

Unconscious 1191

Chapter 1191

Zayden's audacity was truly astounding. Seeing Shawn here, he actually dared to ask her to go see him!

Sadie gathered her composure and addressed Shawn, "I'm feeling a bit under the weather. Could you watch over Adele for a moment? Wait for me in the restaurant."

Afterwards, she exited the restaurant and took a left turn at the back door, leading her to a dimly lit alleyway. Parked in the shadowy alley was a sleek black sedan, Zayden's prized possession. As she settled into the car, Sadie closed the door with a palpable surge of anger.

Zayden cast a nonchalant glance her way and remarked calmly, "This car is a limited edition that just hit the market last month. Please handle it with care."

Sadie sneered impatiently, "Why are you here now? Did you not see that Holden's subordinate is right beside me? And as for those files you wanted me to acquire, I've already given them to you. What else do you desire?"

Zayden smiled leisurely, crossing his legs.

"Naturally, there are other matters. Your abrupt withdrawal from the film without my consent has caused me considerable losses. I don't engage in unprofitable deals, so I've come to discuss compensation."

Upon hearing this, Sadie's countenance darkened.

If it weren't for her desire to rebuild her image before Holden and her use of Adele to keep him close, she would never have abruptly left the film.

Zayden could have easily foreseen such a predicament, and it irked her. Though she cursed Zayden inwardly, Sadie dared not argue with him.

“What kind of compensation do you seek?” she inquired.

In the next instant, Zayden tossed a bottle into her lap, and Sadie furrowed her brow as she examined it.

The bottle bore no labels. Perplexed, she turned to him and asked, “What is this?”

“Something good,” Zayden replied with a leisurely chuckle.

“You can use it as seasoning and add it to Holden’s water.”

Chapter 1192

Sadie recoiled, her complexion paling as she discarded the bottle and exclaimed, “Are you out of your mind? He’s your cousin, for heaven's sake! You're utterly deranged to even contemplate such a sinister act.

| refuse to be part of this.” Zayden cast an effortless glance in her direction, a sly grin dancing on his lips.

“Do you truly hold him in such high regard, or are you simply ensnared by your own desires?” With that, he nonchalantly tossed some photographs her way.

Sadie picked up the photographs, her countenance worsening instantaneously. The images portrayed the day when Holden had rushed into the hospital, cradling Ariana.

Even in those frozen moments captured on film, one could discern the panic and urgency etched across Holden’s demeanor, an aspect of him Sadie had never before witnessed.

Sadie couldn't believe her eyes, subconsciously tightening her grip on the photographs.

She had taken every precaution, so when had Holden forged such a profound connection with Ariana behind her back? She had been totally oblivious.

As she scrutinized the photographs, her anger surged at the sight of Holden's worried and caring expression.

She couldn't fathom it. Throughout all the times, whether she was injured or enduring a heart attack, Holden had never displayed the slightest bit of concern for her, despite being her fiancé. He had never spared her a single glance.

And now, Holden hadn't even recollected his past with Ariana. The only thing he knew about Ariana was her role as Adele's psychiatrist.

What reason did he have to be so concerned about Ariana? Sadie clenched the photographs tightly, her eyes radiating resentment. "Bitch, how are you still alive?" she muttered under her breath.

Internally, Sadie seethed with rage, but before Zayden, she maintained a veneer of composure.

Uncertain of how much Zayden was aware of, she couldn't risk revealing her true emotions. If her past was dredged up, she would be in a more vulnerable situation.

So, Sadie swiftly composed herself and, with nonchalance, remarked, "Just a few photos. What do they prove? Even if Holden doesn't love me, I can secure my position as his wife. As long as I can marry him, what else do I need? But if Holden dies, then I'll have nothing left."

Upon hearing her words, Zayden squinted at her, letting out a scoff and shaking his head slowly. With mocking sympathy dripping from his voice, he said, "You're truly pitiable, resorting to such lengths."

Sadie, already discontented, felt her ire surge at Zayden's words.

describe yourself in payment description.

She couldn't help but lash out, "Shut your mouth!"

In that instant, Zayden leaned in, their breaths mingling as his face drew nearer to hers. Sadie was taken aback.

describe yourself in payment description.

Zayden's lips curved into a knowing smile as he whispered, his voice laden with seduction. "Since you only seek wealth and prestige, I can offer you that, too. I am no less than Holden." Sadie's gaze remained ensnared by Zayden's features, captivated by his charm.

While a hint of resemblance to Holden lingered in Zayden's features, he exuded an air of mischief, the aura of a wealthy playboy. His deep-set eyes and strong nose bridge only heightened his allure as a captivating flirt.

The car fell into an eerie silence, the only sounds their synchronized breaths. Sadie could feel his breath tantalizingly close, a palpable tension in the air.

Angela's Library

Her gaze locked with Zayden's, their eyes entangled in a lingering connection.

Licking her lips, Sadie seemed nervous, poised for a kiss from Zayden.

Just as Sadie prepared for the kiss, Zayden abruptly withdrew, increasing the space between them. Then, he chuckled. Sadie paused, then saw Zayden's playful smirk. Her face turned a shade of crimson.

"You think this is funny?"

Zayden put on a face of innocence.

"I didn't do anything. You might be overthinking things."

Sadie's heart raced. She had been caught off guard by Zayden's charm, even if just for a second.

Upset, she reached for her bag and swung it at him. All this drama because Holden wouldn't be near her!

In a huff, Sadie was about to leave the car. But Zayden was quick, pulling her back in no time. He held her still, his face splitting into a grin.

"Why are you so fiery? I was just joking around. We haven't even started our conversation."

describe yourself in payment description.

Chapter 1194

Sadie's eyes shot daggers at him.

"I'll not help you poison him!"

"Relax. This isn't toxic. It doesn't harm him. It's just a mix to mess with his memory, to deepen his forgetfulness," Zayden said. Sadie's eyes moved to the bottle he held. She stayed on guard.

"If given a chance, would you really do nothing more than this?"

Zayden raised his hands, trying to soothe the situation.

"Believe me. It's a win-win."

"Why's it good for me?" Sadie's voice dripped with skepticism.

Zayden leaned in, his smile mysterious.

“From what I’ve heard, Holden’s been seeing a hypnotist. Maybe he’s digging up old memories. If he remembers everything, how do you think he’ll react to you, the pretender?”

Awake of anxiety washed over Sadie. She remembered Holden’s visits to the hospital but didn’t know why he had gone there. She looked at the pictures of Holden and Ariana. Slowly, she let go of the car door handle. Peering at the little bottle in Zayden’s grasp, she asked, “You’re sure this won’t put him in danger?”

“I’m sure,” Zayden responded, giving her a calming smile. Inside, he was already celebrating. Taking this long-term would make Holden stupid. Then, the Fredrick family’s wealth? All would be his for the taking.

Sadie’s grip tightened on the bottle. Her mind was a whirlwind of thoughts.

She couldn’t fully trust Zayden. What if Holden ended up worse off?

And what about her own position and riches? Deep down, she realized she didn’t want any harm coming to Holden.

Her eyes darted to the picture of Holden and Ariana. A pang of jealousy surged within her.

But what if Zayden was being honest? If Holden was reconnecting with Ariana and trying to remember the past, she might be in a world of hurt once he pieced it all together.

After a long pause, Sadie held onto her bag tighter. She gave a hesitant nod, taking the bottle.

She stepped out of the car, ready to leave. But as she walked out of the alleyway, Shawn, with Adele by his side, was right there waiting for her.

Sadie's heart raced. She gripped her bag tighter and walked over, pasting on a smile. "Why are you here? | told you and Adele to wait at the restaurant, didn't I?"

Shawn grinned brightly. "The restaurant felt stifling, and the AC was blasting. Adele needed some fresh air."

He looked around, then at her, puzzled. "Weren't you going to the restroom? The restaurant has one. Why are you out here? | don't see a restroom around. How'd you end up here?"

In a fluster, Sadie shifted to block his view.

The last thing she wanted was for him to spot Zayden's car. She answered, "The restaurant's restroom was packed. So | went looking for another one. Guess | lost my way."

Quickly, she picked up Adele, ready to leave.

Shawn, seeing Sadie juggling the bag and the child, reached out. "It looks tough, holding both Adele and your bag. Let me help." But as he neared her bag, Sadie jerked away, her voice rising in alarm. "I've got it! | can handle it."

Shawn sensed her nervousness but said nothing. He glanced back at the now-empty alley, then left with Sadie.

The next day, Ariana, joined by Mitchel, was released from the hospital. They headed to the place she had set up with Remy earlier.

She had also invited a director to join and take a look. As the door swung open, Ariana's gaze settled on Remy. There he sat, looking dapper in shades and a crisp black suit.

To his left and right, sat two of the industry's new shining stars, fresh from recent blockbuster films. And then, lined up neatly on both sides, were stern-faced bodyguards in black suits. They Looked like they had stepped out of an action movie.

And Remy? With his shades on and that chilling look, he could have been the movie's villain.

Ariana's eyes darted to the room number, half expecting she had stumbled into the wrong venue. But Remy's familiar voice reassured her.

With an unexpected squeal, Remy shouted, "Surprise!" Just like that, the room's tension evaporated.

Ariana was left tongue-tied. At first, she had been convinced she had taken a wrong turn. Yet, that distinctive voice of Remy's said otherwise.

Remy got up, greeting Ariana and her crew with gusto. "Check this out," he said, his arms sweeping towards his guests. "These four? ALL former students of mine. Lucky for us, they were free today, so I thought, why not bring them?"

Each of them was a looker, which caught Ariana's attention. Remy might have his quirks and be, well, a bit of a mess in games, but he knew his stuff. He had jumped into his career headfirst, and now he was an instructor at a renowned performing arts school in Eleymond.

Chapter 1196

And he had contacts everywhere in the entertainment world.

They had been on the hunt for someone to play an undercover female cop in a nightclub scene. Ariana's plan was to host individual auditions. But Remy, being Remy, thought differently. "Show us what you've got," he announced.

Without skipping a beat, the four flocked to Ariana and the director. They were all smiles and energy, serving coffee and even offering leg massages. The room was filled with a lively buzz.

Ariana was nearly overwhelmed by the swarm of eager women. It felt like she was some queen being fawned over by her courtiers.

Trying to handle the fervor, she eventually had to put her foot down, though the affectionate bombardment seemed unending. It took Mitchel stepping in, gently pulling her away from the adoring

crowd, for the excitement to simmer down. "She's still healing," Mitchel reminded them, causing the ladies to finally dial back their zeal.

Remy, with his usual pep, strolled over. "What'd you think? Your movie's about a lady cop in a club, right? Thought we'd give you a sneak preview."

Ariana blew out a breath, realizing she had only shared a simple sketch of the plot and characters. She hadn't quite braced for Remy's spur-of-the-moment display.

One of the women, Ripley, laughed. "Our teacher's always a bit... unique. Just roll with it. | hope we didn't aggravate your injury." Ariana smiled. "I'm good."

Ripley's eyes drifted to Mitchel. "We knew you and the director would be here, but who's this?"

"That's Dr. Mitchel Chadwick. A friend of mine," Ariana replied, giving him a proper introduction.

"Hey, Dr. Chadwick," Ripley said, cheeks tinting. Her admiration was plain as day, and it didn't escape Ariana's notice that Mitchel seemed to turn heads wherever he went.

Shifting her focus, Ariana and the director opted for the usual route: regular auditions.

With Remy directing traffic, each actress took their shot, script in hand. Ripley's act stayed with Ariana, resonating more than the others.

Following the auditions, Ariana and the director conferred, finally settling on Ripley for the lead role.

They went over the filming dates with Ripley, exchanged goodbyes, and got ready to leave. As they headed out, Ripley personally saw them off, waving cheerfully. For a split second, her eyes lingered on Mitchel before refocusing.

Next on their agenda, Ariana and Mitchel set off to fetch Melon from Mitchel's place. En route, Ariana glanced at her phone, then shot Mitchel a playful look. "So, thoughts on Ripley?"

Chapter 1197

“Why would my opinion influence your casting decision?” Mitchel replied, genuinely confused.

Ariana’s laughter bubbled up. “Did you not catch Ripley’s glances?”

Looks like Dr. Chadwick’s fan club just gained a member. You never seem to lose your touch, do you?” A hint of amusement twinkled in Mitchel’s eyes. “Fan club? Since when did I have one?”

Ariana smirked, ticking off on her fingers. “Well, there are the smitten nurses at the hospital, the eager junior researchers in your lab, and don’t forget the patients who always rave about the handsome Dr. Chadwick.”

Mitchel, ever so unruffled, simply murmured an “Hmm” as he drove. But at the next red light, he suddenly asked, “What about you?” Mitchel spoke with a depth of sincerity, and when he looked at Ariana, she could tell he truly meant every word.

Caught off guard by the sudden shift in conversation to her, Ariana laughed a little too nervously. “Well, I also can’t help but admire you, Dr. Chadwick. With your impressive medical track record, who wouldn’t? Your skills and intelligence in the field are something else.”

Wanting to change the subject, she said, “Things went off without a hitch today. The movie shoot was issue-free now.”

They exchanged a few words, but then Ariana found herself distracted by the passing scene outside. A quiet settled between them. They both felt a bit awkward.

The silence persisted until the car pulled up to the Chadwick home. As the gates opened, the unmistakable sound of Melon’s laughter filled the air. Opening the door, Mitchel was greeted by the sight of Rodney, Melon, and Catalina, all engrossed in some floor game.

Hearing them enter, they all looked up, each with a comical piece of paper stuck to their faces.

Rodney and Catalina were caught off guard by Mitchel and Ariana's sudden arrival. Their ee stiffarid tot aaa abruptly. Only

élon, unfazed and delighted, ran towards Ariana with papers stuck all over his face. "Mom!" he chirped. "We're playing!"

Ariana couldn't help but grin, giving Melon's cheek a little squeeze before acknowledging the two adults with a nod.

Trying to appear unaffected, Catalina attempted to clear her throat and hold onto her usua exterior But, c chingisiott Fn rpaper-clad face ina mirror, she gave up and laughed. "Melon's been such a bundle of joy. He's brought so much life to this place."

Ariana found it hard not to find Catalina charming; undern ath that tough f nt wascalgen ely warm sbul "t just hope he isn't too much of a handful for you guys," Ariana said.

Inviting her to take a seat, Rodney shifted the topic. "You were out of the hospital in no time. How's the injury?"

Chapter 1198

"Much improved. Nothing to worry about," Ariana reassured. Joining the conversation, Catalina sat next to Ariana, curiosity evident in her voice. "I've always wondered about your day-to-day. Busy at work? And which school did you go to before?"

Ariana responded to Catalina's questions, which seemed to get more personal as they went on. From her food preferences to how she Liked her room temperature, Catalina wanted to know it all.

With each answer, Catalina grew more satisfied with Ariana. After all, if Mitchel saw something in her, who was she to judge? And with Melon being the cherry on top, it felt like she was getting a cute family member without even trying.

Rodney occasionally piped up, adding to the barrage of questions.

Cornered by the inquisitiveness of the two, Ariana felt like she was on her toes the entire time. She had thought previous meetings were nerve-wracking, but this felt like she was undergoing a rite of passage: the intimidating 'meet the parents' phase.

Later, after sharing a meal, Ariana got ready to leave with Mitchel, who had offered to drive her and Melon back. But just as she was about to step out, Catalina's voice halted her. Turning around, Ariana was taken aback to see a stunning jade bracelet in Catalina's hand.

Even without being a jewelry aficionado, Ariana could tell it was something special. Her heart raced when Catalina extended her hand, intending to slip it onto Ariana's wrist. "Consider it a small gift,"

Catalina said. Ariana's eyes widened. The bracelet looked like a family treasure. Why would Catalina want to give her something so precious?

She instinctively pulled her hand back. "I can't possibly take this; it's way too much."

"It's fine. Just take it. " Catalina clasped Ariana's agayrsionetty "pean 'onside it a gift to mark our first meeting."

As those words reached Ariana' 1 ears, a shiver ran her spine.

What could this gesture signify? A gift to mark their Tee epee

fait tipon a friend upon their first encounter?

Shouldn't this be a gesture for a daughter-in-law, if anything?

Besides, it was a precious jade bracelet.

Chapter 1199

"No, no, | really can't accept it." Ariana simply couldn't bring herself to accept it, persistently refusing and growing increasingly uneasy.

Catalina, sensing Ariana's discomfort and embarrassment, cast a glance at Mitchel beside her and sighed, realizing that her foolish son had much to learn in winning over women.

Observing Ariana's continued hesitation, Catalina decided to change her approach. "Don't worry. I bought this bracelet on a whim. I don't have a daughter, and upon meeting you, I felt a fondness.

Besides, Melon is so adorable. Consider this a gift between friends.

In the future, please bring Melon to visit us often."

Nearby, Melon chimed in sweetly, "Okay! I enjoy playing with you both. I'll definitely come to see you often."

Melon's words filled Catalina with joy. With an elated expression, she crouched down, enveloping Melon in a warm embrace and showering him with kisses. "Melon, I hope you'll visit and play with us often, alright?"

"Sure."

As the hour grew late, Catalina reluctantly let go of Melon and bid them farewell. Rodney, too, found it difficult to part with Melon and briefly entertained the thought of keeping him there. Yet, witnessing Melon's strong attachment to Ariana, he eventually let go of the idea.

After seeing Ariana and the others off, Catalina returned to reality and noticed Rodney still gazing in the direction they had departed.

She regarded him with a puzzled expression and asked, "Dad, why do you adore Melon so much?"

While Catalina also had affection for Melon, she found her father's deep fondness for the child quite remarkable. It was a sentiment she had never witnessed before.

Catalina speculated that perhaps Rodney, in his advancing years, felt a sense of loneliness and desired the presence of a child to infuse vitality into his life. Playfully, she remarked, "Or should I go to the Giovanni family and bring back a couple of kids to keep you company?"

Rodney snorted and, with determination, turned around, retorting, "I only want Melon, no other kids."

"Why?" Catalina caught up with him and pressed for an explanation, but Rodney remained tight-lipped.

Observing Rodney's reluctance to divulge his reasons, Catalina abandoned further questioning and sighed. "We know you don't wish to share, so be it. I only hope Mitchel can win Ariana's heart soon, so we can become a family."

Rodney was moved when he heard the term "family" and found it heartwarming. He decided to agree without acknowledging that his daughter was right and that Mitchel should hurry up to win Ariana's affection.

During the journey back, Ariana gazed at the bracelet in her hand and she harbored deep regret about her purchase. She believed the bracelet must be quite costly. She decided to return it and said to Mitchel, "You should take the bracelet back; it's too valuable."

However, Mitchel echoed Catalina's sentiment, saying, "If she gave it to you, just accept it as a gift. That's what my mother wants, too."

Ariana hesitated for a moment, her fingers tracing the bracelet, and she timidly inquired, "Could it be that your mother misunderstood something?"

Mitchel turned to look at her, puzzled, and asked, "Misunderstood what?"

Chapter 1200

"I mean... you..." Ariana stammered, her words faltering as she struggled to convey her thoughts. She then gestured towards Mitchel and herself, tracing a heart shape in the air before shrugging.

Observing Ariana's hesitant gestures, Mitchel chuckled softly and gently turned her face toward him. He wore a warm smile as he reassured her, "Don't overthink it. My mother gave you the bracelet probably just because she Likes you and Melon. There's no other meaning behind it."

Ariana sighed in relief and patted her chest, saying, "Phew, as long as there's no misunderstanding."

Afterward, she turned her attention to Melon, engaging in playful interactions with him. Unbeknownst to her, she failed to notice the faint fading of Mitchel's smile and the tinge of melancholy in his eyes.

Upon dropping Ariana off at her home, Mitchel embarked on a solo trip to procure groceries and daily necessities for her. He meticulously arranged these items in her house, imparting important instructions and emphasizing the necessity of reaching out if any issues arose regarding her injury. After tidying up her residence, he finally departed from her villa.

Standing at the doorway, Melon and Ariana watched Mitchel's car recede into the distance. Melon clung to Ariana's arm affectionately, declaring, "Mitchel is really nice. If I didn't have a dad, I'd agree to have Mitchel as my dad."

Ariana hadn't yet responded when Melon adopted a serious tone, continuing, "But I do have a dad, and he's really good to me. Mommy, you can't like Mitchel."

Ariana was momentarily taken aback but quickly grasped that Melon was talking about Holden. She playfully tapped Melon's head and teased, "What? Just a few phone calls, and he's already your great dad? How shallow."

Melon, feeling the weight of unspoken sentiment, absently rubbed his forehead. In his heart, he knew it wasn't just a matter of phone calls. His dad was remarkable, especially considering his unwavering support during summer camps.

But this was a cherished secret among them. He had promised not to tell Mommy. Ariana sighed, her love palpable as she knelt and affectionately ruffled her son's hair. "Kids shouldn't utter such things. It could bring trouble, maybe even involving the police." "That won't happen. The police are the good guys; they protect us,"

Melon assured, making a silly face and sticking out his tongue before bounding off to explore the realms of a picture book, content in his own world.

Ariana, left helplessly shaking her head, turned her attention to her computer, ready to immerse herself in work.

During the period of Ariana's convalescence, the kindergarten had also announced a layin the) mM

@ encemietdf Classes. However, time raced by swiftly, and it was now the eve of Melon's inaugural day at kindergarten, with Ariana's injuries well on their way to healing.

Ariana decided to celebrate Melon's impending kindergarten journey.

She extended invitations to a gathering of friends at their villa Sonia and Sarab.arhohg then? As the day Unf SY, they congregated, enveloping Melon in a shower of affection.

Melon, overflowing with delight, frolicked with Sonia and their companions, his arms cradling a bounty of gifts.

The joy radiating from these cherished friends filled him with profound happiness Sulrotneded by people Padored him, Melon basked in contentment, yet a subtle sense of longing lingered.