

A Ruling Passion – Chapter 0036

Arianne froze before she slowly turned to face him, wrapping her arms around his neck.

Focusing on the man so close to her, she told herself repeatedly that she could leave once she became pregnant and gave birth to a child. In spite of it, she was unable to make her next move. Not thinking straight, she said dumbly, “Your hair is still damp...”

In the next second, Arianne’s soft lips were sealed. Their senses melded in the serene night as their breathing eventually became labored.

Accidentally meeting Mark Tremont’s deep eyes, eyes that Arianne usually failed to decipher were currently glazed with intimacy. He was consumed with desire.

This time, Arianne no longer thought about escaping. Her hands went to rest on his chest, the warmth emanating to her palms felt familiar. It was the same feeling that day his hand held hers as a young girl. It was familiar and warm yet foreign and distant...

She was inexplicably afraid, afraid that he would suddenly remember she had lost her chastity three years ago. She feared that the thought would repulse him and consequently make him regret giving her the chance.

With an ulterior motive, Arianne hooked her legs over his hips hastily. At the same time, the throbbing pain from her stomach put a frown on her. It was then that she recalled that she had not eaten anything for the entire day.

Not letting this rare opportunity slip by, she continued withstanding the pain in her stomach. However, it lingered and made her break out in profuse sweat.

Mark Tremont stopped his actions, panting when he realized that something was wrong with the person under him.

“What’s wrong?”

His voice was coated with a scratchy undertone, hinting at her aching urge.

“No... Nothing...” Arianne gasped through her words. Mark Tremont’s focused eyes had her comprehended her current painful state.

He could see her paling face clearly. The glaze in his eyes subsided, replaced by iciness.

“Gastric from not eating?”

Unable to endure the pain, Arianne nodded softly. Mark Tremont got up and changed without hesitation. When he left, it was obvious that he was raging.

Soon enough, Mary came through the door with medication.

“Ari, take it quick. Gastric is horrible. You’re too weak...”

Arianne tugged at her pajamas covering her bare body and smiled deprecatingly before she swallowed the medicine with some warm water.

Mark Tremont had no patience with her, it was the exact opposite with Aery Kinsey...

Three past midnight at the Nightlight bar, Mark Tremont’s gaze grew hazy the more he drank. Meanwhile, Jackson West and Eric Nathaniel exchanged looks at each other.

Finally, Eric lost his cool. “Hey, Mark, that’s enough. What’s lip with you drinking so much? I have to report to the newly acquired company tomorrow. Are you asking me to bail on my father? That’s basically suicide.”

Mark Tremont stared at the alcohol in his glass, while he recalled the expression of Arianne’s enduring pain when she laid below him. To seize the opportunity, the chance

of getting pregnant and escaping him, she could hold it all in even when she was in excruciating pain.

How badly did she want to leave?

Having come to the bar to contemplate his current train of thought, Mark Tremont downed the contents of his glass before smashing it on the floor.

“F*ck!”

He slumped back on the couch without further movement.

Jackson looked as if he just saw a ghost.

“Eric, did you hear what he said? For so many years, this is my first time hearing him curse...”

Eric Nathaniel sighed. “He’s probably venting. Snap out of it. Make the call.”

Arianne was half asleep when she received a call. Her gastric had just calmed down and she was exhausted, reluctant to move a muscle.

“Hello?”

Jackson West’s helpless voice sounded from the receiving end of the phone. “Sis in law... Mark is drunk. Can you come? It’s the same place as last time...”

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Arianne Wynn was immediately awakened.

It had only been two hours since Mark Tremont left, yet he was already drunk?

“Uh... okay. Please hold on, I’m coming now!” As she spoke, she was already off the bed and putting on clothes.

When she arrived at the bar with Butler Henry, Eric Nathaniel and Jackson West were just coming out as they propped Mark Tremont up. Arianne pulled on her coat and approached them.

“Sorry for the trouble.”

Eric smiled. “No problem, we’ve known each other for more than ten years now. You... work at Glide Design, right?”

Arianne did not know why Eric Nathaniel had suddenly asked her this but she nodded.

“Yes...”

To which, Eric said nothing else and helped her get Mark Tremont into the car.

On their way back, Butler Henry reminded Arianne, “Madam, watch if sir wants to throw up since he’s drunk so much. If he does throw up in the car, he most likely won’t want this car anymore.”

Arianne hummed her agreement, knowing that Butler Henry was right. Mark Tremont would really do something like that.

He was thoroughly inebriated this time, not waking up even when they had gotten home. Laying him onto the bed, Arianne also plopped herself down in much fatigue.

When Arianne woke up from the alarm the next morning, her first reaction was to turn it off lest it woke Mark Tremont up.

Once she moved, however, she realized that she was trapped in his hug.

The alarm was still blaring.

Arianne carefully twisted around to break free of Mark Tremont's embrace. Then suddenly an arm brushed past her face to switch the alarm off, before it swiftly returned to holding her.

With a nervous jolt, Arianne thought to herself that perhaps he was already awake.

When he made no movement again for some time, Arianne moved once more. Mark Tremont suddenly spoke, "Don't move..."

Frozen, Arianne stuttered, "I... I'm going to be late for work..."

Perhaps he was not yet awake, he snuggled at her neck before flopping over and continued sleeping.

Arianne's hand flew to her neck in shock, her palm felt his lingering warmth. Was this tame big cat really Mark Tremont?!

Wearing dark eye circles to the office, Arianne looked rather haggard. Having worked overtime, she had inadequate rest, furthermore, last night's events added to her sleep deprivation.

Since there were no assignments to complete this morning, she bent over on her table to sneak in a nap.

Blearily, someone knocked on her desk. Looking up, Simon Donn's repulsive face came into view.

"The new boss is coming today. Go home and sleep if you want! Don't affect the others in the company!"

Arianne forced herself to straighten up and looked a little brighter, despite her eyelids feeling like they weighed a ton.

Glide Design was acquired, that much she knew. She was only an employee, so she did not care for who the new boss was.

Thinking that the new boss would make an extravagant appearance, nothing occurred the whole morning.

When lunchtime was approaching, Simon came knocking at her desk again.

“Mr. Nathaniel is looking for you.”

Picking herself up to go to the CEO office, Arianne realized that Simon was behind her too. She felt overflowing with aversion when she saw his toadying look.

Simon Donn knocked on the door before her and a voice that sounded familiar came from the room.

“Come in...”

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There was no time for Arianne Wynn to scrutinize where she had heard this voice from. Thus, it was to her surprise when she stepped into the office and saw Eric Nathaniel.

“You...”

Eric Nathaniel flashed her a small smile. “Yes, I’m your boss now. However, don’t think that I’ll help you under the table. I don’t play favoritism. Have a seat first. I have something to tell Mr. Donn.”

Simon Donn was surprised that Eric Nathaniel actually knew Arianne Wynn and involuntarily felt apprehensive, quickly stepping up with a smile. “Mr. Nathaniel, what can I be in favor of you?”

Eric looked amiable and welcoming, yet he wore a ghostly smile at the corner of his lips. In addition, he flaunted his gorgeous looks. Even Simon Donn, who was also a man, found him captivating. However, when the former spoke, his words were the least bit welcoming.

“Claim your remuneration at HR and leave.”

The grin on Simon Donn’s face froze. “W-what? Why? Have I performed poorly?”

Eric Nathaniel raised an arched brow when he answered, “No, I just don’t like you.”

Simon Donn blanched. He had thought that the new boss must have a good temper since he was so smiley, not expecting him to land a harsh strike as soon as he stepped into position.

Before Simon Donn left, his glare daggered at Arianne Wynn.

Arianne shrugged helplessly. This had nothing to do with her.

After Simon Donn left, Eric Nathaniel spoke to her, “You don’t have to work for the rest of the day. Go back and have some rest, you must be exhausted taking care of Mark last night. Don’t mistake this as favoritism. If you’re not in the right state of mind, you won’t have the efficiency. Come back after you get a good rest.”

Arianne Wynn wanted to say that Mark Tremont had been the least of effort to take care of yesterday, but she was indeed beaten to exhaustion. So she replied gratefully, “Alright then, thank you...”

Returning to the Tremont Estate, Arianne saw the familiar lean figure seated on the couch once she entered the hall and was slightly surprised. Mark Tremont, who was always a workaholic, was not yet in his office.

There were two seconds of hesitation on whether she wanted to greet him before Arianne headed upstairs without a sound.

Mark Tremont put down the magazine in his hand with a dark expression. His nearly exploding anger was suppressed when he caught a glimpse of how worn out she looked.

A text message was received. Mark Tremont took a glance, it was Eric Nathaniel.

“I’ve done what you said and let her go home. Fired Simon Donn as well. You owe me a meal, don’t forget.”

Mark Tremont did not reply to him, tossing his mobile phone to the side. If he had known that Arianne would pull a long face at him, he may as well have not let her come home.

When it was eight at night, Arianne was woken up by a call from Tiffany Lane. When she saw who was calling her, she became delightfully surprised.

“Tiff..?”

Tiffany Lane cried out in excitement over the line. “Ari, I’m back! I’m at the airport now, I’ll see you tomorrow! Can you come?”

Without giving it a thought, Arianne answered, “I have to work tomorrow. I’ll see you after work.”

She had always adhered to her time schedule, holding onto her discipline in conducting what she should do at what time.

Not expecting Tiffany Lane to return so soon, Arianne felt like the previous lemons life had thrown her were all gone.

Mary then knocked. “Madam, meal time...”

Arianne hung up and acknowledged her. It usually meant that Mark Tremont was home when Mama Mary changed how she addressed her.

There was a hint of joy on Arianne’s face when she went downstairs. Her joy was a complete contrast from the dark look on Mark Tremont.

Seated before the dining table, Arianne’s appetite was ample as she had two servings and even a bowl of soup. Considering for a moment, she then said, “I have something to do after work tomorrow. I may come home later.”

Mark Tremont did not reply to her, merely giving her a snort.

She paused before continuing. “Tiffany is back, I want to see her.”

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Mark Tremont mocked mercilessly, “Do you want to see her, or do you want how Will Sivan is doing?”

Arianne caught her breath and got up, saying, “I’m done with my meal.”

Mark Tremont looked at her coldly. “Did I say you could leave?”

“Is there anything else?” Arianne looked back at him while standing on the spot.

“Come home punctually after work tomorrow. If you can’t do that, then don’t even go out,” Mark Tremont said and went upstairs, leaving her no room for negotiation.

If it were some other matter, Arianne could forbear it, but she had to see her tomorrow.

Gritting her teeth, she followed after him.

“Mark Tremont! I just want to see Tiffany!”

Mark Tremont's footsteps halted. "I've asked you, however, you opted not to answer me. There are no more chances."

Like a deflated balloon, Arianne felt incredibly powerless against him. However, she recalled what Mary told her, that she should go along with what he wanted and that a man's heart could be warmed... She sucked in a deep breath and went after him again.

"I'm sorry. Will you let me go?"

Entering the room, Mark Tremont sat down on the chair before the French window and smoothly retrieved a cigarette. The moment he picked up the lighter, he put everything down again and turned to flip a book.

His tone was frustrated.

"Are you begging me?"

"Yes." Arianne went to stand beside him.

Mark Tremont glimpsed at her. "Who taught you to shout at me, then beg me afterwards?"

Not knowing how to answer, but understanding that she could not remain quiet, Arianne instead explicitly asked, "What do you want me to do so I can go?"

Mark Tremont retorted tauntingly, "What do I want you to do so you won't anger me?"

Both of them refused to budge. After a while, Arianne stepped forward and picked up the cigarette to extend it near his lips. "I know that I'm at fault."

There was a pause from Mark Tremont as he turned away slightly and spoke, "Don't you know how to light a cigarette?"

Reacting only after realizing what he meant, Arianne perched the cigarette between her lips unfamiliarly. Before she could light it up, Mark Tremont snatched the cigarette and took it between his fingers.

"Alright. I'm not free tomorrow. Have Eric go with you."

Arianne was puzzled. "Eric Nathaniel?"

She was quick to react again. "You mean... my company's current boss?"

Mark Tremont did not reassure nor correct her. Knowing opportunities for her did not come easy, Arianne dared not say more.

“Then I’ll... go to bed now?”

Mark Tremont remained silent. It was only when he stood up and went to the study room that he lit the cigarette between his fingers. He took out a photo from the shelf. In the photo, his eighteen year old self had already possessed a maturity that did not match his young age. He was holding Arianne Wynn’s frail hand tightly. She was only eight then, yet still as frail now as she was back then.

The photo was taken by the media when he took in little Arianne to the Tremont Estate. It was old, however it was preserved nicely.

Mark Tremont had stayed in the study room until late in the night before he returned to the room. In the dark, his gaze fell on the bed. He stood still for some time before laying himself down beside her and took her into his arms.

The next day, Arianne went to the office early in the morning. Just as she sat herself down at her desk, Aery Kinsey popped out of nowhere and began to bash her with her purse.

“Arianne Wynn, you bitch!”

All those surrounding them were too busy watching the drama, that no one came to the commotion.

Arianne guarded her head with her arms raised. When she found no way out, she took the folder on her table and hurled it at Aery Kinsey.

“Are you crazy?!”

Aery Kinsey screamed when the folder collided against her face.

“Did you hit me?! Arianne Wynn, let me tell you. You’re only a bastard child my mother conceived on the streets. You aren’t even worthy of being my maid! Your father killed Mark’s whole family. He hates you. He’ll only take revenge. Don’t you fantasize about anything! Why didn’t you die with your good-for-nothing of a father!”

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Arianne Wynn stood up with an icy expression. “What did you say?”

Aery Kinsey was still yelling with her shrill voice, “Am I wrong? The whole city knows about your scandal with the Sivan’s third son, Will Sivan, three years ago. How do you have the face to stay around Mark? If I were you, I’d have killed myself a long time ago!”

I was still wondering who it was that had come in between me and my dearest Mark, only to find out that it was you! Disgusting!”

The watching crowd broke out with whispers when the incident three years ago was mentioned.

“It was her, huh... that’s why I thought she looked familiar. I didn’t expect a quiet person like her to turn out to be someone like this. You really can’t judge a book by its cover... She was nonchalant when Simon was courting her earlier, they were probably onto it behind our backs huh? Yet she’s acting like she’s all high and mighty.”

“Exactly. Mr. Nathaniel sacks Simon right away. Maybe she’s with Mr. Nathaniel now. Tsch, tsch, being young and pretty is all you need these days. Too bad she’s a loose woman...”

Hearing the gossip, Arianne’s tolerance had reached its limit. She searched for Helen Cameran’s number on her phone but Aery Kinsey flung her phone to the floor when she was about to call her.

“What’s the ruckus about!” Eric Nathaniel heard the commotion once he arrived at the office. Everyone was gathered, disregarding the fact that they should be working. Of course Eric was upset seeing something like this happening just as he took over the company.

Noticing Eric Nathaniel was here, Aery Kinsey's tears flowed faster than a water tap. She ran to hold his arm. "Eric! She hit me!"

When Eric saw who Aery Kinsey was pointing at, the displeasure on his face was replaced with a helpless look. If he had known that he would encounter such an event, he would not have come to the office even if it meant being beaten to death.

"Uh... Aery Kinsey, you don't have to come make a fuss at my company early in the morning, do you?"

Aery Kinsey scoffed. "Hey, I was hit!"

Arianne's shoulders sagged subconsciously. It seemed that Aery Kinsey was already familiarized with Mark Tremont's circle of friends. She knew Eric too, and both of them looked friendly.

Eric Nathaniel felt an impending headache.

"No, wait... does Mark know that you're here for Arianne?"

Aery Kinsey froze.

“He... doesn’t know. Eric, don’t tell him okay? I’ll leave now. I promise not to make a fuss here anymore! I’ll settle it with her personally, okay?”

Eric Nathaniel waved. “Alright, alright, off you go.”

Aery Kinsey glared at Arianne. “Just you wait!”

After Aery Kinsey left, Arianne sat down keeping to herself while the others hurried back to their desks.

Eric Nathaniel wanted to say something, yet he said nothing after parting his lips. He was unable to solve such a matter.

When work was over, Arianne and Eric entered the elevator with tacit agreement.

“How long have they been together?” she asked.

“Er... you mean Mark and Aery Kinsey?” Eric Nathaniel was rather uncertain.

Arianne nodded, to which Eric answered, "I'm not sure in particular, but they had been together while overseas. Hah, you're concerned about this?"

Shaking her head, Arianne said nothing.

When they got into the car, Eric asked, "Where are we going?"

Arianne supplied the location to Eric. Him being the chauffeur, he drove her to the restaurant where she was meeting Tiffany Lane.