

## **Unconscious 371**

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Francis retrieved it, smiling at all those present. “After a thorough discussion with the scriptwriter last night, I’ve decided that Tyler’s role is not only charming but he also brings the role to life. Which is why we’ve decided to rewrite the script, adding additional lines and backstory to help set up Tyler’s role, Gifford, as the most important supporting role.”

As it turned out, Francis and the scriptwriter were working on script revisions overnight, which caused the delay in filming.

This unexpected twist left Cole baffled.

He couldn’t fathom why Francis had suddenly shifted his focus to Tyler while ignoring Cole.

Wasn’t Francis concerned about upsetting his aunt?

Growing anxious, Cole objected, “This last-minute script alteration will impact many people. I believe we should discuss it as a group.”

Francis, aware of Cole’s thoughts, responded with a suggestive hint, “It won’t affect you. I haven’t modified your scenes; I’ve merely added a few between Gifford and the leading lady.”

Cole's expression darkened. "But I'm the lead actor. Shouldn't there be more interactions between the heroine and me?"

Francis replied impatiently, "I've only included a few additional scenes for them, which won't diminish the appeal or significance of the protagonist. Besides, we should consult Miss Cicio on this matter, as her workload will be increased."

"I'm here, Mr. Salazar," Selene called out, slowly approaching from the other side of the restaurant. She had intended to leave earlier but lingered upon hearing Ariana's voice. To her surprise, she saw Tyler again.

Asmile graced her lips.

Francis' grin widened at the sight of Selene. "Miss Cicio, I've included more scenes between you and Tyler. Are you alright with that?"

Upon hearing this, Selene glanced at Tyler with anticipation and softly replied, "I accept it. I believe the character of Gifford is quite captivating. He can be portrayed as a persistent and passionate man."

With the leading actress on board, Cole found himself with no grounds for further objections.

With a pleased demeanor, Francis made his decision and handed the updated scripts to Tyler and

Selene. "You both should head back and familiarize yourselves with the script. We'll begin shooting the revised scenes this afternoon."

Noticing that everyone received a new script except him, Cole inquired, "Where's my updated script?"

Francis clicked his tongue and responded, "Your part hasn't changed. No need to waste paper."

However, Cole remained curious, wanting to know how Tyler's scenes had been altered and whether they were better than the protagonist's.

Since Francis withheld the new script from him, Cole had no choice but to let it go for now. He had other ways to get the new script anyway. Why did Francis have to be so secretive with him?

Frustrated, Cole fiddled with the skull charm on his bracelet, silently cursing Francis over and over.

Then, Francis distributed an updated schedule to everyone. He specifically addressed Ariana, "Tyler has only two scenes this afternoon, from five to nine o'clock. His first scene tomorrow will start at eleven o'clock. Make sure to get some rest and join the crew when you're refreshed. Feel free to discuss any concerns or needs with me in the future."

Observing the significant shift in Francis' attitude and recalling Theodore's words from the previous

night, Ariana quickly put the pieces together.

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Since Francis was eager to move on and demonstrated his sincerity, Ariana saw no reason to confront him. Sometimes, feigning ignorance was necessary to survive in the entertainment industry.

Ariana smiled politely and said, "Thank you, Mr. Salazar. I'm sorry for the inconvenience you'll face in guiding Tyler's performance."

"It's no trouble at all. You can rely on me, and I'm more than happy to help," Francis assured, smiling and genuinely complimenting Tyler.

Upon checking his own schedule, Cole was taken aback. "What the hell? My scenes are set for midnight and eight in the morning? Don't I need rest? Seriously! I'm the lead actor!"

Francis' face turned grim as he watched Cole make a scene. He had intended to discuss the schedule privately with him later, but now the latter brought up the issue out in the open.

In that case, there was no more need to be civil with him.

"Tyler didn't have any issues with the same arrangement. Why do you have so many complaints?"

"Mr. Salazar, do you even hear yourself?" Cole's eyes widened, questioning whether he had misjudged

Francis' attitude toward him. Did Francis seriously not care about working in the entertainment industry anymore?

Francis narrowed his eyes, shooting Cole a piercing glare as he scoffed, "If you can't handle working early in the morning, why even be an actor? Ask anyone here who hasn't had to wake up at four or five in the morning. You're the only one with a problem with the schedule!"

The onlookers exchanged glances. Why was Francis berating Cole like that?

Cole's face turned a shade of furious red. "Mr. Salazar, you didn't use to be like this."

"So what? Do I need you to teach me how to behave? If you can't handle it, just get the hell out."

Everyone in the restaurant glanced in their direction as Francis snapped, "You're still new. You don't even have the basic work ethics required for the job. Just because you're playing a lead role, you think you're irreplaceable. One word from me, and plenty of people could take your place. If you don't like the schedule, there's the door. I think Tyler would be perfect for this role, anyway."

Cole glared at Francis, grinding his teeth, but ultimately held his tongue. After all, Francis was the director, and the crew had to follow his orders.

Francis sneered in his heart. He couldn't risk upsetting Ariana, nor could he provoke Selene. However,

he certainly wasn't afraid of Donna's nephew. He had only wanted to fawn over Jasper before;

otherwise, he wouldn't have even considered giving Cole the lead role.

Aside from good looks, Cole barely knew how to act, performing worse than an extra. Merely relying on

his aunt's connections to get by in the entertainment industry would inevitably bite him in the ass later.

Francis hadn't intended to be harsh on Cole, but the latter seemed determined to cause trouble. Thus,

he decided to stop coddling him.

The schedule was established, and aside from Cole, no one else objected. Everyone soon left to

prepare for their afternoon tasks.

Ariana pulled Tyler aside for a private conversation.

"What happened this morning? How did Francis end up discussing the script with you so cordially?"

She struggled to believe the scene she had just witnessed in the restaurant. Francis' sudden change of

attitude made her worry that it was some sort of trap.

Tyler was puzzled too. "I'm not sure. This morning, a man claiming to be Mr. Theodore Anderson's

special assistant wanted to take me to the filming site, but Francis intercepted us along the way. He

brought me to the scriptwriter to discuss possible revisions and seemed genuinely interested in my input.”

“Nothing else? They didn’t pressure you into promising anything, did they?”

Ariana’s concern wasn’t unwarranted; Francis and his associates were notoriously cunning. She had to be cautious.

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Tyler shook his head. “No, we only talked about the script. Francis was acting odd.

He kept praising me, and it made me feel uncomfortable.”

Ariana breathed a sigh of relief. “That’s good. At least they didn’t try to manipulate you.”

Tyler inquired, “Ariana, do you think Mr. Theodore Anderson had a hand in this? I can’t imagine Francis changing his attitude so dramatically otherwise.”

“I suppose so,” Ariana answered vaguely. She scratched her ear, feeling a bit embarrassed. “I didn’t actually mean to ask him for help.”

“Why not?” Tyler asked, still puzzled. “You’re his wife. It’s natural for him to help you. Besides, Mr.

Anderson is willing to stand up for you because he cares about you.”

He paused and smiled warmly. "I was worried that you'd be treated unfairly, but now I'm not. It's clear that Mr. Anderson adores you and truly cares for you."

Ariana's thoughts began to drift as she listened to Tyler. Did Theodore really care for her?

After sharing information, Ariana instructed Tyler to return to his room to rest, while she slipped back to the top-floor presidential suite when no one was looking.

Upon entering the room, she was met with Theodore's mocking grin.

Ariana felt a twinge of guilt. Her kick to the wheelchair in the elevator might have been a bit excessive.

She quietly closed the door and approached Theodore. Glancing at his legs, she inquired, "Are you okay?" "jo." Theodore stared at her without emotion.

"Sorry, I didn't intend to." Ariana fluttered her eyelashes at him, appearing quite forlorn. "Please forgive me this once. I won't do it again."

Whenever she made a mistake, she acted sad, but Theodore would always forgive her.

His heart softened, but he maintained a frosty facade. "Is being seen with me so shameful? And that was quite a forceful kick."

Hearing his accusatory tone, she realized he was genuinely upset. Flustered, she explained, "I

panicked when I saw the crew members in the restaurant, and we had agreed to keep our relationship secret. You were adamant back then. You even said that if anyone found out, I'd be banished from the Anderson family."

"When did I say you'd be expelled from the Anderson family for that?" Theodore cast a sidelong glance at her and spoke in a cold voice. "Don't make up stories based on what I said."

Admittedly, Ariana had added the last part herself. She huffed, "But I'm heeding your advice. Is it wrong to keep our relationship under wraps?"

Theodore was at a loss for words. Annoyed, he ran a hand through his short hair and furrowed his brow. After a moment, he said, "If you want to go public now, it's fine."

Theodore was now eager to declare their relationship, so no one would dare covet his wife.

He was aware that Tyler's gaze on Ariana wasn't that of a brother toward a sister.

Ariana was confused by Theodore's words. Was he suggesting that they should tell everyone they were married? Did it imply that he genuinely cared for her?

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It seemed impossible. How could Theodore harbor feelings for her?

Her heart raced, but she refused to let her thoughts wander. Her rational side warned her not to read too much into Theodore's words and actions.

Besides, she was pregnant. If their relationship was exposed now, it would complicate her eventual departure from the Anderson family.

So she didn't respond. Instead, she cleared her throat and shifted the conversation.

"Let's discuss Francis for a moment. Were you the reason why Francis changed his attitude so suddenly?"

Theodore gave a subtle nod. "What's the matter?"

"Thank you," Ariana murmured.

"That's how you express gratitude? Not good enough." Theodore clucked his tongue, slightly displeased. A mere "thank you" didn't suffice after he had lent his help.

Ariana looked at him and asked, "What do you want, then?"

Did he need anything else? It seemed like he didn't require the things that she had.

Theodore chuckled and motioned for her to come closer.

Bewildered, Ariana took two steps toward him and found herself drawn into Theodore's embrace.

She landed on his lap and instinctively placed her hands on his shoulders to prevent herself from falling.

"What... What are you trying to do?" Ariana stuttered, avoiding his gaze.

"Nothing. I just want my reward." Theodore tenderly lifted her chin with his slender fingers, while his other hand pressed her back, drawing her nearer.

The atmosphere grew increasingly charged. Their lips were about to meet, and the air seemed to thin inexplicably. The only sound was their unsteady heartbeats.

As they were on the verge of kissing, Ariana pushed him away and stood up abruptly. "There's a shoot at the racecourse later. I need to take Tyler to familiarize himself with the location beforehand."

Afterward, she quickly ran away.

Theodore was so furious that he nearly jumped up to chase her. Luckily, Horace arrived just in time to restrain him.

"Boss, Miss Clarke has arrived."

Theodore's eyebrows furrowed. He wasn't pleased that Helen decided to come here without his

permission, but he still asked Horace to let her in.

They hadn't seen each other in a long time. Ever since Theodore moved out, he seldom returned to the mansion. When he ever did drop by, he would quickly grab what he needed and then leave as quickly as he came.

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When Helen's eyes laid upon Theodore, she began to choke into sobs.

"Theodore! I'm so happy to see you again. I've been so bored in the mansion."

Helen's face was pale and gaunt, and she didn't look very well. She looked weaker than the last time he saw her.

Theodore asked, "Have you had a check-up at the hospital recently? Why do you look so terrible?"

"You don't even answer my phone calls these days. I don't want to go to the hospital alone." Helen's eyes were red, and she cried with a grievance, "Is it because I did something wrong that made you angry? Or is it because Ariana doesn't like me?"

Theodore sighed and replied dismissively, "Don't think too much about it. You should go to the hospital.

Don't neglect your health."

Helen bit her trembling lip, gazing at him with tears in her eyes. "Then why did you move out of the mansion without even telling me? Is it because you don't want to see me anymore?"

"I said don't think too much. It's none of your business. You don't have to worry about it." Theodore frowned, his eyes narrowed and his expression somber. He was not as gentle and patient as when he was with Ariana.

Helen was in a state of despair. She felt that Theodore was distancing himself farther and farther away from her, like a gust of wind she was desperately trying to catch in her hands.

"IT know, Theodore. I won't ask you about it anymore."

Theodore's face softened when she complied, and he asked, "Why didn't you stay at the mansion to recuperate? Why did you come here?"

"Why else? Because I miss you, Theodore." Helen lowered her head, her hair falling forward and her long eyelashes hiding her emotions.

Theodore sighed. He thought the young girl was weak and not in her right mind right now. "I'll contact your attending doctor later and see when you can return to the hospital for an operation. Don't run

around like this for now. Just stay in the mansion and rest.”

When Helen heard that Theodore was trying to drive her away again, her expression darkened for a moment, and she said, “The day after tomorrow is the anniversary of Marley’s death. I specially came here to see you so that we can go visit her tomb together.”

She cast a careful look at Theodore and then asked tentatively, “Did you forget the date?”

Theodore was lost in his thoughts for a moment, but he shook his head and answered, “I haven’t forgotten. For the past eight years, I remembered the date of Marley’s death every year.”

Of course, Helen knew that there was no way Theodore would forget Marley. Marley was the person he cared about the most. If he didn’t care about her so much, Helen wouldn’t have been able to use Marley as an excuse to stay with him.

“Please, Theodore. Can I stay here?” Helen asked timidly.

After pondering over it for a while, Theodore finally agreed, “Fine. You can stay here.”

Delighted, Helen exclaimed happily, “Thank you, Theodore!”

“Horace, help Helen arrange a room at the hotel nearby,” Theodore ordered Horace, who was standing at the door.

The bright grin on Helen's face froze. "What do you mean by a nearby hotel? There are so many rooms available in this suite. Why can't I stay here?"

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Theodore glanced at her with a strange expression and then answered matter-of-factly, "Ariana won't be happy to see you here when she comes back tonight."

Helen had to suppress her rage and force herself to remain calm on the spot.

It was Ariana's fault again. She could go to hell!

In the afternoon, Ariana was at the filming site.

Perhaps due to Francis' instructions, Tyler was provided not only with a makeup artist but also a private lounge. It appeared that Francis genuinely wanted to demonstrate his remorse and goodwill.

The racecourse scene was challenging to film, but Francis refrained from scolding Tyler as he usually would, even patiently teaching him how to ride a horse.

Sitting under a sunshade, Ariana observed the staff surrounding Tyler at a distance and felt reassured.

She yawned, feeling drowsy. Contemplating inviting Theodore to dinner that night, she decided to have an honest conversation with him about their relationship and his feelings for her.

At that moment, a noise came from behind her. She turned and saw Cole, accompanied by a group of assistants and bodyguards, preparing for the next scene.

Their eyes met briefly, but neither greeted the other, and Cole didn't cause trouble for her. He had likely learned to exercise restraint.

Having finished the juice in her hand, Ariana got up and was ready to return to plan dinner with Theodore.

Theodore, on the other hand, was surprised to learn that Ariana had invited him to dinner. He assumed she wanted to express her gratitude and curry favor with him.

He couldn't help but smile. After reading the message for a while, he responded to Ariana with an OK emoji.

Horace stood nearby, holding a document. Seeing his boss smile at his phone, he guessed it was from Ariana.

Only when Ariana sent him a message would his boss respond so patiently and gently.

Horace sighed inwardly. As he expected, he soon heard Theodore's order. "Book a restaurant. I'm

having dinner with Ariana tonight.”

“Alright, I’ll inform you of the location later.” Horace correctly anticipated his boss’s thoughts again,

feeling proud of his insight into the enigmatic man.

Entering from the living room, Helen overheard their conversation. With a flicker of resentment in her

eyes, she feigned enthusiasm and asked, “Theodore, are you planning to charm Ariana tonight?

Women appreciate romance. Consider preparing some gifts before heading to the restaurant, like a

bouquet of flowers or exquisite jewelry.”

As she spoke, she pretended to be concerned. “I don’t think we have enough time to buy jewelry now.

Why not purchase some flowers? I’m aware of a renowned flower shop in the city. It’s been in business

for over 20 years, offering a wide variety of fresh flowers.”

Although uncertain whether Ariana would like it, Theodore gave it some thought.

He hadn’t given her any gifts, and they hadn’t gone out on a date yet.

He decided to create a romantic atmosphere that night.

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He had never pursued anyone before and had overlooked many things. Women. likely wouldn’t be fond

of men who lacked a romantic touch, which could be a reason Ariana sought a divorce from him.

A sudden sense of urgency gripped Theodore's heart. He pondered for a moment and accepted

Helen's advice.

"Horace, help me purchase flowers. Ensure they're the freshest in the store."

With that, Theodore departed and entered the dressing room.

Observing his boss's retreating figure, Horace nearly burst into laughter. Men in love tended to be

impulsive, but his boss finally grasped some fundamental aspects of romance.

"Horace, I've sent you the flower shop's address," Helen said obediently.

Horace nodded, "Thank you very much. I've reserved a room for you at the nearby hotel. Would you

like me to take you there now?"

"I can manage on my own. Horace, please proceed with your work." Helen offered a sweet smile.

"alright. Contact me if you need anything." Horace quickly left after checking the time.

Once Horace was entirely out of sight, Helen's expression instantly soured.

Damn that bitch! Ariana was unworthy of being with Theodore!

In the evening, as Ariana arrived at the restaurant, Theodore was already there, awaiting her presence.

He donned a silver-gray suit, exuding elegance and sophistication.

Ariana wore a black dress and matching sweater. As they entered together, they appeared as the perfect couple.

The two guards couldn't help but steal a few extra glances at them.

Once seated, the waiter presented Ariana with an immense bouquet of champagne roses. Struggling to hold them, she placed them on the chair beside her.

She gazed at Theodore in astonishment. "Did you send me these flowers? What prompted this surprise?"

It was Theodore's first time making such a gesture, causing him to feel slightly embarrassed and awkward. Nevertheless, he nodded subtly to maintain his composure.

Ariana blushed, surprised by Theodore's thoughtful gesture. She found it amusing since it wasn't something he typically did.

In fact, she wasn't particularly fond of flowers, but no woman could resist when the man she admired gifted her with them. Ariana felt delighted yet increasingly anxious about her impending conversation

with him.

The dishes served were all her favorites. It marked the second time she and Theodore had shared

such a formal meal. The previous occasion was Valentine's Day, which had concluded in disagreement.

They quietly consumed their respective dishes, each waiting for the other to initiate a conversation. The

atmosphere was somewhat peculiar.

Ariana's heart raced. She gripped the fork in her hand and sipped her juice as if steeling herself. After

swallowing the food in her mouth, she inquired, "May I ask you something?"

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Theodore met her gaze, set down his knife and fork, wiped his hands with a napkin, and replied, "What

would you like to know?"

"How do you feel about tonight's dinner?" Ariana asked hesitantly. Although she didn't want to ask this

question, she was uncertain how to broach the topic she truly wished to discuss.

Theodore was mildly surprised by her inquiry. He chuckled and said, "It's quite enjoyable. Horace

selected this restaurant, and his taste is usually impeccable."

Ariana agreed, "Yes, it's quite nice."

Subsequently, she was at a loss for words and unsure of what to say next.

Ariana reached out to touch the roses beside her and inquired, "What's the occasion for these flowers today?"

Perhaps she should have said "roses" instead? In Ariana's understanding, roses were typically reserved for one's beloved.

Theodore remained silent, simply gazing at her.

"Theodore, you've not only sent me flowers but also moved in next door. You've been attentive and supportive. What exactly are you trying to achieve?"

Seemingly fearful of his response, she continued without waiting for an answer, "I confess that broke my vow and fell for you during our marriage of convenience. It's infuriating. So, this is my final question, and I ask you earnestly, do you genuinely care for me?"

It was only after asking the question that she felt a sense of relief. If Theodore were to provide a negative response, she would abandon hope entirely.

Following a prolonged silence, Theodore spoke. "Does it truly matter whether I like you or not? Ariana, I assure you that you will always remain my wife, and I will never entertain affection for another woman. I

can fulfill all your desires. Why are you so insistent on an answer, even secretly plotting to leave me and file for divorce?"

Hearing his words, Ariana was momentarily stunned. It then dawned on her that Theodore had discovered the divorce papers. Perhaps it was when the police returned her bag after the car accident and Theodore found them inside. No wonder he had appeared troubled all of a sudden in the hospital that day.

She pressed her lips together and declared, "Yes, I want to divorce you."

Theodore was shocked by how firmly Ariana used the word "divorce."

His expression darkened. "Is this your plan?"

"Yes, if you don't love me, then let's part ways. I won't force you to love me." Ariana spoke with difficulty.

After a lengthy silence, Theodore asked gently, "Why did you initially agree to marry me, someone you didn't know? At that time, you didn't even know whether I would wake up or not. Now, you've fallen in love with me, but you want a divorce."

He scoffed and continued, "Is it just because of my feelings? Is the answer that crucial? Even if I provide a positive response, it would be meaningless if my actions don't match my words. I've told you I can give you whatever you desire."

"Except love, right?" Ariana gazed at him, disappointed, trying her best to keep her voice calm. "Yes, I admit that I had my own motives for marrying you initially, but not anymore."

Theodore remained silent, watching her with a complex expression.

Ariana lowered her gaze, tightened her fists, and said, "If I never fell in love with you, I might have agreed to your proposal to be your wife and a member of the Anderson family forever. But it's precisely because I truly fell in love with you that I can't bear to see myself sinking deeper into a loveless marriage."

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Furthermore, Ariana now had a baby, but Theodore wouldn't like its existence.

Ariana experienced a sharp pain in her heart. She slowly unclenched her fists, picked up a glass of warm water, and took a sip. She then gazed back at Theodore and said, "So, what is your answer? I need to hear it."

The atmosphere grew quiet as they stared at each other in silence.

Finally, a deep, husky voice replied, "I can't give you the answer you seek."

"Alright, I understand." Ariana's eyes reddened involuntarily. She knew her smile must be painful to see, but she still pretended to be magnanimous. "It's okay. From the start, you asked me not to fall in love with you. It's my fault. I shouldn't have longed for something that wasn't meant for me. I apologize for the inconvenience."

"That's enough!" Theodore was feeling overwhelmed and couldn't take it anymore.

He stopped her mid-sentence, his eyes filled with anguish, and asked, "Do we really need love? Can't we just be together forever?"

"But Theodore, you don't have feelings for me."

"I never said I didn't have feelings for you."

"So do you like me?"

Theodore stayed silent.

Ariana stared at the man who couldn't respond. "Never mind. Just as you said, the answer isn't important."

After that, she rose to her feet and gazed down at him coldly. "When I return to Eleymond, I'll reserve a hotel room on my own. I won't be going back to the rental apartment for a while. I hope you can respect my wishes this time. Don't follow me.

Give me the time and space I need to clear my head and contemplate how to handle this relationship going forward."

Theodore didn't want her to leave. He grabbed her wrist, attempting to convince her to stay, but Ariana shook free.

"Don't worry. Regardless of what happens, I'll keep my promise and finish the bet with Jasper."

Theodore's bottled-up emotions finally erupted. He spoke somberly. "I won't divorce you, nor will I let you go. You'd better accept that."

"why should I obey you? What do you take me for?" Ariana was filled with anger and sadness, tears streaming down her face.

As he saw her in tears, Theodore clenched his fists, took a deep breath, and made a compromise.

"Alright, we can separate for the time being, as you suggested. I won't go back to the apartment; you

can live there undisturbed. Don't move into a hotel. You can also stay in the presidential suite while working with the crew for the next few days. I'll leave. But I'm only giving you one month to think. After that, whether you've made up your mind or not, you must return to the Anderson family's mansion with me."

Once Ariana had departed, Theodore remained in the restaurant's private room by himself for an extended period.

He gazed out the window at the bustling traffic, feeling as though his heart was trapped in a desolate, cold, and vacant place.

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Every human being was consumed by emotions and desires. The old Theodore had been numb to life, only experiencing a sense of being alive when he pushed his body to the limit with continuous work, but he was genuinely worn out.

Ariana came into his life unexpectedly, but she brought color and vibrancy to his world.

He could no longer tolerate a world solely composed of black and white.

So, no matter there was love between them or not, Theodore refused to let her slip away from him.

In the past, Darian would always speak of love, professing his adoration for Theodore's mother and uttering sweet nothings. Regardless of the promises he made, they didn't prevent him from seeking pleasure elsewhere, engaging in affairs with other women, and ultimately fathering a child out of wedlock.

Theodore had never placed his faith in love, nor did he wish to speak of it. He wanted no trace of Darian in himself.

There was a knock at the door, and Horace entered the room. Upon seeing the man sitting quietly by the window, he let out a sigh in his heart.

When he saw Ariana leave with a pale face earlier, he suspected that they had a disagreement.

It appeared that the situation was grave.

"Horace, tell me, what is love?" Theodore gazed at the horizon and abruptly inquired.

Horace pondered for a moment but was unsure of what to say in this instance. He hesitated and replied, "Perhaps it's the unwavering conviction that we're meant to spend the rest of our lives together with someone special."

Theodore offered a wry smile. So this was the so-called love? Maybe he had already fallen for Ariana,

but he hadn't realized it.

"Boss, you and Mrs. Anderson..." Horace began, but then thought better of it and stopped. He was genuinely curious about what had transpired between them earlier but didn't dare to inquire directly.

Theodore didn't wish to answer him. Instead, he questioned Horace, "Do you love your girlfriend?"

Horace stated confidently, "Of course I love her. Why would we stay together if we didn't? It would be a waste of life. But I can't predict the future. All we can do is cherish the present."

"That's great." It was unusual for Theodore to express admiration for someone. At times, simplicity could be the key to overcoming all obstacles.

"Even though I'm not sure what transpired between you and Mrs. Anderson, communication is crucial.

It's only through genuine sincerity that we can truly understand one another." Horace attempted to console him.

Theodore smiled, not wishing to prolong the conversation. "Go prepare the car now."

"Where to? The hotel?"

Theodore shook his head, replying, "We'll head to the southern suburbs. I'll visit Marley earlier this

year.”

Horace pulled out his phone and tapped on it before asking, “Should we take Miss Clarke with us?”

After a brief pause, Theodore said, “We can bring her along in two days. I want some solitude for now.”