

## Unconscious 701

Chapter: 701 "Wake up and

He'd learned from Sarah's assistant, Betsy, that she had commitments the following day. If she rested in her current state, she'd surely wake with a splitting headache, negatively impacting her performance.

Half-asleep, Sarah was helped up and leaned on Aziel as she sipped on the hangover soup. However, once she finished the soup, she regained some alertness and wasn't keen on settling down. She sat upright on the bed, belched, and attempted to get out of bed.

Aziel immediately caught her. "Where are you headed?"

"I need to take a shower!" Sarah declared, swinging her arm as if she was headed not towards the bathroom but onto a battlefield.

She wiggled out of Aziel's hold and stumbled towards the bathroom. However, her steps were wobbly, causing her to nearly trip multiple times, only to be saved by Aziel's quick reflexes each time.

Observing her in this state, Aziel sighed, anxious that she might harm herself in the shower. He softened his voice, coaxing her like a child, "It's quite late now. Could you possibly shower after waking up tomorrow?"

"No!" Sarah stubbornly shook her head, continuing her shaky march towards the bathroom. "I need to shower now!" "You can't bathe in your current state," Aziel expressed helplessly, "It doesn't feel safe." The vulnerability and sorrow in his eyes gave him the appearance of a drenched puppy.

Sarah looked at him for a moment before breaking into a chuckle. She wrapped her arms around his neck, teasingly asking, "Then, will you help me in my shower?"

Upon hearing this, Aziel's face turned a deep shade of red, leaving him standing there, unsure of how to react.

Since becoming a couple, Aziel and Sarah hadn't progressed their relationship further. Their closest encounters had been limited to kisses.

Seeing no movement from Aziel, Sarah presumed he was unwilling, immediately furrowing her brows, "Aren't you my boyfriend? Why won't you help me?"

Hearing her, Aziel glanced at her, his hold on her hand unconsciously tightening, "Who am I?"

"Of course, you're my baby." Sarah gave him a teasing smile.

However, Aziel wasn't content with her response and pressed on, "And who's your baby?" Sarah glanced at him, cradling his face in her hands, and earnestly called his name, "Aziel." The person who was intoxicated just moments ago now had clear, sober eyes.

Recognizing what was happening, Aziel's suppressed emotions burst forth, and he gazed at her, his teeth clenched. "Weren't you going to break up with me?"

Sarah's slender fingers lightly intertwined with Aziel's hair, her gentle palm cupping his head as she brushed her lips against his, murmuring, "Didn't you refuse to break up with me? So you're still my boyfriend."

Aziel, who had presumed these words would bring him joy, stood still his facial expression seemingly calm.

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He stared at Sarah for a while, delving into her clear eyes, and then voiced with certainty, "You're not drunk."

Sarah turned her gaze towards him, meeting his eyes with unwavering determination, and stated firmly, "I am drunk." "No, you're not."

Seeing Aziel's stubborn gaze, Sarah pressed her lips onto his, muting his words.

She didn't desire to hear him voice it.

She felt slightly irritated that he was so adamant on this issue right now.

The gentle kiss brought a tingling sensation, accompanied by the aroma of alcohol, and a touch of bittersweet sweetness. This unforeseen kiss landed on Aziel's lips and his instinct was to reciprocate it, but he managed to restrain himself.

Aziel froze, staring wide-eyed at the face so close to his.

The person he yearned for day in and day out was right in front of him, yet his heart was besieged with uncertainty and bitterness

He couldn't make sense of Sarah's actions — one moment she wanted to end their relationship, and the next she was pretending to be drunk and flirting with him.

Was she merely toying with him? Was it her intention to make him fall in love but be manipulated at her whim?

Aziel found Sarah's actions and demeanor puzzling, and his usually good-natured patience began to wane.

He subtly furrowed his brow, about to distance himself from Sarah, when he suddenly perceived dampness on his face.

Aziel paused.

The cold tear slid down the corner of his lips, carrying a salty taste.

It was Sarah crying.

Before he could express his grievances, she burst into tears, leaving him no choice but to witness her crying.

Aziel was at a loss as to how to handle a crying Sarah, and somehow even the irritation and long-held grievances in his heart evaporated instantly.

He helplessly pulled away from Sarah, lowered his head to wipe the tears off her face, and softly inquired, "What's the matter? Why are you crying?"

Sarah dropped her gaze, slightly biting her lip, and gave a shake of her head.

She refrained from speaking, yet she was also concerned that if she remained silent, Aziel might leave.

So she softly pushed him away, turned her head, and came up with an excuse, "You reek of alcohol, it stinks."

Witnessing her resort to such a lame excuse, Aziel couldn't help but feel a mix of annoyance and amusement, Letting out a chuckle. "It's you, the drunk one, who's reeking of booze, and you're blaming it on me?"

"So, you're disgusted with me?" Sarah pouted and huffed, shoving Aziel aside and staggering towards the bathroom, muttering, "I'm going to take a shower."

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Sarah's stride was still somewhat unstable, prompting Aziel to swiftly catch her wrist, his instinctive worry surfacing as he questioned, "Can you handle it alone?"

Sarah cast a wistful glance back at him and stated bluntly, "No."

“Then...” Aziel could barely get a word out before Sarah swiftly grabbed his wrist, taking advantage of his surprise, and pulled him into the bathroom.

“So, you'll join me.”

Aziel's mind went blank as he was abruptly yanked into the bathroom.

By the time he came to his senses, he found himself already inside the bathroom, standing next to Sarah.

Sarah casually turned on the overhead shower, quickly filling the small area with a fog of steam, distorting their sight.

Within moments, their clothes were drenched. Sarah's thin white attire clung to her body, delineating her sexy figure, her pale skin faintly discernible beneath her clothes.

The sound of cascading water resonated in the bathroom, accompanied by the unmistakable rhythm of their breaths.

Aziel's eyes flickered uncertainly, not knowing where to focus. He instinctively retreated a step, his back coming into contact with the chilly, moist wall.

His throat moved as he swallowed, the sound audible even amidst the sound of running water. The atmosphere in the steamy air became even more enchanting.

Before Aziel could figure out a suitable response, Sarah's hand was already planted on his chest, sending chills racing through him.

Her slim fingers began to unbutton his shirt collar, while her other hand meandered restlessly around his waist, attempting to peel off all his clothes.

Feeling cornered, Aziel mustered the strength to grasp Sarah's playful hand. His red-rimmed eyes locked onto hers, his voice strained and breathless as he pleaded, "Please, enough."

But Sarah remained undeterred and pressed herself even closer to him, refusing to back down. She fixed her eyes on Aziel, playfully prodding his waist with a smile on her lips. "Let's do it."

"Sarah, you're clearly drunk." Now it was Aziel's turn to voice it, his eyes magnetized by her, feeling the heat coursing through his veins "I'm not drunk," Sarah retorted, gazing at him sincerely.

Aziel realized he couldn't keep looking and turned his head away. He sighed in resignation and said, "You're clearly drunk. You'll regret this when you wake up tomorrow."

But Sarah didn't argue further. Instead, she ran her finger down his lower stomach, remarking, "You're hard."

Aziel froze instantly. Given his rising body heat, he felt like the water splashing on him could evaporate instantly. "Do you despise me?" Sarah suddenly looked hurt. "Absolutely not!" Witnessing her pained expression, Aziel clarified hurriedly.

Sarah whispered sadly, "You do despise me. Since we started dating, haven't my intentions been clear? All those instances when I invited you to stay overnight, we shared a bed. Why didn't you reciprocate my advances?"

At this, Aziel's face flushed crimson as if blood was ready to seep out of his pores.

He glanced at Sarah, a picture of confusion and helplessness, stammering, "I... I didn't know that you meant that."

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He genuinely was oblivious to Sarah's intent behind inviting him to stay overnight. He simply presumed it was more practical for them to wake up and prepare breakfast together before he escorted her to work.

He'd been silently grappling with the torment of her allure every day.

While he was still Lost in thought, Sarah's hand had already wriggled free from his grasp and resumed her mischief on his body. Aziel found himself unable to resist any longer. He seized Sarah's hand, his chest rising and falling with each breath.

"Sarah, who am I?"

Observing him still grappling with this question, Sarah grew exasperated. She pressed him against the wall, leaning in to declare defiantly, "Of doing this or not?" Aziel, you're already 24, act like a man! Are you capable

Her words were like a spark, completely breaking the last shred of rationality in Aziel's mind and igniting the fire within him.

He couldn't retain his composure any longer. One hand clamping onto Sarah's slender waist and the other grasping her thigh, he hoisted her against the wall and kissed her passionately.

The passionate kiss made them delirious. The distinct sound of clothing being ripped apart resonated in the room, yet it didn't matter.

They stepped into a bathtub brimming with warm water. The soothing water cascading over Sarah's body amplified the sensation of touch, sending shivers through her.

Aziel left crimson trails on Sarah's pristine thighs. He gently bit her shoulders, neck, and earlobes, taking care not to leave any signs in conspicuous areas.

His restraint was wearing thin. But just then, he realized he hadn't brought any condoms.

"Do you have any condoms here?" he asked Sarah with a flushed face and hoarse voice.

“Not any...” Sarah responded with a soft kiss, “There are none left here.”

Aziel inhaled deeply, restraining his rising desire, and prepared to leave the bathtub. “I’ll go out and get some.” “Wait!” Sarah held onto his shirt anxiously, a note of frustration in her voice, “You want to leave me here, in this state?!” Aziel looked over when he heard the sound.

Sarah’s clothes, tattered in their amorous exchange, hung off her like remnants, enhancing her allure. One glance was enough to stir the senses.

Aziel, who had just barely managed to calm down, risked a look and felt his self-control threatening to collapse.

Sarah’s eyes swept over a specific part of his body, pulling him back with a slight tug.

The water splashed at her movement. Her inviting gaze and delicate body were hard to resist. She whispered tantalizingly in Aziel’s ear, “I’m safe today, it’s okay.”

But Aziel remained hesitant, his jaw clenched, his breath erratic. “This kind of thing is hard to say.” Sarah looked at him, and then suddenly questioned, “Aziel, are you even sure how it’s done?”

“Of course | do!” Aziel retorted, his teeth gritted.

Chapter: 705 Even though Aziel never had sex with a woman before, he knew what to do.

Aziel continued with an assertive manner, his movements swift and powerful. The splashing water harmonized with the captivating sounds reverberating throughout the bathroom.

Sarah could sense Aziel’s nervousness. Adding to his anxiety and Lack of experience, his initial effort didn’t last long.

Aziel remained sprawled over her, his head buried in her. But from his subtle trembling, Sarah sensed her inexperienced boyfriend was on the verge of tears.



She found this endearing and chuckled, reassuring him, "It's fine, it's usually like this the first time. Let's carry on." She pecked Aziel's flushed ears, her fingers exploring his body. Under her comforting words and playful teasing, Aziel swiftly recaptured his vigor, ready for the second round.

Sarah hadn't anticipated his rapid advancement. Initially, she could still entertain other thoughts in her mind, but soon she became too consumed by the moment to think about anything else.

She was engulfed by his breath, her mind in a haze as she tightly clung to his neck, repeatedly uttering his name. It wasn't until late in the night that the two ended.

Sarah was so exhausted that she could barely keep her eyes open. She allowed Aziel to gently wipe her body. Aziel slipped a fresh nightgown on Sarah, cradled her to the bed, and carefully tucked her in.

Once he'd made Sarah comfortable, he crouched beside the bed, his gaze resting on Sarah who seemed too spent to even open her eyes, his own eyes somewhat reddened.

He watched Sarah for a while, pressing her hand against his face, and let out a forlorn sigh, "Sarah, can we not break up?" But Sarah didn't reply. She seemed to have drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, Ariana made her way to the office, returning to work after her foot injury. It had been such a long time that she found herself momentarily stunned by the piles of documents scattered across her desk. She even double-checked, fearing she had walked into the wrong place altogether.

It appeared that all the work had accumulated during her absence, and Ariana took a deep breath, composing herself as she settled down at her desk. With a burst of determination, she dove into the chaotic tasks, determined to tackle them with full force.

There was an overwhelming amount of catching up to do, and Ariana had other pressing matters to attend to. Without pausing for a moment, she worked tirelessly, relentless in her efforts. After finally completing some of the tasks, she made her way to the break room to fetch some water and take a well-deserved

breather.

As she approached the door, she overheard snippets of conversation emanating from within. "Brielle's new movie has been officially announced. Let's hope there won't be any hiccups this time," someone remarked.

"What could possibly go wrong? The company is wholeheartedly promoting her," another voice responded confidently. The release was officially announced?

Ariana's eyebrow arched in surprise, recalling the plagiarized script Sonia had shared with her before. She scoffed at the thought. But choosing not to engage in the discussion, she swiftly returned to her office with her water in hand, ready to resume her work.

Ariana wasn't sure how much time had passed, but she eventually managed to tackle most of the tasks on her plate.

Chapter: 706

It was only during her break that she noticed a dull ache in her back and a soreness in her leg.

Sitting down, she leaned back in her chair for a moment and took out the business card she had failed to call the previous night. Despite her hesitation, she had decided against returning the card.

No longer afraid to touch Theodore's belongings, her intuition told her that this card must hold a deep connection to him. Ariana made another attempt to dial the number on the card, but once again, there was no response.

Could the shop be closed during the day as well?

She furrowed her brow, contemplating her next move. Perhaps searching for the store's name online would yield some results. However, her enthusiasm quickly waned as she delved into the search.

The results were inundated with useless information and flashy websites.

Undeterred, Ariana closed those unhelpful tabs and persisted in her search.

The name 'Eternal Hope' proved to be far from unique, with numerous unrelated businesses such as hair salons, bakeries, flower shops, and clothing stores sharing the same name. Surprisingly, even within Eleymond alone, there were at least ten establishments bearing that name.

However, none of them appeared to have any connection to the card she held in her hand. Just as Ariana was about to relinquish her efforts, a forum post caught her attention.

The post featured a photo shared by a user who claimed to have commissioned a custom-made dress at a small, old shop during a trip.

Although the shop itself appeared unremarkable, the dress showcased in the photo was unexpectedly exquisite, displaying exceptional craftsmanship and superior quality.

Intrigued, Ariana opened the post and discovered that the shop's name indeed matched the one on the card, Eternal Hope. She scrutinized the photo closely, and a sense of familiarity washed over her as she examined the style of the dress. Suddenly, it dawned on her. The row of garments neatly arranged in the wardrobe on the Anderson family's fourth-floor! A rush of excitement and nervousness surged through Ariana as her spirits soared. Carefully, she studied the dress in the photo once more, confirming her intuition.

There was no doubt in her mind that the clothes in the Anderson family's fourth-floor room had been fashioned by the same designer as the dress before her eyes.

Not only were their styles akin, but even the minute details of the stitching on the cuffs were identical.

Ariana's nerves were tingling with anticipation, and her heart raced in her chest.

She sensed an overwhelming premonition.

This was a significant discovery, one that held immense significance for her quest.

Ariana found herself captivated by the picture, her intuition growing increasingly powerful with each gaze.

Chapter: 710

It was also clear that Brielle wanted to affirm her position as Jasper's fiancée, and that was why she was bringing up the past in front of everyone. Her purpose was to embarrass Ariana.

What a shameless woman!

With a cold look on her face, Ariana stared at Brielle with a fake smile. "Oh, really? So that's your excuse for seducing my boyfriend behind my back?"

Ariana's words made the crowd around even more excited, and the whispers grew louder.

Brielle fluttered her big eyelids, with tears streaming down her face as she sobbed. "Sister, I didn't, you're misunderstanding me. Jasper and I got together after you two broke up. I actually turned him down at first because he was your ex-boyfriend. But we truly Love each other and couldn't give up on each other. Please give us your blessing, sister."

Brielle's acting was really convincing and her tearful plea seemed genuine, winning her some sympathy.

At this moment, Jasper stepped forward and stood in front of Brielle to protect her. He looked like the ideal protective husband every woman dreamed of. "Ariana, I'm the only one at fault here. I am the one who pursued Brielle. If you want to vent your anger on someone, vent it on me. Don't go after Brielle."

Jasper's overall demeanor didn't leave room for any doubt as to whether he and Brielle were a Loving couple.

Ariana glared coldly at the two people. She was about to say something but Jasper continued, "I'm sorry I wronged you, Ariana. But as Brielle said, you can't force love."

“Yeah, sister, please forgive us and we'll be most glad if you could attend our wedding,” Brielle chimed in. Onlookers started cheering the couple on.

“She's really making a fuss over nothing.”

“They got together after she broke up with him, so it's not that bad.”

Everyone present seemed to have an opinion.

Ariana was speechless. Jasper looked at her and said earnestly, “Ariana, you have to come to our wedding. We'll only know you've truly let go when we see you there. Otherwise, we'll never have peace of mind.”

Watching the two of them act up before her, Ariana felt Like she would throw up at any time.

She was about to retort, but a voice from behind interrupted her.

“Ariana, there's an urgent meeting about Tyler right now.”

It was Donna, looking down at everyone as always. Donna was truly a proud woman whose presence was felt wherever she went.

Ariana frowned. She wanted to ask Donna to hold on, but before she could say anything, Donna spoke again. “It's urgent. Don't waste time.”

After saying that, Donna glanced at the crowd and scolded, “What are you all looking at? Have you finished your work? Have you met your daily goals?”

In an instant, the crowd quickly dispersed.

Ariana was still visibly upset by what just happened, and she knew she couldn't get anything resolved with Brielle and Jasper at the moment.

Tyler's situation was more pressing anyway. So she reluctantly left with Donna.

"So, you rushed me here for a meeting only to discuss these things?"