

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0151

Helen tried her best to maintain her composure. “O-Of course... There’s no way I would make a mistake. At the time, Aery was fighting with me at home because she was out late and drinking the previous night. It was her friends who sent her home. The sports car was left at the venue and I had to send the chauffeur over to fetch it home the next day. Little did i expect an accident to happen along the way. I’m extremely confident in my memory. In any case, we are still the ones at fault since the chauffeur works for the Kinsey family. It’s your call to make, we will accept your decision.”

Mark didn’t give her an immediate answer. Helen looked at him anxiously, biting her lip so hard that it was going to draw blood in the next second.

After a while, Mark finally spoke up. “You are Arianne’s mother. Aery is her half-sister. This incident can only be settled privately outside of court. I’ll have someone stay behind and follow up with you. I’ll be leaving now, I have some other matters to attend to.”

Helen let out a long sigh of relief. “Alright, please take good care of Arianne. I... won’t be... visiting her...”

Mark got up and left without giving her a response. His lips curled into a cold sneer.

After taking care of the matters at the police station, Helen went straight back to Kinsey Estate. Aery was pacing back and forth at home restlessly. As soon as Helen returned,

she quickly went up to her. “Mom, how is it? Did Mark suspect it was Me? He doesn’t know it’s me, right?”

Helen clenched her teeth and delivered a slap on her face. “You’re still shameless enough to ask that?!”

Seeing his precious daughter getting a beating, Jean Kinsey quickly stepped in to stop Helen. “What are you doing? Is the daughter you had with Zachary Wynn that important in your heart? Don’t forget that Aery is your daughter too! She’s our daughter!”

There was a boiling pit of rage in Helen’s chest when she looked at the pair of father and daughter. “Jean Kinsey! Did you know that your precious daughter has just attempted a premeditated murder? She committed a crime and you are still protecting her? I shouldn’t have gone to the police station to solve this problem, and just let you two do whatever you please! Do you know what this means? Hm? Even if I went to solve the problem, Arianne suffered a miscarriage. It was Mark Tremont’s child! Do you think he would still be willing to save the Kinsey family after something like this happened? In your dreams!”

It was only then that Jean realized the seriousness of this matter and couldn’t help but be upset. “Aery dear... Why did you do things without thinking first?”

Aery wiped her tears away aggrievedly. “It’s mom’s fault for not allowing me to meet Mark dear again. I love him so much that I can’t go on living without him. I only did that impulsively out of anger... Besides I didn’t even know Arianne was pregnant. It’s good that she had a miscarriage. I wouldn’t want her to give birth to Mark’s baby!”

Helen was so angry that she wanted to hit her again. In the end, she couldn't be bothered about them. "Do whatever you want, Aery Kinsey and Jean Kinsey. I don't care anymore!"

After saying that, Helen went upstairs directly and locked herself in the room. Her facade instantly fell apart, exposing the vulnerable side in her. Tears welled up in her eyes.

After thinking carefully over things, she took out her phone and called Arianne. However, her call was rejected. It was at that moment that tears finally streamed down her face like a waterfall.

In the hospital, Tiffany glanced at Arianne. "That was from your mom, right? Are you really not going to answer it?"

"I have nothing to say to her," Arianne answered emotionlessly.

Tiffany pouted her lips and said nothing else. By the time she left the hospital, it was already midnight. When she arrived at home, it was empty and she was greeted by a mess.

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After cleaning up the mess, Tiffany was so exhausted that she no longer had the desire to move even a muscle as she plopped down on her bed. She thought for a moment then gave her mother a call. As soon as the call went through, she heard noises from the other end of the line. “Three bamboos! Wait! Game!”

Tiffany didn’t even need to guess to tell that Lillian was playing mahjong again, and this vexed her. “Can you stop playing mahjong? It’s so late already and you’re still not back yet.”

Lillian retorted back with even more anger. “Since you don’t seem to care about me anymore, I’ll do whatever I please, whether it’s going out to eat or playing mahjong. I’m not coming back tonight. I’m going to play all night! Do what you want and leave me alone!”

Having her phone hung up on her gave Tiffany the urge to scream and vent her anger. If she weren’t worried about being reported for disturbing her neighbors, she would have yelled at the top of her lungs for a full ten minutes. If things continued on like this, she would lose her mind sooner or later.

Three days later, Arianne was discharged from the hospital and returned to Tremont Estate.

According to Butler Henry, Mark hadn’t come home for the past three days.

Arianne was curious about the aftermath of the accident. "How did he deal with the car accident?" she asked.

Butler Henry replied to her truthfully. "It was the chauffeur from the Kinsey family who accidentally crashed into Mr. Sivan's car, so the case will be handled privately out of court. I heard that it was Mrs. Kinsey who came to negotiate on behalf of their family."

The answer stunned Arianne. She gritted her teeth so hard that she nearly broke a tooth. "What are you talking about? Are you sure it was Helen Cameran who spoke on behalf of the Kinsey family? Mark represented me for the entire negotiation; couldn't he look into this more carefully?"

Or maybe... they all knew what had happened, but no one would confess that it was Aery Kinsey...?

Butler Henry sighed. "That's what happened. If you would like the specifics, you will need to ask sir."

'Yeah, I should ask Mark!' Arianne, no longer caring if she was still feeling very weak, rushed out immediately.

Mary quickly ran after her. "What are you doing, Ari? Can't you wait until sir is back? The doctor said that you still need to rest in bed for a few more days!"

Noticing the commotion, Butler Henry quickly drove a car out of the garage and stopped beside Arianne. “Madam, since you are looking for sir, let me drive you there. You need to take care of your health right now.”

Arianne didn’t refuse. She opened the car door and got in.

Mary breathed a sigh of relief. “I won’t be going with you then, Old Henry. Please look after her.”

Butler Henry hummed in response, then drove to Tremont Tower.

Half an hour later, the car stopped before the ground floor of Tremont Tower and Arianne instantly got out of the car. She rushed through the main entrance but was then obstructed by the front desk. “What’s your agenda?”

Butler Henry came forward with an unhappy expression on his face. “She is the wife of your CEO!”

The countenance of the staff at the front desk immediately contorted as she lowered her head. “I apologize for not recognizing you, Mrs. Tremont... Mr. Tremont is upstairs, allow me to take you there...”

Before she could even finish speaking, Arianne rushed into the elevator.

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Upon noticing that the situation wasn't quite right, the front desk hurriedly called up Mark's secretary. "Ellie, Mrs. Tremont is here looking for Mr. Tremont. I think she looks quite aggressive... She has someone with her too. I've never seen him before but he appears to be her butler or something..."

The secretary acknowledged the information then hung up the phone. She got up and knocked on Mark's office door. "Mr. Tremont, your wife is here."

She could hear Mark humming coldly in response from his office.

The elevator very quickly arrived on the forty-sixth floor. Ellie Amore, who was already waiting by the elevator door, instantly wore a professional smile on her face at the sight of Arianne. "Mrs. Tremont, Mr. Tremont is in his office."

Arianne's eyes were drawn to the fluffy slippers on Ellie's feet that didn't match the office attire she was wearing. She then remembered that Mark didn't like being distracted by noises when he was working. Hence, they needed to be absolutely quiet on this floor. The last time Arianne was here, she had to go barefoot.

However, this time, she just pushed open the office door and went in without taking her shoes off. “Mark Tremont. Have you investigated the car accident thoroughly? Why did you decide to settle the matter privately without asking my opinion?”

Mark didn't look away from his document. “Your decision isn't necessary in this matter. Likewise, you didn't give me the right to decide on the child's matter either. Oh... and not only that, you didn't even give me the right to know about it.”

Arianne clenched her hands into fists. “Okay, putting these aside first, what if I told you it was Aery Kinsey who hit me? In that situation, it was obviously done intentionally. There's no way it could be an accident!”

Mark paused briefly while flipping through the document but quickly resumed again. “The perpetrator has been determined and the case has been closed. There's no point in bringing it up again now, you get what I mean?”

Arianne froze and even stopped breathing. She felt as though her heart had been ripped apart.

Mark knew Aery was the perpetrator, he just didn't want it to be her... so he chose to protect her even though Aery nearly killed her and even caused her to miscarry her child...

After a brief moment of silence, she carried on stubbornly. “What if I want to reopen the case because I want to pursue it? I don't care if Aery is your lover or not. It is your own

business that you choose to protect her. As the victim, I have the right to pursue the case!”

Mark finally closed the file he was reading and looked at her expressionlessly. “You said it yourself, it’s my own business to protect her. Do you think there’s any point in you reopening the case and pursuing it?”

Arianne was rendered speechless. That was right, he was Mark Tremont, a well-known individual in the capital. On the other hand, she was Mrs. Tremont whom everyone was envious of. In reality, she was just a worthless accessory to Mark that could be discarded at any time. How could she possibly win when he chose to protect someone?

Since their relationship of more than ten years was built on hate, it cruelly crumbled with just one blow.

She laughed, but it sounded rather pitiful. “If that’s the case, then I no longer owe you anything. I had your child, but it got killed by the person whom you choose to protect. It was both of you that prevented it from getting born. My job is done here. When can I sign the divorce papers?”

Butler Henry couldn’t stand watching from the sidelines anymore. “Sir, madam is not the one at fault here. Please reconsider your decision!”

Mark didn’t expect Arianne to pull out the divorce card. He ignored Butler Henry and narrowed his eyes as the air around him grew menacing. “I did say that you can leave

after giving birth to a child. But do you think you have the right to talk about divorcing without even giving birth to the child? Besides, is that Child even mine?"

Arianne's eyes reddened but she maintained her smile. "I have been living in constant fear and treading on thin ice for the past thirteen years. You overestimate my guts. In my eyes, you are much more terrifying than anything. For a smart person like you, you should have asked for a DNA test the day I lost the child. You either divorce me now and let me leave, or I'll make you live to regret your decision one day."

This was the first time Mark saw this side of her and heard her honest words. For some reason, he was slightly flustered. Spinning the pen between his fingers was the only way for him to retain his composure. "We shall see about that."

Arianne didn't stay even a second longer in the office after getting the final answer from him. She had no qualms in stomping her way out of the office either. This was the first time in thirteen years that she didn't have to tread on thin ice and do whatever she pleased.

Once they returned into the car, Butler Henry asked, "Madam, are we heading back to Tremont Estate?"

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After all the shock and fluctuating emotions, Arianne slumped in the car seat, feeling like an empty shell. "Let's go back," she said weakly.

Thinking about the call from Helen that she had rejected earlier, she took out her phone and called back. The call was very quickly picked up and brought right to the point. "You knew it was Aery who hit me, right?"

Helen choked on the other end of the line. "Ari... I'm sorry... My hands are tied. Both of you are equally important to me, but I have my difficulties too... I'm sorry..."

Arianne sneered. "Sure, you have your difficulties. I deserved it. I deserved this miscarriage, I deserved being nearly killed. Didn't you ask me for a favor before since you gave birth to me? I owed you the life you gave me, so now... I have repaid it with the life of my child. From now on, I don't owe you anything else."

She immediately hung up after saying that and blocked Helen's phone number in one go.

After doing all that, she let out a long sigh of relief.

As expected, Mark didn't return to the Tremont Estate that night. Arianne returned to work as usual the next day with the bandage on her forehead. Although she was still very weak, she had no desire to be bedridden in Tremont Estate. Only by being in the office did she feel alive.

Eric, who'd been informed of the car accident that she was involved in, felt worried when he saw her coming back to work. "Do... you need a few more days of rest? I can let you take a month of paid leaves."

Arianne smiled at him. "I'm fine, Mr. Nathaniel. Please return to your work."

Eric frowned. He could sense a change in her but couldn't quite put a finger on it.

Just when he was debating on whether to continue persuading her, a cutesy voice suddenly interrupted him. "Eric..."

He instantly jumped as his skin crawled. The voice belonged to none other than Aery Kinsey!

Arianne lowered her head quietly and continued working while trying her best to suppress the anger burning in her heart.

"Why are you here? I'm at work. Go do whatever you need to without making any trouble." Eric never liked dealing with Aery. He only ever talked to her out of respect for Mark.

"Oh my, Eric. I was just delivering some desserts that I've made myself to Mark darling and thought of dropping by to send some to you and big sis. Why do you have to react so hatefully?" While speaking, Aery came up and placed two boxes of desserts on Arianne's office desk.

Arianne was so disgusted that she instantly reached out to sweep the desserts off her desk.

Silence immediately set in. Aery gave her an aggrieved look and raised her voice. “What are you doing, big sis? I was kind enough to share some desserts with you. Do you have to do that? Are you still angry that my chauffeur had accidentally caused your miscarriage? Didn’t we agree to have this settled privately? It wasn’t like my chauffeur had done that intentionally... At the end of the day, he was just a chauffeur and I fired him. Why are you mad at me?”

“Oh by the way, I heard it was Will Sivan’s car that got hit. Why were you in his car? I recall it was during office hours at the time. Did you meet him for something important? How unlucky. If you had stayed in the office, something like that wouldn’t have happened...”

As soon Aery finished speaking, the surroundings grew more silent.

Arianne was both fuming and amused. “Are you saying that I’m petty and that I have a questionable relationship with Will Sivan even though I am Mrs. Tremont?”

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Aery pouted at her. "I didn't say anything, you said all that yourself... After all, that scandal from three years ago over an indecent photo of you and Will, shouldn't you be avoiding him now, especially when you are already married to Mark dear? The child that you lost... was it really Mark's? Can you be honest with me?"

While saying all this, Aery was still blinking her huge and innocent-looking eyes. She was making it seem like she was unintentionally shooting her mouth off inappropriately in the public.

Arianne's response was surprisingly calm. "No, it's not his. Are you satisfied? Now, can you take your things away and piss off?"

Her statement instantly sent everyone into an uproar. No one expected that she would openly admit in public that she had cheated on Mark Tremont!

Eric was shocked too. "Arianne, you can't just spout nonsense! Don't be angry, we'll talk after work. Carry on with your work first. Aery, aren't you going to find Mark? I'll send you there!"

Arianne accepted Eric's offer with a nod then suddenly leaned toward Arianne's ear and whispered only loud enough for her to hear, "So what if I was the one who hit you? Mom knew it was me and she was the one who helped me deal with it. You are just a bastard that no one wanted. Mark would have been better off raising a dog than someone like you. That little bastard in your womb deserved to die."

The emotions that Arianne had been suppressing all this while instantly burst out. She grabbed whatever she could find on her office desk and hurled them at Aery like she had just lost her mind. “You are the one who deserves to die!”

Eric didn’t know what caused Arianne to snap as he quickly pulled Aery away. Documents, pencil cases, and a round but thorny succulent hit him like a storm.

The other employees in the office could no longer sit still when they saw their boss being assaulted. They flocked toward Arianne and stopped her, “Calm down!”

Arianne was pinned firmly against her office desk. Her tummy was hurting from being pressed up against the corner of the desk. The wounds she sustained from the accident hurt a great deal too. Even so, she didn’t care because her heart... was in the most pain...

That woman, Helen Cameran, had once again ‘abandoned’ her after so many years. This time, it was even more merciless compared to the time she had abandoned her in her youth.

Arianne once thought that her mom had abandoned her and left because she wasn’t well—behaved enough... Only now did she realize that the woman only knew how to leave unerasable scars in her life with a sharp knife. Aery was right. She was just someone that no one wanted!

“That’s enough! Release her!” Eric panicked as soon as he realized what had happened.

“Eric, are you alright? Your face is bleeding...!” Aery looked like she was distressed as she dabbed on Eric’s bleeding wound with a tissue.

Eric turned his head away with a sullen face. “Enough. Leave quickly and don’t make any more trouble in my office!”

Naturally, Aery had no intention of staying any longer since she had achieved her objectives. She was very satisfied seeing Arianne snap like that.

Eric called Arianne into his office and closed the door. The two gradually calmed down and Eric was the first to speak up. “What did Aery say to you just now?”

“Is that even important? I already wanted to do that the moment she appeared. You deserved that,” she replied emotionlessly.

The corners of Eric’s mouth twitched. “Yes I deserved that. Catfights are really scary I can see that you are both physically and mentally unstable. Please go back and rest. I’m serious about it. I’m not one of those bosses who only know how to exploit my employees. You... just had a miscarriage. In any case, you need at least half a month of rest.”

Arianne didn't refuse this time. She turned around and left.

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Instead of returning to Tremont Estate after exiting the office, Arianne sent Will a text. 'Are you alright? I'm sorry that you were implicated in the accident when I was the target.'

Will directly called her on the phone. "I'm fine. It's just a scratch. But... are you okay now? What do you mean by you were the target?"

Arianne didn't want to impose those disgusting affairs on the others, so she didn't tell Will anything. "I'm doing pretty well over here, so let's not talk about that anymore. I'm glad you're alright. I'll hang u p now."

Without giving Will a chance to say something else, Arianne quickly ended the call.

Since Tiffany was at work and Arianne didn't want to bother her either, she found a random cafe to spend her time. She gradually relaxed as she sipped on the cup of latte she ordered while watching the busy traffic outside the window.

All of a sudden, she noticed a dirty stray cat passing by the window outside. Although it was dirty, Arianne could tell that it had a white coat. The cat looked at her curiously with its aqua-colored eyes, as though it had just discovered something novel.

The corners of her mouth lifted involuntarily as she pressed her hand against the glass window. She didn't expect the stray cat to lift its paw and press it against the window too. With their hands separated by a layer of glass, it was at that moment Arianne made the decision to adopt it.

When she brought the stray cat back to Tremont Estate after taking it to a pet salon for a groom, Mary paled with shock. "Ari, from where did you pick this cat up from? I think sir is allergic to cats, he's never allowed any pets at home..."

Allergic? Pets not allowed? All the more reason for her to keep it!

"Mary, I am the mistress of this house, right? So this is also my house. Do I need to seek approval from anyone to do anything in my own house? If he doesn't like it, then that's his business. There's nothing wrong with doing whatever I please. I can always sleep in a different room and keep the cat in my own room so that it won't bother him."

Arianne brought the cat upstairs with a smile after saying that. She hesitated for a moment in front of the bedroom door, then decided to keep the cat in her studio room. She decided against bringing it into Mark's bedroom because she knew the severity of an allergy. Mark could die if he was severely allergic to cats.

Her action was perceived as courting death itself in Mary's eyes. Mary couldn't understand why Arianne had suddenly become this 'fearless' after having been so cautious all the time in the past. It was obvious that she was rebelling against Mark!

For the sake of preventing Mark from discovering the existence of that cat, Mary ordered everyone in the Tremont Estate to not say a word about it. She even secretly locked the studio without Arianne knowing.

The thing she was worried about happened. Mark was unexpectedly home tonight. Mary nervously warned Arianne. "Ari, you mustn't let sir know that you have picked up a cat. Since he's usually not at home, we'll keep it a secret for as long as we can..."

Arianne looked indifferent. "Why do we have to hide it? It's not something to be ashamed of. I can't hide it from him if he wants to know, just like how he knows where I go, what I do, and who I meet. He might already know that I've brought a cat home."

Mary sighed impatiently, then hurried downstairs to prepare dinner.

Arianne stopped hiding from Mark and followed Mary downstairs. Although she was still as upset... no, even more upset now to see him, she didn't plan on hiding from him anymore. After all, there was no point in living like a rat.

She glanced toward the living room and saw Mark sitting on the sofa, then approached him. "Why are you looking for me? Did Aery tell you that I wanted to kill her today?"

Mark lifted his gaze to look at her and furrowed his eyebrows. "Did you not see the news?"

Arianne took out her phone and saw that one of the trending news was titled: 'Mrs. Arianne Tremont openly admitted at her workplace that the father of the child she had miscarried in the car accident a few days ago wasn't Mr. Mark Tremont.'

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The news was tantamount to saying that she had cheated on Mark Tremont without stating the obvious in the title.

After reading the news, Arianne calmly put the phone back into her pocket. "Well, I've seen it now. Then?"

Mark's face fell and he looked like he was about to devour someone alive. "Then?" He repeated her question in an extremely cold tone.

Arianne shrugged back at him. "What? You asked me to read the news and I did. So? Didn't you say that the child isn't yours? Now the whole world knows it's not yours. Isn't that great? At least now you don't have to play the daddy."

Mary happened to overhear Arianne's words when she carried a plate of dish to the living room. She was so shocked that the plate slipped from her grip and abruptly shattered on the ground with a loud noise. Mark jumped up from his seat and grabbed Arianne by her shoulders. "Say that again!"

Arianne looked at the man right in front of her with unprecedented indifference in her eyes. She had no doubt that Mark would hit her because she knew that she had successfully angered him.

Even so , she was not afraid right now. Instead, she was extremely pleased to finally know how it felt to live carefreely.

Upon seeing the scene, Mary quickly went up to them and pulled Mark away. "Why can't you just talk without using violence? Sir, you have never laid a finger on Ari since she was young. Can you really bring yourself to hit her? Ari is only speaking out of anger, do you have to fight with her like this?"

Mark straightened out his clothes with his slender hands and seemed to be trying his best to suppress his anger. “Arianne Wynn, I have underestimated me. So you want to defy me? I would like to see what you are capable of!”

Just when the atmosphere hit its climax, a cat’s meow, which didn’t fit the mood, suddenly rang out.

Mary was secretly afraid because she knew things were about to get worse. Although the studio’s door was locked, she didn’t close the window. Cats were perfectly capable of jumping out of a window!

Mark’s countenance instantly contorted as he followed the sound. A chubby white cat. slowly walked in through the main entrance. It went to rub itself against Arianne’s legs, then... went straight to him!

Not knowing where this creature had come from, Mark couldn’t react until the cat started madly rubbing itself against his pants.

Mary chuckled. “Seems like this little thing can tell who’s the owner of the house. How adorable...!”

Arianne watched how the white cat sadly tried its best to please Mark with every fiber of its being, and she couldn’t help bursting into tears.

It looked just like how she tried her best to please him in the past. No matter how much he hated her or how much disgust he showed her, she still tried to please him as much as she could...

She stepped forward and picked up the cat before Mark could snap. "Come, Rice Ball. It's meal time."

As soon as she finished saying that, she went upstairs with the cat in her arms, completely ignoring Mark's extremely sour face.

After settling the cat in the studio, Arianne carefully locked the door and windows before returning to the dining room downstairs. By then, most of the dishes had been served on the table and there were a few housekeepers cleaning the living room's floor. She noticed that Mark had changed his clothes too. Knowing that Mark hated cats with all his heart, she pretended to not notice and acted indifferently.

"Dispose of that thing!" Mark sat down across from her and ordered her coldly.

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Arianne continued eating without looking at him. "It's not a 'thing'. Rice Ball is my pet."

“I don’t care what it is! Get rid of it. I don’t want to see it again by next morning. If you won’t dispose of it yourself, then I’ll have someone do it for you.” Mark left no room for negotiation.

“You hate Rice Ball more than you hate me. Then why didn’t you get rid of me earlier instead of keeping me around to be an eyesore to you? I’m not going to get rid of Rice Ball. In return, I’ll allow you to fool around out there. I’m sure Aery isn’t the only woman you keep around. What’s wrong with me keeping just a cat?” She provoked him fearlessly.

“ARIANNE WYNN!” Mark blew his top again as he stood up and slammed the table.

Arianne ignored his outburst. She slowly chewed the food in her mouth then spoke after swallowing it. “Don’t shout. I’m not deaf. Since you don’t like coming home anyway, I’m sure there’s plenty of room in this huge house to keep a cat.”

The servants in Tremont Estate were so frightened that they could hardly catch their breath. All of them thought that this would escalate into a huge war tonight, but in the end, it was Mark who ‘lost the battle’. Without even eating dinner, he left Tremont Estate with a sour face.

Only after Mark left did Mary dare to step forward and talk to Arianne. “What are you doing, Ari! You have angered sir. Now that there’s a cat in the house, he will come home even more scarcely. The Tremont family owns many properties, what if he settles down in another house and spends all his time with his lover there? You’re the one that’s going to suffer! Why fight sir over a cat? Hurry up and send the cat away. I will help you find a good family to adopt it.”

“It doesn’t matter if he’s coming back or not, I’ll never send the cat away. The cat touched him before and it didn’t seem like he’s allergic to it” Arianne’s voice was firm.

Mary had no choice but to temporarily give up.

In the CEO’s office at the Tremont Tower...

Mark sat at his desk. The ashtray beside him was nearly full.

When Jackson West pushed open the door and came in, the smoke in the room nearly choked him to death. “Damn... What the hell are you doing here so late at night instead of being home? Why are you chain smoking again now after quitting a while ago? Who in your family is barring you from smoking, thus also preventing you from going back?”

Mark snuffed out the cigarette butt in his hand forcefully, a terrifying expression on his face. “Don’t mention her in front of me!”

Jackson raised his eyebrows. “Oh, you guys had a fight? She found out what you did to the Sivan family? They were the ones who signed the acquisition agreement though, no one forced them. Now that Will Sivan has to work under you and she’s only feeling upset, just let her throw whatever tantrum she wants. She’ll forget it soon enough. But now the entire world knows she’s cheated on you. What do you think about that? I think you deserve it for choosing to protect Aery Kinsey despite knowing that she was the one who hit your wife with a car.”

Mark scratched his hair irritably. “Can you say something nice? What’s the update on the thing I asked you to look into?”

Jackson replied to him angrily. “There’s no mistake that the child was yours. She did meet Will Sivan a few times, but they pretty much stayed in the public. Not only that, they only met for short periods of time. They rarely ever met privately. I just can’t believe why the hell you’re suspecting them.”

Mark fell silent. It wasn’t like he didn’t trust her, but her attitude just didn’t meet his expectations... Not only that, she openly admitted that the child wasn’t his and now the whole world knew about it!

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Before he could speak, Jackson clicked his tongue. “I will find a way to settle the incident about you getting ‘cuckolded’. I wouldn’t want your partners to feel sorry for you every time they sign a contract with you. Our Mark Tremont’s reputation is important!”

Mark shot a glare at him. “Shut up!”

Jackson responded with a teasing smile instead. “I think... you shouldn’t piss her off. She used to be like a little bunny that you could rib and roll around. I didn’t expect her to be this scary once she finally snapped.”

Mark waved his hand dismissively. "Alright, get out of my room now."

Jackson burst into laughter. "Hahaha... okay, okay. Seems like our Mark Tremont is going to sleep in the office tonight. How pitiful. I shall take my leave now and run into the arms of a beauty."

The next day, Ellie Amore walked in as soon as Mark came out after tidying himself up in the office lounge. "Mr. Tremont, Mr. Sivan is here."

He straightened his tie with a frown. "Show him in."

Ellie nodded then turned and left. Shortly after that, Will Sivan entered his office. He still had the injuries from the car accident on his face, which were striking in Mark's eyes. "The name of the Sivan family's former company shall remain unchanged. You will be the manager. If you aren't comfortable with this arrangement, I can replace you with someone else, as the amount of shares you guys are holding right doesn't amount to anything in my eyes. Are you following?"

"Alright," Will answered through clenched teeth.

Mark picked up the coffee on his desk and took a sip. "By the way, stay away from my wife. Or else, I'll make sure the Sivan family won't ever have a chance to turn things around again."

Will showed him a bitter smile. "What others perceive as a treasure is nothing but weeds in your eyes. Yet, you won't allow anyone to touch it. I have to say, you may be one of the best entrepreneurs out there, but you have a lot to work on when it comes to your character. I admit that the Sivan family has lost, but let me tell you this even if it means the Sivan family has no chance of turning things around, I will still take Ari away immediately as long as she gives me a nod! "

The tiny ripples in Mark's eyes looked like they might become stormy seas at any moment. However, he remained smiling like the warm sun on a cold winter. "That day will never come because I know her better than you."

Will felt slightly ridiculed. "Mark Tremont, everyone thinks you're the nicest person in the world. I once believed that too. Only now do I know how horribly wrong everyone is after seeing you for myself. We have a lot to reflect on ourselves."

When the door to his office once again closed, the expression on Mark's face reverted to his usual stern expression. He always hated putting up a gentle facade, but he had gotten used to it after so many years.

When he was young, his father said to him, "You are only truly good if others think you are good. It doesn't matter whether you are truly a good person. Humans are visual creatures. You are what they perceive. This is the reality. The Tremont family cannot afford to be criticized by others, even if it means wearing a thousand masks until you forget who you truly are."

Due to these words, he learned how to speak and act carefully. His father had many siblings, but he was able to stand out from them and inherit the family business through such a method. Mark ended up living his life in the manner he once hated the most.

The acquisition of the Sivans' properties by the Tremont family caused an uproar in the business world. Arianne was scrolling on her phone with Rice Ball in her arms when she saw this news, stunning her. Recalling Eric and Tiffany's reaction when she asked about Will, she realized that she was the only one who hadn't been aware of this...

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As if sensing her emotions, Rice Ball stretched out its paw and rubbed Arianne's back. She put the cat down then walked to the window. She called Mark on her phone but quickly hung up a second before the call went through.

There was no point calling and questioning Mark right now. Whether this was personal or not, she had no reason to question him about anything related to business.

She called Will instead. "Your company was acquired by Mark? Why didn't you tell me earlier? You called me before because of this, right? At that time, you must have been very depressed..."

In an indifferent tone, Will said, "The weak are prey to the strong. The Sivan family is inferior to the Tremont family. The buyout isn't a surprise. I should be thankful that he didn't go all out but instead allowed me to continue managing the company. The only

difference is that I'll be working for him. One day, I will take back whatever belongs to the Sivan family. Don't worry about it, Ari. It's really alright."

Arianne bit her lips. "I believe you. Nothing can stop you, everything will get better."

After a moment of pause, Will suddenly changed the subject. "I'm going to break off my engagement."

Arianne was stunned. "Break off your... engagement? Why? Aren't you making things worse by doing that at a time like this?"

Will thought otherwise. "I never liked Wendy. Now that this has happened to the Sivan family, there's no reason for me to get the Galenas involved. Breaking off the engagement right now will benefit all parties. I don't need to rely on a woman to carry on the Sivan family yet. Now I still have a meeting to attend, so I'll be hanging up now."

The call ended, and Arianne took a deep breath. No matter if it was three years ago or now, she still couldn't protect anyone from Mark. The only difference now was that she would no longer compromise.

In the afternoon, Marry rushed into her studio. "Ari, sir is coming back for dinner tonight. Keep your cat... Rice Ball in the studio and don't let it out. Otherwise, sir will get angry again."

Arianne hummed in response then went out after putting enough cat food and water for Rice Ball.

Mark returned earlier than usual today. He was already home at half past five. The people in the kitchen had prepared dinner according to the time he would return home, so by the time he came down after showering, dinner was already served on the table.

Arianne sat down by herself first and picked up the fork. She put aside two slices of salmon on an empty plate to offer Rice Ball after dinner.

Mark couldn't help but frown at her action. "You still haven't gotten rid of that cat?"

Arianne cast a glance at him. "Well, I'll get rid of Rice Ball if you get rid of your other women out there. Otherwise, there's no room for discussion. Since you don't want to divorce me or let me do what I want, then don't think about getting things your way either."

Mark knew that Arianne didn't care about how many women he kept. Outside, she just wanted to argue with him for the sake of arguing. "Then you better take good care of that cat and not let it out of your sight for even a moment."

Arianne stopped in the middle of picking up her food. "Mark Tremont, try to throw it away if you dare."

The huge dining room was so quiet that one could hear a pin drop. Mark even doubted his own ears. Was this still the same little girl who used to be so obedient to him?

For some reason, he wasn't angry at all... Instead, he felt like they were bickering like a married couple.

By the time he returned back to his senses, he still couldn't help thinking that this feeling was all too strange. "What could you possibly do if I were to throw it away?" he asked coldly.

Arianne looked at him and said in a serious tone, "Since Aery Kinsey is so important to you, if you are willing to compare her to my cat, then I don't mind treating her the same way you treat my cat."

Mark suddenly felt like Arianne was a child again. "Oh, as you please."