

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0096

Arianne's body promptly stiffened. These kinds of things scared her even more. "I can sleep. It's just that I slept too much in the daytime. Go to sleep, I won't bother you anymore..."

Mark didn't reply, and his hand didn't continue wreaking havoc. She heaved a sigh of relief and stared emptily up at the black ceiling. Unbeknownst to her, his eyes were open as well and his gaze was sober and calm, unlike a few moments ago when he had just woken up...

Early morning, the very next day.

Arianne woke up from a nightmare and was sweating all over. The heater in the room was too warm, and she wasn't used to it. She got up and turned down the heater. The skies were only just brightening outside, but Mark was still asleep...

She sat on the sofa across the room from the bed, unlocked her phone, and read the news. Tiffany's family's factory had collapsed last night. The news was flooded with reports of the capital's third best jewelry processing plant's bankruptcy. They had even published the exact amount of their huge debt.

She felt ghastly and weak in that instant. She was watching Tiffany's fall, but was powerless to help her.

Arianne lifted her gaze towards the man on the bed. He didn't look so stern when he was asleep. He wouldn't be kind to others and would not be apathetic to her. This was his true self, the man closest to her...

Mark woke up at precisely eight in the morning. Arianne poured him a glass of warm water. "The air is a little dry with this heater. Have some water."

He narrowed his eyes and cast her a measuring gaze before accepting the glass. "I'm meeting someone today. You're coming with me."

Arianne was sorely tempted to tell him that she wasn't feeling well and didn't want to go out. However, she swallowed her words just before they could leave her mouth. He didn't like being rejected...

Mark went out to handle some work, and she stayed in the hotel the entire morning. At noon, Brian arrived to pick her up and take her to a high class restaurant. It was a quiet private room, as always. One could only see the people outside but could not hear them.

When she walked into the private room, she discovered that there was another man in the room aside from Mark. He was an old gentleman with white hair, who seemed rather energetic. His clothing style wasn't flashy but had an understated sense of luxury.

"Ari, this is Uncle Moran," Mark introduced with smiling eyes.

Arianne wasn't used to his sudden display of warmth. She could tell that he was more polite to senior citizens, so he fittingly addressed him as "Uncle Moran".

Charles Moran surveyed her then smiled and invited her to a seat. "No need for modesty, Mark's father and I were childhood friends. It's just that I settled down out of the country a few years ago, and I've just returned not too long ago."

She would be lying if she said that she wasn't nervous. Arianne couldn't understand why Mark had brought her to meet Charles Moran. This felt like she was meeting his family elders...

Mark and Charles were the only ones chatting the entire time. She focused on eating and didn't say very much. She would only grunt in reply whenever Charles asked her something.

After three rounds of drinks, Charles had grown a little tipsy and suddenly asked, "Mark, have you seen your younger brother?"

Mark's face stiffened. "What are you saying, Uncle Moran? I don't have a younger brother."

Charles waved his hand. "You're old enough, there's no harm in telling you. Your father... had another son that year. Based on your reaction, that mother and son never contacted you after so many years? They've really managed to stay quiet."

Mark didn't answer. Arianne detected the slight dissonance in the room and quietly put down her cutlery. Not even she knew about Mark having a younger brother, let alone Mark himself. She seriously suspected that Charles was spouting nonsense in his drunkenness.

Perhaps he really was drunk, because Charles began droning on and on about the past, as if that surprising revelation never came from him at all.

Mark and Arianne helped Charles into his car as they walked out of the restaurant then turned back to the hotel.

He had a sullen face ever since that topic was mentioned. Arianne was too afraid to broach it. She didn't manage to have a good night's sleep last night and felt drowsy during the day. He was still around, so she found it inappropriate to lie down and sleep. Hence, she was forced to endure it.