

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 26

The short finishing touch of his reply successfully stopped her in her tracks. She would never doubt Mark Tremont's ability to suspend the company she was working at from operating if he wished to.

However, Arianne did not say anything, choosing to go back upstairs to her room. Lying on her bed, her mind was blank.

On the dining table, Mark Tremont put down his mobile phone emotionlessly and ate his meal in full concentration, feigning ignorant to the text messages that were stacking up, no longer giving them another glance.

"Mary, move her to my room."

Mary was struck with a realization. "This should be the case... You weren't here for three years, yes? Ari's has stayed in her original room. Now that you're back, she should move. I'm on it."

Mark Tremont corrected her. "Your form of address should change now."

"Oh, right, right. I've gotten used to it. I have to call her madam from now on," Mary replied with a smile.

When Mary went to Arianne's room to move her things in glee, the latter was a little puzzled. "What are you doing, Mary? Where are you moving my stuff?"

Mary answered with a beam, "Sir's back. You two are husband and wife, of course, you have to stay together. Sir is not young anymore, you both can have kids now."

Arianne looked down without making a reply. He would not be touching her, it was impossible for them to bear a child.

Whatever that could be moved away was transferred to the main bedroom. Arianne sat unmoved on her bed. She was unable to immediately adapt entering and exiting his room, nor staying there like it was her own.

Hearing the noises of the housekeepers cleaning up the cutlery downstairs, Arianne got up to go to the bathroom.

When she came out, she was surprised that Mark Tremont was still in the living room. He had yet to go out.

Arianne was rather shocked. She had intentionally spent a long time in the bathroom, assuming that he would leave for the hotel right after dinner. It was apparent that she had misjudged.

Acting indifferent, she went upstairs to Mark Tremont's room and laid herself in bed after drying her hair.

The ceiling looked like the starry universe under the illumination of the room light. Everything about Mark Tremont was so unique. What was he thinking when he used to lie in this bed?

Arianne unknowingly closed her eyes when she heard the door open. She had yet to figure out how to act around him as his wife, given how long they were apart.

Mark Tremont did not speak but Arianne heard rustling. Curiously opening her eyes, she saw him changing with his back facing her!

This was Arianne's first time looking at his bare body. The contours of his muscles were smooth but they clearly were strong and powerful.

Blatantly checking Mark Tremont out, their eyes met when he turned around out of the blue.

Arianne closed her eyes in a panic, while Mark Tremont buttoned up his shirt with a blank expression. Then, the sound of the door closing was heard.

He had left. Arianne breathed in relief.

Not used to the bed, Arianne was wide awake until midnight. She was exhausted but her mind was crystal clear. This was the presage of her insomnia.

Suddenly, her mobile phone rang, causing her to stare at the caller ID in a daze. Why would Mark Tremont call her at midnight? Had he not gone to see that woman?

Perplexed, Arianne answered the call. “Hello?”

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The foreign voice of a man came from the other end of the line.

“Hello? Sister-in-law? Uh, Mark had too much to drink. Do you think you can come pick him up?”

Sister-in-law? The address caused her to jolt. Arianne’s first reaction was that the caller must have been mistaken. She was quite puzzled.

“What? Where?”

It took Arianna some effort to finally clarify which bar they were at, since the other end of the line was noisy.

Hanging up, she put on her coat and woke Henry up. She had no driver's license and could not pick him up on her own.

Arriving at the location, she saw the men at the bar entrance from afar right as she got off the car. Other than Mark Tremont who was intoxicated, there were two other men.

‘Birds of a feather flock together’ this was Arianne's immediate thought. Both men were good looking and lofty. It was just that she had never seen them in the past, having no opportunity to familiarize herself with his circle of friends.

“Ay, Mark's good at hiding. He's spilled the beans that he's married, but only after getting drunk today. I've never expected his type to be the fresh and innocent kind. You aren't the one he took in... are you?” Jackson West widened his eyes when he saw Arianne, he was quite doubtful.

Arianne's gaze dimmed a little. She said nothing and went up to hold Mark Tremont.

“Thank you and sorry for the trouble.”

Jackson West wanted to say more but was dragged along by Eric Nathaniel beside him.
“Enough, help take Mark to the car.”

When the car zoomed off, Jackson looked seriously at Eric.

“Say, she’s not actually that little girl he took in back then, is she? What’s Mark thinking? Never in my wildest dream I’d expect him to marry her.”

Eric Nathaniel was not at all bewildered. “Based on Mark’s character, do you think he’ll take in the daughter of his enemy who caused his parents’ death for no reason? In everyone’s eyes he’s an angel, but in reality he is far from gracious.”

Returning to the Tremont Estate, Arianne Wynn had strained all of her strength carrying Mark Tremont back to their room. The moment she dropped him on the bed, she felt as if all her energy was drained. She had to rest for a while before she could clean him up with a warm towel.

Mark Tremont's phone rang then. Arianne hesitantly retrieved it from his pocket. It was not that she was curious to who had texted him, she was wondering what he had saved her number as.

Waking the screen up, Arianne ignored the text, directly searching through his call history. She could see her entry instantly since there were not many contacts saved in Mark Tremont's phone. She was saved as 'Ari'.

Arianne could not fathom what she felt when she saw the words. It seemed to be only Mama Mary who would call her by 'Ari', even Henry addressed her as 'miss'. She had not expected him to save her contact with her nickname.

Suddenly, Arianne was not as fearful of Mark Tremont anymore. The inebriated man did not look frosty and stem like he usually does. Putting his phone down, Arianne moved him into a comfortable position and was about to get up when Mark Tremont pulled her into his embrace.

"Don't go..."

Whilst hugged, Arianne's heartbeat soared like she was going to pass out. She was so nervous that she did not dare move a muscle.

After some time, she tried to break free when he made no further movement. Once she moved, however, his arms tightened. The blush on her face darkened and Arianne ultimately gave up.

Arianne felt something warm against her ears just as she was dozing off. Initially, she had thought that Mark Tremont had accidentally touched her from shifting around. It was until his lips moved to the corner of her mouth...

When Arianne subconsciously turned away due to the strong alcohol scent that fueled her insecurity, Mark Tremont flipped her around, trapping her under him. His eyes were glazed and his voice was raspy. "What is it? This is your duty as my wife. Are you still thinking about keeping your chastity for that man?!"

Afraid, Arianne's hands were against his chest. "It's not that... you're drunk.."

His head was buried in her neck. "It can still be done!"

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For some reason, Arianne remembered the woman who hooked arms with him at the airport and instinctively pushed Mark Tremont away.

"We'll talk about when you're sober!"

If he were sober, he definitely wouldn't want to touch her...

“Get out!” He growled in a low tone.

Taken aback, Arianne quickly got up and smoothed out her pajamas before going back to her room next door. Although all that remained was the bed, she could still sleep in the empty room.

When morning came the next day and Arianne seated herself down at the dining hall, she saw Mary taking the sheets in her original room away in a haste, even the mattress was moved away.

Mark Tremont did not even spare her a glance, as he came downstairs and left in his car.

Arianne had a simple meal, then grabbed her bag and went out. When she worked, she did not have to worry about Mark Tremont’s presence.

Just as she sat down in the office, her supervisor, Simon Donn, placed a document on her desk.

“Send this to the Wyatt Company. Remember, you have to hand it personally to Mr. Tremont’s secretary. If you’re lucky, you may be able to hand it directly to Mr. Tremont himself. Just don’t give it to anyone else.”

Arianne was slightly startled. If she remembered it correctly, Wyatt's head office was under the Tremont's. This meant that Mr. Tremont was none other than Mark Tremont...

"Mr. Donn, may someone else go?" Arianne did not want to go. More specifically, she did not know how to act around Mark Tremont. Even if she might not meet him, she did not want to take that risk.

Simon Donn sat himself down on her table with his hands in his suit pants.

"Did I hear correctly? This is a once in a lifetime experience for your career. You're gonna get in touch with the elites of Wyatt, possibly meet Mr. Tremont too.

And you refuse to go? You're letting down my goodwill! Go, go, get along quickly. Are you rebelling now that your probation period is over?"

Since Arianne joined the company, she was used to being submissive and was frequently ordered around.

Simon Donn had been the kindest to her. Her intention was not to disobey him. Indecisive for some time, she finally got up and picked the document up.

Simon Donn clapped her shoulder.

“That’s right. I have high hopes for you. Don’t disappoint me. Right... let’s have dinner together after work tonight?”

Without thinking, Arianne replied, “No, I have to go home. Thanks.”

Once she left, the other staff member teased Simon Donn.

“It’s been months since she interned here and now you’re trying to court her. Yet you haven’t had a meal with her. Tsch, tsch, Mr. Donn, you better live up to your reputation, otherwise I’ll start to doubt your ability.”

Simon Donn glared at the person.

“She’s shy, an introvert. You gotta go slow. There’s no rush. I doubt that I won’t win her over! Tonight. I’ll take her out to dinner for sure. Just you see!”

Arianne Wynn looked up at the skyscraper that was the Tremont Tower, it was like she was looking up at Mark Tremont who was situated on the top floor.

Explaining her purpose of visiting to the front desk clerk, she took the elevator to the forty sixth floor, the highest level of the building. This floor was silent, even the janitor lady was light-handed in her movements, as if afraid to disturb someone.

Hard soled shoes clicked against the tiled floor, the dissonant sound produced a frown on the janitor lady's face. "Miss, you can't wear noisy shoes like these on this floor."

Arianne apologized softly and took her shoes off at once. Even with her stockings, the floor's cooling sensation greeted her feet, sending her shivers.

Finding her way around, she finally saw a workstation at the end of the corridor, this was right opposite the CEO's office.

The workstation belonged to Mark Tremont's secretary. Approaching the end of the corridor, she saw there were no other surrounding offices. The secretary was not inside, so Arianne decided to wait for them. She thought it was better than knocking on the door of Mark Tremont's office.

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Without warning, a woman's voice faintly sounded from Mark Tremont's office. "Hmph! You said that you're not free, yet you aren't even busy! I saw a bag I like, no, a bag that I love! Buy it for me, okay?"

Arianne Wynn's breath was caught in her throat, like someone was choking her.

She did not hear if Mark Tremont said anything back.

Soon enough, the woman came out. Upon meeting eyes, Arianne was astonished as it was the same woman whom she saw at the airport.

Her gaze did not linger on the woman's triumphant face, but her eyes stayed fixated on the high heels the woman wore. Mark Tremont prohibited everyone from disturbing the peace and quiet of this level yet he had allowed this woman here with high heels.

"It's you again. What business do you have with my dear Mark? I don't know what past you have with Mark, but I don't like you and from now on, I will resent you.

After we came back from abroad, I see you every time I look for my dear Mark I hate it." The woman spoke in a tone that was playful and cute. Even if her words were piercing, the tone in which she spoke enabled others not to feel annoyed by her. It was like she was just joking.

"I'm here to send a document," Arianne said calmly.

"I don't care. Mark clear is mine. Other women... can stop dreaming of being my competition." The woman stored a gold card into her limited edition purse and let out a scoff before she left.

Having waited for more than half an hour, Arianne thought about leaving the document there and making her way out, since the secretary had yet to return.

However, when she saw the confidential stamp on the document's cover, she had second thoughts. She would be unable to bear the responsibility should anything unfortunate happen.

Mark Tremont watched the surveillance clip on the monitor of his office with an icy look. He was going to see how much longer Arianne could wait outside.

Two hours later, he slammed his laptop shut in frustration and made a call. He looked as if he could commit murder.

"Tell her that you're on leave today and have her send the document to my office."

Two minutes later, Arianne received an anonymous phone call. She lowered her voice as she answered it.

"Hello?"

"Hello, The Glide Group, yes? I'm Mr. Tremont's secretary. It's my day off today. If you have important documents, please send it straight to Mr. Tremont at the CEO's office."

Before Arianne could answer, the call was hung up.

Taking in a deep breath and with no other alternative, Arianne knocked on the door. Mark Tremont's deep yet emotionless voice came from within.

"Come in."

Entering with a push at the door and placing the document on his table, Arianne spoke formally, "Mr. Tremont, this is the document from our company. Please have a look."

A blanket of haze colored the bottom of Mark Tremont's eyes as he tossed the document aside. "Assume that I did."

Arianne did not understand his actions, but she knew he now was certainly in a bad mood. However, this gave all the more reason for her to leave only after he had personally gone through the file. If there were a mistake, she could bid farewell to her job.

"Mr. Tremont... please still take a look."

Mark Tremont leaned back slightly against the back of his seat and crossed his arms in front of himself, looking at her coldly. "And if I don't?"

Arianne wondered if he was purposely making life hard for her.

“Then... you can go through when you so desire and let me know if there are any issues.”

“Get out!” Mark Tremont had his eyes closed. He was clenching his hand so hard that his knuckles had turned white.

In spite of it, Arianne Wynn did not turn to leave like she normally would, instead she stood straight.

“Mr. Tremont, please don’t bring personal affairs into work. If you ’re unhappy with me professionally, please let me know.”

Mark Tremont’s eyes opened abruptly to stare at her with a smirk

“Are you scolding my conduct?!”

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“No, I’ll leave immediately.” Arianne answered shortly.

Just as she turned around, a pen flew past her ear and smashed against the office door. Ink leaked from the crack of the pen and stained the floor.

Throwing things meant that Mark Tremont was furious. Arianne dared not move, although she was slightly shaken. She wanted to restrain her fear toward him but she was tumble to...

“Come here!” Mark Tremont’s voice was laced with anger. To Arianne, it was the forewarning of a life threatening situation.

Her hesitation lasted for only two seconds before she turned to go toward him with her hands clutching the hem of her clothes and looked cautiously at him.

Mark Tremont tugged her close to him and wrapped his arm tight around her waist to prevent her from moving.

His voice was piercing and icy cold. “What did you call me? Does making such a clear distinction mean that you’re changing how you address me at home?”

Once he was reminded that she would rather stand for more than two hours outside of his office than come to see him, his wrath flared.

Arianne finally understood why he was angry.

“I... I’m worried that you think that I can’t separate work from personal matters.”

Mark Tremont perched his chin on her shoulder, his enchanting voice filling her ears.

“Yeah? Did you stand outside for two hours for the same reason?”

Exposed, Arianne’s conscience was guilty.

“I... No... I was afraid that you were busy. I didn’t want to disturb you...”

“Don’t you know if I’m busy or not?” he hinted. It was obvious he knew she had encountered the woman before who came to visit.

Lost for words, Arianne looked down without another word.

Mark Tremont frowned, disliking her quiet look. "Never mind. Go ahead. I'll look at the document. I'm going back for dinner tonight."

As if pardoned, Arianne moved away from him, fleeing from the building like her life depended on it.

When office hours were over, Arianne Wynn dithered about going home. She had to face Mark Tremont if she went home, yet he would be unhappy if she did not return.

Watching her colleagues leave the office, respectively she slowly packed up her things to stall time. Just as she got up, Simon Donn came over.

"Arianne, free to have dinner with me?"

"No, I have to head home." Arianne shook her head determinedly.

Simon Donn refused to budge, grabbing her wrist, and said adamantly, "You've rejected me a lot of times! It's over the line if you reject me again. Even if not for personal matters, I'm your superior. There's no fault in buying you a meal, is there?"

Arianne stared at Simon for two seconds. The latter was young and capable, quite a charming man too, but he was not her type. Disregarding her thoughts, she chose not to go astray, deciding to settle it once and for all.

“Sorry, I’m married.”

Simon Donn did not believe her at all. He was confident.

“Haha... You could fabricate anything just to avoid me huh? You’ve just passed the company’s probation period. There’s zero chance a twenty-something year old young lady like you is married! Besides, when you first applied here, the marital status of your employee details reported to the company that you’re single!”

Arianne flung Simon’s hand away and replied curtly, “Mr. Donn, please stop this. If I’ve filled the form as single, please change it for me if necessary. I really have to head home!”

Those who had yet to leave the office cast curious glances at the scene, causing Simon Donn to feel quite humiliated. “You! Fine, you’ll come begging me one day!”

Without delay, Arianne left the office feeling rather shocked. All she wanted was to work in peace without stepping on one’s toes.

As she left, Simon Donn took the elevator downstairs as well.