

Unconscious 691

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Sarah immediately panicked and struggled wildly. She tried to push Mitchel away but couldn't steady herself because of the alcohol. She staggered and stumbled a little before balancing herself again.

Mitchel knew she would fall the moment he loosened his grip. He frowned and sighed helplessly. Left with no choice, he clutched Sarah's arms firmly and pulled her closer to stabilize her.

There was still some distance between them, and he was only holding Sarah's arms. However, from a different angle, they looked like lovers who just finished quarreling and were Locked in an embrace.

Coincidentally, Aziel, who had just arrived, witnessed the scene.

Aziel felt a thousand needles piercing his heart at the sight of them embracing. He felt his heart ache and shatter to pieces as he approached the two slowly.

Aziel stared unblinkingly at Sarah with his reddened eyes. "Is this man the reason for your break up?" he asked through his gritted teeth.

Sarah had gradually calmed down under Mitchel's influence. However, she was still drunk and sleepy. So, she just stood there blankly as if she didn't hear Aziel's words.

However, Aziel was blinded by rage. He thought she was leaning on Mitchel's arms and ignoring him.

Was she really planning to ignore him? Couldn't she at least react a Little?

Aziel's heart ached unbearably.

He couldn't believe Sarah would be so ruthless, nor could he believe they had no feelings for each other. But he didn't understand why Sarah would treat him this way.

He finished work and rushed back just to clarify things with her. But Sarah wouldn't even give him a chance?

Aziel felt his heart pounding. He took a deep breath to readjust his state before looking at Sarah. "Sarah, no matter what, I hope we can talk things out alone. Let's resolve all our misunderstandings, okay?" he pleaded.

Unfortunately, Sarah was still unresponsive. Aziel could no longer hold his disappointment. He walked closer and attempted to pull Sarah away from Mitchel.

Unexpectedly, Mitchel pulled Sarah behind him protectively while sizing up the strange man before him.

The two had never met, so naturally Mitchel was unaware of Aziel and Sarah's relationship. He couldn't possibly let a stranger take Sarah away, could he? He frowned and asked coldly, "Who are you?"

Aziel was infuriated by Mitchel's actions and words. The veins bulged on his forehead as he rushed forward and grabbed Mitchel's collar.

"I haven't agreed to break up yet. I'm still her boyfriend. Why are you interfering with us?" Aziel demanded.

Mitchel was still holding on to Sarah, so he had no time to dodge.

When Aziel was about to hit Mitchel, Ariana suddenly appeared. "Stop!" she shouted sternly.

Ariana had just arrived, only to see Aziel pulling Mitchel's collar and about to hit him. She quickly hurried over as she didn't expect Aziel to return in such a short notice.

"Aziel, quickly Let go!"

“Why should I let go? Who is he anyway?” Aziel demanded. His anger hadn’t subsided, and his tone toward Ariana was fierce.

Chapter: 692 He couldn't believe that Sarah would become so close to a man in the short period he was away.

Sarah was still on friendly terms with him the day he left, but now, she was completely ignoring him and even leaning on another man.

Aziel couldn't calm down at all.

Ariana realized Aziel had mistaken Mitchel for a third party and quickly explained, “It’s not Like that. Let go. This is Dr. Chadwick. He was a great help to Sarah and me, so we invited him to dinner as thanks. Please, calm down. Sarah is just drunk.”

She then turned to Mitchel and apologized, “I’m sorry, Dr. Chadwick. He’s my friend.”

Hearing Ariana’s explanation, Aziel finally loosened his grip on Mitchel’s collar. However, he still glared at Mitchel with suspicion in his eyes.

Mitchel straightened his shirt and said calmly, “Your friend is quite violent.” As he spoke, he let go of Sarah and passed her to Aziel. Finally, Aziel could smell the alcohol on her.

He hesitated for a moment and felt a surge of emotions welling up in his heart. Sarah was not deliberately ignoring him, she was only drunk!

He couldn't help regretting jumping to conclusions earlier. He should have noticed something was wrong. Sarah wouldn’t have stayed silent the entire time. He blamed his anger for clouding his judgment.

Ariana smiled awkwardly at the creases in Mitchel’s shirt. She felt even more guilty when she remembered that Theodore had hit him for no reason. “I’m really sorry, Dr. Chadwick. It was an accident,” she said.

Thankfully, Aziel didn't hit Mitchel. Otherwise, Ariana wouldn't know how to face Mitchel in the future. Finally understanding the situation, Aziel apologized to Mitchel and Ariana while holding onto Sarah.

"It's not a big deal. Seems Like I'm not needed anymore, so I'll take my leave," Mitchel said as he waved his hand casually. He then hailed down a taxi and left.

After seeing Mitchel off, Ariana breathed a sigh of relief.

Aziel, on the other hand, felt a bit awkward.

He knew his impulse had almost caused them trouble, and he also guessed that Ariana must know about what was going on between him and Sarah.

Ariana looked at him suspiciously and asked, "Why are you here? | thought you were on a business trip."

She scrutinized him from head to toe and frowned. "You didn't stalk or spy on Sarah, did you?" she demanded.

"Of course not, | finished my work early and rushed back. | asked Betsy about Sarah's schedule and learned about her dinner engagement here,"

Aziel denied quickly and explained. Finally, it made sense to Ariana.

Betsy probably didn't know about their breakup, so she told Aziel about Sarah's schedule.

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"I'LL take her home. It's late. You should go back and rest," Aziel said as he tried to take Sarah away. However, Ariana stopped him. "You two broke up," she said matter-of-factly as she stared straight at him. Aziel's eyes shifted slightly as he whispered, "I haven't agreed yet."

“Even if you don’t agree, both of you are not on talking terms. I can’t trust you with her. Besides, this might not be what she wants. So leave her to me. I’ll take care of her,” Ariana analyzed the situation calmly and refused to back down.

However, Aziel was stubborn too. He held Sarah tightly, keeping silent and refusing to hand her over. He was unwilling to leave. Or rather, he was afraid that once he left, Sarah would avoid him again the next day.

Observing Aziel’s concern and stubbornness, Ariana let out an inward sigh and gently persuaded him, “She can’t stand on her own right now.

It’s better to help her into the car. How about we continue our conversation inside?”

Aziel understood the potential negative consequences if pictures of a drunk Sarah were taken without her consent, so he nodded in agreement.

Ariana surveyed their surroundings. At this late hour, there weren’t many people around. However, just to be cautious, she gave Aziel a discreet signal to keep an eye out.

As they guided Sarah toward the car, she began to act erratic once again.

Suddenly, she paused, casting glances between Ariana and Aziel, and shouted, “Where are you taking me? I want to go find my sweetheart.”

“Okay, okay, I’ll take you to see your sweetheart,” Ariana replied, trying to appease her.

“Really? You’re taking me to see my boyfriend?” Sarah exclaimed with a giggle. She took out her phone and added, “He’s on a business trip.

Let’s buy the tickets now.”

Ariana had mistakenly assumed that Sarah was referring to Alina as her sweetheart, but it turned out to be Aziel.

Ariana looked at Aziel with amusement. Meanwhile, Sarah grew teary-eyed because she couldn't access her phone.

"My phone is broken. | need to go to the airport. | have to find Aziel," Sarah insisted, struggling to break free from their grip.

"Let go of me. | need to find my boyfriend, my sweetheart," Sarah cried.

Aziel held Sarah's hand, his face softening. While he had been saddened by their breakup, his heart melted at the current sight. Observing that Aziel could handle Sarah on his own, Ariana released her grip and speechlessly folded her arms.

Sarah's sudden change in demeanor was unbelievable. She was the one to end the relationship, but here she was, calling him sweetheart.

Her vigorous struggle caused the cap Ariana had placed on her to fall off. "Hey, look! Isn't that Sarah?"

Ariana's heart raced as she realized the potential consequences of this situation.

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She could already imagine tomorrow's headlines, featuring a popular singer getting drunk and being spotted with an unidentified man in the middle of the night. Or maybe Aziel, who had been unwilling to break up, could use this as an opportunity to expose their relationship.

Either way, this was a tricky situation.

Before Ariana could react, someone started to take photos of Sarah.

However, Aziel swiftly and politely stepped in, blocking the camera.

“Excuse me, but Sarah cannot take photos right now.”

Only then did Ariana snap back to reality, realizing that Aziel was acting as Sarah’s assistant at that moment. One passer-by spoke up. “Sir, we would like Sarah’s autograph.”

Ariana quickly pulled down her mask and stepped forward. “I apologize, but Sarah is not feeling well at the moment. If you'd like, you can provide us with your name, address, and contact information, and we will send you a personalized autograph from Sarah.”

Recognizing Ariana as Sarah’s agent, the onlookers eagerly offered their contact information. Taking advantage of the situation, Ariana assumed a domineering tone and instructed, “Aziel, help Sarah to the car.” Aziel nodded, swiftly guiding Sarah away from the scene.

It's a blessing that it's the cover of night and there weren't many people around. After Sarah was taken away, no more curious eyes gathered.

While she was jotting down the contact information of a few individuals, Ariana was simultaneously listening to their hushed conversations.

“I noticed that Sarah was standing there frozen and appearing rather distraught. Did something occur?”
“I'm not sure, but her agent and assistant were there, so it should be alright, shouldn't it?”

“It looked Like she drank too much.”

Their murmurs were faint, but Ariana heard them.

Aware of the impossibility of concealing Sarah’s drunken condition and wanting to avoid potential online rumors, Ariana chose to admit it with a grin. “Sarah had a little celebration for her album wrap-up with her crew tonight and indulged in a few drinks. I’m aware of your affection for her, so I hope this stays between us.”

Witnessing Ariana's amiable manner and stunning appearance, the onlookers were more inclined to like her and nodded in agreement.

Ariana smiled as she took down their contact information and added, "Thanks for your assistance. As a token of appreciation, we'll be sending you a copy of Sarah's latest album."

The mention of the album set off a wave of enthusiasm and the crowd was in ready agreement.

Having managed the situation, the gathering gradually thinned. Ariana tidied up and released a gentle sigh.

Aziel and Sarah were in a vehicle across the road, but instead of approaching them, Ariana reached for her phone to text Aziel. "| have something to attend to. Please take care of Sarah."

As Sarah drifted off to sleep in the car, Aziel received Ariana's message.

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He realized Ariana was providing him a chance to make amends with Sarah. His gaze fell on Sarah, and then he texted back, "I appreciate it."

Don't worry, she'll be well taken care of."

Upon reading the message, Ariana exhaled a sigh, easing her tension.

Her initial fears were that Aziel might act rashly, but during the incident earlier, his first reaction was to protect Sarah's professional career.

He didn't take advantage of the situation to create a scene or pressure Sarah into staying with him, nor did he seek revenge.

These small yet significant details about Aziel's actions further affirmed Ariana's positive perception of him, demonstrating his sincere care for Sarah.

All of this made her believe that Aziel wouldn't hurt Sarah.

Moreover, Sarah, in her drunken state, kept affectionately calling out to Aziel, which indicated that they both had feelings for each other. Recognizing this, Ariana decided it was best to let them resolve their issues without interference.

After all, she had her own pressing matters to handle. Ariana hailed a taxi and headed to her rented apartment building.

Her mind was in turmoil, and in the midst of the silence around her, she couldn't help but ponder over Mitchell's words about the medication.

What kind of relationship did Theodore have with Mercy Hospital? Could he possibly have ties to the BRD Group? Ariana tried to untangle this intricate web of information but it only seemed to grow more confusing. Deep in thought, she reached her destination.

Ariana found herself in front of the familiar apartment building, bypassed her own entryway, and halted before Theodore's residence.

There was no hint of light within, and the chilly ambiance suggested that no one was inside. Regardless, Ariana still knocked on the door.

Despite multiple knocks, as anticipated, there was no answer from inside.

Ariana drew a deep breath, activated the keypad lock by the door, paused briefly, and then keyed in the familiar code. The door lock emitted a beep, and in the blink of an eye, it swung open, granting Ariana access.

As she stepped inside, her gaze fell on the familiar minimalist style, where only the essential items existed, devoid of any embellishments.

The spaciousness of the room carried a cold and sterile aura, almost devoid of any signs of life. It seemed as though the owner had been absent for an extended period.

Undeterred by the desolate ambiance, Ariana remained focused on her mission and made her way directly to Theodore's

Chapter: 696 With determined steps, she embarked on her search

She scoured every nook and cranny of the bedroom, exploring the bedside table, delving beneath the covers, and even peeking under the bed.

However, her efforts proved futile as the object of her search eluded her grasp. Undeterred, Ariana decided to venture into the media room.

Entering the media room, Ariana was greeted by the sight of her pink slippers and favorite snacks neatly arranged on the table, a place she had frequented often.

Memories of cozy movie nights with Theodore flooded her mind, and a profound sense of nostalgia enveloped her heart.

Gently running her fingers along the back of the sofa, which had long lost its warmth, she closed her eyes, momentarily transporting herself back to the moments they had shared.

Though Theodore's physical presence was absent, she could still sense his ethereal companionship.

Reluctantly withdrawing from her reverie, Ariana let out a sigh and resumed her search in the media room.

She meticulously combed through every inch of the space, leaving no stone unturned.

Yet, her desired find remained elusive.

A furrow formed on her brow as she surveyed her surroundings, pondering the whereabouts of the elusive object. Where could it possibly be?

Inhaling deeply to regain her composure, Ariana engaged in careful contemplation.

Considering that the bedroom and media room were her usual haunts at Theodore's place, it was logical to assume that he wouldn't stash something he didn't want her to discover in those areas.

This train of thought led Ariana to conclude that her search should extend beyond those places and into the Living room.

Crossing into the living room, Ariana noticed the adjacent open kitchen, a space she had also often frequented in the past, which meant she'd find nothing there.

Reflecting on her past oversights, she realized that the most inconspicuous places were often the most overlooked.

Ariana's gaze landed on an unassuming wall cabinet nestled inconspicuously behind the sofa.

Determination etched on her face, she made her way briskly toward it.

Opening the cabinet and rummaging through its contents, her heart leaped with joy as she finally laid eyes upon the familiar medicine bottle.

The bottle had already been uncorked. That indicated that Theodore had indeed been consuming the medication during his stay there. Ariana studied the bottle intently, her grip tightening instinctively.

Since she seldom used the living room and instead went to the media room whenever she wanted to watch TV, this wall cabinet remained unnoticed.

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Therefore, she had never found this bottle before.

She should have seen it sooner!

Her lashes trembled slightly as she held the item in her hand.

Uncorking the bottle, Ariana employed her earlier tactic, skillfully substituting its contents with the vitamins she had brought along.

Having completed her covert maneuver, she carefully returned the bottle to its rightful place within the wall cabinet. However, just as she was about to close the cabinet, the words of Mitchel resurfaced in her mind, echoing through her thoughts.

“Holden from the BRD Group. You know him, right? He’s the one you can directly ask. Since Mercy Hospital falls under his industry, he must possess insights into their internal research.”

Ariana hesitated, her lips pressed together in contemplation.

She harbored doubts regarding Holden’s willingness to assist her, and feared that she might offend Holden by delving too deeply into the BRD Group’s internal affairs.

Nevertheless, her worry for Theodore’s well-being outweighed these reservations.

After careful consideration, Ariana clenched her teeth, retrieved the medicine bottle once more, and swiftly captured a photograph of it.

Without hesitation, she sent the image to Holden, along with a pressing question: “Mr. Fredrick, are you acquainted with this medicine's nature?”

Ariana kept her gaze fixed on her phone for a while, but there was no response from Holden.

This left her feeling somewhat anxious and confused.

Typically, Holden would respond to her messages almost instantly. But now, there was complete silence. Could he have gone to bed?

A quick look at the time made her doubt it. It was still early, especially for Holden.

Considering Holden's nocturnal habits and his tendency to respond to texts even in the middle of the night, she doubted he would be asleep so soon.

Ariana wasn't certain why Holden wasn't responding, but she reasoned that even if her question had upset him, he would have responded.

Perhaps he was simply swamped with work and hadn't noticed her message yet.

With this assumption, she set her phone aside and stopped pestering him.

After finding what she was looking for, Ariana sat in the chaos she had created in the room. Realizing the mess, she rose and began to tidy up, aiming to restore the room to its original state.

She didn't want Theodore to return home and think he had been robbed. The thought of Theodore reminded her of his unusual absence. She hadn't seen him in a long time. It would make sense if he was avoiding her, but even Horace was clueless about his location.

At the time, she couldn't discern if Horace was lying, but she couldn't think of any hideouts that even he wouldn't know about.

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Ariana pondered as she cleaned up the room. While tidying the bed, she noticed that the corner of the calendar on Theodore's bedside table had been flipped.

This change had slipped her notice previously, so she picked up the calendar out of curiosity, flipping it back to find the 10th of the following month circled.

Ariana frowned at the circled date, puzzled. Was this a particularly important day?

She mentally reviewed all the dates that had a connection to both of them, but none of them stood out as significant. She then focused on the dates that were relevant to her alone, but still couldn't find anything noteworthy.

Maybe there was something crucial scheduled for that day.

As Ariana was about to return the calendar, she couldn't help but wonder what made the 10th of the following month so important.

Before she could set the calendar back, a business card slipped from between the pages. Ariana bent to retrieve it and gave it a quick look.

It was a standard business card, pristine white with a straightforward linear design, and at its center were the words — "Eternal Hope."

It sounded like a shop's name, but there were no other details that might suggest its purpose.

Finding the business card hidden in the calendar seemed peculiar to Ariana, particularly since Theodore rarely kept other people's cards.

Turning the card over, Ariana found a phone number at the back.

Interestingly, it was an old-style Landline number.

In this day and age, everyone used cell phones, landlines were a rarity, not to mention people who provided Landline numbers. Ariana held the card in her hand and glanced at the calendar on the bedside

table, sensing a possible link between the two. After a moment's hesitation, she decided to dial the number.

She had expected it to be out of service, but to her surprise, the call connected.

Ariana instantly felt a surge of anxiety, waiting for someone to answer.

However, after an extended wait, all she heard was the electronic hum of the ongoing call. Ariana sighed, figuring that the shop was likely closed at this hour.

She ended the call, deciding to try again the following day during business hours.

Just as she was about to set her phone aside, a message from Holden appeared on the screen. "Where did you get this from?"

Upon seeing the message from Holden, Ariana couldn't help but feel a twinge of guilt, glancing around her surroundings almost instinctively.

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The room was in disarray from her search. She hadn't given it a second thought until Holden's inquiry made her feel like she had been caught in the act, similar to a burglar.

In her guilt, Ariana quickly reminded herself that this was her husband's home. What reason was there to feel guilty? Besides, Theodore had intruded on her space several times while she was sleeping, so this could be considered payback.

With this reassurance, Ariana instinctively straightened up and responded confidently: "I saw a friend with it and was somewhat concerned, so I thought to ask."

After hitting send, she feared he might refuse her, so she quickly added: "I heard it's a product developed in-house by Mercy Hospital, and I thought you might have some information."

This time, his response came almost immediately: “It’s merely a standard sedative used for treating insomnia. It’s not available commercially due to the high research and development costs, making it unsuitable for widespread use.”

A common sedative? Ariana’s brow furrowed in confusion. If it was just a regular sedative, why had Mitchel appeared so serious?

Through the screen, she could almost visualize the nonchalant expression on the face of the person replying, as though they were discussing a completely different drug than the one Mitchel had described.

Of course, Ariana had faith in Mitchel’s medical expertise, but as the CEO of BRD Group, Holden should also have knowledge about this drug. He wouldn’t have any reason to deceive her, would he?

As these thoughts whirled in Ariana’s mind, her initial reaction was that Holden might be misleading her.

She cautiously inquired: “Does this drug have any side effects?”

Holden replied promptly: “None, provided it’s taken in the correct dosage.”

This response deepened Ariana’s frown.

Holden appeared well-versed with the drug, its effects, and even the dosage. Yet, his version drastically contrasted Mitchel’s. She distinctly remembered Mitchel stating that this medication could activate dormant health conditions.

Could Mitchel’s assessment be incorrect?

Ariana paused for a moment before digging deeper: “However, a doctor friend of mine mentioned that a certain component in this drug might lead to dependency and potentially trigger health issues.”

This time, there wasn't an immediate reply from the other side.

After a bit, Holden responded: "It appears your friend's medical expertise still requires some refinement."

The message was brimming with aggression.

Ariana was taken by surprise.

Her interactions with Holden had always left a positive impression, with him usually engaging with her in a patient and gentle manner.

This was the first instance she encountered such confrontational words from him.

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For some reason, Ariana's initial reaction was that he might have a grudge against Mitchel, but she promptly realized the two hadn't met, and she hadn't divulged Mitchel's name either.

She had momentarily lost her reasoning.

However, upon further thought, it made sense that someone like Holden would bristle if the side effects of a medication developed by his company's hospital were called into question, and his anger was inevitable.

Aware that he was already angry, Ariana decided not to provoke him further and sent him a message saying, "I understand, thank you."

Then she didn't continue asking. He responded with a simple "ok" and offered no further commentary. Ariana set her phone aside and perched on the edge of the bed, her thoughts fluctuating.

Judging from the accounts of both Holden and Mitchel, the same medication appeared to be two entirely different things from their respective perspectives.

From Mitchel's perspective, the drug's side effects posed serious risks, while from Holden's perspective, it seemed no more dangerous than a common sleeping pill.

Faced with these two completely opposite answers, who should she believe? Meanwhile, on the other side.

Aziel was aware that Alina was currently living with Molly in her hometown. So, he wasn't concerned about Alina stumbling upon a drunk Sarah and growing anxious. With this assurance, he bravely escorted Sarah back to her home.

Leaning against Aziel, Sarah nuzzled her head into his shoulder, slightly dazed.

Her unintentional closeness left him a bit flustered. Aziel collected his thoughts and adeptly keyed in the password.

Yet, the moment he finished, the lock released a shrill, rejecting beep.

Password incorrect.

Aziel paused briefly, sensing a slight ache in his chest.

Soon after, a bitter realization swept over him.

Had she truly decided to part ways with him? Had she altered the password to shut him out?

The wave of bitterness and pain left Aziel staggered; his hands subtly quivered as he held her. It took him a moment to steady himself and rummage through Sarah's pocket.

Fortunately, she had brought her keys along.

Upon entering, Aziel was greeted by a cluttered living room. He exhaled a quiet sigh of resignation. After aiding Sarah to the bedroom and ensuring she was comfortable on the bed, he rolled up his sleeves and ventured into the kitchen.

Effortlessly, he prepared hangover soup and tidied up the disarrayed living room while the soup simmered. Once the hangover soup had cooled a bit, he returned to the bedroom with it.

“Sarah, Sarah,” Aziel said softly, gently nudging Sarah. have some hangover soup. Change your clothes, then rest.”