

# A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0101

Jackson West smiled wryly. “No, I know his daughter though.”

The nurse instantly felt as though her future husband had been snatched by someone else. In her voice was a hint of disappointment that she couldn't hide. “Uh... Alright, I'll settle that for you.”

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At the Tremont Estate, Arianne gathered all the money she had and put her paintings on sale on the Internet. Unfortunately, selling paintings wasn't a form of stable income, so she suddenly regretted that she had resigned so hastily back then. She had not expected such misfortune to befall on the Lane family. Without a stable income, it was difficult for her to even make a small contribution.

She transferred whatever money she had to Tiffany first. Afraid that Tiffany would refuse her good will, she even sent a reminder to her, ‘We can overcome this ordeal together. You're not alone in this, there's still me and Will. Don't be stubborn at a time like this.’

When Tiffany received the money and text, she finally broke down in tears. She ignored the strange glances that people on the streets were throwing at her as she cried her way back to the hospital with a newly purchased thermos in hand.

In this kind of situation, she just had to run into Jackson West who was just about to leave the hospital. When the man saw her from afar, he was more amused than sympathetic. "Whoa... What are you doing? Did the sales lady not give you a discount for the thermos?"

Tiffany rolled her eyes at him. "That's none of your business."

Jackson was suddenly overwhelmed by an urge to tease her. "I was just asking you a question. Why are you hating on me?"

The more Tiffany looked at him, the more upset she felt. She cried even harder in anger. "Did... You come to the hospital... To see a urologist... And get tested for syphilis?" she sobbed.

The corner of Jackson's mouth twitched. The gazes of other passersby on the handsome man instantly changed from admiration to disgust "Oh, come on! Go cry all you want; I'm leaving now before someone else thinks I did something to you."

Tiffany watched Jackson flee the scene, then yelled loudly after him, "If you're sick, you need to get treated! There's nothing to be ashamed of!"

When she returned to the ward, Lillian pulled her to the side in excitement. "Tiffie, someone just donated to us. Now your dad can receive the surgery."

Tiffany was a little surprised. “Someone donated? Everyone has been avoiding us since the incident. Who was so kind enough to make this donation?”

Lillian shook her head. “No idea. The nurse informed me that the person insisted on retaining his anonymity. He had donated more than thirty thousand dollars, covering even the extra nutrition expenses in the future. We must repay this person’s kindness in the future once we manage to find out his identity. As the saying goes, not everyone who puts icing on the cake is

necessarily a friend, but those who offer charcoal in snowy weather are definitely a benefactor.”

Tiffany couldn’t stand being tormented by her curiosity so she went up directly to the nurses’ station. “Miss, who donated to my dad?”

The nurse looked at her in amusement. “We can’t tell you that since the other party would like to remain anonymous. He only said that he knew you. We can’t really tell you anything else...”

Tiffany lifted her eyebrow. “Know me? Many people know me, how would I know who he is? Is he trying to make me guess? Why don’t you tell me how tall he is and how he looks? Maybe I would be able to figure it out.”

The nurse was overwhelmed by her desire to ‘confide’ in Tiffany and looked like she was about to spill the beans. “Quite young, quite handsome and quite tall.

Not only that, he seems really rich. That's all I can say. Don't ask me any more questions, I won't be able to hold back..."

Tiffany didn't continue badgering the nurse. She just tried to figure out who the donor was. Young, handsome, tall, and rich... She knew plenty of people like that, but nearly none of them would lend a hand at a time like this. If it was Will, he wouldn't remain anonymous.

She subconsciously thought of Ethan. He wasn't rich, but he might have gone around to collect the money. Of course, the nurse would be under the impression that he was rich if he could donate more than thirty thousand dollars at once...