

Unconscious 651

Chapter: 651 However, Mitchel didn't even spare her a glance. He continued sorting out his documents, completely ignoring Ariana's hint.

A surge of anxiety suddenly enveloped Ariana. She began to wonder if Theodore had given money to Mitchel when he asked him to come over. But surely, Mitchel wouldn't sell her out for just a few bucks, right?

The more Ariana pondered on it, the more anxious she became. Yet, she couldn't speak openly due to Horace's presence. She attempted to discreetly send Horace away, hoping to find a chance to be alone with Mitchel. But before she could even open her mouth, a nurse knocked on the door and entered the room.

"Miss Edwards, if you're ready, let's proceed with the examination." The nurse approached to assist Ariana. Without any reason or stance to refuse, Ariana allowed the nurse to escort her for the examination.

The hospital was efficiently organized, and under the nurse's guidance, Ariana smoothly completed her examination. She had no opportunity to make contact with Mitchel throughout the entire process, and Horace remained by her side.

She never had a chance to remind Mitchel to keep it a secret for her. By the time the examination concluded, Mitchel had vanished without a trace. Perhaps he was occupied with other matters.

Ariana couldn't shake off the lingering words of Helen from her mind. She yearned to find Mitchel and confirm that he hadn't disclosed the situation to Theodore.

Glancing at Horace, she said, "Mr. Silence, it appears that I may have left my phone in the ward. Could you please help me locate it?"

"Your ward is secure, with cameras monitoring the area. Leaving your phone behind shouldn't be an issue," Horace assured, subtly declining Ariana's request.

Observing his unwavering presence, Ariana deduced that Theodore must have issued an explicit order to ensure he never left her side.

The remnants of last night's harrowing ordeal continued to haunt them both, leaving them in a state of perpetual fear. Recognizing this, Ariana chose to withhold further words.

However, attempting to drive Horace away from her seemed futile. A deep sigh resonated within her, a silent admission of defeat, as she resigned herself to waiting in the chair outside. He really okay. It would be a while before they received any updates on the exam.

Ariana glanced around, her memory triggered by Judy's mention that Sarah was also present for examination. Yet, she failed to catch a glimpse of her.

"Where is Sarah?" she inquired, directing her question towards Horace. "After completing her examination without any complications, Miss Flynn departed the hospital," Horace replied, relaying the

information truthfully. "She mentioned having additional tasks to attend to, including an afternoon meeting with the contractor. However, she promised to return later to see you."

Upon hearing this, Ariana furrowed her brows, concern etching itself upon her face. The events of the previous night were still fresh in her mind. "How does she look?" she asked, her tone laced with worry.

Recalling Sarah's composed demeanor and articulate speech, Horace noted that some of her bruises had been attended to, leaving her outwardly unaffected.

"She seems normal, as if this whole affair hasn't fazed her," he reassured, attempting to assuage Ariana's fears.

Chapter: 652 She seemed normal? Ariana, however, found it difficult to believe such reassurances, her anxiety manifesting clearly in her eyes.

The events that had unfolded outside the room she had hidden in had left her feeling petrified and vulnerable, plagued by the offensive words that had been hurled at her. The mere recollection of those

vulgarity brought on an uncomfortable feeling and a wave of nausea. Meanwhile, Sarah, who had endured the insults and indecencies, even endured the physical blow of a slap.

Was Sarah really okay? Ariana questioned inwardly, skepticism clouding her thoughts. At the hospital gate, Sarah wrapped herself tightly, taking precautions against being recognized. She stood by the roadside, wearing sunglasses, a mask, and a hat, anxiously awaiting a taxi.

The streets were quiet on this workday, with few people passing by. Sarah stood still, hands in her pockets, feeling a tinge of nervousness. Every sound around her seemed amplified, causing her body to tremble involuntarily.

Having arrived at the hospital the previous night, she was already exhausted. Due to her unstable condition, the doctor had prescribed sleeping pills to help her rest.

Consequently, she woke up feeling relatively fine this morning. However, as she stood outside, the calmness of her surroundings only intensified her unease and fear.

Despite the bright sky above, an undercurrent of discomfort lingered, and she couldn't help but recall the events of the previous night.

Sarah fought hard to divert her thoughts, attempting to control her mind from dwelling on those disturbing memories. Yet, the more she tried to suppress them, the deeper they seemed to seep in.

Images of the recent incident flashed before her eyes, causing her to feel dizzy and overwhelmed with the memory of being held down by those two disgusting men.

"It seems like you can't wait to have some fun, huh?" "Your so-called stardom doesn't hold up well. Those nude photos show your true, flirtatious nature."

Disgusting voices echoed in Sarah's ears. She closed her eyes, attempting to push those thoughts away, but the vile comments about her leaked naked photos persisted in her mind.

"She used to be a beloved superstar. How filthy she has become!"

“So repulsive. Even that male celebrity is stained now because of their relationship.” The cacophony of voices intensified, causing Sarah’s trembling to intensify.

Suddenly, a series of harsh car honks snapped her back to reality. She raised her head and noticed that the taxi she had hailed had arrived.

Impatiently, the driver leaned out of the window, took a drag from his cigarette, and barked at Sarah, “Hey, did you call for a taxi?”

In a loud voice, the driver informed Sarah of the destination. Once Sarah realized what was happening, she nodded and instinctively moved towards the passenger seat. However, she hesitated, paused, closed the door, and chose to sit in the back seat instead.

A suffocating stench of smoke permeated the car, and both windows were wide open.

Chapter: 653 After settling into the back seat, Sarah lowered her hat and wrapped herself tighter. She clutched her collar and peered at the driver in the front through her sunglasses.

The driver was a robust middle-aged man. Sarah couldn’t see his face clearly from her vantage point, but his silhouette bore an uncanny resemblance to Mike’s.

Nervously, she scrutinized his every move and instinctively pressed herself against the car door.

The man started the car and gradually accelerated. Sarah's nerves stretched taut, and her heart thumped rapidly in her chest. Though she knew it wasn’t Mike, she couldn't help but imagine that if he turned around, she would see his face.

Sarah felt like she was losing her sanity.

In that moment, she noticed the driver had been stealing glances at her through the rearview mirror. As soon as Sarah raised her head, her eyes met his in the reflection.

The probing and scrutinizing look in his eyes triggered Sarah's memories of Mike.

Like a bomb detonating in her mind, she couldn't help but shout, "What are you staring at?" Sarah, overcome by fear, spoke rudely, as if intentionally causing trouble.

Upon hearing her words, the driver's displeasure ignited a fiery anger within him.

Unknown to him, the platform had just sent him this order, which he failed to notice. Consequently, he took a wrong turn, blindly following the misguided navigation that led him onto the elevated highway. Already frustrated by the unprofitable trip, he now found himself faced with the peculiar passenger, adding to his vexation.

"Why are you so emotional? In the early hours, you're all wound up. It's rather suspicious. Do you believe yourself to be some sort of celebrity? What's wrong with me stealing a few more glances at you? Who knows, maybe you're a wanted criminal or a person of questionable character," he remarked, his voice tinged with suspicion.

Sarah suddenly realized her earlier outburst had been excessive. Her emotions had overtaken her rationality. Although the driver bore no resemblance to Mike in either voice or appearance, she couldn't help but experience a pang of rejection and an indescribable fear that she struggled to suppress.

"Stop! Stop! I want to get off!" she exclaimed, her desperation causing her to pound on the window. The driver, upon hearing her plea, erupted in complete fury. He had come all this way to pick her up, solely for the sake of accumulating reputation points, and now she intended to disembark immediately, making a mockery of him like a clown.

"I traveled here specifically to fetch you. What is wrong with you? Are you toying with me?" His words dripped with resentment. "Do you imagine yourself to be a heartthrob or something? Just because a man glances at you a few times, he should be enthralled by your presence? Are you crazy?"

The driver's furious curses echoed through the car as he slammed his foot on the brake pedal, his anger palpable.

However, the mere notion of letting her slip away so easily only served to further enrage him. The more he contemplated the situation, the more convinced he became that this woman was the sort who took pleasure in wasting other people's time and money on fruitless endeavors. Her intentions were undoubtedly malicious.

Consumed by anger, the driver abruptly turned around, reaching for his phone.

With a swift motion, he activated the camera and began recording a video of Sarah.

Chapter: 654

"Everyone, witness this person," he exclaimed, his voice dripping with disdain. "She wraps herself tightly, behaves suspiciously, and intentionally leads others here under false pretenses. Shame on her!"

The moment Sarah caught sight of the camera lens pointed in her direction, a surge of panic shot through her. Her hair stood on end as she let out a piercing scream, her hand instinctively slapping the driver's phone away.

Unfortunately, the driver's grip on his device was less than secure, and he hadn't anticipated the woman lunging at him in a fit of excitement. Her slap caused his phone to slip through his fingers and soar out of the open window, shattering as it collided with the road below.

Cursing under his breath, the driver hastily unlocked the car and hurriedly retrieved his broken phone from the ground. Seizing the opportunity, Sarah flung the car door open and made her escape.

In the midst of collecting his shattered device, the driver realized the extent of the damage. The screen now lay black and cracked. Fuelled by a mixture of fury and determination, he wasted no time in pursuing Sarah without a second thought.

Sarah trembled as she quickened her pace, her gaze fixed firmly on the ground, afraid to glimpse at the approaching threat behind her.

She knew she couldn't outrun the driver, the vast disparity in their sizes leaving her at an obvious disadvantage.

In a matter of strides, the driver closed the distance between them, his hand latching onto her collar with a vice-like grip. "You broke my phone and thought you could simply run away? Give me the money!" he bellowed, his voice seething with rage. Sarah struggled against his grasp, her screams filling the air. The driver's words were lost on her, but in that moment, the face before her eyes overlapped with that of Mike. She shrieked in terror, her desperate resistance growing.

"Are you pretending to be insane?! It's useless! You must compensate for my phone today!" "Let me go! Release me!" Sarah pleaded desperately, her voice a mixture of fear and desperation.

"What are you doing? Let her go!" A furious, masculine voice erupted from the background. Aziel, who had rushed to the scene, witnessed the unfolding spectacle.

Without hesitation, he surged forward in two swift strides, firmly gripping the driver's wrist and forcefully pulling him away, shielding Sarah from harm.

The driver cried out in distress, "Enough! Enough! Let go!"

The piercing wails echoed through the space as he pleaded for Aziel to release him.

Sarah, who was being protected behind, stared blankly at the enraged Aziel.

With Aziel's sudden arrival, Sarah felt an immediate wave of relief, but this was soon replaced by an inexplicable disarray. She couldn't help but avoid direct eye contact with him, yet her gaze kept involuntarily wandering in his direction.

Contrary to expectations, Aziel, who seemed frail and harmless, had the muscular driver in an unyielding grip, his strength quite surprising.

He was being so aggressive...

In the past, Sarah would have admired such assertiveness and power, but now, it instilled a sense of fear in her.

Aziel didn't notice how Sarah felt, as he was focused on scolding the driver. "You wanna hit her? What did you want to do with her? Answer me or I'll call the police now!"

The driver quickly understood that he couldn't come out on top against Aziel. When he learned that Aziel was contacting the police, his anger transformed into frustration. He had no choice but to admit everything without any room for debate.

"I don't know where else to turn. I was merely following an order to transport her from the other side of the city. Yet she didn't utter a single word and went berserk inside my car. She even destroyed my phone. If I don't ask her for compensation, who else would I ask?"

Chapter: 655 With these words, he took out his shattered phone, presenting it as evidence to Aziel. Looking at the broken phone, Aziel furrowed his brows, casting a questioning glance back at Sarah.

After Sarah became more relaxed, she deliberately looked away from him. She shyly nodded and whispered, "There's been a mix-up, it's just a misunderstanding."

As soon as Aziel heard Sarah's confirmation, his expression softened, and he released his grip on the driver. "I apologize. I misinterpreted the situation earlier."

He took a moment to assess the damage inflicted on the driver's phone before suggesting, "Check how much the repair cost is. I'll handle the payment."

Once they reached an agreement regarding compensation, the driver silently took one last look at them before making his exit. Once the driver was out of sight, Sarah questioned, "What brings you here?"

Since the driver had just started the car and hadn't driven a long distance, she was still near the hospital. However, she did not tell Aziel that she had been in the hospital.

Aziel spun around, wearing a serious and somber expression on his face. He gazed at her with a downcast and gloomy look, questioning, “Why didn’t you inform me right away when everything unfolded?”

Sarah felt her heart fluttering, a surge of anxiety sweeping over her.

She was clueless about what Aziel was aware of and to what extent. Would he know that she was subjected to the filthy advances of those malevolent men and that she had nearly been...

As she pondered on the matter, her agitation grew. She lacked the courage to meet Aziel’s gaze, avoiding direct eye contact altogether.

“I couldn’t get a hold of you or Ariana. Can you understand how panicked and worried I was? Eventually, I managed to contact Theodore, who informed me that you were kidnapped and later admitted to the hospital.”

Aziel’s initial concern transitioned into frustration, his tone gradually hardening. Nonetheless, his words brought a sense of relief to Sarah.

Kidnapping... It turned out that Theodore said so to Aziel. That would be much to her relief.

Sarah found herself feeling somewhat lucky that Theodore hadn’t exposed Mike and his gang’s wicked intentions towards her.

Fear still nestled within her. Even though she was confident that Aziel could protect her, she didn’t want him to know what exactly happened to her.

Because Aziel was pure, but she was dirty.

“I misplaced my phone during the kidnapping.” Sarah could barely meet Aziel’s gaze, offering a whispered explanation, “I only realized it was gone just now. I had to request the hospital reception to call a cab for me.”

Her voice carried a hint of grievance and was gradually fading into a murmur.

Aziel's anger heightened at her lamentable demeanor. She had been through a major incident, and yet, he wasn't her first port of call in her moment of vulnerability and distress.

Chapter: 656 A wave of disappointment washed over him.

"Why didn't you reach out to me immediately?" Aziel's voice was slightly raspy, and he struggled to keep his upset and frustration at bay while holding Sarah's gaze. "Not only did you refrain from informing me of the incident, but even after you were discharged from the hospital, you chose to rely on someone else to arrange transportation for you instead of reaching out to me for a ride?"

"You're swamped with work, aren't you? I didn't wish to disturb you," Sarah justified her actions, her tone flat and lifeless. Her statement was meant to serve as an alibi, but it came across as an indication of detachment and estrangement to him.

"How could this possibly be a nuisance? I am your boyfriend!" Overwhelmed by desperation and fear, Aziel failed to rein in his emotions, and his tone became markedly harsher than usual. This stark deviation from his typical mild-mannered disposition took Sarah aback.

Sarah observed Aziel with a hint of confusion.

The burly taxi driver earlier had manhandled her as effortlessly as if she were a frail chicken, yet the seemingly frail Aziel had managed to overpower the driver with ease.

Sarah suddenly felt she was unfamiliar with the many facets of Aziel.

Memories of past incidents began to set off warning signals in her mind. Lynch's manipulation, and the betrayal by her former lover — each event served to widen the chasm between her and Aziel.

He was far from the warm presence she had believed him to be. In an instant, a wave of fear washed over Sarah, stemming from her newfound apprehension of him.

Aziel didn't discern anything amiss with Sarah, only noting her silence and her unresponsiveness to his attempts at communication.

He hadn't been present when Sarah had faced peril, and now her reticence and standoffish demeanor added to his worry. Aziel was very uneasy.

In his eyes, Sarah was a dazzling star, lighting up the stage with her presence. Her tons of fans and the special attention she received from those around her were a testament to her popularity.

But his place in her life... Aziel was uncertain.

Perhaps to Sarah, he was just a passing fling. The thought filled Aziel with sadness.

He had never mustered the courage to discuss their future together, aware of the significance her career held for her. He feared that introducing such a topic could burden her, possibly leading to a breakup if she felt pressured.

However, that hadn't happened yet. He was still in the picture as Sarah's boyfriend. Aziel tried to reassure himself.

He exhaled a deep, silent sigh. Recognizing that Sarah was not in the mood for conversation, he refrained from pressuring her into speaking. With gentleness in his voice, he proposed, "How about we go home first, okay?"

Chapter: 657 Sarah nodded, her response barely above a whisper. Instinctively, Aziel extended his hand to clasp Sarah's.

But as he reached out, Sarah's heart skipped a beat. She deftly sidestepped his approaching hand, taking an involuntary step back.

Aziel froze. The spot on his skin that had almost touched Sarah's hand felt like it was singed, leaving a metaphorical scar on his heart.

Aziel stood there, his mind swirling in confusion. He attempted to meet Sarah's gaze, but she avoided his eyes, leaving him unsettled.

Sarah walked over to his car, finding the doors unlocked. She opened the door and uttered softly, "Let's go back."

She didn't even look at him. Overwhelmed by emotions, she simply yearned to escape and find solace at home. A sense of upset permeated her being.

Aziel felt a knot of unease tighten within him. Sarah took her place in the backseat—a departure from her usual spot in the passenger seat. Aziel hesitated for a few moments before joining her, each step heavy with apprehension.

The silence inside the car only intensified his unease. He longed to speak, but as he tured to address Sarah, he found her leaning against the seatback, seemingly asleep.

He mulled over his words, contemplating whether to disturb her or not. Ultimately, he decided against it, mindful of her peace.

He knew the way to her home all too well. He focused his energy on driving, suppressing the rising restlessness within. Thankfully, the sparse traffic along the route allowed him to concentrate on the road.

He had intended to talk with Sarah once they arrived at her place. However, much to his surprise, as soon as the car came to a stop, she unfastened her seat belt, opened the door, and swiftly exited the vehicle.

It all happened in a seamless motion, leaving him with no opportunity to speak to her. stunned, Aziel could only stand there, processing the situation.

Clearly, Sarah hadn't been asleep during the journey. She had purposefully avoided talking with him, unable to feign otherwise. Did she not even want to pretend in front of him?

The hurt pierced Aziel's heart.

Sarah hurriedly walked, her pace as if she were being chased by an invisible force.

Aziel swiftly parked the car and hastened to catch up with her just as she reached the entrance of the house.

Yearning to accompany her inside, Aziel's path was blocked as she turned and stood in his way.

Chapter: 658

"Sarah—he called out, intending to speak, but she swiftly interrupted him.

"I've been exhausted since yesterday. I need some rest. If you have something to tell me, we can meet another time."

He knew she was merely offering an excuse.

In the past, Sarah would often retreat to her room for a nap, undisturbed by him as he worked or tidied the adjacent space. Has She Tired Of Him Already

Unable to bear it any longer, Aziel's voice trembled as he questioned, "Sarah, please tell me what's happening. Have I done something wrong?"

His somber tone tugged at her heartstrings, while simultaneously amplifying her self-disdain.

She shook her head, avoiding his gaze, and replied, "No, you haven't done anything wrong. I simply need some personal time. You may go back."

Her avoidance of eye contact added to Aziel's distress. He yearned to pour his heart out to her, hoping she would trust and lean on him.

However, he understood that this was not the appropriate moment to share his feelings. Aziel forced a smile, concealing his inner turmoil, and said, "I'm heading to work now. Call me if you need anything."

Taking a step back, he watched as the familiar door was slammed shut. The dull thud resonated like a punch to his heart, leaving him feeling deeply saddened.

Succumbing to despondency, he made his way toward his car, his smile now tinged with bitterness. They had only spent thirty-six days together. Could it be that Sarah was already tired of him? After Aziel left, Sarah immediately locked the door.

Trembling, she hastily closed all the curtains to block out any prying eyes.

She then dashed into the bathroom and promptly turned on the shower tap. The icy coldness of the newly released water failed to register in Sarah's senses.

With an absent gaze, she vigorously scrubbed herself, over and over again. Each pass reminded her of the disgusting touch of those filthy hands.

Disgust washed over her. She didn't even realize her eyes were turning bloodshot.

She scrubbed harder and harder, the pain growing more intense. She went at it until her fair skin turned red and some parts even started bleeding.

After what felt like forever, she finally climbed into the bathtub, soaking until the water turned frigid. Then she absentmindedly dried herself off and left the bathroom.

Chapter: 659

Sarah tried to distract herself by getting some work done, but it was no use. She sat in front of the computer, but her reflection on the black screen only made her feel worse. She just couldn't focus on anything.

Out of nowhere, there was a sudden knock on the door, breaking the silence of the moment. Sarah's heart jumped, and she immediately tensed up.

She cautiously walked toward the door and peeked through the peephole. Standing there was some stranger wearing a black ui Hom and a cap. It made her even more anxious, so she asked with caution, "Who is

"Hello, I've got a package for you."

A package? Sarah's mind raced. She hadn't ordered anything at all!

All sorts of bad thoughts flooded her mind, and she suddenly felt weak.

Taking a few deep breaths, she tried to calm down. "Oh, just leave it outside. I'll grab it later."

'The person obliged, placing the package on the floor and heading off.

As soon as she was sure he was gone, Sarah hastily opened the door, grabbed the package, and shut it tightly.

Her heart pounded in her chest. She gave the package a little shake, just to be safe, and then carefully opened it up. Inside, she found a shiny new phone with a note attached.

And she recognized the handwriting,

"T got you a new phone. The SIM card will come later. Consider this one temporary so you can keep up with your work," the note read. The familiar handwriting brought warmth to Sarah's heart.

She switched on the phone and logged in with her account. Almost instantly, a message popped up on the screen.

It was an apology from Aziel.

“sorry about earlier. | overreacted. | shouldn’t have been so hard on you. If you ever feel uncomfortable, remember that you can reach out to me anytime.”

Hard on her? Aziel wasn’t really harsh, just a tad intense.

Recalling Aziel’s forced smile from earlier, Sarah’s heart ached, and tears welled up in her eyes.

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Ariana tried calling Sarah but couldn’t get through. She then realized that Sarah might have lost her phone. The phone Ariana was currently using had been given to her by Horace after he found it at the manor.

Concerned for Sarah's well-being, she decided to send her a text message.

Just as she hit send, Mitchel emerged from the examination room. His usual expressionless face now bore a grave expression. “The test results are in.”

Ariana worried that Mitchel might publicly announce her pregnancy, her heart pounding in her chest.

Chapter: 660

Horace was equally anxious.

However, Mitchel merely glanced at them before solemnly declaring, “The patient needs to speak with me alone.” “Dr. Chadwick...”

Horace attempted to speak further, only to be rudely cut off by Mitchel, “Hospital protocol dictates we only disclose patient information to immediate family members. And you are...?”

Caught off guard, Horace fell silent. Mitchel continued, "I need to consult with the patient directly. Once done, I'll update you on her examination results."

Without options, Horace resignedly stayed back.

Upon seeing Mitchel's insistence on a private discussion, Ariana breathed a sigh of relief, assuming he would help her in concealing her pregnancy.

But as soon as she stepped into the office with Mitchel, a sense of unease washed over her, making her realize that things might be more complicated than she had initially thought.

Because of Mitchel's long face and his majestic white coat, Ariana even thought that he would say something like "You're dying" the next second.

All of a sudden, Ariana straightened her posture, feeling a surge of nervousness as she anxiously awaited Mitchel's words. Could something be wrong with her body? Was her leg beyond repair?

The further her thoughts ventured, the greater her distress grew. She couldn't resist posing her question, "Dr. Chadwick, is my leg beyond healing?"

"Don't worry. Your leg can be treated. We're in the process of outlining a surgical plan." Mitchel responded without lifting his gaze.

Hearing this, Ariana breathed a sigh of relief. Then, Mitchel continued, "Have you not informed Theodore about your pregnancy yet?"

She froze momentarily. Considering the unresolved matters between Theodore and her, Ariana gently touched her stomach and shook her head.

Suddenly, a pregnancy test report was tossed her way.

After a brief pause, Ariana picked up the document. Seeing the image on it, her fingertips quivered slightly.

The paper held an ultrasound image of the fetus. The last time Ariana had seen it, the baby's organs were yet to take shape, but now a clear form was evident.

It was the first time that Ariana had seen her own child. A surge of excitement washed over her as the reality of becoming a mother hit her. Simultaneously, the fear from the events of the night before gripped her heart tighter.

Her fingers delicately traced the ultrasound image. The shape appeared a bit peculiar to her, causing a flicker of uncertainty in her eyes. She struggled to comprehend what seemed amiss.

Despite her best efforts, Ariana wasn't medically trained and found the ultrasound image confusing. She rotated the image, trying to understand why the fetus seemed disproportionately large and why something appeared to be attached to it.

An unsettling thought struck her.