

## Unconscious 281

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Perhaps she was affected by the hormones during pregnancy, and her maternal love was overflowing.

Ariana took a deep breath and asked softly, "Is that the only reason?"

Instead of answering her question, Tyler looked at Ariana pleadingly and asked, "Would you sign me?"

Ariana knew her heart would waver if she looked at his puppy eyes. She forced herself to look away

and explained, "The entertainment circle is not as simple as you think."

"I know. If it was simple, Betty wouldn't have ended up like that," Tyler sneered. His tone was cold, and it didn't match his age.

Ariana turned her head sharply toward him and frowned. She wanted to say something, but Tyler

interrupted her, "Brielle has cut off all my routes into the entertainment circle. You are my only chance."

He blinked his eyes at her and looked very pitiful.

Ariana hit his head and sulked. "Don't pretend to be harmless when you are not."

Tyler's hair was a little ruffled. He covered his head and hissed, revealing his pearly white teeth. At that moment, he looked lively and young, like a comic book character.

However, when he looked back at Ariana again, his eyes turned red and full of malice. "I'm going to climb all the way to the top. Then I will have my revenge on Brielle and all those who have hurt Betty. I will make them pay."

Ariana was not surprised when she saw Tyler's resentment. The first time she saw him, it was exactly the fighting spirit in him that caught her attention.

She smirked in satisfaction. "If I'm right, you have just finished your college entrance examination? Which university and what major did you apply to?"

Tyler was caught off-guard by Ariana's question. He didn't understand her purpose and stammered, "Ivebridge University and physics."

It seemed that Tyler had brains as well as looks. Ivebridge University was one of the top five universities in the country, which was tough to get into. Besides, he was going to major in physics, another challenging course.

Ariana realized she had found a treasure.

Tyler was worried by the long silence and said hastily, "I can give up my studies as long as I sign a contract and make my debut."

Ariana frowned and rejected his suggestion. "No, your studies are more important."

Tyler's shoulders sank in an instant. He was depressed by her rejection.

His change in mood was so apparent that Ariana found it amusing. "It will be very tiring to balance your studies and career. Do you think you can manage your time well?"

Tyler raised his head sharply and exclaimed in excitement, "Of course!"

Ariana nodded in satisfaction and continued, "Okay. You can go home for the day.

Come to the company tomorrow morning at nine to sign the contract."

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When Ariana arrived home, she noticed the light on her neighbor's balcony was on.

It seemed that her neighbor had already moved in.

"Wasn't the room still under renovation this morning? How could it be already done by night?" Ariana muttered to herself as she inserted her house key and opened the door.

Putting the groceries she bought on the way home on the countertop, she changed into a clean set of attire and coiled her hair up as she prepared to cook.

She had learned a few simple recipes when she was studying abroad. Although the food she cooked

was not exquisite, it tasted not bad.

Moreover, she was pregnant. She needed more nutrients for the sake of her baby.

As such, she had recently been researching new recipes to give her baby a healthy meal.

While Ariana was preparing the vegetables, her phone rang in her pocket. She was startled by the ring and thought it was from Theodore.

She hurriedly wiped her hands and answered. However, it turned out to be a prank call.

She hung up gloomily and put her kitchen preparations aside. Her mood had abruptly hit rock bottom.

It had been two days. Even the stupidest person would have realized she had moved out. Yet,

Theodore had not even called at all.

He didn't even send messages. It seemed he really didn't care less about her.

Ariana felt a chill sweep over her. Without her around to disturb them, the thought of Theodore and Helen having a cozy and pleasant time at the Anderson family's mansion came involuntarily into her mind.

Furious, she slammed her fists on the countertop and then shoved the vegetables into the sink. "Just

die, you jerk!” she yelled angrily.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. In a fit of rage, she blacklisted Theodore from all her social media accounts and deleted his contact.

Just then, the doorbell rang.

Ariana readjusted her emotions before walking over to answer the door.

It was the landlady. She was holding a large piece of pizza in her hand and smiled brightly at the sight of Ariana. “I made pizza at home. I brought some especially over for you.”

Ariana took it and thanked her without hesitation before asking in confusion, “Didn’t you rent that unit away?”

“Yes, but I’m still living downstairs. The entire floor downstairs is also mine,” the landlady replied.

The landlady was very friendly and continued chatting. “You know what? The young man I told you about this morning arrived in the afternoon. I’m going to send him some pizza. Why don’t you join me? I’ll introduce you two.”

“I don’t think it’s a good idea. Besides, I’m in the middle of cooking dinner. Maybe next time,” Ariana replied a little awkwardly and at a loss. She had no idea why the landlady wanted her to meet the man

living across the hall.

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“Well, don’t worry about cooking. It is just a short greeting You can finish your cooking after you come back. That young man has finally arrived. You might not have a chance to introduce yourselves once you two become busy,” the landlady insisted.

She grabbed Ariana’s hand and attempted to pull her out. She was strong and could drag Ariana to the corridor effortlessly.

Ariana couldn’t stop the landlady even if she wanted to.

At last, she had no choice and agreed to meet the new neighbor.

She only agreed to the meeting because they would be neighbors in the future. If they were to meet any troubles, they could assist each other.

Ariana turned off her stove before helping the landlady carry the pizza and followed her reluctantly to the door of the unit across the hall.

The landlady rang the doorbell, and many minutes passed without a response.

“Please be patient. This young man has a little difficulty walking,” the landlady assured Ariana.

Ariana wasn't overthinking it at first. However, alarms started going off in her heart when she heard the

familiar sound of the wheels from inside. She prepared herself for the worst that could happen.

She had wanted to escape when the door opened, and a handsome face she was fully acquainted with

came into sight.

"Why are you here?" Ariana cried uncontrollably as she gazed at Theodore in shock.

The landlady darted her eyes between the two, and she asked in surprise, "You knew each other?"

"No."

"Yes,"

Both Ariana and Theodore sounded at the same time, and the atmosphere became awkward.

The landlady frowned in confusion and repeated her question. "So do you know each other or not?"

Ariana still wanted to deny her association with Theodore, but when she saw the playful shine in

Theodore's eyes, she turned her head away stubbornly and remained silent.

Theodore coughed gently and said, "We met once."

The confusion on the landlady's face immediately dissipated, and she smiled brightly. "That's great. It

must be fate for you to be neighbors.”

She gestured at the pizza in Ariana’s hand and explained, “Both of you happen to move in around the same time. So I’ve prepared some pizza as a housewarming gift for the both of you.”

Theodore thanked her politely and behaved like an absolute gentleman. Then, he pushed his wheelchair a little to the side and asked the landlady sheepishly, “Can you help me bring it into the kitchen? I’m having a tough time with my legs.”

“Of course,” the landlady replied cheerily as she ushered Ariana into the room.

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Ariana was reluctant to enter, but she still had the pizza in her hands and had to put it in the kitchen.

Theodore was currently living in the apartment initially occupied by the landlady herself. As such, his place was much larger than Ariana’s apartment. There were four bedrooms, a living room, a kitchen, a dining room, and a large balcony with an incredible river view.

Ariana placed the pizza on the countertop hastily and was prepared to leave when she ran into

Theodore, who happened to enter the kitchen.

She only had her indoor slippers on when her toes crashed into the metal wheelchair. She grimaced



from the pain, and if she hadn't cared about her image, she would have been holding her foot and crying out in pain.

"are you okay?" Theodore asked in concern as he helped her stand up.

Ariana pulled her arm away while pretending to be alright. "I'm fine. Thank you," she replied stubbornly.

Theodore quickly controlled his emotions and returned to his cold attitude as he placed his hands back on his armrests. He turned to the landlady and said, "My housekeeper had just prepared dinner and left. Why don't you stay for dinner?

There is too much food for me to finish by myself."

The landlady agreed happily, "Okay, we'll take this opportunity to celebrate your moving in."

She pulled Ariana along to the dining room as she spoke.

Caught up in the spontaneity, Ariana had no choice but to stay.

As for the dinner "prepared" by Theodore's housekeeper, Ariana could tell from a glance that they were from a five-star restaurant. The foie gras on the table was one of the famous dishes from the Anderson Group's restaurant.

Ariana sulked as she sat quietly and listened to the conversation between the landlady and Theodore.

She wanted neither to join in nor pick up the tableware.

Instead, she glanced around and noticed that the apartment was fitted with slopes for wheelchairs to move around conveniently. So this was why the apartment had to be renovated.

Just then, Ariana couldn't hold her tongue and said in spite, "Mr. Anderson, you seem to spend your money mindlessly. How long do you plan on staying? It's more convenient for you to live in your villa.

Why did you have to renovate the entire apartment?"

Theodore poured a glass of water and placed it in front of Ariana as he replied with a smile, "The view is beautiful, and I feel my mood improve when I'm here."

He then turned to the landlady and joked, "Thank you for letting me renovate the apartment. If it weren't

for the layout, I would have installed a private elevator."

The landlady was amused by Theodore's casual attitude and pleased by his politeness, making her more talkative.

Ariana rolled her eyes and thought that Theodore was really good at acting. It was a pity that he wasn't an actor.

When she was lost in thought, the landlady grabbed her hand and introduced her warmly to Theodore,

“Theodore, you must be single since you’re living alone, right? Ariana is single too. You can get to know each other.”

Theodore smiled slightly as he looked at Ariana and mused, “Really? You are still single?”

Ariana felt a little guilty under Theodore’s watchful gaze but stubbornly insisted, “Yes, what’s wrong with

that?”

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Theodore smiled lightly and returned his gaze to the landlady. “Unfortunately, I’m married,” he replied blissfully.

He raised his hand and showed the wedding ring on his finger.

Ariana was shocked. That wedding ring was a mere formality prepared by the Anderson family during their wedding. She had put her ring on before, but when she found that Theodore had no intention of wearing his after he regained consciousness, she hid it away silently.

She didn’t expect him to wear the ring now. In fact, she thought he had already thrown it away.

Was he plotting something with the ring? Or did he guess the landlady would introduce someone to him, so he put it on to avoid trouble?

But that was impossible. How did Theodore find out where she lived? She had only been gone for less than two days. No matter how powerful he was, it was impossible to find her so quickly.

Or perhaps he was constantly monitoring her? But he had no reason to do so. Didn't he have Helen?

There was no need for him to be worried about her.

While Ariana's mind was in a mess, Theodore began to chat with the landlady again.

The landlady had an awkward smile and became embarrassed after she found out that Theodore was married.

She apologized to him several times for not noticing the wedding ring on his finger sooner.

Meanwhile, Theodore kept up his act as a mild-tempered gentleman. He smiled and dismissed her concerns. "It is okay. Don't take it to heart. The dishes are getting cold. Let's eat."

There were ten dishes on the long dinner table, including the food brought by the landlady. It was so much that even the three of them could not finish them all.

The landlady and Ariana sat on the same side, while Theodore sat opposite Ariana.

They exchanged occasional glances but immediately looked away as if nothing had happened. They

also avoided talking to one another.

Suddenly, Theodore, who had been chatting with the landlady, popped a question to Ariana. “Miss

Edwards, are the dishes not to your liking?”

Noticing that Ariana didn’t touch the food, the landlady paused her meal and looked at her in confusion.

“Ariana, why aren’t you eating? You just came home from work. You must be hungry. Come on, eat

something. The food cooked by Theodore’s housekeeper is delicious,” the landlady said in concern.

Ariana felt a little awkward by the company and wanted to find an excuse to leave.

However, the sight of the delicious food was indeed making her hungry.

Eventually, she decided there was no need to make things difficult for herself and picked up her cutlery.

Crispy baked brie, beef tartare, beetroot cured salmon...

Ariana’s appetite instantly improved during the meal as she found most of the dishes were her

favorites.

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She gave Theodore a puzzled look. Was this a coincidence? How did he know her favorite foods, and

how did he know she would dine here with him?

She told herself to stop overthinking and flattering herself. It was best to take it as a coincidence.

Ariana cast her questions aside and focused on finishing the food on her plate.

Being an extrovert, the landlady soon forgot her embarrassment and chatted happily with Theodore

again. "Theodore, where is your wife? Why isn't she living with you?"

Suddenly, Theodore looked a little lonely. He lowered his eyes and smiled bitterly.

The landlady sensed a potential for gossip and pressed on, "What's wrong? Is there something wrong

with your relationship? How could she bear to let you rent an apartment alone when you are in this

state?"

Theodore frowned and sighed as he said helplessly, "My wife is just too busy working to care about

me."

Although he sounded emotionless, his words somehow aroused the pity of the landlady.

The landlady felt indignant for Theodore. She slammed the table angrily and cried, "Your wife is too

cruel!"

Ariana was startled by the intense and sudden display of anger that she almost jumped up from her seat.

Ariana was caught off guard as Theodore and the landlady abruptly changed to the sensitive subject.

She dropped her utensils and sat upright, unsure of what to do next.

He looked so sad and meek that even Ariana was almost fooled by his act, not to mention their landlady.

The landlady's fiery personality was on full display as her curly hair seemed to stand on end with fury.

She was outraged that someone would neglect their husband, who was unable to even walk on his

own. "How can she leave you, her husband behind just because she's busy at work?" she scolded. "A

wife should be giving more attention to her husband, not neglecting him like this."

Ariana felt her throat constrict and her stomach knot up as she listened to the harsh words spewing

from the landlady's mouth. She lowered her head, feeling guilty.

But as Ariana struggled to keep her composure, Theodore was calm and he seemed to be enjoying the

scene, smiling slyly as he put on a show of disappointment and sacrifice. "I should be understanding,"

Theodore said, his voice dripping with faux compassion. "After all, my wife is ambitious. It's all my fault

that I can't contribute more to her career. If only my legs worked properly, I could share some of her burdens."

Ariana's heart twisted with guilt. Had she really been neglecting him so much? She couldn't shake the feeling that Theodore was manipulating her, but she couldn't help but feel ashamed of herself as well.

On second thought, Ariana realized something was not right. She had dedicated her time and energy to SJ Entertainment, all because of him. And yet here he was, acting as though it was entirely her fault that she was neglecting him for work.

Meanwhile, the landlady's face was twisted with indignation as she moved her food away. She decided to play the role of emotional counselor and urged Theodore to come clean. "Does your wife even know you've moved out? If she does and still lets you go, then she must have a heart of stone. Maybe it's time to move on and find someone else."

There was a moment of silence, and then Theodore spoke slowly, his words weighted with meaning. "I have never thought of divorcing her."

Ariana snapped out of her distracted state as Theodore spoke, her attention drawn to him like a



magnet. Theodore, however, didn't even look back at her.

Instead, he put on a bitter smile and addressed the landlady. "I just hope that she can think of me

occasionally. Don't always stay outside. It would be better if she could care about me more."

The notion that Theodore wanted her to care about him more seemed laughable to Ariana. After all,

wasn't Helen already taking care of him? Wasn't that enough?

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The guilt that had previously weighed on her was now replaced with a sneer. "Are you seriously

concerned about your wife's homecoming or her affection toward you? I bet you're living it up all alone;

your face is glowing. You must be so popular that you have countless people taking care of you."

Despite her effort to conceal her jealousy, Ariana's voice betrayed her true feelings, and the sharp

landlady picked up on it.

With furrowed brows, the landlady carefully observed the pair, sensing that there was more than met

the eye.

Theodore, however, put on a fake smile and tried to brush it off. "I don't want my wife to worry about

me, so I pretend to be okay."

Ariana seethed with anger, thinking to herself how shameless he was acting, fooling everyone around him with his facade of perfection.

A tense silence lingered among the trio, as Ariana purposely ignored Theodore's words, refusing to engage in any further conversation with him.

The landlady intervened in a soothing voice. "It's not a big deal," she said, urging Theodore to consider that perhaps there was some misunderstanding between him and his wife and that communication was the key to a healthy marriage. "Marriage is run by both sides. It's not that complicated, and not that simple, either. You have to be patient."

But then Theodore's piercing gaze landed on Ariana, and he asked a provocative question. "What if my wife wants a divorce?" he demanded.

Ariana was stunned and blurted out, "What do you mean?"

Her heart skipped a beat, and the panic on her face was impossible to hide.

Had he found out the divorce agreement she prepared? She couldn't help but wonder.

The landlady seemed to share her concern as she knitted her eyebrows together in distress. "Is it so serious that you have to divorce?" she asked. "In that case, what do you think about it?"

Theodore hesitated before answering, "As I said, I have no intention of divorce for the time being."

But the landlady was not convinced. "You can divorce her if you want. What do you mean 'for the time being'? In my opinion, you are just being stubborn and that's why your wife feels disappointed with you."

Theodore was left speechless, unsure of how to defend himself.

However, Ariana felt righteous indignation bubbling up inside her. She spoke up in support. "I agree. It's not rocket science. It's your fault, just admit it," she said with a smug smile.

Theodore massaged his temples with a heavy sigh, hoping to ease the mounting tension in his head.

He was just about to put an end to the discussion when the landlady's unexpected question struck him like a bolt from the blue. "Do you still love her?" she asked with a concerned expression.

Theodore's heart pounded against his chest. He slowly raised his head and met Ariana's eyes. He saw a trace of expectation in her eyes. It was as if she was hoping for a positive response.

Silence descended upon the group. Ariana's heart was pounding in her chest. She anticipated what he would say, but at the same time, she dreaded hearing the answer that would break her heart.

The landlady's impatience began to show as she pressed Theodore to answer the question.

"What's wrong? Is it difficult to answer this question?" she prodded. "If you love her, just express it.

How could she know if you don't tell her?"

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Theodore was about to respond when Ariana, unable to bear the tension any longer, abruptly cut in,

"I'm full and I feel exhausted. I'll head back, you two continue."

With a hasty apology, Ariana bolted from the room, leaving Theodore staring after her in silence.

The landlady shook her head, her lips pursed in a knowing smile. "She's your wife, isn't she?" she remarked wryly.

Theodore turned to the landlady, his expression a mix of disbelief and confusion.

Sighing, the landlady leaned forward, her voice low and sympathetic. "I may be old, but I'm not blind.

You two may not have exchanged many words, but the way you looked at each other—it was obvious that there was still something there. Your wife is scared. She wouldn't have fled the room if she didn't care."

Theodore was lost in contemplation, his mind churning with conflicting emotions.

“You’re fond of her, yet you refuse to admit it. I can see you’re rich; your life is one of luxury and comfort. If it weren’t for that woman, you wouldn’t have rented this old apartment at such a high price.”

The landlady’s sharp perception was uncanny, and she was quick to identify the crux of their relationship. “Although I don’t know what transpired between you two, I’ve lived long enough to know what young people like you go through. As a man, it’s important to know your heart’s desires.

There’s no shame in putting aside your pride to win the heart of the one you love.

Otherwise, you’ll live with regret when they’re gone.” @

The landlady heaved a heavy sigh. Rising from her chair, she made a move to tidy up the table but

Theodore intervened, waving her off.

“Leave it be. The housekeeper will take care of it.”

Though she respected Theodore’s wishes, the landlady couldn’t help but carefully store the uneaten food in the fridge before departing.

“You and your wife must come downstairs someday, and I’ll make something delicious for you two,” she said, her voice filled with warmth and sincerity.

Theodore accompanied the landlady to the door, a faint smile adorning his lips.

“Well, you go have a rest.” The landlady waved her hand and descended the stairs with nimble steps,

chattering to herself, “It’s good to be young. I remember my husband was also stubborn.”

Theodore noticed the light in the staircase flicker on and off, indicating that the landlady had made it

safely downstairs. He smiled to himself.

As he tuned his gaze to the window across the hall, his heart sank. Despite the dim yellow light spilling

out of it, the figure he longed to see was nowhere in sight.

Was it love? Theodore sat there, his thoughts consumed by the enigmatic concept of love.

He was unsure if what he felt for Ariana was love or just a primal, possessive desire. All he knew was

that he could not bear the thought of her leaving him, of another man winning her heart, or of her ever

being unhappy.

She belonged to him and only him, and he wanted her by his side for eternity.

As he sat there lost in thought, the phone suddenly rang, jolting him out of his reverie. He hastily fished

it out of his pocket, only to find that it was not his phone that was ringing.

Following the sound, he discovered Ariana’s phone sitting on the table, adorned with a pinky-white

phone case featuring a cat pendant.

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The phone kept ringing incessantly, as Theodore looked at it in irritation. He was about to dismiss the call and put an end to the persistent ringing, but something made him hesitate. There was no caller ID or name mentioned on the screen, and yet he felt compelled to answer. After a moment's hesitation, he pressed the answer button.

"Hello, Ariana."

The voice that echoed through the phone was young, vibrant, and brimming with energy, like the first rays of sunshine on a cold winter morning. It was a voice that Theodore did not recognize, nor did he like it one bit.

As the words sank in, his face darkened, and he felt an overwhelming urge to break the phone in his hand. He squeezed it tightly, his knuckles turning white, his mind racing with thoughts of rage and jealousy.

In her room, Ariana vented her pent-up emotions by fiercely pummeling her toy bear as if it were Theodore himself.

With each blow, her anger intensified, fueled by her own self-blame for being too cowardly to hear

Theodore's answer. But as she ranted and raged, her thoughts shifted to Theodore and the possibility

that he might be a flirtatious playboy, which only fueled her ire further.

Despite her determination to stay away from Theodore, fate seemed to have other plans.

Theodore had returned to her life and was now living across the hall. He was now free to roam about in

front of her all day, just as he had done in the Anderson family's mansion, and this thought only fueled

her frustration.

Ariana collapsed onto the bed, her eyes glued to the ceiling, feeling hopeless and powerless. She

couldn't fathom what Theodore was trying to achieve with his actions.

The thought of him being with Helen tormented her mind, and his sudden appearance had only brought

more confusion and frustration.

"Douchebag! Jerk. A playboy!"

With trembling lips and tears in her eyes, Ariana let out a guttural scream, venting out her anger and

resentment.

Her mind was in turmoil as she berated herself for getting so emotional over Theodore. She knew



better than to let her emotions get the best of her, especially with a baby on the way. She took a few deep breaths to calm herself, determined to keep her composure.

With her emotions under control, Ariana took a refreshing shower and changed into her comfortable pajamas. She crawled into bed, her mind now racing with thoughts of work.

Suddenly, she remembered that she had forgotten to inform Betsy that Tyler would be coming to sign the contract tomorrow. She searched for her phone, but it was nowhere to be found.

Panic overtook Ariana, and she started patting her head, hoping to retrieve the lost phone from her muddled thoughts. She heard somewhere that pregnancy could cause a lack of focus, and at this moment, she realized how true it could be.

She left the phone at Theodore's apartment as they had dinner just now.

Ariana cursed herself for her forgetfulness and glanced at the clock on the wall.

With her loose pajamas on, she contemplated getting changed but decided against it as time was slipping away. Without a second thought, she shuffled toward Theodore's apartment with her slippers clacking loudly against the floor. She rang his doorbell.

At last, after what felt like an eternity, the door creaked open, revealing Theodore.

Theodore sat in his wheelchair, staring blankly at Ariana without any hint of emotion or words.

However, Ariana's intuition alerted her that something was off, that he was irritated.

"[ think I left my phone here. Can you help me fetch it? I'll appreciate it." Ariana fidgeted with the hem of

her dress, her lips dry, as she made her request.

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"Find it yourself." Theodore's attitude was frigid and dismissive, akin to the biting winds of winter. His

previous docile demeanor had vanished completely.

Ariana scrunched her face, about to respond when Theodore abruptly turned away and went back

inside.

"How strange," muttered Ariana, her lips pouting in confusion.

As Ariana stepped inside, her eyes landed on her phone lying on the table. As soon as she picked it

up, the faint sound of wheels clicking against the hardwood floor interrupted her.

Before she could even comprehend what was happening, she was enveloped in a strong, warm

embrace. Theodore's muscular arms effortlessly lifted her up.

Caught off guard, her hands instinctively moved to wrap around his neck, finding a steady balance as

she sat in his lap. She gazed up at him, breathing in his familiar scent.

“What...” Ariana was at a loss for words as Theodore’s breath tickled her cheeks.

Her face flushed with a mix of confusion and embarrassment.

As his warm breath continued to caress her skin, a jolt of electricity seemed to course through her

body, making her heart race uncontrollably.

But as she finally registered how close they were, Ariana felt her cheeks burn with shame and irritation.

She quickly loosened her hold around Theodore’s neck.

“What’s going on?”

Theodore’s grip was tight, his fingers pressing into the soft flesh of Ariana’s waist.

With his other hand, he gently lifted her chin, forcing her to look into his eyes. The coldness of his stare

sent shivers down her spine, and when a sneer curled at the corner of his mouth, Ariana’s heart

pounded in her chest. “Is it true,” he asked, his voice low and dangerous, “that you prefer someone

younger?”

Ariana was dumbfounded by Theodore's sudden accusation. She couldn't fathom what made him think that she preferred someone younger.

Before she could protest, Theodore leaned in close and whispered sweetly, mimicking a young boy,

"Hello, Ariana?"

His voice was like a deep bass note that reverberated through her body, sending shivers down her spine. The sound was so seductive that it made Ariana's heart race.

Despite her efforts to resist, Ariana found herself powerless against Theodore's charm. She always liked beautiful voices, and now she was completely mesmerized by his charming voice.

Pushing Theodore away, Ariana's face blushed like a ripe apple. "What are you doing? Don't take advantage of me," she said in a faltering voice.

However, Theodore's reply came in a fierce tone, his words dripping with sarcasm.

"What? You prefer younger men to call you like that?"

He then called her name in different tones, his voice becoming increasingly strange and playful.

It was obvious that he was making fun of her and teasing her relentlessly. Ariana was annoyed and frustrated by his childish behavior, her patience wearing thin.

