

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0141

Arianne stood in front of the French windows in her bedroom, looking out into the night. Her heart was in disarray. At some point, it started drizzling.

When she saw the bright car lights from a distance, she tugged her lapels with her long, slender fingers, turned around, and walked downstairs.

A few minutes later, Mark walked in, slightly wet. She grabbed a towel and approached him. “It’s chilly and raining. Don’t get sick, hurry and get in the shower.”

Mark didn’t take the towel. He didn’t even look at her. Instead, he walked straight upstairs.

She wasn’t embarrassed by this either. She sat down and hung the towel on the sofa.

Shortly after, Mark arrived downstairs again, freshly showered. His jet-black hair was shimmering with crystal-like water droplets. As he walked past the sofa, he picked up the towel and dried his hair. This small action from him gave Arianne the courage to approach him.

“Why did you reject the collaboration with the Kinseys?” she asked bluntly.

“Because the liabilities outweigh the assets, what did you think it was?” he replied apathetically.

Arianne’s lips moved, but she didn’t speak immediately. She paused thoughtfully then said, “Is there any room for discussion?”

Mark paused in the middle of drying his hair. He suddenly lifted his gaze and looked at her. “Are you pleading for the Kinseys’ case?” he asked with a gaze full of ridicule.

Arianne clenched her fists nervously but maintained her poker face and said, “Helen came to see me. She said that if I can convince you to work with the Kinseys, I will never see her face again. I don’t want to have anything to do with her anymore.”

Mark lowered his gaze as if he were mildly disappointed. “Is that all?”

She turned her gaze elsewhere, feeling mildly guilty. In the end, she decided to be frank, “And... she’s promised to make Aery stay away from you. Of course, if you want to be with Aery, I’m powerless to stop you. However, my methods are reasonable and fair.”

Mark drummed his well-defined fingers against the sofa cushion next to him as if he were in deliberation. “So... to sum it up, are you doing this to ensure that Aery stays away from me... or to establish a clear boundary between Helen and you? Or perhaps... both?”

Arianne was too afraid to give it any further thought. She chose the most ambiguous answer—both. “It’s both...” she confessed.

Mark did not give her an immediate answer. He got up and stepped aside to make a phone call.

At the dinner table, Arianne was feeling apprehensive. She was afraid of eating too fast as well. When she noticed Mark’s comparatively more leisurely pace with his meal, she couldn’t help taking bits of every dish and putting them on his plate for him —mostly because she was afraid that he would still be eating by the time she finished her meal...

Looking at their individual portions, despite the wide variety of food on the table, the amount of food served wasn’t in large portions. Her appetite had recently grown too...

Mark noticed her actions and thought that she was anxious for his response. He stared at her calmly and said, “I’ll think about it, you don’t have to fall over yourself with attempts to win my favor.”

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Arianne lowered her head silently. She had secretly reached a decision—starting tomorrow, she would ask Mary to add two more dishes to the table in order to prevent awkward situations from a lack of food...

Mark went into the study after the meal. She, however, shut herself in her room and examined “Mr. Sloane’s” letter. She had gone through the letter countless times, but it served no other purpose aside from provoking her emotions.

Just as she was plagued by a myriad of thoughts, she suddenly received a message from Tiffany. She opened it and sniggered.

“I’ve heard that women pregnant with baby girls have amazing complexions, but the effects are completely opposite if it’s a boy. Pregnancy also causes weight gain. How much fatter have you become? Can you tell if it’s a boy or a girl?”

Honestly, these things never crossed her mind... However, her curiosity was piqued now.

She got up and looked at herself in the mirror. There wasn’t much of a difference in her complexion. Then, she weighed herself; she was 1.8 kilograms heavier. She was shocked when she saw the number on the weighing scale. She had only just gotten pregnant, and already she was 1.8 kilograms heavier? What was going to happen when she was close to giving birth? At this point, she realized that she had to control her food portions. She couldn’t keep eating all the time; it might not be healthy for her if she kept this up.

Just as she was replying to the message, standing on the weighing scale while stroking her belly, the bedroom suddenly opened. She instinctively turned around to look, it was Mark. It looked like he was done with work.

Realizing that the letter was still on the bed, she panicked and rushed to snatch it away. However, she was too late. Mark walked towards the bed straightaway. When he saw the letter, he immediately picked it up.

Her heart hung in her throat. Even if Mark discovered the letter, it didn't mean anything. This was because she hadn't managed to find out anything.

Mark's expression sank as he read the letter. Arianne stepped forward to snatch the letter away but was at a loss for words.

Digging up the past would not only affect her, but Mark, the truth of that airplane crash, and the families that they had both lost...

"You went out yesterday because of this?" he asked her with a deadpan look on his face.

Arianne nodded. "Yes..."

Mark narrowed his eyes. His gaze turned cold. "So? Did you find anything?"

She shook her head. "The address in the letter was deserted. I couldn't find the sender, so I certainly couldn't find anything. I'll definitely solve this. I refuse to believe that my father was behind that incident..."

"Enough!" Mark cut her off before she could finish. "How could this sender possibly exist? If you want to clear his name, you should have at least gone to a reliable source. Is fabrication your new hobby now?"

His raging explosion did not scare Arianne. She had enough courage when matters like these were concerned. "I'm not fabricating anything. Someone really did send this letter to me! Don't you want to know the truth? If my father was a victim too, wouldn't you want the real criminal to be punished? There's someone with inside information now, that means that that incident is more complicated than it seemed."

Mark grabbed her shoulders with such force that he was close to breaking her bones. "You just can't wait to leave. That's why you're using these methods to clear your name, right? I've told you that I'll let you go, but only if you give me a child. But now you've found yourself this shortcut. Since you're so eager to leave, I'll make it happen for you!"

After his outburst, Arianne immediately felt as if the world was spinning. Her entire body was flung onto the bed.

Mark pounced on her and tore off her pajamas like a wild animal.

In the midst of a confusing emotional whirlwind, Mark's heart was consumed by a sense of complete and total loss. In the end... She wanted to abandon him too?

Arianne stared at the man on top of her, violating her. Her heart was gripped by an intense fear. "Mark... Don't do this... I'm scared..."

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The other party turned a deaf ear to her pleas as he punitively imposed himself on her. Arianne felt like a lone boat that was threatening to capsize at any time on the raging sea.

She had no idea how long the storm lasted before everything finally calmed down. Mark got tip and went into the bathroom without even looking back.

Arianne laid on the bed motionlessly like a broken puppet while listening to the sound of a running shower. Her heart felt like it was going to explode. She felt pain and sorrow...

Soon after that, Mark left Tremont Estate. She could clearly hear the sound of his car engine until it faded into the distance.

The same scene had replayed countless times in the past, and every time she was left feeling like her world had fallen apart yet again. However, the intensity this time was much worse than before.

The next day, Arianne showed up at work on time as usual. The nightmare she had from last night's incident caused her complexion to look worse than ever.

Eric was startled when he saw her. "What did you do with Mark last night? Your dark circles nearly cover your entire face...!"

Arianne shook her head and said nothing, but Eric gave her a weird look. "Is it... about Will Sivan?"

She was puzzled. "What about Will?"

Eric laughed dismissively. "Ah, forget about it. It was just a random question. Go busy yourself with your work."

Although she was curious about why Eric had suddenly mentioned Will, she didn't bother pursuing it. She still hadn't recovered from her shock last night. Fortunately, the baby in her womb seemed alright...

It was about ten in the morning when her phone suddenly rang. She looked at the incoming number and hesitated for a moment before answering it. "Hey..."

Will's rather depressed voice came through the phone. "I want to meet you now, is that alright?"

She knew that Will was never a sentimental person, so he would never casually ask to meet her during office hours. Out of concern, she asked, "What's wrong? Did something happen?"

instead of answering her question, Will just said, "We'll talk when we meet. I just... really want to see you right now... I'm close to your office. Just come down then turn left and you'll see my car."

After hanging up, Arianne knocked on Eric's office door. "Come in," Eric's voice came out from inside.

She pushed open the door and approached him. "Um... I need to go out for a bit. Can I take a leave since I'm not sure if I can make it back to work for the rest of the morning?"

Eric was busy processing some documents. "Just go. I don't really care what time you come back to work. Just make sure you go back on time after work; I don't want Mark to hold me accountable," he said without even lifting his head.

She nodded and turned to leave. When she exited her office, she turned left as instructed by Will and quickly spotted a black sports car parked on the side of the road. She had a hunch that it was Will's car.

She went up to the car without any intention to get in. Will rolled down the window and said, "Get in. "

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Arianne hesitated slightly. After all, she was already married and there was a scandal about them in the past. It was best to keep their distance. "Um... Is there something important? I still have work... You can just tell me here."

Will lowered his head slightly, unable to hide the disappointment in his eyes. Looking at the outline of his profile under the sunlight, Arianne could see his sad emotions flowing out. "I didn't expect there to come a day when we have to worry about just sitting down and having a chat with each other."

Arianne bit her lips then opened his car door and got in. "Nothing like that. I... I just don't want to skip out of work for too long."

Will didn't pursue the conversation. He started the car and drove forward. All of a sudden, he changed the topic. "Ari, do you love Mark Tremont?"

Arianne was slightly taken aback. She didn't understand why he would suddenly ask her such a question.

Will was already engaged and she was married, with a baby in her womb. No matter the circumstances, it wasn't appropriate for them to discuss their relationship issues. "Will... We..."

Will looked like he could guess what she was going to say before she even finished her sentence. He interrupted her, "All you need to do is answer me, don't think about other things. Just answer my questions."

Arianne thought that Will was acting strange today, but now she was even more confident about her observation. "Will, what's going on? Why are you... not like your usual self today?"

Will took a deep breath before his trademark smile bloomed across his face. "Nothing's going on... It's just been so long since we had a private talk with each other like this, Ari. I know you have your worries, but can you let go of them for a moment and answer my question?"

Arianne thought for a moment then said, "I don't know. He has raised me for so many years and is now my husband. It's impossible to not have any feelings between us."

The smile on Will's face froze. "What kind of feelings are they? Is it romantic or platonic? Can you differentiate between them? Let's say that if I were to ask you to leave behind everything and run away with me, would you agree to do that?"

The question stunned Arianne. "What... What are you talking about? You're already engaged! What's going on with you?!"

The sudden change in Will's calm personality made her worried. Unless something terrible happened, how could a person's personality change?

The waves of emotions in Will's eyes looked like they were going to turn into a stormy sea at any moment. "I was forced to go abroad by Mark. My engagement to Wendy Galena was also forced by him. I didn't want any of it!"

Arianne felt extremely guilty. She was the root cause of everything. Even so... she couldn't just abandon everything and elope with him. If this were three years ago, perhaps she would agree without any hesitation. But now... she couldn't bring herself to do that anymore.

"Hypothetical speaking, if this was three years ago when I wasn't married yet and neither were you engaged... and I didn't have this much of a burden to bear... then I would agree without any hesitation. But Will, no matter what happens, Tiffie and I will be by your side. You can tell me anything. I will do my best and be a good listener."

In the end, she made it clear that she was just a friend to him, like Tiffany.

“Haha... I’m satisfied getting your answer. I’m fine. I just suddenly felt like seeing you. Sorry for bothering you. I’ll send you back now.” Will turned his car around while speaking and went back to where they came from.

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Arianne breathed a sigh of relief. Everyone had moments when they needed to be comforted during an emotional breakdown. She guessed that Will was going through it right now and was eager to get some emotional support. Everything would return to normal when his mind was no longer clouded. She didn’t have much to worry about.

At this time in the Kinsey Estate, Aery was having a confrontation with Helen. “I’m not leaving Mark dear! Don’t you even think about helping that bitch Ari get her way. You were the one who allowed me to stay with Mark dear before. So you’ll treat her like a daughter but not me?”

Helen had already run out of patience at this point. She delivered a slap across Aery’s face. “That’s enough! Are you capable of asking Mark Tremont to save the Kinsey family? If you can’t, then stay away from him! I’m not going to let an idiot like you ruin all my previous efforts. How could I have a daughter like you?”

She had promised Arianne that she would keep Aery away from Mark and make sure that she would never show up in front of her again. Since she had made that promise, she would have to keep her words. This was the only way that things might turn around.

Aery couldn't understand Helen's actions. She rubbed her stinging cheek and gritted her teeth hatefully. "You hit me again... I get it, I'm not fit to be your daughter!"

Having said that, she turned around and rushed out.

Helen didn't bother to chase after her. She slumped down on the sofa and closed her eyes. She was too tired. For now, she didn't want to care about anything aside from Arianne's reply.

Aery sped off to Glide Design. Having nowhere else to vent her anger, she would only feel better by settling the score with Arianne.

The maternal love that used to be hers alone was split into two right in front of her eyes. Helen had never hit her before. But she hit her twice because of Arianne, so she couldn't take it anymore!

On the other side, Will drove his car back to Glide Design. Arianne didn't immediately get out of his car because she was still rather worried about him. "Will, even though I don't know what happened to you, I believe that nothing can beat you down. The Will Sivan I know has always been the most outstanding individual."

Will looked at her as the corner of his lips curled into a smile. "Ari, you don't need to know what happened to me. Even if you do, it's still my own business. It has nothing to do with you. You don't have to worry. Thank you for coming out to meet me. You should hurry back."

They looked at each other and smiled. It was at this moment that Arianne felt as though she had returned back to her university days. She opened her arms and gave Will a farewell hug. The embrace they shared was as pure as a blank canvas, save for a few tiny scribbles of their beautiful memories in the past.

Unfortunately, they just had to be seen by Aery who had just arrived on the scene. She didn't even manage to get out of her car when she caught the two having their moments in Will's car.

The hatred she had toward Arianne grew stronger. How could a woman like her have all the men wrapped around her finger? Why did Mark marry a woman like her?

The rage in her burned even more intensely at the thought of it. She clutched the steering wheel tightly then slammed down on the gas pedal.

With a loud 'bang', she collided with Will's car. The impact sent his car spinning and sliding across the road at a very fast speed until it crashed into a flower bed. All Arianne could feel was the sensation of being spun violently before her head smashed hard against the windshield and she lost consciousness. The very last thing she saw through the windshield before she shut her eyes was the hateful expression on Aery's face...

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When Arianne woke up, she was in the hospital. The sky was dark outside and the air smelled of disinfectant. She could see the white ceiling and the IV drip hanging above her...

Her mind was blank until memories came flooding back to her. It was Aery Kinsey who hit her. She had obviously done that intentionally!

Will was also in the car at the time. She tried moving her body as she struggled to recall the rest. However, the pain from her body, especially from her lower abdomen, caused her to instantly break out in a sweat.

She pressed her abdomen lightly and was about to press the call button to get a nurse when the door to her ward was suddenly pushed open. It turned out to be Will. Other than some cuts on his forehead that had been bandaged, he looked fine.

When Will noticed that she was awake, he had a look of joy on his face before it was replaced by a conflicted expression. "Ari... You... had a miscarriage."

Arianne's body stiffened as she clutched her clothes, a hand on her abdomen. "What did you say?"

Will repeated his words with difficulty. "You had a miscarriage... I didn't know you were pregnant. I'm sorry, you would have been fine had I not asked you to come out. The police have opened the case, and the investigation result will be out soon."

Arianne didn't say anything as tears leaked out of the corner of her eyes.

She couldn't believe that the child in her belly was gone. This tiny life form was still in her body not long ago and mischievously changed her taste bud, causing her to gain three pounds... Now it was suddenly gone...

After a while, she spoke through her clenched teeth. "I saw her... I saw the person who hit us..."

Will was about to say something when the ward's door was pushed open once again. This time, it was Mark who came in.

He looked furious. His tall figure stood towering like an iceberg that wouldn't melt in ten thousand years. No one would dare to get close to him. Even Brian cautiously followed behind him. It was very obvious that he had found out everything.

Without giving Arianne a chance to explain the situation, he marched toward Will and swung his fist at him. "The third son of the Sivan family... Hmph, can you explain why you called my wife out from her office?"

Blood leaked out from the corner of Will's mouth. He clenched his hands into fists but didn't fight back. "I admit that this is my

fault, so I will accept your punch. But there is nothing inappropriate between me and Ari, so please don't make it difficult for her!"

Mark rolled the sleeves of his suit up then loosened his tie with his slender fingers. It looked like he wasn't planning to let him off the hook just like that. "In what capacity are you talking to me? Hm?"

This was the first time Arianne had seen Mark acting this way. She was so frightened that she didn't know what to do. She could only grit her teeth to endure the pain and stand in front of Will to protect him. "Mark! This has nothing to do with him! At the time, our car was parked on the side of the road..."

Before she could finish speaking, Mark suddenly laughed. "Our? Haha... well said, Arianne Wynn! Who is the father of that bastard that you miscarried? Who?"

Bastard?

Arianne could hear her ears ringing. "It's... yours... It's not a bastard..."

Will couldn't listen to the conversation anymore. "Mark, do you have to doubt even this? You don't even know if the child is yours?"

Mark pushed Arianne away and grabbed Will by the collar of his shirt. "Shut up!"

Arianne lost her balance and fell to the foot of the bed. A tearing pain instantly shot up from her lower abdomen.

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Arianne was sweating bullets. She tried getting up a few times but failed. When Brian saw this scene, he couldn't help but remind Mark. "Sir... Madam is..."

Mark turned his gaze to Arianne then begrudgingly let go of Will while glaring at her. "You owe me an explanation! "

Will's first reaction was to go and help Arianne up, but Brian hurriedly stopped him. "Mr. Sivan, please leave now. The rest is the Tremont family's affairs, which don't concern you."

Will understood what Brian was trying to tell him. He cast a worried glance at Arianne then reluctantly exited the room.

He wanted to say something but didn't know if he should. Any wrong move would end up causing Arianne to suffer.

Brian exited the room too and shut the door, leaving only Arianne and Mark behind in the ward.

After a brief silence, Mark spoke up. "You really are a disappointment..."

Arianne sat on the cold floor with her gaze lowered. The corners of her mouth lifted. "I'm sorry... I have never been able to satisfy you since I was little..."

"The child. What's up with that?" He changed the subject back.

"I hadn't figured out on how to break the news to you..." She held back her tears, but her body was trembling.

“Is it mine?” He almost emphasized every single word while staring intently at her face.

“To you, I’m that kind of person in your heart?” Arianne was still smiling, but her face was as pale as a sheet.

The ward fell into a beat of dead silence again. Mark was extremely irritated at her pitiful appearance. He suddenly pulled her up and threw her on the bed. “Don’t act like you are dying! Given how badly you wanted to leave, you would have told me right away if the child was really mine. Why did you hide it from me? Hm? Is it because you never planned on keeping it since the beginning? Then, there can only be one possibility— the child had nothing to do with the Tremont family!”

His accusations hit her like a violent storm. It suffocated her and robbed her of her ability to speak.

In the end, Mark slammed the door and left. Not long after that, Mary rushed into the ward. “Ari, how could something like this happen?”

Arianne leaned against the head of the bed silently as tears cascaded down her cheeks.

Mary’s heart ached for her as she carefully wiped her tears away. “Don’t cry, don’t cry. You can’t cry in your state, it’ll lead to health issues down the road. Here, lie down quickly. The child may be gone, but you can still conceive another in the future. You can’t damage your own body like this...”

Arianne laid down obediently. Mary waited until she had calmed down a little before speaking again. “When did you get pregnant? Why did you hide it even from me? Why didn’t you tell sir? Now that something like this has happened, of course he would be angry with you. Why did you meet that Will Sivan out of the blue? Every man would mind about things like that. It’ll be best for you to keep a distance from people of opposite gender next time, alright?”

Arianne closed her eyes. “It’s not what you think.. I want to be alone.”

Mary sighed and helped tuck her in before leaving the room. “I’ll go back and prepare you some food. I’ll be back soon!”

The ward became quiet again. Arianne laid down for a while then took out her phone and called Tiffany. At a time like this, the person she wanted to see most was her best friend who understood her.

The call was very quickly picked up. She bursted into tears as soon as she heard Tiffany’s voice. “Tiffie... I’m in the hospital. Can you come over now?”

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Tiffany was shocked. “What? Why? Why are you in the hospital? What happened?”

Arianne's voice was a little weak. "I'll tell you when you're here..."

After the call was hung up, Tiffany put down the spatula in her hand and hurried toward the door. "Where are you going?" Lillian quickly asked when she saw her leaving.

Tiffany couldn't be bothered to explain in detail. "I need to go to the hospital. Probably won't make it back tonight. I've prepared two dishes, just put up with them. Leave the dishes after you're done. I'll wash them when I'm back!"

Lillian threw a glance at the kitchen and frowned in dissatisfaction. "Just two small plates of vegetables? No matter how much you're in a hurry, you should at least make sure your mother is well fed."

Tiffany's hands stopped while she was in the middle of changing her shoes. Her face sunk a little. "Mom, I'm exhausted... I have to work everyday and work part time until late at night. You're perfectly capable of learning how to cook or do some house chores. There's no point in spending all your time on a mahjong table."

Lillian's eyes widened so much that her eyebrows looked like they were almost on her forehead. "Tiffany Lane! Are you accusing me of being a freeloader? When your dad was still alive, I never had to do anything! Are you in the position to order me around? I only play mahjong to find some money to contribute to the household! I don't know other ways of making money. Did I raise you until now just to have you order me around?"

Tiffany kept quiet. Her mother's personality had changed greatly ever since the passing of her father. At first, she thought that it was due to shock. It was only until later that she discovered that Lillian had picked up many of her habits such as idling about, playing cards, and spending money like water from being the wife of a rich man. This kind of personality was still acceptable back in their glorious days, but now it was extremely frustrating.

The moment Tiffany closed the door and left, she heard Lillian smashing things in the house. She ignored it and directly took the elevator downstairs.

Since it was the peak hour right now, the traffic was horrible. It wasn't easy to call a cab around this area. Tiffany stood on the side of the road and waited for quite a long time. When she checked her phone, she realized that there was a missed call from Will around fifty minutes ago. She was about to return the call when a black Bentley pulled up to her. The window rolled down and Jackson West poked his head out of the car. "Where to? I'll give you a ride."

She was a little shy since Jackson was now her boss. She couldn't even treat him like she always did in the past. "I... I'm going to the hospital. If that's not in the same direction as where you're headed to, then never mind, I can wait for the cab."

Jackson gave her an amused look. "I happen to be free right now, so I'll drop you off. Hop in."

Since he didn't mind, then she had no reason to refuse.

After she got in the car, Jackson chatted with her like an old friend as though he had forgotten about everything in the past. “What business do you have at the hospital?”

“My friend is at the hospital. Aren’t you close with Mark Tremont? You should probably also be aware that his wife got admitted to the hospital,” she replied.

It turned out that Jackson really wasn’t aware of that. “Did it just happen? I haven’t heard about it. I still have some other business tonight, so I can’t visit with you. I’ll just drop you there. By the way, as a boss, I have to tell you that your performance is poor lately. You look like... you’re always tired. You’re still young, you should be getting as much sleep as you can. Staying up late isn’t a good habit.”

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Tiffany resisted the urge to retort. “Thank you for your reminder, boss. I will take note of that.”

Jackson wasn’t actually that much older than her, yet he was putting on airs in front of her. She just really couldn’t stand the way he was patronizing her.

Tiffany let out a long sigh of relief when they reached the hospital. She held onto the last trace of her sanity to smile and bid Jackson farewell.

When she entered Arianne's ward, she was shocked to see how weak Arianne was. Her face was strangely pale, and even her usually red lips were as pale as her face. "Ari, what happened?"

Arianne propped herself up and forced a smile. "Sit down first... Let me get comfortable..."

Tiffany helped Arianne to sit up. She was fuming by the time she learned of the whole story. "That Aery Kinsey is a bitch! She's trying to kill you! I hope karma gets her for the things she'd done. Don't worry, Ari, there's surveillance cameras everywhere, so she can't get away with it. Since you are Mark Tremont's wife, the cops will solve the case very fast. It's very likely that there will be some results soon. Judging from her motives and the fact that you had a miscarriage, she would at least be in jail for a few years! Will suddenly called me before I came, but I didn't manage to pick up the call. He must have wanted to inform me about this. I'm so pissed off right now!"

"I shouldn't have asked you to come if I knew you would be this angry and worried ..."
Arianne said half jokingly.

Tears welled up in Tiffany's eyes. "Why are you saying all that? To hell with Mark for not being by your side at a time like this! If I didn't come, you would be left all alone. I can't believe he would even suspect if the child was his. You're really unlucky for having something like this happen while you were with Will. He couldn't even do anything when Mark punched him..."

Arianne suddenly remembered about Will's strange behavior, so she asked, "Do you know if anything has happened to Will recently? I think something's strange about him."

He suddenly asked to meet me and wasn't being his usual self. If it wasn't for his strange behavior, I wouldn't have agreed to meet him alone..."

Tiffany grew slightly uncomfortable as her gaze shifted around. "I... I've been busy with working full time and part time to support my mom, so I haven't been keeping in touch with him lately... In any case, shouldn't you be worried about yourself instead? Why are you still thinking about him? Be honest with me, do you still have feelings for him?"

Arianne lowered her head and thought for a moment before replying, "I don't know, Tiffie. Don't ask me this kind of question. Actually... maybe... I never knew who Will was to me. I just feel... happy when I'm with him. So much that even if the sky falls, I will still feel that the world is a very beautiful place."

Tiffany frowned. "That's a very dangerous thought... Now I'm really curious about how you feel when you are around Mark. Tell me, and I'll help you analyze it."

'How I feel when I'm around Mark?'

Arianne pondered for a long time. She almost reviewed the entire first half of her life before drawing a conclusion. "I think he's very terrifying. I tremble whenever I'm around him. I have to tread on thin ice because I'm afraid of making him unhappy. He has a very strange personality. He is very angelic in front of others. He is gentle to everything in this world but me. To me, he's no different than a devil. But I can't really say that he treats me badly... He would buy me medicine, and he never smoked in front of me again after I told him that I didn't like the smell of smoke..."

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Tiffany sighed after hearing her answer. “I think I get it now. There’s no way your married life is a harmonious one. Maybe you are jittery even on his bed. Marriage is all about adjusting to each other’s lives. Feelings can develop out of sex. When a man loves you enough, he will be willing to listen to you. Otherwise, you would have to bow and scrape before him for your entire life. Alright, there’s no use talking about all this now. You’ll just have to take one step at a time. I’ll be waiting to see Aery Kinsey eat her prison meal. You better rest well. There’s still a long road ahead of you, alright?”

Arianne nodded then said nothing. Indeed, she could only take one step at a time for now.

Soon enough, Mary came back to the hospital with a nutritious meal. Tiffany opened the food thermos and served up the porridge that contained a lot of supplements in it. “I’ll feed her.”

Mary smiled at her since she also wished for someone to give Arianne company. “Alright. Oh yes, Ari, I heard from Henry that... sir has gone to the police station. Seems like he still cares about you after all. Don’t give him the sour face once you are discharged from the hospital. You young people can surely talk to each other in a civilized manner, yes?”

Arianne didn’t speak, but Tiffany chimed in. “I didn’t expect him to still care...”

Mary rubbed her hands together, then continued after a pause. “Oh... and I heard that it was the chauffeur from the Kinsey family who hit you. He was driving a sports car at the time and accidentally crashed into Mr. Sivan’s car. Ari, did you manage to get a good look back then? Are there any clues that you can provide to the cops? Based on the current situation between the Kinsey and Tremont families... this will most likely be handled outside of court. It will probably be dismissed with some compensation. The offender is not going to be detained for too long.”

Arianne’s body went stiff. “What did you say?!”

Mary was taken aback by her reaction. After recovering from her shock, she repeated, “I was saying... The cops have found out that it was the driver from the Kinsey family who hit you. He was driving a sports car at the time and accidentally...”

Before she could finish repeating her words, Arianne could no longer contain herself. “Impossible! It was Aery Kinsey who crashed into us! I saw her with my own eyes! Although I didn’t manage to see the car model and car plate clearly, I saw the driver. There’s no way it was their chauffeur. Will’s car was parked below my office. Aery came at us with lightning speed. I refuse to believe that this is an accident!”

Mary was shocked. “Are you serious?! I’ll go to the police station now and tell sir!”

Arianne shook her head. “No need. He is capable of judging the situation.”

Yes, he was a smart guy who could judge a situation. Let's see if he would... protect Aery Kinsey.

In the police station, Mark sat on a bench outside of the interrogation room. He crossed his slender legs and kept his head slightly lowered. Despite his relaxed figure, he had a stern expression on his face.

Helen was late. She was still panting when she stood beside Mark. Regardless, she still maintained her usual composure. "I'm sorry, there was a bit of traffic on my way here so I got delayed. Is Arianne alright?"

Mark didn't look at her. "She's fine. It's just a miscarriage."

Just... a miscarriage?!

Helen wasn't sure if Mark was being sarcastic, but she was still very shocked to hear that. "Miscarriage? She was pregnant? I am truly sorry to hear that... It's our chauffeur's responsibility to bear. Do you want to handle this out of court? I will respect any decision you make."

It was only then that Mark lifted his head to look at her. "Are you sure that it was your chauffeur driving at the time?"

