

Unconscious 1213

Chapter 1213

After their shopping adventure, they returned home. Upon arriving, a house staff greeted Sadie, mentioning, "The master's back, too."

Thrilled, Sadie directed the staff to leave the bags in the Living room. Clasp ing Adele's hand, she made her way upstairs to meet Holden.

Sadie found Holden on the second floor, deep into a book. It Looked like he was waiting for them.

Her eyes brightened at the sight of him. Approaching with excitement, she said, "I picked up some great finds for Adele today. She chose some dolls and the cutest dresses. Want to check them out?"

Holden briefly met her eyes, choosing not to say much. He pretended to be unaware of her earlier actions. His gaze softened as he looked at Adele, tousling her hair affectionately. Lifting her with a grin, he suggested, "Show me what you've got, sweetie."

As Holden descended the stairs with Adele in tow, Sadie's heart swelled with dreams of their future, imagining a day when their own child might be in Holden's arms. A contented smile graced her Lips.

However, her daydream was interrupted when she spotted Holden's phone on a table nearby.

Remembering the particular call he had received, she took a stealthy glance around, ensuring he was truly out of sight. Swiftly, she grabbed the phone, scrolling through his contacts for the name "Baby."

Sadie's intentions were clear as day: she wanted to find out who this woman was and confront her. Sneakily, she made the call, expecting to hear the voice of a rival.

But, to her shock, a child's bubbly voice answered, "Daddy?"

She had anticipated a woman, not a child.

Sadie was caught off guard, the voice like a bucket of cold water drenching her anger. Her heart raced; she felt a mix of confusion and rising panic.

Had Holden kept a secret child hidden from her? "Daddy? Why are you silent?" The innocence in the child's voice was evident.

Struggling to hold back her turbulent emotions, Sadie inquired, "Who

you be?"

The young boy, Melon, was equally puzzled. He double- than caller Was indeed his father: ut this voice was unfamiliar, and it definitely wasn't his dad's.

Brows furrowing in confusion, Melon finally responded, Worse sing my dad's phone?"