

Unconscious 431

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The soft collision of their lips meeting, followed by the warmth of their bodies rubbing against each other... All this filled their empty hearts with intense passion, and their lonely souls were finally comforted.

Their hormones were mixing wildly in their bodies and they were both consumed with desire.

With his hands around Ariana's waist, Theodore couldn't help but pull her closer to him.

Their bodies became even warmer all of a sudden.

Theodore's slender hand pressed against Ariana's thin back and slowly slid downward.

Ariana's face turned red from the kiss. She could feel the man's hand on her waist getting hotter and hotter, and his fingers behind her head were caressing her gently, as if to relax her.

Ariana could also clearly feel Theodore's excitement.

His organ was erect and pressed between her legs.

It was unbelievable how hard he was.

Theodore bit Ariana's lip and squeezed her soft body with his big hand.

His hand slowly slipped into her baggy pajamas and moved up her waist. He caressed her soft, tender skin for a long time. He just couldn't get his hands off her.

As their lips pressed together and broke away from each other, the only sounds they could hear were their quick heartbeats and their jerky breathing.

The atmosphere in the room was so erotic and the two people inside were overwhelmed with desire.

Theodore held Ariana tight and began pushing his hard, taut organ against the soft flesh between her legs. He didn't take off his clothes, not even his pants. But despite that, he pushed his erect penis tightly against her.

Ariana's breathing quickened and her cheeks flushed.

Ariana put her hands on Theodore's shoulders. The kiss made her feel dizzy and numb and her mind went blank while her fingers weakly gripped his clothes.

She let out a soft moan. She was so overwhelmed with desire that her eyes were filled with tears. This made her look even more charming.

Theodore's hot kisses fell on her lips, her neck, and then her chest.

While he was kissing her whole body passionately, Theodore thrust his finger into her trousers and

slowly moved up. He lingered for a while on her lacy panties, and then moved forward.

When his cold fingertips touched Ariana's private part, she suddenly woke up from her pleasure. She held Theodore's hand just in time and whispered, "I'm not ready yet."

Those few words were enough to extinguish the fire of desire in the room.

Theodore paused. The fire of desire in his eyes was so fierce it could set Ariana on fire.

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She lowered her eyes at once, not daring to look at him. Her heart was filled with guilt at the moment.

She knew that he must be very uncomfortable now; after all, she tured him on to the absolute limits.

However, she was pregnant and the baby was not very stable, so they couldn't go any further.

Ariana couldn't help but blame herself. She should have gone to sleep instead of tempting him.

What should she do now? How could she end all this? She bit her lower lip, blaming herself for being a bad person. How could she retreat after having provoked Theodore so much?

She could still feel his organ hard and erect between her legs. No wonder he had such a dangerous look in his eyes now.

Ariana was afraid that Theodore would be unable to control himself, so she carefully moved away from

him. She coughed awkwardly and said, "Do you need to use the bathroom? I can help you push the wheelchair over."

After saying that, she was about to get out of bed, but he held her back. "But you are my wife." @

Ariana lowered her head and whispered, "I know. I'm sorry. I'm not ready yet."

She felt even guiltier after saying this.

"It's okay." With a calm expression, Theodore raised his hand and stroked her hair gently. He smiled and said, "You are my wife, so you can help me in other ways."

Theodore whispered a few words in Ariana's ear, and her face instantly turned crimson.

Ariana made up her mind. She would give it a try.

She perked up and glanced at the man who was now leaning against the headboard.

Then, she spread her legs and sat astride him again.

Theodore slowly lay back, spreading his arms.

Although she held him tightly under her, Theodore was very calm, as if everything was under his control.

His calm and serenity annoyed Ariana who lowered her head and kissed him.

However, Ariana was not at all good at kissing.

It was never her who took the initiative to kiss him but the opposite. Now she was simply imitating the way Theodore kissed her. She first pressed her lips to his, and then sucked on them until he finally parted his lips and she buried her tongue in his mouth.

Ariana's movements weren't consistent at all, and just being nervous didn't help matters. Her kisses were very awkward.

However, despite Ariana's kisses being awkward, Theodore's eyes became blurry and his ears were slightly red.

In the darkness of the room, a strong sexual tension was growing between the two people on the bed.

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Of course, Ariana was aware of what was going on, and she continued the flirtation.

Her hands slid along Theodore's pajamas to his waist. She stroked his tight abs all the way up, and slowly pulled his shirt up little by little.

Theodore let her do whatever she wanted and he fully cooperated. He lifted his arms to make it easier

for her, and soon she took off his shirt.

Theodore's muscular upper body was now fully exposed to Ariana.

Ariana was so impressed by what she saw she couldn't help but swallow.

It was such a pleasant view.

Those strong arms, bulging chest muscles, tight abs and sexy V-taper...

How on earth could a crippled person who spent his life in a wheelchair maintain such a beautiful

physique like this? Ariana was puzzled, but she couldn't think right now. Her whole mind now was

completely bewitched by the man in front of her.

She reached out and touched his abs. Every time she lingered over any part of his muscular body, she

could feel his muscles tense, and his breathing begin to quicken.

Her breathing also gradually became rapid.

Ariana's trembling hands finally stopped where she started. She couldn't go on anymore.

"You should kiss me now or continue to strip me off," Theodore said in a hoarse voice.

"You don't have to tell me. I know what to do," Ariana replied, blushing.

Of course she knew the steps. However, when she thought of what would most likely happen, her face

would turn extremely red.

Her heartbeat would also race.

Theodore coughed lightly and fell silent. He thought it was too hard for her to go that far.

Ariana was so nervous at this point that even Theodore's mere cough made her feel like he was questioning her. The next second, she leaned down and kissed him on his chest hard. She wasn't going to back down now.

She fumbled to take off his pants; the bulge on his crotch was huge and hard.

She tentatively pressed the warm, hard organ which hardened even more.

For a moment, Ariana was motionless, not daring to take the next step.

"Have you suddenly forgotten how to do it?" Theodore asked again in a low, hoarse voice.

His face was red with desire, and he frowned tightly as if not being able to come was a torture for him.

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Ariana glared at him and asked casually, "Who said that? Even if I haven't done it before, I still know very well how it is done."

After saying that, she moved back a little. She kneeled between his legs and took off his trousers and

black underwear.

The hard, hot rod that had been waiting for a long time to be released instantly popped out. It was thick and straight, with huge veins popping out.

It spurted out so quickly and fiercely it almost hit Ariana's face.

Ariana was stunned for a moment and then she reached out her hand cautiously.

'As soon as she grasped the huge organ, it trembled, becoming even hotter and harder. The blood vessels on it became more prominent too.

Theodore was so excited at this point that Ariana could feel his heartbeat from the veins on his rod.

This feeling was strange but very erotic. Ariana's hand was shaking involuntarily, and it took her a while to finally hold the penis firmly, and her hand slowly moved up and down.

Ariana's mind was in a mess from feelings she was far too shy to admit and she had no idea how long she had been rubbing Theodore's penis. It wasn't until she felt a thick liquid on her palms that she came to her senses. Theodore finally reached his orgasm.

Her hands were sticky and an intense feeling of manhood surrounded her.

Theodore pulled out a piece of tissue on the bedside table and wiped her hands.

“You’re really bad at this. You’d better practice it a bit more often in the future.”

Ariana pouted discontentedly and complained, “If I’m going to practice how to serve you like that, why

don’t you do it for me too?”

“Like I haven’t done it before,” Theodore blurted out.

Ariana was stunned and she abruptly lifted her head and looked at the man in front of her intently.

“When? Why don’t I remember?”

Theodore froze and realized he had let the cat out of the bag. It was a new experience for him, and he

felt at a loss, as he had never been at a loss for words.

Although they had just shared their feelings for each other which brought their relationship to a new

height, Ariana still thought she knew Theodore well. At least, she thought they had an inexplicable

bond.

She noticed that Theodore was acting strange and leaned over to ask, “Have you done this for another

woman?”

“No! I’ve never served a woman like that before,” Theodore instantly denied while looking straight into

her eyes confidently.

He had only fingered his wife.

He couldn't let Ariana know about his other identity for now. He had to wait till the time was ripe as he wasn't sure he could appease her if he told her the truth.

Ariana curled her lips. She thought he must be right. Theodore was such a proud man. He was handsome, rich, and powerful. He wouldn't need to fawn over women.

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They would naturally gather around him.

"Fine, you should continue to behave well. Don't let me catch you doing anything wrong," Ariana warned.

Theodore was speechless. They had just gotten together, but he was already seen as dishonest.

Feeling indignant, he held Ariana in his arms and bent over to kiss her forehead.

"No woman deserves my service except for you. You are my wife. It's my duty to please you. Do you want me to demonstrate my love?"

He ran his hand into her trousers without hesitation, slipping his long fingers up her legs.

Ariana hurriedly caught his hand and gripped it tightly while murmuring shyly,

“Stop it. I was just kidding.”

“Please bestow me this opportunity,” Theodore teased as he held her warm belly and licked her earlobe. He then buried his head in her neck and took a deep breath, feeling increasingly aroused again.

His self-control seemed to disappear whenever he touched her.

“No, no, no, let’s do it some other time,” Ariana protested as she looked at him pitifully.

Once he released his desires, they would be hard to control. She couldn’t risk the safety of the baby in her belly. Ariana didn’t dare to make fun of Theodore again.

Whenever she gave him that pitiful look, he would always give in. This time was no different.

“Fine, we’ll do it another time,” Theodore said with a sigh.

Before he let her go, he kissed and sucked her lower lip until it was almost swollen.

Ariana was red all over. Tears welled up in her eyes as she was released from

Theodore’s embrace.

“Help me push the wheelchair here,” Theodore said as he gently pinched her delicate nose.

Ariana got out of bed obediently and brought the wheelchair over. Suddenly, she looked at him in confusion and asked, “Why do you need your wheelchair? Aren’t you going to sleep?”

“I’m still too aroused to sleep,” Theodore replied with a faint smile.

Ariana followed his sight and saw the thing between his legs. When she realized what he meant, her face turned even redder.

“What are you doing, silly? Or do you want to serve me again?”

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“No, no.”

Ariana shook her head firmly and hurriedly pushed Theodore into the bathroom.

She shut the door quickly to avoid looking at his dissatisfaction.

She was dead tired after giving him a hand job. Yet he still wanted to continue?

There was no way she would do it again now.

Ariana made a face at the door.

Soon, the sound of water sounded from the bathroom, and she didn’t wait around any longer. She had

seen his stamina and thought it might be a while before he came out.

She rubbed her belly and went downstairs to heat the food she hadn't finished during dinner.

When she opened the fridge, a strange sound rang.

Startled, she turned to look in the direction of the source. It seemed to be from the greenhouse.

Ariana's heart raced as she set down the items in her hands, her curiosity piqued by the unusual sound

outside. She approached the door of the living room cautiously, taking in the dimly lit greenhouse. The

few street lights cast long, eerie shadows, making the area appear more somber than it did during

daylight hours.

She hesitated, her anxiety rising, before finally stepping out of the living room and into the corridor.

Logically speaking, it couldn't be a burglar. The manor was nestled in the southern suburbs. It was

neither remote nor easily accessible. High walls encompassed the estate, and hidden alarms were

strategically placed throughout. The formidable security measures deterred ordinary thieves from even

considering the location.

Still, the peculiar sound gnawed at her, leaving Ariana on edge. Clutching a lamp to her chest, she

ventured toward the greenhouse with trepidation.

Upon finding the door unlocked, she gently pushed it open and tiptoed inside, her senses heightened.

As her fingers grazed the light switch, a shadow suddenly darted past her.

Ariana's heart leaped into her throat, and the lamp slipped from her trembling hand, shattering upon impact with the ground.

"Meow!" The black figure meowed at Ariana. The moonlight revealed a black cat gracefully perched on a table, its curious gaze locked on the unexpected intruder. Its tail stood tall, swaying gently.

Relief washed over Ariana, her chest heaving as she attempted to steady her breathing. It was only a cat, after all.

Unable to resist the adorable feline, she took a couple of hesitant steps forward and whispered, "Meow, little one, come here."

The black cat lowered itself, its front legs supporting its body. Its enchanting blue eyes, reminiscent of gemstones, remained fixed on Ariana.

The cat permitted her to gently stroke its head, its ears quivering with pleasure.

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Purring contentedly, the feline charmed Ariana's heart.

It was so adorable that she didn't want to leave it alone. She had always longed to raise a cat but never had the chance to do so. This seemed like the perfect opportunity.

Determined to adopt the cat, she decided to introduce it to Theodore first.

However, as she reached to pick it up, the black cat cunningly wriggled free and dashed toward the nearby flowers.

"Don't run away, little one."

The greenhouse teemed with flora, and the black cat weaved its way into a thorny rose bush.

Fearful that the cat might get injured, Ariana pursued it, her concern growing. But the agile feline disappeared among the roses, leaving Ariana alone in the moonlit greenhouse.

Ariana's fleeting dream of raising a cat was ignited and then promptly snuffed out.

With a heavy heart, she turned around to retrieve the broken lamp, intending to return inside and reheat her meal.

As she moved, something caught her eye. Hesitating for a moment, Ariana approached the parterre and carefully parted the sparse branches. A golden shackle, secured in place, came into view.

Her hands shaking, she picked up the shackle and slowly extended it toward the door of the greenhouse.

The chain was rigid and lengthy, only becoming taut when it reached the door, unable to stretch any further.

Anyone shackled here would be unable to reach the doorknob, no matter how hard they struggled.

They would be utterly restrained.

A suffocating sensation gripped Ariana as she gazed at the imposing golden cage.

Then, fear surged through her heart.

Bang! An eerie noise echoed in the quiet greenhouse, followed by a screen crashing to the ground.

Ariana jumped, her heart pounding in her chest. She stared at the fallen screen and scanned her surroundings, her terror escalating.

Just then, the sound of rolling wheels approached from outside the greenhouse, followed by

Theodore's familiar voice.

"Where are you, Ariana?"

Ariana hastily dropped the shackle, her face drained of color.

After getting out of the bathroom, Theodore didn't see Ariana, so he went downstairs to look for her.

The kitchen light was on and a saucepan was placed on the gas stove from which steam rose.

However, there seemed to be no one in the kitchen.