

Unconscious 221

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At that moment, the door burst open as Aziel strode in, a look of urgency etched upon his features.

“Ariana, Mr. Anderson’s operation has been completed.”

With Aziel’s words ringing in her ears, Ariana felt her heart race with a mix of nervousness and hope.

She quickly slipped her feet into her shoes and raced out of the ward.

As she approached the resuscitation room, she saw the doctor searching for the patient’s family.

Ariana rushed over, her heart pounding with fear. “Doctor,” she breathed, desperation evident in her voice, “I am the family of the patient. How is Theodore now?”

The doctor handed Ariana the medical report, his tone heavy with concern, “The patient has come through the critical period and is now out of harm’s way. There are varying levels of injury to the chest, a minor fracture of the ribs, and an intracranial concussion. During this time, it’s crucial that he gets plenty of rest.”

The doctor paused, his eyes scanning the paper before him.

“However, the injuries to his legs are the most severe. His legs were subjected to a great deal of force.”

Ariana felt her heart drop as she interjected the doctor, "His legs were previously damaged in a car crash and he became disabled. However, a previous doctor had mentioned he still held hope for recovery. Will the prognosis be worse now?"

The doctor trailed off, his confusion deepening as he looked at Ariana's face, filled with despair. He flipped through the medical report in his hand once more, only to confirm that the patient, Theodore Anderson, had suffered a fracture at the ankle previously but was not disabled.

Ariana's voice was laced with a sense of desperation as she asked, "Doctor, is he unable to stand again?"

The doctor shook his head, still looking bewildered. He replied, "Ma'am, are you referring to Theodore Anderson? But, his legs..."

"Doctor! Is my boss alright? Is he out of danger?" Horace interrupted their conversation by appearing out of nowhere and standing between Ariana and the doctor.

There was a thick brace around his neck and tears glistening in his eyes. He seemed to be in distress.

Two bulky men dressed in sharp black suits followed closely behind him.

Before Ariana could react, Horace ordered the burly men to lift the doctor and drag him into the office to

talk.

“Wait! What are you doing?” the doctor yelled in surprise. He was so flustered that the medical report dropped from his hand and fluttered to the floor.

With great difficulty, Horace bent down and picked up the fallen medical report. He placed it back into the doctor’s hand and said earnestly, “I need to talk to you about my boss’s previous physical condition. It can help you in treating him later.”

Confused, Ariana made a move to follow them, but was abruptly stopped by Horace.

“Boss is awake. You should go and check on him, ma’am.”

Ariana instantly abandoned any other thought and hurried to Theodore’s ward.

When she reached his ward, she saw that he had indeed woken up, but his body was almost completely wrapped in bandages like a mummy in his tomb, unable to move.

When he saw Ariana enter, a sheepish expression appeared on his face, and he said self-mockingly,

“When I woke up from being a vegetable last time, I didn’t feel as embarrassed as I feel now.

Hearing Theodore's hoarse and weak voice brought hot tears to Ariana's eyes. She sniffled, "Does it hurt?"

Theodore snorted and wiggled his bandaged arms a little. "Not that bad. Better than being dead, anyway. By the way, I just heard Lynch died in the explosion."

Ariana blinked, stunned.

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She couldn't help but inwardly sigh with complicated emotions at the news about Lynch's death. But Lynch deserved death and didn't deserve any form of sympathy.

After regaining her composure, Ariana berated Theodore unhappily, "You just went through an operation, yet you got the news before me. Can't you have a good rest without having to worry about what others are up to?"

Theodore chuckled and patted the space on the bed beside him.

"Why are you standing? Come and sit here."

Ariana walked over slowly and sat down. She took Theodore's exposed arm and gently tucked it back under the warm quilt.

"No. It's hot." Theodore pouted and complained like a child, but one sharp look from Ariana

immediately shut him up.

Ariana picked up an apple from the bedside table and began to peel it, chattering, "The doctor says you should get some rest for now. Don't focus on your work. Oh, and if you need anything, just let me know." ©

"What about you? Do you feel well?" Theodore asked.

Ariana paused and raised her eyes to look up at Theodore. Maybe it was because of the pain from his injuries that Theodore's handsome face looked haggard, which made his expression softer and less indifferent than usual.

It was because of this rare gentleness she saw in him that Ariana mustered the courage to sit close to him. She nodded her head and said, "I'm fine. It's my fault you got hurt so badly. He had planned to come after me."

"But you saved me, too," Theodore comforted Ariana in a soothing voice. He stretched out his fingers from under the quilt and touched Ariana's hand.

However, Ariana didn't seem to notice at all. Her eyebrows furrowed as she blamed herself. "But you

got hurt anyway. I really am useless. I couldn't do anything right. If Sarah hadn't asked Aziel to locate us because she couldn't reach me, we could be dead by now."

Theodore was about to comfort Ariana further, but she suddenly changed the subject. "I'm sorry. To be honest, I always suspected that you were pretending to be disabled. From now on, I won't doubt you anymore. You don't know how desperate I felt when you were stuck in that car. When it happened, I really hoped your legs were okay."

Ariana's voice trembled. She looked pale and frightened.

Theodore froze, hesitating. He silently put his hand back under the quilt. He went quiet for a long time.

At some point, he broke the silence and said bitterly, "Would you be angry if I were pretending?" ©

Ariana sobbed, tears dripping from her lashes. She wiped the corners of her eyes with the back of her hand and said exasperatedly, "Of course, I'd be angry! Wouldn't that be making fun of me? After getting to know you for so long, I think of you as my friend. If you were making a fool out of me behind my back, I wouldn't know how to face you. Luckily, it didn't turn out like that." ©

Theodore avoided looking at her. He was caught in a dilemma. He fell into an even longer silence.

Ariana raised her head. Her eyes were wet and puffy from crying.

She tilted her head at Theodore curiously, confusion in her glossy eyes.

“By the way, you said you were hiding something from me at that time. What is it?” ©

Theodore let out an awkward cough and made up a lame excuse.

“It’s nothing. I just wanted to tell you that Horace broke the water heater in your hotel room last time.”

Ariana was taken aback. Was such an insignificant piece of information pressing enough to tell her in a life-or-death situation?

She felt a tinge of disappointment and pursed her lips. She said disparagingly, “I thought you were going to tell me you have an illegitimate child or something.”

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Theodore almost choked. He looked at her, speechless. He said, “I don’t understand why the hell you would think that.”

His tone irritated her so, not to be outdone, Ariana retorted hotly, “I haven’t even said anything to scold you! You’re always so sarcastic. I don’t even know how to talk to you sometimes.”

“I’m sarcastic? Give me an example.” Theodore was so infuriated that he laughed and stared at her

pointedly. His expression obviously warned her not to say another word, or he'd kill her.

Ariana immediately gave in. She lowered her eyes and said insipidly, "I can't remember. I'll tell you if I think of one."

Theodore opened his mouth to say something else, but Horace and the doctor entered the room at that moment.

Ariana instantly diverted her attention to them and asked, "Doctor, how are his legs? Is he okay? Is it possible to cure him?"

The doctor glanced at Horace with a strange expression. He faced Ariana's hopeful eyes, decided to bite the bullet, and said, "The patient's legs are seriously injured."

The expectation in Ariana's eyes dulled, and her shoulders drooped in disappointment.

"But..."

Ariana's head jerked up as he spoke again, and she became hopeful. "But?"

The doctor let out an awkward, strained laugh and said, "But this operation happened to cure any remaining problems. As long as the patient goes through successful physiotherapy, there's a chance for a full recovery."

Ariana beamed with joy. She turned to Theodore and exclaimed cheerfully, "Did you hear that? There's a chance for a full recovery! That means you can't slack off this time. You have to work hard in the therapy, in case something like this happens again."

Theodore nodded meekly. "I know."

"The patient needs to rest in the hospital for at least two more weeks. His family must come with me to go through the admission procedures." The doctor didn't say anything more and asked Ariana to go through all the necessary formalities with him.

Ariana agreed and followed the doctor out.

It was only Horace and Theodore left in the ward. Horace looked at his boss, who couldn't move, and asked cautiously, "You pretended to be disabled so that Darian and Jasper could relax their vigilance and you could have time to find their weakness."

The plan has only been carried out halfway through. Why are you suddenly changing your mind and using this chance to drop the act now? Is it because of Ms. Edwards?"

Theodore looked at Horace and snapped, "What? Did you hurt your brain? Don't you know what you

should call her?"

Horace immediately understood what his boss meant and changed the way he addressed Ariana. "I'm sorry. I meant Mrs. Anderson."

Theodore looked satisfied. He huffed, "Good. Since she wants me to recover so badly, why not satisfy her? Besides, it's really inconvenient to be stuck in a wheelchair all the time."

"But what about Darian and Jasper?" Horace was concerned about their original plan.

Theodore shrugged and said indifferently, "Don't worry. I have other ways to deal with them."

After considering it for a while, Horace asked, "Since you have already accepted Ariana as your wife, when will you let her know about the Fredrick family and let her meet your grandfather? Mr. Fredrick has been urging me many times in private. He's been looking forward to meeting his granddaughter-in-law."

Theodore went quiet for a while, thinking. Then he said, "There's no rush. I'll talk to Grandpa myself."

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For the following few days, with unwavering devotion, Ariana had stationed herself at Theodore's hospital bedside, hardly ever leaving his side.

The once heavily-bandaged body of Theodore was on the mend, with fewer and fewer wrappings

adorning his wounds each day. The progress was so great, in fact, that Theodore had regained enough strength to engage in lighthearted banter with Ariana.

As lunchtime approached that day, Ariana meticulously arranged a table full of nutritious dishes delivered from the kitchen.

With delicate care, she helped Theodore adjust himself to a seated position and handed him a spoon.

Theodore, with bandages wrapped around his head, appeared fragile as he gazed at the spoon in his hand. In a barely audible tone, he remarked, "I lack the energy..."

Ariana immediately took the spoon from his hand, and then placed a spoonful of food in his mouth.

With his injury, even simple tasks like eating had become a challenge.

Although Theodore was known for his fiery temperament, he put aside his pickiness and accepted the meal she had prepared for him.

The sight of the asparagus on the spoon elicited a momentary look of distaste on Theodore's face, but he didn't utter a word of complaint. He ate what was placed before him with grace.

"Didn't you also say you'd been hiding something from me? What is it?" Theodore queried, catching

Ariana off guard with the sudden turn in the conversation.

Ariana was taken aback by Theodore's sudden question. The truth was, she had planned to reveal her pregnancy when they thought they were in their last moments.

But now that they were both safe, the secret of her pregnancy weighed heavily on her heart, yet still needed to be kept hidden.

With a soft smile, she teasingly responded, "Once you are back on your feet, it shall be your reward to know what I have kept from you."

Anyway, Theodore's leg injuries were serious and a complete recovery would take time. She wondered if she would have already left the Anderson family by then.

Of course, Theodore knew it was just an excuse, but he chose to not press the matter, aware that it was totally up to him to decide when he could stand again.

"Fine, don't forget it." Theodore spoke with a joyful tone.

He then gingerly moved to the bedside, determination etched on his features. "Let's start the physiotherapy now."

Ariana was taken aback by Theodore's sudden vigor. This was the first time she'd seen him so eager to

begin his treatment. "But we haven't hired a physiotherapy specialist yet," she pointed out.

Ignoring her words, Theodore reached out his hands to Ariana.

"You can do it," he encouraged her.

Ariana was caught off guard as Theodore's strong grip closed around her hands, and before she knew

it, he was on his feet.

With her help, he rose in a determined surge of strength, his body towering over hers.

Ariana's heart swelled with amazement and joy. Theodore was standing!

But then she felt the weight of his body bear down on her, and her heart skipped a beat as she realized

that he was relying on her completely.

"No, no " Ariana's heart raced as she felt herself falling backward. In a moment of fear, she reached out

to grab anything to break her fall.

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But before she could, she felt Theodore's strong arms wrap around her, holding her close and

protectively cradling her head and back as they fell on the carpet.

Theodore leaned into her, the weight of his body pressing down on her. "Damn it! I can't feel my legs,"

he said deliberately, his warm breath tickling her ear as he took in her sweet scent.

Ariana's cheeks were ablaze with color as she felt Theodore's body close to hers.

The warmth of the moment consumed her and she was unable to meet his gaze, instead opting to fix her eyes upon his collar.

With a shy push to his shoulders, she whispered, "Please, get up."

"Don't move," he said through gritted teeth, sweat rolling down his forehead.

Ariana's heart sank as she saw Theodore writhing in pain.

Her mind racing, Ariana asked with a hint of concern, "What's wrong? Did standing up too quickly hurt your legs?"

Theodore offered a grim nod. The truth was, his pain was genuine. The brutal impact from the crash had caused a deep-seated fracture in his leg, and the sudden jolt from falling had reopened the wound, leaving him to sweat from the intense discomfort.

Despite her concern, Theodore refused to let Ariana get a closer look at his injury.

"Don't look." Theodore's voice was tinged with a hint of tenderness as he placed a protective hand on Ariana's arm, preventing her from getting any closer. "You were so frightened during the last dressing

change, remember?"

Ariana's brow furrowed in frustration. "You knew how scared I was, yet you still push yourself too hard,"

she reprimanded him gently. "Physiotherapy takes time and patience. Why are you rushing things?"

Theodore's eyes met hers, his expression softening as he said, "I promise, I won't do it again."

Ariana was stunned by Theodore's uncharacteristic obedience.

But, she didn't let it stop her from voicing her concerns.

With a hint of annoyance in her voice, she scolded, "Don't think I haven't noticed your rush to recover.

You just want to stand on your feet early so that you can uncover my secret. The process of

physiotherapy can't be rushed. You need to take it slow and find a professional to help you. Don't act

impulsively again. Otherwise, you would get hurt..."

Theodore gazed into Ariana's eyes, filled with worry for him, and listened to her every word.

Overwhelmed by her love and care for him, he leaned in and pressed his lips against hers.

Ariana was taken aback as Theodore's lips pressed against hers.

Before she could react, he deepened the kiss.

With determined force, Theodore pried open her lips, dominating her senses and filling her thoughts with his presence.

This was the first time they had kissed with such passion and intensity.

Though Ariana initially struggled against his embrace, she found herself powerless to resist Theodore's strength and soon found herself fully yielding to the moment.

Their bodies were alight with fervent heat, and the sound of their pounding hearts filled the air as they were consumed by an intimate passion.

As the kiss intensified, the sound of the door being abruptly opened interrupted the intimate moment.

Ariana immediately jolted back to reality, her eyes locking onto the figure of Horace standing hesitantly at the door, his hand covering his eyes in embarrassment.

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"I'll come back later."

"I'm sorry to interrupt," Horace mumbled.

With urgency, Ariana pushed Theodore away and quickly rose to her feet, calling out to Horace before he could leave, "Your boss has had a mishap. Please come and help him up."

Horace cleared his throat and was momentarily stunned by the fiery gaze of Theodore.

Ariana had turned around to face the wall. She was lost in the moment, her cheeks still aglow and her breath still ragged.

Despite Theodore's menacing expression, Horace summoned the courage to cautiously assist the man back to his bed.

Horace presented Theodore with a new phone and said, "Your previous phone was unfortunately damaged in the accident. But I've taken care of it, sir. The new phone has all of your previous data transferred over."

Theodore nodded and his expression softened a little. "Thank you."

"Just doing my job, sir," Horace replied, before quickly making an excuse to leave.

As the door closed, Theodore shifted his gaze toward the still turned away Ariana. "I'm feeling a bit hot, I need to clean up. I'll take a shower."

Spinning around, Ariana's face showed a look of concern. "No, the doctor said your wounds can't be exposed to water."

"In that case, could you help me clean up with a towel?"

Theodore replied with a hint of authority, still seated on the bed in his hospital gown.

With a frown, Ariana was not one to be swayed by Theodore's arrogance, "I'll find Horace for you."

Stepping out of the room, Ariana called for Horace, but he had already left.

Theodore let out a disgruntled snort. "Horace is always so busy.

You're my wife; it's your duty to assist me with my grooming."

Ariana's cheeks were stained with a deep shade of crimson, a mixture of anger and shyness, as she

wondered if Theodore was aware of the fact that they were not of the same gender. Their relationship

was merely a formality, not genuine love.

With a new idea in mind, Ariana suggested, "What if I find you a nurse?"

Theodore's brows furrowed in displeasure as he firmly rejected the idea. "No one is allowed to touch

me except for those I trust. If you don't want to help, I'll manage on my own. I'll endure it."

Ariana felt the weight of her conscience as she gazed upon Theodore's strong yet pained form, turned

away from her in silence. Despite his usual air of arrogance, she couldn't help but sense a hint of

vulnerability in his demeanor.

Her heart ached with the knowledge that his injuries were a result of her actions, and the simple

request he had made seemed so small in comparison.

She knew how much he detested feeling unclean, and the thought of him being unable to bathe only added to his discomfort.

With a newfound tenderness in her heart, Ariana surrendered to Theodore's request. Nodding, she promised, "Okay. I will fetch you warm water to soothe and cleanse your body."

Theodore's gaze lingered on Ariana's back, a smile slowly spreading across his face.

As she prepared a basin of hot water and a fluffy towel, Ariana was faced with a new challenge.

Would it be appropriate for her to remove Theodore's clothes herself?

But, how could she clean his body if he remained dressed?

With a deep breath and eyes closed tightly, Ariana mustered up the courage to touch Theodore's body.

With eyes closed and hands fumbling, Ariana tried to wash Theodore's body. But the process was not going well, causing Theodore to intervene. "How could you do it like this?" he asked, the towel in his mouth muffling his words. "Is this your way of expressing your dissatisfaction with me?"

Ariana hesitated, and then replied in a timid voice, "No, I'm not dissatisfied."

“Then do it properly,” Theodore commanded, his voice firm and unwavering.

“Got it.” With a determined nod, Ariana took a deep breath and forced herself to think of Theodore as a

fragile, elderly man, bedridden and in need of her care. Steeling herself, she quickly removed

Theodore’s clothes, determined to properly tend to his needs.

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Ariana felt shy and embarrassed when she had to clean Theodore’s body. However, her shyness was

gone when she stripped him half-naked. ©

She carefully wiped and cleaned Theodore’s body as if he were a fragile treasure.

Still, she couldn’t help admiring Theodore’s fantastic figure. His muscles were not only perfectly shaped

and distributed but also well-defined. He didn’t look like a patient who was disabled and weak at all.

It seemed that Theodore was strict with his workout regimes. Even though he was disabled, he didn’t

give up exercising.

Ariana squeezed Theodore’s biceps lightly and sighed in her heart. How much weight training he had

done to maintain these muscles?

Ariana was immersed in her thoughts as she wiped Theodore’s chest, back, upper body, and lower

body. She seemed like someone experienced, totally different from her bashful self from earlier.

Meanwhile, Theodore couldn't resist Ariana's touches anymore. He grabbed Ariana's hands and said in

a low voice, "Stop. Get the wheelchair. I need to go to the bathroom."

Ariana obeyed and helped Theodore onto the wheelchair before pushing him into the bathroom.

"I'll wait for you at the door. Call me if you need any help," Ariana said casually as she tidied up his

messy hair. It was like a routine to her now. She had been helping Theodore around the hospital the

past few days. She was like a mother taking care of her son.

Theodore raised his eyebrows and looked at the innocent girl staring back at him.

He asked hoarsely, "Are you sure you want to wait? I might be inside for quite a while."

"Quite a while? Do you have a stomachache?" Ariana asked in confusion.

"You tell me," Theodore replied dismissively, but his eyes were looking pointedly at her.

Ariana couldn't figure out what Theodore meant. However, it suddenly occurred to her that Theodore

sounded weird as if he was implying something. When her gaze traveled down to his crotch, she

understood immediately what he meant.

"You..." Ariana started and blushed. Her tongue was tied, and she was unable to complete her words.

Theodore gazed into her eyes meaningfully and asked, "What's wrong? I'm a man.

It's normal for this to happen, right?"

Ariana felt hot, and she flushed a brighter shade of red. ©

"Then take your time. I won't bother you," she mumbled awkwardly before turning around to run away.

Theodore chuckled and shook his head helplessly. This woman was really timid when it came to teasing.

When Horace came back to the hospital after finishing his task, he saw Ariana squatting outside

Theodore's ward, wearing a strange expression.

He felt perplexed and walked over to check in on her. "Mrs. Anderson, why are you squatting outside?

Don't you want to go in?" he asked in concern.

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Ariana looked up and quickly jumped to her feet. "It's nothing. It's too stuffy inside.

I came out for some fresh air," she replied hastily.

Horace studied Ariana and noticed her sleeves were wet. He passed a bag he was holding to her and

said, "Would you like to tidy yourself up in the VIP room? Mr. Anderson got me to buy this for you.

Please change out of your wet clothes and put this on. I'll take care of Mr. Anderson. You can take a rest after tidying up. I'll call you if anything happens." ©

Ariana did feel a little tired. She wanted to refresh herself with a shower, so she took the clothes and thanked Horace before entering the VIP room next door.

Meanwhile, Theodore came out of the bathroom, and Ariana was nowhere in sight.

He only found Horace waiting for him in the ward.

"Where is she?" Theodore asked with a frown.

Horace replied respectfully, "Mrs. Anderson is resting in the room next door."

He then pushed Theodore's wheelchair and got straight to business. "There was some new discovery at the site of the accident. The police are waiting for you outside to discuss the details."

Theodore regained his composure and nodded. "Let them in," he said grimly.

The police officer who led the investigation team was Sprague Carpenter, the captain of the criminal investigation department and Theodore's acquaintance.

After they exchanged a few pleasantries, they dove straight to the point.

Sprague handed Theodore some pictures from the accident site. The images showed two cars that were almost burnt to ashes. Although evidence of foul play was scarce, Theodore still picked up one of the pictures and examined it.

Sprague picked out a photo and tapped on a half-charred object as he analyzed,

“Our men have inspected your car and found the brakes had been tampered with. It was doomed to malfunction. According to your route, if Lynch hadn’t crashed your car, you would be driving on the expressway within ten minutes. I wouldn’t dare to imagine the consequences if the brakes were to malfunction while your car was at high speed.”

Theodore sneered, “So this was a blessing in disguise?”

Sprague had a grave expression while he sighed, “I can only say that there were many coincidences in this accident.” ©

Theodore put down the photo in his hand and asked, “Any idea who did it?”

“We found some clues, but investigations are still ongoing. We will inform you as soon as something new comes up.”

Sprague signaled to one of his men to bring in an apricot-colored bag and turned back to Theodore,

explaining, "We found your wife's bag at the scene. It wasn't completely damaged, perhaps because it was flung out during the crash, and the fire didn't get to it. Only the exterior was damaged. Everything inside is still intact.

We did our best recovering everything we could find.

"Thank you," Theodore said gratefully as he received the bag.

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Soon after Sprague finished his report, he left with his men.

Horace closed the door behind them and walked to Theodore. "This is similar to the previous car accident. The culprit must be the same person," he said gravely. ©

Theodore's expression was cold and stiff. "Some people just can't keep still," he grumbled.

"Could it be Darian?" Horace asked.

Theodore snorted, "It can't be. That old man wants my shares. He won't kill me until he gets his hands on them."

"So it's Jasper?" Horace continued to guess.

Theodore remained silent in thought. He glanced at Horace and said thoughtfully,

“This is the second time you failed to notice the car was sabotaged.”

Horace was startled and apologized immediately, “I’m sorry. I promise it won’t happen again.”

Theodore didn’t answer but softened his look a little.

Horace continued while his heart pounded nervously, “Fortunately, Mrs. Anderson was there to save us

this time. She had never given up on you. She really loves you a lot.”

Horace observed Theodore’s expression as he spoke. He breathed a sigh of relief when Theodore’s

anger faded, and a smile appeared in his eyes.

Typically, Horace would be punished to work in a remote mine, as per his usual punishments. However,

because of those words, Theodore felt that Horace might be worthwhile to have around.

Theodore also sensed that Ariana loved him a lot. Otherwise, she would have given up on saving him

at that time.

He was in a life-and-death situation and yet, she refused to leave him alone even if it meant risking her

own life.

Theodore was in a good mood. He wheeled himself to the bedside, and his elbow accidentally knocked

Ariana's bag off the table.

The bag was opened as the zip was spoiled, and the contents scattered all over the floor.

Horace wanted to help Theodore collect the items from the floor, but Theodore stopped him. Theodore

didn't want any man to touch Ariana's things, even if it was Horace.

Theodore picked up all the items on the floor, including lipstick, a small mirror, makeup, an umbrella,

and a paper envelope. He then returned them to her bag.

When Theodore picked up the paper envelope, he found it was opened, revealing a document.

Theodore frowned and hesitated. Unable to suppress his curiosity, he took out the document and

realized it was a divorce agreement.

At that moment, Horace was standing near Theodore, and he was able to see the divorce agreement.

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He felt the temperature of the atmosphere drop sharply.

His heart pounded violently, and he dared not make a sound. It was bold of Ariana to consider a

divorce.

Theodore pursed his lips tightly and quickly flipped through the agreement. Ariana had already signed

her signature, and they would be officially divorced if he signed his too.

The terms in the agreement were not beneficial to Ariana at all. To put it bluntly, she would not get any property.

She must be really desperate for a divorce!

Theodore was so angry that he snickered. The sense of betrayal slowly crept into his heart, and the pain he felt was unbearable.

He recalled Ariana would tell him the secret when his legs recovered. So this was what she wanted to say. A divorce.

He had never thought of the possibility. He was almost deceived by her kindness!

Theodore sneered as he gripped the document so tightly that it almost crumpled.

Horace said cautiously, "Boss, there may be some misunderstandings..."

Before Horace could finish his sentence, Theodore interrupted him, "Shut up and get out!"

Horace trembled and rushed out obediently. However, before he could leave, Theodore called him back again, "Wait a minute. There's something I need you to do."

"Yes, Boss!" Horace responded quickly.

In the VIP room, Ariana had just finished a long shower and was walking out of the bathroom. She was wearing a lilac dress underneath a beautiful white coat.

She checked the time and thought that it was still early. She was a little worried about Theodore, so she decided to check in on him.

As soon as she entered the ward, she saw Theodore sitting in his wheelchair with a book in his hand.

Horace stood by the side silently. The atmosphere in the room seemed very still.

“What’s wrong?” Ariana asked, feeling puzzled. Theodore seemed fine before she left for a shower.

What could have happened that changed his mood? ©

Theodore closed his book and handed it to Horace. He then turned to Ariana and said coldly, “Pack your things. We are going back to Eleymond today.”

“Why so sudden? Aren’t you staying here to recuperate?” Ariana asked again as she was surprised by

his sudden decision. According to the doctor, Theodore had to remain for at least ten days in the

hospital for further observations. Was there something important happening in Eleymond? If not, why

would they need to go back all of a sudden?

Theodore ignored her question. He turned his head away and said indifferently, "Don't ask so many questions. Just do as I say."

"Okay," Ariana replied. However, she stuck out her tongue secretly, wondering how she had offended him again. She hadn't seen him behaving so coldly for a long time already.

Ariana couldn't hold back her curiosity. In order to satisfy her doubts, she eyed Horace and hinted for him to leave the ward with her.