

# A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0171

When Arianne didn't get his answer, she continued, "What? You have money to fool around outside but don't have any for your wife?"

"I got it." A hint of a cryptic smile appeared in Mark's eyes.

After hanging up the call, he immediately transferred some money to her on his phone. The smile in his eyes crept to his lips.

Aery couldn't help feeling jealous when she noticed Mark's seemingly great mood after receiving the call. "Mark clear, who was that? You seem really happy after receiving that call..."

The smile on Mark's face instantly reduced as he replied indifferently, "No one in particular."

Helen noticed the situation and whispered, "Aery, aren't you talking too much? Not even food can stop your mouth?"

Aery closed her mouth in annoyance. A woman's instinct was always very accurate. The person who called Mark just now was definitely not an ordinary person.

Arianne looked at the transaction notification on her phone with a slightly conflicted feeling in her heart. She had never expected to so easily get money from Mark, and not only that, it was quite a large sum...

Tiffany leaned in and took a look. "It sure is nice to have a rich husband. Just a call and you get this huge sum of money. So, are we going shopping or finding someone to trace Mr. Sloane down?"

Arianne snapped back to her senses and said, "Of course, it is to find someone to trace Mr. Sloane down. You're proficient in this aspect. Help me find someone to do that, I'll pay for it."

Arianne didn't return to Tremont Estate until dinner time. In order to avoid Mark's suspicion, she reluctantly went to the mall and bought some stuff. They were all clothes, so she didn't spend a lot of money.

Mark came back shortly after she walked through the door. Arianne thought that he would either not come back tonight or be back very late... After all, he was with his lover. Why would he be willing to come back home and look at the wife who was an eyesore to him?

No one spoke at the table. Arianne didn't really feel like eating either. The food tasted like wax in her mouth and she put down her spoon after a few bites.

Just when she was about to leave, Mark suddenly spoke up. "Finish your food before leaving."

She glanced at the remaining half bowl of rice then replied indifferently, "I don't feel like eating."

Mark expressionlessly pushed all the dishes toward her. "You're not allowed to leave this table until you finish the remaining food."

After saying that, he set his cutlery down and went straight upstairs. Arianne didn't want to heed his words, but they bound her like a curse, just like they did in the past.

The recent incidents awakened the rebelliousness buried deep in her bones. She wanted to fight against him all the time, and even do something worse. However, whenever Mark used a commanding tone on her, she still subconsciously felt obligated to obey his words... She really despised this damn feeling!

Arianne sat glumly for a while but in the end, quickly shoved down all the food in her bowl and went to the backyard to play with her cat. Only playing with her cat could quell the anger in her heart.

After a while, Mary hurried to the backyard to find her. "Ari, sir has called for you."

# A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0172

Arianne mumbled unhappily, “I’m not going. Can’t he come if he’s looking for me? Why should I go to him? I’m not the one looking for him!”

Mary’s eyes widened. “Ari... isn’t... your rebellious phase a little too late? You’re turning twenty-two this year!”

Arianne was rendered speechless for a while. So, in Mary’s eyes, she was going through a phase right now? She was actually exploding in silence, alright? She finally had enough of being oppressed for so many years and wanted to put a stop to that situation, okay?

Upon seeing her disobedience, Mary could only report truthfully to Mark. Shortly after that, she came rushing to the backyard again with more urgency than earlier. “Ari, sir said that if you aren’t obedient, then he won’t allow you to keep the cat anymore. He meant what he meant...!”

Meant what he meant? Wow. Arianne was both angry and amused. He was always overbearing like this and acting like he was superior to everyone else.

She took a deep breath then turned around and went upstairs. Mark was sitting in front of the French Window as usual, flipping through an English book, which added a bit of scholarly flavor to his fierceness. If it weren’t for the cruel reality, his handsomeness might even delude her into thinking that everything was fine.

“Can you not order me around like a servant if you’re looking for me next time? You’re the one looking for me, not the other way round.” Arianne stood straight and her eyes didn’t even waver as she spoke.

“What did you say?” Mark closed the book and turned his head around to look at her.

“I’m not going to repeat that if you didn’t hear me clearly. You’re just trying to torture me anyway. It’s too much for me to be submissive and docile. Why do I have to live like that? If you think I’m an eyesore, then just get me out of your sight as soon as possible so you can give your eyes a break,” Arianne replied coldly.

“Do you think I will just let you go if you do all the things I hate? It’s not going to be that easy. You’ve always been very annoying anyway.” Mark got up and poured himself a glass of wine.

Arianne bit her lip hard then released it again. “Well, you’ve been very annoying too!”

Mark suddenly tightened his grip on the wine glass as if he was about to crush it. The expression on his face turned colder. “Your feelings don’t concern me! Who do you think you are?”

She smiled at him. “I used to be the orphan that you took in after owing you more than a dozen lives of the Tremont family. It was you who made me your wife. So, who do you say I am? I didn’t think that up myself.”

He gritted his teeth. “If you have any complaints, you can say them all at once. I would like to hear them!”

Since he was the one who asked her to tell him, then Arianne naturally wasn't going to hold anything back. “I am sick of being pitiful in front of you like a stray dog! You only smile when you are happy and trample on me as you want when you are upset. Even if my father was the one who caused the plane crash back then and made you into an orphan, am I guilty for that? I've lost as much as you have! I accept the fact that my father's debt is mine to bear, but you make me feel like I am less than a human! I can work as a servant for my whole life in the Tremont Estate as a way to repay my debt. I never asked to be Mrs. Tremont, who nearly got killed by your mistress! Even if my father and I are guilty, does that also make my child guilty...?”

Arianne felt as though all the strength in her body was gone at the mention of her child. She couldn't continue speaking anymore... It was already extremely difficult to hold back her tears.

## **A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0173**

Having his sore spot mentioned, Mark threw the wine glass in his hand against the floor. “You like being a servant? Alright, I'll fulfill your wish. From tomorrow onward, you'll do whatever the Tremont Estate's servants do! Now scam!”

She left without hesitation and went to Mary's helper room. The room was occupied by four helpers and had no additional space for her. Arianne could only squeeze in with Mary.

She did not regret angering him, however. She would rather sleep in the helpers' room than lie on the same bed as him. Whenever she saw him, she would think about everything he had done with Aery and Helen.

The three of them had torn a gash that would never heal in her heart, and that would remind her each living anguished second.

The next day, she went to work in the office as usual and became a 'part-time' servant in the Tremont Estate after work.

Although Mark had asked the estate's helpers to not be courteous and make her do what she should, no one dared order her around. After all, they were not yet divorced. Arianne was still the Madam.

She took over Mary's chores without a word, going to help wherever her assistance was needed and doing everything, including laundry, meals, and cleaning.

Mark used to only torment her without giving her a clear path of redeeming her sin. Now, he had at least shown her a way. She would rather redeem her sin this way.

Whatever it was, she owed it to him as long as Mr. Sloane was yet to be found. Even when both of them were bruised and wounded, the hurt that she had been through was always insignificant and unequal to him!

Arianne had her dinner with the helpers in the kitchen. After the meal, she worked for the rest of the night. When she was relieved of the chores, it was nearly twelve in the midnight.

Thinking about how she had asked Mark for money previously, she thought that she must have gone crazy to have asked that of him. No longer wanting any of it, she replaced the sum she spent before transferring it all back to him.

Arianne could only ask Tiffany to pay for the fee to find Mr. Sloane first. She would give it back to her slowly. At least, she still had her job now. She still had an income.

After that, Arianne lay down beside Mary. She was so exhausted that she no longer wanted to move. In hindsight, Mark had not made her do any physical chores no matter how he had treated her in the past. Now that she was suddenly hustling about, she felt a little overspent...

“Ari, go apologize to sir. I know that you’re heartbroken about your miscarriage and your temperament went through a little change, but you’re still husband and wife. No husband and wife live like this. Besides, you’ve done all that I should be doing. What is there left for me to do? I have nothing else to do. What if sir dismisses me? Stay away from chores that you shouldn’t be doing and be the Madam,” Mary suddenly advised.

Arianne broke out of her trance and said, “Mary... It’s not as simple as you think... I just... I think I’ve had enough. I don’t want to put up with it anymore. I want him to hate me and chase me away. Then I’ll be free, truly free. I don’t want to become Mrs. Tremont by his side. Others wish for it but not me.”

Mary sighed. “You, child, are blessed without knowing it. I don’t know everything between you and sir, but from what I know, sir isn’t bad to you. He doesn’t see you as an enemy nor does he make you do dirty tiring chores from young. You’re just too obstinate. Sir was still smiling when he came back yesterday. I was puzzled when you guys argued last night. It’s rare for sir to be in a good mood, so how come there was an argument? I was shocked when you helped me out after work too. It hasn’t been a month since your miscarriage; you can’t tire yourself out like this! Listen to me, give in to sir.”

## **A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0174**

Arianne pressed her lips together without saying anything. Fatigued, she gradually fell asleep.

Not hearing a reply from her, Mary sighed and tucked her in.

Almost as if he wanted to see her make a fool out of herself, Mark came home punctually each day after work and stayed in the living room longer than he usually would.

In order to avoid seeing him, Arianne mostly stayed away from the living room and only worked in the kitchen and backyard. She would only clean the living room after he went upstairs. It felt nice to stay in each other's lane without interference.

At the same time, Tiffany was rummaging through her room in her rented home anxiously. "Mom! Did you see my bankcard?"

Lillian did not pay attention to her, as she was having snacks in the living room. "No Find it on your own. You think I'm a thief?"

Tiffany turned the whole house over, but she still did not see her bankcard. No one had come to visit them either. Other than Lillian, she had no other guesses. "Mom, be honest, did you take my bankcard? Why did you take it? You don't know the password! Give it back to me if you've taken it. I need the money for an emergency."

There was a beat of silence from Lillian before she said, "And you told me that you have no money, telling me every day that you're poor. You must have a lot saved in the card, right? What's the emergency?"

Tiffany frowned. "I really need the money. Give me my card!"

Seeing that she did not look like she was kidding, Lillian slowly fished out the bankcard from her purse. "I... I spent a little of it."

Tiffany's eyelid throbbed with trepidation. "You spent it? How did you use it when you don't even know my password?"

Lillian answered with slight guilt, "All your passwords are your own birthday... I could guess. I just spent some of your money. You had close to three hundred thousand dollars in there and you hid it! We could've lived better, but no, you make your mom live like a beggar. I've taken care of you for nothing!"

Tiffany did not have the time to get angry at Lillian. She had promised Arianne that she would hire someone to investigate Mr. Sloane. It was not a small fee and the investigator wanted a deposit first.

When she found out her balance, Tiffany erupted. "Lillian J. Lane! You call this spending a little?"

Lillian was shocked. "How dare you call me by my name? I'm your mother! Yes, I've spent a lot. So what? I don't even know how much I've spent taking care of you. So what if I spend a little of yours? shrieking and screaming, who are you trying to scare?"

Tiffany could no longer take it. "You've not earned a single cent since you married my father and you have the gall to say that you took care of me? All the money I spent growing up was my dad's. The one who carried me in her arms and coddled me was the nanny. Other than being pregnant for ten months and giving birth to me, what else did you do? Do you know where this sum of money came from? It's a settlement from Ethan for breaking up with me! It's a breakup fee, alright! I planned to save it to buy a house; properties are expensive nowadays. Do you want to spend the rest of your life renting one? You're not Mrs. Lane anymore. My dad's dead! You are nothing, understand? I

work two jobs a day to feed you, but you're still not satisfied. If you go on like this, I'll stop caring about you!"

After venting, Tiffany did not want to face Lillian, nor did she want to continue arguing. Without a care for the rain outside, she busted out of the door.

The rain felt cold on her face. Tiffany's clothes were drenched instantly.

She found a roof to stay away from the rain and called Arianne. "Ari, I'm sorry, I don't have any money anymore... I should've known. My mom has her eyes on my money. She secretly spent it all. It was so much money. What's left isn't even enough to hire someone to investigate Mr. Sloane. I've had enough! There's no hope in buying a house... There's no hope anymore. I feel like reality has punched me in the gut. I have nothing anymore..."

## **A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0175**

Arianne looked at the rain through the kitchen's glass. She could empathize with Tiffany. They were both driven to the end of their ropes...

"Tiffie, where are you? I'll come look for you now," Arianne said as she left her chores and headed out with an umbrella.

“I’m at the convenience store downstairs of my house. I came out with just my phone. I don’t even have a jacket on. It’s freezing... I don’t want to go back and see my mom. I can’t stand the sight of her face right now.” Tiffany’s voice was laced with a sob.

Arianne, who had gone to the door, turned back promptly when she heard that Tiffany had no jacket on. “Okay. I’ll bring you some clothes. Stay there and wait for me. Don’t move!”

Right as she said that, Arianne slipped and fell on the floor when she was going up the staircase. Her lower abdomen hit the step and her umbrella fell to one side.

Despite the pain, she picked herself up, grabbed a jacket, and rushed out. The gale was strong, and it was raining cats and dogs. The lower half of Arianne’s clothes still got wet even though she carried an umbrella. Her shoes were thoroughly drenched too.

Cars rarely passed by the area. She only managed to hail a cab when she arrived at the junction.

The moment Arianne entered the car, she felt a gush of warmth between her legs, which was accompanied by a throbbing pain in her lower abdomen. She did not think much of it, assuming that it was normal, since it had not been much long since her miscarriage. She could still bear with the pain.

When she arrived at the convenience store, she hopped out of the car and passed the jacket to Tiffany. "It's freezing. Were you planning to stand here the entire night if you weren't going to go home?"

Tiffany's eyes were red. "I just want someone to talk to now. I'll... still have to go back later. My mom will starve herself to death if I don't. That's how she is... I hate it, but I can't do anything!"

Arianne looked pale. To alleviate the pain, she squatted down. "I'm here. Don't fret. We can make more money if it's gone. And since there really isn't any more money now, your mom won't be able to do much."

A thunderbolt cracked above the sky of the Tremont Estate while the billowing gale rattled the windows.

When she didn't see Arianne and was unable to reach her through her phone, Mary found out from the guards at the door that she had gone out. She could not help but worry when looking at the disastrous weather outside. She hurried upstairs to look for Mark "Sir, madam went out after receiving a call just now. The weather is awful. Should we look for her?"

Mark gazed at the heavy rain as he sat by the French window with a slight frown. "Let her do what she wants."

Mary was hesitant to speak. Just as she was about to turn and leave, Mark spoke up again, "Do not look for her!"

Mary acknowledged his order and returned to her room with a sigh.

As the pain in her lower abdomen worsened, Arianne, who was outside of the convenience store, found it harder to endure. "Tiffie... will you let me send you home? It's so cold out here..."

Realizing that she did not look right, Tiffany was quick to reply. "Alright Come to my place first. Why do you look so pale? Do you feel unwell somewhere?"

Arianne straightened up and slowly walked forward, all the while being helped by Tiffany. "I'm fine... I fell by the door when I was in a hurry to come to you. It's okay, don't worry. I'll be fine after some rest."

Tiffany lowered her head and looked at her. "Where did you hit..." Before she could finish, she saw that the rain was stained red under Arianne's feet, a bright vermilion that was still flowing down from the hem of her pants.

# A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0176

“Ari, why are you bleeding?”

Arienne followed Tiffany’s gaze downward, but her vision was already blurry and she was beginning to hear buzzing instead of voices.

Vaguely aware of her surroundings, Tiffany hailed a cab and sent her to the hospital. A few medical staff appeared in front of her, looking anxious as they pushed her into the emergency ward.

She was conscious, aware that she was being laid on the operation theater, but she felt no pain nor could she speak

Tiffany paced outside the emergency ward in a state of nerves. After a while, a nurse opened the door of the emergency ward and walked out. “Are you the patient’s family? The patient is over fatigued after her miscarriage and is now suffering from blood loss due to trauma. She needs surgery. Please put in your signature if you’re her family!”

Tiffany was stupefied. “I... I’m her friend. I’m not a family member.”

The nurse said hurriedly, “Then call her family! The surgery can only be done with a signature. She can’t wait any longer!”

With trembling hands, Tiffany picked up Arianne's phone to call Mark but realized that her phone had automatically switched off from the low battery. She could only pull out Arianne's sim card and put it in her own phone. When the call was connected, it was manually hung up. She called again only to have the same scenario repeated.

Tiffany was already a sobbing mess. She texted Mark while wiping her tears. "Ari's going to die if you don't pick up! She's losing a lot of blood. She's in the hospital. A family signature is required for the surgery. Pick up!"

Right after the text was sent, Mark's call came. Tiffany picked up hastily. "Come quickly, Ari is in danger... She lost so much blood..."

Only thunder and rain were heard from the other end of the line for the first few seconds before Mark's voice sounded. There was a trickle of panic in his calmness. "You, pass the phone to the doctor."

Tiffany obediently passed the phone to the surgeon in practice. "It's from the patient's family."

The doctor was about to speak when he accepted the phone, but he was cut off by Mark. "I'm Mark Tremont; the patient is my wife. I still need a little more time to get to the hospital. Please do your best to save her now. I'll sign the form the moment I arrive. I verbally promise that I indemnify the hospital should there be any accident. Please save her now! I'll come as soon as I can!"

Usually, the hospital would never proceed with the surgery recklessly according to such a situation. The signature was a must. However, hearing that it was Mark Tremont and having his verbal consent, the surgeon agreed. "Alright, Mr. Tremont. We'll do our best in saving Mrs. Tremont."

The doctor went back to the operation ward after the phone call while Tiffany wept sitting on the bench. She blamed herself. If she had not called Arianne out so late in the night, the latter would not have fallen and something like this would not have possibly occurred...

Seconds and minutes ticked away. About twenty minutes later, Mark appeared at the corner of the corridor.

Tiffany did not expect him to be here so fast and... He was actually wearing his loungewear. "You need at least one hour to drive from your house, don't you? How did you get here so fast? Sign your name!"

Mark did not say anything. The heaving from his chest was rather heavy as if he had just finished a strenuous exercise.

He took the document that the nurse passed him and signed it speedily. His name, which he had signed countless times, looked like a scrawl now, as his hands were shaking...

# A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0177

“What’s the situation?” Mark asked.

“We’re doing our best right now. When Mrs. Tremont was sent in... she was bleeding quite badly. It must have been severe. Don’t worry, Mr. Tremont, your wife will be fine.”

The nurse spoke with caution. After all, the person standing in front of her was no ordinary man.

“How did this happen?” The emotions that his tone contained were too complex, causing the nurse to blanch from fright.

“I... I’m not sure... Doctor’s initial diagnosis is over fatigue after miscarriage and a trauma, causing heavy blood loss... Her doctor should have advised that a good rest is needed after the miscarriage, right? Why did...”

Mark sank down on the chair limply. “Save Saver her for me... As long as she lives, anything is fine...”

He had only wanted her to give in. Why would she rather torment herself to this state and insist on fighting him?

Tiffany thought that it was strange. “Over fatigue? Ari did work after a few days out of the hospital, but she was in the office and her job isn’t tiring. Why would she over fatigue herself? The trauma... is an accidental fall when she came out to look for me...”

The nurse did not know much, so she dared not make a sound. Mark undoubtedly would not answer her.

Suddenly, a few men who were dressed like gang members came over in a cut-throat manner. When they saw Mark, they surrounded him instantly. “Running away after crashing into our car? Try and run again! Were you rushing to the hospital to send someone off?”

Tiffany was not exactly on friendly terms with Mark, but she could not hold back when her best friend’s man was being cussed by some strangers. “What are you saying? Believe me when I say I’ll slap you! It’s just a crash, how much is it? We’ll recompense you. Stop shouting here!”

Mark looked extremely frosty. With how rushed he was while bolting out the door, he did not even change, only managing to pick up his car key. It was impossible for him to have brought cash or anything of that sort. In addition, he dropped his phone at home when he was searching for his car key.

Ignoring the city crooks, he grabbed Tiffany’s phone and made a call. “For The People Hospital. Send me money.” He hung up after those handful of words.

The men did not care about a woman like Tiffany. Seeing Mark's attitude, they sneered. "Wow, sounding so high and mighty, are we? Asking someone to send you money... What business do you own to make you so bossy? Since you're so rich, pay the full sum for my new Audi! Lucky I made the chase when I saw you coming to the hospital, or else I'd have suffered a huge loss. We're deeply shaken by how our new car got crashed by you. You won't be able to escape compensation for our emotional distress either!"

Mark looked up at the man who spoke, glaring daggers at him. "Shut up! Don't disturb the people in the emergency ward. You can resolve this however you want."

The man who was speaking was intimidated by his gaze and his volume dropped significantly. "I... If we weren't at the hospital, I'd beat you up today. Alright, I'll wait here with you for someone to send money and make up for your mistakes!"

Tiffany rolled her eyes. These men were probably crazy. Not only did they not know Mark, but they were also testing their limits at the edge of death.

Soon, Brian arrived at the hospital with a few bodyguards. When the men saw them, they began to feel weak inwardly.

Brian had been working for Mark for years. One word from the latter and he knew what he should do.

# A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0178

Mark took the check from Brian and threw it at the men. “Fill in however much you want.”

The men were afraid at first, but when Mark told them to fill in whatever they wanted, they thought that he was a cowardly employer who used money to solve his problems. Pleased with themselves, they filled the check with what they thought was an astronomical sum of money. “We’re not cheating you,” they boasted, “Aside from damage costs, there are also fees for the mental damage on our end. It’s not an exaggeration.”

Mark curved his lips into a smirk “You should put in a higher sum because there’s also... medical fees. Put that in too.”

Before the men could figure out what he had meant, they were dragged away by a bodyguard.

Brian draped the coat that he had brought along around Mark’s body. “Sir, your car is damaged. I’ve had someone tow it away and brought another one for you.”

Mark nodded. “I don’t know how many red lights I ran past, take care of it.”

Brian glanced at the emergency room. “Erm... Will you be alright here on your own?”

Mark waved his hand, and Brian turned around and left.

Tiffany sighed and said, “I’ve always thought that you’re too harsh on Ari. Now it seems that you have a conscience, at least. Rushing over after finding out that something had happened to her, firmly shortening your journey by half an hour— not only damaging your car, but running through quite a few red lights too. I don’t like your way of doing things, but you have some semblance of humanity. The child that Ari lost was yours. She’s been trying her best to keep her distance from Will ever since he got back. During our many conversations, she’d mostly talk about her marriage. She’s a pretty honest young woman. Oh right, how did you handle Ari’s car accident in the end? Her stepsister, Aery Kinsey was behind the accident that caused her miscarriage. Have you thrown that bitch into jail yet? You’re Ari’s husband, yet you’ve somehow managed to swallow all of this?”

Mark frowned and remained silent.

Tiffany tactfully shut her mouth. If she were to ever find out that the Kinseys’ chauffeur had taken the blame in the end, and the fact that Mark had not only let Aery off without an investigation, but had even helped the Kinsey family in clearing this mishap, she would completely flip out on him.

Two hours later, the operation was complete. The doctor emerged from the emergency room and said, “Mr. Tremont, we’ve managed to stabilize Mrs. Tremont for now, which means that she can be transferred to a normal ward. However, we’ll have to keep her

under observation for a few days. There's one more thing that I need to bring to your attention. Please come with me to the office so that we can discuss it in detail."

"You go ahead," Tiffany quickly said, "I'll watch over Ari from here."

Mark nodded and followed the doctor into the office.

The doctor informed him of the situation in detail. "You should be aware of Mrs. Tremont's condition. She's weak at the moment and will have to recuperate after her discharge. Don't let her get too tired for the time being. She nearly lost her life. We've managed to preserve her womb, but the chances of conception... It may be difficult for her to get pregnant from now on, as this was her first pregnancy and she suffered an accident. One more thing, her current condition is rather unusual, so it's best to avoid intimate relations over the next two months. Mr. Tremont, as her husband, you must be more considerate of Mrs. Tremont's feelings."

Mark nodded solemnly. "Is there anything else that requires attention?" This was probably the first time he'd ever listened to anyone so seriously.

The doctor paused thoughtfully and said, "Not for now. Mrs. Tremont will need someone to take care of her. You should make some arrangements."

Mark returned to the ward. Tiffany volunteered to stay back and take care of her, but he paused and said, "No need. I'll handle it tonight."

Tiffany did not insist. After all, she had her own problems, a big baby of a mother at home, work in the day time, and a second job at night. She truly did not have the time at all... Hence, she stayed in the ward and watched over Arianne for a while before leaving.

## **A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0179**

It was morning the second day when Arianne woke up. Before she opened her eyes, she sensed someone's presence by her bed. Fortunately, she remembered she had been admitted into the hospital last night. She thought it was Mary who had been watching over her so she said, "Mary, call in sick for me at work. I can't go to work for now..."

When there was no reply, Arianne slowly opened her eyes. Mark's rather haggard face greeted her eyes. His attire of choice, loungewear, and his slightly unkempt hair startled her that her heart skipped a beat. She did not what happened during the surgery that it made someone like him, who cared about his image, look like this in a public place like the hospital

Mark's thin lips parted, saying words she did not understand. "What? Are you happy now? You win."

"What are you talking about?" She was baffled. Did he go mad again and decided to pick on her?

Mark did not answer her. He rose to his feet before putting on his coat and headed to the door. "Mary will come over later. Stay in the hospital. I'll come again after work."

Arianne furrowed her brows. Her voice sounded hoarse as she protested, "No need! Go work. I don't need a lot of people here." In fact, she wanted to say she did not need him.

Hearing the rasp in her voice, Mark turned back again and poured her a glass of water. When he brought the glass of water to her, he stood in a commanding manner. However, he did not speak.

Arianne did not want to accept his help but she was incredibly thirsty. Her throat was so dry that it felt like the desert. Her hand shook slightly as she brought them out of the blanket. However, before she could hold the glass, he pushed the glass to her lips. Since she was not one to be dramatic, she did not make a fuss and drank two gulps from the glass to temporarily soothe the discomfort in her throat. If she drank anymore, it would feel uncomfortable.

After feeding her water, Mark left immediately.

Her weakened state incapacitated her. She was starving and thirsty, but she had no energy at all. Even the slightest movement caused her pain.

When Mary finally arrived, Ariane quickly called out, "Water! Give me water first!"

Mary put down the insulated lunch box she had brought along and fed Arianne the water she had carefully poured with affection. Looking at how hastily Arianne was drinking, she could not help but remind her, "Ari, don't drink too much. I brought congee. It'll quench your thirst as well. It'll be hard for you to go to the toilet later if you drink too much. It won't be hard for me. I'm just worried you'll be in pain if you move around too much when you go to the toilet."

Arianne did not care. She drank to her heart's content before stopping and had a small bowl of congee. It was only then that she felt a portion of her strength returning to her. Her curiosity about the situation last night rose. "Mary, why was Mark at the hospital? Was he here all night?"

Mary nodded. "Sir received the call and rushed here without even changing. Not only that, but he did not even bring his phone and wallet. He only grabbed his car keys before he rushed out. He didn't even hear me calling out to him. Brian sent him the money with some men after that. He didn't return so it's likely that he stayed here all night. I heard from Brian that Sir ran through red lights when he rushed here. He even crashed his car." She paused for a moment before she said, "See, he still cares about you, right?"

Mary continued to speak, "I've always wondered... He gets along with everyone but you. You two are like born nemesis. You can't get along, but you can't leave each other alone either. Sir doesn't have a bad temper even when he was just a boy. He's not a bad person. But why is he so unforgiving toward you?"

Arianne did not say anything, equally as confused. In other people's eyes, it seemed like Mark cared about her. However, what she felt was completely different. As soon as she thought about him, her mind was filled with thoughts of him, the man who was kind to outsiders but was like a devil to her. He was so strict with her that it made her afraid. He was so unpredictable that she could not figure him out at all.

# A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0180

Seeing that Arianne was keeping quiet, Mary said with a smile. “Ah, you’re still young. You’ve been staying by sir’s side since you’re a little girl. You’re just like a carefully cared for rose that hasn’t seen much of the outside world. Once you go out into the world and see enough people and men, you’ll understand this. Sir might not be the nicest to women, but he’s certainly not mean to them. I can see there’s something going on with Aery and sir, but if Aery had met with an accident, I don’t think he would’ve rushed to the hospital and stayed the night.”

Arianne did not want to speak about this so she quickly changed the topic. “Mary, did you arrange for someone to take care of Rice Ball on my behalf? It was raining so heavily last night, and the wind was so strong. It must have been terrified, being left in the backyard.”

Mary slapped her leg. “Aiyah, I forgot! I was so worried about you all night and didn’t get a good sleep. I had a nagging feeling that I’ve forgotten something. If you didn’t remind me, I would’ve forgotten all about it. Look at me, I’m so old now that even my memory is slipping. How could I forget about Rice Ball? I’ll call home and speak to Henry!”

Arianne was anxious upon hearing this. The weather had been awful. Leaving Rice Ball in the yard under such conditions made him no different from a stray. Mary called the Tremont Estate and put the call on speaker so Arianne could listen in as well.

The call rang for a long time but no one picked up. When they thought no one heard the call, it was suddenly connected.

Mary quickly said, “Madam asked to check on Rice Ball. The weather was bad last night. Rice Ball must have been petrified. Have someone check on it quickly and clean it. Make sure it doesn’t fall sick. Cats are pampered creatures. It would have one foot on its

deathbed if it falls sick!”

The other end of the line was silent for a few seconds before Mark’s voice sounded. “Noted.”

The call ended immediately.

Arianne and Mary looked at each other. Who would have guessed that Mark would pick up the call? Arianne was a little worried. “He doesn’t care about Rice Ball. Mary, call Henry’s personal number.”

Mary waved her off. “Alright, don’t worry. Even if sir doesn’t care, he’ll ask Henry to do it. Even if he doesn’t, the Tremont’s has so many helpers. Someone will do it. Someone will help you with Rice Ball even if nobody asks. Maybe Rice Ball is already taken care of. Don’t worry so much.”

Back in the Tremont Estate, Mark had just had a shower and a change of clothes. He was already on his way out when Mary called. Although he was reluctant, he still went to the backyard. He scanned the vicinity and did not see any trace of Rice Ball. He frowned. “Come out...”

Naturally, Rice Ball was not obedient and would not come just because it was called.

Mark patiently looked around for it but it was in vain. He panicked a little and called the guards at the gates over. “ Look for that cat!”

After a while, a guard finally found Rice Ball between the flower pots. “Sir, the cat’s here!”

Mark briskly walked over and his face fell when he saw Rice Ball. He had never seen such a stupid cat. The weather had been terrible last night, but this cat did not even try to find a way to enter the house. Instead, it had gotten trapped here. Not only was its fat body stuck between the flower pots, but its fur was wet and dirty and it had even injured its hind leg. Its blue eyes were filled with fear. One could imagine how terrified and helpless it was last night.

“Send it to the vet and let them do a thorough checkup. Have the leg treated. Take care of all this before madam comes home. Don’t let her know about this.” Mark was kind after all. If Arianne knew about Rice Ball’s current state, she would probably pick a fight with him.

“Yes, sir!” The guard answered. Since Rice Ball was too dirty, he grabbed it by the scruff of its neck

Rice Ball mewled pitifully.

Upon hearing this, Mark barked, "Carry it properly!"

Surprised, the guard quickly carried Rice Ball in his arms like he was carrying a baby.  
"Yes, yes..."