

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0103

While they were in the middle of the conversation, the ward's door pushed open. Tiffany coughed twice and tugged at the hem of Arianne's blouse.

Turning around, Arianne's eyes met with Will Sivan's gentle eyes. "Oh, you're here too."

It was only a simple greeting, yet there were too many hidden emotions buried underneath.

Will deposited the supplements he bought on the bedside table. "I'm here to visit uncle. I didn't expect you to be here as well. The environment here... isn't very good. Tiffie, why are you not transferring him to the private ward?"

As soon as Will said that, the family members of the patient who had a conflict with Tiffany yesterday sneered. "A private ward? They're still knee—deep in debt..."

Tiffany smacked her chest, then drew the privacy curtains close. "Just a bunch of dogs. Ignore them."

One of the family members pulled the curtains open and shouted, "Who are you calling a dog? You have no manners! No wonder why your factory has gone bankrupt. What's

the use of having a large family business when you don't even have any manners?
Serve you right!"

Tiffany rolled up her sleeves. "You wanna fight, huh? I've been itching to bitch slap you across your face!"

Will and Arianne quickly stopped her together. "Forget it, forget it!"

After witnessing the incident, Will and Arianne both insisted on transferring John Lane to a private ward. It didn't matter if it was just an ordinary private ward. He needed a good environment to recuperate, and there was no way he could do that amidst these noises.

In the end, John refused even though Tiffany had finally agreed. "I'm not going to do that in this kind of situation. How can I enjoy myself at the expense of Tiffie and her mother? I'll be fine, really."

"Don't worry about the bill, uncle. I have withdrawn some money before I came, it's enough to transfer you into a slightly better ward," Will assured him.

John Lane didn't expect that he would end up receiving help from his daughter's friends. He wasn't sure if he should feel happy or sad about it.

After transferring her father to another ward, Tiffany saw Will and Arianne off. After three long years, they were finally reunited again.

“Let’s have lunch together since we ’re finally reunited! I still have money to treat you both to a meal,” she suggested.

Will didn’t have any objection, so he looked at Arianne.

She lowered her head and mumbled, “Sure.”

The three of them strolled around for a while, then found a random restaurant to dine in at. Tiffany laughed self ~deprecatingly. “I’m not rich enough to treat you guys at a good place anymore. Hope you guys won’t mind. Wait till I get rich next time, I’ll feed you guys everyday!”

Will laughed in amusement. “Come on, I never expected you to feed me. This restaurant looks decent. I’m not that picky anyway.”

A silent smile graced Arianne’s face. She had always enjoyed watching them bicker with each other. The moment made her feel nostalgic.

A black Rolls—Royce was parked opposite the restaurant. Brian whispered, “Sir, Madam only bumped into Will Sivan at the hospital.”

Sitting in the backseat, Mark retracted his gaze and said coldly, “Give Wendy Galena a call, we’re going back to the office.”

While the three were having fun chatting over their meal in the restaurant, a beautiful figure suddenly came rushing in.

Will happened to be sitting facing the main door, and his face sank at the sight of Wendy Galena.

Wendy spotted him at the same time too. Her high heels clicked as she went up to them. “So you have time to spend with friends, but not with your fiancée? I’m heartbroken, Will.”