

Unconscious 1171

Chapter 1171

After a short while, he got up, cigar in hand, and walked to a quieter spot. Once away from any noise, Zayden nonchalantly dialed Sadie's number.

"Hello, how is it progressing with the documents? You either show me your loyalty soon enough, or I won't be able to help you," Zayden said. He paused for a short while and added, "By the way, just so you know, Holden is trying to dig up information about you on the dark web."

The bracelet incident had made Sadie quite anxious, and Zayden's call didn't make her feel better. Sadie quickly replied in a hushed voice, "I will do what you asked as quickly as possible. You can't let Holden know the truth about me, please. I'm begging you."

Zayden scoffed and replied casually, "I want those documents." Sadie didn't think twice and said, "Three days! Please, help me. I promise to get the information within three days." "Alright, I'll give you three more days!" With that, Zayden abruptly hung up.

Seeing that Zayden had ended the call, Sadie angrily threw her phone onto the couch. At this moment, her heart was filled with nervousness and fear, and her fingers trembled uncontrollably.

She couldn't figure out where things had gone wrong. Why would Holden suddenly have suspicions about her at this critical moment, to the point where he even resorted to the dark web to investigate her?

She had been part of the Fredrick family for almost a year, and Holden had never doubted her before. Why had he suddenly started having doubts now? She figured he must have discovered something that had raised his suspicions, and she was determined to find out what it was.

Sadie's heart was pounding. She had fabricated a considerable amount of background information for herself, making connections wherever she could. She had even managed to create fake friends and relatives.

Although her efforts had been thorough, she knew full well that none of this fabricated information would withstand Holden's scrutiny.

Furthermore, the fact that he chose to use the dark web meant that he would quickly discover everything and expose her. While she was in intense anxiety, Sadie's gaze fell on Adele, who was playing in the garden. She clenched her fists, and her eyes flashed with firm determination.

She had to do something to solidify her position as Holden's future wife. She couldn't afford to be exposed now, especially with their wedding approaching.

Thinking of that, Sadie composed herself and put on a smile. Then, she walked over to Adele. She felt that as long as she controlled Adele, she still had leverage on Holden.

That evening, Holden returned home from the hospital.

When he walked inside the villa, he saw Adele in the living room, her face smeared with cake.

Holden's heart melted like butter, and he walked over to wipe his lovely daughter's face as he held her in his arms.

At this time, Adele carefully forked a piece of cake and brought it to Holden's mouth, whispering, "Daddy, eat. Mommy made it."

Chapter 1172

Adele was still stammering, and her sentences weren't very coherent yet. But the fact that she was willing to speak delighted Holden.

He took the cake she handed him. He was happy to see that there was at least some improvement in her condition. Holden sat down with his daughter, and the two ate the cake happily. Adele lowered her head to fork some more cake and then looked up at Holden.

"Mommy is good. Adele likes Mommy. Daddy, be nice to Mommy," she stammered. Hearing Adele stringing together so many words, Holden's heart swelled in pride, and he ruffled her soft hair affectionately. He envisioned a future where Adele would live a normal life like any other child.

Just then, Sadie emerged from the kitchen with freshly baked cookies, basked in a welcoming glow. Her eyes glimmered at the sight of Holden smiling warmly at Adele, and she instantly assumed the picturesque role of the ideal wife and mother. Accompanied by the sweet smell of baked goods, she approached them with a gentle smile on her lips and said, "Holden, I made some pastries. Adele loves them. Would you like to have some, too?"

"I've already eaten," Holden replied, his tone casual as he maintained a front of normalcy. Sadie's smile didn't falter, and she didn't press him to eat, either.

Instead, she lifted Adele in her arms, took the fork, and fed her some more pastry. As she did, she gently ushered her into speaking.

"Adele, is this yummy?" Adele didn't reply, her eyes wandering in a childlike manner. Sadie didn't get frustrated and continued to coax her into speaking. Finally, with Sadie's guidance, Adele nodded cutely and agreed, "Yummy."

Holden observed their exchange with satisfaction. He was pleased to see Sadie helping Adele develop and Adele responding in return. It was a rare moment for him to witness as it was one of the times he didn't immediately retreat to his study but chose to keep them company when he returned home.

Sadie felt a sense of triumph at the sight of Holden lingering around, gazing at them fondly. She realized the significance of Adele and her aptness in capturing Holden's attention for an unusually long time.

However, just as she was reveling in her success, Adele, who was enjoying a mouthful of cake, suddenly blubbered and spat it out. Her mouth was smeared with cream and crumbs, and she burst into tears, crying.

"Not eating, too full!"

Adele suddenly became frantic, sobbing and insisting that she didn't want to eat, which caused Sadie to freeze. She felt a surge of panic rising inside her chest as her mind raced on what could be wrong.

"Goddamn it, I should have known not to feed her so much. But this bastard wouldn't say that unless I fed her cakes!" Sadie muttered to herself, gritting her teeth in frustration. She had come up with the idea of using food to coax Adele into speaking those few words she instructed her to say to Holden.

Worried that Holden might notice that something was off with Adele, Sadie reacted quickly the moment the child dissolved into sobs and raised her voice to drown out the crying. She held little Adele in her arms, wiping the cake and tears off her face, and said, "Alright, alright, you don't have to eat anymore. Mommy's here. Adele, be good."

As she spoke softly, she cuddled Adele in her arms and hushed her sniffles, occasionally stealing anxious glances at Holden, fearing that he might form doubts about this situation.

Chapter 1173

Holden watched Sadie cradle Adele, and his eyes narrowed in suspicion.

He could sense something was amiss from the way they were both behaving. He turned over what Adele had just said in his mind, fathoming what she could have meant.

Suddenly, he became aware that Adele was crying and calling him. He snapped out of his thoughts. He quickly took Adele to his arms and comforted her cries. Then, he turned to Sadie and said, "I'll take her upstairs to wash up."

Sadie didn't dare to object.

With Adele snuggled in his arms, sniffing occasionally, Holden carried her upstairs to clean her up. While washing, he squatted down and asked gently, "Adele, how much cake did you eat just now?"

Adele kept her head down and remained silent, twiddling her tiny fingers. Holden tried again softly and gently. "Before Daddy came home, did Mommy give you a lot to eat? Is that why you didn't want to eat?"

Adele was still clammed up, her expression passive as she played with the buttons on her shirt as if she had blocked out the world.

Holden continued to try and persuade her to speak as gently as he could, but Adele remained unresponsive.

Eventually, after trying all the ways he could think of, Holden sighed in resignation and decided to stop. He gently wiped Adele's face, washed his hands, and was about to help her dry hers when Adele suddenly mumbled, "Love Mommy, or Daddy will go."

Though the sentences appeared somewhat disjointed and Adele's voice barely reached Holden's ears, it caused Holden's heart to skip a beat, prompting him to kneel before her and inquire, "Adele, what did you just say? Can you repeat it for Daddy?"

At this moment, Adele fell silent once more. Despite Holden's persistent inquiries, she refused to speak, merely extending her arms and insisting, "Down, down."

Reluctantly, Holden understood that "down" implied a trip to the study. He carried her downstairs.

Upon entering the study, Adele wriggled free from Holden's embrace and toddled to the desk to retrieve his phone. Her wide, expectant eyes glistened with anticipation, fixed unblinkingly on Holden.

Without hesitation, she proffered the device to him.

Holden found himself unable to resist that beseeching gaze. He crouched down, his fingers tenderly grazing Adele's tousled hair, as he gently inquired, "Adele, do you wish to make a phone call to someone?"

Adele bowed her head, her response a hushed silence, her tiny fingers tracing patterns across the screen.

With unwavering patience, Holden waited. In time, Adele nodded, her voice a soft murmur.

"Call."

“And who would you like to call, Adele?” Holden asked, his tone imbued with tenderness.

Chapter 1174

Once more, Adele lowered her head. After a protracted pause, she whispered the word “Aria.”

In that instant, Holden’s heart swelled with warmth. He had observed the depth of Adele’s reliance on and affection for Ariana, particularly in light of the progress Adele had made in speech, a testament to Ariana’s devoted efforts.

He settled Adele onto the sofa, his words a gentle murmur.

“But it's rather late now, and Aria may already be asleep.”

He had departed during Ariana’s peaceful repose, fully aware of her need for rest due to her injury. Holden couldn’t help but recall Ariana’s appearance at the hospital, evoking a tangle of emotions.

Adele cast her gaze downward, toying with her own fingers. After a while, she raised her hopeful eyes to Holden, a soft utterance escaping her lips.

“Aria, miss.”

Seeing his daughter’s earnest plea, Holden found it impossible to resist her request. Denial was out of the question. He sought to console her, saying, “Very well, we shall call Aria. If she doesn’t answer, then we’ll both take some rest, alright?”

Adele offered a slight nod, her eyes sparkling with anticipation as she fixed her gaze upon Holden.

In a contemplative moment, Holden decided to employ a secondary work phone to reach out to Ariana. He presumed she would be at the hospital, Likely in repose, and might not respond.

To his astonishment, after a couple of rings, Ariana picked up the call.

“Hello?” came a gentle woman’s voice from the other end. Holden momentarily faltered, enveloped in silence. Ariana found the call perplexing, her gaze fixed on the unfamiliar number.

Her furrowed brow signified a lack of recognition, and the call did not possess the characteristics of a prank.

“Hello? Who is this? If you remain silent, I’ll end the call.”

At that juncture, Adele chimed in, softly uttering, “Aria.”

Ariana recognized it instantly, and a pleasant surprise overcame her.

She inquired, “Is this Adele?”

Adele replied with a soft, affirmative “Mmm.”

Chapter 1175

The call from Adele brought joy to Ariana, but a fleeting memory gave her pause. After a brief hesitation, she queried, “Is your daddy there, too? Is this his phone?”

Adele muttered a response and then said, “Go out.”

Ariana knew that Adele meant Holden wasn’t around. She checked the unfamiliar number on her phone and thought that it was probably his other number.

Without dwelling on it, Ariana smiled and conversed with Adele.

Adele’s words were scarce and sporadic, yet Ariana managed to understand her, and Adele listened attentively, responding to most of what Ariana shared.

As time passed, Ariana heard Adele yawn, so she comforted her before ending the call. After that, Ariana’s phone screen stayed on the call-ending interface.

Emotions swirled inside her as she gazed at the number.

She clicked to exit and noticed a ten-minute call record from Holden.

There was a high probability that Holden was the one who had rescued her once again. Ariana had lost track of how many times Holden had rescued her.

Feeling frustrated, she ran her fingers through her hair. Her plan to keep a safe distance from Holden was failing as their connection deepened.

Now, even when she saw Adele, she couldn't help but consider Holden first. She tried to create space between them but had now found herself indebted to him and trapped in a cycle of favors.

Overwhelmed, she lay on her bed and pulled the covers over her head.

The following morning, Remy arrived at the hospital room early.

Despite his imposing stature, standing over six feet tall, he appeared pitifully nervous as he carefully peeked inside. Ariana noticed him and asked, puzzled, "Why are you sneaking around out there? Come in." Upon entering, Remy, without speaking, performed a flawless ninety-degree bow, surprising Ariana.

Expressing his gratitude, Remy stated, "I can't thank you enough. I dread to imagine what would've happened to my child without your intervention."

Ariana shook her head and said, "It's fine, as long as your child is safe."

Chapter 1176

Remy, feeling even more remorseful, hesitated briefly before bowing and admitting, "I apologize! The other day, I was the one who messed with the circuit breakers at your villa. I was being petty and small-minded. I hope you can forgive me."

Surprised by his confession, Ariana reassured him, "It's alright. It's in the past." Honestly, she hadn't thought much about the incident and didn't find it a big deal.

Despite this, Remy still felt guilty. He told Ariana, "Think of us as friends now. If you ever need anything, just ask. I have been in the entertainment world for years and have connections."

Ariana casually nodded and responded, "Thank you."

Then, Remy went on, "I did plan to see you yesterday, but you were still asleep, so I didn't want to disturb you. By the way, the person keeping an eye on you in the hospital last night, is he your boyfriend? He stayed with you all night. He looked quite handsome."

Upon hearing these words, Ariana furrowed her brows. Had someone been watching over her throughout the entire night yesterday? Why hadn't she known about it? No one had mentioned it to her, either.

Her initial thought centered on whether it could have been Mitchel.

But then again, yesterday, once she woke up, Mitchel had left with Rodney, hadn't he? Had he returned after dropping Rodney off at the hospital entrance?

However, the individual who had come to see her appeared to be doing so covertly. It seemed that no one else was aware of this clandestine visit except for Remy. If it were Mitchel, he wouldn't need to be so secretive or cautious.

So, Ariana inquired, "Did he wear glasses?"

Remy shook his head and replied, "No, he didn't. But he's remarkably handsome. I've worked with numerous celebrities before, and I don't think any of them hold a candle to his good looks. He exudes an extraordinary charm, particularly when he's in a suit. He emanates the aura of a powerful CEO from a novel, with his high eyebrows and distinguished nose. He's truly handsome."

As Ariana absorbed this description, it all boiled down to one phrase:

“a handsome man in a suit.”

She couldn't conjure a specific facial image in her mind, nor could she visualize his appearance. Nevertheless, she harbored a vague suspicion that it might be Holden.

After all, only Holden would secretly slip in to visit her.

“He wasn't my boyfriend,” Ariana replied calmly. Following a brief pause, she added, “Just a regular online friend.”

“Oh, I see,” Remy scratched his head, somewhat awkwardly.

“Sorry about that. It seemed like you two were a good match.”

Chapter 1177

Ariana had considered explaining that he had a fiancée, but it felt like it would only complicate matters further. So, she chose not to elaborate and smoothly changed the subject.

After conversing for a while, Remy left. Before long, Melon arrived with a nurse by his side. Upon seeing Ariana injured, Melon became deeply upset, his eyes welling up with tears. Ariana swiftly enveloped him in her loving embrace, her voice a gentle, soothing coo. “There, there, Mommy is perfectly fine now.”

Melon, in a quiet moment, let tears fall before delicately blowing on Ariana's wound. He asked, “Mommy, does it still hurt? I'll blow on it for you.”

“Just a gentle breeze from Melon, and Mommy's pain vanishes,” Ariana said with a warm smile, affectionately pinching his cheek.

“Don't cry, sweetheart; Mommy is okay.”

Melon wiped his tears away and lowered his head, murmuring softly, “Mommy is hurt. Why isn't Daddy back yet?” Ariana tenderly patted his back to comfort him.

“Daddy has some important matters to attend to.”

But Melon stubbornly shook his head, determination gleaming in his eyes.

“I won't Listen; I want to call Daddy and ask him why he's not coming back.”

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Unable to resist Melon's insistence, Ariana placed the phone in his small hand and watched him make a call.

Upon hearing the voice from the other end, an overwhelming wave of awkwardness coursed through Ariana.

Melon, a mixture of sniffles and anger, exclaimed, “Daddy, your wife was stabbed, and yet you're not coming to see her?”

For a brief moment, a heavy silence hung between the two adults, shrouding the room in an uncomfortable atmosphere.

Ultimately, it was Holden who chose to break the oppressive silence.

He cleared his throat and inquired with a measured tone, “How are you now? Are you feeling better? Does the wound still hurt?”

“Much better,” Ariana replied.

Chapter 1178

On the other end of the line, Holden expressed gentle concern, feigning ignorance, and inquired, “How did you sustain your injury?”

Who did it?" Ariana provided a succinct and matter-of-fact account, addressing each question with precision.

Nevertheless, the person on the other end of the line remained steadfast in his role as a concerned husband, causing Ariana's cheeks to flush with embarrassment and shyness.

Noticing Ariana's blushing countenance, Melon grew immediately concerned and urgently asked, "Mommy, why are you blushing? Are you running a fever? Should I call the doctor?"

For a protracted, uneasy moment, Holden, on the opposite end of the phone, lapsed into silence, a pause that Ariana also endured.

Ariana's countenance blushed a deep crimson, her inner turmoil palpable. How could Melon lay bare her vulnerabilities in such a manner, casting a shadow over her reputation?

In an effort to end the embarrassment, Ariana engaged in a few more strained pleasantries before deliberately releasing an exaggerated yawn.

"Oh, my, I'm quite fatigued. It's high time I retired for the night. We'll chat again soon!" Without waiting for a response, she swiftly ended the call.

Immediately upon disconnecting, Ariana flung the phone aside as if it had scalded her, cradling her head in her hands. Her silent scream resonated with the weight of her shame.

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Her flaming cheeks seemed to resist cooling while that voice, eerily reminiscent of Theodore's, was still in her thoughts. In dire need of distraction, Ariana switched on the television, only for young Melon to undermine her yet again.

"But Mommy, I thought you were sleepy? Why are you watching TV now?"

Ariana snapped. Seizing the boy roughly, she sank her teeth into his soft, pale cheek in a vicious nip.

“Not another word from you, starting this very moment!” she threatened.

Melon, perplexed by his mother's wrath, looked pitiful but dared not defy her dominance.

Meanwhile, Holden couldn't stifle a chuckle once the line fell silent.

Alongside his laughter, an intense yearning to meet Ariana in person surged within him.

The realization jolted him. She had thoroughly enchanted him.

When Shawn entered, he discovered Holden beaming more brightly than he had in quite some time, feeling Intrigued.

Chapter 1179

Happiness, however, proved fleeting.

Advancing with purpose, Shawn assumed a solemn expression as he handed over a folder.

“I'm afraid | bear unfortunate tidings, sir. It appears that our semiconductor operation in Mistlyn has been intercepted by Zayden.” Holden’s brows furrowed sharply at the news. He snatched the folder, briefly scanning it before tossing it aside in irritation. “Investigate this immediately. | need to know precisely what occurred,” he commanded, his voice icy.

Holden was well aware that his cousin Zayden held nothing but resentment for him. In the past, Zayden never missed an opportunity to make a fool of himself with petty antics whenever Holden was around.

Holden had always taken great pains to avoid Zayden.

Ever since his grandfather had relinquished full control of the Fredrick Group to Holden, Zayden had set out to build his own empire, all the while tirelessly working behind the scenes to undermine Holden's efforts.

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For nearly half a year, Holden had meticulously laid the groundwork for this groundbreaking semiconductor project. If successful, the Fredrick Group's new chips would unquestionably dominate the market.

By interfering now, Zayden was clearly courting disaster.

A cold smile crept across Holden's face. If Zayden insisted on snatching from the tiger's jaws, then neither of them would profit from the venture. Holden would ensure that.

Yet, questions gnawed at him. How had Zayden learned of the top-secret project in the first place? And how had he obtained confidential documents that should have been securely locked away?

His study!

This realization shot through Holden like a bolt of lightning. Devin had mentioned Sadie's curious activities in his study. Holden's narrowed eyes reflected the crystallization of his suspicions.

"One moment," Holden called sharply, stopping Shawn as he turned to leave.

"Delve into Sadie's recent activities and her associations. I wish to ascertain whether she harbors any connection to Zayden."

Chapter 1180

Upon hearing these words, Shawn displayed a subtle surprise. Why would Miss Pierre be linked to Zayden? Could it be due to this particular incident?

At that moment, Holden's memory stirred, recalling the incident when Adele had indulged in cakes only to regurgitate it. He inquired, "How is Adele faring today?"

"Adele is doing quite well; everything appears normal. However, strangely, she has spent the entire day tethered to the phone, forsaking all else, even her meals," Shawn replied.

Upon this revelation, Holden's thoughts drifted to the previous night when Adele had phoned Ariana. His heart softened, and he surmised that Adele must be yearning for Ariana's presence.

After careful consideration, he suggested, "Perhaps you should consider taking Adele to the hospital to visit Ariana."

He paused for a moment before continuing, "Actually, during this period, you could delegate your work to Devin. You will assume the role of caring for Adele and can bring her to the office during the day."

"Okay." With that, Shawn departed. Meanwhile, at the hospital, Rodney and Judy arrived to pay Ariana a visit.

As Rodney entered the room, his gaze fell upon Melon engrossed in playing with toys on the floor. Spotting Rodney, the child exclaimed joyfully, "Mr. Chadwick!"

Rodney grinned and responded, "Hello! He stooped down to lift Melon into his arms. Judy, on the other hand, presented a freshly prepared, nourishing soup for Ariana.

Observing Ariana's injured hand and Melon's solitary state, Rodney contemplated for a moment and proposed, "Perhaps it's not the best time for Melon to be in the hospital. How about allowing me to look after him for a while?"

"What?" Ariana felt a twinge of embarrassment at the suggestion, shaking her head repeatedly.

"Oh no, that would be too much trouble. How can I burden you? Besides, I'll be discharged from the hospital in a few days." ninjanovel.com

Unexpectedly, Rodney's demeanor shifted, adopting a solemn expression.

"No, it won't suffice," he declared, his voice carrying an air of gravity.

"Hospitals are breeding grounds for germs, hardly suitable for children on an extended stay. Furthermore, Mitchel finds himself entangled in crucial surgical matters at present, rendering him unavailable. Were it not for this, I would have enlisted his assistance for your child."

Ariana's discomfort grew upon hearing these words.

She had already imposed upon Mitchel enough, a practice she usually reserved for dire circumstances. Now, the thought of burdening him further by requesting aid in caring for the child weighed heavily on her.

Judy joined the conversation, her tone gentle and reassuring. "Fret not, Melon shall return with us," she assured Ariana.

"With me by his side, the child will not be alone. Moreover, protracted hospital stays are inadvisable for both you and the child. We shall tend to Melon for you."

With the combined persuasions of Rodney and Judy, Ariana turned her gaze toward Melon, inquiring softly, "Melon, would you like to accompany Mr. Chadwick?"

"I'd love to, but if I go with him, who will be with Mommy?" Melon blinked and asked.