pay for what they did."

Chapter 1770

Summer took a deep breath and pushed Jackson. “You should go out first while I make them something to drink.”

Just as Jackson turned around to open the kitchen door, he saw Tiffany standing right by it. Her eyes were completely red and she was slightly trembling.

Jackson was startled for a moment. He reached out his hand to embrace her. “Tiffany…”

Summer was shocked for a moment. “Tiffany? You… Did you hear everything?”

Tiffany hid in Jackson’s embrace and wiped her tears. “Actually, you don’t have to hide the truth from me like that… I can handle it. So what if she won’t be smart? I’ll take care of her forever, it’s no big deal. But… We won’t be able to be in-laws with Ari anymore.”

Jackson did not know what to say, so he could only console her by gently patting her back.

Tiffany had gone to the kitchen with the intention of making some milk; her baby had not been by her side for so long that she did not have any breast milk to feed her at all. However, she did not expect to hear this. ‘I am absolutely devastated, but isn’t everyone the same? Everyone has already taken my feelings into consideration, so what would me causing a huge scene do?’

As Arianne held the baby girl in her arms, both Smore and Plato approached her to size the baby girl up. Arianne thought that both of them were rather funny. “You two looked like this when you were younger as well.”

Plato suddenly said something that shocked everyone. “Were we this ugly when we were babies as well?”

Arianne was speechless.

When Smore noticed that Arianne did not say anything, he continued to ask, “Is that true, Mommy? Was I this ugly too when I was little?”

Arianne was instantly put on the spot. “She isn’t ugly. It’s only because she’s been staying at the hospital under the UV rays for a longer time, so she looks a little darker. Furthermore, she’s very skinny, and that’s why she doesn’t look too good. However, she’ll look as cute as the two of you did when she’s grown up a little bit. Are the two of you already able to judge between beauty and ugly at such a young age? Seriously?”

Smore chuckled for a moment. “I’m not complaining about her… When she grows up, I’ll take her out to play.”

Plato, however, reacted differently from Smore. He had scorn written all over his face. “In that case, you play with her. I don’t want to.”

Arianne pretended to be stern when she said, “Plato, she’s your real sister. You were both born from the same parents, so how could you behave less than Smore? Should you really be complaining about her just because she isn’t good looking now? I see that you’ve gotten your father’s traits for loving beautiful things. I don’t suppose you’re going to become a “playboy” when you grow up, are you?”

However, regardless of what Arianne said, Plato still did not like his sister. “If Smore likes her, I’ll give her to him to be his sister. I don’t want her.”

Both Jackson and Tiffany coincidentally heard what Plato had said. Tiffany smacked Plato’s butt and said, “What are you talking about? Why don’t you want your sister?”

Plato pouted his lips and threw a tantrum. “She’s too ugly! I don’t like her, so I’m giving her to Smore!”