

## Unconscious 81

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"I got some news." With a deep breath, Sonia turned her phone to show the screen to Ariana.

Lynch had paid his bail and been released.

"Why so fast?" Ariana was a little surprised, but mostly angry.

How could such a scumbag be released so soon?

"I guess one of Lynch's supporters helped him out." Sonia gritted her teeth.

Ariana felt restless. She took her bag and as she left, told Sonia, "I'll go and discuss it with Sarah. Call me if anything happens."

When Ariana got to the company, Sonia was already waiting for her. "Lynch just contacted me. He wants to sue for peace. He was hoping that I would work with him and prove his innocence and put all the blame on Vincent. He promised to give me the best resources once it's done."

Ariana had guessed that Lynch might go to Sarah, but she never expected him to try and sue for peace. She thought for a while. "He must be serious if he's using resources as his bargaining chip.

Maybe it could help you regain your fame. The choice is yours. What do you think?"

Sarah sneered, "Of course not. I will never give up. I finally have the chance to expose his true colors and even send him to jail. I'm going to make that happen." Her voice was full of disdain.

Relieved, Ariana smiled. "Then let's cooperate with him for now. When he relaxes, we will deal him a heavy blow."

Later that night, Lynch and Sarah became the topic of discussion online for the umpteenth time.

This was because Lynch posted a long statement expressing his undying love for Sarah. His every word implied that some outsiders were out to destroy the wonderful thing that they had even after causing their divorce. He labeled the women he was previously involved with as homewreckers. He also said that he had been doing a lot of reflection, and was now a changed man.

In the end, he expressed his desire for them to start afresh.

Social media users wondered if Sarah would give him another chance, so they waited for her response.

To their dismay, Sarah didn't make any new posts via any of her social media accounts, let alone address her ex-husband's apology.

Lynch had been refreshing his post and also checking all of Sarah's social media accounts. His patience ran out after an hour. "Isn't that bitch going to reply to me? Does she want to make me the

center of mockery again?"

"Calm down. Maybe she hasn't seen it yet." Courtney Marquez, Lynch's agent, comforted him.

Those words only added fuel to his simmering anger. He grunted heavily and kicked his pet dog that

was curled up beside the sofa. He then yelled, "Why is it taking so long? Didn't you say that Sarah

already agreed? Why hasn't she replied in over an hour?"

"Sarah did agree very quickly. The resources we offered were too juicy, so they couldn't refuse!"

Courtney pushed her glasses up. Although she looked calm, she was very nervous and also was afraid

that Sarah would go back on her words.

Lynch held his head and took a few deep breaths. He then raised his head. "I guess you are right

Sarah would never be able to get such good resources if it weren't for me. They were given to her on a

platter, so I think she won't throw them away. Anyway, I will teach that bitch a lesson when everything is

over!"

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Courtney was afraid that he would vent his anger on her if she dared to try talking him out of his new

decision, so she sealed her lips. She grabbed her phone and continued to check Sarah's social media pages.

Lynch became tired after pacing about for many minutes. He threw his phone onto the tea table and lay back in the chair with his eyes closed. His evil mind began to put together a plan for how he would deal with Sarah later.

Suddenly, Courtney exclaimed, "Sarah has made a new post on Instagram!"

Lynch quickly picked up his phone and checked her Instagram page. The new post wasn't a response to his proposal, but a damning one. She posted the screenshots of his chats with Vincent and voice notes of him asking Vincent to set up a hidden camera in Sarah's bedroom.

Lynch was shocked to hear his voice once he swiped.

Within a few seconds, there were hundreds of comments under the posts. Every single one of them was cursing him tirelessly.

Rage was tearing through Lynch at this time. His handsome face was distorted and red. He roared,

"Fuck! That bitch just played a smart one on me! She has called for war. I'll make her regret this!"

Lynch tore at his hair. He turned to Courtney and asked coldly, "Didn't you pay off Vincent? Why the

hell did he betray us?"

Courtney couldn't wrap her head around why this was happening. She had covered the tracks well.

Staring at her phone screen again, she noticed something. "I don't think Vincent betrayed you. The

screenshots Sarah posted have your chat interface. It seems they came from your end."

"How is that possible?" Lynch snatched her phone and found that it was true. All the screenshots and

voice messages were from his end. It turned out Vincent wasn't a sell-out! But how did Sarah get this

data?

"Was your phone hacked recently or did you leave it with someone else?" Courtney asked anxiously.

Lynch thought hard with a frown. He went over all the people he had met in the past few days.

Someone came to mind.

"Brielle Edwards!" he shouted.

Thunder struck outside the room, lighting up the dark and cloudy sky for some seconds. Ariana was

talking on the phone by the window. She stared at the branches that were blown by the wind and

closed the window causally.

The phone in her hand was on speaker mode, and Sarah's laughter came from it. It was rare to hear her laugh so happily Sarah said, "I guess Lynch must be furious now."

Ariana's eyes gleamed with joy. She coughed slightly and reminded Sarah, "I don't want to be a killjoy, but I want you to remember that Lynch is a snake. Now that you hit him so hard, he will come at you for everything you have got. We can be sure that he won't back down. You have to be careful when you go out. Don't stay alone. Watch your back always."

"You don't have to remind me. I was married to that snake for years. I'm sure that he must have connected most of the dots by now. He probably knows his phone was hacked that night at the hotel. He will come at you, too. Be careful," Sarah said in a worried tone."

Ariana thought of something and said with a confident smile, "Don't worry about me. I'm safe. Let him try coming at me. I have someone who will deal with him for me."

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Overnight, everyone found out that Lynch had colluded with a lesser-known male model to frame his ex-wife.

When Ariana arrived at the company, she heard a lot of people discussing this. She stood waiting by

the elevator and texted Sonia. Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted Brielle coming over with a group of people.”

She moved aside, not wanting to face this idiot.

But she was too late, and Brielle had noticed her. With an arrogant walk, she approached Ariana. “It looks like you haven’t been sleeping very well. You did a lot for Sarah. Maybe too much,” she said, mockingly.

Ariana kept her eyes on her phone, pretending not to have seen Brielle.

Irritated by her attitude, Brielle wanted to throw a tantrum, but there were too many people around. She

restrained herself for the sake of maintaining her reputation.

Brielle put on a fake smile, and said, “Don’t think you can use dirty tricks to restore Sarah’s reputation and make loads of money for yourself. If this was five years ago, Sarah might’ve helped you earn five million in three months. But no one cares about her anymore. An outdated female star is destined to stay that way.”

Ariana laughed at this. “You’d better take care of yourself first. Just because you’re hooking up with

Jasper, don't think you have nothing to worry about," she sneered, finally turning her eyes away from her phone to Brielle. "We don't know who will win in the end yet. I won't let you get what you want."

Brielle laughed right back at her. She didn't take Ariana's words seriously at all. She raised her chin arrogantly. "I've never failed to get what I want. I will make my official debut in a few days' time. Then I will defeat you with one or two advertising contracts. Try not to cry if you lose."

It was rush hour and more and more people were watching them. Ariana turned to leave. She didn't want to talk about this nonsense in public.

But Brielle grabbed her sleeve. "I haven't finished yet," she said harshly. "You're just an agent. How dare you ignore me. I'm going to be the next big star!"

Ariana couldn't help but laugh at this. Brielle sounded stupid.

Then there was the sound of applause from the other side of the corridor.

"Nice speech, Miss Future Big Star! If you were even more arrogant, your fans would probably love you even more."

Sarah approached, holding her phone which had been recording Brielle.

Brielle's face darkened when she saw this. She shouted, "Don't you dare record\_me." She reached out,

trying to grab the phone from Sarah. "Give it to me!"

A defiant smile on her face, Sarah dodged her. "Yes, that's it. Show us how arrogant you are."

Brielle was furious, flailing her arms about trying to grab the phone. Knowing she couldn't fight Sarah in

public, she gritted her teeth and forced a smile. "Sarah, we're in the same company. It won't be good

for you if you damage my reputation."

"So what?" Sarah raised her eyebrows and ignored Brielle's threat. She pointed the camera into her face.

Her eyes becoming red, Brielle stamped her feet and tried to leave.

Just then, a delivery man arrived and stopped her.

He held out a delicate box, and handed it to Brielle. "Miss Brielle Edwards, this is for you. Please sign for it," he said with a smile.

The box was quite big and the packaging material looked expensive. Seeing this instantly brightened

Brielle's mood. "Who sent it?" She smiled.

"I don't know. I was just told to deliver it to you."

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She pursed her lips and signed her name quickly.

Everyone was curious about what could be inside such an intricate box.

“Brielle, this looks expensive. Even the gift box looks high-end.”

“Maybe an admirer sent it? Open it quickly! Let us have a look.”

“Today is Valentine’s day. Brielle, do you have a secret boyfriend?”

Their words made Brielle feel very pleased. She always enjoyed being flattered and having others envy her. Jasper was the only person who could give her what she wanted.

This gift could be from him as well. She shook the box and held it to her ear.

Standing in the corner, Ariana and Sarah glanced at each other, speechless. Brielle really did keep a high profile wherever she went.

Ariana cleared her throat and kindly reminded Brielle, “It’s a package from an unknown source. You’d better be careful.”

“You’re just jealous of me,” Brielle replied, rolling her eyes. “You don’t have any fans or admirers. You haven’t received many gifts, have you?”

Ariana didn't know what to say, and was about to leave with Sarah.

Brielle stopped her. "Stop! Watch me unwrap the gift," she said arrogantly.

As she spoke, she opened the box, hoping to make Ariana jealous.

But as soon as she did, an awful stench wafted out of the box. Inside was a bloody chicken head.

Brielle screamed and threw the box onto the floor.

Everyone jumped back when they saw the chicken head. With their hands over their mouths and noses, they scattered.

The blood seemed still warm, as if the chicken head had been freshly cut.

The air filled with the unpleasant metallic smell of blood.

Covering her nose, Ariana bent down to pick up a card that had fallen from the box.

It read, "Brielle Edwards, go to hell!"

After thinking for a while, Ariana thought of Lynch.

Despite Brielle being arrogant and domineering, no one really dared to provoke her. After all, Jasper was her backer.

Only Lynch would dare threaten Brielle like this.

Security guards rushed over to clean up the scene. Her face pale, Brielle hid behind her assistant and

shouted, "You have to find out who did this!"

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They searched the scene, but the delivery guy had long gone.

Onlookers began whispering among themselves.

"Did Brielle do something? Why else would someone do that to her?"

"It must be because of one of her affairs. Who knows how many men she's slept with?"

"She deserves it. She's so arrogant. I've never liked her."

"Quiet, people. Keep your voice down. Don't let her hear you. She has Mr. Jasper Anderson protecting her."

Standing in the crowd, Ariana sneered and threw the card in the trash can, before leaving with Sarah.

That whole morning, everyone was talking about Brielle's "special gift", and Ariana and Sarah held up their coffees to celebrate the successful completion of their plan.

In the small office, there was a sofa, a deck chair, an exclusive pantry, and a bathroom. It had been arranged by the company specially for Sarah when she had been the most popular.

But Sarah seldom came here. Ariana had been using it as a temporary work space for the past two days. Donna stopped making things difficult for Ariana for now, but she didn't help her, either. Donna just let the two work on their own.

That was fine for Ariana. No one would give her any trouble, and she was glad to be free.

The laptop on the table beeped, alerting her of a new email. She put her cup down and checked the screen. The organizer of a variety show called "Miss Back" had invited Sarah to take part.

This was a new show, which brought on actresses or female singers over thirty who were trying to restart or boost their careers.

Being a new show, it was unknown territory, so normally famous artists wouldn't take part.

Over the past few days, many of the top artists in the company had refused the invitation. Some of the less well-known artists were interested, but were a little hesitant.

But this was a rare opportunity for Sarah.

Without much thought, Ariana persuaded Sarah to accept.

"Do you really think I could do it? You know it's been years since I was on stage." Sarah looked a little

panicked. Years of a bad marriage had worn down her self-confidence and made her more pessimistic.

Ariana raised her head to look Sarah in the eye. "I believe you can do this. We can't miss this

opportunity," she said firmly. "We've finally turned the tables. We have to be persistent if you want to

regain your fame."

After a moment, Sarah nodded. "Okay, let's fight again.

Ariana gave her a big hug. "I'll call them and ask to sign the contract tomorrow."

That evening, Ariana left work in a good mood, which rarely happened.

She went back to the Anderson family's residence by subway. When she walked through the door, the

villa was quiet and the garden lights were dark. Normally Judy would be in the kitchen cooking at this

time. Why couldn't she smell anything?

Ariana rubbed her hungry stomach and put on her slippers, calling out to Judy.

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But it was Theodore who answered.

"Judy asked for some leave and went home."

The man was maneuvering his wheelchair on the balcony. He was wearing a suit and his hair was

meticulously combed. It seemed he had just come back.

“I’ll cook then. What would you like to eat?” Ariana went into the kitchen and opened the fridge to find it

empty.

Theodore followed her and glanced at the empty fridge. “Let’s go out for dinner.”

Downtown, colorful lanterns filled the streets, reminding everyone it was a holiday. Young couples

walked around, in intimate embraces.

It was only then that Ariana remembered it was Valentine’s Day. She turned to look at Theodore who

was sitting next to her. He looked out the window, with his chin resting on his hand. He looked

indifferent, and it was unclear what he was thinking.

Ariana looked away again and fiddled with the button on her coat. Such an indifferent person wouldn’t

pay attention to holidays like Valentine’s Day, and he certainly wouldn’t have come out with her today if

he had known, she thought to herself.

The car stopped outside an expensive French restaurant. A man stood at the door, and Ariana

assumed he was the manager. When he saw Theodore, he gave him an enthusiastic smile.

“Mr. Anderson, welcome. Let me take you to the private room.” He then introduced some of their new dishes while he walked.

Clearly, Theodore was a regular here.

The restaurant spanned three large floors, and was decorated with an authentic French style.

The manager led them to a luxurious private room on the top floor. It was a superior location, with floor-

to-ceiling windows with a view of the sea.

It was a shame it was snowing. The view wasn't very clear.

Theodore came up next to Ariana and looked out the window. “This restaurant works with the hotel run

by the Anderson Group so they keep a private room reserved for the Anderson family all year round.

Next time we will come when the weather is good so we can enjoy the view.”

“That's great,” Ariana said with a smile. They were normally hostile to each other, but today felt different.

It seemed they had forgotten the huge gap between them, and they sat and enjoyed their meal like any ordinary couple.

“To your victory in the first battle and proving Sarah’s innocence.” Theodore raised his glass and smiled at her.

His approval made her very happy. “Not only that, but Sarah also received an invitation for a variety show,” she announced proudly.

Her face brightened up like a blooming flower as she said this, her eyes sparkling. All of a sudden, Theodore felt himself attracted to her.

This was the first time he had seen her looking so happy since they got married.

Theodore shook himself and forced his eyes away from her. He took a sip of the wine, pretending nothing had changed.

Ariana picked up her own glass, but when she remembered she could be pregnant, her hand froze on its way to clink glasses with him.

She pulled it back swiftly. “I’d better drink water,” she said, with an awkward smile.

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Theodore immediately understood what she meant but said nothing. Slowly, he cut through the steak on his plate.

The atmosphere grew cold. Each knowing what the other was thinking, they ate silently without acknowledging it.

That moment had immediately expelled the joy she'd been feeling. She looked up at Theodore, who, as usual, was expressionless."

Remembering that he didn't want her to be pregnant, her heart ached.

She quietly placed her cutlery down. She had lost her appetite, so she picked up her glass and tried to think of something else.

Just then, there was a loud noise outside the door. It sounded like Jasper.

Theodore's face darkened at the sound. He threw down his napkin. It seemed he wasn't in the mood to eat either.

"Mr. Jasper Anderson, there are already guests in there. You can't go in without permission." The restaurant manager was desperately trying to stop Jasper from coming in. In his frenzied state, he even began speaking French.

"This is an exclusive private room for the Anderson family! Who the hell could be eating in there?"

Jasper shouted arrogantly, breaking into the room, followed by Brielle.

When Jasper saw who it was, he looked stunned for a moment. "I thought it was someone else but it's just you, my brother," he sneered.

Ariana frowned. She sensed that something was wrong. Normally, when Jasper came across

Theodore, he restrained himself. Why was he acting so arrogant today?

Jasper took Brielle's hand and walked toward the table. He asked the waiter to bring out two more sets of tableware.

"It's rare to see you out and about, Theodore," Jasper said with a big grin. Someone who didn't know better would think they got on really well.

Theodore ignored Jasper's snide remark and picked up his cutlery again.

"You look like you're in a good mood, Theodore. You even came out on Valentine's Day." He took a purposeful glance at Ariana as he said this. He looked antagonistic, as if he was catching adulterers.

Ariana retorted, "Is it so strange for us to celebrate Valentine's Day? How are you two celebrating? As a couple? Do you dare make it public?"

Brielle became furious upon hearing this. As a newcomer to the entertainment industry, she had to

pretend to be single to help her career. Ariana was deliberately hitting a nerve.

Brielle gritted her teeth. She badly wanted to throw a glass of water in Ariana's face. The only thing stopping her was Theodore's presence.

Instead, she took a deep breath and smiled as if it didn't bother her. "It's perfectly normal for a couple to

celebrate Valentine's Day. The holiday is all about developing relationships. That's especially important for a newly married couple like you two, with no emotional foundation."

She covered her mouth and giggled. "Jasper and I are different. We've spent several Valentine's Days together. Every year, he gets me very thoughtful gifts. The diamond earrings I'm wearing now are this year's present from him. They've got emeralds in them, which is very rare in the market. And this bag," she said, lifting up the pink crocodile-skin bag and rubbing her hand along the scales. "There were only ten produced in the world. Jasper bought it for me as soon as he knew I liked it."

Her acting was over the top and she sounded unsophisticated.

"What did Theodore give you, by the way? This is your first time celebrating Valentine's Day together, isn't it?" Brielle stared at Ariana, an expectant look on her face, as if actually interested. But it was

obvious she was just trying to embarrass Ariana.

Brielle knew that Theodore had no feelings for Ariana, so why would he give her a gift? Ariana probably even had to beg for this dinner.

Ariana smiled sincerely and looked at Brielle's earrings. "Your gift from Jasper is really lovely," she praised.

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Brielle snorted at this, a confident look on her face.

After a pause, Ariana continued, "But that's not as good as the gift you got from your admirer earlier this morning. No wonder the company is backing you with so much money. You already have crazy fans even before your debut. Looks like you need to be careful going out these days."

Brielle's face turned pale. The image of that horrible chicken head came into her head, and she felt the fear return. There was nothing she could say to argue with Ariana.

Jasper frowned. "What admirer? What happened?"

Brielle forced a laugh. "I'll tell you later," she said awkwardly.

"Oh, you didn't know about that, Jasper? I thought Brielle would've come running to you as soon as it

happened.” Ariana pretended to be surprised.

Jasper’s frown deepened. “What are you hiding from me?” he asked, staring at Brielle.

“Just that I received a package. There was a chicken head inside,” Brielle muttered. Jasper’s face fell.

He was about to say something, but the loud sounds of cutlery scraping a plate interrupted him.

It was Theodore. Clearly impatient, he asked Jasper and Brielle to leave. “This is the time I’d like to be spending with my wife. Alone. If you insist on talking, get out.”

Slightly embarrassed, Jasper smiled awkwardly. “Why are you suddenly so angry? Come on, let me do a toast before we go.”

Jasper picked up the wine bottle to pour himself a glass, but he “accidentally” knocked the soup off the table. It spilled all over Theodore’s legs.

Ariana tried to push Jasper out of the way, but it was too late.

She looked down at the mess. “You did that on purpose Jasper!”

“How could I have done that on purpose?” He looked as if he had been wronged. “I’m sorry, Theodore.

It was an accident. You can’t feel your legs, anyway, so it doesn’t matter, right?”

Theodore gave Jasper a cold look. His sharp eyes made Jasper tremble, and instinctively take a step

back.

When Jasper realized what he had done, he immediately regretted it. Theodore was disabled now, so why should he be afraid of him?

Jasper swallowed. He wanted to go back to mocking Theodore, but the latter had grown so angry that he threw everything in front of him off the table. "Fuck off. If you want to live another day, you'd better get out of my sight right now," Theodore barked.

"You..."

Jasper clenched his fists in anger. Why should he listen to him? Theodore's threat wasn't convincing.

They were both sons of the Anderson family, but Theodore seemed to reap all the benefits. Even when they were out, Theodore seemed to get more respect.

Jasper was ready to let all of his anger out, but Brielle tugged on his sleeve gently and shook her head.

It was a reminder not to be so impulsive.

Jasper took a deep breath and calmed himself down. He knew he had to give in for now. He threw his napkin to the floor, stamped on it, and walked out of the room, pulling Brielle behind him.

The manager, who had been standing by the door, rushed in and said in a low voice, “Mr. Anderson, I will bring you some new clothes right away.”

Theodore said nothing and gave a slight nod.

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The door closed again, and the room was silent.

The soup on Theodore’s trousers was still steaming as it slowly dripped to the floor. The colorful food particles stood out against the black color of his trousers.

Ariana picked up a towel and dabbed at the soup. She could feel the heat through the towel. She imagined how painful it would be if it had spilled onto her.

But Theodore acted as if nothing had happened.

“It’s okay. I can’t feel anything. You don’t have to be so nervous,” he said indifferently.

Ariana’s hand paused. For some reason, she felt a little sad when she heard that he couldn’t feel anything.

She pursed her lips and continued to wipe his trousers. “Haven’t you got a fixation with cleanliness?

You’ll be uncomfortable if I don’t clean it up quickly.”

Theodore didn't answer. He lowered his eyes and stared at her head, lost in thought.

Feeling the strong muscles underneath Theodore's trousers, Ariana had a thought.

He had not reacted at all when the soup spilled on him. Not even a blink. Maybe he was actually

disabled. But why hadn't his muscles atrophied at all?

Maybe she was overthinking it.

Distracted, she moved her hand randomly, but then a cold hand grabbed her wrist.

"Enough! Why are you wiping there?"

Hearing the anger in Theodore's voice, she came back to her senses and realized what she had just

done. She blushed and looked up at him shyly. "I'm sorry..." she stammered. "I was just being absent-

minded. I didn't mean to." O "This is the second time." Theodore looked at Ariana with a teasing look in

his eyes.

Embarrassed, she threw the towel at him. "Wipe it yourself!"

She turned away so he couldn't see her and bit her lip remorsefully. Her eyes were full of shame.

Dammit! What was wrong with her? Once was bad enough, but now she had done it a second time.

How could she face him again after this? He was probably laughing at her internally.

“Aren’t you curious why Jasper was so arrogant today?” Theodore asked casually.

Ariana turned back to look at him. “Why?” She sounded confused.

He smiled. “It’s because Darian formed an alliance with the other Anderson Group shareholders to get rid of me while I was away. Today, the last shareholder agreed. I will officially be dismissed from the Anderson Group at the next shareholders’ meeting.”

As Theodore spoke, he looked down at his pants and began wiping the stains off of them. The tone of his voice was calm, and so was his expression.

But Ariana could see the cruelty behind his composure.

From an outside look, the Anderson family was an affluent and prestigious family without many flaws.

But, in reality, the family was rotten to the core. Many of its members have attempted to undermine Theodore and seize power for themselves no matter what it took.

To put it bluntly, when Theodore became a disabled man, the most delighted by the news were likely Darian and Jasper.

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Did Theodore not care about all of that?

As Ariana gazed at him in silence, a gloominess came over her. She couldn't help but feel sorry for him.

There was a knock on the door, and the restaurant manager entered with some new folded clothes in his hands.

Theodore took the clothes and maneuvered his wheelchair to the restroom. Ariana hesitated for a moment before standing up and following him.

However, she had only taken a few steps when Theodore suddenly stopped and turned his wheelchair slightly to look at her. He raised his eyebrows and asked incredulously, "What? Do you want to change my pants for me?"

A blush appeared on Ariana's face and she halted, flustered. She spluttered, "What are you talking about? I'm just worried that you'll fall because of your legs."

Theodore chuckled and said, "Don't worry about it. I can manage."

Then he turned back around and went to the restroom to change. Ariana lingered a little longer in the private room. for him, but soon she felt hot and stuffy. She decided to wait outside and get some fresh

air.

However, the moment she took a step out of the private room, Jasper appeared out of nowhere. He

yanked Ariana by the wrist and shoved her against the wall. She let out a yelp in surprise and

struggled, but he held her firm and hissed, "Have you fallen in love with Theodore?"

She could feel his hot breath on her face, and her nose was hit by the strong smell of alcohol. Ariana

struggled desperately from his grasp. "Are you crazy? Let go of me!"

How much did this coward have to drink? She could tell he had drunk without any consideration. It

didn't help that he went crazy when he was intoxicated.

Ariana gritted her teeth. Furious, she lifted her leg and kicked him, snarling, "I said let go of me! I'm

your sister-in-law!"

But it had no effect. Jasper pressed on her to stay still forcefully. His eyes looked wild and unfocused

as he mumbled, "Tell me the truth. Do you love Theodore? Why are you out with him on Valentine's

Day? And why did you look so worried when I scalded Theodore just now? Don't tell me you feel bad

for him."

Ariana was enraged, but she couldn't help but let out a bitter laugh. Jasper's behavior was so absurd to

her that she couldn't even bother explaining. She gave in and followed his accusations. "Oh, yes, I've fallen deeply for Theodore. But what else did you expect? He's far more handsome, considerate, and exceptional than you could ever hope to be. He's nowhere near as despicable as you."

Jasper's eyes narrowed in fury. He went berserk and grabbed her shoulders, shaking her violently. "I'm despicable? Me? Ariana, are you sure you even know who's the despicable one? Do you know what the hell you're talking about? You say you're in love with Theodore? How dare you have feelings for that guy! What kind of shining knight do you think he is? You're naive! You're only being fooled by him! You're an idiot!"

"So what? I do what I want to do. It's none of your business," Ariana retorted coldly, unperturbed by his outburst. She didn't want to be a doormat to him. She glared daggers at him, infuriated.

Jasper stared at her in disbelief. Dazed by her reply, he loosened his grip on her shoulders. He asked in a low voice, "Why are you acting like this? What did Theodore do to you? We were together for three years. You've only been married to him for a month. How has your mind changed so drastically?"

Jasper's outrage had only disappeared for a moment. As he spoke, his voice rose higher and higher,

and soon he was roaring at her in fury.

Ariana wasn't frightened. Rather, she was. irritated by the nerve he had to talk to her like this. She snapped sarcastically, "Don't pretend like you're perfect, Jasper. We both know who betrayed our relationship first."

Jasper froze. He goggled at her in silence for a moment before he suddenly burst out laughing like a lunatic. He pinched Ariana's chin between his fingers and lifted her face, forcing her to look at him.

Then he leaned closer and said, "You're just saying this to piss me off, aren't you? You're trying to take revenge on me because I'm with Brielle."

Ariana was shocked by Jasper's ludicrous allegations. She gazed at him in bewilderment and asked incredulously, "Jasper. Don't tell me you regret it, do you?"

Jasper was stunned for a moment. A complicated expression suddenly appeared on his face, and he seemed to be struggling.

Jasper lowered his head in anguish. The veins on the back of his hands bulged, as if he was holding something back.

Ariana knew Jasper well and could immediately tell what he was thinking.

