

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0046

Returning from work, Arianne took a hot shower. She then had a sip of black tea that Mary passed her.

“Thank you, Mama Mary!”

Mary watched her lovingly. “Ari, you’ve become sweeter with your words recently huh. You used to be too shy. It’s true that people do change finishing school and enter into the working world. You should try to talk to sir more too. Usually he’s not one to speak. How are you supposed to spend time together if both of you keep to yourselves?”

The fact that Mark Tremont was mentioned, gave Arianne Wynn a smile but she did not comment.

Butler Henry’s voice suddenly boomed from the doors.

“Sir!”

Seeing that Mark Tremont was home, Mary scooted into the kitchen to urge the chef’s to prepare dinner.

Arianne took the black tea and sat on the couch, appearing to mind her own business. However, her mind automatically replayed the scene where Aery Kinsey entered the restaurant whilst hooking arms with Mark Tremont. She could not pinpoint what she was feeling, but it was like a thick haze had covered her heart.

Taking off his coat, that was cold to the touch from the weather, he passed it to Henry. He then went upstairs without sparing Arianne a glance.

When they sat facing each other during dinner, no one spoke. The heavy atmosphere only ruined anyone's appetite.

Mary served the last dish and said smiling, "This dish is named 'Sonny Beans', have some more."

Arianne Wynn and Mark Tremont dropped their cutlery at the same time. Despite their actions Mary still took the serving spoon and scooped some into their respective plates. "Try it..."

Fretful that Mary felt awkward, Arianne forced herself to pick up her cutlery again and continue eating. Mark Tremont, however, had excused himself to head upstairs.

Not knowing the reason for this hostility, Mary lowered her voice and asked, "Ari, did you argue with sir again?"

“No, don’t mind me. Go ahead with your chores.” Arianne shook her head.

Sighing, Mary went back to handle her tasks in the kitchen. Arianne did not touch that dish for the rest of the dinner.

Mark Tremont did not return to the bedroom, spending time in the study room until late at night.

Arianne had eventually gotten used to his bed and fell asleep briefly after dinner. Perhaps not staying in the same room was their only way to maintain harmony.

A thick fog had blanketed the sky early in the morning, as the weather turned unexceptionally colder. Waking up to find an additional blanket on her, she unsuspectingly thought that Mary must have put it on her in the middle of the night. Arianne felt warmth enveloping her within.

Mary had already served breakfast when she went downstairs. “Madam, go to the office after you eat. Your stomach isn’t the strongest”

‘Madam’... Arianne knew that Mark Tremont was most probably in the living room.

“Okay. Mama Mary, thank you for adding another blanket for me during the night,” she responded with a grin.

Surprised, Mary replied, “I didn’t place another blanket on you. Last night was rather cold and I wanted to do that but sir’s room... I can’t enter as I please...”

Arianne was stunned. She had overlooked her statement. Other than housekeeping chores, no one could simply enter Mark Tremont’s room. Then who was it that threw another duvet on her?!

She subconsciously looked over to Mark Tremont who was on the couch. He was currently leaning against the furniture and reading a book leisurely wearing lounging attire. He looked... quite domestic, but Arianne still could not believe that he had done it!

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0047

“Cough, cough...”

The sound came from Mark Tremont all of a sudden.

Mary grumbled softly as she walked to the kitchen. "Sir's been sleeping in the study room recently. I think he's caught a cold. I'll go get a glass. Madam, bring him some medicine later."

Arianne cleared her head and followed Mary into the kitchen. Fetching some warm water and took the medication along to the living room.

"Take some medicine."

Mark Tremont wore a slight scowl, ignoring her.

Arianne stubbornly pushed the water and medicine to him. "You'll feel better after taking it."

Finally, he lost his patience. "Take it away."

After a standstill, Arianne put both items down and went to the dining table. Looking at her breakfast, she did not have the appetite.

Sometime later, Mark Tremont headed upstairs for a change of clothes and was prepared to head out. Arianne picked up the glass and medicine over to him once again.

“Mary made me give it to you.”

Mark Tremont did not refuse anymore and took the medicine with a frosty face before leaving immediately. He must have been thoroughly annoyed with her, only accepting the medicine so long as it didn't come from her.

Arianne watched as he stepped away while holding the glass and medicine. Taking in a deep breath, she felt her breathing choke a little...It was as if she had inhaled the thick cold fog that he had left behind.

The new supervisor, Lily Pierre, came to Arianne when she arrived at the office. “Mr. Nathaniel wants to see you.”

Lily Pierre was transferred from headquarters alongside Eric Nathaniel. Short hair, high heels, and dressed in a power suit, she looked the part of a boss. The immediate characteristics she gave off was headstrong and capable, hardly a character you would dislike.

Arianne hummed her acknowledgment and headed for Eric Nathaniel's office. Her knock was nearly drowned by the wheezing that came from the room.

When she entered, Eric was holding his sneeze with a tissue.

“Alright, just stand right there. Don’t come close. Mark will kill me if I give you a cold. Glide has always worked together with Mark. I received an assignment from him recently. Follow it up. We all know each other so it’s more convenient this way. There’s some level of difficulty. Both of you are uhh... okay right? It’s best to leave it to you. The contract is on my desk, have a look first.”

Arianne caught a glimpse of the several glasses of soluble cold medicine on Eric’s table when she accepted the assignment. She could not help chuckling. “Looks like everyone’s very concerned about you.”

Eric sneezed continually, tearing up as if being teased by Arianne. “Those women’s eyes were shining when they saw me, sending me medicine one after another. What could I do? I can’t finish them all, you can have some for prevention. It’s the flu season now, you should watch out.”

Of course, Arianne did not drink any. She had someone who was already sick at home, she would not be able to avoid falling sick too.

“You can drink them slowly. I’ll head out first.”

Right as she turned around, she felt an incoming shadow over her and instinctively side-stepped to avoid it.

It was Jackson West who entered. He looked like he was incredibly afraid of the cold as he was bundled up far thicker than anyone else. Seeing Arianne, he patted his chest in alarm. “You scared me! Our sis in law is really working under Eric here?”

Arianne Wynn wanted to comment that someone as tall as him should not be walking so fast, because her petite frame would suffer from even the slightest collision.

However, she ultimately swallowed her words. “No need to call me sis in law. Just call me Arianne. You guys talk, I’m going back to work.”

Jackson West rubbed his hands together as he plopped himself down on Eric Nathaniel’s seat.

“I see that you’re quite enjoying yourself here. Your father is too biased. Letting your elder brother hog the vice CEO position of headquarters, but throwing you to a branch that has just been acquired... What’s the meaning of this exile? You’re all his biological sons. Why is there such a huge distinction?”

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0048

Eric glared at him, pretending not to care as his gaze dulled. “I’m happy being free. They can do whatever they like. You and Mark are both the only sons of your family, so no one is fighting over family assets. What a delight! It’s different for me. Danger lurks everywhere!”

Jackson diverted the topic as he went over the latest industry news. “There’s some issue over at Mark’s.

There’s an accident with his partnering jewelry manufacturer. Someone embezzled the raw materials, costing nearly fifteen million. It’s a regular factory. I don’t think the manufacturer will be able to survive this. He’s probably done for.”

Eric sniffed and talked through his blocked nose, “It’s only fifteen million. Mark can take it. It’s the little factory that got unlucky.”

Simultaneously, Arianne saw the news. Her heart sank when she saw the name of the manufacturer, ‘Hoyle-Roy’. That was Tiffany’s family run workshop!

She called said girl in a haste, but an automated machine-voice message told her that her mobile phone was turned off. Arianne knew Tiffany well. The latter was well aware that she would be worried. Not only would she not ask for her help, but she also would not let her be in contact either.

Just as Arianne contemplated if she should go find Tiffany Lane, an unknown number dialed in.

“Hello? Is this Arianne? I’m Ethan Connor. Do you have time to meet?”

This was the first time Ethan Connor had come looking for her and he was probably Arianne's sole channel to understand how Tiffany and her family were doing right now. She quickly replied, "Yes! Where are you?"

"I'm downstairs at your office, in a white Cadillac," answered Ethan Connor.

Disregarding the need to apply for leave, Arianne rushed downstairs.

Hopping into Ethan Connor's car, she asked, "Where's Tiff? What's the current situation? I can't get through to her on the phone!"

Ethan Connor lit a cigarette. "She doesn't want to trouble you, so she refuses to answer your call directly. However, you're the only one who can help her now. You probably already know what happened to her family. They've already lost fifteen million, but that's not including the penalty for breaching the contract and other matters too. They're nearing bankruptcy. I know that it's selfish to ask for your help... yet I couldn't help myself. After all, Mark Tremont is a pivotal person."

Arianne was caught in between. Even if she begged Mark Tremont, would he agree seeing that it was such a large sum of money? The Tremont's did not lack wealth, but the mistake undoubtedly laid upon the Lanes.

"What should I do?" she asked.

There was a pause before Ethan Connor spoke, "It's impossible to ask Mark Tremont to just give such a large sum, but ask to extend the investigation period, buy some time so the police can solve the case. It's certain that they won't be able to continue with the partnership... but the penalty for breaching the contract Just try your best."

Sighing, Arianne replied, "I understand. I'll discuss it with Mark Tremont. Please take good care of Tiffany..."

"Don't worry. She's the only woman I will ever love, the most important person to me. Thank you for agreeing to help. Don't tell her that I've come looking for you. She forbade me from doing this," said Ethan with a smile.

Catching the sincerity in his eyes, Arianne suddenly received a good impression of him. Judging by how he handled the current situation, at least, he did not seem too bad. As long as he treated Tiffany well, Arianne thought that he was a good person.

Arianne Wynn finished work early and went home, taking a few hours to personally make dinner.

She disliked being so obsequious with such blatant intentions, it was shameful, but she had no other way.

When Mark Tremont was not yet home past seven at night, she called him, worried that he would not be home for dinner.

The call was answered shortly. Steeling herself, she asked, “Are you coming back for dinner?”

On the other end of the line, Mark Tremont took a glance at Aery Kinsey beside him and answered, “Mmm.”

Hanging up, he got up and announced, “I have something on. Have dinner on your own.”

Aery Kinsey put down her cutlery, the prime steak in her plate suddenly lost its attraction. “Mark, this was to make up for last time. Why are you leaving again? Was it my sister who called?”

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0049

Mark Tremont gave a small smile. “She’s your elder sister. You shouldn’t be so petty.”

Aery Kinsey’s temper vanished when she saw him smile. Despite being upset, she suppressed it. Since she was unable to make him stay, she may as well act the part of a dutiful girlfriend.

“Then you can’t leave halfway again the next time...”

Mark Tremont did not reply, merely returning her an ambiguous look. However, his expression was neutralized at once when he turned around.

When he got back to the Tremont Estate, it was already half past eight Arianne was famished but she brightened up when she saw him. "You're back!"

With a faint hum, Mark Tremont went back to his room for a shower as per usual.

Looking at the dishes on the table that had lost their warmth, Arianne felt inexplicably down.

"Mama Mary, heat them up."

When Mark Tremont came down again, the dishes were reheated. Mary could not hold back her tongue. "Sir, madam has personally made dinner today. Have a taste!"

There was no ripple of emotions in Mark Tremont's gaze as he sat down at the dining table, knowing that Arianne was up to something.

Arianne spoke softly, "It's fine if you've eaten outside."

Mark Tremont picked up his cutlery and ate slowly. "Speak if you have something to say."

Arianne's act was so easily seen through, she became nervous and suddenly did not know what to say. After mulling over her words, she finally said, "Can you, let Tiffany and her family off? It's too much money, they can't handle it. Wait until the police resolve the case and regain the materials, okay?"

His cutlery was put down abruptly, Mark Tremont looked at her coldly. "This is why you painstakingly made a table full of dishes?"

"Yes..." She admitted honestly.

Mark Tremont's expression visibly darkened.

"Business is business, friends are friends. I do not wish to discuss something so stupid with you at home. There's no room for discussion!"

How could Arianne not know his character? Mark Tremont had always been strict with work. How could he forgo the issue just because of what she said?

“Mark Tremont... I’m not asking you to not pursue the matter. Just give them a chance, can’t you? Fifteen million is nothing to you, but it’s everything to them. They won’t be able to repay it even if they announce bankruptcy.”

Arianne refused to accept the thought of Tiffany Lane taking a straight plunge from her velvet altar. She did not have the heart to see it. Tiffany was too kind.

Mark Tremont’s tone did not have the slightest warmth. “Who are you speaking to me as? Tiffany Lane’s friend or my wife?”

Dumbstruck, Arianne did not know how to answer.

Losing his patience, Mark Tremont got up to go to his study room. The sound of him slamming the door could be heard clearly from downstairs.

Mary came over to see the barely touched dinner and felt sorry. “What a waste of these dishes... More importantly, what a waste of your effort... Ari, if certain matters will sabotage your relationship, it’s better to just let them go.”

Arianne shook her head. “Tiffany is my only friend. I remember how well she treats me. I can’t just disregard her. I’ll fight for it, I’ll do whatever it takes and whatever he wants me to do.”

Butler Henry who had always kept to himself and his tasks butted in from the side. “Madam, it’s sir’s birthday today. You’ve made a lavish dinner for something else but the occasion. It’s within reason that he’s angry.”

Arianne was stunned. She did not remember at all. From what she remembered, Mark Tremont did not celebrate birthdays.

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0050

If that was the case, she had committed a grave mistake. Arianne became extremely conscience-stricken.

Mary slapped her own thigh. “Right, sir hasn’t done anything for his birthday for so many years, I’ve almost forgotten too! Look at this memory of mine, I should’ve reminded Ari earlier!”

Arianne stood up weakly. “Never mind. It’s okay. I’ll go look for him.”

She made it sound casual but inside, she was at a loss. She did not even have the courage to enter the study room.

She made tea and brought it to the study room. Knocking on the door, Mark Tremont’s furious voice came from the inside, “Get lost!”

Arianne knew that she must not back down now and braced herself to go in and open the door. "I didn't know that it was your birthday today..."

"Get out!" Mark Tremont threw the book in his hand to the floor, his wrath felt like the deadly winter.

Arianne bent down to pick it up but saw Mark Tremont leaving like a gust of wind.

She had a premonition that she would not know the next time he would be home, so she was determined not to let him leave just like that. She called out to him in a pleading tone, "Mark Tremont! I can do whatever you want of me... Help me for once!"

Mark Tremont stopped in his tracks, as if pondering something.

A few seconds later, he swiftly turned around and went to her, pinching her chin with his hand. "Yeah? You're always so generous toward others, aren't you?"

The black tea in Arianne's hand fell, the cup shattering. Boiling tea seeped through her thin slippers, burning her feet after her frosty exchange with Mark Tremont.

"Aren't you the same? You're unsparingly gentle to everyone except me." Her voice quivered.

“Hah... do you deserve it?” Mark Tremont sneered and pushed her away.

Arianne’s back hit the chair, she held back from crying out in pain despite the pulsating throb, and stabilized herself with the support of a table.

“Right... I don’t deserve it. Since you hate me so much, why must you keep me by your side?! You should have me far, far away from you, best if you never see me again!”

Mark Tremont did not say anything. The iciness that engulfed him felt like it was going to erupt at any time.

Arianne was ready to take it when Butler Henry entered the study room.

“Madam, the gift that you’ve prepared for sir is here.”

Mark Tremont stared at the gift box in Henry’s grip, an unknown emotion flashing across his eyes.

Stunned for a moment, Arianne then looked at Henry gratefully, yet felt a little guilty at the same time.

Everyone had hoped for the best between her and Mark Tremont but it has not been possible since the beginning.

Placing the gift down, Henry headed out and closed the study room's door on the way.

Mark Tremont calmed down and dragged a chair to sit down, retrieving a cigarette in frustration before throwing it on the floor when he caught a glimpse of the person before him. "What else do you have to say?"

Arianne took a deep breath, choosing not to disclose the truth about the gift. "I've already said what I wanted to.

The atmosphere was tense and silent. Ultimately, she did not manage to make him stay.

After Mark Tremont left, she quietly cleaned up the study room, tidying up the bookshelf when she saw that it was rather messy.