Ruling 1281

Chapter 1281

He walked away before she could say another word. This time, he drove his car away straight away. Was living under the same roof with her so unbearable for him?

She didn't think that loaning Will money would have caused such heavy consequences. She didn't regret giving Will the loan, but she regretted opting against trusting Mark and not talking to him about it beforehand. Her initial plan was to avoid conflict, but it blew up in her face in the end.

After a long pause, Mary pushed the door open and entered the study, holding Aristotle. She found Arianne, still standing in her spot, with tears in her eyes and knew that the matter wouldn't be settled so easily this time. "Ari… Why did Mr. Tremont leave again?"

Arianne laughed amidst her tears. "He said that he's fed up, fed up… Hehe… All I did was give Will a lone without telling him. I was afraid that it'd bother him. I don't know what he's thinking, I really don't… Wasn't he holding some other woman in a bar, looking for fun too? I just felt sorry for Will and wanted to help him…"

The wrinkles in the corners of Mary's eyes increased. "Sigh… This matter... Ari, you should have told Mr. Tremont. You're a family now, you're husband and wife. Money matters should be discussed, regardless of whom it belongs to. Especially since you're loaning… Will Sivan. I'm not saying that you shouldn't have loaned him the money, but you should be more considerate of Mr. Tremont's feelings. You didn't sleep at all last night, did you? I'll take care of Smore, you catch up on sleep. Talk to Mr. Tremont when you wake up. Look at how cute Smore is, calling out for his mama and papa every day. What will happen to him if you don't settle your differences? Be good. Go to bed. Talk to Mr. Tremont when you wake."

Arianne looked at Aristotle, who was in Mary's arms, and realized that she had lost control. She lifted her hand and frantically wiped her tears away. "Okay. Take Smore and play with him."

She returned to her bedroom. Her mind was in a mess. Her body was extremely fatigued, but she couldn't fall asleep at all. She closed her eyes for a very long time before falling fast asleep.

By the time she woke up, it was already night time.

She went downstairs, deciding to see Mark at the office after feeding Aristotle. He would not be coming home tonight unless she saw him today. She knew his temperament, more or less.

Mary noticed that she had fed Aristotle but did not eat herself. "Ari, you should have something to eat," she advised. "Going into a fight on an empty stomach would be a huge loss for you, even if you're made of steel. Don't you agree?"

Arianne knew that Mary was trying to cheer her up. "It's fine, I'm not hungry. I can't eat anyway. I'm going out. I should be back before Smore's bedtime. He's used to having me put him to bed. Otherwise, he'll kick up a fuss."

Mary sighed. "Okay, go ahead then."

Henry dropped Arianne off at Tremont Tower, then left. Arianne straightened out her clothes before walking in. She ensured that nothing was out of place before relaxing. She was afraid of becoming a joke if she missed out on one small detail.

The number of people walking in and out of the building was scarce, so she didn't have to wait for the elevator for too long. When the elevator doors opened, she hung her head and walked in. Just then, Sylvain's voice suddenly chimed from above her head. "What are you doing here? Checking on your hubby?"

She looked up at Sylvain, missing a beat. "Uh… I wouldn't say that. It's just a visit. I need to talk to him."

Sylvain had intended on leaving, but he didn't leave immediately. He lifted his hand and blocked the elevator door sensors. "Er… I heard that you've had a fight. It's not my place to talk about your relationship issues, but I think I should warn you—you should brace yourself before going in."

She paused. Sylvain wasn't the kind of person who would say such strange things for no good reason. Her heart filled with insecurity. "Okay… Thank you."

Sylvain surveyed her for a while, then walked out of the elevator.

Chapter 1282

Arianne's mind was whirling with possibilities of Mark's current situation as the elevator climbed upstairs. Perhaps he would refuse to see her later. She wasn't prepared for any of this.

The elevator arrived at the 46th floor. Once the elevator went off with a "ding," the doors opened.

She took a deep breath, puffed out her chest, and walked out. She tried to avoid looking dispirited as much as possible.

Davy was still at work. He panicked when he saw her. “Mrs. Tremont, what are you doing here? Mr. Tremont is…”

Arianne paused in her footsteps. “Do I have to change my shoes?”

Davy shook his head. “No, no, no. No need. Go right in, you can just go right in!”

Something felt strange to her, but she couldn’t be bothered to over analyze. She pushed the door open. Aside from the air-conditioning, there was a strong smell of alcohol in the air. Mark never drank at work…

Her breath caught in her throat when she saw Mark on the couch with Janice. Based on Janice’s work clothes, she was back with Tremont Enterprises again. He had re-hired the woman that she had dismissed in front of a large group of people. This was equivalent to a huge slap in her face. The only person who could give her that slap was undoubtedly Mark Tremont!

Mark did not put down his glass of whiskey when he saw her. “What are you doing here?” he asked with an indifferent tone.

Arianne contained the thunderous storm of emotions in her heart. “Can’t I be here?” she asked.

Mark didn’t answer. He downed his whiskey, and Janice immediately topped off his glass. “Mr. Tremont, I’ll go back to work. I won’t disturb you and Mrs. Tremont.”

Janice bumped into Arianne on purpose as she walked past her. The challenging look on her face was so obvious that an idiot could see it. However, by some lucky coincidence, Mark couldn't see it from his place. Even if he did, he probably wouldn't have said anything.

So, this was what Sylvain meant. Arianne laughed in spite of her rage. "I shouldn't have come. I had a script prepared while I was on the way here, but now, I see that even a punctuation mark would be too much. Mark Tremont, you're no better. How are you any different from those perverted men on the street?" Then, she angrily turned around and stormed out.

To her surprise, Janice was still around. She was waiting for her at the elevator, as if she was waiting to mock her. "Mrs. Tremont, leaving so soon? You look pissed. I thought you had facial paralysis? So, you can look angry too, eh?"

Arianne lifted her hand and pressed the elevator button, ignoring Janice. She wasn't worth her disgust. She paled in comparison to Aery Kinsey from days gone by.

Her indifference irritated Janice. It was easy to get angry when you were treated with scorn. "Arianne, what are you throwing at me? You may have been able to do whatever you wanted when Mr. Tremont was in love with you, but he isn't anymore. Who do you think you are? You're nothing but a bi*ch he raised. Are you still unaware of your own position? If I were you, I wouldn't be stupid enough to confront him head on. There's a limit to arrogance."

Arianne stepped out of the elevator first once the doors opened. "Are you quite finished?"

Chapter 1283

Janice shot her a glare and followed her out of the elevator. She waited for the elevator doors to close then hissed, “Do you know why Mr. Tremont adopted you? Because his mother killed your father. That’s all. He was just kind enough to prevent you from becoming a beggar on the street. He has been taking care of you for so many years, so he doesn’t owe you a thing now. I’m sure you’re not aware of this, are you?”

Arianne’s pupils dilated. She whirled around and grabbed Janice by the collar. “What did you say? Who told you that?”

Janice panicked at first then remembered that there was no one around, so she pushed Arianne away. “You didn’t know? Mr. Tremont mentioned this to Jackson at the bar last night, and I accidentally overheard. I’ve heard that your father caused that plane crash because he was piloting the Tremonts’ private plane while drunk. Now, it seems that there was a secret behind it all. You know the truth now. Are you still going to be with the son of the murderer of your father? My advice? Leave him while you still can, or you’ll suffer for the rest of your life.”

Arianne ignored Janice and quickly pressed the nearest elevator button. She waited for the doors to open but lost patience and ran out instead, as if seized by madness. She arrived at Mark’s office floor once again after climbing up countless steps along the staircase and was already panting from exhaustion by then.

He had nothing to do with the plane crash. His mother was the one behind it…

Why did he keep it all in? Why didn’t he tell her? Why did he make her think that he was behind it all?

She remembered her grandmother’s words to her before her death. Granny knew things that she did not. Mark had told her grandmother everything but left her out of the loop. Jackson found out later. It would seem that Jackson was somewhat aware of this, and she was the only one kept in the dark!

Davy stared at her worriedly and asked, “Mrs. Tremont… Are you alright?” Hadn’t she left? Why did she burst in here from the staircase? She gave him a fright!

Arianne took a deep breath and waved him away. “It’s fine. Don’t worry about me.”

Davy meekly opened the office door for her. “You want to go in, don’t you? Go ahead…”

Arianne recollected herself and confronted Mark. “I know everything.”

Mark sat on the couch, staring calmly at the alcohol in his glass, refusing to look at her at all. “What do you know? Stop popping up in front of me. I don’t want to see you.” Hadn’t she just compared him to the perverted men on the street? Had she turned back because she thought that her words weren’t vicious enough?

She paused and said, “I know that you had nothing to do with that plane crash. Your mother did it.”

His body stiffened. He forced himself to maintain a calm exterior. “So what? It doesn’t matter. Your father still died at the hands of a Tremont. Is there a difference?”

“Of course, there is,” she said. “If your mother was behind it, you’re innocent. You’re just shouldering her crime. She didn’t survive that plane crash either… I believe that she must have been very sad when she boarded that plane and very determined.”

Chapter 1284

Mark finally showed signs of emotion. He tightened his grip around his alcohol glass and flung it onto the ground, smashing it into smithereens. “Stop talking!”

Arianne was slightly afraid of this side of him. However, she stayed in her place and delivered the apology that she had previously prepared. “I’m sorry… It was my fault this time. I should have trusted you and discussed it with you first. Mary was right, we’re husband and wife. I shouldn’t do everything on my own. I should consider your feelings too.”

Mark got up and walked towards her, reaching out and grabbing her chin. “Why does your apology feel like such a hard-earned commodity, Arianne? You must be thinking that things between us would be bad for Smore. You don’t have to apologize for Smore’s sake, or the fact that I’m not behind your father’s death. Yielding and apologizing isn’t your style. Knowing you, this looks a little too forced. You should continue being yourself in the most unrestrained manner. No need to care about other people’s feelings. Don’t worry, I’d still be good to Smore even if we divorce. I won’t leave him with childhood trauma. So, you don’t have to force yourself into an apology. You haven’t done anything wrong, you’re always right. It was my fault. It was my wishful thinking.”

Arianne’s chin hurt from his grasp, but it was nothing compared to the pain in her heart.

This was her first time hearing the words “divorce” from his lips. She knew that he was serious this time. She was beginning to think that Janice was right—she had become too arrogant…

She couldn’t remain calm any longer. Losing her wits, she grabbed the corner of his shirt. “I will never divorce you… Never! If you like Janice, fine, keep her. But I will always be Mrs. Tremont to give Smore a complete family. I have only one request for you, and that is to act the same in front of Smore.”

His eyes flashed with disappointment. He was disappointed in her. Why wouldn't she understand? He could never love another woman again.

He thought that seeing Janice reinstated in Tremont Enterprises would cause an intense reaction from her, resulting in a huge row, but it didn't. Her every word was to ask for a compromise for Smore's sake, not because she loved him. Was he that undeserving of her love?

He released her chin and slowly turned his back to her. "Arianne, I'm tired. I regret having you by my side. I shouldn't have felt sorry for you or adopted you to atone for that crime. I shouldn't have fallen in love with you after that. I've considered tying you to me, even if you didn't love me, even if we had to torture each other for the rest of our lives. Now, I realize that I can't do it. It would be too cruel to you and to me. If you want your freedom, I won't stand in your way anymore. I won't make you stay. I release you. You don't have to worry about Smore. Even if we force each other to stay together, it won't give him a whole family. It'll be the same as my childhood… I'd rather have had my mother leave my father than having her force herself to death in the end. A forcibly assembled family isn't as easy as you think. It's not as happy as you think."

Tears streamed down Arianne's cheek. The sound of her sniffles needled at Mark's emotions.

Only God knew how much strength it took for him to avoid turning around. "You don't have to feel as if you've misunderstood me for such a long time. I am considered a co-conspirator in your father's death because I silently agreed to having him labeled as the scapegoat after his death. I couldn't bear having my mother shoulder the crime after her death. I would rather be known as the main culprit! I am a man who uses his wealth to disregard right and wrong with reckless abandon. I'm not entirely innocent."

"I won't agree to a divorce," Arianne insisted. "It doesn't matter what you say, I will never agree to a divorce!"

Chapter 1285

Mark walked towards his office desk, leaned against the side of the table, and lit a cigarette. “Saying that will only make me continue basking in the fantasy of you having a slight hint of feelings for me. I don’t want to be paralyzed by you any longer, and I hate deceiving myself. Will Sivan doesn’t have any feelings for his wife. If you go to him now, he’ll take you away without hesitation. I’m sorry for making you wait so long for this day. Leave the baby with me. I’m afraid that Tremont Estate would become so unbearably quiet that I’d never want to go home if you take him away…”

“You ba*tard!” Arianne glared at him with tears in her eyes. “Why the hell are you saying these things? You ripped me and Will apart, you made every effort to imprison me with you, and when I accept my current life, you want to throw me away. Who do you think you are? Your revolting tyranny is useless on me. Why should I listen to you? Do you see me as a bi*ch you’ve raised too? That I’m at your every beck and call?”

A b*tch? Why did those words sound so piercing? Mark puffed his cigarette and furrowed his brows. “I’ve never said such a thing.”

Her knees were weakening. “That’s right, everyone else is allowed to call me that; you just haven’t said it yourself. This was exactly the kind of arrogance Aery used to hurt me when you were with her, and it’s the same with Janice now. Forget it. As long as we don’t divorce, do whatever makes you happy. I don’t care what you do. Besides… This wouldn’t be the first time. I can take it.”

The fingers around his cigarette stiffened. His heart boiled over with rage, but he didn’t say a word. He couldn’t bring himself to show her any concern in this situation. He didn’t want to soften his heart again.

His reaction greatly disappointed Arianne. “It’s almost Smore’s bedtime. I’m going home.”

This time, she left and didn't turn back.

After confirming that she wouldn't be coming back, he called Brian. "Follow her until she's safely at home."

He could no longer hold back his rage after the call. No one had the right to call Arianne his b*tch. "Davy, get Janice in here."

Davy grunted in reply from outside the office then called the office area downstairs. He wiped off his cold sweat after summoning Janice. He had overheard everything in that office. Logically speaking, it never ends well for people who know too much. He was a little worried…

He had always pegged Janice as a polite and mild-mannered girl who was exceptionally good at sweet-talking too. He never thought that she'd have such nerve, challenging Arianne just because Mark had shown her some favor. She even called Arianne Mark's bi*ch! Was she trying to dig her own grave? Regardless of how wrong Arianne was and even if they ended up with a divorce, Janice had no right to call her that. He felt increasingly upset when he remembered his somewhat close relationship with Janice…

Janice arrived soon after, beaming. She greeted Davy as usual. "Davy, why are you still here?"

Davy waved his hand. "Just go inside…"

His reaction stumped Janice, but she didn't bother. With Mark having eagerly summoned her after Arianne left, she was over the moon.

She wasn't as naive as the rest. Mark may have provided financial aid for her studies, but due to her situation, she was long exposed to the value of material possessions. The financial aid wasn't for her to live a more dignified life, so she started working part-time jobs during her studies. The money she earned was enough to grant her a respectable image. As it happens, the people around her began to consider her a hardworking girl. No one had anything bad to say about her.

Chapter 1286

She had gone through all sorts of part time jobs and had met all sorts of men. From her point of view, all men were the same—horny perverts. Mark was no different.

If she could score Mark Tremont, she would be set for the rest of her life. She wouldn't need to deal with all kinds of men. She could spend as much money as she wanted and wouldn't be as stupid as Arianne, going out to work for no reason and acting like some sort of independent woman. That was just asking for trouble.

Mark greenlighting her return to the company generated a lot of whispers. Naturally, she felt absolutely complacent. Wasn't Arianne acting all high and mighty when she dismissed her? Who knew how she felt after Mark's proverbial smack in the face?

As she pushed the door open, she unbuttoned two buttons on the front of her shirt. She believed that she had the assets, a time-tested value to flaunt in front of every man.

"Mr. Tremont… Is your wife gone?" She walked towards Mark in a sickeningly sweet fashion then struck a pose as she reached out to Mark.

Mark turned to the side and moved away from her. “Do you know why I brought you back here?”

Janice smiled shyly. Was that even a question? Hadn’t he made it clear at the bar? It was no secret that she was trying to get close to him on purpose, so she didn’t need to pretend any more. Sometimes, being bold enough to take the first step would result in victory. However, women should be aloof when necessary. “I don’t know, Mr. Tremont. Why don’t you tell me?”

He turned to the side and stared at her contemptuously. “I wanted to see if my wife would be upset over your return.”

Janice’s expression tensed. Was she nothing more than a footstool in their relationship? She smiled stiffly. “And?”

Mark narrowed his eyes and released a dangerous aura. “She’s my woman, not my b*tch. You’re the b*tch. Leave, right now. Or are you waiting for me to announce all of your dirty little deeds?”

Janice went into a daze. She felt like a joke. Countless scenes flashed across her mind, but she refused to give up. She decided to risk it. “Mr. Tremont, is this some sort of misunderstanding? Did your wife tell you that I said those words? I did not. She’s just taking a shot at me. I’ve never called her a b*tch, and I’ve never done anything shady…”

Mark tugged on his tie impatiently. “I know perfectly well if you have. She wouldn’t lie. As for your dirty deeds… You’ve been a sugar baby ever since your college years. Your so-called part time jobs included prostitution. Did you really think that no one would find out, just because you’ve graduated and stopped all of that? You’re too naive. You would never have set foot in Tremont Enterprises had I ever done a background check on you.”

Janice's defenses were completely broken down. Her face was ashen, and she was shaking all over. She couldn't say a word.

Yes, she had done all of those things because she didn't want to be scorned for her poverty. She wanted to live a beautiful and extravagant life…

Chapter 1287

The biggest mistake she made was to play her little tricks with Arianne. It was just as Mark had said—she was just his pawn, a pawn whose sole purpose was to test Arianne's emotions. This was the only reason why Janice was allowed to return to the Tremont Enterprise.

After a long while, Janice finally spoke. "Mr. Tremont… please don't tell anyone else about my matters. The moment anyone else finds out, I'm finished. I'll apologise to Mrs. Tremont and leave the Tremont Enterprise immediately!"

Mark did not bother to even glance at Janice. "Save your apology and disappear from my sights. I'm sure Arianne wouldn't want to see you anyway."

Janice left so nervously, she almost slipped, her heel on her high heels broke off and she looked embarrassing.

Davy did not dare utter a word. All he could do was silently watch everything as it happened. Davy finally understood that no matter how bad Mark treated Arianne, it was all just on the surface. He was actually more caring towards her than anyone else.

Mark only returned to the Tremont estate at midnight. All the lights were out and the entire house was encompassed in darkness, which looked eerie.

When he entered, he was so tired that he could not be bothered to turn on the lights but walked towards his bedroom in the darkness. Mark arrived with no problems since he was familiar with the layout of his house. The moonlight shone through his bedroom window and he saw a familiar figure sleeping soundly in bed. He was suffering from insomnia, yet Arianne could sleep so comfortably…

Smore seemed to have a runny nose and his breathing was heavy. Mark walked to the baby cot to check on Smore's blanket before walking to his bedside. He stood there for a moment before walking into the bathroom.

After he had showered, he opened up the blanket and laid in bed without touching Arianne. It was Mark's insecurities that led them to argue so heatedly; loaning money to Will was just the fuse to start the fire.

It was also because humans are never satisfied with what they have that they need something to spark up their boring lives and look for proof that they love each other.

The next morning, Arianne was awakened by Smore's noise. Having slept early the night before, Smore naturally woke up early and began flailing around in his cot, causing his toys to rattle around.

Arianne sat up and covered her forehead. Just as she was about to say something, she was shocked to find a man sleeping beside her. She had not expected Mark to return home. It was obvious that he had returned home in the middle of the night, long after Arianne had fallen asleep.

She tiptoed off her bed and raised a finger towards her lips to shush Smore so that he wouldn't disturb Mark from sleeping.

Smore imitated his mom's actions and placed his fat finger over his pouty lips and then laughed. Arianne laughed along with Smore, and just as she was about to carry Smore downstairs, a thud noise appeared suddenly. Arianne turned back to look and saw Mark lying flat on the floor beside the bed. He was awake but still in a daze.

The couple's eyes met and the atmosphere became slightly awkward. Arianne pretended not to see anything and carried Smore downstairs.

Chapter 1288

Mark rubbed his messy hair as he stood up and kicked one of the supports on his bed. It was time to get a bigger bed…

Mark was still upstairs by the time Arianne finished her breakfast, so she caught her own taxi to the office. She figured it would be better for them not to confront each other for the time being, but she was still terrified that Mark would throw a set of divorce papers at her sooner or later.

Arianne decided that no matter how hard Mark pleaded with her to get a divorce, she would never agree to it. After all, Mark was the one who had forced her to get married to him in the first place.

What Arianne did not know was that Mark was also hiding from her. After confirming that Arianne had left, Mark went downstairs and teased Smore, "Are you full?"

Smore smiled happily at him, which improved Mark's mood. "What's so funny?"

Smore pulled a straight face as he mimicked his dad falling off of bed. "Thud." Smore even mimicked how his dad had covered his head and groaned in pain.

Mark was stunned. Did his son have such… great mimicking skills? He even dared to laugh at him!

Mary chose not to interfere with the cold war that Mark and Arianne were engaged in, but helplessly sighed as she said, "Arianne's already gone. You should eat now, Mark."

Mark acknowledged her and carried Smore to the dining table. Smore was not a greedy boy. He would not eat anything at the moment since he was full, playing with his toys instead.

Arianne began burying herself in work the moment she arrived at her office and confirmed her attendance. She had a lot of work to do that day, so there was no time for her to waste thinking of anything else. By the time she was done with her work, it was already past 2 pm and she had missed her lunch hour.

She packed up her things and left the office to grab something to eat, deliberately choosing a cafe that she had never been to before. She figured her mood would probably improve if she changed her preferences for just a bit.

"Welcome! We have a lot of specialties for you to choose from today. Here's the menu for you to…"

Arianne heard a very familiar voice and immediately raised her head, only to find that she was looking right at Robin, who was averting her gaze. Arianne was startled for a moment before regaining her composure. “Why are you working here? Did your mom arrange for you to be a waitress here?”

Robin’s head stooped low as she replied, “No, this is my relative’s cafe. I’m studying for an exam to become a Certified Public Accountant, so I’m just working here in the meantime. My mom hopes that I will secure a career with a stable income, which is her definition of a proper life. She wants me to follow in her footsteps and make sure that I have a stable income until the day I retire. It doesn't matter if I like it or not, as long as they’re happy. I’m sorry, I hadn’t planned to contact you previously… I didn’t think our lives would coincide again after I left the company.”

Arianne’s heart turned sour. “Are you saying being a designer isn’t stable enough? You’re old enough, you can’t make your own decisions even after you left? Although we’re working at different places now, that doesn’t mean we don’t know each other. That doesn’t mean that everything we had in the past was all fake. You didn’t stop contacting me because of this reason, but because of Sylvain, right? Sylvain’s working at Tremont Enterprise as a designer now, and he’s doing well. His future is looking very bright.”

Robin wryly smiled at the mention of Sylvain’s name.

“Whatever happens to him is none of my business. It won’t affect me no matter what he is doing right now. I hope that he has a bright future ahead of him. I suppose we live in two different worlds now, and we weren’t meant for each other since the beginning. I may look like I have a warm and loving family, but I’m locked up in a tight cage. He may have gone through a lot of hardships, but at least he’s still free. I just want to forget about the past and carry on with my life according to what my mom wants. It doesn’t matter if I have to live on aimlessly.

“By the way, Arianne, my mom has been arranging a spouse for me recently. It doesn’t matter who it is, or whether I like him or not. I’m fine with it as long as my parents like him. My parents have been repeating that they wouldn’t do anything to put me in harm’s way, so nothing will go wrong as long as I

listen to them. I've given up resisting against them now. It's highly likely that I will get married to the person they've chosen, bear his children and live a normal life. Oh well… Anyways, what would you like to eat?"

Chapter 1289

Arianne bit her lip.

"You're not trying to forget about the past, you've merely given up. Just give me some of the specialties you have here. I haven't been able to have lunch this afternoon since no one's here to help me after you've left and I've got to do everything on my own. Come over and sit with me, we'll chat since there's not that many people in here. I need… someone to talk to as well."

Robin nodded her head and walked into the kitchen, coming out momentarily and sitting opposite Arianne. "You don't look so good Arianne. Has something happened? I hope you won't blame me for disappearing suddenly. I don't blame you for anything that has happened in the past, I only blame myself…"

Arianne shook her head and smiled, "I don't blame you. As for my problems, it's difficult for me to explain it to you clearly and I feel tired every time I think of it. There's even a possibility that Mark will force me to get a divorce…"

Robin was shocked, asking, "Divoce? Why? Weren't the two of you living together quite happily? Does he have someone else?"

Arianne shrugged her shoulders. "It's not that. It's because of me. I loaned a large sum of money to a schoolmate of mine. That schoolmate… He liked me in the past and I fell for him as well at one time. It's exactly because of this that Mark forced that person into a tough spot, to the point where he is only able

to work overseas for the time being. I loaned him the money because I felt sorry for him. I should've discussed it with Mark, but I was afraid that he wouldn't agree."

Robin intuitively asked, "This person you're mentioning, is he your first love? I see what the problem is now. I don't know what I should say about this, as I've got no knowledge in relationships. I do know that it would be absurd to divorce just because of this.

"I sincerely believe that you won't be divorced, so you should cheer up."

Arianne pursed her lips and pulled a straight face. "I'm not sad about it. Wouldn't he need my permission before he could go through with the divorce? I will never agree to it, so what can he do? He was the one who forced me to sign the marriage papers in the first place. I won't make it easy for him to divorce me this time around."

Robin nodded her head in agreement, saying approvingly, "That's right, you mustn't divorce. The two of you already have a child and he's still very young, so he'd be the one to suffer the most. You mustn't divorce.

"Also… can we add each other's contact information again? I've regretted my decision for a long time, but I just couldn't recall what your phone number was."

Arianne took out her cell phone and reassured her, "Tell me what your number is and I'll record it. We're in the same neighbourhood, so it's good for us to meet up whenever we're available. We'd look like we have some deep grudge against each other if we stopped communicating with each other all of a sudden."

Robin smiled like a child as she gave Arianne her new phone number. They even added each other on social media.

“I was being really childish. You’re a really nice person, Arianne. You would most definitely be the apple of anyone’s eye with your character, be it men or women. You’re a really lovely person, although you may seem cold at first.”

Arianne raised an eyebrow, asking, “Cold? How am I cold? I grew up together with Mark as a child, so I’ve most likely been influenced by him. I used to be very active as a child. I wouldn’t be back home unless it was dark at night.”

After lunch, Arianne said goodbye to Robin before returning to the Tremont estate. She was not in the mood to work that day, her whole body lacking energy, as though she had not slept the night before.

Mark would definitely be away from home at this time, so Arianne ignored everything and laid down on the sofa.

Mary poured her a glass of warm water. She asked Arianne, “What happened to you? Why do you seem so tired?”

Smore walked up to her and kept eyeing the glass of water, so Arianne fed him some water as she replied, “It’s nothing, I had a lot of work in the office today and came home the moment I was finished. I suppose Mark isn’t home, is he? Did he say anything before he went out?”

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Mary thought for a moment before replying, “Nothing much. He left around 9am this morning. He was playing around with Smore before he left. Nothing seemed unusual.”

Arianne was still worried, so she went to her room and rummaged through everything, but the divorce papers were nowhere to be seen. Arianne did not give up, continuing to search in the study, but she still couldn’t find anything. It seemed that Mark was actually full of empty threats and had no intention of getting a divorce. Otherwise, based on his character, the papers would’ve been completed and handed over to her to sign long ago.

Arianne suddenly realized that something was not right. Something seemed to have changed in her bedroom. She went back to take a good look and found that the bed had been changed. It was much bigger than before, even the headrest having been changed.

Had Mark gotten into a temper after falling down from the bed that morning? Did he think that the existing bed was not big enough?

However, it was a good thing that the bed had been changed. This way, Smore could sleep with her, the bed now big enough for all three of them.

Later, Mark called to say that he would not be home for dinner that night; he had to work overtime. Mary was the one who answered the phone, but Arianne had heard everything from her spot beside her.

Arianne thought about it for a moment. She should probably deliver him some food as admission of her mistakes. It was a matter of fact that she had burst out in rage yesterday and made a scene at his office. The least she could do was take a step back and sincerely apologise for not informing him about loaning money to Will.

As for his relationship with Janice, it was not a good time for her to bring that up. She should have accepted the fact that Mark was able to attract women very easily when she decided to be with him.

Arianne had an early dinner, hence she brought Mark's food with her very soon. When she arrived at Mark's office this time, Davy did not pull a surprised look on his face. Evidently, no one else was in there with Mark that day.

Arianne pushed the door open and saw Mark working away busily. She placed the food on his desk and said, "Come over and eat."

He shot her a startled look, as though he had seen something terrifying. "Y-you… You've brought me dinner?"

Arianne sat on the sofa and said, "You're afraid that I've poisoned your food? Aren't you still my husband, at least until you've divorced me? How could I let you go hungry? Mary prepared the food for you. I haven't opened it yet, so you can eat with ease. Hurry up and finish it, I still need to head back and give Smore a shower before coaxing him to sleep."

Mark glanced at the food as if he still couldn't believe what he was seeing. "There's no such thing as a free lunch. What do you want? Just spill it."

Arianne was so angry, she was almost ready to flip. "What could I want? Can't you see? I'm admitting that I'm wrong! Although, I've already apologized before…"

Mark was excited, putting down his documents and looking at her expressionlessly. “Admitting that you’re wrong? Have you actually apologized? I must’ve missed it because I can’t remember it actually happening.”

Arianne was so frustrated, her next words sounded as though they came through her teeth.

“I shouldn’t have loaned the money to Will without discussing it with you beforehand. I did not want to use Helen’s money before because I had not accepted her back then. But since then, I… have forgiven her. For the time being, I had no use for the money but Will needed it desperately, so I loaned it to him. I didn’t lend it to him because of how much I didn't want to touch that money. I’ll come to you first if anything like that happens again. Are you happy now?”