

## Unconscious 1131

### Chapter 1131

With a resigned sigh, Ariana conceded, "Alright, as long as you can guarantee that Sadie behaves herself, cooperates seamlessly, and doesn't fumble her lines, we can work."

"Absolutely, I'll keep a close watch!" the director assured Ariana repeatedly, and only then did Ariana calm down. She then proceeded to the film's opening ceremony.

During the ceremony, Sadie took her position at center stage, a position she'd cunningly maneuvered into, and Ariana stood beside her.

But Sadie wasn't about to let bygones be bygones. She feigned innocence, slyly stepping on Ariana's toes and pretending it was a mere accident.

"Oops, my apologies. It was completely unintentional."

Unimpressed by Sadie's antics, Ariana simply raised an icy brow and ignored her provocations. But Sadie was undeterred; she rolled her eyes at Ariana and occasionally tugged at her dress, leaving Ariana at a loss for words.

Standing on the side, Tyler saw the tension between Ariana and Sadie. He leaned in and said to Ariana, "Let's switch positions." Ariana nodded, and the swap took place. With that, Sadie's mischief subsided.

Just as they were gearing up for the ribbon-cutting ceremony, a staff member burst out with news, "Hold on, we're still awaiting one more investor."

After a brief moment, a sleek black Bentley pulled up, and a tall, sharply-dressed man came out, sporting shades. Angela's Library

Sadie couldn't hide her surprise at his arrival and muttered to herself, "What's he doing here?"

Beforehand, Ariana knew that this film had a producer from Mistlyn, spearheaded by an entrepreneur of notable renown.

As she heard the appellation “entrepreneur of notable renown,” she envisaged a person of more advanced years. To her astonishment, the individual who came was one of their contemporaries.

This gentleman, shrouded in sunglasses, afforded a fleeting glance to Ariana and Sadie before drawing near to Ariana with an amicable smile, extending his hand for a handshake.

“Allow me to introduce myself, Miss Ariana Edwards. | go by the name Zayden Fredrick.”

Upon the utterance of the surname Fredrick, Ariana’s mind instinctively wandered to Holden. She warmly accepted his proffered hand, her curiosity piqued.

“Greetings. Have we met before?”

Zayden, while maintaining an affable smile, continued to subject Ariana to his discerning gaze. “I’ve seen you on the television screen. It’s indeed a pleasure to collaborate with you.” Meanwhile, Sadie observed this exchange, her face turning pale.

She had resided in the bosom of the Fredrick family for over a year yet had not met Zayden. His existence was familiar to her, for he was none other than Holden’s kin, and his face was on photographs she had seen on occasion.

Yet, the outside world harbored whispers of a strained rapport between Zayden and Holden, leaving Sadie uncertain.

She remained unsure about the extent of Zayden’s knowledge regarding the events of five years past.

## Chapter 1132

As Zayden exchanged pleasantries with Ariana, his gaze drifted toward Sadie, and with a friendly demeanor, he uttered, “Hello, Sadie.”

Sadie swiftly snapped back to reality, hiding her disquietude as she reciprocated with a smile. "It's been quite a minute, Zayden." Zayden's smile took on an enigmatic quality as he responded, "I believe this marks our first encounter."

Sadie responded with a nervous chuckle but listened intently as Zayden continued, "Nevertheless, I sense an immediate connection."

Those words momentarily quickened Sadie's heartbeat, but she swiftly regained her composure, steering the conversation toward safer shores.

They exchanged pleasantries before proceeding with the film's inaugural ceremony. Following the ceremony's conclusion, Zayden invited Sadie to accompany him to a nearby cafe, which she accepted readily.

On the way there, unease gnawed at Sadie, but she maintained her poise and tact. She endeavored to gauge Zayden's attitude regarding Holden while asking, "It's been quite a while since you've graced Eleymond with your presence, cousin. What has brought you here so abruptly? Has Holden been apprised of your arrival?"

Zayden's smile retained a hint of enigma as he responded, "I've been gone for a while, so I deemed it appropriate to catch up with Holden over a meal."

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Sadie's disquiet persisted, and she continued to employ subtle probes to glean more information from Zayden. However, he remained evasive, upholding a courteous yet distant facade.

Reaching the cafe, they engaged in casual conversation, but Sadie sensed that she was not extracting any substantive information from him. She contemplated relinquishing her inquiries but opted to broach a different subject, smiling as she broached the topic of her impending wedding.

"By the way, Holden and I are set to exchange vows next month. You must come!"

Upon hearing this, Zayden regarded her with a knowing smile and replied cryptically, "I shall certainly be in attendance. Fortunately, your wedding is drawing quite near. Otherwise, the wedding's leading roles may have to be changed."

Those words caused Sadie's heart to skip a beat, but she forced a smile and inquired, "What exactly do you mean by that?" Zayden abandoned the art of subtlety and stripped away the masquerade.

He leaned back, raised his hands, and said, "Ariana."

In an instant, Sadie got it. Indeed, Zayden knew a thing or two about events from half a decade ago!

Her heart danced a nervous jig, unconsciously squeezing her hands like a vice. But she maintained her facade of ignorance and asked, "What's the connection between Ariana and my union with Holden?"

However, Zayden's grin remained, his eyes fixed on her with an intelligent glint as he uttered slowly, "Your enchanting love story with Holden has become a fireside tale in the entire Fredrick clan.

After an odyssey of years fraught with twists and turns, they all claim that my cousin has at last chosen to wed the woman who held his heart five years ago."

He leaned forward slightly, his index finger doing a gentle tap-dance on the tabletop. "But in the final analysis, you alone discern the cadence of your own heart."

Sadie's heart raced, and her palms got sweaty, Leaving their marks on her attire. She maintained her silence, her complexion betraying her inner turmoil.

## Chapter 1133

What exactly did Zayden know? What were his intentions? Whose side was he on? Sadie's gut told her something for certain; this man was a ticking time bomb!

Her face grew pallid, and she abruptly rose from her seat, declaring, "I'm afraid | must attend to something urgent. | shall take my leave."

Before she could exit, Zayden's men blocked her path.

Zayden nonchalantly stood up, unhurried, and placed a reassuring hand on Sadie's shoulder, gently guiding her back into her seat. He wore a smile that held secrets, saying, "Why the rush, Sadie? My visits to Eleymond are rare, and this meeting ought to be a precious occasion. And since you aspire to be part of the Fredrick family, why don't we prolong our conversation?"

Unaware of when Zayden's accomplices had discreetly come, Sadie grew increasingly anxious and flustered.

Zayden patted her shoulder with a touch of tenderness, leaning in closer as he remarked, "Calm yourself. You're fortunate, you know."

Few are privy to the intricacies of Holden's past. Most have either been transferred or met their untimely demise." With a teasing tone, he shifted the conversation, locking eyes with Sadie.

"But, my dear, your dreams could be in danger. After all, Ariana has made her return. Do you truly believe she'll never cross paths with Holden again in this lifetime?"

Sadie clenched her fists, took a deep breath, and summoned a forced smile.

"Even if she does, what of it? I'm the one who stands beside him now, and I've earned my place!"

"Your place?" Zayden sneered, arching an eyebrow.

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"Where, pray tell, did you acquire this position?"

"Simply put, by bearing Holden's child," Sadie replied through clenched teeth, struggling to maintain her facade. Zayden regarded her with a wry smile before tossing a document on the table before her.

Sadie opened the document, and a series of printed photographs met her gaze. They were of the fateful day she had doled out punishment to Adele in the lounge of the mall.

Her body instantly ran cold, nerves gnawing at her.

She had no clue how Zayden had gotten these images, what sinister purpose they could serve, or whether Holden was privy to this dark chapter of her past.

Witnessing Sadie's pallor, Zayden couldn't hide his delight.

"One of my people happened to be overseeing that lounge area. Coincidentally, on that day, Holden misplaced something and had my man review the surveillance footage to recover it. Little did they anticipate stumbling upon such a captivating incident. Be thankful that these photographs haven't fallen directly into Holden's hands."

At this point, Sadie could scarcely remain seated, her anxiety palpable. She stared at Zayden, her unease on full display. "What are you trying to say?" Zayden smirked and asked with a sinister edge, "Tell me, my dear, is Adele truly your flesh and blood?"

Ashiver coursed through Sadie, her response still forming when Zayden went on, "Rumor has it that Ariana was expecting twins back then, but now she's returned with only one child. It piqued my curiosity. Five years ago, Ariana did indeed give birth to twins. Her daughter, however, was frail and had to be placed in an incubator at the hospital. Then, just a few days later, that very hospital was mysteriously engulfed in flames, and her daughter met a tragic end.

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Quite the intriguing coincidence, wouldn't you say?"

Zayden recounted the tale in a matter-of-fact tone, never taking his eyes off Sadie's. She was so nervous; it was as though the air had been sucked out of the room.

He continued with a sardonic grin, "I'm awfully curious about your role in their lives five years ago. To my knowledge, you were never in the picture when it came to Holden — or should I say Theodore — at that time."

Sadie's heart, once fortified like a fortress, crumbled in an instant. She agitatedly tossed the photos aside, her face turning red like a ripe tomato.

"Zayden, what's your endgame here? Spit it out! Do you honestly think I'd swallow your tall tales based on a handful of photographs?"

Zayden, the picture of composure, seemed to revel in Sadie's mounting frustration. She couldn't help but raise her voice, exclaiming, "Five years ago, Holden and I were as inseparable as peanut butter and jelly. Adele is the apple of our eye, and that woman, Ariana, has no place in this picture!"

"Damn, you're as stubborn as a mule!" Zayden looked at her, his indifference to her stubbornness only fanning the flames of Sadie's anger.

"Since you're convinced of your unwavering love for Holden, let's see how things pan out!"  
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With that, Zayden rose to his feet, ready to exit. He turned to his loyal assistant and issued a command, "Send a copy of the surveillance footage from the lounge to Holden."

Upon hearing this, Sadie's eyes blazed with fury, and she couldn't restrain her agitation. She bellowed, "You dare!"

"What do I have to lose? I stand to gain, and I get to enjoy the Show!!" Zayden remarked, raising an eyebrow as he shot a glance at Sadie.

Trembling with infurcation, Sadie locked eyes with Zayden.

With a calm demeanor, he signaled to his assistant to step aside and, with indifference, addressed her, "You seem quite worked up. It doesn't look like you're ready to join the Fredrick clan just yet.

Relax, I accept you as my cousin-in-law. You and Holden have been an item for so long now. Just arrange a wedding with him, obtain your marriage certificate, and everything will fall into place. What's there to fret about?"

Zayden offered these reassuring words, and gradually, Sadie regained her composure. She understood that Zayden was employing a mix of persuasion and pressure for a specific purpose. Taking a deep breath, she inquired, "After all this talk, what is it that you truly desire?"

Zayden grinned, settling back into his seat.

"It's quite straightforward. I came to you hoping for a partnership."

Sadie collected herself and sat, holding her coffee cup and probing, "What are you proposing?"

"I can help you smoothly ascend to the position of the Fredrick family's young mistress, and I won't let Holden in on any of the past, but there's a little favor you'd need to do for me as well,"

Zayden stated calmly, revealing his true intentions. Sadie fell silent momentarily before inquiring, "And what is this favor you're asking of me?" Zayden continued in his unhurried manner as if the request he was making was of little consequence.

"In Holden's study, there lies a certain document. I'd like you to get it for me."

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Sadie instantly grew wary, her gaze fixed intently on Zayden. "What kind of document is it, and why are you so keen on having it? "Why the jitters?" Zayden chuckled lightly.

"It's nothing more than a small document, hardly a needle in a haystack when it comes to jeopardizing Holden's standing within the Fredrick family. It's simply a personal matter between him and me."

Sadie pondered for a moment. Though Zayden assured her it wouldn't affect Holden's status, she couldn't shake the feeling that it held some significance.

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Regardless, she believed that any rift between them could be mended in the future. After all, she and Holden had weathered many storms in the past.

What truly mattered was securing her future, ensuring that Holden remained in the dark about Adele's mistreatment. Zayden was confident she would agree, nonchalantly swinging his crossed legs as he awaited her response.

After a brief pause, Sadie lifted her gaze to meet Zayden's and nodded.

"Very well, it's a deal."

After the inaugural ceremony, Tyler was swept up in a whirlwind of commitments, leaving him with no choice but to make a hasty exit from the set. He exchanged a few words with Ariana, and they both left the filming location, their paths diverging.

However, Ariana didn't drive straight home. Instead, she steered her way to a store and loaded up on cleaning supplies before heading for the Evergreen Apartments.

Ever since she had made the decision to face her past head-on, she had been contemplating giving her apartment a good old-fashioned scrubbing. She believed that, down the road, she could drop by there from time to time.

Reaching the apartment, Ariana pushed the door open and was greeted by a sight that took her breath away. All the furniture stood bare, stripped of the dust covers she had left covering them. The place had been cleaned within an inch of its life.

Ariana stood there, frozen in her tracks, clutching the broom like a knight's sword, ready to defend herself.

Her thoughts of Theodore coming back had been cast adrift since her last visit. Now, her immediate instinct was that an intruder had invaded her place.

She had heard tales of unoccupied homes being taken over by bold strangers who made themselves right at home.

Uncertain whether the intruder still lurked within, Ariana inched forward cautiously, her senses on high alert. She scoured every nook and cranny but found no trace of anyone. However, there were clear signs that someone had laid on the bed, and the refrigerator held a trove of unexplained beer bottles.

It seemed the intruder was a man.

Ariana was ablaze with anger. The notion of someone occupying the place she had once shared with Theodore fueled her fury.

She reached for her phone, considering alerting the authorities to this unwelcome intrusion. But no valuables were missing, and she lacked concrete evidence.

Instead of making that call, Ariana decided to take matters into her own hands and apprehend the trespasser herself. She embarked on a meticulous search of the house, hoping to find some clues.

She had left in such a rush the last time that she hadn't had a chance to install any cameras. The idea of changing the locks had crossed her mind but gave her pause because Theodore's fingerprints were enrolled in them.

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After careful consideration, Ariana went out to get a surveillance camera, secretly placing it in an obscure corner. She wanted to know the audacious individual who had gallantly invaded her place.

With the camera now in place, Ariana still seethed with anger. She hoped the intruder could return later in the day. To get this intruder, she dedicated her entire afternoon to the apartment. Alas, the intruder never surfaced!

Glancing at the time, she realized that her son's summer camp was drawing to a close for the day, and she needed to collect him.

After waiting a while longer, with no sign of the intruder, Ariana reluctantly took her leave of the apartment, intending to review the surveillance footage the following day.

Meanwhile, back at Holden's residence, Sadie returned home to find Holden deeply engrossed in his work on the sofa. She moved gracefully toward him, her voice as sweet as honey as she inquired, "Darling, you've been absent from home for the past two evenings. Where have you been?"

Holden didn't so much as bat an eyelash as he replied, "At the office."

Undeterred by his indifference, Sadie continued her approach, her words dripping with affection. "I've found the perfect wedding venue.

When can we carve out some time to see it together?"

Holden remained cool and impassive, creating an ever-widening chasm between them. He continued to work, not sparing her even a fleeting glance, and responded flat, unenthusiastic, "You can decide on the wedding plans."

Sadie recalled something and came closer, unfazed by Holden's icy tone. She took out her phone and said, "Look, I found our group photo from five years ago!"

ninjanovel.com Only when Holden raised his head did he finally direct his gaze toward the photograph. Upon laying eyes upon the image, he involuntarily paused for a moment.

At first glance, the photograph appeared unremarkable, yet there was an uncanny resemblance between his hairstyle in the picture and the one Melon had shown him.

His suspicion grew, prompting a squint of his eyes. Holden accepted the photo from Sadie's hand and subjected it to a meticulous examination. An unsettling feeling gnawed at him, but he couldn't quite articulate the source of his disquiet. Furthermore, nothing appeared amiss at a cursory glance.

Sadie offered an explanation, "This photograph was taken accidentally during our time together. We never anticipated stumbling upon it."

Holden nodded casually, his thoughts racing. Something about the photo nagged at him, but he refrained from voicing his concerns, deciding instead to consult experts later.

With a gentler expression, he replied, "Well, please send me this photo. I'll keep it as a memento."

Sadie's joy was palpable, interpreting Holden's willingness to retain the photo as a sign of his interest in nurturing their relationship.

She eagerly agreed, "Of course, I'll send it to you right away."

#### Chapter 1137

Following dinner, Sadie and Holden found themselves in the Living room. She idly toyed with her phone, anticipating the moment when Holden would go and put Adele to bed so that she could clandestinely enter Holden's study and locate the document Zayden had requested.

Finally, the time arrived for Adele to sleep, and Holden proceeded to her room to tuck her in as usual. Seizing the opportunity, Sadie discreetly stashed her phone and tiptoed into Holden's study.

Zayden had merely mentioned the document's red cover, leaving her somewhat daunted by the vast and unfamiliar expanse of Holden's study.

Additionally, her anxiety and nerves conspired against her, causing her to unintentionally make noises as she moved about.

After an arduous journey to reach the desk, Sadie anxiously scoured its surface but failed to locate the red-covered document Zayden had alluded to.

At that precise moment, an unexpected tap landed on her shoulder.

The shock sent tremors through Sadie's entire body, leaving her frozen in place. It took every ounce of her courage for her to gradually turn around and confront the source of the disturbance.

Out of the corner of her eye, she glimpsed a tuft of gray hair and spun around to discover Devin standing there, a cup of coffee in his hand. He inquired, "Miss Pierre, what brings you to this room?"

Seeing that it wasn't Holden, Sadie's tension ebbed, and she composed herself. She explained, "I... I believe I may have dropped an earring in here, so I came to search for it."

Devin refrained from probing further and instead asked, "And where is Mr. Fredrick? Shall I bring him the coffee?" "He's in Adele's room," Sadie promptly replied.

Devin nodded and departed. Finally, Sadie could exhale a sigh of relief, but the recent scare had left her rattled. She didn't dare linger any longer and hastily exited the study.

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After Adele was asleep, Holden returned to find Devin holding the coffee by the doorway.

Sensing that something was awry, he inquired, "What's the matter?"

Devin hesitated briefly before disclosing, "I heard some commotion in the study just now and found Miss Pierre rifling through some documents."

Holden took a sip of the coffee, his countenance inscrutable as he pondered for a moment before remarking, "I understand. Let's not address it immediately. We'll investigate her intentions."

Then he provided Devin with an address. "Take Adele to this villa tomorrow for the consultation with the child psychologist."

Devin refrained from asking further questions, simply nodding in agreement. He believed it wise to keep Ariana, Holden, and Sadie apart to prevent potential conflicts.

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After wrapping things up with Devin, Holden had no plans to head back to his room and take a breather. Instead, he snatched up his car keys, made his way to the garage, and drove solo to Evergreen Apartments.

He had managed to get the door open here on a previous visit. Since then, he'd visited twice, fingers crossed each time, hoping to bump into the apartment's other tenant.

Something about the apartment put Holden at ease. His restless nights became a thing of the past. He caught some solid Zs here, so he bunked at this place for the last few nights.

Holden started to see this place as his own home. He was tossing the groceries he'd just bought into the fridge when he realized a beer from the previous night's haul was missing. Did he mess up the count?

Pushing that thought aside, Holden squared away the rest of his groceries and decided to get cleaned up to rest. The following morning, Ariana was in the kitchen, whipping up some desserts.

Devin had texted her the previous evening, giving her a heads-up that Adele would swing by for a consultation. So, Ariana got a jump start on things and baked Adele's go-to cake.

Just then, the doorbell chimed.

Setting the cake aside, Ariana went to answer it. There stood Devin and Adele.

Seeing Ariana, Adele kept her lips sealed. But her arms spoke volumes as they reached out, itching to hug Ariana. Ariana, taking in the sight of Adele, felt a warmth in her chest. In a swift move, she picked the little girl up and beamed. "Guess what? | baked your favorite cake today."

Adele's face lit up, and she gifted Ariana with a grin, showing off a subtle dimple. She latched onto Ariana, holding on tight, her head snuggled into Ariana's shoulder, rubbing her cheek lovingly against.

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Ariana was filled with joy, allowing the tight embrace. She shifted one hand to gently pat Adele's head, her smile soft and caring. Watching the two, Devin felt a tug at his heartstrings. Clearly, Adele had taken a shine to Ariana.

And as he eyed Ariana again, she hardly came off as cold-hearted.

The thought of her being the same woman who'd left Holden high and dry after an accident didn't sit right with him. Maybe they all got their wires crossed.

That thought made Devin let out a weary sigh.

Years had rolled by, and the clarity of whether it was a mix-up had faded.

Aldus was no longer around, and Holden's memories of Ariana were all but gone.

Only a handful of people knew about that year's happenings, and the real story seemed to lose its edge, drifting into obscurity. His main hope now was that Ariana could work her magic on Adele's condition.

And as for Holden, it was probably best for Ariana to steer clear of him.

Devin's heart weighed heavy, especially since Holden was set to tie the knot with Sadie. Revealing Ariana's true identity to Holden now would only pile on more heartache.

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"Devin, want to step in and take a load off?" Ariana inquired.

Devin, yanked back to the moment, declined.

"Nah. Got other fish to fry. Just watch over Adele, okay?"

Handing over Adele's little backpack, he filled Ariana in on the latest about Adele, and they settled on a time for Adele's pick-up. Wrapping up, Devin was about to hit the road when a familiar kid's voice echoed.

"Mom, did sis get here yet?"

That voice made Devin stop dead. Whipping around, and just as Ariana was nearly shutting the door, he spotted the unmistakable silhouette of Melon.

Before he knew it, Ariana had shut the door.

Staring at that firmly closed door, disbelief was plastered all over Devin's face. He was sure he had just caught a fleeting glimpse of Melon inside!

Having keenly watched Melon at the summer camp, Devin was familiar with his looks and voice. And that quick peek moments ago just confirmed his hunch.

A thrill ran through Devin, making his hands quiver. [ninjanovel.com](http://ninjanovel.com)

Now, if that kid went by the name Max and was Ariana's child... And given that Melon looked to be about four or five, it synced up with events from half a decade ago.

Melon was the spitting image of a young Holden. It was no wonder Devin had considered him as a Fredrick at the camp. Melon had to be Holden's son!

So, Ariana hadn't gone ahead with the abortion, and she had given birth to the kid after the crash.

The gravity of it all had Devin buzzing. He was itching to head back in and get to Melon.

After all, Melon was the next in line for the Fredrick legacy. If only Aldus were around, he would be over the moon with a granddaughter and a grandson.



But as thoughts of Adele filled his mind, Devin's enthusiasm cooled.

Bringing Melon into the Fredrick family meant that Holden needed to acknowledge Ariana. But what about Adele?

Even though Sadie wasn't his favorite person, she was still the mother of Adele. If Holden and Ariana reconnected, where would that leave Sadie? And in turn, where would Adele stand?

Aldus's last words still echoed in Devin's mind. He didn't want to dredge up Holden's hurtful past. Both Melon and Adele mattered, no doubt.

Yet, Holden was about to marry Sadie.

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It was all said and done.

After wrestling with his thoughts, a resigned sigh escaped Devin. He shook off the dilemma and ambled out of the villa. Inside, Ariana was in the midst of coaching Adele, leading her to be more vocal.

Adele, seated on a plush carpet and clutching a toy, had Melon beside her, showing off his toy collection.

Under Ariana's gentle guide, Adele finally called out to Melon, "Melon."

Her voice was light and melodic. Melon, hearing it, beamed and said, "I'm right here!"

With that, Melon dived into a toy box, digging out his prized possessions. He handed them to Adele, eager to share.

Seeing mealtime nearing, Ariana shot them a smile, ruffling their hair. Letting them continue their play, she made her way to the kitchen.

At this time, a buzz from her phone caught her attention. It was a message from Sonia. Flipping through the sent photos, each snap showed Sadie, donning a mask, sneaking into a standalone three-story establishment.

Ariana's brows furrowed. But then, another text from Sonia cleared the air.

"Take a look at this. I did my research on that place. Just one tenant: a private cosmetic surgery joint. Do you think Sadie had plastic surgery there?"

Ariana responded with a touch of pragmatism.

"Celebrities tweaking their features is nothing new. You know how the entertainment world works." Sonia replied, "Then why can't I spot any signs of work on Sadie?"

And for someone as big as her to sneak into that back-alley clinic?

It doesn't add up."

"She might've been after the secrecy," Ariana responded.

"Private places tend to be more tight-lipped."

Despite Ariana's reservations about Sadie, she wasn't keen on making a fuss about a seemingly trivial detail. So what if Sadie went to a discreet cosmetic surgeon?

The duo batted ideas back and forth but ended up at a dead end.

"There's something strange with Sadie," Sonia declared.

“I won't rest until I find out what's going on.”

After telling Sonia to be careful with her investigation, Ariana turned her attention to dinner preparations.

She spent most of the day looking after the kids until Shawn dropped by in the evening to fetch Adele.