

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0091

Arianne offered Mark the miller porridge. “Here, have some porridge. It’s good for the stomach.”

Mark didn’t look at her. “Get out.”

She didn’t budge an inch. “Uncle Henry is packing as we speak. Is there really no room to talk this out?”

Mark massaged the place between his eyes, and his voice filled with impatience, “Don’t make me repeat myself.”

Arianne silenced herself but didn’t leave.

Mark directly ignored her and got up to change his clothes. It was then that Arianne felt pressed. “Mark, the case revolving around Tiffie’s family has been solved. The person who took away the jewelry’s raw materials is dead, and there’s no way the materials can be recovered again. Tiffie was upset by the turn of events. I only went out to comfort her! It was me who insisted on going. This has nothing to do with Uncle Henry! You can direct your anger at me.”

Mark put on his suit and his watch, then conveniently glanced at the time. "I'll give you two minutes. If you fail to convince me, then the result will not change and you can save your breath."

Arianne was burning with anxiety when she blurted, "I'm no longer the little girl that you took in, I'm your wife! This is the fact, no matter what caused our relationship to get to this point. We need to change the way we deal with things."

Mark cast a cold glance at her. "First of all, you need to act your part as a wife. It's not good to be out and about late at night. "

Arianne's shoulders drooped as she visibly deflated like a balloon. "It's my fault..."

"You just mentioned that you want to change the way we deal with things. Don't try to solve a problem by admitting mistakes like you did when you were a child," Mark reminded.

While saying that, Mark was already making his way to the door. Arianne blocked his way in her distress, then tiptoed and pecked him on his cheek. "It's my fault... Please don't be angry at me anymore?"

Her action caught Mark off guard, and his body involuntarily stiffened up in response.

Arianne was a little embarrassed when she realized that she sounded like Aery Kinsey when she was acting like a baby. It was repulsive, but she thought that he might like this tone.

She watched the changes in his expression while waiting for him to speak. Finally after a long moment, Mark found his voice. "Don't do that again. Now, move..."

Arianne obediently moved out of his way, not daring to bring up Tiffany's family affairs again. It was good enough that Butler Henry's position was secured.

Tiffany's family was in a huge amount of debt that amounted to tens of millions. She really had no confidence in convincing Mark to help.

The 'war' between the both of them would always end before it even started. No matter how much she hated him or how upset she was, Mark would always wait for her to lower her head to him on her own accord. The only door he seemed to be giving her was the one where she would need to make him happy if she wanted peace.

Sometimes, she was confused too. Mark obviously hated her, but why did he enjoy the process of her submission? Could it be that he felt the joy of revenge by watching her beg for mercy..? Maybe that was it...

It was a leisure afternoon. Arianne was bored stiff on the sofa while browsing on her phone. Tiffany's family case had already come to the light. From the look of it, it seemed like the Lane family was doomed. Some sympathized with them, some were indifferent,

and some were enjoying the drama. No one would lend a helping hand in this kind of situation. It was tens of millions of debt. No one would donate so generously.

She wanted to find Tiffany and do whatever she could as a friend at a time like this. But her call couldn't get through because Tiffany's phone was off.

That night, Mark didn't return home. Arianne lost sleep again over Tiffany's situation. Unable to catch a wink of sleep the entire night, she looked pale the next day, and dark circles even appeared under her eyes.

She couldn't get in touch with Tiffany. Without Mark's permission, she couldn't go out either. She finally took the initiative to call Mark when she could no longer stand it.

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Mark Tremont was negotiating a contract with a partner over the phone when he was disturbed by the ringing of his cell phone. Feeling rather annoyed, he turned off his cell phone without looking at the screen.

Only after the contract was signed and he was back at the hotel did he turn on his cell phone again. His expression turned serious when he realized that the missed call was from Arianne. She usually never took the initiative to call him.

He returned the call. After a long busy dial tone, a cold robotic female voice came through. "Sorry, the number you dialed cannot be reached at this moment. Please try again later."

Mark redialed to Tremont Estate, and the call was picked up by Mary. As soon as the call was connected, he asked, "Where's Arianne?"

Mary glanced upstairs and explained, "Madam isn't feeling well. The light in her room was on all night yesterday, so I guess she is sleeping now since she didn't get a good amount of sleep last night."

A sigh of relief involuntarily escaped Mark. "Tell her to return my call when she wakes up."

His phone rang again as soon as he ended the call. It was Aery.

Since he was exhausted from work, he didn't feel like dealing with her, so he rejected the call. But in a short while, his phone rang again persistently.

Feeling vexed, he pressed the answer button after a moment of hesitation but said nothing.

Aery's sad voice came from the other end of the call. "Why did you hang up on me, Mark dear? Why was your phone busy just now? Who were you talking to? When are you coming back again? I miss you already," she whined.

The sickeningly cute voice repulsed him. "Do I need to report everything to you? Aery Kinsey, know your place. You are only Arianne's half-sister. Other than that, you're nothing else. Do you understand?" Mark said emotionlessly.

Aery couldn't believe what she heard. "W-What's wrong with you? Are you upset over work? I-I'll stop bothering you then... Don't be mad at me..."

Mark dismissed their relationship ruthlessly. "I should have told you this earlier. It's all in your head."

Aery sounded like she was crying. "No, that's not true! That's not how it's supposed to be! You told me you liked me! Didn't you buy me bags and diamond rings? You'd buy me everything I want and bring me out to socialize! How can you say that there's nothing between us?!"

"Yes, I give you everything you want, except returning your feelings. This is nothing but a deal. Why take it so seriously? If you can't understand where you stand, I can replace you at any time," Mark replied coldly.

After saying that, he immediately hung up.

Compared to Arianne, Aery was too noisy. He never liked her and only kept her around for certain values.

Aery looked at the black screen of her phone, then started screaming like crazy.

Helen came barging into the room. "What's going on?!"

Aery was ugly sobbing at this point. "Mark doesn't like me anymore! Mom, what should I do? I only gave him a call and he told me to know my place! If I can't do this, he said he could replace me any time! He actually called me the younger sister of that b*tch Arianne! He can give me anything I want except returning my feelings! What does he mean by that?! I don't need anything, all I want is him!"

After Helen understood what was going on, she calmed her down. "Alright, stop crying. Is that all you are worth? If he doesn't like that you are frequently contacting him, then don't contact him until he takes the initiative to find you. A man like him can't be won in just a day or two. Also, Arianne is your older sister no matter what. I won't allow you to call her by that word. Make sure you don't do it again!"

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Aery was already depressed. So when she saw Helen standing up for Arianne, her anger exploded in full force. "Last time you slapped me, it was because of her, and you prohibited me from scolding her. To put it harshly, she's merely a piece of trash that you've discarded. She can't be considered your daughter. Why are you protecting her

so much? Is it out of guilt? You never fulfilled your responsibility as a mother to her before, so what's with the hypocrisy?"

Helen's expression sank. "Aery Kinsey, if I ever hear you speak of such things again, I will disown you!"

This wasn't the first time they fought over Arianne. Aery simply couldn't be bothered to argue with her mother. "Fine, I'm not your daughter. She is! Are you happy?"

Helen turned around and left with a dark face, locking Aery in her room. "You'll stay in this room until you've calmed down. Don't cause any more trouble for me!"

By the time Arianne woke up, it was already night time.

Mary, seeing how moody she was, didn't have the nerve to wake her up while she was fast asleep. All she could do was to serve her a bowl of freshly made seafood porridge once she had woken up.

She took a whiff of the fishy smell in the porridge and found that she had no appetite for it. “Mary... I don’t feel like eating this. Can I have something that doesn’t have a fishy smell instead? Did Mark mention when he’d be back?”

“No, but he did call and say to have you call him back when you are up,” Mary replied.

Arianne quickly pulled out her phone to check there was a missed call. She immediately called him back.

Meanwhile, Mark was at a dinner party when he heard his phone ring. This time, he had a clear look of the phone screen and confirmed that it was Arianne. He got up and said “excuse me” to the guests at his table. He walked outside and answered the call. “What is it?”

Afraid that he was busy, Arianne went straight to the point. “Are you on a business trip? When are you coming back?”

He glanced back at the compartment and said, “Probably the day after tomorrow. I have important business. If it’s a small matter, wait for me. If it’s urgent, come over.”

She hesitated for a moment and immediately made a decision. “I’m coming over!”

When he returned to the compartment after his call, a big-bellied old man at the table teased, “So someone actually has the power to make you answer calls during meals, Mr. Tremont? I’m curious to know who’s capable of doing that...”

Mark smirked. “I’ve been out for a while. It’s inevitable that a certain someone at home would be making wild assumptions. It’s normal for her to call me. You’re a famous henpecked male. You don’t have to tease me about this, right?”

Sean Yates rubbed his belly, which resembled the size of a six to seven months pregnant woman, and laughed.

“You rascal. You’re good at talking, aren’t you? My body isn’t what it used to be. I can’t drink with you. How about my secretary instead?”

Sean Yates’s young and beautiful secretary, who was seated next to him, walked over and sat next to Mark.

However, Mark pushed his liquor glass in front of him away with his finger. “We won’t drink if you can’t, Mr. Yates. Don’t try this on me. We’ve been working together for so many years. We don’t need alcohol to do business. Let’s just have a meal together, like friends.”

Sean’s eyes lit up with a grin. “I knew you were a henpecked husband like me. You don’t need to tease me with that line anymore. Alright, alright. Let’s eat. Hahaha...”

It would take around two hours to get to the capital's neighboring city by high speed rail. Arianne arrived at the restaurant where Mark was dining at exactly ten o'clock. She saw his car parked outside the restaurant, but no one was inside. She was afraid of going in and disturbing him, as she was unsure if he was in the middle of an important dinner. Hence, she had no choice but to wait outside.

The cold wind drilled its way into her collar. She stomped her feet, feeling cold after standing for a while.

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Half an hour later, Mark finally emerged with Mr. Yates. Mr. Yates' s secretary followed closely behind, along with Brian.

Arianne stood in front of the car and didn't approach them. She waited until Mark and Brian were alone before stepping forward.

Mark was taken aback when he saw her. "How long have you been here?" he asked in a seemingly casual tone.

She put her hands, which had turned red from the cold, into her pockets. "I just got here. Right when you were walking out."

Her cheeks had grown red from the piercing cold wind.

He wasn't blind. He didn't believe a word she said. "Get in the car. We'll go to the hotel first."

The first thing Mark did upon returning to the hotel was take a shower. Arianne took advantage of his cleansing habits to think of the best way to broach the subject with him. The bathroom door opened before she could come up with anything. He lit a cigarette as he put on his bathrobe, took two puffs, then put it out. "What is it?"

She was struck by nervousness and was at a loss for words. Her face blushed.

He picked up his watch, which he had taken off before his shower, and fiddled with it. "Is it about Tiffany's family?"

"Yes," Arianne nodded, "Can you... Help?"

He lifted his gaze to look at her and replied in a deadpan voice, "This isn't about whether I'm willing to help or not. Any company can rise and fall. I lost more than 10 million dollars' worth of material from this incident. There's also the value of what those materials could have brought me. I am the biggest victim here. What gives you the right to ask for my sympathy, for a man who's caused my losses? The material was lost due to the Lane family's carelessness. As a businessman, I can only utilize a series of remedial tactics and decrease my losses as much as possible. It's not my fault even if the Lane family is forced to their doom. Do you understand?"

She understood the logic, and she couldn't deny this.

However, he was the only one who could help now. "Then why don't you look at it from a businessman's point of view? Give a cost estimate of your losses, and Tiffie and I will pay it. Her father is still in the hospital now, and her mother hasn't been in the best of health. There's no possible financial source."

Mark seemingly found this hilarious, "Am I hearing this right? It's more than 10 million. How do you expect to find that kind of money? Don't be so naive, thinking that you can bear everything on your own. I don't think you can do it, so I won't agree to your suggestion. This is business. I don't want to mix personal relations in this."

She had lost all means of persuading him at this point. He was right. She took a deep breath and said, "Forget it, I understand where you're coming from. Let's pretend that I was never here."

Mark stared at the watch in his hand. "This isn't the best way to help others," he said, the emotions in his voice undetectable. "The thief who stole the materials died in a fire before reaping any benefits. Isn't that fishy? According to my knowledge, that guy didn't even manage to resell the goods for a profit. I'm not going to concern myself with this. This is the Lane family's problem. They'll just have to watch out."

Arianne detected the complexity in the situation. However, the police couldn't solve the case, and she had no means to uncover the truth. Distant waters are powerless against near fires. How easy would it be to find the lost materials? She couldn't speak for the future, but now, the Lane family was finished.

“I understand...” She lowered her head and walked towards the door. Mark looked at the time on his watch and frowned. “It’s late. We’ll go back together when I’m done with work...”

Arianne really wasn’t in the mood to hang around here, “No, thank you. Tiffie must be upset now. I want to see her and keep her company. Is that alright?”

He had lost his patience. “If you want to see her, be good and stay here today.”

She was helpless. She had no choice but to stay.

She stared at the only large bed in the room. “I’ll... Ask for another room,” Arianne suggested. “You’re always busy, I’m afraid that I might disturb your sleep.”

Mark walked to the bedside and sat down. “I know what to do. Come here and sleep.”

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What did he mean by “I know what to do”? Arianne had a sneaking suspicion that he was “starting his engine”, but the stern look on his face told her that that was not the case... As a result, she was beginning to suspect that something had gone wrong with her mind.

He fell asleep as soon as he lay down; perhaps he was over exhausted.

Arianne carefully lay on the bedside after her shower. She couldn't sleep but was too afraid of moving too much. That feeling was really unbearable.

Suddenly, Mark's phone rang. As it happens, it was left on the bedside cabinet next to her. She got up and stole a glance. The lit phone screen showed one part of a message, 'Mark, darling, are you asleep? I was wrong, I miss you. Can you come...'

The next part of the message wasn't shown, but she could guess what it contained Aery wanted to see him!

If she had to make a distinction, her hatred towards Mark was considered helpless and weak. However, her hatred towards Aery and Helen was as overwhelming as the sea.

A "wicked" idea formulated in her head. She would answer the message for him. Unfortunately, when she picked up the phone, she found that it was password protected.

Arianne carefully racked through her memories. She remembered seeing Mark typing in a password on a separate occasion. Knowing him, he would prefer using the same numbers.

She gave it a try and keyed in the numbers 1027. As expected, the phone unlocked.

“He’s asleep,” was the reply she sent.

Aery immediately called. Arianne was ready. She lowered the volume first. Aery’s sharp voice screeched into the receiver once the call was connected, “Who are you?!”

She wasn’t going to take this lying down. Her voice was soft but full of loftiness, “Who else could it be? Aery Kinsey, unlike you, I didn’t have the balls to fool around with a married man at your age... And your mother shamelessly supports you too. One really does learn a lot over time.”

Aery heaved a sigh of relief when she heard Arianne’s voice. She thought that Mark had found a new lover. After confirming that this wasn’t true, she began to deviously berate her. “It’s you who lacks the ability to hold on to him. Why blame me? Darling Mark is great at everything, but you. You are his only flaw. He should kick you away as far as possible!”

Arianne buried her face under her blanket, lowering her voice as much as possible. “What a pity, he won’t kick me away. Save it, Aery. I’m on a business trip with him and will be with him for the next two days. I don’t mind if you want to come and see him, it just depends on how he’s going to react.”

Aery exploded with rage. "Don't get complacent! He and I have only had a small disagreement. Why do you think it's your turn? Others may not be aware of this, but I know very well that the most hateful and disgusting person in the world to him is you!"

Afraid of waking Mark, Arianne did not continue her quarrel with Aery, but ended the call. Just as she poked her head out of the blanket, she felt a hand place itself around her waist. "When did you learn how to check my phone?"

She swallowed nervously. He didn't hear her call and simply thought that she was looking at his phone...

Returning to her senses, Arianne whispered, "No... I was just checking the time... I couldn't sleep..." She put the phone back onto the bedside cabinet as she said this but not before deleting the call record.

Just as she turned around to sleep, his hand nimbly slid under her clothes. "You'll fall asleep when you're tired..."