Ruling 751

Chapter 751

Tiffany smiled knowingly as she nodded before seeing Summer to the door.

After Summer left, Tanya exclaimed, “Mrs. West almost became your mother-in-law. She’s still so nice to you even after you’ve broken up with Jackson.”

Tiffany sighed. “Actually, her actions kind of stresses me out. I’ve no right to accept her goodwill because I won’t be able to repay her. She really wants me to become her daughter-in-law, but I… won’t be able to fulfill her wish… Hopefully this enthusiasm would only last for a short time and that she won’t be so caring toward me in the future. Otherwise, I’d definitely go crazy.”

Less than a few minutes later, Tiffany received a call from Summer. She thought Summer had left something behind. “What’s wrong, Mrs. West? Did you forget something?”

Summer’s agonized moans could be heard from the other end of the line. “No… I fell… I think I hurt my hip. My leg is twisted as well. I can’t get up… I’m at the apartment’s elevator…”

Tiffany’s mind buzzed. She ran out without even changing out of her indoor shoes. Her heart thumped heavily in her chest when she saw Summer. It was a bad fall. Summer’s right heels had snapped, and her ankle was clearly swollen. She rushed forward to help Summer back to her feet, but Summer paled immediately.

“No… My back hurts… I’ve really gotten old. Falling down used to be no big deal when I was younger. My driver is in the car. Call him over. He’s a middle-aged man after all. You won’t be able to support my weight alone.”

Tiffany panicked. She had left her phone in the apartment so she ran over to Summer's car and called the driver over. Both of them brought Summer to the hospital for an x-ray. She would live in guilt for the rest of her life if something happened to Summer.

Summer groaned in pain as she placed her hand on her hip after the x-ray was done. She said, "Get my jewelry for me. There's no need for you to watch over me here. Having the driver here is enough."

Tiffany could not bear to leave Summer. The driver had to run around, pay the fees, and collect the report. Someone had to watch over Summer. After considering for a moment, she called Jackson. She did not think too much about it. As soon as he picked up the call, she quickly said, "Your mother had a fall. She's in the hospital. I'll send you the location. Come as soon as you can." After she ended the call, she sent him the location.

Jackson arrived in less than twenty minutes.

Tiffany did not look at him as she bade Summer goodbye before leaving.

Summer glared at Jackson. "What are you standing around for? Drive her. She's helping me to pick up some jewelry. Drive her home after that. I'll collect my jewelry from her another time."

Jackson looked at Summer's swollen ankle and asked, "Will you be alright on your own? I think I'd better stay…"

Summer said helplessly. “Am I going to recover faster if you stare at me? Are you a doctor? Tiffie didn’t even change out of her house slippers because she had rushed out to bring me to the hospital. She came over in my car and didn’t drive. Are you going to let her hail a cab with her house slippers and collect my jewelry before going home? Don’t you understand what I’m trying to do? Is your brain made of wood?”

Jackson was growing annoyed with Summer’s nagging. “Fine, fine. I’ll go, okay? She probably hasn’t gone very far. I’ll run after her. You get some rest. Call me if you need anything.”

Tiffany stood at the side of the road, waiting for a cab, after she walked out of the hospital. It was the end of the working day so it was rush hour. Many of the cabs were taken, and there were precious few empty cabs around. Worst of all, she had worn her house slippers out and did not even put on a coat. The night was cold, and she felt her legs growing numb.

She heard footsteps drawing near to her from behind and turned around. When she saw Jackson, she quickly turned her gaze away. “What are you doing out here? You should stay with your mom.”

Jackson said expressionlessly, “ She asked me to give you a ride, and you’re asking me to stay with her. It’s not like I can split myself in two. Come on. I’ll take you to collect the jewelry.”

Chapter 752

Tiffany immediately rejected the offer. “No need, I can do it myself.”

He stared at her, narrowing his eyes. “Why? Are you scared?”

She chuckled. “Scared? Of you? Please. If I’m scared of you, my last name isn’t Lane. I don’t like sitting in your car. What? Stop provoking me.”

The corners of his lips curled into a surreptitious smile. “You don’t like my car? As if you’re going to get a cab by standing here. Stop dallying and wasting time.”

There was no doubt it was uncomfortable standing in the cold. She struggled internally. She was going to collect Summer’s jewelry, and there was nothing wrong with getting a ride from him. She would just treat him as a driver. After convincing herself, she opened the car door and climbed into the back seat.

Upon seeing this, Jackson was momentarily speechless. After a short moment, he asked, “What am I? Your chauffeur?”

“That’s right, what else could it be?” she replied without hesitation, “Should I treat you like my ex-boyfriend or my ex-fiance? Won’t that be awkward?”

He did not answer her. He silently drove her to the jewelry shop that Summer usually frequented.

After Tiffany collected the jewelry, she asked, “Are you going back to the hospital? Why don’t you pass the jewelry to your mom? I can hail a cab home from here.”

He glanced at her and calmly replied. “My mother has made herself very clear about you holding onto the jewelry for now. She said she’ll collect them from you later. Moreover, she has asked me to send you home before reporting back to her. Get in, don’t waste my time.”

She gritted her teeth in annoyance. When did he become so harsh with words? His words used to be slathered in honey, but now, they felt like knives. A sullen expression could be seen on her face as she reached out to open the door to the back seat.

Jackson grabbed her wrist and said, “Sit in front.”

She swatted his hand away. “No way!”

He could not be bothered to bicker with her and directly pushed her into the front seat. Then, he grabbed the seatbelt and fastened it for her, securing her in place. At this moment, she was acutely aware of the difference in their strength. Previously, he had only pretended to be fearful of her so she could have her way. If he had used his strength, she would not be able to put up a resistance at all.

Initially, both of them remained silent. Tiffany stared out of the window, silently waiting to arrive at her destination. She did not want to interact with this man anyway.

Halfway through the journey, Jackson finally spoke up, “I heard you moved into an apartment near your company...”

“That’s right,” she replied irritably. “What? Is it any of your business?”

He paused. “Not really. Just curious about who could put up with your habits, apart from me. I don’t think Tanya would be able to last for long. She’d probably want to move out and find a new place for herself soon.”

Tiffany could not find a retort. After a short moment, she finally replied, “It’s none of your business. I know that we’ve broken up, but there’s no need for you to be so harsh, is there? I’d advise you to be kind and stop putting me on the spot. What about you? How many girlfriends have you gone through now? Considering our past sentiment, let me give you some advice — Don’t f*ck around too much. It’s not worth it if you end up contracting some weird disease.”

Chapter 753

He turned to the side and looked at her, his emotions were a mystery to her. “You know very well that I’m not that careless. I do take safety precautions.”

Tiffany did not continue the conversation. She could not seem to one-up him when they bicker, and it annoyed her.

As they approached the destination, she felt increasingly upset. She could defeat him in anything else, but not in feelings and in life. She did not want to lose! When they arrived at the ground floor of her apartment, she took off the seatbelt and smiled. “By the way, I have a boyfriend now. The long-term kind. I’ll send you an invite if we decide to get married.”

After she finished speaking, a smug expression could be seen on her face as she opened the car door to leave. She had only just stepped out when she was dragged back into the car.

Jackson’s face was right in front of her at this moment. He looked as though he was going to swallow her whole!

She widened her eyes in shock. The look in his eyes was terrifying just a moment ago, but now, it had returned to normal. For a brief moment, she thought she was hallucinating.

He asked bluntly, “Does he make you feel better than I do?”

Tiffany blushed immediately when she heard such a provocative question. However, she steeled herself and replied, “He’s… a thousand, ten thousand times better than you! With him, I finally understand the true meaning of pleasure. Are you happy now? Let me go!”

Jackson kept his hold on her with one hand. His smile grew increasingly seductive as the other hand grabbed the seat lever to lower the seat

Tiffany struggled to get up, but he fixed her in place.

His hand that was on her, slid up her neck to behind her ears as he gently caressed her.

She felt a surge of electricity running through her, causing her to feel uneasy. She cried out anxiously, “Let go of me! If you don’t, I’m really going to hurt you!”

“Really? Go ahead then. I used to be lenient with you in the past. Otherwise, do you think you’d be able to struggle at all?”

All of a sudden, his body stiffened as though he had regained his senses. The darkness hid the disappointment in his eyes. He released her and returned to his seat. He said teasingly, “There’s nothing embarrassing about not having a boyfriend. If you get lonely, you can always look for me. I might

consider helping you out. After all, we know each other inside and out… We're all adults here so there's no need to feel embarrassed. It's certainly better than seeking out strangers, right?"

Tiffany hurriedly straightened out her messy clothes and got down from the car. She slammed the door shut. "Who knows you inside and out? Not everyone is as sex-starved as you!"

The air immediately turned horribly silent.

'Not everyone is as sex-starved as you!' This seemed to be her honest opinion of him. This was what she had always thought of him.

Tiffany realized her words had crossed a line. She turned around and ran away in panic. If anyone were to be blamed, it should be him. It was his fault for doing that to her in the car and saying such offensive words.

She discovered she was extremely hungry when she arrived at home so she made herself a bowl of ramen. It did not take long for her to devour the entire bowl of noodles.

Chapter 754

Tanya noticed how hungry Tiffany was and asked, "What's up with you? What happened? Didn't you eat?"

Tiffany leaned back in the chair and heaved a long sigh of relief. "It's nothing… I'm tired. I'm going to bed. I'll do the dishes tomorrow morning. Leave them there."

She lay on her bed, tossing and turning, unable to sleep. She could not help shake the feeling that her words to Jackson had crossed the line. She felt she should apologize but was embarrassed.

She sent Arianne a message, asking for advice. She gave Arianne a brief summary of what happened.

Arianne's reply came soon enough. "Since you think you crossed the line, you shouldn't hesitate to apologize. Otherwise, you'll only continue to feel uneasy. Just treat it as a means to relieve your conscience. It's not like you're going to lose your skin over an apology. Our social circle isn't that big, you're bound to run into him again anyway."

After receiving Arianne's support, Tiffany no longer hesitated to send Jackson a message. "Sorry. I crossed the line with my words. Don't mind me."

She saw the sent notification and waited for his reply. However, after waiting for a long time, she did not receive his reply. This guy… She had already put her pride aside to apologize, and yet, he could not even reply to her message? In the end, she gave up waiting for a reply and threw her phone to the side.

After an unknown amount of time had passed, her phone suddenly rang, waking her up from her sleep. Being woken up in such an abrupt manner put her in a bad mood. She replied irritably, "Don't you have anything better to do? Are you trying to dig your own grave by calling in the dead of the night?"

Jackson's hazy voice sounded from the other end of the line. "I'm here to dig my grave. Is there a problem with that?"

She immediately woke up. She rubbed her eyes and checked the time on her phone. It was 12:15 AM. This guy… was certainly drunk. Her anger dissipated by half. “What? With the amount of booze you consumed, you’re going to become a haggard, bedridden old man who needs to be waited on while I’m still young and pretty. How old do you think you are? Drinking every day like that... You’re only going to hurt yourself. Go home, wash up, and go to bed.”

Jackson seemed to laugh. “Even if I really do end up bedridden and in need of constant care, I still hope you’ll be the one to care for me. I’ve had too much to drink. Pick me up.”

There was no doubt he was really drunk. Otherwise, he would not have said such things nor would he take the initiative to call her.

Tiffany knew she should not go to him so she hesitated.

At that moment, Jackson spoke up again, “If you don’t come, I’m going to leave with another woman. If that happens, don’t regret your decision…” He seemed to put the call on speaker mode at that moment. It did not take long before a woman’s honeyed voice was transmitted through the phone. That woman seemed to purr as she said, “Jackson, do you have any plans tonight? Wanna take this party somewhere else?”

Tiffany could not endure this. “You’d better f*cking stay right there. I’m coming right now. If you start acting drunk and crazy, I’ll slap that big mouth of yours!” She quickly got up and put on her coat.

Then, she got up, pulled on her coat, and rushed out the door. She knew that Jackson would have driven so she hailed a cab. She was wearing a coat over her pajamas that made her look a little strange.

The cab driver could not help looking at her a few times before he asked, “Miss, where are you going, dressed like that?”

She felt slightly embarrassed. “Nowhere… Just picking someone up. Can’t be bothered to change. It’s too cold.”

Chapter 755

She got down from the car and looked all around when she arrived outside the bar. She could not find Jackson at all. Was he still inside? She really did not want to look for him in the bar, dressed like that. For that reason, she called him. It took a while before the call finally connected. Her patience was almost at the limit at that moment. “Where the hell are you? I’m outside the bar. Hurry up!”

Suddenly, she heard the car honked from behind. She turned around and saw Jackson in his car! She walked over and entered the car.

He was leaning back on the passenger seat, looking as though he was about to fall asleep. She did not waste any time and drove him back to White Water Bay Villa. Initially, she did not intend to go inside. However, when she saw how inebriated he was, she mustered up her courage and helped him inside.

She found the switch on the living room wall with ease, switching the lights on before throwing him onto the couch. “Will you be alright on your own?” she asked, panting, “If there’s nothing else, I’m leaving. Where are the girls who spend their time with you at night? I really think I must have owed you in my past life!”

Jackson looked at her through half-lidded eyes. “Why did you come?”

“Why did you call?” she retorted, “I wouldn’t have bothered with you if I weren’t worried that something might happen to you when you’re drunk. You might not mean anything to me, but your mom’s nice to me. She’s given me a lot. This is my way of thanking her. Since she had injured her hips and ankle, why aren’t you spending time with her at the hospital? Instead, you went drinking at the bar. What a great son!”

The lights in the living room were blindingly bright. He lifted his hand and placed it in front of his eyes. “I once had a high fever when I was younger. It was so bad that I was barely conscious. At that time, she wasn’t by my side either. If I stay at the hospital with her, it would only be awkward for both of us. She had always asked the housekeeper to watch over me when I was a kid. Now, the housekeeper is keeping her company. There’s nothing inappropriate about that.”

Tiffany was at a loss for words. To be honest, Jackson was a very good son to Summer. Their relationship was not hostile, and they respected each other. Publicly, Jackson was very obedient to Summer. It was just that the respect they had for each other seemed to surpass affection. A familial bond based on respect was a very distant one.

After a while, she poured a glass of warm water for him and placed it on the coffee table. “I’m leaving, you should get a good rest. It’s late, and I’ve got work tomorrow.”

She had only taken a few steps when he wrapped his arms firmly around her from behind. Her figure had always seemed petite and delicate to him. With the amount of alcohol he had consumed, he had used all his strength as he hugged her.

Tiffany felt as though a mountain was pressing down on her. It was impossible for her to struggle free. It took a lot of effort just to remain standing. “What the… Don’t do this! Are you going to take care of me if I break my bones? Don’t you know your own strength? I don’t want to become enemies after our break up, but I don’t want to blur the lines either. Get off me!”

Not only did Jackson refuse to release her, but he tightened his grip around her. At the same time, he blew into her ear. Her body immediately went limp. This man… did not forget to tease her even at a time like that. This was not how she wanted things to develop. She had only brought him inside because he seemed too drunk to walk. She panicked as she said, “D-don’t… I really have to go. Don’t make me slap you!” Naturally, her words did not sound threatening at all.

Jackson murmured into her ears. “Don’t you miss me?”

She stiffened.

He continued to say, “I miss you…”

She was shocked and conflicted. Finally, she feigned indifference as usual. “Please, God knows how many women you’ve been with after me. You’re so fake. It’s not like you don’t know what kind of man you are… You’re home, safe and sound. You can call your lover now. Open your eyes, I’m your ex.”

‘I’m your ex…’ Jackson widened his eyes. Then, his eyes clouded over with sadness. That was right, they had broken up. He had simply drowned his sorrows in alcohol, and everything was just his wishful thinking.

He released her and returned to the couch, sitting down. He picked up the glass of warm water that she had poured for him and took a sip. He put on a frivolous smile on his face. “Just joking. Don’t take it seriously. You just reminded me of something. Not only do I not like cheating, but I also don’t like going back to an ex.”

Chapter 756

Tiffany pursed her lips and stared at him silently for a while. Then, she walked toward the door.

“It’s late,” he said to her, “I won’t be responsible if anything happens to you. You can either stay here or take my car with you.”

She paused in her footsteps but did not linger. “Nothing’s going to happen. I don’t need you to worry about me.”

Unbeknownst to her, Jackson had followed her out. He watched her hail a cab and get into the cab before following her back to her house until he was sure she was safe and sound.

…

The next day, Tremont Estate.

Mark had arranged his time to bring Arianne to her prenatal examination as usual.

Arianne had woken up late so they only left the house when it was almost 10 AM.

An obvious bump could be seen on her lower belly now. The baby was also moving with increasing frequency. This made Mark even more anxious. He would watch over her every second of the day he could. He was truly afraid of her coming to harm.

When they got into the car, he carefully fastened the seatbelt for her. The concentration on his face made Arianne tease him. “I don’t think I need to put on a seatbelt in the back seat, do I? Besides… It’s uncomfortable to have the seatbelt strapped over my belly…”

“I can always loosen it if it’s too tight,” he replied in a tone that brooked no argument, “However, you can’t do without it. This is for the baby and your safety. The hospital isn’t that far off. Bear with it. I’ll loosen it for you.”

Arianne smiled as he worked on the belt, feeling helpless.

Suddenly, Mark’s phone rang. He looked at the name on the screen, sat up, and straightened his body. No emotion could be seen on his face as he leaned against the window on his side and answered the call. “Hello?”

Zoey’s husband’s voice greeted him from the other end of the line. “Nephew-in-law, don’t sound so nonchalant. It might be easy for you to get rid of your aunt, but I’m not that easy for you to get rid of. Aren’t you afraid of Arianne finding out about the old lady’s death? You should at least give me some hush money. Zoey might not want it, but I do! I’m not scared of you. Once I have the cash, I won’t show my face in front of you ever again. If you don’t oblige, I guess I’ll have to make a trip to the capital. At that time, you won’t be able to get rid of me.”

Mark glanced at Arianne, who was sitting next to him, and maintained his calm expression. His voice was calm as he replied, “Understood. I’ll arrange a time. Please wait.” He ended the call immediately after that.

Arianne was under the impression that the call was about work so she did not probe. Instead, she simply said, “Do you have something urgent to deal with? You can go if you do, don’t worry about me.”

He smiled. “No, I’ll deal with it after your check-up. I have time.”

At the hospital, he stepped out to the hallway while Arianne was in the middle of her ultrasound. He called Henry to arrange a meeting with Zoey’s husband. Under normal circumstances, someone like him would be easy to deal with. However, Arianne was pregnant so his hands were tied. If he did not manage the situation well, he was too afraid to think of the consequences. Fearless, money-grubbing people were the most loathsome of all. Those people would do anything for the sake of money.

Chapter 757

When Arianne emerged from the ultrasound room, he stepped forward to support her. “How was it? What did the doctor say?”

Arianne showed him the report. “Why does the baby look ugly to me? The doctor said that the little one’s developments are normal and that it’s pretty healthy. It’s hitting all the milestones really well... Hands and legs are well developed, but… it really looks ugly. This is a picture from the 3D ultrasound so I guess that it can be considered as the baby’s first picture...”

Mark stared at the 3D ultrasound picture and frowned. “Maybe… it’ll look better once it’s born? Everything probably looks ugly in the tummy, right? Don’t worry. As long as the baby is safely delivered, that’s more than enough. Even if it’s ugly, there’s no way we won’t love it. It’s our baby after all.”

Arianne’s lips twitched. “Although you’re telling me to stay optimistic, the frown on your face says otherwise. Are you feeling disgusted inwardly?”

He was momentarily speechless. He was the product of the Tremont family's genetics, and Arianne was not bad-looking either. Who would have thought their child would look so ugly in the ultrasound picture? He could only pray that it would look better once it came into the world.

He dropped Arianne off at the entrance of Tremont Estate. For the first time ever since Arianne had gotten pregnant, he did not get out of the car. He instantly told Brian to drive him to the office.

Zoey's husband was already waiting for him in the office. He was sitting on the couch in Mark's office looking pompous. He even propped his legs on the coffee table.

Mark's germaphobe tendencies began to prickle when he saw the mud on the soles of Zoey's husband's shoes. His expression darkened instantly. "Do you know where you are? Don't you know basic etiquettes?"

Zoey's husband simply removed his legs from the table. He looked like a pig, unafraid of boiling water. "I'm close to starving every day. Why should I bother with etiquette? It's all your fault! That woman, Zoey, is insisting on divorcing me, claiming that I killed her mother. I don't want to lose both money and life. She's determined to divorce me so you better give me some money. If I have money, it doesn't matter if she wants to divorce me. I'm not foolish like her, refusing money. I want the money. She can act as noble as she wants, I'll take the money and live my life. We can all live our lives."

Mark forced down the urge to throttle him to death. He took a deep breath. "How much do you want?"

Zoey's husband chuckled insidiously. "I've already calculated the bill, and I've told you the amount I want. Now… there's an additional fee for my silence. Give however much you think it's worth. Arianne's belly should be pretty big by now. I heard that her health isn't very good. Pregnant women shouldn't be worried, angry, or sad, right? If she finds out of the old lady's death, I don't think she'll be able to take it…"

Davy, Mark's secretary, was sitting right next to them so he heard the entire conversation. Despite being in the dark, he could not bear to watch this any longer. "Hang on, you're just threatening us, aren't you? Do you have any self-awareness? How shameless!"

Mark lifted his hand. "Davy, the cheque book, please."

Davy did not expect Mark to comply. However, he obediently followed Mark's instructions despite his misgivings.

Mark put the cheque in front of Zoey's husband. "See for yourself. I'm hoping this is the last time I'll ever see your face again."

That cheque was the only thing that Zoey's husband could see. He was not even listening to Mark at that moment. Dollar signs flashed in his eyes when he saw 750,000 dollars written on the check. "This amount is small potatoes to you, isn't it?"

Chapter 758

Mark raised an eyebrow. "Yes. So, can you get lost?"

Zoey's husband finally got up from the couch. "Fine, I'll leave right now. As long as there's money, everything will go smoothly. Wouldn't it be so much easier if you'd done this earlier? It would have saved me a trip here. Since Zoey has refused the money, there's no need for you to tell her about my visit today. I'll be my way now, nephew-in-law."

Mark did not deign to answer him. He could tell that it would not be the last of that fellow now that he had a taste of easy money. Arianne was currently pregnant so it was best for him to keep things quiet. That $750,000 should be enough to hold that man off for a while. When Arianne safely delivered the baby, he would no longer tolerate this. After a while, he said to Davy, “Change the couch and coffee table. Disinfect everything in the office.”

At the end of the month, Alejandro finally returned from abroad. The first thing he did was to organize a press conference to officially announce his move to the capital. The scars on his face could no longer be seen so he no longer wore a mask. This was Tiffany’s first time seeing his face in all its glory. Disregarding the fact that he was wheelchair-bound, he was rather good looking. She was at a loss for words. The only way to describe Alejandro was; fair, delicate, refined, and outstanding. Personality-wise, he seemed street smart to her. He might be smiling all the time, but the smile did not reach his eyes. He spoke in an even and measured tone that hid his emotions well. His voice… She found it difficult to describe when she first heard it. It sounded slightly… intimidating. However, paired with his handsome face, it gave him a magnetic and brooding air. It could be considered as a good trait.

She had received a present from him. Most men would send bouquets of flowers that were exquisitely wrapped from the florist. However, he had given her a plant. The kind that only had leaves, and its species was indeterminable to her. He even left her a message telling her not to kill it. Apparently, he had been taking care of it for many years now but was unsuccessful. He had hoped she would be able to revive it. She had stared at the plant, utterly speechless. He, a free and unfettered man, was unable to revive this plant so how could she, a woman with a 9-to-5 job, possibly have the time to revive the plant? For this reason, the day after she received the plant, she had pushed it over to Tanya. Tanya was a meticulous person and seemed better suited for gardening. On the other, a clumsy person like her was not suitable for gardening at all.

…

The next day, after work, she visited Summer at the West Residence. As the old Chinese saying went, ‘It takes a hundred days for bones to knit and tendons to grow’. Summer had been cooped up at home, unable to leave the house. Her hip injury was not too bad, but she had to wear a cast on her ankle.

Unexpectedly, Jackson was there as well. The man who had vehemently refused to come home was finally home. After all, his mother was hurt. At least, he had a conscience.

Atticus had returned from Ayashe as well. For the first time ever, both father and son tacitly agreed to revolve themselves around Summer. They fed her and took care of her. Atticus had even carefully massaged Summer's legs. This made for an awkward sight for outsiders.

Summer kindly invited Tiffany to sit down. "Tiffie, please have a seat. Would you like some fruit juice or coffee? Jackson will get it for you."

Tiffany smiled awkwardly. "No need, no need. I thought I'd drop by after work just to have a look. You seem to be recovering well. I'll be leaving now if there's nothing else…"

Summer's expression darkened. "Since you're already here, stay and have dinner. Mr. West is as stiff as a puppet, and Jackson is rarely home. I have no one to talk to. Just stay and relieve my boredom. Please? For me?"

Chapter 759

Jackson got up with a straight face and made his way to the kitchen. "I'll make juice."

Upon seeing this, Tiffany had no choice but to sit on the couch. "Okay… I'll leave after dinner…"

"That's more like it," Summer said with a smile, "Jackson is leaving after dinner as well. You can catch a ride with him. Look, Jackson still remembers how much you enjoy fruit juice…"

Tiffany pursed her lips, keeping quiet.

In fact, Summer was aware of Tiffany's beverage preference. She had intentionally posed that question. Tiffany found coffee too bitter, and she would feel uncomfortable for half a day after drinking it. Her fondness for fruit juice was no secret. It seemed like poor Jackson did not forget that. Noticing Tiffany's silence, she deftly changed the topic. "You gave the car to your mother, right? I heard you told her you won't be needing the car since your apartment is very close to the office. I have a few spare cars here, would you like to use one of them? I'm worried it'd be inconvenient for you to get around during the holidays."

Tiffany immediately refused Summer's offer. "No, there's no need for that. I'm usually at home on weekends, and I rarely go out. I really don't need a car since my apartment is so close to the company. I can always collect the car from my mom if I really need it…" She was blushing furiously. It seemed like Summer was very well-informed. She had only given the car to Lillian two days ago. Although things had ended between her and Jackson, it seemed like their mothers were still very close. This meant she could not truly be at odds with Jackson. At the very least, they had to maintain an amicable front in front of their parents.

After a while, Jackson emerged from the kitchen with a glass of fruit juice. He did not meet her eyes as he placed the glass of juice on the coffee table. "I have something to attend to. Leaving now."

Summer glared at him. "Tiffie is staying for dinner. Where do you think you're going? She didn't drive here so you're going to drop her home on your way back."

"No need, there's really no need for that," Tiffany quickly said before Jackson could reply, "I'll just take a cab."

Jackson was just about to speak when Summer held her hips and cried out in agony, “Ow… The pain… It’s hurting again… I’m so angry… My hips always hurt when I’m angry…”

Jackson sighed helplessly. “Enough, stop acting. I’ll stay.”

Summer immediately returned to normal. “You should’ve said that earlier. Why must you insist on testing your mother’s acting skills?”

…

Tiffany and Jackson left the West Residence after dinner.

When they were outside, Tiffany said, “No need to drop me off. I can just get a cab.”

Jackson glanced at her. “Are you trying to show off that you’re wealthy? You have a perfectly good car to take you home, but you’re insisting on paying for a cab to drive you home. Get in.”

She was angry, but she forced herself to maintain the smile on her face. “Then, should I thank you?” She hesitated for a moment between the passenger seat and the back seat. If she got into the back seat, he would definitely complain about it. Who knew if it would anger him like before? In the end, she chose the front seat. He would have no reason to start a fight with her as long as she stayed quiet.

He kept turning to the side to check the road. From the side, he seemed a little gloomy.

Tiffany felt doubtful when she saw this. Could he be upset that she visited his house? She simply wanted to visit Summer, she did not expect him to be there. After a bout of hesitation, she decided to explain herself. “Uh… I was only worried about your mom, that’s why I decided to visit. I don’t visit that often…”

Jackson turned to glance at her, feeling baffled. “Why are you explaining yourself? It’s not like I told you not to come.”

She was momentarily speechless. She replied sulkily, “Then, why do you look as though I owe you a small fortune? I told you I’m fine with getting a cab, but you insisted on driving me home so why are you pulling such a long face?”

He felt helpless. He paused for a moment before he said, “So I can’t be out of sorts now? When did I give you any indication that I’m displeased with you? By the way, Alejandro Smith is back in town. He contacted you, didn’t he?”

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“Yes, so?” Tiffany asked. “That’s my business, not yours.”

Jackson’s expression sank even further. He finally spoke up again after a long pause. “Was he the reason behind your determination for our break up?”

Tiffany was taken aback, then a little angry. “What are you talking about? Are you saying that I dumped you for another man? So, whatever you did with Lynn in the car doesn’t count? Jackson West, can you be reasonable? If you can’t say anything nice, then shut the f*ck up!”

Jackson laughed. “I was just wondering if I’ve lost to a cripple… I’m glad that I haven’t. I admit to my own mistakes.”

“So, you admit to your affair with Lynn?” she asked through gritted teeth.

He turned his face to the side and asked, “Now you want to hear my explanation?”

She faked a laugh. “Hehe, no thank you. There’s no need.”

He didn’t say anything more. Suddenly, both their phones rang. They looked at each other and answered their calls.

Tiffany’s call was from Alejandro, who had invited her to see him. Jackson put his on the bluetooth device. His call was from Sasha.

His attention was not on his call, but on Tiffany’s. He could hear Alejandro’s voice, albeit a softer tone…

When Sasha asked him if he was free tonight, he did not answer immediately, as he was observing Tiffany’s reaction.

Tiffany checked the time and said to Alejandro, “Not today, maybe this weekend.”

At the same time, Jackson answered Sasha, “Not today. Some other day, maybe.”

The pair ended their calls at around the same time. Tiffany felt strangely guilty. “There’s… There’s nothing going on between me and Alejandro. It’s not really any of your business, but there really was nothing between us before our break up. Don’t start thinking that I broke it off with you because of him… I’m not that kind of person.”

Jackson was annoyed. “Are you implying that there’s something between you now? That makes sense. He might be a cripple, but his heart is just fine. I’m sure he’s pretty good at picking up girls. After all, he’s been interested in you for a while now… Giving you alcohol and helping you get rid of your problems in my place. How nice of him. Now that we’ve broken up, he’s definitely going to pursue you even more. I wouldn’t be surprised if you ended up together… But… I wonder if he can still perform sexually; if he could actually satisfy you in that aspect…”

Tiffany laughed in spite of her rage. “Heh… I’m no longer interested in talking to you now. Stop on the side of the road! I’m going home on my own!”

He did not comply with her demand. Instead, he hit the accelerator and dropped her off at the ground floor of her condo.

Tiffany left no moment for delay. She got down from the car and slammed the door shut. She walked a few steps away, but her anger was still bubbling inside, so she turned around and kicked the car. “Next time, I’m kicking you!”

Jackson raised his brow. “As you wish. Do remember to kick me the next time. It only counts if you actually manage to do it.”

His lips curled into a bitter smile as he watched her leave. Was there going to be a next time?