

Welcome to The Family Tiffany.

They Really Will Eat Their Own



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I think we all know that there is something very off about the Trump dynasty—that sprawling American tragedy dressed up in Brioni suits and spray tans, where each act reveals fresh horrors that somehow manage to surpass the last. Donald Trump himself is a menacing wonder to behold on so many levels, a figure so cartoonishly malevolent that fiction writers would reject him as too implausible. Normally, one would argue that dragging politicians' children into the spotlight crosses an ethical line—after all, most didn't choose the glare of public scrutiny. But the Trump offspring? They don't just seek the spotlight; they sprint toward it with the desperation of moths to a flame.

The apple, as they say, doesn't fall far from the tree.

The Original Trio: A Study in Two-Dimensional Living

The older three Trump progeny—Don Jr., Eric, and Ivanka—present such shallow personas that attempting any deep analysis feels like an exercise in futility, as if curiosity itself might suffer a broken neck from diving into the shallowness.

Don Jr. once seemed like he might break free from the family mold. His well-documented struggles with alcoholism, his teenage flight from home, and his public condemnation of his father's parental prowess suggested the emergence of an anti-Donald rather than merely a junior version. The stories are legendary: Trump storming into his son's dorm room to slap him in front of his roommate for dressing inappropriately for a baseball game, or Junior's public declaration that his father cared only about money while siding with his mother during the messy divorce proceedings.

But that rebellious phase proved tragically short-lived. What emerged instead was something far worse—a crasser, less charming iteration of his father. What's remarkable is that Junior managed to carve out a space so morally bankrupt that he actually makes Donald look refined by comparison. It's a stunning achievement in its own perverse way.

Eric presents perhaps the most tragic transformation of all. Once an adorable towheaded child, he seemed to physically morph under his father's malevolent influence—as if simply existing in Donald's orbit bucked his teeth, fattened his belly, and dulled his mind. His evolution serves as a testament to the eternal nature versus nurture debate, or perhaps speaks to the cataclysmic outcome when bad genes meet teratogenic parental love.

Then there's Ivanka—Oedipus Trump, if you will—who long appeared to be the golden child destined for escape. She managed to separate herself from the family's more odious enterprises and seemed to jam her Jimmy Choo-shod toe into Manhattan's more rarefied circles. Yet she still reeked of nouveau riche Queens money and married the spoiled son of a crook. Of course, this being post-Knickerbocker New York, both Jared and Ivanka initially received passes for their various transgressions. Kushner's disastrous pedigree and his destruction of a beloved newspaper were deemed either not his fault or signs of youthful inexperience.

But it was 666 Fifth Avenue—even the address seemed ominous—and the solutions pursued while working in the White House that finally proved Ivanka was cut from that same bolt of fabric. Rayon masquerading as silk, as it were.

Between this trio's horrible acts and their equally vile partners—Lara, Jared, and Kimberly—we thought we understood the full scope of what Donald Trump had spawned. Barron remained a minor, living high above the city in Trump Tower under the protective skirts of the animatronic Melania. The Trump children, we concluded, were like fudge—too much to take.

The Afterthought Daughter

And then there was Tiffany, existing in our minds exactly as she did in her father's—as an afterthought.

Here was a child conceived out of wedlock by whom we all assumed was Trump's dim-witted Georgia bimbo. Or was she?

The story of Marla Maples deserves more nuanced examination than the tabloid narrative allowed. Born in Cohutta, Georgia, she wasn't the stereotypical beauty queen bimbo but rather an ambitious small-town woman who clawed her way to New York with dreams of stardom. A former Miss Resaca Beach Poster Girl who left the University of Georgia to pursue modeling and acting, she was working the Manhattan social circuit when she entered Trump's orbit in 1989.

Their affair became the scandal of the early 1990s, exploding into public view during that now-infamous Aspen confrontation when Ivana allegedly confronted Marla on the slopes. The tabloids feasted on the story, with the New York Post running headlines like "Best Sex I've Ever Had"—a quote allegedly attributed to Marla, though she has since denied making the statement.

The couple married in 1993, two months after Tiffany's birth, in a lavish ceremony at Mar-a-Lago with 1,000 guests. But the union lasted barely four years, ending in divorce in 1999. Unlike Ivana's settlement, Marla's payout was reportedly modest, and she eventually relocated to California with young Tiffany to escape the New York media circus.

The Different Daughter

Growing up primarily with her mother on the West Coast, Tiffany seemed to gravitate toward a more erudite world—though admittedly, being the barely legitimate daughter of Donald Trump and a second-rate beauty queen comes with considerable baggage. The burden was made worse by being saddled with a name that, when applied to anything other than a robin's egg-blue box, screams white-trash desperation.

Physically, Tiffany drew the genetic short straw. Unlike her half-sister Ivanka, whose features proved amenable to surgical enhancement, Tiffany's hooded, oversized eyes gave her the appearance of a Margaret Keane painting come to life. Her small round lips, unfortunately, bore the same configuration as her father's looking more an anus than a mouth. Thanks to her mother's back-water town sensibilities, she dressed with the eager desperation of a girl so hungry for attention she'd let any boy who asked her to Friday night movies reach third base in the back of his Camaro.

When Trump ascended to the presidency, it was Tiffany who provided the most pleasant surprise. While she couldn't entirely wash away the mall-rat patina, she demonstrated that even a Spencer's Gifts look didn't necessarily mean stupid. She enrolled in law school and kept her head down—an impressive feat given the circumstances.

Still, her status in the family hierarchy remained painfully clear. Nothing illustrated her rank more than the grotesque spectacle of Matt Gaetz's courtship and Donald's conspicuous failure to intervene. Being offered to the highest bidder is standard operating procedure for the Trumps—love and marriage aren't about intimacy but business transactions. Remember Don Jr. proposing with a discounted ring, paying less to monetize the proposal as a way to demonstrate to Daddy how the jeweler could be "Trumped."

But while her siblings conducted their transactional romances in relative privacy, Tiffany was put on the MAGA auction block for all to see.

The Billionaire Mirage

Eventually, Tiffany married Michael Boulos, initially described as a billionaire heir to a Lebanese business empire. The media breathlessly reported on the family's supposed vast wealth, with *Vanity Fair* dubbing him the "billionaire heir" to Boulos Enterprises.

The reality, as recent investigations revealed, proved rather different. Michael's father, Massad Boulos, had spent the last two decades as a truck and machinery salesman for a Nigerian company that netted just \$66,000 in 2023. SCOA Nigeria, the company he supposedly controlled, trades as a penny stock with a market capitalization of roughly \$865,000—hardly billionaire territory. When confronted about the discrepancies, the elder Boulos claimed any significant wealth came through his wife's family.

Once again, Tiffany had grasped for what she believed was a brass ring, only to discover it was merely electro-plated.

The Family Business

But the real revelation came with news of her husband's alleged side hustle: attempting to defraud Jared Kushner in a yacht deal. According to *The New York Times*, Michael Boulos and his cousin Jimmy Frangi allegedly scammed Kushner out of millions through the purchase of an unfinished yacht called 'Solstice' in Greece. The scheme involved misrepresenting the yacht's cost, allowing them to pocket an additional \$3.5 million beyond their agreed-upon commission.

Internal messages revealed concerns about hiding the true value from Kushner and emphasized ensuring he didn't hire an independent appraiser. When Kushner eventually realized he'd been overcharged and confronted them, Frangi allegedly fabricated excuses for the inflated price.

The Inevitable Truth

And there it was—the final proof that Tiffany is, indeed, Donald Trump's daughter. Despite her law degree, her apparent attempts at respectability, and her geographical distance from the family's New York operations, she had found herself a partner who operated straight from the Trump playbook: identify a mark, devise a scheme, and execute with brazen confidence.

The tragedy isn't that Tiffany chose poorly—it's that she chose exactly as her father would have, drawn to the same combination of alleged wealth, suspect morals, and transactional relationships that have defined the Trump family ethos for generations.

In the end, perhaps the most fitting epitaph for the Trump dynasty is that even their most promising offspring, raised far from the family's toxic influence, still managed to find her way back to the family business. Blood, as they say, will tell—and in the case of the Trumps, it tells the same sordid story, generation after generation, with the relentless inevitability of a Greek tragedy staged in Trump Tower's golden elevator.

The only question now is whether the next generation will continue the tradition, or if perhaps little Alexander Trump Boulos will prove the exception to the family rule. Given the Trump track record, however, smart money says the apple will fall exactly where gravity—and genetics—dictate.

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 Penelope Jane (she/her)  Penelope Jane (she/her) Aug 23 

Wow. Had no idea what Tiffany was up to. She's been frozen in the 'mall rat' timeline in my mind because I live in FL and the other grifting siblings are the focus of the media.

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 EFS  EFS Aug 24 

 Liked by Joshua Powell

Polyester masquerading as silk – rayon has some redeeming qualities.

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