

Chapter 8 Gift Agreement

Ariana's voice faltered as she spoke. "Thank you for coming here today."

Theodore glanced at her and said nothing. Although he was cold and gloomy, he was undeniably handsome. Feeling shy, Ariana looked away. ²

She quickly added, "I know you don't appreciate my presence, so I promise not to disturb you in the future. But if there's anything you need, please don't hesitate to call me."

Theodore let out a derisive snort. "You're thanking me too soon. Remember, I'm not helping you out of the kindness of my heart. It's in my best interest to make sure you get what you're entitled to. Did you not read the contract carefully before you signed it?" ⁵

Ariana's heart sank as she wondered what she might have missed. "What are you talking about?"

In haste, she extracted the bulky file from her bag and rapidly flipped through the pages.

Earlier, overwhelmed with delight at the thought that Theodore had come to assist her, Ariana had foolishly signed the document without thoroughly examining it.

It wasn't until this moment that she realized that she had signed yet another gift agreement that stated that everything she owned would now belong to Theodore. 9

The attorney had already left with a signed copy to have it registered, and it was now far too late to reverse her error.

A wave of absurdity washed over her as she felt both rage and amusement simultaneously. Just as she had dealt with her wicked stepmother and half-sister, she had now been ensnared in Theodore's trap.

Ariana tossed the document aside, casting a cold glare at Theodore. "You don't have to resort to such dirty tactics. All I want is my mother's belongings. I'll give you my part of the Edwards family's property."

"The assets, including your mother's belongings, are already mine," Theodore responded coldly, his hand resting on the wheelchair's armrest. 6

How audacious of him!

Ariana was so outraged she could hardly speak. She took a deep breath to steady herself and tried to reason with him in a calm tone. "I know you're not interested in those things. What is it that you want?"

"Beg me and make me happy." Theodore looked at Ariana indifferently, like a haughty and ruthless

monarch. 1

Their eyes met, and emotions flared.

Ariana averted her gaze and uttered two words stoically. "Please, sir." 1

"Is that how one begs?" Theodore furrowed his brows in displeasure. His conduct was as haughty as his demeanor.

There was a prolonged silence before Ariana smiled. She slowly crouched down, leaned in toward Theodore, and asked, "How would you like me to beg? Like this?"

Ariana's hand landed gently on Theodore's chest, and she slowly approached him.

His arms, which had previously been relaxed on the armrests of the wheelchair, now became tense.

Their close proximity was electric, charged with the chemistry that crackled between them. Ariana's alluring scent enveloped Theodore. Her hand trailed from his chest to his shoulder; her voice low and seductive as she whispered in his ear, "Or like this?"

Theodore's lips curved into a sardonic smile. His gaze was cold. "Is that all you've got?" he drawled, his voice low and husky. 1

Ariana pointed a finger at Theodore's chest, tracing the contours of his body with a tantalizing touch. "But

your heartbeat tells a different story," she murmured.

Theodore's eyes flashed with a dangerous glint as he lifted Ariana's chin. "Well then," he said resolutely, "since you've come to me, I don't see any harm in indulging ourselves." 7

Theodore's eyes glimmered with an icy disdain that reflected his lack of interest. The silence between them was broken by the sound of his clothes rubbing together, and he inched closer to Ariana.

Just as their lips were about to meet, a wicked grin spread across Ariana's face, and she tilted her head to sink her teeth into Theodore's lips, drawing blood.

Theodore recoiled in shock, his lips throbbing with the pain. He pushed Ariana away. "What the hell? Are you a rabid dog?"

Ariana straightened herself up, her eyes flashing with resentment. "I'm nothing like you." 2

She sneered at him, grabbed her packed suitcase, and strutted away, leaving Theodore alone.

Theodore's countenance soured, but he pushed his wheelchair forward and trailed behind her silently. 1

As Ariana and Theodore emerged from the entrance of the Edwards family's house, Brielle hustled to catch up with them.

"Hold up!"

Ariana halted and spun around, coming face-to-face with Brielle. She detected the glint of jealousy and resentment in Brielle's eyes, and Ariana knew exactly what was coming.

"Mr. Anderson," Brielle began, "Are you sure you're not being fooled by Ariana? She's been infatuated with Jasper for three years. She was head-over-heels in love with him! But now that Jasper and I are together, Ariana had no other option but to marry you." 12