

Unconscious 291

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“Shut up, Theodore! Can’t you act your age for once?” she scolded him.

Ariana’s face flushed with embarrassment as she clamped her hand over

Theodore’s mouth, silencing his taunts. As she removed her hand, she quickly realized the reason

behind his behavior and checked her phone.

Sure enough, there was a call from an unknown number that lasted only a few seconds. Ariana’s

intuition told her it was Tyler, as she had given him her number earlier that day.

It all made sense now why Theodore was acting out.

With a gentle cough, Ariana shifted her gaze toward Theodore, who appeared perturbed, and spoke

softly. “The person you heard on the phone is Tyler Brewer, Betty’s younger brother. I’m going to sign a

contract with him. He’s been through a lot lately. His sister had attempted suicide a few days ago, but

fortunately, she was saved. Concerned for his family’s wellbeing, I gave him my number, thinking he

might require my assistance.”

Theodore’s previously cold face softened a little, but his voice still held a hint of despondency. “But isn’t

it too familiar for him to call you by your name so sweetly?

You'll be his leader."

Ariana rolled her eyes and brushed off his concern. "It's not a big deal, and I'm not his leader. We'll

work together. You're just making a mountain out of a molehill."

Theodore remained uneasy, his discomfort palpable. After a few moments of silence, he issued a stern

warning. "Remember, until we're officially divorced, you are still my wife. And that means you're

forbidden from getting involved with other men..."

"Fine. Then let's get a divorce."

Ariana didn't hesitate to cut Theodore off before he could finish his words.

Theodore's jaw clenched as he glared at her. "What are you talking about?"

Ariana's heart was pounding nervously as she stared at Theodore's darkened face.

She could feel his tense arms around her, but she mustered the courage to break free. Thoughts of

Helen gave her strength as she stood up for herself. "You know exactly what I'm talking about. I'm sick

and tired of this. You took a woman home to live with you, but you don't allow me to get involved with

other men? And you have the nerve to interrogate me first?"

As Ariana continued to speak, her voice became increasingly despondent and tears began to well up in her eyes. The thought of Helen's attitude toward her only added to her distress.

Observing her sadness, Theodore's brow furrowed in confusion. "Are you talking about Helen?" he asked.

Ariana shot him a disdainful look without saying anything.

Theodore looked at her and explained seriously, "I assure you, I only treat Helen as a younger sister."

"I don't think so," Ariana retorted coldly.

Suddenly, Theodore's expression shifted, his eyebrows raised as if he had an epiphany. "Ah, I see," he said with a smirk. "Are you jealous?"

As Theodore observed Ariana's anger and realized her jealousy, a smirk played on his lips.

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He had always found her odd behavior when it came to Helen intriguing, and now everything made sense.

Ariana's cheeks flushed with embarrassment as Theodore's gaze bore into her.

She quickly dismissed his assumption, denying any jealousy. "I'm not jealous! I don't need to be," she

retorted, her voice laced with irritation.

Theodore's smile remained, but he nodded understandingly. His fingers intertwined as he leaned back, feeling quite pleased with himself. "You needn't worry yourself with Helen. She holds no significance," he said in a gentle tone, trying to reassure her.

Ariana's ears burned as she thought she had misheard Theodore. She rubbed them in disbelief and repeated, "She holds no significance? Don't you care for her the most?"

Theodore let out a sigh, realizing that he couldn't fully explain their relationship.

"Just don't overthink it. Helen is still young and wild. She'll come around to accepting you as her sister-in-law eventually."

"I don't care." Ariana scoffed at his words. She had never imagined that she and Helen could have a cordial relationship.

As a woman herself, Ariana knew that Helen was possessive of Theodore. It was evident in the way she looked at him and the way she talked about him.

Anyone could see that their relationship was far from just being brother and sister.

Theodore let out a sigh and broke the heavy silence that had enveloped them. "I understand that you're not fond of Helen. I've spoken to her and asked her to avoid you in the future. So, you don't have to bother with her anymore."

Ariana was taken aback. Was he so candid with Helen? It explained why Theodore was so aloof and unapproachable.

She could imagine how infuriated Helen must have been upon hearing such an ultimatum.

Her anger had subsided somewhat, and she was now in a better mood, though she put up a front of indifference. "Then you'd better discipline her and make sure she behaves herself."

Theodore noticed the softening of her demeanor and seized the opportunity. "Since Helen won't be a problem anymore, why don't you come back to the mansion with me?" he proposed.

Ariana declined the offer right away, saying, "I'm fine with this place."

Theodore proposed an alternative, "I can buy these two apartments, connect them to one, and renovate them for you."

Ariana looked at him doubtfully and asked, "What are you after?"

The idle nature of Theodore, a successful CEO, was a puzzle to Ariana. Why was he here, at the

rented property she was currently staying at? And why was he making compromises now?

Suspensions swirled around in her head, as she eyed him warily.

“No, it’s just my suggestion,” he stammered, too afraid to meet her gaze.

“That’s good to hear.” Not bothering to ask more questions, Ariana turned to leave, but Theodore

wasn’t done yet.

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He followed her, catching up when she almost reached the door. “You don’t need to knock anymore.

The lock code is your birthday.”

Ariana’s abrupt stop caught Theodore off guard. She turned around and gazed at him, her eyes

probing. “Theodore, do you have a crush on me?”

He frowned and instinctively wanted to deny it.

Before he could even respond, Ariana sneered and cut him off, “Don’t bother denying it. I know the

answer already. You made it clear to me that I should never fall for you, so I won’t. I won’t bring any

complications to your life. Please respect my decision and keep your distance from me going forward.

Don’t say things that could mislead me again.”

Ariana turned her back and left without giving Theodore a chance to speak.

As she made her way to the door, she realized that the sound of the wheelchair was absent this time.

Biting her lower lip, she felt the sting of tears in her eyes and reminded herself that she shouldn't let her emotions get the best of her.

Just as she thought she was going to leave without a response, Theodore's deep, resonant voice filled the air, stopping her in her tracks.

"Ariana," he murmured, "I allow you to fall in love with me." The words hung in the air, electrifying and powerful, sending a shiver down Ariana's spine.

In her room, Ariana's face flushed with embarrassment and anger as she clutched the bear doll tightly in her hands.

Her ears burned as she replayed Theodore's words in her mind. "Ariana, I allow you to fall in love with me."

She scoffed at the audacity of the man.

The thought made her even angrier, and she buried her face in the soft, plush toy to hide her shame.

Her heart was pounding so fast she could barely catch her breath.

How could she have let herself fall for someone so arrogant and full of himself? She imagined

Theodore laughing at her foolishness as she had fled his apartment earlier.

Who did he think he was? A prince charming who could charm her into falling in love with him?

Ariana twisted and turned on the bed, trying to shake off the unwanted thoughts.

But it was no use.

Her mind was consumed by the image of Theodore's handsome face and deep voice.

She was doomed, and she knew it. Despite her best efforts, she couldn't control her feelings, and it

seemed that she really had a crush on that arrogant man. It was insane, but she couldn't deny it any

longer.

The night was long and restless. Ariana tossed and turned, unable to shake off the messy thoughts in

her mind. If it weren't for the little life growing inside of her, she might have turned to a bottle of wine for

comfort.

As the sun rose the next day, Ariana dragged herself out of bed, her eyes heavy with dark circles.

Despite her exhaustion, she couldn't help but glance at the balcony across from her, wondering if

Theodore was already awake.

With a bitter taste in her mouth, Ariana resolved to find a new place to live, far away from that

despicable man.

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She quickly took out her phone and decided to send the rental agency a message.

As she was typing, a troubling thought dawned on Ariana's mind—how did Theodore know where she

lived?

She had mulled over it the previous night, but hadn't had a chance to investigate further.

It seemed unlikely that Theodore, no matter how resourceful he was, could locate her within a mere

two days and move in as her next-door neighbor.

Ariana began to speculate if someone else was involved. Perhaps, Sarah had inadvertently let the

secret slip?

The memory of Sarah's guilty expression on the day after Ariana had rented the apartment crept up on

her.

Ariana was seething with anger as she stormed to the staircase to call Sarah who had already flown to a different city.

When Sarah finally answered, her voice was bubbly with excitement. "Hey, sweetie! What's up? Why are you calling me so early?"

Ariana's fury only intensified at the sound of her cheerful voice. "Did you do something to me?" she demanded.

Sarah sounded perplexed. "What are you talking about?"

Ariana gritted her teeth. "Did you tell Theodore where I live? He's now my neighbor!"

Sarah gasped in surprise, and then broke into laughter. "Oh, my God! I didn't think Theodore would go that far! He's such a player, that CEO of yours."

"Sarah! Why are you laughing?" Ariana demanded.

"Very well, I'll stop laughing," Sarah responded gravely. "I apologize, but I had no other choice. You can't imagine how terrified I was when he showed up in front of me with more than ten menacing, muscular men. I thought I'd crossed paths with some nefarious gangsters."

Ariana was momentarily at a loss for words. Sensing her unease, Sarah quickly conjured up an excuse

and hung up the phone.

“Alas...” Ariana sighed.

Deep down, she knew that Sarah’s reaction was reasonable. After all, Theodore was a force to be reckoned with. Besides, Sarah was an artist of SJ Entertainment. She couldn’t go against her boss.

The thought of moving again had crossed Ariana’s mind, but the phone call changed everything. It was pointless to hide from Theodore because he would eventually find her. She couldn’t bear the thought of him harassing her friends, so she decided to stay put.

Ariana arrived at the company early in the morning, only to find someone waiting for her. Tyler was squatting at the entrance, looking up at her with a broad smile on his face.

“Ariana!” he exclaimed happily.

Ariana’s eyebrows lifted up in surprise as she saw Tyler waiting outside. It was still early, and the air was chilly with a frosty bite. She couldn’t help but wonder how long he had been waiting there. “How long have you been here?” she asked, a tinge of worry in her voice.

Tyler gave her a small, restrained smile. “Not long,” he replied.

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Ariana didn't press the matter, but she could see the tell-tale signs of the cold on his ears, which were a bright shade of red. She took his arm and led him across the street to a cozy restaurant. "Let's have breakfast. I'm starving," she said.

"Okay," Tyler readily agreed, following her obediently as they walked into the warm, inviting eatery.

After finishing their meal, Ariana led Tyler to the meeting room. She left him there and went to the HR department alone to retrieve the contract.

With the document in hand, she returned to the meeting room and handed it over to Tyler.

Without much thought, Tyler grabbed a pen and was ready to sign the contract. But Ariana stopped him in his tracks, her eyes wide open in disbelief. "What are you doing? You can't sign without reading it, or you'll get scammed," she warned him.

Tyler looked at her with sincerity, his tone muffled but determined. "I trust you."

Ariana was taken aback. Her heart skipped a beat as if struck by a bolt of lightning.

"We've only just met, and you're willing to trust me so easily, kid? Remember, the world is a dangerous place, and you can only rely on yourself. If you're still so naive, I can't sign this contract with you. Trust

me, things are way more complicated than you think in this industry.”

Tyler cast his gaze downwards, staring at the contract lying on the table. With a heavy heart, he muttered, “I know.”

Ariana sighed, seizing the document and commencing to clarify the clauses to him.

“It’s a basic level B contract, valid for ten years. As you’re a newcomer, that’s the best I can offer you.

Applying for a higher level is tough, and the chances are slim.”

Tyler’s face filled with remorse, and his eyes darted back up to hers. “I’m sorry,” he said, sounding forlorn. “I’ve put you in an awkward position and brought you trouble.”

“You’re not entirely to blame,” Ariana responded soothingly, taking pity on him.

“The circumstances are intricate. I’ll discuss everything with you later. Maybe I’ll be the one who’ll bring you trouble.” She attempted to perk him up with a small smile.

“Anyway, go through the contract first.”

Tyler quickly went through the contract and was about to sign it.

The boy still didn’t read it carefully. Ariana sighed, but she was happy that he had such unwavering trust in her.

As he reached for the pen to sign, Donna's sudden appearance burst their bubble of contentment.

Ariana's mood soured as Donna posed the intrusive question. "Ariana, did you get my permission before you decide to sign a contract with him?"

Annoyance crept in as Ariana lamented Donna's incessant interference.

With a swift movement, Ariana stepped forward and stopped Donna from tearing the contract to shreds. "Tyler is a talented man," she stated firmly. "We won't lose anything by signing him."

Donna sneered, her lips curling up in disdain. "Him? He's barely a blip on the radar.

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You really have poor taste."

Ariana's face darkened, and her eyes turned icy. "As an agent, I have the right to sign the contract with whoever I want."

But Donna was quick to retort, "And as the director, I have the right to veto him."

Ariana let out a sharp laugh. "I'll sign the contract with Tyler no matter what you say. | won't let you stand in his way."

Ariana gazed into Tyler's eyes with a fierce determination. "Don't be afraid. Trust me and sign your

name. I am your agent, and I know what's best for you."

"How dare you! You don't take me seriously, Ariana! You've overstepped your boundaries!" Donna

exclaimed as she lunged toward Tyler, trying to stop him from signing the contract. "I don't agree to this

arrangement. It won't matter even if he signs it!"

But before anyone could utter another word, a chilling voice cut through the tension. in the room.

"Why didn't I know that the Anderson Group now let a department director take charge of everything?"

All heads turned toward the source of the voice, their faces stunned with surprise.

The sound of the wheelchair getting closer only added to the tense atmosphere, as 'Theodore pushed

the door open with a fierce look in his eyes.

As Donna recognized him, her breath hitched. There he was, the notorious eldest son of the Anderson

family.

Her legs felt weak as she tried to steady herself.

Theodore's arrival was not unexpected. She had heard rumors that he would attend the general

shareholders' meeting on the top floor of the Anderson Group's headquarters that day. The headquarters were right next to the office building of SJ Entertainment.

But little did she know that he would show up at that precise moment, catching her in the act of speaking ill-advised words.

Donna's expression shifted from fear to a smile that was too sweet to be genuine.

"Please forgive my impertinence, Mr. Theodore Anderson. My inexperienced agent here didn't fully comprehend the proper protocol before signing a new artist, nor did she get the company's approval beforehand."

Ariana's face twisted in frustration. "But you told me yesterday that I could handle it on my own."

Donna's smile faltered, replaced by an irritated frown. "Yes, I gave you some freedom to make your own decisions, but that doesn't mean you should act recklessly."

Donna didn't care what she said yesterday. She had worked in this company for so many years. She was confident that she could solve this problem.

She stepped in front of Ariana, effectively cutting her off. With a wave of her hand and a deceptive smile, Donna attempted to spin the situation to her advantage.

As Theodore's icy gaze fell upon her, Donna felt her words stick in her throat, leaving her stuttering and tongue-tied. Her mind went blank as she struggled to remember what she had intended to say.

It was Ariana, who, with a derisive snort, took charge of the situation, stepping forward to explain everything.

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Theodore listened impassively, his inscrutable expression giving away nothing of his thoughts or feelings.

As Donna became increasingly flustered, Theodore's assistant, Horace, suddenly entered the room, further adding to the tension in the air.

"As you are well aware, each agent has a basic quota for signing up, and it is not mandatory for them to report to their superiors. Thus, this contract is in accordance with our company's rules. Take this contract to the HR department for registration, Ms. Scott." Horace gestured toward the door, his eyes cold as he spoke.

Donna refused to accept the situation. She knew that the Anderson Group was in for major changes after the shareholders' meeting. It was unclear whether Theodore would still be in charge of the

company.

With this in mind, Donna tried to stall and delay the signing until the end of the meeting by using the excuse of being too preoccupied with work.

“Begging your pardon, but is it not the case that you are not qualified for this position if you cannot prioritize this critical task?” Theodore’s voice was smooth and silky, but his words cut like a knife. He gestured for Horace, who instantly understood what he was indicating.

Horace took immediate action, announcing that Donna was demoted from department director to team leader.

Donna was seething with anger and couldn’t hold back any longer. “I demand an explanation! I did everything by the book. Agents are required to report to their superiors before signing artists.

Permission is necessary! You can’t treat me like this!”

Theodore’s response was nonchalant as he raised an eyebrow in amusement. He turned to Horace and instructed him with precision, “Horace, make sure you personally take over the work from Ms.

Scott. Pay attention to the bank accounts connected with the partners. Check whether they are

corporate or private accounts.

Don't screw this up."

Donna's heart was pounding furiously in her chest. She knew she had been caught red-handed, and

Theodore was undoubtedly sending her a warning. She broke out in a cold sweat, her face drained of color.

Donna quickly shifted her demeanor, from being argumentative to fawning, hoping to salvage the situation. "Oh, it's no trouble at all. I'll handle the contract myself, and spare the HR department the hassle," she said in a simpering tone.

Theodore's patience had worn thin. He brusquely dismissed her, saying curtly, "Fine, then go ahead."

He didn't even bother to look in her direction.

"Okay, okay, I'll go now." Donna scurried out of the room, clutching the signed contract tightly.

Horace followed closely behind, leaving only three people in the meeting room.

Theodore maneuvered his wheelchair closer to Tyler, his face darkening with a scowl that seemed even more menacing than before. It was clear that he was in no mood to go easy on the younger man.

Ariana's heart sank at the sight, her mind racing with worry over what was to come next.

Ariana's heart raced as she stepped forward to block Theodore's view, her nerves on edge as she braced herself for what could be an unpleasant encounter. But she refused to let Tyler be the target of his wrath.

Theodore raised his eyebrows and looked at her quietly, waiting for her to speak first.

Ariana cleared her throat and spoke politely. "Good day, Mr. Theodore Anderson. I have long heard of your remarkable reputation in the business world. Thank you for your help just now."

Ariana then gestured toward Tyler, urging him to greet the powerful man.

Despite his obvious nervousness, Tyler muttered a curt greeting. "Hello, Mr. Theodore Anderson, I'm

Tyler Brewer."

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Theodore raised his eyebrows, his piercing eyes boring into Tyler with a cold glare.

However, he remained silent, giving away nothing of his thoughts or feelings.

The silence that followed was deafening. Ariana felt the urge to break it, so she searched for a topic that could steer the conversation away from the awkwardness.

"What brings you here today, Mr. Anderson? Is there something amiss?"

Theodore's lips curled into a faint smile as he cast a discerning gaze over Ariana's form. He found her attempts at pretending not to know him amusing, and decided to play along.

He responded with a cold edge to his voice, "Don't pry into matters that don't concern you."

Ariana's mouth gaped open in shock. She couldn't believe he had spoken to her in such a manner after such a long time.

As Ariana looked into Theodore's eyes, she saw a glint of mischief lurking in their depths, and she suddenly realized that he was making fun of her.

She was the one who pretended to not know him, and she now found herself in an uncomfortable position.

A wave of embarrassment swept over her, as she realized that she had unknowingly set herself up for this situation. It was like lifting a rock, only to drop it on her own feet.

Meanwhile, Tyler, who had been standing quietly to the side, couldn't help but steal a glance at Theodore. The man exuded a powerful aura, commanding the attention of all those around him.

The truth was, Tyler had felt a jolt of recognition run through him when Theodore spoke. It was the

voice of the person who had answered Ariana's phone the previous night.

The man from the other end of the line demanded to know Tyler's identity, but Tyler held his tongue as he recalled Ariana's warning to keep quiet before signing the contract. So, he only managed to blurt out that he needed to speak with Ariana.

However, the man hung up without another word.

Little did Tyler know that the person he spoke to the previous night was none other than the formidable Theodore Anderson, the mastermind behind the Anderson Group.

The way Theodore spoke, it was evident that he had a special relationship with Ariana—a connection that piqued Tyler's curiosity.

Why were they pretending not to know each other now?

A realization struck Tyler, and he found himself lost in thought.

The hostility he saw in Theodore's eyes was not a figment of his imagination. It was real, raw, and undeniable. It was like the King of Wolves, who would not tolerate any intrusion into his territory or his partner.

Theodore had laid claim to Ariana, and Tyler had unwittingly trespassed into his domain by making that

call last night.

Tyler's heart sank, and he couldn't help but feel a little down. He tried to push the idea away, but it kept creeping back into his mind.

A few moments of awkward silence passed before Theodore spoke up in his deep, commanding voice.

"If there is nothing else, I shall take my leave."

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"Goodbye, Mr. Anderson!" Ariana smiled.

She let out a sigh of relief, eager to put some distance between herself and the overbearing man. Her eagerness at his departure annoyed Theodore, inviting a disdainful glare in her direction.

Tyler let out a breath he didn't know he was holding, glad to see Theodore finally leaving. He turned his gaze to Ariana, her beautiful face calming him down, and couldn't resist the urge to call out in a sweet voice, "Ariana."

At this moment, Theodore's wheelchair abruptly halted, eliciting an ominous creak.

He turned to face the younger man with a cold stare, his voice laced with a warning, "Do not address her in such a familiar way. You must be mindful of the rumors that could spread between actors and

their agents.”

Tyler was feeling uneasy, his mind a whirlwind of thoughts, but he knew better than to show any of it on his face.

Theodore’s presence was intimidating, like a looming thunderstorm, and Tyler had no intention of attracting lightning. Theodore had the power to make or break him, and Tyler’s career was on the line.

He couldn’t afford to offend the man for now.

Tyler swallowed hard and asked with the utmost respect, “Okay, Mr. Anderson, then what should I address her?”

Theodore’s lips curled into a smile as he glanced at Ariana. At that moment, he looked more like a predator toying with its prey. Finally, Theodore spoke, his tone firm and unwavering. “Call her Ms. Edwards.”

Ariana’s blood boiled as she heard the words “Ms. Edwards” uttered from Theodore’s mouth.

It felt like a deliberate attempt to anger her. How dare he? She couldn’t help but feel the urge to hurl something heavy at him.

However, as a mere staff member, Ariana knew better than to openly defy the CEO.

She could only glare at him, seething with silent rage.

Theodore seemed unfazed by Ariana's burning gaze, instead turning his attention to

Tyler.

The young man was left with no choice but to address Ariana as "Ms. Edwards".

Ariana was at a loss for words. She reluctantly conceded, silently praying that Theodore would be satisfied and leave them alone.

With a final snort of satisfaction, Theodore spun his wheelchair around and left.

The towering headquarters of the Anderson Group stood proudly adjacent to the SJ Entertainment building, connected by a magnificent Skywalk that offered a breathtaking view of the city below.

As they crossed the glass path, Horace tentatively broached a sensitive topic. "Boss, do you think we should transfer Tyler to another agent and pair Mrs. Anderson with a more promising female artist?"

Theodore snorted, seemingly unbothered by Tyler's existence in Ariana's life. "No need," he replied nonchalantly, his demeanor suggesting that he didn't take Tyler seriously. "Let Ariana train whomever she pleases. Besides, he's just a kid. Don't worry."

Horace hesitated, but ultimately held his tongue.

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In his heart, he harbored a deep fear that someday, someone might steal the affections of Mrs.

Anderson away from his boss, leaving him alone and desperate.

Horace didn't believe that Tyler was just a kid who was completely clueless. At least, the younger man

had a certain way with women that Theodore himself lacked.

As they walked through the doors of the Anderson Group's headquarters, Horace could feel the heavy weight of Theodore's power pressing down upon him, suffocating him with its overwhelming presence.

The man's previous pleasant countenance had vanished, replaced by a cold, merciless mask that sent shivers down Horace's spine.

Horace wisely chose to hold his tongue, his normally jovial demeanor vanishing in an instant as he adopted a grave and serious expression.

The elevator doors slid open and revealed the grandiose meeting room on the top floor, crowded with thirty shareholders occupying each seat. And there, sitting on the main seat was none other than

Darian himself, with Jasper seated at his left.

Horace's heart started to race as soon as he laid eyes on the intimidating scene. He had a feeling that this meeting was not going to be a walk in the park.

Darian didn't mince his words, letting his son Theodore have it for his tardiness.

"The meeting was set for half-past nine. What made you think it was acceptable to keep everyone waiting for thirty minutes? It's nonsensical," he said, his voice tinged with a hint of anger.

Theodore simply grinned, brushing off his father's scolding as if it didn't matter. "I was attending to a business matter within the company. Things tend to fall apart when I'm not around," he replied nonchalantly.

Jasper interjected quickly, his tone slightly smug, "Is that really the case? From what I can see, everything's been running smoothly. Our profits in the last quarter even surpassed last year's."

Horace struggled to contain his laughter, finding it amusing how ignorant Jasper was. Just last year, Theodore was in a coma, and the Anderson Group's profits had hit rock bottom under Darian's temporary management. Horace wondered if Jasper was intentionally taunting Darian or if he was genuinely ignorant.

Theodore remained composed, casting a cold and fleeting glance at Jasper. It was the first time he had acknowledged Jasper's presence since arriving, and his furrowed brow suggested confusion. "Isn't this the general meeting of the shareholders? Why is an agent sitting here?" he questioned.

Jasper's cheeks flushed with embarrassment as he was called out. He glared at Theodore, preparing to retort when Darian interrupted with a heavy cough.

Darian sliced through the tension between his two sons and shared in a low voice, "As one of the inheritors of the Anderson family, Jasper will eventually join the management. His current position is just a transition. In order to help him be well integrated into the company, I have transferred to his name

three percent of my shares. That makes him an official company shareholder now."

Darian's voice was slightly hoarse, probably due to old age. He turned to his eldest son, who had always been against him, and flashed him a loving smile that reached both corners of his mouth. "So your younger brother has earned the right to sit here and vote."

Everyone was silent at this announcement. Only Jasper appeared to be happy and complacent.

Darian didn't want to dwell on this matter further since the transfer of shares left him utterly

heartbroken. He only had 35% of the shares at hand. After he divided them up, only 32% was left, which wasn't much higher than the 30% Theodore held.

Back then, he had to appoint Theodore as the CEO in order to save the Anderson.

Group. The company eventually got back on its feet, and continued to flourish to this day. But it was difficult to kick Theodore out.

All of the Anderson Group shareholders were selfish and ungrateful. Realizing that Theodore was able to make tons of money, they gradually turned on Darian and completely ignored that he was the real boss.

Darian had been looking forward to this day for a long time. Finally, Theodore was disabled and unable to properly manage the company. Darian even convinced a few shareholders to take Theodore down.

Regardless, this shareholders' meeting needed to come up with a final decision.

Darian needed more than half of the shareholders to vote in favor of Theodore's dismissal. As for the 30% of shares, he'd find a way to slowly but surely retrieve them. To ensure that he secured more than half of the shareholders to side with him, Darian needed to give some of his shares to Jasper and make him a shareholder.

