Ruling 681

Chapter 681

“Nothing impressive,” Tiffany replied without a second thought, probably because she was still upset at the prospect of her mother getting married again, “He’s not good-looking; he’s only good with words. We’ve met before, but I don’t really know what he’s like. He’s not a widower, but a divorcee. There must have been a reason behind that divorce, right? I’m not saying that people who are divorced are problematic, but I have to at least understand how and why the divorce happened. Look at the information from the private eye; Grant’s divorce was less than a year ago. I have to find out more.”

Arianne smiled silently. It would seem that Tiffany wasn’t being personal with Grant, but trying to persuade herself. She wasn’t going to back down until she had done a thorough investigation. If Lillian planned on remarrying, they would have to cross this hurdle.

Tiffany rubbed her slightly bloated belly as she munched on the desserts that Mary had served, “Ari, logically speaking, based on how the Tremonts have been feeding you, you should have become as fat as a pig by now. Why do you look skinnier? If I had a few more meals here, I’d become bloated and heavy. You have a large table of delicious food every meal, and all sorts of soups and delicious desserts. I’m so… envious!”

The sight of desserts only made Arianne feel bored, “My appetite has become very tricky ever since I got pregnant. I can’t have anything I used to enjoy, and I puke more often. It’ll get better after a while. I’ll grow chubbier throughout my pregnancy. Your disappointment has come too early. You’ll see me grow fat soon. You’re not so bad yourself — you have a personal chef. You can eat whatever you want, so no need to be jealous of me.”

Tiffany beamed proudly when she thought of Jackson, “Of course, aside from having a past as a playboy, my Jackson is pretty much perfect.”

Tiffany was feeling suspicious, “Is this really true? He can’t possibly have some woman on the side, right? This is obviously not normal. How could he not have those kinds of thoughts if he doesn’t love you? Not only will he have them, they’ll be extremely intense too. Let’s set aside the fact that he’s a guy. You’re a girl; if you like him, you would have some sort of inclination towards him. I’m quite fond of my Jackson’s muscles…”

Arianne’s lips twitched, “Every person is different… Besides, it’s inconvenient for me now. He and I aren’t all that interested in those things…”

Based on what she could remember, Mark hardly ever seemed aroused by her. Either he didn’t have a high sex drive, or he managed to hide it very well. She couldn’t tell. Having other women was completely out of the question. After all, she was very aware of Mark’s routine lately. He came home immediately after work and hardly ever had any phone calls or messages. He never really spent the night outside either.

Tiffany slowly displayed a look of disgust, “Neither one of you is normal! Okay, I’ve already freeloaded off your food. I feel much better after talking to you. I should go. You go take an afternoon nap. I’ll see you again some other day.”

Arianne nodded, got up, and sent her to the door, “About your mother, just relax. If Grant is good for her, don’t spoil things. If not, talk to your mother. It wasn’t easy for you two to establish a good relationship. Don’t mess it up again.”

Tiffany waved her hand, “Got it. Go back inside, it’s cold out here.”

Arianne was still in a daze as she watched Tiffany disappear into the distance. She heard Mary nag from the living room, “If only you had half of Tiffany’s appetite. Look at you, pregnant and still so thin. It breaks my heart.”

Arianne nearly burst into laughter. Tiffany might hold a grudge if she heard this. After all, no girl likes to have her big appetite pointed out. She turned around and walked into the house, then went upstairs to take her afternoon nap as usual. Half asleep, she felt herself being wrapped into a warm embrace. She realized that it wasn't 3PM yet, so Mark shouldn't be home yet. Coming to the conclusion that she was probably dreaming, she nuzzled absentmindedly to find a comfortable position and continued her nap.

Chapter 682

Suddenly, she felt a hand placing itself gently on her tummy. Her sensitive mental state caused her to jolt and immediately wake up. She opened her eyes and was greeted by Mark's intensive gaze.

Realizing that they were much too close together, she pushed herself away from him, "What are you doing home so early? It's not three yet. It's the end of the year, so shouldn't it be pretty busy at the office?"

Mark frowned at her reaction, "You don't want to see me? I came home because I couldn't stop thinking about you in the office and bought the books you wanted. It is busy at the office, but staying with you is most important. Did I wake you?"

She was surprised at Mary for tasking him with buying her books. She shook her head, "No… I had enough sleep. I won't be able to sleep tonight if I sleep any longer. I'm going for a walk. Rest if you're tired."

As she got up, Mark pulled her back down and plonked her accurately into his embrace, his arms wrapping firmly around her, "Lie with me for a while… I went to visit Granny on the way back. I know that you want to go too, but you can't. So I visited her for you."

He didn’t tell her how the old woman was doing, for he was waiting for her to ask. He knew that she would ask. She wouldn’t react if he said it all at once. He didn’t like it whenever she was quiet with him.

As expected, Arianne immediately asked, “How is Granny?”

He paused, “Not bad. She was coughing, wasn’t she? Your aunt probably hasn’t taken her to a doctor since she moved back, so it’s gotten worse. Granny was alone when I visited. I left in less than a few hours. She doesn’t want to have anything to do with us anymore.”

Arianne listened quietly, but a raging flame burned in her heart. She would have Tabitha stay by her side, no matter what, but the old woman couldn’t accept it and was afraid of being a nuisance to her. That’s why she had insisted on leaving. Now, the old woman was living a difficult life. How could she not worry?

Mark planted a soothing kiss on her cheek, “Don’t worry. I’ll do what’s best for granny and try to bring her home. We’ll take care of her for the rest of her life. After all, I don’t have any relatives anymore, and it would be a good idea to have an elderly person around. As for your aunt and uncle, I’m not afraid of trouble. Let me handle it.”

Arianne nodded in his arms, suddenly realizing that having someone to rely on felt pretty good…

Thinking of the day the old woman had left and remembered the things she said, she suddenly felt like asking him, “Is there anything I don’t know about that plane crash? You told granny, but why can’t you tell me?”

Chapter 684

It was past 7PM. Tiffany drove her car near her housing area and lingered hesitantly. The new information that the private eye had sent an hour ago kept on replaying in her mind — there was something wrong with Grant Jackson.

She had initially intended on trusting her mother's instincts or personally getting to know Grant. However, for some reason, the scales in her mind were tipped towards the detective whom she had never met. She was hesitating over whether to go upstairs and advise Lillian against dating Grant. She knew that once she said these words, there would be another war. She did not want her relationship with Lillian to return to how it used to be.

After a long bout of hesitation, she typed out a message to the private eye: Is your information accurate? This is very important to me. What's wrong with Grant Jackson? Could you please elaborate?

A reply soon followed: 'You are considered an old client of mine now. Shouldn't you know if the information is accurate? I've been investigating this case meticulously, to the best of my abilities, on account of our frequent collaborations. I cannot give you a detailed explanation on why Grant Jackson is so problematic, but there is definitely something fishy about him, and it's very bad. I know that he's dating your mother, and I also know who you are. Just be more careful. I'll contact you again when I have more information.'

She had only asked him to investigate Grant, but did not think that he would know her like the back of his hand. She had never revealed her identity when she hired this private detective in the past. However, this was no surprise, as this was his job.

She grew even more insecure upon receiving that message. Suddenly, her phone rang — it was a call from Jackson.

She answered the call. She was in a terrible mood, “Hello?”

“Where are you?” Jackson asked, sounding very unhappy, “I gave you the day off so that you could rest at home. Why did you go out? I rushed all the way home, afraid that you’d be hungry, only to find that you’re not even at home?”

She lifted her gaze up toward the high rise building not too far away; the light in her house was still on, “I’m coming home.”

Jackson had already finished cooking by the time she arrived back at White Water Bay Villa. He deliberately pulled a long face when he saw her, “Wash your hands and eat.”

She really wasn’t in the mood to be wary of his attitude. She walked into the toilet absent-mindedly and turned on the tap to wash her hand, finally returning to her senses when she felt the cold, freezing sting from the water on her hands.

At the dinner table, she looked extremely uninterested in her food. Jackson was also feeling slightly moody. Not only had she disobediently gone out instead of resting at home, he came all the way back home just to cook for her, despite his exhausting day, and this was the attitude she gave him, “If you don’t feel like eating, don’t eat. I’m in a rush. Going to the office now.” Then, he got up, snatched up his coat, and headed towards the porch.

He moved slowly and deliberately, thinking that Tiffany would say something. Unfortunately, a message notification rang on her phone, and she feverishly picked it up to check the message. She wasn’t paying him any attention at all.

He slammed the door shut, feeling very annoyed.

Tiffany was confused when she heard this. What was up with Jackson today? He left without eating and slammed the door too…

Chapter 685

The private eye had sent her another message — it was about Grant. The man in question may look like a prosperous business man, but in reality, he'd been in debt for ages. His offices were nothing but empty shells, and were suffering from debt. His divorce stemmed from financial difficulties too. Not too long after the divorce, he pursued her mother, Lillian. Why? Grant never showed his face when the Lane family went bankrupt. It may seem like they were closely connected, but it was really just superficial.

She had a bad feeling and could not concern herself with food. She rushed out and drove her car back home.

As expected, Grant was around today too. Lillian, who never liked to cook and couldn't anyway, actually cooked today. Tiffany was shocked and upset at the same time. She'd never been able to enjoy her mother's cooking…

Surprised at her homecoming, Lillian seemed very cautious, "Tiffie, have you had dinner? Would you like to eat with us?"

Grant rose to his feet and greeted her warmly, "Oh, you're so grown up now, Tiffie. How many years has it been since we last met? Do you still remember your Uncle Grant?"

“Of course, I do,” Tiffany calmly replied, “I’ve eaten. Won’t be eating now. I’d like to come home and stay for a few days.”

Grant looked at Lillian, who shot him a look, “Sure. Come home and stay. But… did you and Jackson have a fight? Why come home all of a sudden?”

Tiffany could no longer contain her anger, “This is my home. Do I need anyone’s permission to come back? Forget about the fact that I’m not married yet. I have the right to come home every day, even if I’m married. This will always be my home. Mom, I wonder if you’ve been feeling lonely, staying here all alone? I think I’d better move back in until the wedding, at least you’d have someone to talk to.”

Sensing the fiery tone in her words, Grant awkwardly said, “Then… Since Tiffie’s come home, I’ll give you two some space to catch up. I’ll be on my way.”

Lillian did not insist that he stay, “Alright, I’ll send you off.”

Tiffany walked towards the couch and sat down with a grim look on her face, then threw her bag aside. Usually, she would be reluctant to throw such a beloved bag. Now, in her anger, she’d throw Lillian too, let alone a bag. Even though Lillian was now behaving herself, wasn’t there a wicked trick about again? She was really beginning to suspect that she had inherited her IQ from her brainless mother. She was too afraid to tell Jackson about this. The Wests were an affluent family; they couldn’t afford to lose face.

After sending Grant off, Lillian returned with a sullen look on her face, “What is the meaning of this? I know that you’re not happy with this, but there’s no need to pick on your Uncle Grant, is there? I’ll be all alone once you’re married. Can you bear seeing me like that? What’s wrong with having someone to spend the latter part of my life with? It’s my right as a human being. Must I pander to your wants?”

Chapter 686

Tiffany rose to her feet, “Let me ask you, how well do you know Grant?”

Lillian was equally enraged, “He’s known your father for many years; he’s even held you when you were a baby! How could I not know him? He’s not that good looking, but he’s a good man. Isn’t that enough? Besides, he comes from a good family background. I won’t have to worry about my future. I don’t have to rely on you for survival!”

Tiffany’s rage flared up even more when she heard Lillian defending Grant, “Yes, he’s known my father for many years, but it’s all just superficial, isn’t it? He’s very ugly, there’s no doubt there, but I’m not emphasizing on looks. Let’s look at some facts; where was he when our family was bankrupt and needed help the most? He never showed his face. Don’t you think that it’s a bit too coincidental that he’s come knocking on your door now? Him? A good man? You know nothing! Did you know that he’s only been divorced for less than half a year? Did you know why he divorced? Has he told you everything? Coming over to your house before even marrying you, and staying overnight like that… Don’t you think that it’s inappropriate? I have no qualms if you want to start a new love, but could you at least use your brain? I don’t like this man. I don't approve! I didn’t come back here to fight with you, and I don’t feel like it either. If you insist on being with him, give me the house and stay with him! See if he has a house for you. You’ve been taken for a ride!”

Lillian went red with anger, “There was no use in asking him for help when our family was in trouble. How can you say that he wouldn’t help us? He couldn’t help us! I know all about his divorce. Is it a crime to file for divorce when you no longer have feelings for each other? Are you saying that he’s eyeing my house and my money? I’m telling you now, he isn’t. He was nothing compared to our family, but his business is booming now! You and Jackson are engaged. Do you really need this house? Fine, since this belongs to the Lane family, it should be yours. I don’t want it then, are you happy? You used to say that you wouldn’t be concerned with my affairs, so why are you meddling now? It’s not your business!”

Tiffany showed her conversation with the private detective to Lillian, “See for yourself. I’ve had someone investigate. Do you really think that he sincerely wants to spend his days with you? Don’t you know that he’s been up to his ears in debts?”

Lillian stared at the message on her phone dazedly. Suddenly, she threw her phone onto the ground, “Don’t you dare think that you’re superior just because you’re with Jackson now. Shouldn’t you be happy with your money? Why did you send a private eye to investigate my affairs? You’d rather believe an outsider than me, don’t you? Isn’t it perfectly normal to have debts in business this year? I only have one house, what can he possibly take advantage of? Don’t cross the line!”

Tiffany laughed in spite of her anger when she saw her phone smashed to pieces on the floor, “Hehe… Lillian Lane, I honestly wish you were dead instead of my dad. That way, I won’t be plagued by so many disgusting things. Do you really think I want to concern myself with this? It’s because you’re my mother. Don’t let him cheat you out of everything you own, then come crying to me. I can’t afford the humiliation. You’re not young anymore. You’ll only be laughed at once this all blows up in your face.”

Lillian slapped her cleanly across the face with tears in her eyes, “Alas, it’s your father who died, not I! I won’t humiliate you, no matter what happens, because you are no daughter of mine! Get out!”

Tiffany gritted her teeth and looked at the dishes on the dining table, feeling stung. She was suddenly struck with the notice that Lillian never loved her or her father. She only ever loved herself. Her father had taken such great care of Lillian over half her life, making her a wealthy man’s wife who could have anything she ever wanted, yet he never had a chance to taste her cooking, even at his death. She, her own daughter, never got to enjoy it either…

Finally, she slammed the door shut and went back to her car, unsure of where to go.

Chapter 687

Mark fell silent. It took him awhile before he spoke again, “There’s no need. Only Jackson knows. I didn’t intend on mentioning it to Granny at first, but I felt that I had no right to keep her son’s death from her. Don’t ask, Ari… There are some things too vile for you to know.”

Arianne wasn't surprised by this outcome. She knew that he wouldn't tell her so she asked, "Even though I agreed to come back to you, do you really think we could stay together? The gap between us is… too vast, even with a child. There are some distances we cannot cross."

He reached out and lifted up her chin, looking straight into her eyes. He stared directly at her and said, "I will do everything to make you come back to me, so why wouldn't we stay together? You can love me or hate me if you want, I'll accept it all. Leave the rest to me. I will do everything right. I love you, and I don't believe that you don't love me at all."

She could see her reflection in his eyes, and a glimmer of light. When someone is in love, their eyes would light up. It's true, his love for her was endless, transcending many different seasons. However, she only realized it now.

His kiss landed naturally on her lips. She did not object, but slowly closed her eyes instead. Her trembling lashes betrayed her racing heart.

As he deepened the kiss, she, for some curious reason, parted her teeth on her own accord. Her tongue shyly met with lips. Suddenly, he released her and sat up, "Next time, I won't be able to control myself if you don't stop me. Let's go for a walk outside. It's stopped snowing. I'll walk with you."

She nodded, very red in the face. As she got down from bed, he naturally reached out and helped her to her feet. She complimented by taking his hand. His hand felt warmer than it had ever been.

This time, with him keeping her company, he did not restrict her to simply walking around the garden, but led her to the streets outside. Vast tar roads were all around, long and winding. Both sides of every

road were filled with neat rows of trees, which stretched out as far as the eye could see. The bald trees were now decked in tufts of powdery snow, creating a marvelous sight.

This was the first time the pair had ever walked shoulder to shoulder.

Mark took off his coat and draped it around her shoulders, “Are you cold?”

“No,” she shook her head.

He noticed that her nose had gotten red from the cold, and put her hand in his palm, “The weather’s been pretty bad lately, but I’m afraid that you might get too bored. We’ll go home later. From now on, I’ll take a walk with you every day. I think you might have to be on bedrest once the baby is further along, so you won’t be able to move too much. Once the baby is born, I’ll take you wherever you want to go. I’m sorry that you’ll have to endure this for now.”

He had suddenly turned into a chatterbox. Arianne stared at him smilingly, “I’ve never noticed how chatty you can be, why is that? Over the past few months, you’ve spoken to me more than you’ve ever had in more than ten years. Isn’t it an exaggeration?”

He never noticed it himself, “Really? Actually, I am pretty talkative, but it depends on with whom I’m with. Besides… our age is ten years apart. I was an adult by the time you arrived in the Tremont Estate. What could I possibly say to a kid? Later on, you grew up and I tried to talk to you, but you kept avoiding me, looking at me as though you were afraid of me. I was afraid of scaring you, so I thought it’d be better to ignore you.”

Arianne lowered her head and chuckled softly, “Hehe… You’re right. I’d never have anything to say to an eight year old child when I was eighteen. You had your first love before I grew up. I never expected for us to end up together. This is such a strange feeling.”

She didn’t notice that she could smile naturally in front of him now. There was now a small, inadvertent change between them. She no longer needed to carefully maintain the peace.

Chapter 688

The designated driver stepped forward to support her, “Where’s your car?”

She pointed towards the side of the road, “Over there.”

The designated driver was taken aback, “I’ve… never driven this car before…”

All Tiffany wanted to do now was to go home and sleep, “It’s fine. Drive slowly and think of it as an average car instead of an expensive vehicle. You don’t need to pay for a thing if you bump into anything. Just make sure I stay alive.”

Hearing this, the woman helped her into her car without hesitation.

She thought that Jackson would have long gone to bed by the time she arrived at White Water Bay villa. Instead, the light in the downstairs living room was still turned on. When she walked in, she was faced with a sour-faced Jackson, glowering at her from the couch.

She felt guilty. “Why are you still up?” she asked, with a slight lisp.

Jackson didn’t answer. He walked upstairs, looking very sullen.

She inadvertently saw the untouched food on the table, which he had come home to cook for her. She finally understood the stupidity in her actions.

Lillian’s little affair had completely clouded her mind with frustration. It didn’t matter if she were humiliated, but she was going to be a member of the West family soon. The Wests would undoubtedly be dragged down if Lillian’s reputation was ruined.

She put all of her emotional baggage aside and smiled her way back into the bedroom to see Jackson, “Are you angry? I went to visit my mother tonight, so I didn’t have time to eat. I promise to clean it all up!”

Jackson lay on the bed with his back against her, completely silent. He had deliberately waited in the office until 11PM to come home. It was bad enough that she didn’t call him, but the house was empty when he got home. She didn’t even touch the food that he had come home to cook for her. He had been calling and calling her on the phone before she got home, but there was no answer. He was close to a breakdown. In the end, she arrived home, as drunk as a sailor. How utterly heartless!

Seeing his refusal to respond to her, Tiffany reined her temper in, stepped forward, and teased him, stroking every part of his body, “Don’t be like this… I won’t do it again. I promise never to go drinking alone or to waste your efforts. I was only in a bad mood. I’m sorry, I’m sorry…”

Jackson pushed her away, “Stop it!”

This was her first time receiving a rejection from him after initiating sex. Her already fragile heart was now smashed into smithereens, “Fine, I won’t touch you then!”

Jackson sat up. His face was terrifyingly thunderous, “I have no objections over you visiting your mother. Instead of telling me that you were in a bad mood, you ran out on your own and ran until 1-2AM in the damned morning. Have you forgotten how much pain you were in, when you suffered menstrual cramps? Why couldn’t I call you? I am pissed. This is the first time I’ve ever been so angered by any woman. Whose message did you receive when I was going out tonight? Do you have the guts to show me your phone?”

Remembering that her phone had been smashed, Tiffany felt apprehensive, “I… I had a fight with my mother and she smashed my phone. I didn’t receive any of your messages. I’ll buy a new phone tomorrow…”

Obviously, Jackson did not believe a single word she said, “Smashed by your mom? Why were you fighting?”

Of course, she wouldn’t dare tell him that she was trying to stop her from finding new love and the fact that she was probably being cheated. It was just too humiliating, “It’s nothing… Isn’t it normal for us to fight? Don’t ask anymore…”

Jackson suddenly laughed. It was a very cynical laugh, “Heh… Fine, I won’t ask. There isn’t a single shred of truth in your words anyway. You lost your phone, so how did you get a designated driver? A designated driver brought you home. You weren’t drinking alone, were you? Tiffany Lane, I am truly disappointed in you.”

Chapter 689

Tiffany panicked. It was the kind of panic that could not be concealed with alcohol. She did not think that this would end up implicating her and causing Jackson's rage, "Don't be like this… I really wasn't with anyone…"

Jackson did not respond. Instead, he continued scowling at her. She was anxious to find a way out. Unfortunately, she didn't have a lot of ideas. In her panic, she pushed him onto the bed, "Just trust me… Just this once… I'm not lying to you…"

He pushed her away, "Get off! I'm tired. I don't feel like fighting with you anymore."

She bent down and attacked his lips, purring through her hazy gaze, "I know you're tired. I'm helping you relax." Then, she slowly navigated her way down his body, pausing on his abdomen…

How could Jackson possibly be bothered about his anger now? His head was screaming 'no!' "What are you doing? I have no interest in bloody sex during menstruation. Go to sleep if you're drunk. We'll talk about this in the morning!"

She ignored him. Alcohol is propellent of courage. She gathered her nerves and buried her head down his crotch.

He gasped, reached out, and grabbed the back of her head, "A-are you… always like this when you're drunk?"

She looked up at him, narrowing her pretty eyes…

By the time Tiffany woke up the next day, it was already noon. Jackson must have left for the office long ago. She impatiently packed up and rushed to the office. Aye, who hadn't seen her in days, had just gotten back to the office area after lunch. She smiled when she saw her rushing around, "Where have you been? Gone off to enjoy life?"

How could Tiffany possibly be in the mood for jokes now? She vaguely remembered getting into a fight with Jackson last night and vaguely remembered the stupid things she'd done. Not only had she wasted his efforts in making dinner for her, but she'd gone out drinking until the wee hours and made him worry for the entire night. She had planned on coaxing him when she got up the next morning, but she ended up waking up at noon, "Where's Jackson?"

Aye was puzzled, "Don't you live together? Why are you asking me this question? I'm not his fianceé."

Tiffany couldn't help rolling her eyes, "I'm asking you if he's in the office! Forget it, I'll look for him myself!"

She opened Jackson's office door and was surprised to find that he was lying on his desk, taking a nap. She felt very guilty. She must have sorely tormented him last night. She was about to quietly retreat, when Jackson woke up and lifted his tired eyes at her, "You're here?"

She walked up and wrapped her arms around him, "Last night… I'm sorry. Please don't be angry."

He pulled her into his lap, "How can I be angry, after you displayed such sincerity? Don't ever go out drinking alone again and make sure that I can always contact you. Those are my conditions."

Her “display”? Tiffany’s mind was still muddled, “What display? What did I do when I arrived home?” He was a completely different person from last night. What did she do to quell his anger? She couldn’t remember at all.

Jackson smiled seductively, “If you can’t remember, shall I give you a reminder?”

She was growing increasingly suspicious, based on the look on his face, “No… You can’t have… I’m still on my period…”

He lifted his hand and gently brushed her lips with the tip of his finger, “I certainly didn’t, but you insisted. I’m the ‘victim’ here. However, I’d still like a repeat, even though it was ‘forced’...”

Chapter 690

She smacked his hand away. Memories from last night slowly trickled back into her mind. She was now completely out of sorts. She had actually done such a thing!

Jackson frowned, “What? You were just apologizing, but now you’ve become hostile? I’m still angry…”

She was speechless and chose to slip away, “I… I didn’t do anything wrong anyway. At least, nothing concerning. I’ve apologized, so we’re even. I’ve got work to do!” Then, she stood up and got ready to leave, but he pulled her back down, “One more time, the office is quite empty now…”

She felt that he had gone crazy. This was the office, “No! Let me go! We’ll talk about this at home!”

He refused to comply. He bent forward and sucked on her earlobe. His teasing nearly drove her to the brink. She struggled half-heartedly, nearly giving in. Fear brought a different kind of high. She was only afraid that someone from the office might burst in. She clearly remembered not locking the door…

She was extremely red in the face when she emerged from the office. Aye approached her curiously, “Why is your face so red?”

She covered her face with her hands and rushed into the washroom, “Nothing, had a fight!”

Aye was stupefied. Her face was slapped red. Had she been slapped? Did her boss have a tendency to hit women? From that day onwards, her view of Jackson had changed from admiration and esteem to… despise?

Tremont Estate.

Arianne was eating when her phone suddenly rang. She left her phone in the bedroom, where it kept ringing. Mary picked it up for her, “It’s your grandmother.”

Granny? Arianne was surprised because Tabitha hasn’t called her since she left the Tremont Estate. She was feeling slightly overjoyed, but ended up hearing Zoey’s voice on the other end instead, “Ari, you’d better come over. Your granny’s in the hospital!”

Her mind buzzed. The old woman was clearly healthy and only had a slight cough when she arrived at the Tremont Estate. She had been receiving treatment and didn't need to go to the hospital, "What happened?"

Zoey did not explain the situation and kept urging her to come to the hospital instead. Then, she ended the call.

She couldn't possibly ignore this, "Mary, get me some warmer coats. I need to go to the hospital. My grandmother's been admitted."

Mary panicked, "No! How can you go to the hospital at a time like this? You shouldn't have to deal with such worrying matters. What on earth is with that aunt of yours? Can't she handle Mrs. Wynn's hospitalization? She knows your current condition, and she's still giving you trouble. Absolutely not! I'll have Henry check on her for you. If you go out now and Mr. Tremont finds out, he will have a big row with you. We've only just had a few days of peace."

Arianne suddenly panicked. Mary was right. Besides, Zoey was deliberately calling her, waiting for her to show her face, "Alright… Then ask Henry to check on things for me, then give me an update."

Mary released a sigh of relief, "Good girl. I'm doing this for your own good. You've been so careful for this baby. We can't afford an accident."

Soon, Henry rushed to the old woman's hospital, then gave an update — it was acute pneumonia, which stemmed from continuous bouts of fever. The old woman was delirious. Even if they managed to cure her, there would be side effects. In short, her mind would become a lot slower.