

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0105

Tiffany could tell that Arianne was forcing herself to say all that but didn't choose to expose her. "Now I feel like Mark is really treating you badly. You two have been married for three years now, yet he's never even bought you a ring. The right people can't end up together, and the wrong people get bound to each other tightly. Who exactly is the one being tortured here?"

Arianne didn't continue the conversation. They parted ways, and as soon as she got home, she posted her resume on the Internet. If there was a choice, she didn't want a job that required her to go around places. Her work experience so far had yet to groom her into an outgoing person. Now that she thought about it, she found her own personality to be ridiculous, considering the fact that she had grown up with someone like Mark Tremont.

Mark didn't return home again tonight. Arianne was left eating alone on a table full of dishes. "Mary, don't cook so many dishes next time if Mark isn't coming home. I can't finish them, and it's wasteful."

Mary just hummed in response. After the incident last time where Butler Henry was nearly sent away, she no longer dared to make too many comments. The frequency of Mark returning home was obviously problematic. Although she was worried, there was nothing she could do.

After her meal, Arianne either spent her time reading magazines or scrolling on her phone.

The phone at home suddenly rang. Since she was closest to the phone, she picked up the call. "Hello?"

The person on the other end of the call instantly hung up without saying anything.

Butler Henry, who came over when he heard the ringing phone, looked at Arianne, then turned around and left. He was very sure that it was Mark who made the call.

A few days later, Arianne received an invitation to attend a job interview with a design company. She got up early and even put on some light makeup to make herself look better.

As soon as the manager of the Human Resources department saw her walking into the interview area, he smiled at her. "I thought the name was just a coincidence, but it turns out that it's really you, Mrs. Tremont. I'm afraid we can't hire a distinguished individual like yourself... Although our company isn't large in scale, we often work overtime. You... don't seem like the right candidate."

This was Arianne's first time being rejected for her identity as Mrs. Tremont. "I have always been a self-reliant person. I have no issues with working overtime until late. You may evaluate me through my qualifications and not my identity."

The HR manager pursed his lips. "I'm sorry, please look elsewhere."

Arianne exited the company with a sense of frustration, regretting her previous resignation even more. Nevertheless, it wouldn't be appropriate for her to return to Eric Nathaniel's company now. The most important thing was that she just wanted to work without feeling as if she was being put under surveillance.

She continued her search at many companies but every single one of them rejected her with various excuses. The design industry thrived in this city. Her academic qualifications and work experience were definitely enough for her to land a job. Not only that, she was also quite well-known in the designers' circle for her wedding dress design that was previously featured on the magazine. There was no reason for her to be rejected, other than the fact that she was Mrs. Tremont.

She went back to Tremont Estate dejectedly. After a day of traveling around, she was so exhausted that she didn't even want to move from the sofa.

Mary prepared a basin of hot water for her. "Here, soak your feet. You will feel a little better. You must be exhausted from walking outside all day."

Arianne obediently dipped her feet into the basin. "Mary, no one dares to hire me just because I am Mrs. Tremont. Why is this happening?"

Mary looked at her and replied tactfully, "No one would dare to order Mrs. Tremont around unless sir allowed it."

The response immediately silenced Arianne. There was no way she could talk to Mark about it. Besides, he had always drawn a clear line between public and private affairs. She had no chance in going through the backdoor.

When Mary noticed her worry from not being able to find a job, she couldn't help but remind her. "Sir hasn't been back for quite a few days. Are you not worried about him?"

Arianne shrugged. "It's not like I can control his legs. What can possibly I do?"