

# A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0121

Mark had requested for these to be prepared since yesterday. Coincidentally, Helen and Aery had paid them a visit today too. She wasn't sure if he had prepared it specifically for Aery, but the ingredients ended up arriving late and Aery couldn't wait until dinner time, so she became the plug.

Such high-grade prawns were hard to come by during this season. Mark had certainly gone through a lot of trouble to have them specifically air flown here.

She had just stuffed a prawn into her mouth, with half of it hanging out of her mouth, when Mark arrived at the dining hall. When she saw the ugly look on his face, she thought that he was upset at her for starting the meal impolitely. Just as she was hesitating over whether or not to spit the prawn out, Mark pushed the entire plate of prawns in front of her and said, "No table manners."

Arianne suddenly remembered that he never ate prawns. Looks like she really would be the plug.

Even though his tone wasn't ideal, she couldn't be bothered with courtesy now that he had spoken up. She lifted her arms, and a mountain of prawn shells appeared in front of her before too long.

Mark watched as she pretty much cleaned out the plate of prawns, which were about the size of her palm. However, she had no intentions of stopping. He was surprised, as

she wasn't a very heavy eater... She usually ate as much as a cat. Had he been... too harsh on her?

He frowned and pushed the plate of salmon sashimi in front of her. She glanced at it and pushed the salmon sashimi back to the center of the table. "I can't eat raw food right now..."

"Why?" Mark narrowed his eyes.

Arianne stiffened, believing that she misspoke. She quickly explained, "My stomach isn't feeling too well... You go ahead..."

He sat up straight and eyed her continuously smacking little lips. He was mildly curious, wondering how long she could continue doing that for...

Half an hour later, Arianne had finished the entire plate of prawns. She inhaled a small bowl of rice and a lot of vegetables. It was not often that she was nausea-free, so she had a pretty good appetite.

She suddenly realized that Mark had been staring at her this whole time. Arianne felt her hairs stand on end. She began to slow down her eating pace, unable to figure out why he was watching her eat instead of eating his own food.

Regardless of how much she tried, she couldn't figure it out. She felt a twitch in her mind that led her to scoop some vegetables and place them on his plate. "You should eat..."

Mark still didn't touch his cutlery. Ten minutes later, Arianne awkwardly put her cutlery down as he continued watching her. "I'm going upstairs to get some rest..."

His thin lips twitched as if he had something to say. However, he remained silent in the end.

When she left, Mark summoned Henry, the butler. "Tell her to take a walk around the rear garden and eat some indigestion pills."

Henry felt stupid as he stared at the mountain of prawn shells and the nearly finished plate of vegetables on the table. She'd been having a big appetite as of late. Furthermore, she'd been a real picky eater too. She wouldn't touch anything that she didn't want to eat, and if the meal pleased her, she would inhale the entire thing...

As the Tremont family butler, he would certainly convey Mark's message to Arianne to the tee. However, he did not mention that this was an order from Mark. Arianne did not feel like moving at the moment and didn't feel bloated either. She even felt like drinking lemonade. "I'm fine. I'm not bloated. Uncle Henry, could you please tell Mary to bring me some lemonade?"

The corners of Henry's lips twitched. "Can you still drink?"

She nodded seriously. “Yes, I can.”

Mark did not go out that night. He returned to the bed room from the study at around ten and sat in his usual spot in front of the French windows. He poured half a glass of wine for himself and pulled out his cigarette box.

Arianne, seeing that he was about to smoke, got off the bed and went to rest in the guest bedroom. She didn’t want to disturb his usual habits, so the best option was to solve the problem on her own. Unexpectedly, he stopped her just before she could reach the door. “Where are you going?”

## **A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0122**

It had been a while since they had a meal together and spent time in the same house. He hadn’t taken the initiative to speak to her over the past few days, so Arianne paused in her footsteps when she heard these words. “I... don’t like the smell of smoke. You go ahead, I’ll sleep in the guest room.”

She had never said anything about her abhorrence towards his smoking before... A complicated glint flashed across Mark’s eyes. He threw the cigarette box into the trash then got up and went to the bed. “Sleep.”

Arianne was shocked. She couldn't understand what this meant. Had he thrown his cigarettes away, just because she said she didn't like the smell? It didn't seem possible that he had done this out of consideration towards her feelings. The biggest possibility was that he was pissed off...

She went into a momentary daze then walked over to fish the cigarettes out of the trash. The trash can in their room was always clean. After all, she usually only slept in the room. "I didn't mean anything by it... I'm sorry."

Mark took off his watch and put it on the cabinet at the head of the bed. He didn't look at her, but his voice seemed muffled, "If you don't like it, tell me. Haven't I always told you that?"

She fell silent, and this time, it was not out of habit. She was really at a loss for words. It was true that he had said this before, but she had long forgotten when she'd heard him say it. She was always too afraid to take words like these seriously and never really had the courage to speak her mind. So, it was true then, as long as she conveyed her opinions, he would take her feelings into consideration too...

Arianne still felt as if she were in a dream when she laid down next to Mark. He was clearly so apathetic a while ago...

A detailed calculation showed that, in their three years of marriage, there were only a handful of times when they had slept together like this. Strangely, she still couldn't get used to it.

Suddenly, Mark turned his body to the side and faced her. He reached out and pulled her into his arms. His arms glided naturally over her body.

Knowing what would happen next, Arianne reflexively pushed him away. “No... No! It’s not a good time for me.”

Her reaction brought a cold mist over his eyes. He remembered her secret meetings with Will, time and time again, and grabbed her wrists. Then, he locked her underneath his body. “This is your duty as my wife!”

He didn’t do anything else, but her body tensed up fearfully as she felt his rage. “Mark... Don’t do this... I’m begging you...”

Her pleas were ineffective. She had learned some things during her pregnancy, any sex was not allowed in her current state. She trembled in fear when she thought of the possibility of miscarriage. She sobbed, “Mark, I’m preg...”

Before she could finish her sentence, Mark paused. He suddenly withdrew and left. He walked into the bathroom and slammed the door.

She was afraid, so afraid that she was trembling... She was afraid of him touching her...

His raging flames refused to be extinguished despite being doused in cold water. He did not look at the woman on the bed when he got out of the bathroom. Instead, he went to the study straightaway, turned on his computer, and typed out an email. He closed his laptop and slowly heaved a sigh of relief when he saw the “sent” notification. Must she insist on Will Sivan’s complete fall from grace before agreeing to stay by his side like a good little girl?

Of course, the already freezing temperature of the atmosphere turned even chillier after that night.

In the morning, the very next day, the pair left the house together, but their eyes did not meet. They didn’t say a word to each other either.

Arianne had just arrived at the office when she received a call from Tiffany. “Ari, did you say something to Mark? I no longer have to pay off that huge debt. I really can’t believe it!”

Arianne did not expect for Mark to act so quickly. He had only mentioned this last night, and it was already taken care of today. “It wasn’t me. He made the decision on his own. Regardless, it’s good news for you, Tiffie. You must keep moving forward with life. It will get better.”

# A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0123

On the other end of the phone, Ethan suddenly popped into Tiffany's mind. She didn't tell the story of their breakup, but her tone became a little bitter. "Yeah... It'll get better, and we'll all be fine!"

As soon as Arianne ended the call, she dove right back into the complicated work. The busy morning passed quickly. By lunch break, she thought of a Chinese restaurant nearby that served light food since that was what she felt like having today.

In the Chinese restaurant, she ordered two dishes that she liked and started digging into it. By the time she left, she realized that it was already raining outside. The weather was always unpredictable in this season, just like Mark Tremont...

The rain was pouring and showing no signs of letting up anytime soon. As time passed, she grew aware that she was stranded here. Even if her office wasn't too far away, she couldn't possibly reach it. There was an open space that served as a parking lot in front of a Chinese restaurant. Since she wasn't close to the road, she couldn't call for a cab.

In the past, she wouldn't hesitate to run under the rain. But now, she had to worry about the baby in her womb. After all, colds and medicine were taboos in the first three months of pregnancy.

Not long after that, a white Cadillac parked in the open space. She recognized it as Ethan's car.



Given Ethan's financial status, there was no way he could own a car like this. So Arianne had a hunch that it might be Tiffany's doing. The car that was a manifestation of the Lane family's past glory formed a huge contrast with the decline of the current Lane family. It was a symbol of irony.

Ethan noticed Arianne taking shelter from the rain when he got out of his car. He jogged toward her under the rain, then greeted her warmly like an old friend. "Why are you here?"

His greeting pulled Arianne out of her thoughts, and she replied in slight embarrassment, "It's raining, so I'm stranded here. Did you come to eat?"

Ethan observed her expression and only replied to her question after confirming that there wasn't anything unusual about it. "Yeah, I got off work a bit late. Where are you going? I'll give you a ride since you're running late. I'll come back again after dropping you off."

Arianne wanted to refuse but lunch break was almost over so she hesitated for a moment before accepting the offer. "Sorry for troubling you..."

Ethan didn't say anything. As she jogged toward the car under the rain, Ethan raised his arm to shelter her from some of the rain. The distance between them was a bit too close that Arianne could smell the cologne on his body. It made her feel uncomfortable, but the discomfort quickly vanished when they separated. It was her best friend's boyfriend, she needed to stop thinking too much.

In the car, Ethan casually asked, "Where are you headed to?"

"My office. Lunch break is almost over, and I need to get back to work soon," Arianne replied without thinking.

Ethan paused, then half guessed, "The rain must have got you stranded for a long time at this restaurant."

Since Arianne didn't hide anything from Tiffany, she thought Ethan would have known about her pregnancy. "I can't get sick since I'm pregnant..."

A look of surprise flashed across Ethan's eyes but he very quickly composed himself. "Congratulations! Why didn't Mark provide you with a driver in this kind of situation? He's really careless as the child's father."

Arianne tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, then said faintly, "He doesn't know that I'm pregnant yet. I haven't figured out on how to break the news to him."

Ethan was a little puzzled. "Why not just tell him? What are you worried about? Could it be that he's not the father of the child?"

## A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0124

Arianne was rendered speechless for a moment. "...You're doubting me just like Tiffie. Alright, we're here. You can pull up now."

She waited for the car to stop then left in a hurry after thanking Ethan.

Ethan watched through his dark eyes as her figure left. It seemed like Tiffany hadn't told her about their breakup...

When it was about time to get off work for the day, Arianne received a whining text from Tiffany. 'It's too difficult to find a job! Not only that, it's raining so much today. It's annoying!'

Arianne was almost done with her work at this time, so she replied to her text. 'You have Ethan to support you, what's there to worry about? You used to help him out, now it's his turn to return the favor. Since he has a good job now and is driving a car that costs nearly a hundred thousand dollars, you can live a decent life. Just take your time in searching for a job.'

After the text was sent out, Tiffany didn't reply for some time. Arianne found that strange. After a long time, she finally replied. 'I broke up with Ethan. Now that I think about it, that car was my birthday present to him. He didn't even think about selling it off to help me out when my family was in trouble. I should have known better.'

Arianne read the text and fell silent. Tiffany had experienced too many ups and downs during this period of time. Not many people could survive through an ordeal like this.

She didn't expect to hear that they had broken up, given the fact that Ethan had just offered to send her back to the office during lunch break. She couldn't even tell from his expression.

Arianne couldn't find the right words to console Tiffany from the top of her head. Instead, Tiffany was the one who comforted her in the gap between their last text. 'I'm alright, Ari. I still have you and Will. Men are trash. Nothing's more genuine than friendship. Let me treat you to a meal when I find a job. I gotta go now, I need to cook.'

In the end, Arianne only managed to text one word back to her. 'Alright.' There were too many things that she couldn't express with words.

It was still pouring outside. The rain was so heavy that it felt like the sky above the city was coming down.

Arianne had no choice but to stay behind and work overtime until the rain let up. She never had any luck with this; she'd always

forget her umbrella when it rained and a flash light when it was dark.

When nearly everyone in the company had left, Eric finally came out of his office.

Noticing that Arianne was still here, he asked, "Why are you still here? We don't need to work overtime during this period."

Arianne stared at the sketches in her hands, then casually replied, "I want to work overtime for free. As an employer like yourself, don't you like this kind of employee?"

Eric watched the rain pattering against the window then thoughtfully gave Mark a call after he had gone downstairs. "Bring your woman an umbrella. She's stranded in the office."

Half an hour later, Arianne's phone rang. It was Butler Henry's private phone number.

Thinking that something had happened at home, she quickly picked up the call. "What's wrong, Uncle Henry? I'm working overtime at the office."

"Come down, I'm waiting at the entrance to your office. Sir asked me to pick you up."  
Butler Henry hung up after saying that.

Arianne was a little stunned but obediently packed her things and went downstairs. Butler Henry was waiting with an umbrella in front of the car. He stood tall and straight like a pine tree, not giving away his old age.

In the car, Arianne asked, "Is he home?"

Butler Henry drove the car attentively. "Yes, madam."

She didn't ask any more questions. As the car drove smoothly along the wet road, Arianne grew drowsy and closed her eyes for a while. By the time Butler Henry called her, the car had stopped at Tremont Estate.

As soon as she walked through the door, her keen nose picked up the aroma of food. She took a shower while enduring her hunger.

## **A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0125**

By the time Arianne came out, Mark was already sitting at the dining table. He was in his light gray loungewear with slightly damp hair. She could smell the after-bath fragrance on his body. Regardless of circumstances, Mark always paid attention to his bearing and manners. He kept his posture straight all the time and never seemed to relax, even for a moment.

Since Arianne didn't know what to say, she decided not to say anything at all.

There were two plates of big prawns for dinner tonight. When Mary served up dishes, she purposely placed the prawns in front of Arianne. Arianne unceremoniously began to peel the prawn shells and feasted on them. On the other hand, Mark gracefully brought the small bowl to his lips and slowly sipped on the soup.

He failed to see how someone with such a good appetite was suffering from gastritis and was starting to heavily suspect that there was something wrong with her.

Arianne noticed his stare, then forced herself to ask, "What's wrong?"

Mark averted his gaze and turned a deaf ear to her.

She resentfully continued peeling the prawns. Without eating rice, she cleaned the two plates of prawns and ended her meal with a small bowl of soup.

By the time she finished her meal in satisfaction, she realized that Mark was long done eating but chose to stay at the dining table and watched her eat.

Arianne licked the corner of her mouth, feeling a little nervous. "Did I eat too much?"

It was then that Mark got up and went upstairs. “It’s good that you are aware. If you want to eat something, then tell the kitchen next time. Don’t act like someone was starving you.”

She stared at the prawn shells that piled up like a small hill in front of her and realized that she had indeed overeaten. If it weren’t for the plates she had cleaned, she felt like she could still fit in half a plate more... Her appetite had increased a few times compared to before, but it wasn’t like she could control it...

After moving around in the living room and confirming that Mark wouldn’t come out of his study anytime soon, Arianne fetched half a glass of warm water back into her room and secretly took one folic tablet that she’d hidden in the room. It was said that taking folic acid in the first three months of pregnancy could effectively prevent birth defects.

All of a sudden, Mark’s voice came from the study room, “Mary, make me a cup of black tea.”

Arianne jolted in fright and quickly hid the bottle of folic acid.

Mary seemed to have not heard Mark because no sound came from downstairs for a good while.

After preparing the black tea downstairs, Arianne delivered it to the study room. For some reason, Mark seemed unhappy to see her. He wrinkled his brows. “You enjoy doing the work of a servant?”



Arianne set the black tea down on his desk. “Mary is busy and I happen to be free. Don’t stay up too late.”

After saying that neutrally, she turned around and returned to her room. She grew drowsy from the heavy dinner. All she wanted to do now was sleep.

Arianne didn’t know how long had passed when she felt a dip beside her. She opened her eyes drowsily and saw a figure in the

dark. Mark must have been done with his work and come to bed.

“You have a man. I don’t need anyone to do what I can do,” he spoke up unexpectedly.

Arianne heard his words clearly but couldn’t make heads or tails of it. She didn’t know what he was referring to, and she wasn’t even fully awake. She wanted to speak but was too lazy and tired to open her mouth.

Unable to get her to respond, Mark seethed for a while before turning his back to her and going to sleep.

In her sleep, the gap between them felt a bit chilly. Arianne draped the blanket over Mark then moved a bit closer to him before falling into a peaceful sleep.

When she woke up the next day, Mark wasn't in the room anymore. Arianne assumed that he had gone out. Just when she was getting ready for work, Mark came out of the study room. Despite it being early in the morning, the sour look on his face seemed to suggest that someone had pissed him off...

## **A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0126**

Arianne wondered to herself. Didn't Mark sleep in their room last night? Why did he come out of the study room early in the morning? He looked like... he just woke up. Did he get out of the room and go to the study room in the middle of the night?

She naturally couldn't comprehend Mark's behavior, but since she knew better than to get herself into trouble, she left without even having breakfast.

Mary came out of the kitchen with a bowl of millet porridge, but Arianne was no longer in sight. "Where is she?" she wondered out aloud.

As soon as her voice fell, she caught a glimpse of Mark who was coming down the stairs. The sour look on his face instantly muted her.

Arianne couldn't focus on her work the entire morning. She had never expected herself to feel weak and dizzy just from not having breakfast. Her morning sickness felt even more intense than usual when she was hungry.

When it was almost lunch break, she received a call from Tiffany. "Ari, I'm downstairs of your office. Come down quickly, I'll treat you to lunch."

Tiffany promised her before that she would treat her to a meal when she found a job. "Have you found a job?" she asked.

Tiffany kept her hanging instead. "We'll talk about that later over lunch! "

As soon as lunch break arrived, Arianne was the first to leave her office. She met up with Tiffany downstairs then randomly found a place to eat. Tiffany was dressed up; it would seem like she had put in a lot of effort in finding a job.

After they ordered their food, Tiffany tried rousing Arianne's curiosity. "Guess which company I managed to get in? I'll give you a prize if you get it right"

Arianne had no intention of guessing because her thoughts were occupied by food. "I don't know... but it must pay well, right? Otherwise, you wouldn't have accepted it. In any case, you came back from studying abroad. Even without any work experience, you should be highly sought after in the corresponding industry."

Light shone from the depths of Tiffany's eyes. She looked just as she used to back in her carefree days. The light in her eyes had gone out ever since her family's incident. "Yeah, it pays pretty well. I didn't spend my time looking for a job in vain. God is merciful enough to grant me a foothold. Now, I only have one dream: to start a fresh then buy a house in this city on my own and live peacefully with my mom."

The smile on Tiffany's face was contagious. Arianne felt her mood lift too. "Thank God, Tiffie. I'm glad all those unfortunate events

didn't bring you down. You will definitely realize your dream. Everything will get better."

Tiffany suddenly sighed. "You didn't catch what I mean. It's a 'dream' because it's very difficult to make happen. My mom can't change her ways of spending frivolously. I'm very worried that my entire month of salary won't be enough for her. I just want to live peacefully. Shouldn't everyone live in the present?"

Arianne burst out laughing because she didn't think of it as a big deal. "Auntie is used to living a luxurious life. It's understandable that she would not be able to adapt to the sudden changes. Give her time, she will change. Stop sighing, you're in a better situation than I am now..."

## **A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0127**

Speaking up to this point, she stopped because she really didn't want to talk about Helen.

Tiffany kept her mouth shut too. After all, they were both in depressing situations. Talking about it would just make them feel worse.

Then, a sudden thought hit her and she took out a letter from her bag. “Ari, this is for you. I don’t know why it was sent to my place. I’m surprised that there are still people writing letters in this day and age. Isn’t it more convenient to use a phone? Who is it? How did he know where I live or even that we know each other...?”

Arianne was very puzzled too. She opened the letter and stared at it. There were only a few lines of crooked handwriting on the letter. It took her a lot of effort to make out every word. As soon as she did, she felt blood rushing to the top of her head. She couldn’t even hear Tiffany calling her anymore.

“Ari? Ari? What does it say?” Tiffany’s curiosity was aroused as she urged Arianne to tell her.

Arianne snapped back to her senses then put the letter back into its envelope. She only managed to find her voice again after taking a few deep breaths. “It’s about my dad... I don’t know who wrote this letter; he didn’t explain his identity. But he did leave his name and the address on the envelope... The sender’s name is ‘Mr. Sloane’. In the letter, he claims that... the aviation accident back then had nothing to do with my dad. My dad was framed, and he was just one of the victims...” Her voice trembled toward the end.

Tiffany was quite shocked. “That’s... a long ago incident. Who exactly is the sender? He’s so secretive. Did he say anything else?”

Arianne shook her head. “Nope.”

Tiffany huffed. “My God. Since he has already decided to divulge, then why not tell us the whole story? Why keep us guessing with cliffhangers?”

It was then that the waiter served the dishes. Arianne was already famished, so she picked up her spoon and dug into the food. However, her mind was filled with thoughts on the letter.

She never believed that the aviation accident back then was caused by her father. However, she was still young at the time and couldn't do anything since she didn't know any better. As time went on, she even started to take it as a fact. She never thought of seeking the truth and there was no way for her to find out either.

Now that the incident was once again brought up to her attention, of course she wanted to get to the bottom of it. That way, at least she could clear her father's name. Not only that... she wouldn't need to stay by Mark's side as a sinner once she uncovered the truth! She didn't want to live in guilt forever!

Tiffany found it strange that she was wolfing down her food. “Ari, how can you still eat at a time like this? If the letter turns out to be true, that means your dad's case can be investigated and reversed. Based on my observation, Mark is currently treating you this way because he thought that it was your dad who killed his parents. It was a huge incident back then; he probably despised you from the bottom of his heart. If you can reverse the case, then you owe him nothing. Although he raised you for so many years, he has also tormented you. That evens everything out!”

Arianne suddenly thought of the child in her womb and her hands stopped. Even everything out...? Even if she got to the bottom of that incident and everything evened out, what about the child in her womb...?

Tiffany probably thought of the same thing. She was speechless for a while, and finally spoke up after a long time. “Do you love Mark? Does he love you? Are you planning to spend your whole life with him? If you haven’t thought about it yet, then you shouldn’t decide to keep the child so soon. I’m not trying to be cruel. I just feel that if the answers to the questions I asked you earlier are all negatives, then giving birth to this child will be the cruelest thing you can do to it.”

## **A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0128**

Arianne’s mind was in a mess. She momentarily lost the ability to make any decision. All she could think about was investigating whatever happened that year. “This... Let’s not talk about that yet. I have to do a complete investigation of the matter concerning my father. I’ll have a good look at this letter tonight after work. I’ll pay a visit to the address on this letter and see this “Mr. Sloane” this weekend. Perhaps everything will be clear then.”

Tiffany nodded. “That’s a good idea too. Get this sorted out first, don’t think of anything else for now. You have a little one in your belly now. Don’t go alone, I’ll come with you. I don’t think this address is anywhere in the city. I’ll worry if you go alone.”

Arianne returned to the office after her meal but couldn't concentrate on work. Every word in that letter provoked her emotions. She was sorely tempted to immediately uncover whatever happened that year. Who was this "Mr. Sloane" in the letter? How could he have possibly known about what happened that year?

After work, she carried her worries back to the Tremont Estate. Mark hadn't arrived home yet, and he may not come back home at all. However, she was suddenly seized by an urge to see him. If her father really wasn't involved in that incident, then there shouldn't be any animosity between them... What would happen then? Would he let her go?

"Mary, did Mark mention if he'd be back today?" she asked.

"He didn't. He didn't even call to say if he'd be back for dinner. It probably means that he'll be coming home. What's wrong, Ari? Is there something you need?" Mary rarely ever heard her asking for Mark, so she felt curious.

"Nothing... I was only asking," Arianne said, then grabbed her pajamas and went into the bathroom. Ever since her pregnancy, she had become very strict with shower time. The baby would be affected if the air in the bathroom was too stuffy.

By the time she got out of the shower, Mark happened to walk in. She paused in her tracks, then walked up to greet him and brought out a pair of slippers for him in a curious manner.



“Speak up if you have something to say,” Mark stared down haughtily at her and spoke with a deadpan expression on his face.

Arianne immediately got up and stared into his ice cold eyes. This conceited man with outstanding good looks who was dressed in a suit was her husband. In the past, she never dared to look him in the eye because she thought that she had committed a crime. Today, she was suddenly filled with courage. “Nothing. Get washed up and come have dinner. By the way, I have some matters to attend to this weekend, so I’ll be going out.”

Her tone left no indication that she was asking for his permission but was only bringing it up to him in the passing.

Mark noticed the change in her tone and furrowed his handsome brows. “Up to you.” Then, he headed straight to the living room and sat down.

Seeing this, Mary chimed in, “Dinner will be served soon. You must be tired from your day. Get some rest for now.”

Arianne nodded and followed Mary to the kitchen. She poured herself a glass of lemonade and made some black tea for Mark.

“Ari, do you think that Mr. Tremont ordered more seafood because he knows how much you like them? Those crabs looked very strange. They probably aren’t cheap, and they’re all so huge! They must be full of flesh. He might be worried that you’ll get bored

of prawns, so its a nice palate change. You two shouldn't look so sullen all the time. The issues of previous generations should be left in the previous generation. You'll be the ones living in bitterness if you continue tormenting yourselves like this."

"I understand, Mary," Arianne smiled, "I won't disturb your work."

She carried the black tea and lemonade outside and placed the black tea on the coffee table in front of Mark. Words hung at the tip of her lips, but she suddenly remembered that there was nothing to say. There was a ten year age gap between them. It wasn't just an open gap, but a particularly obvious one too.

Arianne walked to the sofa across from him and sat down. She pulled out her phone and tapped on an infant nutrition app. Naturally, she was checking to see if crabs could be eaten during pregnancy. According to rumor, crabs could cause miscarriage. She didn't believe in rumors. She only believed in science.

## **A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0129**

After confirming that crabs were not completely off limits, but should only be eaten in moderation, she relaxed. She had been particularly interested in seafood as of late.

At the dinner table, Arianne ate two crab legs and stopped eating any more crabs. Instead, she focused on eating other dishes.

“Is the taste not to your liking, Madam?” Mary asked when she saw this.

Arianne shook her head, “No, they’re delicious.”

Mary frowned, “Based on the amount of prawns you’ve previously had, this crab shouldn’t be enough for you. You should have some more...” Mark did not like seafood, so if Arianne didn’t eat them, they would be thrown away. Mary was both hardworking and thrifty in running their household, so her heart ached at the thought of waste.

Arianne glanced at Mark and awkwardly explained, “I don’t really feel like eating today...”

This was the only excuse she had to fumble through the situation. Hence, she was too afraid of asking for a second helping and was only half full.

After dinner, Mark sat on the sofa and fiddled with his phone, as if he was waiting for a call. Arianne knew that he would be going out tonight. As for whom he’d be seeing or what he’d be doing, she didn’t want to know.

Half an hour later, she poured herself a cup of warm water, went back to the room, and took out the folic acid that she had hidden away. She nearly revealed that she was pregnant last time. She was still traumatized, so it was better to not reveal anything about the child before everything else was settled.

Just as she opened up the medicine bottle, the room door was suddenly pushed open. Her hand shook and dropped the entire

bottle of folic acid on the ground. The cap rolled to the bed and the folic acid spilled onto the ground.

She stared fearfully at Mark, who stood by the door. There was a clear probingness in his eyes. She felt so guilty that she was too afraid to pick it up. After a brief confrontation, Mark spoke up, "What is that?"

"Stomach medicine..." she replied dazedly.

Mark stepped forward. just when he bent down to pick up the medicine bottle, she swiftly snatched it up first. "I'll do it. Are you going out tonight? Come home early. Don't tire yourself out."

She tried her best to look natural and even flashed a smile as she spoke.

Mark narrowed his eyes. After many years together, he was certainly able to detect any sense of secrecy on her end. However, he had no way of exposing her now.

Arianne heaved a sigh of relief when she saw him collect his documents and leave. Now, she broke out into cold sweat. The folic acid in the bottle had completely spilled out. She would have to get more from the hospital...

After consuming the folic acid, she soon felt hungry again. If she went down looking for food now, Mary would question her. She waited until late at night when everything was quiet before tiptoeing downstairs to the kitchen and making a fresh bowl of noodles for herself.

As she slurped on the bowl of noodles while heading towards the dining room, she realized that more lights in the house had suddenly turned on. There was only one light on when she arrived downstairs...

She was mulling over her confusion when Mark's voice suddenly rang aloud from the living room, "Weren't you full from dinner?"

## **A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0130**

Arianne trembled in fright, causing some soup in the bowl to spill out, scalding her. She gritted her teeth and rushed towards the coffee table in the dining room, which was much closer. Then, she put down the bowl. Of course, that meant that she put it in front of Mark. The soup splattered into every direction. The disgust on his face was obvious.

She summoned her courage and pulled out a few pieces of paper towels. Then she wiped the soup clean under his watchful gaze. "What are you doing back so early?"

Mark paused, got up and headed upstairs. "It's 1 AM."

Arianne bit her lips and did not reply. Her scalded hand was in great pain. To her, his return was simply too early. She had initially believed that he wouldn't be coming back at all...

After her meal, she washed everything clean then walked around the living room for a while before heading back to the room.

Mark was dressed in house clothes and was sitting in front of the French windows with a cigarette in between his fingers. However, he did not ignite it.

She stood at the doorway and did not walk in. "Go ahead and smoke. I... I'll go to sleep later. I've just eaten so I can't sleep."

Mark turned his head to the side and glanced at her, then placed his cigarette on a small table next to him. "Has Will Sivan contacted you at all over the past few days?" he suddenly asked.

The atmosphere became very tense at the very mention of Will.

Arianne shook her head. “No.”

Mark smirked but did not elaborate.

Arianne felt strangely panicked. However, she did not dare ask too much about Will. Any question would be a fuse lighter, which would explode into a large, smoking war...

Early in the morning, the next day.

Tiffany sent Arianne a “good luck” emoji message. Then, she held her head up high as she walked into Bright Incorporated. As long as she could complete her internship here smoothly, she would have a stable income to provide for her family.

When she saw that it was close to the start of office hours, she dashed into the overcrowded elevator. Of all the things that could have happened, the elevator’s warning bell rang just as she stepped in.

It was her first day at work. Of course, she didn’t want to be late, so she had no choice but to pretend as if nothing had happened and shamelessly wait for someone else to go out.

Complaints rose from all around her, but she turned a deaf ear to them. After a long pause, someone from the innermost area of the elevator stepped out. "Forget it, it doesn't matter if I'm late."

That voice sounded strangely familiar. Tiffany turned to the side to look, and the corners of her lips twitched as her face turned hot uncontrollably.

Jackson West stared at her with a forced smile on his face. Then, the elevator doors shut tight, cutting off their view of each other. Tiffany heaved a sigh of relief. Adversaries are always fated to meet! She would always run into him.

After reporting for work, Tiffany found her cubicle and sat down. The office environment wasn't bad, and it was a widely reputable and large company in the capital. She was very satisfied.