

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0201

Arianne kept quiet as her eyes reddened. Words could not describe her feelings right now. Even when she was almost certain it was Mark who had plotted against Will, she had rather denied it than hate him. She felt disappointed.

The cat had triggered their fight. Arianne was aware she was behaving like a child who was throwing a tantrum. Before they were married, she had played the role of a child while Mark played the role of a strict parent.

“Mary, forget it. Take her back to the bedroom. If she refuses to go, send someone to take the cat and throw it out,” Mark said indifferently before he returned to the dining table.

Mary half-forcefully dragged Arianne back to the bedroom. Then, she advised her earnestly. “Ari, why do you have to speak to sir in that manner when he finally changed his attitude toward you? He has improved a lot, why do you have to go and ruin it? Can’t both of you just speak nicely to each other? I know you’re upset because Rice Ball is your precious cat, and you don’t want to see it being bullied. Sheesh, that Nina... Why can’t she leave Rice Ball alone, especially when she knows it doesn’t like her? Now that she has gotten scratched, she had to make a big fuss over it. As a guest, she doesn’t even know her own place. How annoying! Why don’t you rest for now? I’ll get you something to eat in the room.”

Arianne laid on her stomach on the bed as she silently cried. Her tears fell on her blanket, creating small wet spots.

Unexpectedly, instead of Mary, Mark was the one who entered the room. He set a plate of food on the bedside table before he stood at the side, staring at her wordlessly. The atmosphere was quiet and tense as though an explosion would erupt in the next second.

After a long while, Mark finally said, "The food is going to turn cold if you don't eat it now."

Arianne buried her face in the blanket, but Mark moved forward and pulled her up. "I told you to eat!" His tone was not cold, and his expression was not fierce. Instead, he just looked helpless.

Arianne struggled twice before she finally gave up. She let Mark hold her, but she turned her face away, unwilling to let him see her eyes that were red from crying.

"You would fight with me because of Will Sivan? You've tasted a few days of living a good life. Are you not used to it? What if I told you I wasn't the one who did it?" Mark looked rather frustrated.

"Then what's with the voice clip?" Arianne asked as she turned to look at Mark.

Mark fell silent when he met her eyes. A few seconds later, he released her. "It seems like from the beginning, you've already had your mind set that I'm the culprit. Is that why you're throwing a tantrum? Great. Fine, I'm the one who did it. There's nothing you can do about it anyway. You won't be able to leave until you give birth to a child for the

Tremont family. There's no way you'll be able to stay with Will Sivan. Oh, if I catch you meeting him, it won't just be a simple car accident. I'll make him vanish from this world!"

Arianne was momentarily stunned. When she regained her senses, she grabbed the pillows on the bed and began to hurl them at Mark as though she had lost her mind.

Mark raised his arms to block the pillow. When Arianne was done venting her anger, he changed his clothes and left with a cold expression on his face.

In just a short while, the sound of Mark's car could be heard leaving the Tremont Estate. Mary pushed the bedroom door open before she came in. "Ari, sir left angrily because of you! Nina has gone with him as well. There's no need for you to hide in the bedroom now. Rice Ball is still under the sofa."

Arianne got up and went downstairs. It took her some time to coax the cat out. Rice Ball hid in her arms and refused to touch the ground again.

Mary looked at Rice Ball and sighed. "Hmm, I don't think Rice Ball is aggressive. It's always trailing behind me all day long, and I've never seen anyone getting scratched by him either. Why can't it get along with Nina?"

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Neither Mark nor Nina returned to Tremont Estate that night. Even so, Arianne went to bed as usual.

By midnight, Mary finally could not stand it and went into Arianne's bedroom to wake her up. "You still have the mood to sleep? Is Aery Kinsey not enough that you're going to push your man into another woman's arms? Sir and Nina haven't returned. Aren't you the slightest bit worried?"

Arianne said indifferently, "Do you think I can control his actions?"

Mary handed Arianne's phone to her. "Here, call him! If sir doesn't come back, even if you're able to sleep, I won't be able to sleep! I'll tell you this; as long as your Mrs. Tremont, you have to win his heart! This is for your own good, do you understand?"

Arianne stared at the phone silently for a moment before she finally made the call.

Unexpectedly, the call was instantly picked up. Mark's voice sounded hoarse, but he did not sound angry. "Hello?"

Arianne calmed herself and asked, "What time are you coming home?"

“I thought you didn’t want to see my face?” Mark retorted.

“Whatever. Mary was the one who made me call you.” Arianne hung up instantly as soon as she finished talking.

Mary nearly jumped up in anger. “You silly girl! What have you done? Sheesh, I don’t care anymore!”

After Mary went downstairs, Arianne didn’t hear any more movements. She laid down but was no longer sleepy. Mark went out with Nina. Were they still together right now? Why were they still together in the middle of the night? What could they possibly do?

A strange picture popped into her mind at this moment, and she shook her head vehemently. These were not things she should care about. It was not like she was in love with Mark. What did it matter who he was sleeping with?

Arianne was not certain how long had passed when she heard the sound of a car from downstairs. She startled awake, still in a daze. Mark had come home! She feigned sleep.

Not long after, Mark entered the room. She heard Nina speaking to him before that. It seemed like they had been together the entire time.

As usual, the first thing he did after entering the room was to take a shower.

As Arianne listened to running water, a wave of inexplicable anger welled up in her heart. It made her feel extremely uncomfortable.

As soon as Mark came out from the bathroom, Arianne could not help but blurt out, "What were you doing until so late?" She was taken aback by her own voice. Was she questioning him? Why did she sound like a dissatisfied wife who was complaining about her husband's late return? She was just curious... Yes, that was all there was to it.

Mark climbed into the bed in his sleeping robes. "I was in the office. She insisted on coming along. We came back after I was done with work," he replied apathetically.

Arianne felt her mind go blank. Previously, she would not even dare to think about it, let alone question him. She was even more surprised that he had actually answered her. She had expected him to ignore her or say something along the lines of how it was none of her business.

Mark lay on his side of the bed with his back facing her.

Arianne silently turned over to the other side as well. The rhythm of her heartbeat was a little peculiar. At this moment, her heart was racing in her chest.

It was a Saturday the next day. Since Mark returned late last night, he woke up late as well. He had no plans to go out so he stayed in bed and read a book after waking up.

Arianne slept longer than him. She only woke up because of her phone's incessant ringing. She picked up the phone in a daze and heard Tiffany's voice blaring from the other end of the line. "Ari, I found it! Will is in the Central Hospital. Other than a fractured leg, he's fine now. He'll probably have to rest for at least three months. If things heal up nicely, then, there won't be any long term effects. I happen to have time today, do you want to Visit him with me?"

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The cloud of daze that hung above Arianne dispersed immediately when she heard the sound of the pages of a book being turned. "I can't go out. You know my situation. You go ahead and send my regards."

Tiffany sounded a little dejected. "Alright then... I'll ask him what's going on when we meet. How can there be an accident out of the blue? If it's really the Galenas, I won't forgive them!"

Arianne's conscience clawed at her, she was feeling guilty on Mark's behalf. "Sure... Off you go... I haven't even gotten up from bed. I'm hanging up." After she hung up, she stayed in bed a little longer before finally going into the bathroom to freshen up.

Since she had spent most of her time in bed recently, she discovered her hair had grown longer. It got tangled when she was sleeping last night, and no matter what she did, she could not comb the knots out. Just when she found a pair of scissors and was about to snip it off, a pair of fair hands stopped her.

“Give me the hairbrush.”

Bewildered, Arianne instinctively passed the comb to Mark. She had no idea when he had come in.

He was careful when he combed her hair, she did not even feel any pain. As she looked at their reflections in the mirror, she realized how rare it was for there to be peace between them. She fell into a trance as she reminisced about how he used to comb her hair when she was younger. It was quite embarrassing really. She had yet to learn how to comb her hair despite being eight years old at that time. Before the plane crash, her father, Zachary, was the one who had brushed her hair and tied her hair. After he died, her hair was always unkempt. When she finally moved to the Tremont Estate, Mark could not stand the state of her hair so he had combed it for her albeit reluctantly and disdainfully. Suddenly, she asked, “Do you hate me?”

“I do.” His answer was immediate.

“Oh.” She acknowledged nonchalantly.

“Done. Go downstairs for breakfast.” Mark put down the hairbrush before he began to brush his teeth without any readable emotion on his face.

Arianne looked at him and his hair. His hair was dark and exceptionally soft to the touch. It was a pity that he had always kept it short. When she was a little girl, she had always imagined tying pigtails for him. Naturally, she did not dare to act on it. After all, he had always looked so stern.

“What are you looking at?” Mark asked her after brushing his teeth, looking at her skeptically.

“Nothing.” She turned away, maintaining her composure. However, inwardly she was panicking, afraid he would discover her evil thoughts.

Mary served congee on the dining table. When Mark did not see Nina, he asked, “Where’s Nina?”

“She isn’t up yet. She’s always a late riser.”

Mark had probably recalled Nina’s character and smiled. “Probably still jet lagged. Let her be.”

Around noon, Tiffany called Arianne again. The latter answered the call in a hushed tone, avoiding Mark. “What’s it, Tiff?”

“I went to visit Will. He said that someone deliberately knocked into him. The license plate of the car is forged, and it’s a battered car that looks like it belonged in a junkyard. The cost of the crime is pretty low. The driver ran away. They didn’t catch him. Even if it’s the Galenas, there’s no evidence. We can only leave it as it is. Bad luck Anyway, guess who I saw in the hospital?”

“Who?” Arianne asked.

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Tiffany scoffed. “Your mom and that bitch, Aery. It’s good being rich nowadays. Aery ran her car into you and caused your miscarriage, and yet, here she is, out and about. I thought she would end up in jail for years! Nauseating! They must have spent a lot to bail her out. How could Mark endure this?”

Arianne inhaled deeply, not daring to reveal the truth despite her conscience. “She’s my younger sister. We share the same mother. Since mom gave birth to me, I’ll just consider this as repaying her. What were they doing in the hospital anyway?”

Tiffany thought about it for a moment before she replied, “It seemed like your mom went there for a health check. She’s got a great life, much better than yours. Her health is good. She doesn’t have many issues despite her age. I heard the doctor said her

physical state is even comparable to young girls since she has taken very good care of herself. Tsk, tsk, you better worry about yourself instead.”

There was a buzz in Arianne’s head. “Are you sure?”

Did Helen not have cancer? Helen had asked her to plead with Mark to help the Kinseys!

Tiffany said huffily, “Do you think I’m hard of hearing, huh?”

Not in the mood to say more, Arianne answered, “No. Alright then, Mark’s home. I can’t be talking about Will. I’m hanging up.”

After the call, Arianne called Helen. When it was connected, Helen sounded calm. “Ari, why are you calling me out of the blue?”

Based on how composed the woman sounded, Arianne felt as though Helen was disturbingly manipulative. When Helen had seen Tiffany in the hospital, Helen must have predicted she would discover the truth. This was probably why Helen was so composed when she answered the phone, not even bothered to feign affection.

Arianne felt a piece of her heart crumble. “Helen Cameran, you lied to me about having cancer, didn’t you? I had hoped you didn’t have cancer previously, but now, I truly hope it’s real. You’re sickening! You made me feel terrible about you giving birth to me. You used me and lied to me! For the Kinseys, for that man, for Aery! You used me! Your daughter ran her car into me, causing my miscarriage and used her driver as a scapegoat. You’re the one who dealt with that matter. You’re both really similar! Good job, Helen Cameran, I’ll make you regret this. I’m not like dad. I’m not so foolish to love you to death without asking for anything in return!”

Helen was quiet for a moment before she said, “Will you promise to help me if I didn’t lie to you? I was cornered without any way out... No matter what you think of me, that image is already deeply rooted in your mind. I’m not asking for anything more. I only hope that you remember you still have me, your mother, when you need solace in the future.”

Deeply revolted, Arianne replied, “Stop pretending. I didn’t help you with anything anyway. When I begged Mark, he didn’t promise me anything. You should thank your daughter, Aery Kinsey, for hooking up with a valuable man when the Kinseys received Mark’s help!” She hung up instantly as soon as she finished speaking. When she broke out of her trance, tears were already streaming down her face.

“Are you... crying?” Nina’s voice rang all of a sudden from behind her.

“No.” Arianne wiped her tears and turned to leave, not wanting to be someone else’s joke.

It was like Nina was constantly going against her wish as she shouted, “What are you crying about, Arianne? I seemed to hear you talking on the phone with your mom earlier? And you mentioned Mark... So you’re not an orphan? You have a mom?”

Arianne stopped abruptly in her tracks and turned back to look at her. “Shut it! Is it fun to talk about someone’s personal affair?”

Nina pursed her lips. “No. I’m just curious why you’re a sobbing mess. You look so pitiful. Tsk.”

Mark only looked at them. Although he did not say anything, his eyes were inquisitive. Arianne ignored them and went upstairs.

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Soon after, Mark entered the room. “What happened?”

Arianne looked at him with red-rimmed eyes. “Are you with Aery Kinsey because you like her or because you want to seek revenge from me? Hmm? I admit defeat, okay? How much do you hate me to go to this extent? Marrying me then getting together with my half-sister. Not only did you tolerate her killing our child, but you covered for her and helped the Kinseys after the incident. If you really like her, why won’t you let me go? If it’s just for revenge, I surrender. I’m not a worthy opponent. I’ll use my entire lifetime to repay what I owe you. Don’t disgust me with those people anymore!” She took a deep breath before she continued on her tirade, “No matter how abominable I am in your eyes, I’ve already become such a pathetic person! Even I despise myself. My mom...

My biological mother colluded with you and covered for Aery Kinsey. My mom told me she had cancer and forced me to plead with you to help the Kinseys. I actually believed her. I'm such a joke. If Tiffany didn't bump into her in the hospital today, I would still be unaware of it. I've had enough. It's enough. Enough!" Toward the end, she could no longer speak from how hard she was sobbing.

Mark frowned as he handed her a tissue, but she turned her face away. Seeing this, he semi-forcefully wiped her tears and said, "I won't contact Aery Kinsey anymore."

Arianne was confounded. Was he making a stance now? It was really... just to seek revenge from her? How much he must have hated her to take things this far just for the sake of revenge?

Arianne felt the light in her heart extinguishing. "Okay. As long as you cut ties with her, I won't leave the Tremont's in this life." She would stay in the Tremont's for his revenge and for him to torment.

A hint of a smile flashed in the depths of Mark's eyes. "Remember what you said today. You won't leave the Tremont's in this lifetime. What we've said previously is nullified. Even if you give birth, you're still a Tremont. You have to stay by my side forever."

Arianne stood straight and looked at him. "I'll do what I say. I hope you're able to do what you say as well."

Mark took out his phone at once and called Aery in front of Arianne, putting the call on speaker.

The moment the call was connected, the glee in Aery's voice was barely concealable. "Mark darling, I knew you'd look for me!"

He did not say anything but Arianne did. "It's me. Mark Tremont won't be contacting you anymore in the future."

Aery's voice turned shrill. "What did you say? Who are you? Arianne Wynn, don't act high and mighty just because you're now Mrs. Tremont. You'll be chased out of the door sooner or later!"

Arianne chuckled coldly inwardly. "Say what you want, curse if you want. Mark Tremont made the call himself. He's right beside me now. Let him listen to you, let him see who you really are. You speak so softly and cutely usually, I didn't expect you to be so savage when you scold someone..."

Aery was slightly cowed, but she was still skeptical. "Impossible! Mark wouldn't..."

Mark cut her off. "She isn't bluffing. I made the call. Let's not keep in touch from now on. I've helped the Kinseys, and things are settled. That's all."

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When they hung up, Arianne felt inexplicably gratified. It was strange, but nonetheless, she could get used to this feeling. For once, she actually felt the pleasure of revenge. She could understand why Mark liked tormenting her. Did he feel like she did when he watched her being tormented and miserable?

“What are you thinking about? Are you hungry? Wanna go down and have something?” Mark did not know what was going through her head but his sudden amiability caught her off guard.

“A little but I don’t want to eat downstairs. Have Mary send it to the room...”

Mark did not force her to go down. “Go back to bed then.”

Lunch was sent to Arianne in the room by Mark, and Rice Ball followed at a leisurely pace as though it was the master of the place.

Arianne could see that Mark was afraid of cats. Once Rice Ball touched him, he would freeze up. While she was eating, she asked, “You aren’t allergic to cats so this means you’re afraid of them, right?”

“Eat.” He refused to answer her question, but he did look a little perturbed.

Arianne was amused. She did not expect a grown man like him to be afraid of such cute creatures like cats. If she was not feeling upset, she would have laughed out loud. After lunch, she tried to test the water and said tentatively, "I'm incredibly bored at home. I want to return to the office. This is not a discussion. I'm informing you of my decision. I've taken your card, but I don't want to have to spend your money for everything. I'll only use it in case of an emergency. I want to be able to take care of myself."

Mark cleaned up her cutlery as he said, "I'll tell you clearly; no. What you should be doing now is to take care of your health and give me a child."

That was right, Mark wanted her to give birth to a baby. A baby that belonged to both of them. When she had cried as she said that Aery Kinsey killed their unborn child, he felt guilty. It was their child, and yet, he had doubted her.

When the topic of children was mentioned, Arianne looked crestfallen. She covered herself with the blanket and turned her back on him, no longer saying anything.

To Mark, her reaction was just like a tantrum. He smiled, the corners of his lips curling up. "You can return to the office after a week, okay? Don't sleep immediately after you eat. Get up and move around. You've gotten fatter."

After Arianne heard the door click shut, she quickly got up to weigh herself. How was she fatter? She was even thinner than before she was pregnant. She was physically and emotionally traumatized, how could she have gained weight?

In order to return to the office sooner, Arianne kept to a regular schedule for the week and felt a whole lot better in terms of her mood as well. Regardless of the method, she managed to eliminate that nauseating and troublesome Aery Kinsey. No matter how one viewed it, there was no doubt she was the winner. Arianne promised herself to not stay miserable. The more the others wanted to see her live a wretched life, the more she would strive to live a better life!

A week had finally passed. Arianne was so thrilled that she was unable to sleep the night before. She texted Tiffany until late at night and decided to hire someone to investigate Mr. Sloane. It was a matter of course that she would use Mark's card to pay for it. She did not have much money after all.

Arianne had agreed to stay in the Tremont's for the rest of her life, but it was impossible for her to not look into what had happened back then. It was her responsibility to clear her father's name. More importantly, she did not want someone who had cared for her for over ten years to see her as an enemy forever. She hoped there would be a day where she and Mark would be a real family.

When Mark returned to the room, he saw Arianne on her phone. He feigned strictness and asked, "Are you not going to sleep yet? Are you even planning to go to work tomorrow?"

Distracted from chatting with Tiffany, Arianne replied flippantly, "Change your tone. You're not my dad."

Arianne felt her scalp tingling when she did not receive a reply. She was so into her conversation with Tiffany that she did not realize she had said those words to Mark. She must have gone crazy to say such words to him!

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As Arianne thought of ways to cover for her slip of the tongue, Mark had already lay down next to her. He took her phone away before he said, “Then what kind of tone do you want me to use with you?”

Arianne’s face felt a little hot when she caught a whiff of the manly scent that belonged uniquely to him. “Give me back my phone... I’ll sleep after replying to Tiffany.”

Mark raised his hand that was holding the phone high up. There was no way she would be able to reach it. “Answer my question first.”

Bracing herself, Arianne replied, “I’m not your daughter... What tone do you think you should use?”

“Teach me?” Mark looked at her with gleaming eyes.

Arianne felt as though doing that was akin to going on a suicide mission. She punched his chest softly and said, “Let’s sleep.”

Lo and behold, Mark suddenly swooped down to kiss Arianne's forehead. "You don't even know how to act cute. Are you even a woman?" After that, he returned the phone to her before he adjusted himself into a comfortable position.

Arianne's heart was racing so fast that she felt as though it was going leaped out of her chest. She hastily replied to Tiffany, switched her phone off, and went to sleep.

Mark's temperamental attitude toward her put her on edge. She could hardly compose herself and found it hard to adapt to his fluctuating moods. Although they had more interactions now, she still felt nervous most of the time. It was as though she had returned to her childhood when she had lived by keeping an eye on his ever-changing mood.

Early in the morning the next day, Arianne applied light makeup on her face before she packed her things. She headed downstairs excitedly.

Mary was glad to see Arianne in a happy mood. "Madam, you're prepared to go back to work? This is how youngsters should look like. You look amazing with just a little effort."

"Mama Mary..." Arianne was bashful from the compliment.

Mark called out to her from the dining room. "Eat up. Come with me later. I'll send you there. Hail a cab if you're late."

Arianne carried Rice Ball that had walked up to her. She ruffled its fur before reluctantly eating her breakfast. She was startled when she saw Nina had woken up early as well.

Nina lost her appetite when she saw how high-spirited Arianne was. The latter looked sickly before this without much color on her face. Although she was pretty, her visual was nowhere near as stunning as Arianne. Now that Arianne had dressed up, she thought it was no wonder Mark had fallen for Arianne.

Contrary to the thoughts in her mind, Nina asked lightly, "Arianne, where are you working?"

"Fashion design at Eric's company." Arianne did not look like she minded. After all, the other party was being friendly. She could not possibly ignore her.

"You look sickly before this, and I didn't dare to bring you out to have fun. Let's hang out when you get off work. Perhaps, we can go shopping and have dinner? I don't have many friends here since I've just returned. Being alone is too boring," Nina said.

"Sure," Arianne said and swiftly finished her breakfast before turning to look at Mark. "I'm done."

Mark looked at his barely-touched breakfast and shifted his gaze to Arianne's small mouth, unable to fathom how she had eaten so fast. He could only hasten his speed.

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0208

After breakfast, Arianne and Mark headed out together. In the car, Mark's 'dutiful father' mode kicked into gear. "Call me if you feel unwell in the office. If I'm busy and don't pick up, have Eric send you home and ask Henry to call the doctor to the house for a checkup. Don't push yourself. Poor health means a poor immune system. Try not to go to places like the hospital. It's not that I don't want you to go work. I'm afraid of something happening to you. As long as you're fine, you can do anything you want."

Arianne looked at him as though she was looking at a monster. "Did you take the wrong medication today?"

Mark's expression darkened. "What did you say?"

Arianne quickly phrased her words differently. "No. I mean, why are you being so naggy. I'm not a child anymore. I won't insist on working if I feel unwell. I work to earn money, not for fun. I won't push myself. You don't have to worry..."

Brian was inwardly startled. Arianne was not the only one who thought Mark had changed, he thought the same as well. There was no one in the car apart from them so there was no need for Mark to feign kindness and care. This meant Mark's earlier words were sincere. How... How scary!

When the car arrived at Glide Design, Arianne was eager to get out of the car.

Mark reminded her again, "Remember what I told you."

Arianne flashed him an OK sign. She exhaled before a grin appeared on her face. If nothing happened, it seemed like they could get along pretty well. Even if it was not romance, they would still be able to be good friends.

When Arianne stepped into the office, Eric, who was chatting with the company's female employee, stared at her with his mouth agape. "Mark said you won't be coming back to work so soon. Why are you..."

Arianne smiled. "Don't worry, he has agreed to it. He sent me here too. No one will find fault with you. I'm okay now, I can work."

Eric was relieved. "Great. I thought that you're secretly snuck back to work without him knowing. If you feel unwell anywhere..."

Before he finished, Arianne stopped him swiftly. "Stop, stop, stop! Don't sound like Mark Tremont, please? He told me the same thing during our ride here. I can already recite it. Why are all of you afraid of me feeling unwell? I'm telling you, I won't fall sick I'll sit here and work in peace until work hours are over. After that, I'll continue to report to work tomorrow."

Eric was slightly skeptical. "You know what I'm going to say? Are you sure Mark's already told you? With his attitude, would he even say such things? No, it's not that I'm

saying both of you don't get along. However, based on my understanding of him, he won't say so much..."

Arianne rolled her eyes inwardly. "The reality is he's just like what you said. I think he had taken the wrong medication today."

Eric's interest was piqued. "Do you think he's finally known how to treat a woman he likes?"

Arianne no longer rolled her eyes inwardly. She directly rolled her eyes at Eric. "Mr. Nathaniel, are you very free? You're the most important person in our company. Won't the company collapse if you don't attend to your tasks? Please return to your workstation and refrain from gossiping about your employee's private affair! Also, he doesn't and wouldn't like me. It's impossible."

Eric went back to his office, grinning. "Yeah, yeah. I, the important person in the company, will return to my office now."

As soon as Eric left, Lily called out "Arianne, there's a phone call for you. Please pick up the call."

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Arianne was perplexed. The only landline phone in the entire design department was at Lily's table, and it was normally used for work. Usually, she would not be asked for work matters. She rose to her feet and went over to pick up the phone.

Arianne answered the phone, "Hello? Good morning, this is Glide Design."

"Hah, it's me, Wendy Galena."

Hearing the voice at the other end of the line, Arianne was even more bewildered.
"Wendy? Can I help you?"

"Nothing much. I passed by your office earlier and saw Mark dropping you off at work. You were smiling really happily as though you like him. I genuinely thought you like Will. I really didn't expect that you're not even affected by what Mark did to the Sivans. You're quite ruthless. Well, I guess everyone would be thrilled to become Mrs. Tremont. You must have done good in your past life for being able to cling onto someone like Mark despite your identity."

"Is there anything else you want to say?" Arianne frowned.

Wendy chuckled dryly. "Will broke off our engagement for you, do you know that? He said there's no space for another woman in his heart. I thought a relationship during his college years would fade with time and that he'll learn to love me in time. However, that's just my one-sided thoughts. I'd be lying if I say I have no enmity with you. You're already Mrs. Tremont, but you're still occupying Will's heart. What I can't tolerate is that

he has always loved you, but not only did you not care when he was at his lowest, but you can even smile so happily. You didn't even bother him visiting when he was admitted into the hospital. I really feel sorry for him?"

"Galena, I'm working. Don't call my company for private affairs. I'm hanging up." Arianne hung up directly and turned around to see Lily's unhappy face.

"Don't use work resources for private matters in the future. This is basic etiquette, do you understand?" Lily said as she sat down.

Arianne felt her head throbbing. "I know. I'll be attending to my work now." She looked calm, but it was undeniable that Wendy's words caused a ripple in her heart. Recalling what Will had told her previously, she could empathize with him, and she had complicated mixed feelings. Perhaps, Mark had been etched so deeply in her bones since she was young that she did not even think about freely loving someone or doing the things she liked. Moreover, she was inexperienced in romance. Her budding romance in college was cruelly nipped in the bud before it could bloom. The only thing she got from all these was only a sense of heaviness.

When it was near lunchtime, Mary sent a nutritious meal to the office.

Arianne thought that it troubled Mary too much. "Mary, you don't have to deliver meals to me after this. I can eat out. Besides, the office caters quite well. Eric usually eats in the company too. I'll eat what you deliver today, but you don't have to come tomorrow. Go home, I'll bring the lunchbox back when I get off work."

Mary agreed with a smile. “Sure. Look at you, embarrassed by having your lunch delivered. Are you afraid that your colleagues think that you’re like a child? Anyway, you’re always a child in my eyes.”

Arianne did not deny it. She did feel this way too.

After Mary left, Arianne focused on eating her lunch, her colleagues had all left, but she suddenly felt someone approaching her. When she looked up, she saw Aery.

“Arianne, you really do have tricks up your sleeve. You actually managed to convince darling Mark to leave me.” Aery was still as arrogant as she usually was.

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“It’s fair. If it were any other woman, she’d do the same. I can’t pay back an eye for an eye like what you’ve done to me. What a pity!” Arianne said with an icy expression on her face while she ate.

As though she wanted to tear Arianne into pieces, Aery said through gritted teeth, “Mark doesn’t even love you. Why do you think he covered for me and mom when he’s well aware I’m the one who caused your miscarriage when I ran my car into you? It seems like you think you’re someone important now. Look at yourself. Mark only married you so he can slowly torture you for the sake of revenge. Your dad is dead. The dozens of lives he owed the Tremonts are yours to pay. He doesn’t love you, and yet, you think you’ve gained the upper hand!”

“This has nothing to do with love. I don’t love him anyway. Since he’s unwilling to divorce me, whether it’s for revenge or torture, it’s my duty to get rid of pesky flies like you that buzz around him, don’t you think?” Arianne was incensed but she suppressed it. She should have the air of a winner. It would count as her loss if she lost her composure.

Mark, who was standing at the entrance of the office, heard Arianne’s every word. He steps halted, and his expression turned icy cold. He stood silently for a moment before he finally turned to leave without making a sound.

When Mark entered the car, Brian could not help but ask, “Sir, aren’t you going to check if madam is eating properly? Why are you back so fast?”

Mark’s expression was dark as he said coldly, “Drive! Head to the office!”

Not knowing what happened, Brian, naturally, no longer dared to speak and sped away from Tremont Tower.

Back in the office, Aery tried her best to contain her raging emotions. However, when she saw how smug and defiant Arianne was, the flames of fury in her heart rose again. Mark had cut ties with her now, she would be doomed if she offended Eric as well. Since this was Eric’s company, she did not dare to cause a ruckus. Otherwise, she would not have just cursed. She muttered to herself, “Fine, Arianne. Let’s see who will have the last laugh. You’re just a bastard child who has nothing. When Mark is done with you, you’ll be chased out of the Tremont’s. I hope you’ll still be able to smile at that time!”

Naturally, it did not feel good to have salt rubbed in one's wound. However, compared to the hardships she had suffered, this was nothing to Arianne. She said flippantly, "Is there anything else you wanted to say, Aery? Leave if there's nothing else. If you're too lazy to walk, I can ask the security guards to escort you out. You're the young lady of the Kinsey family after all. You're so precious, I can understand if you can't walk without help."

Aery was furious. She kicked the office table in front of her. "Just wait and see."

Arianne felt much better as she watched Aery stomped away. It was not good to silently endure everything sometimes. It would only push her into the abyss of despair. Life was easier if she was unkind. Furthermore, it was Helen and Aery who took the initiative to provoke her first.

Arianne was plagued by Wendy's call the entire day. The latter was right. Will ended in this predicament because of her. The broken engagement and the accident were all her fault. Although the only evidence was a voice recording, and it was highly probable that Mark was the culprit, she should not have been so distant. Even if it was just to apologize on Mark's behalf, she should visit him at the hospital.