

Unconscious 111

Chapter: 111

“Then why are you sitting so far away from me? Am I a leper? I don’t have any disease, so I can’t infect you. Come closer.”

Theodore turned his head and glanced at Ariana. His eyes were frightening and dangerous.

His authoritative tone made her give up instantly. She pursed her lips and reluctantly moved closer and leaned back.

A nice masculine scent wafted into her nose immediately. Ariana froze and didn’t dare to look at him.

From the corner of her eye, she saw him approaching her.

The air between them became hotter than before. Ariana’s heart was beating fast as she expected him to kiss her. But a sudden click sound brought her back to her senses. She looked down and saw that

Theodore just fastened the seat belt for her.

She bit her lower lip in embarrassment. He didn’t intend to kiss her at all!

Theodore withdrew his hand, leaned back, and looked at his wife’s flushed face. He teased, “Why are you blushing? Were you expecting something else?”

Ariana shot him a searing glare. "I was expecting you to stay away from me. I could have fastened the seat belt myself."

Theodore chuckled. He sighed and changed the topic. "Do you know that Lynch evaded arrest?"

"You are also keeping tabs on that guy?" Ariana inquired in surprise.

"Yeah. I know he's coming at you," Theodore responded casually.

Ariana's heart skipped a beat. A streak of cold sweat ran down her back. She bit the insides of her mouth and asked cautiously, "Do you also know what I did to Lynch?"

It was a given that he found out about what happened between her and that mysterious man if he knew that she lured Lynch to a hotel.

Ariana held her breath, her heart thumping against her chest.

Theodore replied with a meaningful smile, "I wasn't sure before, but this question of yours implicated you. I found it rather strange that Sarah was proven innocent just because Lynch's dirty linen was exposed to the public. You had been working hard to clear up Sarah's name, so it wasn't farfetched to suspect that you had a hand in what happened."

Biting her lower lip again, Ariana didn't know what to say. She grabbed the hemline of her dress tightly.

She was on an emotional rollercoaster. A second later, she heaved a sigh of relief.

Theodore wasn't sure before now, so that meant he didn't know about her escapade with that strange man that night. If he knew, he wouldn't be so calm. He would have kicked her out of the Anderson family home and might even have banished her from this city Eleymond.

After making this conclusion in her head, something occurred to her. She looked up at Theodore and asked, "Did you come to pick me up because you were afraid that Lynch would attack me to have his revenge?"

Theodore chuckled ambiguously. He shrugged, leaned back, and closed his eyes without answering her question.

"Tell me... Were you worried about me?" Ariana asked in a barely audible voice.

She wasn't sure if Theodore heard her or not because he didn't respond. His eyelashes only quivered, as if he was saying yes without speaking.

"Can..." Ariana started, but on second thought, she shut up. She found this hard to believe even though it made her heart warm.

Nonetheless, she still had conflicting feelings. She couldn't forget their dispute the previous night.

Once they arrived home, Ariana opened the car door, got out, and was about to rush into the house as

if someone was pursuing her.

Chapter: 112

"Ariana,"

Theodore suddenly piped up. "Do you know why Darian hates me so much that he wants me dead, but

still made sure to carry out the artificial insemination when I was still in a vegetative state?" ©

Curiosity more than anything made Ariana stop and look back at Theodore. She had been wondering

about this, but she couldn't bring herself to ask him.

The lights in the compound shone inside half of the car.

Theodore's body was partly visible. He sneered, and the spark in his eyes was so terrifying.

"Well, it's because before my mother died, she left thirty percent of the company's shares to me. She

wrote in her will that if I ever die without an heir, the shares should be donated to charity."

Theodore paused and continued with a much colder voice, "Darian is a greedy man. He wanted you to

have my baby so the shares can be transferred to him in the long run. You are just a tool for him. If you

ever birth a child for me, I'd become useless to them. They won't hesitate to kill me."

Ariana's eyes widened in horror when she heard these words. She felt a chill knife through her. This

revelation left her so stunned that she couldn't find the right words to say. When she saw Theodore's

indifferent expression, she spun on her heels and ran into the house.

"Boss, why did you say that to make Ms. Edwards misunderstand?"

Horace, who was sitting in the driver's seat, turned his head and asked his boss hesitantly.

Looking slightly perturbed, Theodore stared in the direction that Ariana went.

"Although what you said is true, you don't have to worry about your father and Jasper at all. Their

conspiracy is not the only reason why you don't want a child. Why didn't you tell Ms.

Edwards the real reason instead? You frightened her." Horace sighed and wondered what was going

on in his boss's head.

In his short life, he learned that women were not the only unpredictable ones. Men, for example, his

boss, were highly unpredictable, too.

Theodore finally looked away and stared at his assistant through the rearview mirror. "Some things are

better left unsaid."

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Ariana couldn't fall asleep again. She tossed and turned in bed as the words that Theodore said earlier replayed in her head.

Her first impression of him was unpleasant. She saw him as a cold-blooded man who hated his father and half-brother with every fiber of his being.

Never did it occur to her that Darian and Jasper were the ones who drove Theodore to be so ruthless.

Ariana had seen how Darian treated Theodore. He behaved like a father who was looking out for his eldest son, but he was just trying to seize power from him.

As for Jasper, he never hid the fact that he hated Theodore. He made trouble for him at every chance he got.

It was only Theodore against them all. They were coming at him for everything he got. If he made the smallest mistake, he would lose everything. Poor boy!

Sympathy swirled in Ariana's heart as she turned over and stared blankly at the ceiling.

She realized that Theodore had a good reason not to want a child now.

Chapter: 113

A child would worsen everything for him. Who knew, his father could even orchestrate an accident just to kill him.

Theodore was already in a bad state. One more attack could end him.

The grudge Ariana had been holding against Theodore slowly dissipated as she was lost in thought.

“Thank God I didn’t conceive,” she muttered, rubbing her belly.

She was grateful she didn’t make things difficult for her pitiful husband.

The following morning, Ariana went to the bathroom to have a shower. She noticed something strange.

The sanitary pad she wore yesterday was clean.

This was the same thing that happened in the last two days. She barely bled out. The first day’s flow was supposed to be heavy, but only a few droplets came out.

Ariana’s period usually lasted for five to six days. It was consistent all year round, so it was very strange that she barely bled and it stopped on the third day.

What was wrong? Was this because of an underlying illness? Oh, no!

Ariana was perturbed, so she went to the hospital for a general check-up since it was Saturday.

She was expecting to be told she was sick. However, the report she got left her beyond stunned.

The doctor said with a smile, "Congratulations, Ms. Edwards. A pregnancy test was carried out, and it showed that you are pregnant!" ®

Ariana couldn't believe it. "But I've been on my period the last two days."

"That was not your period. That was an indication of miscarriage, due to your unstable pregnancy. If you want to keep the baby, you'll have to be careful from now on. I'll prescribe some medicine for you.

You'll need to come back for another examination in two weeks." The doctor wrote down some notes on her medical record.

"Okay." Ariana took the paperwork and left in a daze.

She walked out of the hospital, not sure what to do with herself.

She had only just convinced herself that it would be better to not be pregnant, and now in a twist of fate, it turned out she was.

If she told Theodore, he would surely tell her to get an abortion.

A reluctant look appeared in her eyes as she rubbed her belly.

Was she really going to have an abortion?

It was noon by the time she returned home. Judy cooked her lunch, and since Theodore wasn't home,

she sat and ate alone.

But she couldn't taste a thing.

Despite her lack of appetite, she forced herself to eat, for the baby's sake.

Theodore was out for the whole of the afternoon, and Ariana became more and more uneasy. She

wasn't sure if she should tell him the news, worried about what he might say.

Chapter: 114

The baby was unexpected but it was already inside her. She couldn't bring herself to get rid of it.

But then she remembered what Theodore had said the night before.

It was either him or the baby.

By the time Theodore finally came back, it was already dinnertime.

They chatted and ate as usual, before doing their separate things. Several times, Ariana approached

him, ready to tell him but each time she held back.

She sat on the sofa and watched him talk on the phone across the room. Just then, she decided to

keep it to herself for the time being.

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Only after the weekend passed by did it begin to feel real. She now felt like a mother.

She made an effort to eat meals at regular times, didn't stay up late, stopped wearing high heels, and took the medicine behind Theodore's back.

She knew she wouldn't be able to hide it for long, but she wanted to delay the inevitable as much as she could.

On Monday morning, Ariana came into the company with a hearty breakfast.

As she came in, she noticed an old couple quarreling with Brielle by the elevator. She couldn't tell what the argument was about but both sides were speaking with raised voices and looked aggressive.

Beside the couple stood a handsome young man, about 16 years old, who was staring fiercely at Brielle. It was as if he was a wolf cub, ready to pounce on Brielle and tear her up any second.

Ariana stayed for a moment and asked the onlookers what was going on. "Did Brielle mess with someone again?"

"It's all because of the incident that happened yesterday. Betty Brewer, Brielle's assistant was seriously

injured. She was badly disfigured by the sulfuric acid, and she lost an eye. Her family is here for an explanation.” ©

Brielle was annoyed having been pestered by Betty’s family for two days straight.

She had planned to give them money to settle the matter but they seemed crazy. They were calling her around the clock and showed up in person today.

“Betty had only just started working and was disfigured by sulfuric acid. She’s so young. This isn’t something we can just let go.” Betty’s father stood in front of Brielle, grief-stricken and angry, blocking her way.

Brielle gripped her bag tightly, trying her best to hold back her temper. “Betty chose to block me from the acid. I didn’t tell her to. Just tell me how much money you want. Let’s not make a scene and embarrass ourselves,” she warned them.

The young man roared at her. “Brielle Edwards, you liar! My sister said the acid was aimed at you! You pulled her in front of you to block it. She almost died. You nearly killed her!”

Around them, the crowd broke into uproar.

Surprised by his emboldened attitude, Brielle started to panic.

“How dare you say that? Do you even have any evidence?”

At that moment, the crowd parted to make way for someone.

Chapter: 115

Jasper appeared, wearing a suit jacket. He pulled off his sunglasses, revealing his cold piercing eyes.

He walked over to the young man and patted his face. “Don’t talk nonsense, kid. You don’t have any evidence. Use the facts. Check the surveillance footage.”

Ariana heard this and her heart sank. If Jasper mentioned the footage so openly, it must have been tampered with.

The incident had happened so quickly that no one was sure whether Betty had chosen to block the attack or Brielle had pushed her. Even the reporters at the scene could have easily been bribed by Jasper. That was why they could be so arrogant.

The young man was so angry that his eyes turned red. But he couldn’t retort Jasper. He looked at his mother who was crying beside him, and then looked at Brielle who was full of complacency. He said stubbornly, “I’m going to sue you!”

Brielle burst into laughter. This kid didn’t bother her at all.

To her, he was just a desperate loser

“Go ahead. I’ll help you pay the fees if you can’t afford to sue. Take it as a thank you for your sister’s kindness.”

He glared at Brielle, seething with anger. He would have rushed up to Brielle and beaten her if it hadn’t been for the security guards.

Looking a little impatient now, Jasper patted the boy on the shoulder, in a gesture of mock comfort. “All right. You want money right? I’ll give you some. But remember to stop talking about all this nonsense; otherwise, the situation will be different. You could be sent to jail for malicious slander and blackmail.”

Jasper said this with a smile, before taking out a stack of cash from his bag and throwing it at the boy’s feet. “Go home. Stop making a fool of yourself.”

He then gestured for the security guards to take the family out.

When the couple saw the money, they both reached down to pick it up. “Mom, Dad, we can’t take this money,” their son protested.

“If we go to court, we’ll need this. We spent all our savings on your sister’s treatment. She needs

follow-ups which will also be expensive,” Betty’s mother explained, her eyes filling with tears.

The boy lowered his head, and with gritted teeth bent down and picked up the money.

The three of them were then promptly escorted out of the building.

Watching them leave, Ariana had a thought. She put on a mask and chased after them. She spotted them at a bus stop and approached them.

“Who are you?” The young boy had his guard up.

Ariana showed him her ID and responded, “I’m an employee of SJ Entertainment.”

The youth still looked hostile. He stared coldly at her and queried, “And what do you want?”

The old couple also became vigilant. They pulled the boy behind them and faced Ariana like mother hens facing a hawk.

Ariana held out a pen and a piece of paper to them and said, “You forgot to fill in your information in the visitors register. Please do that.”

The three didn’t move a muscle. They just stared at her defiantly. Seeing this, Ariana put on a pitiful expression and continued, “I don’t mean to disturb or delay you, but you have to fill this. It’s the

company rule that everyone who comes into the building must drop their information. I'm just a contract

employee, so I'm still on probation. If I make any mistake, I'll be scolded and my salary would be

deducted. The higher-ups would also refuse to make me a regular employee. I went through a lot

before getting this job. Please don't be the reason why I encounter difficulties here."

It was almost as if Ariana would cry any moment from now. The old couple exchanged glances without

saying anything. Meanwhile, the young boy's eyes softened. He stood out, took over the writing

materials, and began to write.

Ariana breathed a sigh of relief. She thought that he was a kind-hearted kid.

Chapter: 116

She observed him silently.

He was quite tall. He had innocent eyes that enhanced the overall delicate look of his face. Although

his hair was messy and his cheeks were stained with streaks of tears, it could be seen that he was

good-looking. He would give many models a run for their money if he was cleaned up.

Ariana looked down at the information he just put down. She muttered to no one's hearing, "Tyler

Brewer, what a beautiful name for a beautiful boy. And his handwriting is so good, too."

Seeing that he skipped the space for an email address, Ariana uttered, "Don't forget to leave your email address so we can contact you later."

Tyler looked up at her in confusion.

She let out a hollow laugh and explained, "It's just in case there's a legal dispute..."

Tyler understood what she meant before she finished her words.

He frowned again, but he put down his email address without ado.

This made Ariana smile. She reasoned that he was a good boy even though his present expression said otherwise. Since he dared to speak ill of Brielle, it meant that he wasn't a coward and definitely hated people who trampled on others.

"If I may ask, have you ever considered taking up a career in the entertainment industry? You have the face of a celebrity. Even though I don't know you well, I can already picture you on TV. Your future is very bright the way I see it," Ariana inquired, throwing in a few flattering words.

Tyler didn't say a word, nor look at her. He continued to write until he was done. After shoving the pen and paper into her hands, he got on the bus and left.

Ariana had no choice but to back down. The poor boy had just experienced such an outrageous thing.

It was expected that he hated the entertainment industry a lot now. Besides, he probably wasn't

thinking of anything else. He just had to get to his sister, whose life was currently hanging by a thread.

Ariana sighed, folded the paper, and put it in her bag. Then she went back to the building.

The crowd soon dispersed. Since Ariana didn't have a lot of tasks to do this morning, she was watching

a video on her phone.

It was a recording of the moment when Lynch tried to bathe Brielle with acid. Ariana had just wanted to

capture her half-sister's scandal, but she happened to record what turned out to be solid evidence.

The video clearly showed how Brielle dragged Betty in front of her to shield herself from the acid.

Brielle would be outed for the liar that she was once this video was released.

However, the video was horrific. Since it captured how Betty got injured, it would break the hearts of

her family members to see the video online. Ariana felt that she had to get their consent first before

doing anything. She didn't want her hatred for her half-sister to drive her to cause some innocent

people more pain than they were already in.

Ariana edited the most important part of the video, saved it, and sent it to the e-mail address that Tyler

put down.

As soon as she hit send, her phone rang. It was a call from Ivan. Ariana shut down her laptop and answered the call.

Ivan sounded enthusiastic as usual. "Guess what, Ariana? I just got news about the necklace buyer you asked me to contact before!"

"Who is it?"

Ariana was elated. She had been worried about receiving the necklace for no reason, so she wanted to find the buyer and return it to them as soon as possible.

"I managed to get in touch with the mysterious buyer through a sponsor, All the buyer said was that he would contact you in person when it comes to returning the gift."

Ariana's eyebrows knitted together in confusion. She didn't expect to wait for the buyer to come to her.

Chapter: 117

After they chatted for a while longer, Ivan hung up the phone.

Ariana contemplated over this for a long time, but she still couldn't wrap her head around it. She

glanced at the time and realized it was already noon. She quickly packed up and headed downstairs for

lunch.

When Ariana passed the reception desk, she was suddenly stopped by a colleague.

“Wait, Ariana. There’s a package for you here.” The receptionist turned, picked up an exquisitely

wrapped box from the chair, and handed it to Ariana.

Ariana looked at the package skeptically. She hadn’t bought anything recently. How could there be a

package for her?

“Who is it from?” Ariana asked the receptionist.

“I don’t know. There’s no name on it.”

Ariana had moved to open the bow ribbon on the box, but her hands paused in hesitation. She didn’t

know if she was being paranoid, but after Brielle received the chicken head last time, Ariana couldn’t

help but feel apprehensive about what could be inside.

The receptionist saw her reaction and backed away slowly as if there might be a bomb in the box. She

peeked at Ariana nervously, waiting for her to open it.

After taking a deep breath to steady her nerves and mentally prepare herself, Ariana pulled off the

ribbon and yanked the lid off quickly.

To her surprise, there was a luxurious lilac dress folded inside. The fabric looked soft and lovely and glittered gently in the light.

The receptionist gasped in delight and exclaimed, "What a beautiful dress!"

Her excited voice caught the attention of nearby colleagues, who came over to see what the fuss was about. They were all surprised to see the dress.

"I know this! This is RVK's latest line, a high-end dress design by Eamon. It's so exclusive that many of the stars of our company can't even borrow clothes from this brand."

"But this style looks different from the one in their show. Is it customized?"

"It is customized. Do you see the logo? There's an extra flower pattern on it than there was on the dress in the show."

"Customized tailor is expensive to purchase even for the rich. Ariana, who gave this to you? It's amazing."

Everyone was in awe, chattering about it. They were all well-versed in the industry. They studied and told everything about this dress in a matter of seconds.

Afraid of being the topic of gossip, Ariana quickly found an excuse. "I borrowed it for Sarah."

When they heard the dress was for Sarah, their morbid curiosity transformed into admiration for Ariana.

It was a designer dress that even major stars couldn't get. Ariana was able to borrow it when she had only started her career as an agent at such a young age!

Keener people began to flatter Ariana and question her about her background.

Ariana could feel the heat rising to her face from all the attention. Embarrassed, she excused herself quickly, shut and grabbed the box, and hurried back to her office. She pried the box open and rummaged through it, pushing the folds of the gorgeous dress aside. Under it, she found a card.

The card was in a gilded, smooth envelope. It looked like an invitation, but there was nothing written on it. Nothing, except the small steel seal with the letter "H" in the corner.

Ariana frowned at the envelope. Right at that moment, a notification sound pinged, and she looked at her phone on the table. It was a friend request.

Chapter: 118

Maybe Ivan gave the mysterious person her number. Thinking of this, Ariana agreed to the friend request and sent a message "Hello. Who is this?"

Mr. H didn't respond for a long time. Impatient, Ariana sent another message. "Please give me an address, and I'll send the necklace back to you. Also, I just received a dress from you. What is the meaning of this?"

She waited a few seconds longer and was getting impatient again when Mr. H finally replied. He sent her an address with the message, "If you want to return the necklace, go to the address alone tomorrow night and give it to me personally."

Ariana frowned at his proposition.

Ivan had joked that the mysterious person probably liked her, and that was why the other party had given her the necklace. But she felt more uncomfortable than grateful. Now that Mr. H had sent her a luxurious dress in such a conspicuous manner and was now asking her to meet somewhere alone, it wasn't strange for Ariana's alarm bells to go off and her imagination to run wild.

She could only assume Mr. H was a wealthy, powerful, and lustful old man who was making a move on her by fiercely chasing her after they had met once.

Ariana sneered to herself and typed a brief reply, "I'll take the necklace. Thank you for the gift."

She was blatantly refusing to meet him at the place he suggested.

She was about to blacklist him from her contact list when he suddenly sent her an image. She clicked to open it and discovered it was a photo of a ruby necklace. She recognized it as the one from her mother's belongings that Glenda had sold off. ©

The image was followed by another message, "What about this? Don't you want it?"

Ariana was shocked. How could this freak have her mother's necklace? And judging from his words, he knew what the necklace meant to Ariana. Who the hell was he?

She tried to pry out Mr. H's true identity several times, but he didn't give her a direct answer. All he asked was that Ariana go to the address alone tomorrow if she wanted the ruby necklace back. Mr. H no longer replied after that.

After much thought, Ariana finally decided to go meet that mysterious person tomorrow. Her mother's belongings were precious to her. Even if this was all a trap, she needed to jump straight into it. But that didn't mean she was fearless. It wasn't easy to crack the other party's identity. Throwing caution to the wind in this situation would put her in inevitable danger.

So, on her way home from work, she visited a weapons store and purchased a taser. She also sent

Sonia the address where tomorrow's appointment would take place. Ariana instructed her friend that if she didn't contact her before tomorrow at midnight, Sonia should call the police.

Sonia grimaced upon seeing the familiar address. It was a famous, high-end private club in Eleymond.

All of its members were known to be big shots. Even the wealthy people might not be able to enter its doors.

After a lengthy and arduous wait, the time for her appointment finally drew near. Ariana swiftly put on the dress and went straight to the address the mysterious person gave her.

The taxi stopped in front of a low-key yet luxurious building.

As soon as Ariana got out of the taxi, she was shocked by the luxury cars casually displayed in the open parking lot outside.

Each of them was easily worth tens of millions of dollars while the people in attendance were all decked out in the finest apparel. Even if she'd never been here, Ariana already knew what this place was. No wonder Sonia was so surprised last night.

The receptionist at the door noticed Ariana arriving via a taxi before coldly asking, "Invitation or

membership card, please? You can't enter if you don't have either one."

"Wait a minute."

Ariana withdrew the invitation from one of her bag's inner pockets. The receptionist's cold attitude drastically shifted as he respectfully led her into the club and said, "Oh, Ms. Edwards. We've been waiting for you for quite some time! Please follow me."

Confused, Ariana followed him in.

Meanwhile, Jasper and Brielle got out of a Bentley outside.

Chapter: 119

Brielle sported a red halter dress with a white fur coat, her elegant arm draped over Jasper's arm.

Jasper showed his membership card to the receptionist. However, the latter returned it to him after a glance and replied in a lukewarm voice, "You'll need to wait a moment, Mr. Anderson. The staff is in the process of cleaning the room."

The frigid wind continued to blow. Brielle didn't wear any thick clothing and she ended up freezing so much that she stamped her feet to keep warm as her hands began to turn red.

She had always been spoiled, unable to tolerate this type of treatment. She then complained, "How

could such a large club have no empty room?”

Putting on his sunglasses, Jasper promptly interrupted Brielle, “Be patient. Just wait.” He then

whispered in her ear, “We can’t afford to offend anyone here. Don’t get us into any trouble. I managed

to confirm that the vice president of BRD Group, Mr. Perkins, would arrive tonight. That’s why I secured

a special membership card. I need to see him tonight to establish the cooperation with the BRD Group.

So, should anything go wrong, keep your composure.”

Brielle pursed her lips and snorted, “Is BRD Group an influential company? He’s nothing but the vice

president. Does it really need this much effort?”

Jasper was fuming at Brielle’s ignorance and he wondered how she mustered up enough courage to

say something so audacious.

Although the Anderson Group was somewhat popular in Eleymond, it was nothing compared to the

BRD Group which was famous on a global scale.

If he managed to strike a deal and secure the BRD Group’s cooperation, then the Anderson Group’s

status would be automatically raised to a higher level. Besides, he would also win the bet with

Theodore.

Jasper had no idea what Brielle, that idiot, was thinking. He took a deep, calming breath and firmly explained the pros and cons to the naive Brielle. She finally agreed to control her temper and avoid causing any further trouble.

As they continued to converse, Brielle suddenly recognized someone who looked just like Ariana. She hurriedly patted Jasper's arm and asked, "Isn't that Ariana?"

But Jasper didn't believe her at all. He sneered, "You must be mistaken. How could a person with Ariana's status manage to get in."

Ariana was led into a luxurious lounge by one of the waiters.

Upon entering, she was immediately surrounded by a makeup team that had clearly been waiting around for a while.

She stepped back instinctively before gazing upon them vigilantly. She quickly asked, "What are you doing?"

"Ms. Edwards, our boss asked us to get you all dressed up. Please take a seat here."

Ariana was pushed into a chair. Without saying crap, they whispered among themselves and discussed

what type of makeover they'd give Ariana while taking a good look at her. ©

Now that she was here, waiting a little longer for the makeover to be completed was no longer a big deal. Ariana had no choice but to cooperate. She sat there like a doll, watching them busy themselves with their assigned tasks.

During the process, Ariana couldn't help but doze off. She hadn't slept a wink at all the night before which really dampened her current mood and mental state.

"Finished, Ms. Edwards." The female make-up artist did a quick last-minute touch on the tresses by her temples before she looked at the dazzling beauty in the mirror. Ariana was an awe-inspiring vision to behold.

When the make-up artist first saw Ariana, she wondered how such a gorgeous woman could exist in this world. Ariana could just stand still and anyone who saw her couldn't help but be mesmerized. The exquisite, light purple dress enhanced her elegance. No wonder the boss valued her so much.

Ariana looked at herself, all dolled up, smoothing her dress uncomfortably. She asked the waiter behind her, "Where do I go next?"

"This way, please." The waiter respectfully led Ariana out of the lounge, passed through the corridor,

and into another area.

As they passed through the hall, Ariana accidentally caught Jasper and Brielle arguing with another waiter.

Chapter: 120

“We clearly stated at the beginning that we wanted the innermost room. We were waiting at the gate for

so long. And now you tell me we can’t go in?” Jasper questioned vehemently. He spent a lot of effort figuring out which room Mr. Perkins was in.

Unfortunately, all those efforts went down the drain thanks to a stupid waiter. Never, as a son of the Anderson family, had he been insulted like this.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Anderson. You only have an ordinary membership card, which means you’re limited to using a private room within this area only. The area you’re requesting to enter is exclusively for top VIPs. You can’t go in there without an invitation,” the waiter explained in a flat tone and refused to compromise.

Jasper was so furious that he began to curse out loud.

At that moment, Brielle, who was behind Jasper, noticed Ariana passing by. She cried out in shock,

“What are you doing here?”

Hearing her voice, Jasper turned around and found himself enamored by the sight of Ariana. He had always known she was a beauty, but he never expected her to be even more stunning after dressing up...

Jasper didn't come back to his senses until he felt a sharp pain on his arm. He looked down at Brielle, who was pinching his arm hard. He impatiently shook her arm off of him before he walked toward Ariana.

Brielle swiftly followed him closely and grabbed his hand out of fear that he'd leave her alone.

On the other hand, Ariana's mood soured once she caught a glimpse of the duo headed toward her.

She was in no mood to meet them at all.

“How did you manage to get into such a high-end place and wear such a sexy dress? Don't tell me you're some old man's Lover trying to get resources on Sarah's behalf?” Gazing at Ariana's designer dress, Brielle turned green with envy.

This was not at all what Brielle had imagined. In fact, she thought that Ariana's life would spiral into one

filled with misery after marrying a disabled man. She thought that she'd be mistreated by the abnormal, tyrannical Theodore. However, that couldn't be further from the truth. Ariana lived a luxurious life in the upper class which allowed her to enter such an exclusive area draped in an expensive, exquisite dress.

Irritated by Brielle's use of the word "lover", Jasper frowned and scolded Ariana harshly, "Now that you've married into the Anderson family, you need to pay attention to your morals and manners. This is no place for you. Leave. Now."

Ariana mentally rolled her eyes, not wanting to waste her time talking nonsense with these two fools.

She continued walking without looking back.

However, Jasper rushed up to grab Ariana by the hand and warned her in a low voice, "Don't overestimate yourself. Not everyone is allowed in there."

Ariana shook off Jasper's hand in disgust and_ replied sarcastically, "Is that so? Well, what if I have to go there?"

Ariana was assured that the waiter would escort her into the innermost room, so she ignored Jasper's condescending comment and went straight ahead.

He didn't stop her and just stood behind her sneering, waiting for her to be turned away at the door and embarrassed.

But when Ariana stepped into the so-called top VIP area, the waiters not only didn't stop her but even opened the door wide open and respectfully greeted her, "Ms. Edwards, this way please."

This infuriated Jasper who ended up scolding the waiter beside him, "Are you blind? Didn't you say only the top VIPs could enter? Then why did you let her in?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Anderson. This lady is a guest of one of our distinguished VIPs," the waiter answered, not even bothering to look sideways in Jasper's direction.

Just then, Adrian appeared all dressed up in a silver suit.

Although he gave off quite a casual vibe, his sharpness couldn't be overlooked.

"What happened? What's with all the ruckus here?" Adrian asked as he looked at everyone present with a smile.

Jasper was both astonished and overjoyed. He swiftly pushed the waiter away before he walked up to

Adrian and said, "Sure enough, you really are here Mr. Perkins. I have some business to go over with you."

