

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0106

Mary paused, then suggested, “You can call him and ask if he will come back for dinner or something. Husband and wife should communicate more, you can’t go on living your own lives like this. I know both of you got married in the first place for a reason... To be honest, based on sir’s personality, the fact that he can forget about the past and still marry you means that he really loves you. You can’t act so indifferent toward him. You know how he is, so why can’t you just listen to him? As long as two people can live together in harmony, does it matter who is the one that lowers their head?”

Arianne felt as though she had just heard the most absurd advice. “Are you kidding me, Mary? He loves me? I was only eight when I entered the Tremont family, and he was already eighteen. He probably already had girlfriends back then. I was still a child. How could he have possibly fallen in love with me? We only got married due to the incident from three years ago... It isn’t even an exaggeration to say that it was a public relations move. It has nothing to do with feelings. He probably didn’t want to divorce me because he either didn’t want to be publicly criticized or... he just wants to torment me. Just how much does he hate me to be willing to spend his entire life seeking revenge against me? Why would he even love me?”

Since they were on this topic, Mary went all out and opened up to her. “Is that how you’ve been feeling all this while? If sir’s really spending his whole life seeking revenge against you, then is he tormenting you or himself? If he purely hates you, he wouldn’t even want to look at you. Do you think he can even bring himself to... do something with you?”

Mary was more subtle in her choice of words, but Arianne understood what she was referring to. Mark had been intimate with her years ago. She couldn’t deny the fact that she had always been confused by it.

However, she quickly dismissed that possibility as ridiculous when she recalled the hatred and disgust in Mark's eyes whenever he looked at her. "Stop, Mary. I know how he feels. If a person really loves you, there's no way you won't feel it. But all I can feel from Mark is his hatred toward me."

Mary sighed and said nothing else.

Perhaps she was too exhausted during the day, for Arianne retired to bed earlier than usual tonight. Her sleep was intruded by chaotic dreams. There was so much going on that by the time she woke up, she couldn't recall anything about them. All she felt was the sweat on her that caused her body to feel sticky.

The sun had risen to the sky. She went into the bathroom and took a bath. Since it was an enclosed space, it was normal to experience difficulty breathing after spending a long time in there. However this time, her reaction was more intense than before, to the point she even felt dizzy.

The moment she opened the bathroom door and came out, she gasped for a few deep breaths before she finally managed to recover. A sudden throbbing pain in her lower abdomen startled her.

She was instantly reminded that her period had been late for almost twenty days... Not only that, her sleep was also very seriously affected lately.

Thinking back to the cramp just now, she touched her breasts uncomfortably with a red face. They were slightly swollen, so her period would probably be here soon...

After job hunting for half a month, Arianne finally accepted her fate. If she wasn't given free meals at Tremont Estate, she probably would have starved to death on the streets.

Out of boredom, she opened the website where she previously uploaded her paintings for sale and discovered that someone had purchased them! It had been more than half a month since the order was placed, but the other party never chased her to ship out the goods.

Arianne almost thought her eyes were playing tricks on her. After double checking the order, only then did she finally accept that it was reality. She let out a huge sigh of relief. Although it wasn't much, it was still an income.

She withdrew the money and immediately transferred every single cent to Tiffany. The order had given her some hope. She continued painting in the studio since it was better than doing nothing at home.

When Mary saw her so immersed in painting, she decided not to call her downstairs to eat. Instead, she delivered Arianne's meal directly to the studio. In any case, Mark was usually not around. Even if he did return, he would just take something then leave again. Hence, no one would really care about the rules.

When Mary happily served up the steamed sea bass, Arianne covered her mouth and rushed into the bathroom before she even saw what the fish looked like.

Her legs were wobbly after retching for a while. She stood up and was startled by the sad look on Mary's face. "No... I wasn't thinking that the dishes you prepared weren't good. It just smells too fishy. I never really liked things with fishy smells."

Mary was a little puzzled. "The sea bass was prepared very meticulously. There isn't any fishy smell. Since when did your nose become so sensitive?"

Arianne wasn't sure why she had suddenly reacted strongly. "It's alright, I'll skip the fish. Can you just get me some vegetables?"