

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0099

The intention behind her teasing words couldn't be more obvious.

A look of irritation appeared in Mark's eyes instead. He stood up and walked to the window. "You may leave now."

Aery was taken aback but was unwilling to give up. "What? Mark dear... I rushed here last night and only met you today. Aww, how can you send me away so soon?"

"Don't make me say it twice." He didn't look at the woman on the bed. The irritation in his eyes gradually turned into anger.

Aery had no choice but to get up and leave. She cursed under breath a thousand times when she thought of the text message that Mark had received. Although she didn't know the content of the message, it was very obvious that it was the root cause.

Which stupid person ruined her great moment?!

The next day at noon, Mark invited Charles Moran to have lunch at the same restaurant they dined in previously.

When Charles arrived and realized that Arianne was nowhere in sight, he asked Mark with a smile, "Where's Arianne?"

Mark concealed his emotions very well behind his refreshing smile. "She went ahead and returned to the capital to attend to some matters. Uncle Moran, about the thing you mentioned yesterday... Is it really true?"

Charles went slightly stiff while pouring his wine but quickly recovered. "What did I say again? I had too much to drink yesterday and don't remember what I said..."

Mark looked at Charles then smiled. "It's alright then, forget about it."

Charles continued the conversation. "I have this problem of blabbering nonsense after drinking. Please don't worry about it, and disregard whatever I said. By the way, I was initially thinking of matchmaking you with Nia. Who knew you would get married so suddenly."

The face of Nina Moran appeared in Mark's mind. He was only seventeen when he met Charles Moran's daughter, who was only thirteen at the time. Since she hadn't grown up yet, she didn't look particularly gorgeous. Mark quickly changed the topic. "Please don't joke about that, Uncle Moran. I don't get along well with Nina."

Charles smiled and said nothing. Over the past few years, he had been worried for this daughter of his. Until now, he had yet to find a suitable husband for her.

Back in the capital, at the Central Hospital.

Tiffany and her mother, Lillian J. Lane, were keeping watch by John Lane's bed with a worried look on their faces. It was a four-bed ward. The families of the other patients hadn't stopped talking the whole day. The noises were irritating Tiffany, but Lillian urged her to endure it. Due to their current situation, they couldn't afford to pay for a private ward.

Suddenly, one of the patients' family members took away their thermos. "My dad soiled his sheets! Give us some hot water!"

Tiffany exploded on the spot. "Can't he go to the toilet?! And can't you prepare the hot water by yourself?!"

The other party merely brushed her off. "My dad is eighty years old and he is incontinent, he can't make it to the toilet in time. What's wrong with using some of your water? You can just refill it for free in the hospital when it's empty."

Tiffany was about to argue with the other person when Lillian pulled her back. "Forget it... We'll just refill it later..."

As soon as her voice fell, the person dropped their thermos on the ground. It fell so hard that the inner pot even came out.

The person looked at the broken thermos on the ground. Not only did he not apologize, but he even clicked his tongue. "You guys are really too cheap. Why did you buy such a low quality thermos? It just slipped from my grasp and broke so easily..."

Tiffany's lungs almost exploded from her pent up rage. "No matter how cheap it is, it's still not yours! You better pay up!"