

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0056

Arianne was getting increasingly curious over how that aviation incident happened. Knowing her father, he would never pilot under inebriation. Her father had always been a highly competent captain and was a good, responsible father. Always!

Suddenly, they were interrupted by the secretary's voice from outside the office, "Mr. Tremont, a Mr. John Lane has asked to see you. We've tried to make him leave, but he has refused. He's caused an unsightly ruckus in front of the office."

John Lane was none other than Tiffany's father.

"Mark, please let him come and speak... I'm begging you..." Arianne pleaded.

Mark gritted his teeth and released her. "Let him in!" he snapped.

Before she could relax, he splashed a bucket of cold water over her hopes when he smirked and said, "Just because I've agreed to see him, doesn't mean that I'll help him! Won't this uncertainty crush all of his hopes?"

He looked extremely terrifying in this state...

Destroying a man's hopes at a time like this was equivalent to forcing him to his doom, prodding him into ending his life. People who ended their lives after being consumed by the exhaustion of bankruptcy and debt were a dime a dozen. The thought of this made her feel as if all of the strength in her body had disappeared. She pulled his arm weakly and pleaded, "Don't do this... Please..."

Mark did not respond. His lack of response made Arianne very nervous.

Soon, John Lane rushed in.

Even at a time like this, he still remembered to maintain his dignity. Despite his anxiety and appearance, which had grown so haggard that he didn't look like himself, he knocked on the door first, then steadily walked in.

"Mr. Tremont... Thank you for giving me a chance to see you," he said. "I'm here to talk about the case involving the loss of materials. Could you please give me more time and wait for the police to solve the case? I understand that it will be impossible to continue our collaboration, even if we manage to regain the materials. This delay has caused immeasurable losses for you, so I will give you all of my family's fortune as compensation. Is that alright?"

Mark did not give an immediate response. He walked towards the sofa and sat down, as if in deep thought.

Arianne quickly poured two glasses of water, then placed one in front of Mark, and gave the other to John Lane. "Have some water, Mr. Lane."

John Lane forced a smile and replied, "Thank you."

Arianne was saddened when she saw the white hairs on John Lane's head. "No need for that... Mr. Lane. Tiffie and I are the best of friends, she's treated me like family..."

Although John Lane hadn't met Arianne Wynn prior to this, he could guess who she was. After all, Mark had pressured him because of her. That was why he sent his daughter, Tiffany, out of the country.

He smiled quietly and walked towards Mark, standing in front of him, "Mr. Tremont, I've given my life's blood to the workshop. I'll be finished without your generosity. Please help me just this once and I'll do anything! Just tell me your conditions. I'll be satisfied even if it means I must give up my life!"

Mark glanced at the plain boiled water on the coffee table and frowned. Arianne knew that he didn't like it, so she hurried off to the pantry to find some black tea.

When she returned from making the black tea, she overheard Mark saying, "I can be generous, considering that your daughter's been nice to my Arianne. I can waive the penalty fee, as long as you manage to regain the goods. I can also ignore looking into the losses caused by your delay. I'm afraid it's impossible for us to work together again,

as I never walk the same path after a fall. As for the rest, you'd better pray for yourself. Let me put it this way, if you cannot regain the goods, you will have to pay."

John Lane was so grateful that he almost fell on his knees. "Mr. Tremont, thank you... Thank you... I will do my best to find the goods. It's only a matter of time!"

Arianne felt something bloom in her heart. Deep down, Mark wasn't really all that ruthless, was he? She walked in and placed the black tea in front of Mark. "I just made this. Be careful, it's hot."

Mark picked up the teacup and took a sip. He did not look at her.

"Mrs. Tremont." John Lane turned to Arianne. "Tiffie is lucky to have a friend like you. It is the Lane family's fortune as well! I won't disturb you any longer. Thank you!"

Arianne escorted him to the door, watched him leave, then turned back into the office.

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Before she could find her footing, Mark said, "Take those horrible sketches back and tell Eric Nathaniel to draw new ones for me."

The corners of her mouth twitched. He was certainly quick in changing his expressions...

“Are they really... that bad?” she asked, suspicious.

He glanced at her. “What, do you think I have the spare time to make things difficult for you on purpose?”

“The new year holidays are in three days,” she said, mildly dejected, “We won’t be able to finish this in time, even if the entire department works through the night...”

“That’s your problem,” Mark replied, unfazed.

She didn’t have the nerve to object. He had promised to be magnanimous to the Lane family, this had already made her feel as if the dark clouds in the sky had dissipated and the sun was shining brightly again. Why would she have the guts to oppose him?

“Then... I’ll be on my way. Don’t be angry. Come home when you’re supposed to. I’ll be doing overtime at the office over the next few days, so you’ll be asleep by the time I get home. You won’t even see me. Out of sight, out of mind.”

He frowned. Realizing that that the situation was taking a bad turn, Arianne snatched up the sketches and scurried off with her head down.

Up on her return to Glide Design, she put the sketches on Eric's desk. "Mark Tremont says that these sketches are rubbish and has asked us to redo them."

Eric, who was in the middle of drinking a glass of water, spat all over his computer. His face turned green from heartache. He quickly grabbed a tissue and wiped it dry. "What's he playing at? These sketches are rubbish?! He must have been so mad at you that he didn't bother to look through them seriously, that has to be it. My dear, how many days has it been since he came home? Don't you have any plans? Just like the saying goes, a fire in the city gates is also a calamity for the fish in the moat. We have to be careful in our actions so that we don't affect the whole team. I'm innocent!"

Arianne had her suspicions, but it seemed that it was not the case. "I've asked him. He said he has no time to pick on me. The problem lies in these sketches..."

Eric flipped through the sketches. The more he looked, the more gloomy he became. "These sketches... are barely adequate. However, they are inferior in Mark Tremont's eyes. Let's do this-we'll have a meeting and work overtime starting today. I will check through all sketches in the future, especially the ones for Mark Tremont!"

The lights in the department of design finally turned off at twelve in the morning.

Arianne stretched herself when she arrived at the doorway. A sudden gust of cold wind sent shivers down her spine.

Everyone else left together in a group, discussing where to have supper. She was the only one alone. Luckily, she had gotten used to it over the past few years.

Suddenly, a car arrived in front of her from a short distance away. Brian Pearce winded down the windows. "Mrs. Tremont, please get in the car. Mr. Tremont has asked me to bring you home."

She was slightly shocked. She would always make her way home alone whenever she had to do overtime. Mark never cared if she lived or died. But today... She could smell Mark's scent from the moment she got into the vehicle. It was refreshing and set her mind at ease.

This was his personal car. He would use it every time he had to go out.

"Has Mark gone home?" she asked, composing herself. "Yes, he's resting now," Brian replied.

"Mm," she responded and said nothing more. Thank goodness he was willing to come home. That meant that he wasn't that angry anymore, at least.

Brian glanced at her through the rear view mirror. She had been living with Mark Tremont for a very long time. It was inevitable that she would display similar mannerisms and expressions, especially the way she said "mm" just now. She didn't realize it herself, but Brian, a bystander, had a clearer perspective.

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When Arianne returned to the Tremont Estate, she quietly took a shower in the bathroom downstairs. By the time she came out, Mary had cooked a bowl of noodles for her. “Ari, come have a bite. You must be tired from working so late.”

Arianne was a little touched. “Mary... I’ll be working overtime the next few days. It’s already so late now, don’t wait for me to return next time. I won’t be hungry.”

Mary smiled at her. “It’s an order from sir. He didn’t word it very nicely, so I will spare you the details. But the point is, he cares about you. Come eat and rest early after you’re done.”

Arianne knew what Mark said without even guessing. It was probably along the lines of how he would need to spend money to treat her if she overworked to exhaustion, or he was worried that others would say that he was abusing her.

After Arianne was done with her noodles, she crept upstairs into the room like a thief. She didn’t even turn on the lights out of fear of waking Mark. However, he still flipped over the moment she got into the bed, causing her to freeze in a sitting position for a few minutes. She only laid down cautiously after making sure that he wasn’t moving anymore.

She adjusted her posture and fell asleep very quickly. After an exhausting day, she was already fighting to keep her eyes open.

Mark slowly opened his eyes in the darkness. Perhaps her soft hair had tickled the tip of his nose. He could smell the light fragrance on her body.

Women out there wore all types of perfumes, yet he hadn't found any particular scent that he fancied. She was the only one who carried this unique scent on her...

Arianne woke up half an hour earlier than usual the next day. Seeing that Mark wasn't awake yet, she boldly started changing her clothes on the edge of the bed as she planned to arrive at the office early today.

She shyly undressed with her back to the bed but when she turned around to take her clothes, she suddenly discovered that Mark had opened his eyes at some point. Not only that, his eyes were bloodshot. Seemed like he slept well last night? Or at least, better than her.

Their eyes met, and Arianne averted her gaze anxiously as she pretended to put on her clothes nonchalantly. "I'm leaving first... Don't forget to eat your breakfast."

Of course, she didn't get a response from him. She hurried downstairs with her cheeks burning.

Mary shoved a sandwich to her with matching speed. "You have to eat something no matter how busy you are! Why is your face so red? Are you sick?"

“No... I’m just feeling a little hot!” Arianne gave a vague reply.

“It’s a cold morning, why is she feeling hot...?” Mary mumbled in concern as she watched her leave.

It was ten o’clock and Mark still hadn’t gotten up. Mary got worried again and whispered to Butler Henry, “What’s wrong with sir today? He usually gets up early, but he’s sleeping in today. Something doesn’t seem right with the both of them today... One is saying that she’s feeling hot on a cold winter morning while the other one is suddenly sleeping in despite usually being disciplined.”

Butler Henry had a look of incredulity on his face. “How can you not get it despite living so many decades?”

Realization suddenly dawned upon Mary. “Ooooooh... I get it now! Stupid me. It’s nice to be young and energetic in the morning. I’m guessing that they had a busy night yesterday too. I’ll have the kitchen prepare something nutritious for Ari and sir. Hopefully they can have a baby soon...”

Mark happened to hear the conversation from the top of the stairs. His face soured a little as he silently descended the steps. Mary quickly shut up in surprise.

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0059

Glide Design.

Arianne was hard at work when Eric suddenly came up to her and placed his phone in front of her. “Do you know about this?”

She glanced at the phone screen and instantly became stunned on the spot. A newsflash that read “CEO Mark Tremont reveals that three years ago, he secretly married Arianne Wynn, an orphan he took in long ago!” was displayed on the screen.

The news wasn't offensive. No one even dared to bring up the accident caused by her father back then- It was solely focused on her marriage to Mark. A wedding photo of them was even attached in the article. It went Without saying that it was photoshopped because she had never gone through any procedure with Mark. He had settled all of it by himself. It was obvious that the photo was deliberately photoshopped by someone. From the looks of it, it seemed like it was Mark himself who revealed the information.

Arianne was suddenly at a loss. She had been Mrs. Tremont for three years with none the wiser. Why did he suddenly announce it? She always thought that she was a disgrace to him. In any case, Mark was as difficult to figure out as ever.

“What? You actually didn't know?” Eric stared at her in disbelief when he saw her reaction.

“Well, I know now. Mr. Nathaniel, you seem to have some spare time. Since you’ve learned designing, why don’t we work overtime together?” Arianne looked at him.

Eric immediately put up a resistance. “No, no, no... Carry on, carry on. I still have other matters to attend to. Don’t forget what I mentioned in the meeting. The samples have been sent to all of you. Don’t make any mistakes; just make it according to Mark’s preference.”

Once he left, Arianne was unable to calm down for a long time. Based on her understanding of Mark, he would never do something without a reason. So then, why? What was his purpose for doing this?

Her phone suddenly rang. She got up and picked up the call in the pantry. “Hello?”

Tiffany choked on the other end of the call. “Ari, thank you... My dad told me everything. He paid a visit to Mark and you were there at the time. Mark had only done it because of you...”

“Alright, things will get better,” Arianne consoled her.

“Don’t suddenly disappear on me...”

Tiffany burst into sobs. "I didn't want to get you involved... How could I bring myself to talk to you about something this huge? Besides, the relationship between you and Mark... doesn't seem to be doing that well. I just couldn't bear to put you in a difficult spot."

Arianne subconsciously avoided talking about Mark. "Ethan came looking for me too. He's quite nice to you, so you should stop overthinking. He begged me to help you and even told me to keep it a secret from you. I guess it doesn't matter if you know now that the matter has been resolved. Alright, I'm quite busy here. I'll talk to you again next time."

As soon as she hung up the phone, she heard a shout outside the pantry. "Arianne! Someone is looking for you!"

Arianne stepped out with a glass of water in hand. Her face turned frosty the moment she saw Helen Cameran. "What are you doing here?" Did she lose her cool after finding out that Mark had just announced her identity as Mrs. Tremont?

Sadness flashed across Helen's eyes. "Ari, don't be so cold to me... I just came to see you since I was passing by."

Arianne felt repulsed. "Don't call me that. It will only make me think that you are calling Aery Kinsey. I'm really curious about what was going through your head when you named her. Don't tell me you gave her a similar name out of guilt for me. Is it so that when you call her, you will think of me?"

Helen took a deep breath as a conflicted expression appeared on her well-maintained face. “Never mind then, pretend that I never came here. I wish you well.”

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Helen Cameran’s words bewildered Arianne for a moment, but she chose not to be bothered by them and headed back to her seat. She could still see Helen idling there out of the corner of her eye. It upsetted her and distracted her from her work.

After so long, she still didn’t make any progress on her wedding dress design sketch. By nighttime, she had no choice but to look at other various designs for inspiration. Her mind was still occupied by Mark’s marriage announcement. Everyone in the company began looking at her strangely. Disdain and rejection turned into cautiousness. At least, no one dared to step on her toes anymore.

An idea suddenly popped into her mind. What kind of wedding dress would Mark like? The final draft must impress him no matter what, so she must cater it according to his preferences!

Although she racked her brain, she still couldn’t figure out what he liked. Hence, she was still stuck on the wedding dress design sketch until it was time to get off work.

When she returned to Tremont Estate, she found Mark asleep.

Arianne laid down on the bed after washing up, her mind full of thoughts. Try as she might, tossing and turning on the bed, she just couldn't fall asleep.

When she turned over for the umpteenth time, Mark's voice suddenly rang out. "Speak if you have something to say."

Arianne froze and even held her breath. Although he didn't sound angry, she still didn't dare move as she pleased.

Two seconds later, she recovered her senses, seized the opportunity, and asked, "How do you envision a perfect wedding dress?"

Mark didn't respond immediately. Just when Arianne thought he wouldn't answer her, he spoke up. "The youthfulness of a girl, her shyness of being a first-time wife, her courage of giving herself to a man, and her expectation toward a bright future. All of these could be expressed by a piece of clothing or a wedding dress."

Arianne carefully pondered over his words and started getting drowsy. As soon as her eyelids closed, she fell into a deep sleep.

When she woke up the next day, Mark was still asleep. Now that she thought about it, Mark seemed to be getting up very late these last two days despite going to bed quite early. He didn't seem like his usual self.

Arianne couldn't help but wonder if he was sick. After some hesitation, she reached out and touched his forehead.

The temperature against her palm didn't seem to be out of the ordinary. She subconsciously breathed a sigh of relief. Just when she was about to retract her hand, Mark suddenly opened his eyes. Their eyes met and she became nervous. "I... I thought you were still sick... I'll be leaving now!"

Mark was startled when he saw her fleeing in panic. He then closed his eyes again. It wasn't that he was sick, he just hadn't slept well...

When Arianne arrived at the office, she recalled the points that Mark gave her last night and integrated them into the wedding dress design. Although she used her own perspective, she still hoped that her design would be acknowledged by him. After all, his approval was needed in order for this assignment to be completed.

After working overtime intensively for three consecutive days, the department was rewarded with the completion of the draft sketches. Eric took care in sending the supervisor, Lily, to deliver the sketches this time instead of Arianne.

Rather than feeling relieved, the entire department of design felt jittery once the sketches were taken away. What if the sketches were rejected again? Then none of them would be getting a holiday!

Tremont Tower.

Mark flipped through the sketches that Lily had just delivered to him and made a seemingly casual remark. "You weren't the one who came to deliver the sketches last time."

Lily gave him a small smile. "Mr. Nathaniel attaches great importance to our collaboration, Mr. Tremont, so he sent me this time to ensure that nothing goes wrong."

Mark soon stopped flipping and fixed his eyes on one of the wedding dress sketches. His intuition told him that the sketch was done by Arianne.

"Approved," he said and tossed the sketches aside.