

Unconscious 1201

Chapter 1201

After a while of playing, while the adults engaged in conversation downstairs, Melon seized a moment to sneak upstairs in search of his smartwatch.

Today was a day of unbridled joy, and he yearned to share it with his dad.

With nimble fingers, Melon dialed his father's number, yet the call remained unanswered, concluding with an automatic disconnect.

Perplexed, he couldn't help but wonder.

His father had always been prompt in answering his calls before; why this silence now? Was he busy? Following a period of internal deliberation and hesitation, Melon decided to make one more attempt. Holden, deeply engrossed in his video conference, failed to notice his phone lighting up repeatedly.

Entering the room with a glass of juice in hand, Sadie paused, her gaze shifting between the drink and Holden. Her heart raced, and a nervous sweat tingled her palms.

Zayden had given her the contents mixed in the juice. Even though he had sworn it would be undetectable in any liquid, a nagging doubt kept Sadie on edge; what if Holden sensed something off?

Taking a steadying breath, she set the glass down next to Holden, her movements deliberate and gentle. Walking over, Sadie spotted the incessant blinking of Holden's phone. She noticed that Holden remained completely unaware.

So, she took a closer look, and her expression tightened. A surge of anger bubbled up within her when she saw the caller ID: "Baby."

Sadie couldn't resist a closer look. Spotting the number, a sense of familiarity tugged at her. She memorized the number in a heartbeat.

As Holden concluded his video call, he found Sadie near, her demeanor a shade too secretive.

“Anything wrong?” he queried.

“No, not at all,” Sadie replied hastily, her voice tinged with

“You've been on that meeting for

ages. You must thought it

help.”

She lifted the glass, offering it to him.

Backing away a tad, Holden

“Just to wrap up.

You er head out now.”

Chapter 1202

Given the tense air, Sadie knew better than to push.

She was well aware of his sharp instincts and feared sparking any undue suspicion.

“Just don't forget to drink it. Look after yourself, okay?” she urged, placing the glass on the table. Holden gave a brief nod, and Sadie made her exit.

Making her way to her room, Sadie swiftly called the mysterious number from Holden's phone. Ready to confront the caller, she was taken aback when, after only two rings, the call ended. Who did they think they were, refusing to take her call?

Her patience wore thin.

She tried again, but just like before, the call was hung up.

Meanwhile, Melon, looking at his smart watch, grumbled, "Must be a scam. Mom always warned me about answering unfamiliar numbers."

Downstairs, his mother's voice came.

"Melon! Time for some cake!"

Hearing that, Melon promptly set his gadget aside and raced to the kitchen.

Back in her room, Sadie grappled with her rising annoyance, unable to get through.

Holden wasn't one to keep women close, and anyone who dared come near was often kept at bay by his men.

So, who was this person saved under the affectionate Baby OA Wild her mind.

Could it be... Ariana?

The notion struck Sadie,

There's no way Ariana, especially now pith Holden'

ie, Would brazenly.

So, who could this be?

Chapter 1203

Frustrated, Sadie stared at her phone screen, biting her lip. She resolved to try that number again. This time, she decided to use Holden's phone.

Distracted by her thoughts, she exited her room and ran into Devin, who was leaving Holden's study with the empty glass she had earlier filled.

She assumed Holden had consumed the juice she had brought.

Once Devin disappeared from sight, she texted Zayden, "Mission accomplished."

Zayden's response came quick.

"Well done. Meet me tonight at ISB mansion, 6th floor, private room."

Her eyebrows knitting together, Sadie replied, "What are you planning now?"

To her astonishment, Zayden responded, "Isn't today your birthday? Just thought I'd celebrate it for you." His response only deepened Sadie's frown.

Zayden's words seemed out of place.

Today wasn't her birthday, or...

A realization hit Sadie like a ton of bricks; her face drained of color.

Her legs gave out, and she nearly collapsed, her hand shooting out to find support against a wall.

"He's onto me," she whispered, disbelief evident in her voice.

The terror was real. Today marked her birth, but it was

she had left behind.

That evening, using dinner with her manager as an

Wrapped up snugly in her car, she reached the

Inside, it was as Zayden had promised-a birthday surprise.

Chapter 1204

The room glittered with opulence, and an ornate cake held center stage. But joy was the furthest from Sadie's feelings.

She took in the spectacle, the color still absent from her cheeks.

Zayden lounged on a sofa, his amusement apparent as he observed Sadie. Sadie took a seat opposite him.

Her eyes, sharp and searching, met his.

"What's your game?" she questioned.

Zayden's grin widened.

"Oh Sadie, always so fiery. Just thought I'd celebrate your birthday with you, making this day special." He leaned in, placing a hand on her shoulder.

Swiftly, Sadie swatted his hand away, her gaze a molten mix of rage and fear.

"Cut the theatrics. What do you know?" she challenged, voice steely.

"If you're trying to intimidate me, just spill everything at once!"

Zayden's playful smirk faded. With a simple gesture, he ordered everyone else in the room to exit.

As the last person left, he reclined on the sofa, leisurely lighting up a cigar, the orange glow briefly illuminating his face.

Watching him, unease gnawed at Sadie. Her hands tightened involuntarily, preparing herself for the next revelation.

Drawing in a deep drag, Zayden locked eyes with adig, his)

laced

“When are you planning to see Marianna?”

At the mention of that name, Sadie felt as the me (3803 pad been\) words.

Unfazed, Zayden continued, smoke swirling around him.

“You've been living life for five years, and eh

Clarke?”

Chapter 1205

Zayden had Sadie cornered, knowing all there was to know.

A cold dread enveloped Sadie. She tightened her grip on the armrest, but the shiver was unyielding, making her tremble from head to toe.

Zayden's soft laugh broke through, and he leaned in, trying to comfort her.

“Don't worry too much; I've got it covered. I've sent someone to handle the details.” Sadie sat rigidly as he shifted closer, his voice taking on a gentle persuasion. “Forget the past and be the Sadie | want by my side.

With me around, these Little ghosts won't haunt you."

His words made it clear to her; she was ensnared in his web. The weight of what he could disclose to Holden pressed on her, and she felt the walls closing in.

Her resolve weakening, she reached for Zayden, her voice barely above a whisper.

"I've tried to do as you asked. Please, don't spill my secrets to Holden. I can't lose what I've built. I'm begging you." Zayden brushed his fingers over her cheek, locking his gaze onto her.

"I promise. Just play by my rules. Haven't I kept your secrets safe till now?"

Relief washed over Sadie momentarily, but Zayden wasn't done.

"But first, prove you're with me," he said.

Sadie said, "I've done everything you asked. Isn't that proof?"

Zayden's only response was a chuckle, taking another puff from his cigar and letting the silence linger.

Sadie felt a tightening knot in her stomach, trying to read the enigma that was Zayden.

As the minutes stretched, she recalled everything he had done so far, and, mustering courage, decided to play her cards. With a sultry smile, she traced her fingers up his arm, ending at his neck, pulling him closer with an inviting look.

Zayden was about to ask Sadie to bug Holden's study. Yet, he hadn't seen this brazen move coming. Their faces were mere inches apart, and a heady mix of cigar smoke and her intoxicating fragrance enveloped them.

Raising an eyebrow, Zayden pulled her even closer. Responding to his move, Sadie softly grazed her lips near his. Zayden hadn't planned for things to go this direction, but presented with such a tempting situation, how could he say no? Moreover, this would be a subtle slight to Holden.

Drawn into the allure of the moment, their restraint evaporated.

Zayden gave in to the magnetic pull and kissed Sadie. He then opened a nearby door, gently laying her down.

The room filled with the evidence of their and the gentle rustling of fabric.

The warmth of the moment enveloped Sadie, her heart racing faster than ever. But as the feelings heightened, a ipse the passion. The old ailment that had haunted her heart resurfaced suddenly, making each breath a battle. Grasping her chest, her voice filled with rising dread, she cried out, "Help! Help me! My meds... They're in my bag!"

Chapter 1206

As the intensity of their moment neared its peak, Zayden noticed Sadie's distress. Without hesitation, he pulled away and searched for her medicine.

Taking the medicine, Sadie's condition began to stabilize; she leaned back against the headboard, trying to regulate her breathing.

Zayden, now seated next to her, lit a cigarette.

As the smoke curled upwards, he glanced at her with frustration.

"That heart issue of yours sure knows how to ruin a moment," he remarked.

With every ounce of strength she could muster, Sadie shot him a weary look but didn't have the energy to retort. She had faced three heart transplants and facial surgery; her body had endured more than most. After finishing his cigarette, Zayden nonchalantly handed Sadie a small device.

“Put this in Holden’s study when you can,” he instructed.

He then put on his clothes, leaving Sadie without a backward glance.

Sadie eyed the device for a moment, then set it aside, sinking into the soft embrace of the bed. She wasn’t as rattled as one might expect.

Instead, her thoughts drifted back to the recent events, a sense of wonder taking over.

For Sadie, this had been her introduction to true intimacy, and the reality of it was more wonderful than she had imagined.

Back when she was Helen, she had been steadfast, believing only mM eae was Wolt y of her atfection.

Yet, he had never looked her way with that kind of interest. Now, reborn as Sadie and despite being Holden's fiancée, he still seemed indifferent to her.

This newfound experience with

Zayden was like Resi anidden ‘gonna farnilr h use, full of unexpected treasures.

But she knew well that sharing a bed with Zayden didn’t her yearling for Holden became even more palpable.

Chapter 1207

With a wistful sigh, she imagined how different and special it would have felt if Holden had been the one with her tonight. Such a moment with him would surely be filled with warmth and genuine connection.

Lost in her thoughts, Sadie was jolted back to reality by the ticking clock. She had lingered too long. Rising, she began to put on her clothes.

But she suddenly found that her clothes were ripped, thanks to her heated time with Zayden. Luckily, Zayden's forgotten coat was a convenient cover-up.

Even though Zayden's coat was much too large for her, making her resemble a kid playing dress-up, it was the only cover she had.

So, draped in the oversized coat of Zayden, Sadie quickly made her exit.

Back at his home, Holden had barely wrapped up a call with Melon when his phone buzzed with incoming photos. The smile he wore faded instantly as he viewed the photos, replaced by a visible ripple of revulsion.

The photos captured Zayden and Sadie exiting a secluded room one after another.

Although their departures were moments apart, the details spoke volumes. Zayden, cool as ever, was without his coat. And Sadie, in Zayden's coat, attempted to hide her disheveled state. Still, the ripped dress peeked through. Her hair was a mess, and a rosy flush painted her cheeks.

Holden's face was an unreadable mask, but internally, a wave of distain and disgust surged. Early the next morning, Ariana was already up, helping Melon gather his belongings and escorting him to his kindergarten. The boy's excitement made the drop-off easier, and a weight lifted off Ariana's shoulders as she saw him go in happily.

With Melon settled, Ariana shifted her focus back to her career, especially the looming finale of her variety show.

The success of the show had surpassed everyone's expectations. The viewership in anticipation for the live broadcast of the final episode. Every streaming platform seemed to be promoting it.

As the episode began, each performer, Ariana included, wrestled with their nerves.

The first segment involved a drawing to decide the order of. As Ariana as her, tea she inhaled deeply, her exterior calm belying the storm of anxiety within.

Much to her relief, she pulled the coveted slot for the last one.

Her team's growing popularity meant the venue was awash with their fans. These supporters yavied the blue light sticks, and each member had his or her own clusters of devotees.

Chapter 1208

As the final episode unfurled, the arena was packed beyond its usual capacity. From the viewpoint on stage, the crowd below, brandishing their light sticks, seemed like a vast, shimmering blue ocean.

In that defining competition, every member of the team gave it their all, dazzling the audience with their charisma and talent. Their determination bore fruit as they snagged the top spot.

The moment their names echoed through the arena, euphoria took over; cheers erupted from every corner.

From being the underdogs during auditions, they had evolved into the champions. The sheer magnitude of their achievement seemed almost surreal.

As they reveled in their moment of glory, some spotted Ariana cheering for them from the side. They didn't waste a moment, rushing over, encircling her, and hoisting her into the air in sheer jubilation.

On the virtual front, live chat rooms were abuzz with praise and astonishment. Comments poured in, ranging from "A win against all odds!" to "Every single one of them earned this."

However, amidst these accolades, a rogue comment snagged everyone's attention: "Heads up! Check the trending topics. Major news breaking!"

Sure enough, besides their championship trending, two more topics were making waves. One hinted at the tumultuous dynamics between the Edwards' sisters, and the other tantalizingly hinted at a juicy Love triangle involving a stunning agent.

Suddenly, events from five years ago resurfaced. Crafted with shrewd and venomous language, they painted a portrait of Ariana as a woman devoid of any morals or conscience, willing to do anything to get what she wanted.

The stories whispered of her entanglements with married men, suggesting that Ariana was not just involved but actively sought out these forbidden relationships.

Rumors swirled, accusing Ariana of being cold-hearted. They claimed that she had stolen her sister's boyfriend for herself and that she had intentionally sabotaged her sister's wedding, driving her sister to a deep pit of despair, which ultimately caused her suicide.

The rumors suggested that Ariana had first tried and failed to charm Jasper, only to marry his brother in a bid for wealth. They spoke of her entering the Anderson household in the unconventional role of a surrogate without the blessings of a proper wedding.

Furthermore, she was labeled a widow-maker; her husband's tragic death in a car crash barely a year after their union fueled such gossip. A tidal wave of online users chimed in, claiming previous reports had said Ariana was at the accident scene, fully unharmed. To their shock, the narrative claimed she had left her injured husband behind, leading to his unfortunate demise due to delayed rescue.

In an instant, the comments streamed in.

"| had a feeling she looked familiar! So, she made headlines five years ago, too?"

"Absolutely, | recall now. Not only the surrogacy tale, ACCU love interest. No line she won't cross, huh?"

"| remember the surrogate story getting out. But it seemed | Anders hush it down., no photographic proof remains."

With a keen interest in the past, many delved into the Anderson family's history, discussing Ariana as the lone surviving Anderson.

Theories, dark and speculative, began to blossom.

At the venue, post-show, reporters, hungry for a scoop, flocked around Ariana, eager for her statement on the fresh storm surrounding her.

Chapter 1209

“Miss Edwards, what compelled you to become the mistress in the relationship?” “Miss Edwards, did you feel any remorse or guilt upon knowing your sister died because of you?”

Ariana was nearly blinded by the flashing lights. Still, she was prepared to face the media’s invasive questions head-on with her set of meticulous and methodical answers.

“Every relationship I’ve entered was ordinary. Prior to entering this relationship, the other party didn’t have a girlfriend. I was never a mistress. Brielle never suffered from depression and never died because of me. The police publicly released all results of their thorough investigation as well at that time. You can refer to the official reports and news broadcasts as you please,” Ariana calmly answered the media’s questions with little to no errors, and her emotions were stable throughout.

Out of nowhere, someone declared loudly, “There are multiple online speculations that you intentionally left Theodore Anderson at the scene of the crime as revenge against his family. Can you explain why you ran away from the scene alone? Was it premeditated?”

Ariana visibly stiffened at the question, her face losing its color.

This question had clearly struck a nerve, the memory of Theodore’s lifeless, blood-soaked body popping up in her mind. She was immediately transported back to the scene of the accident.

This had always been her trauma, a hurdle that she had yet to fully overcome.

Ariana trembled violently, her lips quivering and her voice trembling as she tried her best to explain.

“No, I didn’t... The...The phone signal at the time was unavailable, and I needed to find help on the road immediately. I...I wanted to save him. I never wanted him to die.”

She began to choke, her voice almost incoherent. Tears began to well up and glisten in the corners of her eyes.

At that moment, Ariana's team rushed forward to protect her. Jim supported her as they retreated while others formed a protective barrier to keep the ravenous reporters at bay.

However, the relentless reporters persisted with their ruthless questions. "Do you feel guilty for causing your husband's death?"

Tom couldn't hold back any longer. He quickly turned to face the reporter and shouted, "What are you talking about? Would you feel guilty if your family member died? What kind of heartless and stupid questions is this?"

The reporters fell silent after being scolded, not daring to pursue any further. They quietly watched the group leave the scene.

On the other side of the room, Holden came across the news and even stumbled upon the live broadcasts conducted by those reporters.

His brows furrowed as he scrutinized the flood of information.

As he delved deeper into it, the stranger things got.

Although the Anderson family mentioned by online netizens wasn't considered a top-tier aristocratic family, they had effortlessly moved through the upper echelons of society. So why had his investigations into the Anderson Group come up empty-handed?

Holden pondered for a moment, then immediately decided to look up Darian's and Jasper's backgrounds. The requested information arrived swiftly.

Glancing at the documents that showed Darian's date of birth, Holden immediately noticed something unusual.

According to the previous data he had obtained from the dark web, Theodore was fifteen years older than Ariana.

Chapter 1210

But based on Darian's age in these documents, it would mean that Theodore had been born when Darian was still a minor. It was impossible.

Holden's suspicions heightened at this realization.

The previous information from the dark web must have been tampered with. Moreover, that meant there was a mole amongst those who had access to the dark web!

Holden tossed the documents aside with a loud thud and called out, "Shawn!"

Under the watchful protection of her teammates, Ariana returned home, seeking refuge from the relentless storm of online rumors and conspiracy theories.

The digital frenzy showed no signs of abating, as an army of bloggers, numbering in the millions, unleashed a torrent of speculations. Some even dared to insinuate a dark grudge held by Ariana against the Anderson family, suggesting she could have masterminded Theodore's car accident.

As the whirlwind of falsehoods continued unabated, Ariana, regaining her composure amidst the chaos, resolved to confront the chaos with truth. She penned a comprehensive explanation, bolstered by the official investigation report detailing the dockside ship explosion.

ANGELA'S LIBRARY

However, the virulent tide of slanderous comments seemed insurmountable. The internet had become a battlefield, where it looked like disinformation and baseless rumors were being commanded by an unseen hand.

Ariana harbored suspicions that someone was puppeteering this sinister show, employing an army of internet trolls. But identifying the puppeteer seemed impossible. The situation had spiraled to a point where no clarification could calm the tide.

Then, a user named Mr. M emerged, wielding a series of impactful images. These data charts depicted the dire extent of Ariana's condition at the time of her accident. According to the data, her survival had bordered on miraculous.

In addition to the data, Mr. M shared haunting pictures from the accident scene. They showed Ariana covered in blood, her abdomen swollen- a stark testament to her perilous condition. They vividly conveyed the gravity of her ordeal.

Mr. M punctuated the photo evidence with a compelling argument supported by medical data, proclaiming, "At that moment, Ariana's condition teetered on the brink. She could have died if not for someone rescuing her in time."

These revelations aligned seamlessly with the timeline and details Ariana had meticulously outlined in her comprehensive post. It was a turning point, as comments of support began accruing Likes.

"ALL of this is real, and I took these photos. There are even more pictures and videos. If it weren't for a kind angler who happened to rescue her and take her to the hospital, she wouldn't have made it.

She was barely conscious then, yet she insisted on returning to the accident scene to rescue her husband. Those of you who maliciously insulted her should think about your conduct."

Then, a nurse who had attended to Ariana during her darkest hours stepped forward. S validated Mr.

: olatgscwith'a sounding declaration, "If there are any remaining skeptics, please get in touch with me privately. I have more proof in the form of videos."

Mr. M echoed the nurse's sentiments, warning those perpetuating false rumors of potential legal consequences.

The appearance of these photos and videos initiated a seismic shift in public opinion. Those who initially perceived the malicious marketing account now redirected their ire towards it, condemning it as an unethical ploy.

Ariana's friends joined the chorus of support, with Sarah passionately, defendin Arjana's bo4edcter- Others NOS but had been unaware of the situation also vouched for her integrity.