

Unconscious 13

Chapter 13

However, Ariana was not willing to trust Glenda's words. "No need," she said firmly. "I'll do it myself."

She was determined to ensure that all of her and her mother's possessions were returned to her safe and sound.

Glenda, intimidated by Theodore's earlier display of power, could only comply as Ariana went to her room to pack up.

As Ariana packed, she suddenly felt something obstruct her foot. Looking down, she was startled to find the wheel of Theodore's wheelchair, only to realize that he had silently entered the room behind her.

"Sorry, I didn't see you." Quickly stepping back, Ariana apologized for the unintentional collision. As she peered around the room, she realized that Theodore's assistant had not followed him in, leaving them alone in the enclosed space.

Her heart raced with uncertainty, unsure of what to expect next.

Ariana's voice faltered as she spoke. "Thank you for coming here today."

Theodore glanced at her and said nothing. Although he was cold and gloomy, he was undeniably

handsome. Feeling shy, Ariana looked away.

She quickly added, "I know you don't appreciate my presence, so I promise not to disturb you in the future. But if there's anything you need, please don't hesitate to call me."

Theodore let out a derisive snort. "You're thanking me too soon. Remember, I'm not helping you out of the kindness of my heart. It's in my best interest to make sure you get what you're entitled to. Did you not read the contract carefully before you signed it?"

Ariana's heart sank as she wondered what she might have missed. "What are you talking about?"

In haste, she extracted the bulky file from her bag and rapidly flipped through the pages.

Earlier, overwhelmed with delight at the thought that Theodore had come to assist her, Ariana had foolishly signed the document without thoroughly examining it.

It wasn't until this moment that she realized that she had signed yet another gift agreement that stated that everything she owned would now belong to Theodore.

The attorney had already left with a signed copy to have it registered, and it was now far too late to reverse her error.

A wave of absurdity washed over her as she felt both rage and amusement simultaneously. Just as she had dealt with her wicked stepmother and half-sister, she had now been ensnared in Theodore's trap.

Ariana tossed the document aside, casting a cold glare at Theodore. "You don't have to resort to such dirty tactics. All I want is my mother's belongings. I'll give you my part of the Edwards family's property."

"The assets, including your mother's belongings, are already mine," Theodore responded coldly, his hand resting on the wheelchair's armrest.

How audacious of him!

Ariana was so outraged she could hardly speak. She took a deep breath to steady herself and tried to reason with him in a calm tone. "I know you're not interested in those things. What is it that you want?"

"Beg me and make me happy." Theodore looked at Ariana indifferently, like a haughty and ruthless monarch.

Their eyes met, and emotions flared.

Ariana averted her gaze and uttered two words stoically. "Please, sir."

"Is that how one begs?" Theodore furrowed his brows in displeasure. His conduct was as haughty as his demeanor.

There was a prolonged silence before Ariana smiled.