Ruling 811

Chapter 811

Jackson didn't reply. Instead, he stared at the message with a sullen look on his face. The word "again" seemed more magnified than the rest of the message. This meant that Alejandro and Tiffany had been seeing each other frequently.

Having received no reply, Tanya paused thoughtfully before sending another message: 'I'm sorry about the plagiarizing scandal. I didn't know that my online friend, Hush, was really Beckett Hushman, from your company. I certainly didn't think that he'd do such a thing. I've even dragged you down in the process. Regardless, it all started because of me. I owe you one. If you ever want to know anything about Tiffany, just ask me. I'll tell you. I know that you're still in love with her, and I want you both to be together again.'

She glanced at Tiffany after sending that message then slipped her phone back into her office desk drawer.

They clocked off soon, and Tiffany waited for Tanya, who was taking her time packing up to go home with her as usual. Tanya lifted her gaze at her. "No need to wait for me. You can go home first. I think I've left something at Ricky's, so I'll be going back with him to collect it at his place.

Tiffany didn't think too much of it. She nodded and left the office.

Then, Tanya picked up her phone and saw Jackson's reply: 'The plagiarizing incident is over. It's not your fault. It was Beckett's. Thank you for that.'

She felt an immense weight lift from her shoulders after receiving Jackson's forgiveness.

Eric suddenly walked towards her. “Didn’t you say that you’ve left something at my place? Come on. I’ll drive you, and you can collect it. How’s life at the new condo? You can come to me anytime if you need anything.”

Tanya smiled at Eric. “It’s pretty good. It’s not lacking in anything. Let’s go.”

Tanya arrived at the ground floor of her office building and spotted Tiffany standing in front of Alejandro’s car from across the wide road, chatting. Alejandro’s car seemed particularly dazzling underneath the afterglow of the setting sun, like the most attractive piece of landscape. Of course, it simply boasted of luxury.

Eric didn’t notice this and called out to her to get in the car, “Come on.”

She grunted in reply, pulled out her phone, and swiftly took a picture, then sent it to Jackson: ‘Alejandro is here again. I’m heading off to Ricky’s to collect something, so I can’t follow her. I’m not sure if they’ll be going out to dinner.’

Once she got into the car, she turned to Eric and asked, “Are all women this forward these days?”

Eric didn’t understand, so he carelessly replied, “I guess so? It depends. Some girls are pretty forward, some aren’t. It’s not a bad thing to be forward, but it depends on the circumstances.”

Tanya curled her lips. “I’m referring to personal life and their feelings. I don’t agree with whatever Tiffany’s doing. She’s been in contact with Jackson and spending nights at his place, then going out for meals with Alejandro. Both men are rich anyway, so she can choose either one of them and have a comfortable life. Does it feel that good to be flattered all the time? I’m just worried that she’s playing with fire. We’re all aware of how Jackson feels about her; they were engaged and she broke it off, just like that. Now, they’re involved again. She just does whatever she wants; I don’t understand her…”

When it came to feelings, Eric was more oblivious. “If you can’t understand her, ignore her. She’s not a kid anymore. She can make her own decisions.”

Speaking with an oblivious male always leads to a dead end. Tanya shut her mouth, losing all interest in continuing the conversation. She had already known this since they started living together; Eric was quiet and didn’t like to gossip. He poured his heart into his work. He was a man’s man, through and through.

Chapter 812

Meanwhile, Alejandro wasn’t asking Tiffany out to dinner but had brought her two bottles of expensive red wine. “You couldn’t make it to the wine tasting the last time, so I brought these for you. Since I have something going on today, let’s have dinner another time.”

Tiffany was well aware of how expensive the red wine that he had given to her was, for even Lillian enjoyed it. Hence, she tactfully declined. “No thanks… I don’t appreciate these kinds of things either. It’s wasted on me. You should keep it for yourself. I’ll buy you lunch when you’re free and I happen to have the time as well.”

Alejandro insisted and told Jett to stuff the wine into her hands. “I don’t like being refused. They’re yours now that I’ve given them to you. It doesn’t matter to me if you’ve wasted it. That’s it for now. I have got to go. By the way… You should visit your best friend, Arianne, more often.”

Tiffany was shocked. “You really know me very well… You know my friends, and what they’re going through. You know everything.”

Alejandro gave a non-committal answer. “As Sun Tzu once said, ‘knowledge precedes victory; confusion precedes defeat’. When it comes to getting to know someone, one should understand everything about her. After all, Arianne is your best friend. I can’t leave her in the dark.”

She had grown wiser this time and didn’t try to prod him on why he wanted to understand her. Asking him was equivalent to waiting for a flower to bloom anyway.

When she returned home, she went to the balcony to look at the plant that Alejandro had given her. It had grown, but it showed no signs of blooming. It was verdant and lush, like tall grass.

She had just carefully put the red wine away when Jackson called. She didn’t manage to catch her breath, so she gasped when she answered the call. The person on the other end was completely silent. “What’s wrong? You called me, so why aren’t you talking?”

“Are you out with Alejandro? “ Jackson asked in an icy tone.

She rubbed her forehead. “No, I’m at home. Tan’s gone to Eric’s to collect something. I’m all alone at home now. I can switch to video call and show you if you don’t believe me.”

Jackson let out a sigh of relief. “Then why did you gasp?”

The corners of her lips twitched. “Don’t you have anything else on your mind? Do you really think that Alejandro and I are doing some unspeakable things together? Seriously! I’m tired. Can’t I take a deep breath? Even if I did have those intentions, do you really think he can do it? Your mind is such a marvel! Why did you call me?”

His mind was now at ease, so of course, his temper was gone too. He was now a picture of grievance. “I’m all alone; why don’t you keep me company? You said you’d come. Even if you’re helping me get rid of my bad sleeping habits, you still have to come over, right?”

Tiffany twisted the corner of her clothes and sniffed, the thick scent of the medicine patch assailed her nose. She sighed. “Forget it, we’ll talk in the next few days. Try to hold on for a few more days. It’s not a good time for me.”

Jackson’s mind immediately went to another place when she mentioned that it “wasn’t a good time for her”. “Are you on your period?” he asked. “It’s not like I’m insisting on… It’s fine. I’ll pick you up right now.”

She patted herself on the chest to quell her anger. “You’re the one on his period. You’re on your period every day! I’ve… applied medicinal patches. My body smells of medicine. It smells weird. We’ll talk about this once the smell is gone after a few days. I’m going to take a shower. I’m tired from working all day. Now, stop tormenting me. Also, let me make this clear to you, one more time — there is nothing going on between me and Alejandro. There wasn’t anything going on between us before our break up, and there’s certainly nothing going on now. Stop being so suspicious. If you ever bring it up again, I’ll really give you something to worry about!”

Chapter 813

“Then… did Alejandro contact you today?” Jackson asked suddenly.

Afraid that he would overanalyze again, Tiffany paused in thought for two seconds and denied it. “No, do you really think he’d have that much time? To contact me everyday? That’s enough. I’m ending the call.”

Jackson clenched his hand around the phone, scowling when she ended the call. He stared at the picture from Tanya, overcome with mixed feelings. She had clearly seen him today. Tiffany was lying to him… He suspected that she wasn’t at home at all! The thought of his woman spending time with another man was intolerable to him. Despite their cancelled engagement, he had subconsciously marked her as his woman. It hadn’t changed. How was he inferior to a cripple in any way?

He had always been a man of action. He drove over to Tiffany’s condo and called her when he had arrived at her doorstep. “I’m in front of your house. Open the door.”

Tiffany was soaking in the bathtub and dozing off in the tub. She immediately woke up at that very moment. She quickly wrapped a towel around her body and walked out to open the door. She was mystified at the sight of Jackson. “What are you doing? I told you that I was home. Why did you come anyway? Speaking of which, you’re my ex; it shouldn’t matter to you if I’m not at home, right?”

Her words sounded like thorns. Jackson surveyed every corner when he stepped into the house. “Ex? Do you have amnesia? Didn’t we get back together?”

She was rendered completely speechless. “Y-you… You know that I was only joking.”

He pushed her up against the wall, reached out, and unwrapped her towel. As she shielded her breasts from view in panic, he smirked wickedly. “You may have been joking, but I wasn’t. You don’t get to decide if we’ve broken up or not. This time, it’s up to me.”

He lowered his head to kiss her on the lips. She turned her face away in panic. “What are you doing? Tan will be home soon. Behave yourself!”

A hint of gloom flashed across his eyes. Her elusion was like a needle pricking deep into his heart. She used to love his kisses… Were some things from the past completely irretrievable?

Tiffany paid no notice to his emotions and pushed him away then rushed into the bathroom. “I’m going to get showered. Five minutes. Wait right there.”

He didn’t answer. He sat down on the couch and lit a cigarette. He had quit when they were trying to get pregnant but had gone back to it after the break up.

Tiffany soon emerged from the bathroom, drying her wet hair with a towel. Her body was still wrapped in a towel. She wasn’t usually modest, as she lived alone with another girl. “Since you’re here, would you like to have dinner with me? There are ingredients in the kitchen. You can cook if you want. I can leech off you. Why are you smoking again? I thought you quit? You’re getting old. You’re going to shorten your lifespan if you keep smoking like that.”

He lifted his gaze toward her. “Try calling me ‘old’ again, one more time.”

He may not have emitted any profound aura in his words, but it scared her anyway. “Nonono, you’re very young. Your body is brimming with youthfulness. It was only a slip of the tongue, so… time to cook? I’m hungry…”

The words “I’m hungry” rendered him completely defenseless. He got up and headed to the kitchen. “Let me check the refrigerator and whip something up. Will Tanya be coming home? Shall I make a portion for her too?”

“I’ll call and ask,” Tiffany replied after some thought.

Chapter 814

The call was rejected. She believed that Tanya was busy, so she didn’t try calling again. “I can’t get her. Just whip up an extra portion for her. What if she does come home? Even if she doesn’t, I’ll shove it down my belly. Trust in my appetite. I won’t waste a single bite because your cooking is really the best! I won’t speak for anything else, but your cooking skills are the best I’ve ever seen. By the way, Ari’s appetite has been dwindling lately. Maybe you could make her some food if you have some spare time.”

“I’m in a relationship where my girlfriend acts like she could leave at any moment. Am I not busy trying to get her to stay with me? Where would I find the time to cook for another woman? If you want me to take care of Arianne, you should at least behave yourself…” he grumbled.

Suddenly, Tiffany felt as if she had been trolled once again. “C-could you not drag me into this? It’s two separate issues.”

He snorted. “It’s one issue on its own. If you want me to cook for Arianne, you’re going to have to stay by my side and behave. Otherwise, you can ask someone else.”

“Fine,” she replied with determination. “I won’t argue with you until Ari’s baby is born, as long as you cook for her.”

This satisfied him. He turned around and looked at her. “Initially, I studied all kinds of healthy recipes for pregnancy, just for you. I never thought that Arianne would be the one to enjoy them in the end…”

Tiffany’s eyes welled up, but she forced herself into a steely gaze. “Th-this is good too… Now you have an extra skill, and you can use it on Ari too… Plus, you can use these recipes on your future wife…”

He didn’t answer, choosing to concentrate on chopping up vegetables instead. Tiffany was filled with fear. “Uh… I’ll leave you to it. I’m going to blow-dry my hair.”

The sound of the front door opening was soon heard. Tiffany stepped out of her bedroom. “Tan, you’re back! Have you had dinner? I called you, but you didn’t answer. Jackson is cooking dinner. Wanna eat with us?”

Tanya glanced towards the kitchen. Her eyes flashed with a complex yet subtle glint. “I left my phone in my bag and didn’t notice it. I’ve already had dinner, so don’t worry about me. You go ahead.”

Tiffany had guessed that this would happen, so she didn’t mind and walked into the kitchen. “Tan’s already eaten. Looks like I get an extra helping after all. It smells so good. You’ve actually managed to cook better than me, even with my meager seasoning selection. How about you teach me?”

Jackson glanced at her. “With that brain of yours? Forget it. After dinner… come over to my place.”

She blushed. “I feel like it…” She realized that she couldn’t resist him at all. One provocative glance from him would weaken her. Tanya was right — having a dubious relationship despite their cancelled engagement was disgraceful. If only she had known that it would come to this, then she wouldn’t have

gone through it at all. Anything was possible back when they were official. Now they were holding a shady relationship, despite their break up. Her morals were questionable.

He reached out and wrapped one arm around her waist. “There’s no such thing as a free lunch. Have you heard of that saying? I won’t touch you… It’s decided.”

Her heart raced. She wiggled away from him in panic, afraid that Tanya might see them. “Fine, I’ll go… You’d better remember our agreement. I don’t want people thinking of me in… that way.”

Tiffany cleaned the kitchen after dinner then knocked on Tanya’s bedroom door. “Tan, I won’t be staying home for the night. Just giving you a heads-up.”

Chapter 815

Tanya put on her earphones and listened to music. She heard Tiffany’s voice but did not respond.

For some strange reason, she felt an almost indiscernible feeling. She despised how Tiffany handled things, and felt a slight hint of envy and confusion. At the end of the day, Tiffany was a born and bred citizen of the capital. Big city girls seemed to come pre-installed with their own halo — she didn’t need to work hard; her circle was in a class above her own.

No matter how hard she tried, she was no different from Beckett, unable to fully assimilate herself into the group. Regardless of how grand it seemed on the surface, deep down, she was always caught in a bitter struggle. She didn’t even have the basic right of setting up and buying a home in the city. No, she wouldn’t even have the money for a downpayment, even if she worked hard for the rest of her life. Tiffany, on the other hand, had everything handed to her on a silver platter. Unfortunately, she did not appreciate it. She refused Jackson, an outstanding man who was vying for her affections, yet was still somehow involved with him despite their break up. Meanwhile, she kept in touch with Alejandro too.

She remembered one thing that Beckett had mentioned — his ideal woman was a native to the capital, not a naive idiot like her… The meaning behind the words “naive idiot” probably included “small town hillbilly”, right? The desire for a better life was basically ingrained in every human being. She was no different.

She had always been content with her life, enjoying her simple life in a small city… That is, until she met Tiffany and Arianne. It was different now. She wanted to assimilate into the capital, a big city, and become like Arianne and Tiffany. She wanted to be as confident as they were, meeting all sorts of men with ease, with no need of feeling inferior. Unfortunately, her inferiority complex had long been carved into her very bones. She had been tortured by her penniless state from a young age, her heart now riddled with wounds. She used to think that a simple and happy life was good enough for her, but now, it was a messy part of her past that she no longer wanted to experience again.

On the way to Jackson’s place, Tiffany stumbled over her words before asking, “Do you think that people can change?” She was referring to Tanya, for she had picked up on something during their conversation back in the office. Tanya did not answer her when she left the house too.

Of course, Jackson didn’t know what she meant and simply gave his own opinion. “I think so. People do change, in time or according to their surroundings. Why do you ask? Do you think that you’ve changed? Or have I changed?”

She shook her head and did not tell him how she felt about Tanya. After all, they were good friends and had even shared a bed once. They were now renting a place together too. This small conflict was perfectly normal, so they simply needed to dissolve it. Besides, Tanya had no one, having moved to the capital all on her own. She had to take care of her until Tanya no longer needed her.

When the car arrived at the entrance gate to White Water Bay Villa’s neighbourhood, Tiffany’s keen eyes spotted Sasha, who was standing on the side of the road. Her expression sank. “Jackson West, you

claimed to have slept beside this woman only once and that you didn't touch her at all. Then, how did she find out where you live? She's here too! Why don't you quit with your lies?"

Jackson was stunned too. "I swear on my family's soul that I didn't lie to you. Is that good enough for you? How should I know what she's doing here? She's only at the gate of my neighbourhood. Maybe she's not looking for me? Maybe, she's looking for a new sugar daddy?"

Just as he had spoken, Sasha rushed forward. "Jackson…."

Jackson's face blackened. "Are you here to see me?"

Sasha's eyes glistened with tears. "Mm! Why haven't you called me lately? Have I done something wrong?"

Chapter 816

"You haven't done anything wrong," Tiffany interrupted. "That's just how he is. Any woman who lasts longer than three months by his side is considered a long-term girlfriend. You've been with him for more than three months, haven't you? If he ignores you, it means that he's dumped you. Don't be sad. You should have been aware of these rules before getting together with him. I'm taking over your spot now, but I'm not being a show-off because I'm going to get dumped someday too. You should be more optimistic, okay?"

Jackson's expression changed into multiple shades of greens and whites. He was too afraid to speak out, no matter what Tiffany said about him. "Sasha… Where did you get my address?"

Sasha's face had already paled when she saw Tiffany. "I-I… I asked around… I'm sorry… I should go!"

Tiffany watched Sasha as she scurried away with tears in her eyes. She felt a raging flame in her heart. “Looks like a leopard can never change its spots. Why are you coming to me when you have such appealing options? Is it just because I’ve dumped you? Is that why you can’t seem to accept it? I actually trusted you! You even made that horrible vow. Don’t drag your entire family into this; just you alone would be good enough. I should stay away from you. I don’t want to get dragged into your mess!”

She was just about to get down from the car when Jackson swiftly locked the car. “I’ve told you, I never lied to you! Could you please calm down? Let’s talk at home.”

Tiffany simply refused to calm down. “You’re always tricking me into sleeping at your place; I wonder if you’ve been lying to me all this time. You couldn’t get a peace of mind, and I was worried that you might not have a good night’s sleep, so you treated me like a fool, didn't you? That Sasha was probably scared of you. That’s why she claimed to have asked around for your address, am I correct? This isn’t the first time you’ve brought her here, is it? You were able to fall asleep quite nicely back when we weren’t well-acquainted anyway. Isn’t it the same with anyone else? You don’t have a sleep disorder, but a longing for love, for someone to warm your bed. I’m not the only one who can do it; anyone will do just fine for you! Open this door, right now! I want to go home!”

Jackson’s mind had grown numb from her ballistic railing. He persisted and drove the car to the door before unlocking the door. Tiffany got down from the car and made her way home. He hurriedly ran after her and scooped her into his arms, ignoring everything else. He would explain once they had gotten into the house. “I didn’t lie, never! Won’t you let me explain? I’ve said everything that needs to be said, and not a single bit of it was a lie! She was the only one after our break up. There was no one else, and nothing ever happened!”

Tiffany shot him an ice-cold glare, restraining her rage. “Mm. Keep going, keep talking. I’m listening. Men lie all the time. I’d be a pig if I believed you again!”

He ran his fingers through his hair and pulled it in panic. “What do I have to do to make you believe in me? Am I really that untrustworthy to you? Would you like me to call Sasha in front of you right now and confront her?”

She crossed her arms in front of her chest and sneered. “Go ahead. And you call her ‘Sasha’ too. How intimate! I don’t have the right to concern myself with your personal affairs, nor do I want to. But now that you’ve lied to me, you’re involving me too. You’re treating me like a fool!”

He was going mad. “I don’t know her full name. Everyone calls her Sasha, so what else am I supposed to call her? I’ll call her, right now, okay?” He pulled out his phone as he said this. He had to scroll down for quite a while before he found her number.

Tiffany glared at him in the next second and spat, “And you have her phone number too! Tsk tsk… Can’t you make it a good lie?”

Jackson was thoroughly annoyed. “I have a lot of contacts in my address book. I can’t be bothered to delete them. It’s not what you think, okay? I’m not keeping her number for anything else…”

The call was soon connected. Before he could speak, Sasha’s voice answered grievously from the other end. “H-hello… Jackson… I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have gone to see you.”

Chapter 817

He licked his lips, which had dried up from his nervousness. “Yes, you shouldn’t have come. Nothing happened between us, right? I thought you’d understand once I stopped contacting you. You shouldn’t waste your time on me. I’ve given you what you deserve, so can’t you let me go? If you don’t understand the rules, you shouldn’t get into this line of work. Don’t ever let this happen again. We won’t be speaking to each other again.”

Sasha immediately burst into tears. “I understand… I’m sorry… I’m no different from other women, am I? But you were my first. I’m sorry. I was being delusional.”

Sasha immediately ended the call after that. There was only one thing on Tiffany’s mind — “But you were my first”.

Jackson lifted his arms in surrender. “Fine, you women can never be offended. I won’t do it again. You can do whatever you want. I can take it… But I maintain my stance — I will not admit to sleeping with a woman that I’ve never touched.”

Tiffany smiled and reached out to scratch his face in one swift move. Jackson stared into the mirror, sighing. “Scariest shit ever… I’m really unlucky. You reap what you sow; I finally understand what the phrase means. From now on, I won’t ever flirt with another woman again…”

Of course, he was too afraid to make any moves the entire night. After being scared witless for the entire night, feeling excited the next morning was simply unavoidable. When he reached out to touch Tiffany, completely out of habit, he was met with a tight slap. He sobered up, restrained his flickering desires, and got out of bed to wash up. The scratch marks on his face were bound to be a topic of enthusiastic discussion at the office… Forget it. He deserved it. He should endure it.

After dropping Tiffany off at her office, he drove off to his own office. He had deliberately avoided the busy peak hour of the first half of the day to prevent having too many people seeing the marks on his face. Even so, his employees still eyed him curiously as he walked past their desks and whispered amongst themselves.

He walked into his office, acting as if nothing had happened. He had just closed the door when Summer’s voice suddenly spoke up. “What happened to your face? Have you gotten a cat?”

The corners of his lips twitched. “What are you doing here?”

She got up from his office chair. “I went to the hospital for a check up and happened to be passing by, so I thought I should check on you. I never thought that you’d arrive at work so late. You’re the boss; you’re a leader. You should act like it and set an example. You’re already lazy enough, but what if your employees follow suit? You haven’t explained what’s happened to your face.”

“Scratched by a cat,” he answered carelessly.

Summer refused to believe him. “You’ve never been interested in having pets. You’ve been scratched by a woman, haven’t you? Who would have the nerve to do such a thing? She hasn’t even entered the West family threshold, and she’s already behaving with such arrogance. I, your very own mother, have never scratched you. Who could possibly bear to scratch such a handsome face?”

Afraid that Summer would make everything sound worse, he chose to be frank. “It was Tiffany. Who else would have the arrogance?”

Summer’s expression immediately switched. “Hehe… So it was Tiffie. Good move on her part. It’s your fault for misbehaving. I’ve been wanting to scratch you for a long time anyway. I’m glad that she did it first. Has anything… good developed between you two?”

Jackson sighed. “Don’t know. I’m not too confident. There’s someone named Alejandro Smith pursuing her. I’m afraid that she might catch feelings and run off with him. I’ve already discarded my own dignity in retrieving her favor. Her half-baked brain can’t possibly have missed out on that, right? No… this

really can't go on… You're old, wise and experienced. How am I supposed to manage a woman like her? I'm at my wits' end."

Chapter 818

Summer's eyes looked shifty. "A baby is the best way to tie a woman down. I would have married someone else if I hadn't had you. If you can make Tiffie pregnant, this feat will be pretty much accomplished. This is the safest and most fool-proof plan!"

Jackson felt a little worried. "I don't… think it would work. She and I are perfectly healthy, but we haven't been able to conceive after such a long time. I'm losing hope. Isn't there another way?"

Summer shot him a glare. "There isn't. It's your fault for not restraining yourself. Abstain for a while, wait for a nice increase in your little tadpoles, then launch a full scale attack. Understand? Alright. I won't continue this subject. It's inappropriate for me to talk to my son about these things. The driver's waiting for me downstairs; I'm going home. My leg is still hurting…"

Jackson seemed lost in thought. He remembered his mother's words. Although he was a man and was unfamiliar with a woman's sentiment towards her child, perhaps he would stand a chance in turning this around by getting Tiffany pregnant. Didn't Arianne go back to Mark only because of her pregnancy? Regardless of how he saw it, children were really great tools in establishing a reunion.

The hospital.

Arianne walked around the ward with Mary's support. This was the only activity she could do every day, as the chances of a premature birth were a lot higher during the latter part of her pregnancy. She was also afraid of a uterine rupture, so she didn't even dare breathe too hard.

This may seem overly exaggerated to others, but to her, her greatest fear at the moment was an accident. She couldn't allow for any mishaps now that she had managed to hold on for so long.

She got a craving for lychees when she got back to her bed. "Mary, could you buy some lychees for me?"

Mary was worried about leaving her alone. "Will you be alright on your own? Don't move, okay? Just lie down. Press that button and call the nurse if you're ever uncomfortable. I'll come back soon. I'll be quick."

Arianne nodded. "I understand. I won't move. I'll be fine, so don't worry too much."

Once Mary had left, she reached out and took a book from the bedside table to read. Mark was afraid that she would spoil her eyes by fiddling with her phone too much, so he took her phone away too. She was only allowed to read books to relieve her boredom. Her days in the hospital were simply unbearable. She would even dream about walking around, going shopping with Tiffany, or eating all sorts of yummy food. This was more tortuous than jail.

Suddenly, the room door burst open. Her first thought was that Mary had returned, and she wondered why she was back so soon. She lifted her eyes and saw a young, unfamiliar doctor. "Miss Wynn, I have a letter for you."

"From whom?" she asked, puzzled.

The young doctor handed the letter over to her. "I don't know either. I don't know who it was, but I was left with specific instructions to give it to you. If there's nothing else, I'll be on my way. Please rest well."

She thanked the doctor and waited for him to leave before opening the letter. There was nothing on the envelope, so there was nothing to examine. Before opening the letter, she couldn't imagine how its contents would make her feel. Her face drained of color as she slowly read it, her hands beginning to tremble…

Chapter 819

'I'm afraid of Mark Tremont getting in the way, so I've asked someone to give you this letter in secret. You must not trust him! He is a demon! You're aware that he's behind your father's death, aren't you? Your forgiveness is expected, for the sake of the baby. After all, it's been so many years. It'll be fine as long as he makes up for it. But did you know that he caused your grandmother's death too? Your granny was only sent to the hospital because of a cold and a fever; she had a slight bout of pneumonia. However, she died when he saw her. I'm sure that he's been too afraid of telling you about your granny's death, hasn't he? Think about it.

'We may not be related by blood, but you should still address me as your uncle. I won't hurt you. He killed your grandmother because she knew about his part in your father's death. She wanted to make you leave him. Afraid of being thwarted and of you leaving him with the child in your belly, he determinedly silenced her for good! He must have been secretly threatening your grandmother too. How could an old woman possibly withstand such a scare? He's been "visiting" our home many times ever since she moved out. Can those really be considered visits? He must have been scaring her. He must have scared your grandmother so much that she fell sick.

'Did you really think that your grandmother would be that stupid? Choosing to live with your aunt and I after enjoying such a luxurious life in the Tremont Estate? She was afraid. But your grandmother died anyway, so she couldn't escape. I've always wanted to tell you the truth, but Mark has chased me and your aunt out of the capital. We never had the chance. He's usually by your side too, isn't he? He's planted someone to watch over you too. It's because he's afraid of us telling you the truth. I've been trying to come up with ways to give you this letter, ever since I've found out that you've been admitted into the hospital. You'll have to figure out what to do on your own. I've done all that I can. He's even sent some men to teach me a lesson. The picture is enclosed with this letter. See for yourself. I'm afraid of dying too. I'm sorry for not telling you this sooner.'

She crumpled the letter up and hid it underneath her pillow after reading its final sentence. There really was a picture enclosed with the letter, which showed Zoey's husband's battered and bruised face. It was a horrible sight! The contents of the letter were a little messy, but the main subject was clear, a blow to her very soul.

She carefully sorted out her train of thought. It had been a long time since Zoey and Mr. Harris had confronted her. Mark would always beat around the bush whenever she asked about her grandmother. She had no idea that her grandmother was dead! Zoey and her husband had been exiled from the capital!

Back when the old lady had insisted on moving back in with Zoey and her husband, she was under the impression that she was doing it all for her own good. Now it seemed that the old woman never held any real familial sentiment for her, aside from her bond with her as her blood relative. The lure of staying in a luxurious household was great. No one would be silly enough to put up with destitution.

On the day of her departure, the old woman had indeed mentioned that Mark had been candid with her. How could the grudge of one's murdered son be written off, just like that? The old woman's words were — "I know whatever you know, and a bit of what you don't." What didn't she know? Tabitha had advised her to try and get along with Mark, on the surface. Was there a hidden meaning behind her words? Did she keep her mouth shut because she knew that she could never get away from Mark with a baby in her belly, so she hid it all from her and decided to enjoy a peaceful life, while ensuring her own safety?

The thought of Mark dodging the question with a deadpan look on his face sent chills down her spine. She was always under the impression that the reason why she hadn't been able to contact her grandmother was because Tabitha was afraid of troubling her. In reality, she was dead. How could Mark be so calm about this?

She didn't want to believe that the man who was usually gentle to her would do such a thing. She might have managed to turn over a new leaf after that reveal on that plane crash, but if he had done such a thing again, she would never forgive him!

She forced herself to calm down. She only needed to clarify two things with Mark — one, was her grandmother dead and why did he keep it from her? Two, did he send Zoey and her husband out of the capital and send men after Mr. Harris?

She had already hid the letter and its contents away by the time Mary returned. Mary grumbled over how expensive lychees were and advised her against eating too much as she peeled them. Apparently, lychees were detrimental to pregnant women.

She wiped the sweat off her forehead expressionlessly. “Just leave it there. You should go home and get some rest if there’s nothing else to do. I’ll be fine on my own. You don’t have to watch over me every second.”

Chapter 820

“How could I possibly do that?” Mary replied without lifting her head. “What if something happens? Mr. Tremont was very specific, you mustn’t be left alone at this time. I was already terrified enough in leaving you just now. Should Mr. Tremont ever find out, I’d never hear the end of it.”

She was losing hold of her emotions. “Is he worried about my safety, or does he want to keep me under surveillance? Stop fixating on me!”

Her yelling put Mary into shock. “Ari… What’s wrong? Why would you think that? Don’t you know how well Mr. Tremont has been to you? We’ve been kind to you out of the goodness of our hearts. We want to take care of you. Why would we want to monitor you? Are you feeling unwell? Would you like me to call the doctor?”

Arianne felt it. Whenever her emotions were out of control, the baby in her belly would move and kick. Unfortunately, she could no longer contain herself, probably because of Mark's lies in the past. As a result, her trust in Mark was pitifully small and everything in the letter matched up. How could she not suspect him? Most important of all… her grandmother was dead, and she was kept in the dark! Her grandmother was the only blood relative she had left, aside from Helen…

Suddenly, she felt a burst of warm liquid between her legs, followed by a sharp pain. She held her belly as she struggled off the bed. "I want to see Mark! Tell him to come, right now! I want to ask him why he's lied to me! Hasn't he done enough to me? I wanted to try and get along with him. I… Argh… Why did he do this to me?"

Mary panicked. She threw the lychee in her hand away and hugged her. "Doctor! Doctor, get in here, quick! Her water's broken! The baby is coming!"

The last thing Arianne consciously remembered was being pushed into the operating room by nurses.

Soon, Mark arrived at the hospital. His handsome face was awash with anxiety. "Mary, what happened? Why is Ari having a premature birth?"

"I don't know!" Mary replied, wiping her tears. "Mrs. Tremont suddenly lost control of her emotions and asked me to go home and stop fussing over her. She even mentioned that we're not worried about her safety and accused us of keeping her under surveillance. She's asked us to stop fixating on her. She was demanding to see you before she was wheeled into the operating theatre, asking why you had lied to her… I don't know what happened…"

Mark's eyes darkened. "Did you leave her alone at all over the past few days?"

“Rarely,” Mary replied, trying to recall. “It’s usually no longer than two minutes. I’d even talk to her through the walls whenever I’m in the toilet. Today, however, she asked to have lychees so I went out to buy some. I rushed back immediately after and found her in this state…”

Mark did not reply. He made his way to the ward from outside the operating theatre and searched every corner of the room. Then, he found the letter and picture underneath her pillow and realized what had happened. He swallowed his anger and gave Henry a call. “Find Zoey Harris and that husband of hers. Lock them up. I will make them pay for what they’ve done!”