

Unconscious 311

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Her head drooped, and she felt at a loss for words.

Theodore gazed at her quietly and lowered his eyelids slightly to conceal the complex emotions in his eyes. After a long silence, he replied, "I don't like children."

"I see," Ariana replied. The disappointment in her tone was unmistakable.

Theodore frowned and added coldly, "My relationship with Darian is a good example of why I don't want children. I don't want my child to be like me."

"Of course, it won't. You are not Darian," she retorted subconsciously. She wanted to persuade

Theodore again, but he didn't want to continue the conversation. He turned to look out the window, treating her as invisible.

Ariana became depressed. She leaned against the window and stared outside listlessly, waiting for the car to stop.

The car bypassed the viaduct and went out of the city center. Soon, she fell asleep while watching the flashing neon lights along the city.

When she woke up again, the car just pulled over. She rubbed her eyes and got out of the car, only to find they were not back at the apartment. It turned out Theodore took her to a restaurant for dinner.

Ariana was in a bad mood and had no appetite, but the domineering Theodore dragged her inside.

This restaurant was exclusive, with only four private rooms named Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. When they entered the Spring Room, they found it elegantly designed and had exceptional soundproofing.

While Ariana and Theodore sat opposite each other, neither of them spoke.

Within minutes, the dishes were served. She poked her salad and tasted it. To her surprise, it was delicious, and she felt much better.

Just then, a plate of fish was served. Ariana eagerly scooped a portion of fish for herself, but she felt her stomach churn as soon as she swallowed it.

She felt like vomiting. Covering her mouth, she rushed to the bathroom in the private room.

Theodore hurried after her and asked nervously, "What's wrong? Are you sick?"

While Ariana was vomiting, she came to a sudden realization from Theodore's question.

Oh, no! It was morning sickness!

She was nervous and hoped he wouldn't find out her secret.

When she was about to make an excuse, she vomited again.

Damn it! She couldn't control herself. Ariana was flustered and uncomfortable. She grabbed her clothes tightly and kept vomiting until her tears came out.

Theodore turned a ghastly pale. His mind went blank as he called out to Horace, who was guarding outside the room.

"Quick. Get the car ready and drive us to the hospital. Get someone to cordon off this restaurant. Don't let any kitchen staff or employees leave. Check the ingredients in the kitchen thoroughly."

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Horace had not seen his boss panic in a long time. He acknowledged his order and swiftly called for help.

The owner of the restaurant rushed over just as Ariana had stopped retching.

"Mr. Anderson, I'm dreadfully sorry. We just checked the ingredients, but there wasn't anything wrong with them."

Theodore was already in a bad mood. When he heard the owner's words, he got angrier and shouted,

“Nothing wrong? Are you implying that the problem lies with us?”

“No, no, no...” the owner said hastily as he attempted to appease Theodore.

However, he was at a loss. If he admitted that there was something wrong with the food, no one would dare to come to his restaurant in the future. On the other hand, he didn’t dare to blame Theodore either.

“Forget it. I’m fine now. Don’t make things difficult for the staff here,” Ariana whispered hoarsely as she pulled Theodore’s sleeve gently, trying to get him to spare the owner.

Although Theodore didn’t believe that Ariana was fine, he restrained himself in front of her and comforted her, “Are you feeling better now?” He then got her a glass of warm water and added, “Here, drink some water.”

Ariana took the glass and nodded her head, replying, “Really, I’m fine.”

Although she said she was fine, her pale face betrayed her.

Theodore couldn’t hold back his temper and said crossly, “Yeah, you’re fine, even after vomiting like this.”

The owner wiped the sweat from his forehead and was extremely nervous. Just then, Horace returned with eight bodyguards dressed in black. They were about to have the restaurant surrounded.

Ariana pulled Theodore over reluctantly and whispered, "I'm fine. It's just my period. It seems to be more of a pain than usual."

Although Theodore was dubious, he couldn't refute her after colors had returned to her face.

Horace was surprised by Ariana. His girlfriend didn't have the same reaction when she had her period.

It was the first time he had heard of such a reaction.

He walked to a corner and checked the Internet. It was true that some women would vomit and have diarrhea during their periods.

After confirming the facts, Horace brought his phone to Theodore and showed it to him.

After ensuring that there was nothing wrong with the ingredients, Theodore's face softened a little, but he was still anxious about Ariana's wellbeing.

"Do you need me to buy you some pads?" he whispered in concern.

Ariana felt herself blushing. How could he say that so calmly?

She immediately refused, "No, no. It's all right."

“Really? But...” Theodore hesitated, his face flushed as he continued, “Did it leak?”

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“No! Let’s continue with dinner,” Ariana said in a panic.

When they returned to the table, Theodore asked someone to remove the fish, several cold dishes, and spicy ones. He then ordered a bowl of sweet soup.

Ariana felt hungry after vomiting out all the food in her stomach. In fact, she had regained her appetite and was greedy for the food that had been removed.

However, she needed to follow through with her lie and sipped the soup obediently.

It was already nine in the evening when she returned to her apartment. After taking a shower, she received a call from Donna.

Surprised, she answered, and Donna’s proud voice sounded from the other side. “I heard you arranged an acting course for Tyler. Are you grooming him as an actor?”

Well, I also arranged a TV drama for Tyler to try out. You can sign the contract later.”

Ariana felt even more surprised. Since when was Donna so kind-hearted? Why would Donna take the initiative to arrange jobs for her artist?

She hesitated before asking, "What kind of TV drama? And who's the director?"

"It's a soap opera directed by Francis Salazar. It's a drama about school life. Tyler would be one of the supporting actors. Although it was just a supporting role, it is still essential to the drama and a good learning opportunity for him. It's good enough for a rookie like Tyler," Donna rambled on, leaving little time for Ariana to consider the offer deeply.

However, Ariana subconsciously frowned at the mention of Francis.

Francis was indeed a famous director, but his TV series had always been full of illogical plot twists.

Some entertainment news would even criticize the plots for a long time.

Ariana was dubious about accepting the role for Tyler.

However, Donna was still trying to persuade her on the phone, "What are you hesitating about? There is a good production team. The costume designing team. and the make-up artists for this drama are also famous. Sure, Francis' previous works had a lot of plot holes, but there is no denying that it's a practical way to become a trending topic. It's a fantastic opportunity for a rookie. Besides, Francis is known for his ability to train new actors. You need not even worry about Tyler having zero experience."

Ariana's suspicion grew as Donna rattled on. She knew that Donna was on Jasper's side, so why would she be so helpful toward her?

She cleared her mind and replied firmly, "I need some time to consider your offer."

Donna grew anxious and asked, "What is there to consider? I thought the script was perfect for Tyler, so I accepted it for him. He doesn't even need to audition!"

Ariana felt there might be a catch in Donna's kindness, but she didn't want to expose her suspicions.

She simply replied, "Really? Then I have to read the script first."

"I've sent the script to your e-mail."

"Got it."

Ariana hung up the phone and went to the living room to get her laptop. When she opened her email, she saw the title "The Sky with Romance" with a document attached. It was likely the script Donna had mentioned.

She clicked on the document and skimmed through it quickly. Her face darkened, and she scoffed.

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Donna was indeed scheming.

She was told the script was good, but it was just a vulgar campus love drama. It wouldn't be well-received by the audience.

Moreover, the role Tyler would have was a stupid villain who was born into a wealthy family and spoiled. He would be interested in the leading actress and do many ridiculous things to gain her attention. Finally, his character would drop out of school and live on the street.

His character was what others termed as a cannon fodder!

If Tyler debuted in this role, he would leave a negative impression on the audience, and it would be challenging to improve his image in the future.

Ariana called back at once to refuse the role. However, the cunning Donna had already switched her phone off. She had no choice but to bring Tyler to Donna the following day.

The next afternoon, Donna was leisurely enjoying her afternoon tea in her office when Ariana arrived.

Ariana was surprised and confused to find Cole there but didn't ask why. She wanted to get straight to the purpose of her visit, but Donna stood up and introduced Cole to Ariana. "Ariana, this is Cole."

"I know," she replied indifferently.

Cole glanced at her indifferently too. He did not even bother to greet her. It seemed that he didn't take

Ariana seriously at all.

Donna ignored the obvious tension between the two and continued with a smile, "Cole will also star in

"The Sky with Romance'. He is the main lead. He and Tyler can look after each other."

"That would be unnecessary," Ariana said coldly as she was about to reject the role.

However, Cole suddenly interrupted, "Since we know each other, I feel responsible for guiding Tyler. I

don't want others to accuse me of bullying the rookie:

He was so arrogant.

"I don't think we know each other. We only met once," Ariana sneered with a cold smile.

However, Cole ignored Ariana's cold attitude and continued smugly, "What are you talking about? After

all, I almost signed a contract with you."

There was an unmistakable glint of arrogance in Cole's dark green eyes. She would have thought it

was cute when Theodore looked at her like this. Unfortunately, she found it annoying when it was Cole.

Ariana smiled and replied calmly, "No, I never planned to sign you on."

Cole paled in an instant.

Meanwhile, Donna quickly interrupted before the tension could escalate, "Forgive me for saying this, Ariana. You don't have good taste. Unlike Mr. Jasper Anderson, he took a fancy to Cole and signed him on immediately."

"Really? Then Jasper would be making a fortune," Ariana said with a faint smile as she turned to

Donna. She didn't look envious of Jasper at all.

Donna was a little annoyed and replied, "That's right. Francis fancied Cole the moment he saw him. He willingly let a rookie like him have a leading role."

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Ariana grew impatient and feigned her interest as she replied, "Congratulations! I wish you a bright future ahead, Cole. Anyway, Tyler is still new. He isn't talented like Cole. He needs some time to learn basic acting skills. So, he won't be involved in the drama."

Donna understood what Ariana meant. However, she pretended to be considerate while insisting,

"Don't worry about his skills. I told you last night that Francis is good at grooming aspiring actors.

Although Tyler is new, his performance would be exceptional under the guidance of other experienced actors."

“You think I don’t know what you’re plotting? Don’t you know what this role entails? We won’t accept the role. Please look for someone else,” Ariana scoffed as she burst out.

Donna’s expression also changed, and her face became twisted by anger. “You don’t have a choice.

Tyler’s just a rookie. He should feel lucky to be offered this role. Don’t be so ungrateful!” she scolded gruffly.

“Whoever wants this role can take it!” Ariana retorted without hesitation. Cole and Tyler were both rookies, so why could Cole be the leading actor while Tyler had to take such a disgusting role? Donna must have deliberately arranged it.

In Ariana’s opinion, Tyler was no worse than Cole!

Donna felt heated from anger. She pulled off her silk scarf around her neck and rolled her sleeves as she argued, “Tyler will act in the drama. Don’t forget artists who have signed level B contracts are to comply with the company’s arrangement.

Otherwise, they are required to pay 100 times the liquidated damages.”

“In that case, we can go to Mr. Horace Silence’s office and ask him to help mediate our situation,”

Ariana refuted. She knew Donna was referring to the contract that Tyler signed yesterday.

Once Ariana brought Horace into the picture, Donna felt a little afraid as she recalled her previous demotion. However, she couldn't stand Ariana's provocation, so she fought back.

"The company had just ended its shareholders' meeting. I'm afraid Mr. Silence is very busy now. Are you sure you want to trouble him with such a small matter?"

Ariana was stunned.

Donna smiled complacently. She had Jasper backing her up, while Ariana only had Horace.

Jasper was a shareholder who couldn't easily be replaced, unlike Theodore, who was only a CEO without shares. Being Theodore's assistant, Horace was bound to lose his power sooner or later.

Donna regained her confidence and composure at the thought.

Ariana gritted her teeth and wanted to fight back. However, Tyler stood up abruptly and said while taking the contract from the table, "I'll accept the role."

On the way back, Ariana walked ahead, ignoring Tyler.

She remained silent until they reached her office. Tyler could tell from her tone that she was angry the moment she spoke. "Do you understand what that role entails? If you accept it, your acting career may

be ruined. Do you even know what you're doing?"

Ariana was exasperated. He had failed to live up to her expectations. She was about to lash out again

but stopped when she saw Tyler lowering his head dejectedly.

She drew in a deep breath and tried to calm herself down. She couldn't be angry.

She didn't want to affect her baby. What if it grew up to be as bad-tempered as Theodore?

She tried to soften her tone as she spoke. "I don't mean to blame you. You are new to the company.

You might even be unfamiliar with Donna as a person. She may seem nice when she offered you that

role, but her actions are not out of kindness.

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Besides, campus romance dramas are not popular now, and your role is a stupid villain. You'll be

wasting your time and effort on the drama. You'll even leave a bad impression on the viewers."

"I know," Tyler answered weakly. He scratched his hair while looking at Ariana and added cautiously, "I

read the whole script you sent me last night and made some notes. I think the role is not that bad..."

Ariana was speechless. She couldn't force herself to read two pages of the script.

How could this kid finish it in a night?

Tyler noticed the suspicion in Ariana's eyes and took out the thick script from his bag sheepishly. "I printed it last night. It's convenient for annotating," he mumbled.

Surprised, Ariana took the script over and frowned when she saw the messy handwriting. She remembered Tyler had a beautiful signature when she asked him for his contact information.

It turned out that this boy would write his name nicely but wouldn't bother writing other words neatly.

She made a mental note not to let Tyler write in front of others at future events. She had to arrange some calligraphy lessons for him urgently.

Suddenly, her mind wandered off to Theodore's beautiful and vigorous handwriting.

It would be great if Theodore could give Tyler some pointers on calligraphy.

However, Theodore was a busy man. It would be impossible for him to spare his time for Tyler.

Ariana dismissed the unrealistic idea and carefully read Tyler's notes. She was surprised by the amount of detail he wrote.

"The role may be annoying, but the scriptwriter didn't include much detail about him. Regardless, it's not difficult to see that this character is paranoid and violent.

This could be due to some of his childhood experiences and familial relationship.

Also, he is persistent and strives to achieve his goals.” Tyler voiced out his opinion.

As Ariana was skimming through Tyler’s notes, he suddenly asked Ariana to read the last page, where he had written a biography for the character.

He then said in a serious tone, “I don’t think this is a bad role. There are many details I can work on.

Besides, I’m just starting as an actor. This kind of immature role may be suitable for me.”

Coincidentally, the rain outside stopped, and golden sun rays shone through the window onto Tyler. He looked firm and assertive against the light when he declared, “I don’t want to be an idol. I want to be an actor. This means that I can’t pick and choose my characters. There are no good characters, only good actors.”

Ariana looked down and remained silent for a long time. Suddenly, she hit his head with the script and said, “You don’t look like the type who would say such mature things. Did you grow up overnight? Tell me, where did you learn it from?”

“I bought a book called ‘An Actor Prepares’ from a street vendor on the night I decided to be an actor. I learned it from the book,” Tyler answered honestly.

Ariana sulked. "Don't buy pirated books."

"Yes, I know," Tyler replied as he blinked his eyes, looking very obedient.

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Ariana sighed and continued earnestly, "You'll be casting in the same drama with Cole. You must know that there will be a lot of obstacles ahead. Are you sure you want to take the role?"

"Yes, I won't back down even if Cole makes things difficult for me. His bullying will be nothing to me. I suffered enough since my sister's accident. I've already been through the worst," Tyler answered

Ariana firmly.

Ariana knew from the spark in his eyes that there was nothing she could say to dissuade him.

She could only let him try. She sighed. She knew Tyler accepted the role mainly because he didn't want to cause her any trouble.

It was as he said. He was more sensitive and considerate than his peers because he had experienced poverty and prejudice.

There was no point in arguing. Ariana patted his dense, messy hair and said, "Well, since you decided to accept it, give it your best shot. Don't overthink their schemes.

We'll deal with it accordingly. If anything happens, I will help you."

Tyler rubbed his neck in embarrassment and replied with a shy smile, "I'm an adult now. I can protect you too."

Ariana chuckled and didn't take his words seriously. She still thought of him as a kid.

She returned him the script and said cheerily, "Let's get something to eat. I'm hungry."

Tyler nodded and followed after her.

Ariana busied herself in the next two days. She had lots of work to do as time was tight for Tyler to finish his preparations before joining the crew.

Moreover, Ariana was afraid that Tyler would be bullied during the shoots. After much thought, she decided to accompany him.

However, she had to settle on Tyler's style before they could attend the shoot.

Tyler looked too unkempt at the moment.

His hair was thick and messy, his pants were loose, and he paired a long T-shirt with a colorful short jacket. He would look perfect as a rock star if he wore a punk necklace around his neck.

The only reason his looks were passable was because of his good nature and facial features.

It wasn't the first time Ariana had seen him dressed in this manner. She didn't know why he was obsessed with colorful outerwear. She planned to talk him out of it long ago but couldn't bring herself to say it whenever she looked into his innocent eyes.

As for Tyler, he was confused when Ariana ordered him to change his hairstyle and dressing style. In fact, he was rather satisfied with his choice of fashion. Besides, the director would have a make-up artist for him on set. It was a waste to change his attire now.

Ariana couldn't help messing his hair when she heard his considerations. She nagged, "Don't be a fool.

Usually, a less important supporting actor doesn't get his own dressing room. The makeup artist wouldn't make you look good either. They would probably turn you into an ugly man with black eyeliner and lip gloss."

The more Ariana described, the more concerned Tyler became. He shook his head hastily and said, "I don't want that. Let's design my look ourselves."

"That's right. Let's get your style fixed. We can check with the crew and do the necessary touch-ups there. It shouldn't be a problem as long as we meet their requirements," Ariana explained patiently.

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She then continued with a short lecture about the basics of the entertainment circle.

“since you are in this industry, you must maintain your figure and style carefully.

You can’t wear these clothes anymore. I will ask Betsy to prepare some new ones for you.”

Ariana frowned slightly when she mentioned that. She sighed and continued, “Unfortunately, our current budget is a little tight. We can only choose some niche designer brands, which shouldn’t be too expensive.”

“Okay, I will follow your advice,” Tyler nodded and replied obediently.

Ariana was pleased with his obedience and smiled subconsciously.

Back then, she only needed to help Sarah arrange her schedule. She never needed to do much, as

Sarah had been in the industry for a long time and was mature enough to handle herself.

However, Tyler was different. He was a complete rookie. Ariana felt like she was playing a simulation

game where she had to groom Tyler into a successful actor.

Ariana took Tyler to Ivan’s studio.

Ivan gave Ariana a big hug as soon as they arrived and prattled on with a bright smile,

“Congratulations, Ariana. You helped Sarah increase her popularity immensely. You took your first step as an agent and look at how successful you’ve been!”

Ariana was a little embarrassed by the compliment. Ivan was just as enthusiastic and energetic as she remembered.

“I still want you to be my model though,” Ivan said as he shook his head bitterly.

“You don’t know how hard it is to find a model as good as you. It’s a pity you are not an actress or model. Won’t you consider changing your career?”

Ariana knew Ivan would bring this topic up. She immediately pushed Tyler forward and replied, “It’s not a pity. I’ve found you the perfect model. This is the actor that I’ve recently signed. Can you help style him for me?”

Ivan snorted and surveyed Tyler from head to toe with his arms crossed. He was intrigued by Tyler for a moment but pretended to be disappointed. “You only come when you need my help. I design jewelry. Why did you come to me for styling?” he teased Ariana deliberately.

Ariana touched her heart and answered confidently, “Your fashion sense is one of the best in the city, and I know you have a professional team of stylists. So I made a special trip here to learn the ropes

from you. After all, you are the only friend I can trust in the fashion industry.”

Ivan was perhaps pleased by the word “only”. He raised his chin proudly and asked, “am I really the only one you believe in?”

“Of course! Otherwise, why would I come all the way to find you? Your studio is in the north of the city, while SJ Entertainment is in the south. It took me one hour to come,” Ariana replied sincerely.

Ariana was always great when it came to coaxing someone. Not only were her eyes sincere, but her words were also honest. Ivan was satisfied and chuckled so hard that his newly grown beard shook.

Ariana wanted to show her sincerity, so she whispered beside Ivan’s ear, “Please help me. I will get you the ticket to the spring charity gala in return.”

The spring charity gala was where Sarah would do her solo. The gala was a national event, and only famous people from various fields worldwide were invited.

Ivan was shocked. He widened his blue eyes and asked in disbelief, “Really?”

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“Sure!” Ariana pulled out a delicate envelope from her bag. It had the national flower embossed in golden powder. Inside it was a ticket to the gala.

“Oh, my God. Honey, you are the best,” Ivan squealed excitedly as he took the envelope carefully.

He had been trying to get the ticket for the past few days. There would be an auction at the gala where all the money earned would be donated. Many famous designers wanted to attend and sell their works for promotion.

The chance to sell their works was one in a million. The timing of Ariana’s help was impeccable.

“This would be Sarah’s credit,” Ariana replied while smiling happily. Her dimples made her appear cute and pleasing.

Ivan was very grateful. He immediately arranged for his team to style Tyler.

There were a total of six people on the team. The leader was a man around Ariana’s age. He had golden curly hair and looked like a fashion icon.

He was calm when he laid his eyes on Tyler. After all, he had seen a lot of good-looking people.

However, when he combed away Tyler’s hair to reveal his face, he couldn’t help but rave, “Oh my God, Ms. Edwards, where did you get such a beauty?”

As Ariana returned home from Ivan’s studio, she received a notification from the crew, informing her

that the shoot would commence the next day at 9am sharp.

A quick glance at the schedule revealed that the first scene to be shot featured Tyler.

Determined to ensure that everything ran smoothly, Ariana sent a message to the group chat of the crew, acknowledging the notification, and then reached out to Tyler, reminding him not to be late.

Just as she was about to prepare dinner, Ariana's phone rang, and to her surprise, it was Horace on the other end of the line.

Her mind raced as she tried to make sense of the unexpected call. Why would Horace be calling her at this hour? What could he possibly want?

As soon as she answered the call, Horace exclaimed, his voice heavy with anxiety, "Mrs. Anderson, we've lost contact with Mr. Anderson for a whole day!"

Ariana struggled to comprehend the gravity of the situation. "Lost contact? How is that even possible?" she asked, her voice quivering with concern.

Horace, who was usually unflappable, sounded frantic as he replied, "I've called him numerous times, but he hasn't answered. He was absent from an important meeting this afternoon, and it's already late, but he still hasn't shown up!"

Ariana was stunned and at a loss. "What should we do?" she asked urgently.

"Mrs. Anderson, I have pressing matters to attend to. I've heard that you live near Mr. Anderson. Can you please go and check if he's there?" Horace pleaded.

"Alright, I'll check right now." Without a moment's hesitation, Ariana sprang into action, determined to get to the bottom of the matter. With a calmness that belied her inner turmoil, she hung up the phone and rushed out the door.

Despite her several attempts to contact Theodore, Ariana was met with nothing but silence.

Her anxiety continued to mount as she made her way down the corridor toward his apartment, her heart pounding with a mixture of fear and uncertainty.

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As she reached his door, she pressed the doorbell repeatedly, hoping for a response.

However, there was no answer, and her sense of panic only grew more intense.

Suddenly, Ariana remembered that Theodore had mentioned the lock code was her birthday.

Although she initially dismissed the idea as ridiculous, she decided to try it.

To her amazement, the lock clicked open, and Ariana was left dumbfounded.

The idea that her birthday was the password seemed too improbable to be true.

Despite her shock, Ariana knew that she had no time to waste. The most important thing was to locate Theodore as soon as possible.

She cautiously entered the dimly-lit living room, calling out his name with a sense of urgency.

“Theodore Theodore, hello? Are you there?”

Ariana’s voice echoed through the silent apartment as she called out to Theodore.

The sprawling layout of the apartment was a stark contrast to her small unit, and as she made her way through the living room into the corridor, she felt a sense of unease creeping up on her.

As she approached the half-closed door of Theodore’s bedroom, she heard a faint sound emanating from within. It seemed that someone was talking in their dream.

Her heart racing, Ariana pushed the door open and stepped inside. The curtains were drawn tightly shut, but she could see the outline of a figure lying in the center of the room.

‘As she drew closer to Theodore’s bed, her eyes were drawn to his form lying motionless beneath the quilt. Despite his disheveled appearance, with his pajama collar askew and his collarbone exposed, he

still exuded an air of quiet strength and masculinity.

Ariana noticed the slight furrow in his brow and the gentle fall of his hair across his forehead. He

seemed to be lost in a deep sleep, his body completely relaxed and vulnerable.

She called out his name, her voice soft and gentle as she whispered into his ear.

However, despite her efforts, Theodore remained unresponsive, lost in the depths of his slumber.

Worried, Ariana leaned in to touch Theodore's forehead, but she was suddenly seized by an icy, yet

beautiful hand that sent shivers down her spine.

Caught off guard, she found herself staring into Theodore's piercing, murderous gaze, her wrist trapped

in his grasp.

Her heart pounding with fear and surprise, Ariana let out a cry of alarm, her voice echoing through the

silent room.

It was the sound of her voice that jolted Theodore out of his slumber, his eyes slowly clearing as he

registered Ariana's presence. "It's you..." he murmured, his voice hoarse with sleep.

As Theodore's eyes met Ariana's, a deep sigh escaped from his lips, his body relaxing as if he had

finally let his guard down.

