

Unconscious 711

Chapter: 711 Ariana gripped the contracts in her hand, her gaze piercing through Donna, her eyes filled with fury.

However, Donna barely gave her a look, nonchalantly responding, "In business, no matter is too small. A lapse in detail can potentially give rise to complications. As Tyler's agent, you need to be vigilant."

Observing Donna's lack of concern, Ariana bit back her anger, attempting to find her calm.

She had stormed into the meeting bristling with anger, but as it concluded, she found that nothing of great importance was discussed, only a handful of business contracts, none of which were pressing or particularly significant.

Ariana glared at the paperwork in her hand, her displeasure escalating and suspicions regarding Donna's true intentions deepening.

Donna's timing was too impeccable, swooping in just when Ariana was readying herself to counter Brielle's slanders.

She had interrupted Ariana at a critical juncture, preventing any form of clarification or rebuttal, leaving her vulnerable to the mounting public sentiment. If Brielle and Jasper decided to twist the truth now, Ariana would be left defenseless.

Was it possible that Donna was in cahoots with Brielle and the rest? The thought made Ariana's blood boil, but the motives of this group eluded her. Surely, they hadn't engineered this entire spectacle just to unsettle her?

Something felt amiss to Ariana. This incident appeared to be only the tip of the iceberg, far from a conclusion, and they possibly had more tricks up their sleeve.

Right then, Betsy entered the room, her expression fraught with worry.

“Ariana, we have a meeting with Sarah this afternoon to talk about her new album. We were supposed to meet at the office at 10:30, but she hasn’t shown up. | tried reaching her over the phone, but she’s not answering. | also tried Aziel, but his line’s engaged. | hope they’re okay.”

Ariana, instinctively, felt that as long as Aziel was around, there wouldn’t be any trouble. However, the drama that Brielle had just enacted had left her with no desire to linger in the office.

She opted for a hands-on approach. After informing the HR department, Ariana, accompanied by Betsy, headed to Sarah’s residence.

Meanwhile, Sarah had just woken up.

The moment she fluttered open her eyes, she was greeted by a wave of soreness, as though every inch of her was on the verge of crumbling.

Aslight movement from her incited a sharp hiss of pain.

The visible red marks on her body served as evidence of their passionate night together, but Aziel made sure not to leave any noticeable marks in visible areas.

Looking at the marks on her waist and recalling the events of the night, Sarah found herself blushing.

Initially, she had taunted him for his lack of experience, but she hadn't expected him to adapt so quickly or possess such remarkable endurance.

He had carried on for numerous rounds, and she found herself struggling to keep up. Nonetheless, Sarah was quite pleased. After all, Aziel was attractive, boasted a fit physique, and showcased impressive endurance.

Even during their intimate moments, he had been cautious to avoid marking her neck.

Chapter: 712

Sarah curled back into the cozy blanket and stretched her arm, intending to draw him closer, only to find no one was there. The abrupt realization startled Sarah, jolting her fully awake.

There was no one beside her, not even the lingering warmth, just cold emptiness.

She sprung upright in bed.

The room stood empty, with only her presence filling the air, creating a chilly and lonely ambiance.

Did Aziel sleep with her and then run away?!

Sarah froze for a moment, struggling to accept the possibility that Aziel had just upped and left.

Refusing to believe this, she quickly got out of bed and scoured the living room and kitchen for any signs of him. Yet, he was nowhere to be found.

Sarah found herself standing in the middle of the living room, hands perched on her hips, as she laughed bitterly. In the past, when Aziel was still innocent and didn't touch her, he always stayed by her side until she woke up.

In addition, upon her awakening, he would have breakfast ready, personally prepared by him.

Now, after a night of passion, he was conspicuously absent the next morning.

It seemed all men were cut from the same cloth; once they had their fill, they no longer cared.

Disgruntled, Sarah slumped onto the sofa and pulled out her phone with the intent to call him and demand an explanation. But as she was about to dial, there was a click at the front door.

At the sound, she glanced up to see Aziel returning. He was by the door, changing his shoes, with a pizza box in his hand. Aziel shot a casual glance at Sarah and greeted, "You're up? Come join me, I brought pizza."

Seeing Aziel, she understood that he hadn't left her behind, just stepped out to buy something.

Her annoyance instantly dissipated.

Her eyes fell on his exposed arms. They weren't particularly bulky, but she was well aware of the strength that lay beneath their well-defined surface.

At that moment, as Sarah gazed at Aziel, she couldn't help but recall his energetic performance from the previous night, stealing a few extra glances.

By mere Looks, one would never guess the strength and muscular build that hid beneath his clothing, particularly the feel of his chiseled abs that left her very much pleased.

Sarah was very satisfied inside.

She cleared her throat subtly, her voice softening, and with a dash of shyness, she remarked to Aziel, "Isn't pizza a bit too heavy for breakfast?"

Chapter: 713 Aziel checked the time and calmly remarked, "It's already eleven o'clock, so it's not breakfast time anymore."

"Oh." Noticing his Lack of response, Sarah attempted to playfully tease him once more, adopting a flirtatious tone. "It's all because of your excessive enthusiasm Last night. My waist is still sore this morning, and I can't even get out of bed."

Considering Aziel's typical demeanor, she fully expected a blush or a secret smirk, so she stared at his face.

To her surprise, Aziel maintained a composed expression and gently reminded her, "Get ready quickly and freshen up, or the pizza will get cold."

Thrown off by his nonchalant reaction, Sarah sensed something unusual about Aziel. Unable to put her finger on what was amiss, she complied and went to freshen up.

By the time she reappeared, Aziel had already set the table with cutlery. Sarah sat down next to him, and as they began to eat, she curiously inquired, "You used to cook for me yourself, so why did you choose to order food from outside today?"

Aziel's countenance and tone remained unaffected as he responded, "I had some matters to attend to this morning, so I didn't have time."

Hearing his explanation, Sarah muttered a low "Oh." However, a sense of unease settled within her, and she didn't know what to say. She stole a few sideways glances at Aziel's profile, certain that something wasn't right.

Given Aziel's personality, after having shared such an intimate night, especially considering it was his first time, his indifference this morning seemed out of character.

Something wasn't adding up; Aziel's behavior was truly not right.

Suddenly, an unease took hold of Sarah's heart. She halted her words, musing over Aziel's peculiar behavior.

"I've got some matters to attend to. I need to leave now," Aziel announced abruptly, interrupting her contemplation. Caught off guard, Sarah blurted out, "I need to leave for work this afternoon. Aren't you supposed to accompany me?" Only after the words had left her lips did she realize she was presuming a lot.

After a brief hesitation, she tried to mend the situation. "Do you have pressing work matters to attend to? If so, go ahead. I can take care of myself."

There was a faint hint of disappointment in Sarah's voice. Aziel had always been there, ensuring her well-being, and she had grown accustomed to his support.

His lack of concern now felt unusual.

Contrary to her expectations, Aziel responded calmly, "I'm not busy, but I'm not accompanying you." His words set off an alarm in Sarah. She frowned, asking, "Why?"

With a melancholic tone, Aziel answered, looking straight at her, "Haven't we parted ways?"

Sarah was lost for words.

She guiltily lowered her gaze, slowly savoring the pizza she had been eating, and mustered up the courage to say, "But you didn't agree, did you?"

"But you wanted to end things, right?" Aziel was devoid of any emotions as he retorted.

Chapter: 714

Sarah set her meal aside and avoided Aziel's gaze. Nervously, she fiddled with the tablecloth, struggling to control her tears. With her head bowed, her hair veiled her sad face. Holding back her tears, she softly asked, "What if I change my mind now?" Aziel fell silent for a while before responding, "You need to explain why you've been acting so distant lately."

Sarah was silent, biting her lower lip.

She had faked drunkenness last night to spend the night with Aziel, hoping to gloss over their impending split and reconcile. But things didn't go as she had planned.

Both of them had suffered during this period, not just Aziel.

She had seriously contemplated a break-up.

But in a little over a month, Aziel had become an integral part of her life.

Whether she was tidying her apartment, eating, or even discussing TV shows with Mitchel, Aziel was always on her mind. This relationship was more difficult to abandon than any of her previous ones.

She truly didn't want to end things with Aziel anymore.

Sarah had contemplated this decision many times.

She was older than Aziel, but her successful career enabled her to offer him significant financial aid. In addition, her fame could provide him with much-needed support.

She believed she deserved such an exceptional man. After a therapy session yesterday, she felt rejuvenated and gained clarity over many things.

Her past feelings of unworthiness stemmed from the psychological trauma caused by that incident. This led her to reject Aziel subconsciously and make excuses for her avoidance.

She wouldn't let that happen anymore.

Moreover, she had intentionally become intimate with Aziel under the guise of being drunk last night, to test if she would still feel fear and repulsion towards him.

As it happened, she felt none of those emotions.

She was still capable of being with Aziel.

However, this didn't imply that she had completely accepted the events of that night.

The memory of those two men filled her with disgust and made her shudder.

Even now, confessing her traumatic abduction experience and her feelings throughout this period to Aziel seemed an insurmountable task.

Sarah opened her mouth to respond but found herself speechless after several attempts.

Chapter: 715

She let out a sigh and looked away from Aziel. "Work has been particularly stressful lately, which prompted my odd behavior. It won't repeat. Can't we just reconcile?"

Aziel scrutinized Sarah and, noticing her reluctance to reveal the truth, presented a crumpled medical report. "What's this?"

On spotting the report in Aziel's hand, Sarah's heartbeat quickened.

The report was from her recent psychologist visit.

She hadn't anticipated Aziel discovering it.

Sarah shifted her gaze, evading Aziel's eyes momentarily, before regaining her composure.

To safeguard her confidentiality and avoid potential career damage, she had used the pseudonym Ariana on the report. This provided her with a semblance of reassurance.

She stole a glance at Aziel and queried, "Where did you get this?"

"It fell out of your pocket while I was cleaning up last night," he explained.

Sarah was taken aback by this revelation and immediately regretted her negligence in handling the report.

“You've read it. It clearly states that it belongs to Ariana. How does it involve me?” she retorted. Sarah stared at Aziel and fervently denied ownership of the report.

Aziel responded with a question, “Are you absolutely certain it's not yours?” His interrogation elicited guilt within Sarah. She avoided his gaze and retorted, teeth clenched, “It's not.” “Still not ready to confess?” Observing Sarah's obstinate denial, Aziel experienced a mix of frustration, anger, and amusement.

He took a deep breath and informed Sarah, “I visited the clinic this morning and enquired. The doctor, after seeing a photo, confirmed that Ariana wasn't the patient.”

This revelation caused Sarah to leap up from her chair and ask, “How could they be so careless, divulging patient details without restraint?”

I'm filing a complain

As she vented her anger and prepared to file a complaint on her phone, Aziel seized her wrist.

His actions Left Sarah perplexed and angered. jo need to overreact,” he advised. Aziel gazed at Sarah, continuing, “The doctor didn't disclose anything. | surmised on my own,”

He had discovered that during that time, Ariana had been hospitalized and seemed quite normal. He hadn't perceived anything unusual about Ariana from their previous interactions either.

Given that Ariana was Sarah's close friend and agent, it made sense to use her name as a cover for Sarah's privacy and professional reputation.

He had been 80% certain that the patient was indeed Sarah before he returned. Now, after seeing her reaction, his certainty shot up to 100%.

Sarah was dumbstruck upon hearing his explanation. Her anger and resentment gave way to tears as she burst into sobs.

Chapter: 716

“Yes, I’m unwell! Now do as you please. If you desire a breakup, so be it. Just leave!” she screamed.

Overwhelmed by her emotions, she snatched the report from Aziel’s grip, crumpled it further, and was about to discard it. However, before she could, Aziel drew her into his embrace.

As Sarah writhed and pounded his chest in an attempt to break free, Aziel, his eyes rimmed red, held her even more tightly, unwilling to release her.

As her resistance began to ebb, Aziel softly inquired, “Sarah, could you please share what exactly transpired on the day you were ambushed by the robbers?”

He had been aware of Sarah’s unusual behavior since that day, and he was certain it was more than a simple abduction case. Aziel was resolute in his quest for answers, and Sarah understood there was no evading this confrontation anymore.

Collecting herself, she dried her tears and sank into the comfort of the sofa. After wrestling with her thoughts for a while, she finally began to recount the chilling ordeal in a tremulous voice. “Those individuals that day... they had meticulously planned everything.

Beyond the abduction, they had a video camera with them.”

Sarah managed to narrate the horrific incident, her body shaking uncontrollably. Almost reflexively, she pulled herself into a ball, cocooned in Aziel’s supportive hold. Aziel listened to her disjointed account, his heart shattering with every word.

“So, it wasn’t by choice. | simply couldn’t bear the thought of anyone getting too close to me.” Sarah's voice quivered with raw emotion, causing Aziel to hold her even tighter.

He gently stroked her hair, his eyes moist, soothing her in a tender voice akin to comforting a frightened child. "It's alright, it's okay. None of this is your fault."

Aziel held Sarah with a firm, comforting grip, his gaze swimming with a blend of anguish and regret. "This wasn't your fault; you're the victim. I'm here with you, so don't be scared."

He bore the guilt of not identifying her trauma sooner, leaving her to grapple with her demons alone. Simultaneously, he resolved in his heart that the architects of this tragedy would not escape justice. Their shared confession led to a peaceful reconciliation.

Sarah nestled against Aziel's chest, her tumultuous emotions slowly subsiding.

However, Aziel found himself plagued with regret.

He was oblivious to the profound psychological trauma Sarah had been wrestling with, and yet, he had lost control of himself the previous night.

"What's the matter?" Spotting Aziel's unusual expression, Sarah gently squeezed his hand. "|..."
Reflecting on the prior night, Aziel's cheeks colored slightly.

"| didn't realize why you were so... resistant... | may have crossed a line last night."

Sarah's response was a soft chuckle; she craned her neck to meet his gaze and said, "It's fine; I'm not bothered by it now."

Chapter: 717 Truth be told, she felt a tad awkward herself, considering she had intentionally enticed him the previous night.

Yet, here she was, so intimately close to Aziel, tuned into his heartbeat, his body heat seeping through their clothes and setting her pulse racing.

Aziel sensed her feigned indifference, complicating his reading of Sarah's thoughts.

Gathering his courage, he ventured to ask, "So... were you pleased with my performance last night?"

Sarah was momentarily stunned by Aziel's candid inquiry, but quickly composed herself and nodded in affirmation. His breath brushed her skin, intensifying the warmth coloring her cheeks.

Aziel's gaze dropped to her flushed face, his heart pounding in sync with hers, and he gingerly caressed her cheek, drinking in the sight of her.

"If that's the case, I promise to strive for improvement. However... I lack experience, so you might need to grant me more opportunities to learn."

Sarah met his earnest gaze and couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Even his provocative words were delivered with such sincerity, her boyfriend was truly endearing.

Unable to resist, she opened her arms to envelop him in an embrace; their lips grazed, sparking a jolt of sensation. A palpable silence fell over the room, broken only by their synchronized breathing.

The temperature seemed to rise, their veins humming with adrenaline.

As the distance between them dwindled, Aziel gently laid Sarah back onto the sofa, and just as their mutual passion was about to set them ablaze, the door abruptly swung open.

"Sarah, are you okay?" Ariana and Betsy, who had just barged into the room, froze at the door.

As they stepped in, they found Aziel restraining Sarah on the couch, her skirt hiked up to her thighs, unveiling a broad area of her fair skin.

In an instant, Aziel's face flushed, mirroring the color of a ripe cherry. He quickly retracted his hand, stuttering, "I-I'll head upstairs to tidy the room."

With that, he hurried off.

Even for Sarah, known for her unflappability in such situations, the moment was unavoidably uncomfortable. She coughed to pretend nothing had happened, sat up, and adjusted her skirt. "What brings you two here?"

Ariana regained her composure, coughed, and gestured towards the unlocked door, clarifying, "I knocked and called out but got no one responded. I was afraid that something might have happened to you, I used the passcode to come in. It wasn't my intention."

"Ah, it's okay," Sarah casually dismissed the intrusion, acting as though nothing untoward had occurred, and went on to fetch water for them.

Ariana then reminded her, "You have a shift this afternoon, did you forget? We should Leave now or you'll be late."

"Damn it! I totally spaced out! Just give me a moment!" The realization hit Sarah, and she slapped her forehead before rushing to get ready.

Chapter: 718

As Ariana surveyed the neatly organized room and recalled the scene she had stumbled upon, she deduced that the two must have patched things up.

This gave her a sense of relief, understanding that Aziel would be there to support Sarah emotionally. Sarah got ready quickly, and Ariana didn't have to wait long.

Aziel wanted to accompany her, but since Ariana was already there, it was more practical for them to leave together. Therefore, Sarah turned down Aziel's offer.

Ariana lingered by the doorway, watching Aziel's long face as he bid goodbye to Sarah, and couldn't resist the urge to poke fun at her.

Once Sarah and Aziel had separated, Ariana broke into a smirk, teasing, "So, you two are back together? Feeling better? You can't just keep calling it quits every time. Dodging issues is not the solution."

Feeling rather cheery, Sarah whirled towards Ariana and shot back, "Oh really? What about you? You seem quite adept at giving advice to me, but your romantic affairs are in shambles."

Sarah's retort brought Theodore to Ariana's mind, who had been gone for half a month. Her smile faded, her mood dropped, and her eyes brimmed with sorrow.

Seeing this, Sarah realized her slip of the tongue and quickly apologized, "I didn't mean to... Are you alright?"

She was aware of Theodore's absence and had merely spoken without thinking. Seeing Ariana's spirits sink, Sarah felt a pang of worry.

"It's okay. You didn't say anything wrong," Ariana responded, as if she had come to an understanding, and managed a smile.

Sarah was spot on. She and Theodore couldn't keep evading their troubles indefinitely. One of them had to confront the situation directly.

Seeing Ariana no longer sad, Sarah exhaled a sigh of relief, and they chatted and giggled as they ambled towards the car. Just as they were about to set off, Ariana casually checked her phone, only to find that the blogger had replied to her message! She swiftly read the message. The blogger had shared a specific address.

It was a small store in a nearby historic town, run by an old woman.

The message not only detailed the precise location, including the house number, but also cautioned her that the information was two years old and that the store's existence could not be guaranteed.

Ariana instantly thanked the blogger and proceeded to look up the provided address. She turned to Sarah and Betsy and announced, "I'm afraid you'll have to handle the afternoon event on your own. I have an urgent matter to attend to."

Ariana punched the location into her navigation system and took a quick glance at the estimated travel time. It appeared to be a five-hour journey.

Without a moment's hesitation, she started her car and set off towards the ancient town.

As Ariana drove, she couldn't help but reflect on the photos she had seen, taken by the blogger two years prior. The place seemed worn with age back then, but it had evidently undergone significant development since. Transportation and other facilities were now in place, transforming it into a bustling tourist attraction.

Oddly enough, these changes left Ariana feeling uneasy. She wondered if the shop she sought still existed amidst the transformations.

Following the directions provided by the blogger, Ariana maneuvered through several detours until she finally located the shop tucked away in a secluded alley.

A weathered wooden plaque displayed the shop's name, bearing the marks of time with subtle cracks forming on both sides. The tightly shut door collected dust, hinting at its prolonged closure. It seemed the shop had been out of business for quite some time.

Noticing a small snack shop adjacent to the closed one, Ariana decided to quench her thirst and gather some information. She purchased a bottle of water and casually asked the owner, "Excuse me, do you happen to know when the shop next door will reopen?"

Chapter: 719

The shop owner glanced over at the neighboring store and replied, "That shop? It's been closed for business for quite a while."

now.

Right after saying this, her face seemed to brighten with recollection, and she sighed, "Its owner, Lilyana Rayne, had remarkable skills, but it's a shame this place is so remote. Running a business here is already challenging, and handmade clothing like Lilyana's, which lacks the appeal of big-name brands, doesn't attract young people. The costs involved make it almost impossible to sustain the business in this Location."

Listening attentively to her Lament, Ariana realized that Lilyana must be the owner of the closed shop, and the woman in front of her knew Lilyana. Seizing the opportunity, she quickly inquired, "Could you tell me where Lilyana resides?"

Hearing Ariana's request, the woman scrutinized her with a mix of suspicion and caution. "Why do you want to know the old lady's address?" she asked warily.

Ariana swiftly comprehended the misunderstanding and hastened to explain, "I happened to come across a gorgeous dress someone bought from here online, and I'm interested in having one custom-made as well."

The woman appeared slightly reassured and nodded. "Alright, you seem like a nice young Lady, not someone with ill intentions. However, I'm afraid I can't assist you."

"Why not?" Ariana pondered as she stood in the quaint little shop, her gaze fixed on the woman. Thinking that the woman still had doubts about her, she was ready to present the evidence from the blog post that would justify this air of mistrust. "I simply desire a custom-made skirt."

However, the woman merely shook her head, a melancholic expression etched on her face. "It's not that I lack faith in your words," she began, her voice carrying a tinge of sympathy. "Lilyana, the skilled seamstress, used to reside at 101 Stone House, adjacent to South Park. However, she relocated to the bustling city with her children last year. I am unaware of her current address or contact information."

"Oh... I see. Thank you," Ariana replied, a tinge of disappointment evident in her voice. Yet, she was determined not to surrender so easily to this setback.

Perhaps a visit to the Stone House would be worth a try? Ariana pondered. What if she happened to meet Lilyana there?

With newfound hope flickering within, Ariana set forth on her journey towards the Stone House, her steps carrying a mix of anticipation and uncertainty.

As she took only a few strides, Ariana was startled by the woman's hushed murmurs that reached her ears.

"It seems there are quite a few people who appreciate Lilyana's skills. This is already the second person who's come asking. Why couldn't she keep the shop going? After all, it was doing well."

Intrigued, Ariana halted her progress, turned around, and inquired, "Pardon me, but did you just mention someone else looking for Lilyana recently?"

Ariana was both serious and anxious, which somewhat confused the woman. After thinking for a while, the woman stammered, "Yes, yes, he was a quite handsome young man."

"Was he about this tall?" Ariana leveled her hand to Theodore's approximate height. The woman thought for a while and then nodded in agreement.

Ariana gave more details to the woman to be sure it was indeed the same person, and the more the woman nodded, the more Ariana was convinced that it was indeed Theodore. But even so, she was still uncertain. She was worried that her excitement was premature, and that she would be even more

disappointed in the end if it wasn't him.

She eventually thought of showing the woman a photo of Theodore, but then she realized that she had very few photos of Theodore in her phone.

Heaving a deep sigh, Ariana gave up on the idea and just asked the woman, "Do you know where that man went afterward?"

The woman shook her head. “How would I know? He seemed to be from another city and he came last week. | haven’t seen him since, so he probably left the town.”

A week ago... Ariana roughly calculated the time and felt more certain that the person the woman was talking about was indeed Theodore.

It reassured her that she hadn’t come all the way here for nothing.

Chapter: 720 Ariana could feel she was getting closer and closer to the truth she wanted to know.

Now that she had all the information and confirmation she wanted, Ariana said goodbye to the woman and headed off to the Stone House near South Park.

The houses around were mostly occupied by elderly people. Ariana politely greeted them and asked about Lilyana.

The answers she got were all similar to the woman’s — Lilyana’s children had taken her to the city and she hadn’t been seen lately.

After hearing the same answers from everyone, Ariana couldn't help feeling disappointed. Besides, it was getting late and she had to drive five hours at night to get home.

The worst part was that this mountainous area had very bad roads, and many of them were narrow and bumpy country roads. It would be dangerous for her to drive at night.

She ultimately decided to stay here for the night.

The town was small and there were few hotels, and unfortunately for Ariana, there were a lot of tourists at that time. As a result, all nearby hotels were fully booked. Discouraged, Ariana went all the same to the reception of a hotel to inquire about available rooms, but the answer was still no.

Now Ariana was in a dilemma. If she couldn't book a room, she would have to spend the night in her car, which didn't seem safe at all.

While she was pondering on what to do, the hotel receptionist kindly suggested, "Miss, why don't you try the Stone House over there? Many people have moved out of the old area, and the housing administrator have decided to rent out some of the empty rooms. You can give it a try. Maybe you can find a place to stay for the night!"

The receptionist then took out a card from her purse and kindly handed it to Ariana. "I happen to have the housing administrator's contact. You can call him directly and ask him if there are still rooms available."

Ariana was so grateful and she thanked the receptionist earnestly. She then promptly called the housing administrator. The administrator arrived quickly and took Ariana to the Stone House. He enthusiastically showed Ariana the available rooms.

The Stone Houses here were all similar in style. Although old, they had spacious interiors, typically two stories, and were quite affordable.

Ariana spotted a house by a stream in the distance with a small garden outside and a swing under an ancient tree.

The whole environment seemed pleasant, though it had been neglected for a long time, with dead branches and leaves covering the swing.

The housing administrator glanced at the house Ariana pointed and shook his head. "I don't manage that house." "Why not? It Looks Like no one lives there." Ariana was puzzled. Wasn't he supposed to manage all the empty houses in this area?

The administrator's expression changed drastically and he looked both resentful and helpless. "Indeed no one Lives there, but the homeowner refuses to rent it out. It's been empty for more than a decade. Isn't that a waste?"

As they spoke, the lights in that house suddenly turned on. Ariana was startled.

There weren't many people staying in this neighborhood. The Lights in the house suddenly turned on when the building should have been empty, coupled with the cold evening breeze, gave her goosebumps.

The administrator seemed even more shocked than Ariana. With his eyes fixed worriedly on the house, a curse blurted out of his mouth, "What the hell? Did the owner return or something?"