

## **Unconscious 411**

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“Everything will work out. I’m sure our film will be a smashing success!” a spiky-haired girl declared, donning a jacket and a boyish ensemble. She matched any guy when it came to enjoying a drink. She was the assistant director. Then, in a bold move, she suggested, “Instead of dwelling on sadness, let’s raise a glass and celebrate this rare gathering of ours.”

“Cheers! To our film!” Cayden raised his glass and clinked it with the others.

Ariana, who had been quiet, picked up a glass of juice and joined the toast.

At the Mercy Hospital, Helen, wearing a hospital gown, underwent a physical examination. The doctors left after asking several questions.

Helen lay on the bed, her face devoid of any emotion, as if she had grown accustomed to such situations.

Suddenly, her phone rang.

After a few moments, she picked it up and began to check her messages. With few friends, most of her messages were advertisements.

She tapped the screen and discovered some photos sent by the private investigator she had hired.

Helen suddenly snapped out of her trance and hastily rose from the bed.

The photos were still loading, and seconds later, they were displayed.

Helen gasped in astonishment, her hand covering her mouth. Ariana was acting?

She casually flipped through the photos. Upon seeing a few of them, her eyes widened in shock,

followed by a sly smile. ©

Helen's delight grew with each photo she examined. Especially the pictures of Ariana kissing the man's

face from various angles. It was clear that Ariana took the initiative to give the kiss.

Regardless of the truth, this single action was enough to condemn Ariana to death in Theodore's heart.

He couldn't bear the thought of anyone being so intimately close to his possessions.

Helen's innocent face displayed a vicious grin. She couldn't help but burst into laughter, her eyes

boring into the phone screen as if trying to burn a hole through it.

After waiting for so long, she had finally found something against that bitch. She had to devise a way to

make Theodore utterly disillusioned with and repelled by Ariana.

With great care, she chose a photo taken from a deceptive angle that made it seem as though Ariana

was passionately kissing the man. Then, she went on to have the photo edited to remove the camera next to Ariana, giving the impression that she was engaging in a secret affair.

Once she sent the photo to Theodore, Ariana's fate would be sealed.

While she was waiting for the edited photo, the attending doctor unexpectedly came in.

Helen immediately hid her phone, acting as if nothing had transpired.

"Helen, I've reviewed all your recent medical data. Your condition is better than anticipated. We'll schedule the surgery in a few days." The attending doctor was a tall, slender man with a scholarly appearance and a kind smile.

At this news, Helen was lost in thought. Theodore's cold demeanor toward her only heightened her unease.

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The previous week, she had gone to the manor in the southern suburb, hoping to develop a relationship with Theodore. To her dismay, he spent only a day with her and remained silent. The day after Marley's death anniversary, he promptly sent her back to the hospital.

She didn't want the surgery because Marley's wish to cure her heart condition was the reason

Theodore cared for her.

She had a nagging feeling that once she recovered from her illness after the operation, Theodore might cease to care for her in the future.

Helen couldn't bear to think about losing Theodore entirely, so she needed to prolong her illness as much as possible. Her sickness was her bargaining chip and the sole aspect that could kindle Theodore's compassion.

"What's the matter, Helen? Are you worried?" The doctor was writing in the medical record when he noticed Helen's silence and assumed she was feeling unwell.

Helen shook her head, gazing up at the doctor with her large, pleading eyes. "Do I really need to have the surgery so soon? I don't feel prepared, and lately, I've been struggling with insomnia, with my heart rate frequently increasing for no apparent reason."

"If you're staying up late, it's only natural for your heart rate to rise. From now on, make sure you sleep on time. I'll prescribe some sleeping pills for you; just rest well for a couple of days," the doctor reassured her with his customary smile.

Helen mumbled, "Can we delay the surgery? I'd prefer to undergo the procedure when I'm feeling better."

'No." The doctor, still smiling, firmly denied Helen's request. "You're in good condition right now. If you don't have the surgery soon, your heart might not be able to hold on."

Helen's lips tightened, and her eyes grew cold.

The doctor didn't seem to notice the change in Helen's demeanor. He proceeded to inspect the medical equipment in the ward, ensuring that everything was in good working order. Tuning to Helen, he offered reassuring words. "Rest assured, Helen.

Our Mercy Hospital has excellent resources, and there will be no issues with your operation. Get yourself prepared by then. Your surgery is scheduled for next Thursday."

Helen realized there was no way to postpone it any longer. She bit her nails, sinking into a state of anxiety and tension.

No, she had to find a way to sabotage the surgery. She couldn't afford to lose Theodore!

Two days later, the gate of the manor in the southern suburb of the city finally opened. This was the first time this had happened since half a month ago.

'A dozen cars were parked along the driveway. Horace was waiting dutifully in front of one of the cars, an exquisite black Rolls-Royce. He glanced down at the watch on his wrist.

Horace looked up quickly when a man slowly exited the manor.

"Why have you come out two weeks earlier this time around, sir?" It was rare for Horace to be unable to discern what his boss was thinking. In the past, after the anniversary of Marley's death, Theodore would lock himself up in the manor for a month and cut himself off from others. This was the first time he had come out in advance.

Theodore didn't know how to answer. He had no one he cared about before. The manor had become a place for him to escape and hide from the world.

If it weren't for the sake of his revenge, he might have stayed inside, away from the world, for the rest of his life.

But this time, he found himself too restless to calm down, and he couldn't stop thinking about a certain someone.

When he caught his mind straying, he felt shocked and despaired that he wasn't able to control his

thoughts. With time, he came to a realization. The world without Ariana was as boring as hell.

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“What has she been up to these past few days?” Theodore asked Horace, turning to him.

Horace knew exactly who he was referring to, so he answered almost immediately, “Mrs. Anderson has been working with the crew recently, but I’m not entirely sure because you told me not to monitor her this time. So I didn’t keep an eye on her.”

Theodore nodded in response. He got into the back seat of the Rolls-Royce.

“Where are we going, sir?” Horace turned around from the front passenger seat and asked.

“BRD Group.”

The car engine rumbled to life. Theodore patted his forehead, his mind a mess. All he could think about was Ariana.

It bothered Theodore that he wasn’t aware of what she was doing when he was away. Did she miss

him? Or was she living a happier life without him?

Theodore’s eyebrows furrowed at the thought of it. No, he couldn’t let that happen.

He couldn’t let her get used to living her life without him.

He began to bitterly regret agreeing to give her space. Sometimes, the calmer she was, the farther she would drift away from him.

“Here’s your phone, sir.” Horace handed him his phone and continued, “Last week, Mrs. Anderson wanted to talk to you and asked where you were.”

“Why didn’t you tell me that earlier?” Theodore snapped furiously, grabbing the phone in a hurry.

He checked his call log, and, as expected, there were several missed calls from her.

Horace pursed his lips, avoiding eye contact nervously. He didn’t dare to say anything. It was indeed his mistake. At that time, he didn’t reach out to Theodore because he was worried he wouldn’t want to be disturbed. Horace regretted that decision now. He should have followed his intuition and told Theodore as soon as possible.

Theodore had become irritable. If he had known he would receive calls from her earlier, he would have brought his phone with him.

He swiped the screen and brought up his contact list. He was about to call Ariana back.

But Horace handed him a yellow envelope before he could. “We received this today.

It’s an urgent document that came from the same city.”



Theodore begrudgingly put his phone down and took the envelope. It was very light and thin. "Have you seen what's inside?"

Horace answered honestly, "I dare not, but it seems to be related to Mrs. Anderson."

Theodore briskly ripped open the envelope after Horace mentioned Ariana and emptied out the contents of the envelope.

There were two photographs with dates on the back. The dates indicated they were taken two days ago

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Theodore's brow furrowed. He studied the photos, and his face immediately darkened.

At the film and television center, Tyler was shooting the final scene.

As he completed his last line, he turned and left, hearing Francis' voice through the intercom.

"Great, that take was good."

Tyler exhaled a sigh of relief and shed the emotions and expressions that weren't his own.

Holding a bottle of water, Francis approached Tyler, warmly placing a hand on his shoulder and guiding

him to the resting area. "Tyler, you're done for now, and you can take a two-week break. After the show

airs, you'll return to film the finale based on audience feedback."

"Understood, Mr. Salazar. I appreciate your guidance during this time. I've learned a lot." Initially,

Francis had been tough on him, but eventually, he promised to teach Tyler how to act, and he

genuinely did, which was indisputable.

Francis admired Tyler's humility, and his smile grew wider. "That's my responsibility. If there's another

opportunity, we can collaborate again."

"We definitely will."

After some more conversation, Francis was called away, and Tyler headed back to the dressing room

to find Ariana.

In the meantime, Ariana was busy playing a game on her phone.

"Ariana, I've wrapped up my part. What do you have planned for later?" Tyler donned his coat and

wiped away any remaining eyeliner with a makeup remover towel.

Ariana set her phone down and placed a hat on his head after he'd removed his makeup. "How about

we go shopping and enjoy a nice meal this afternoon!"

Beside the film and television center was an amusement park and a food street.

Ariana researched several popular gourmet restaurants online and finally settled on a Naples cuisine restaurant. They indulged in a feast at the chosen establishment.

Lately, Tyler had lost a considerable amount of weight during production. Ariana seized the chance to replenish his nutrients. As a growing young man, nutrition was more important than maintaining a slim figure.

At first, they dined at the restaurant, but later, they snacked at a roadside food stand.

They strolled around before heading to the amusement park.

Ariana couldn't recall the last time she visited an amusement park. It seemed to be on her seventh birthday, when her mother, who wasn't ill yet, had taken her.

Ariana realized that she was on the brink of an emotional spiral, so she quickly tried to clear her mind.

Spotting a variety of headbands on display, she grabbed Tyler and pulled him over to take a look.

Selecting a devil's horn headband, she placed it on Tyler's head. With a pleased nod, she remarked,

"Maybe I can find you some villainous roles in the future."

"These two characters are quite rebellious. One is a haughty rich kid, and the other is a criminal who

killed his first love by accident.” Tyler remained still, muttering like a compliant child, allowing Ariana to adorn him with the headband.

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“They are not really villains in my eyes. Perhaps you can land roles where you kill people without batting an eye,” Ariana responded while pulling him forward.

They didn’t bother disguising themselves. Since Tyler’s career hadn’t officially taken off, he wasn’t well-known, so they had no concerns.

Nonetheless, they frequently caught the attention of bystanders. Tyler had striking looks, and a dedicated team was in charge of his wardrobe, making him the center of attention.

Moreover, Ariana, who walked beside him, appeared youthful in her outfit—a plaid miniskirt and a sweater. She exuded innocence and freshness, resembling a student yet to graduate.

An attractive duo like them couldn’t help but draw attention.

Eventually, some people even inquired if Tyler was a celebrity or an idol, and a few enthusiastic girls pursued him for his phone number.

Ariana and Tyler were terrified and didn’t feel safe remaining in the park. They quickly fled from the

area in a hurry.

“It looks like you’ll need to be more discreet when going out in the future to avoid being chased relentlessly.” Ariana grinned at Tyler. As she took out her phone to call a taxi, a black car pulled up in front of them.

Before she could react, several strong men in black got out of the vehicle, placed a black sack over Tyler’s head, and whisked him into the car before driving off.

Ariana nearly stumbled over in shock. It was the first time she had seen someone being kidnapped in public.

Fear gripped her heart. She quickly took out her phone and tried to dial the police.

Her hands were shaking violently.

Just then, another car stopped in front of her.

The car’s back seat window rolled down slowly, revealing Theodore’s impassive face.

Ariana’s heart leaped at the sudden appearance of a savior, and she stepped forward quickly, placing her hands on the edge of the window and peering in desperately. “Tyler was just abducted by some

bad people! I just saw him being forced into a black car. Can you help me rescue him?"

Theodore didn't say anything. He simply stared at her with sharp eyes and no emotion on his face.

Ariana stared at him blankly for a few seconds, bewildered. He didn't seem surprised at all. Then it hit her, and she stepped back in horror. "You're the one behind it?"

"Get in the car," Theodore commanded coldly, and the car window rolled up closed again.

Ariana stood beside the car for a while, gathering her thoughts, her palms sweaty and clammy. After mulling over it in silence for a moment, she finally walked to the other side of the car, opened the back door, and got in.

It had been about half a month since the last time she saw Theodore. He looked much thinner and gloomier...

Ariana was alarmed by what was happening and did not hide her outrage. "What the hell are you doing? Why did you capture Tyler like that?"

Theodore was resting, his head laid back against the seat with his eyes closed.

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When she brought up Tyler's name, his eyes snapped open, and he cast a harsh glance at Ariana.

“Shut your mouth if you want that boy to come back safely.”

Theodore’s frightening expression caused Ariana to clamp her mouth shut. She shrank back in her seat and leaned against the door, refusing to be near him.

What a moody man! She had no idea what she did to irritate him again. He looked more horrible than he did when he woke up from his coma.

But now that she knew Tyler had been taken away by Theodore, she felt a wave of relief wash over her. At least that meant Tyler was in no real danger. But she still didn’t know what was bothering Theodore again.

The car began to make its way through the streets, driving away from the downtown area. Ariana wondered where Theodore was taking her. But she knew this man well enough to know that even if she did ask, she would most likely not get an answer.

So she sat still and didn’t bother trying.

She looked out of the window and watched the scenery pass by. Soon, her eyes became drowsy with sleep.

Ariana was awoken when the car eventually came to a halt. She didn’t know how much time had

passed. She looked at the person beside her. The door next to him had already been opened and he was being helped out of the car and into a wheelchair with Horace's help.

Ariana, not wanting to be left behind, got out of the car in a hurry. When she looked at her surroundings, she was amazed by the large building in front of her.

It was a remote place, but in it was a magnificent manor that seemed ethereal in the environment. The high walls were white and pristine, the glass windows delicate, and cascading steps were made of flawless white marble.

She frowned as she stared at it. This building looked so familiar. Ariana rubbed her temples, pondering where she had seen this building before, trying to get a snippet of information from her hazy memory.

She suddenly remembered. This was the place from the photograph Sonia had sent her—the place Theodore and Helen were photographed.

She looked at Theodore in bewilderment and asked, "Why did you bring me here?"

Theodore ignored her and addressed Horace indifferently instead, "Let's go."

Horace was an astute observer. He pushed the wheelchair in front of Ariana, beckoning her to take the



handles. "Mrs. Anderson, the pebbled path here is uneven.

Please help Mr. Anderson with the wheelchair."

Although Theodore looked indifferent, as though he didn't want someone other than Horace getting

near him, he didn't stop Horace and acquiesced in his behavior.

"aren't you coming with us?" Ariana looked at Horace, her eyebrows furrowing in confusion.

With a gracious smile, Horace answered respectfully, "I'll wait outside."

Ariana, who was still in a daze, was left with no choice but to push Theodore toward the manor. As she

did, she was met with the sight of rows of beautiful, colorful flowers neatly lining the one path leading to

the white building not too far away.

Here the lawn sparkled with dew, green as emerald, and birds soared across the open sky. The sweet

fragrance of flowers swept through the air. Ariana could barely believe her eyes. She felt like she was

in heaven.

This manor was far more picturesque and astounding than the photo could depict.

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Living here must be like living in a resplendent dream.

She was lost in awe for a while and slowly pushed Theodore forward.

“This is my mother’s favorite place.” Theodore suddenly spoke.

It was the first time that Theodore mentioned his mother to her.

The sun in March shone brightly and warmly. Ariana’s hair danced in the breeze, and she found herself unable to look away from the man’s face. ©

Theodore caught her looking at him and responded with a gentle smile, his eyes sparkling with a glint of light.

“Do you like them? My mother planted these flowers herself. They started as tiny seedlings, and as time passed, they grew and spread without us even realizing.” His voice carried a hint of reminiscence, and his eyes held a mix of emotions as if he were lost in memories.

The flower field stretched across a vast area. As the wind blew, the blossoms swayed and intertwined, creating wave-like patterns. The sun’s golden rays bathed the scene, making it as stunning as a painting.

“your mother must have been quite the romantic.” Ariana couldn’t help but sigh.

Although she had never met his mother, she could sense something profound from the endless sea of flowers. "She must have been not only romantic but also optimistic about life."

"Yes, my mother was indeed a romantic." Theodore spoke softly, as though he feared disturbing something sacred. "Do you see the end of the flower field? There's a cemetery there."

Ariana followed his gesture, her eyes moving past the white villa nestled among the flowers and reaching the far end. Cherry blossoms bloomed brilliantly on the hill, beneath which a tombstone lay hidden.

Without Theodore's revelation, who could have guessed that beneath the vibrant spring flowers, remains lay at rest?

Ariana felt somewhat surprised. When she gazed upon the flowers once more, she not only admired their beauty but also felt a sense of reverence.

She hung her head down, attempting to convey her respect to the deceased.

Theodore chuckled and reached out to take her hand, which was resting on the wheelchair. He gently rubbed her fingers in his palm and said, "Come on, let's head inside. Push me into the villa."

As she realized what was happening, Ariana blushed and swiftly withdrew her hand. "Aren't you taking

me to the cemetery? It's my first time coming here.

Wouldn't it be rude if we didn't go there to visit your mother?"

"[I'll bring you to visit her next time. Right now, I need to attend to something else."

Ariana couldn't help but notice that Theodore seemed different today. He had not only kidnapped Tyler but also brought her to this place.

She believed this location was his private sanctuary. Did it mean that Theodore was gradually opening his heart to her, making him willing to share this place with her?

No, what was she thinking? He hadn't only brought her here; he had brought Helen as well.

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With that thought, her once fluttering heart sank.

While she stared at the enigmatic, castle-like building before her, she couldn't shake an inexplicable feeling of danger. Regardless, she continued to push the wheelchair forward slowly.

The inside of the villa was not what Ariana had expected. She had anticipated it to be as glamorous as its exterior, but it surprised her with its cozy ambiance. The dominant color scheme was earthy, with wooden flooring, warm-colored curtains, and a delicately designed fireplace that dispersed the cold air

brought in by Ariana from outside.

This place felt much more inviting than the Anderson family home.

Ariana, feeling more at ease, asked, "It's very clean here. Do you visit often?"

"No, I stay here for a month each year during this time. Someone cleans it regularly." Theodore casually draped his coat over the sofa and loosened his tie. It seemed as if he had become completely relaxed upon entering the villa, no longer appearing as somber and aloof as he had in the car.

Ariana found herself stealing glances at him before asking, "Did you ever come here with Helen?"

Immediately after speaking, she regretted her words and mentally chastised herself for not staying quiet.

"No, no one else has ever set foot in this place. You're the first." Theodore locked eyes with her and spoke earnestly in a low tone. ©

As Theodore spoke with the tenderness of a love confession, Ariana found herself unable to contain her emotions. She scoffed, "Don't try to fool me. When you and Helen entered the estate together, you were photographed. I'm not the first one to be here, am I?"

A hint of jealousy laced her words. She wanted to be an independent woman, unburdened by a man's love, but Theodore's gentle words always managed to sway her.

She refused to believe anything he said.

Noticing Ariana's angry retort, Theodore furrowed his brow and quickly grasped the situation. "I didn't lie to you. The pictures you saw were only captured during the times when Helen went in and out of the manor, right?"

Ariana bit her lip, remaining silent and visibly displeased.

"she only went to the cemetery. I never allowed her into this house. Besides, she was sent back to the hospital after just one day, without spending the night."

Theodore took Ariana's hand in his, tenderly massaging her fingertips and soft palm as if he were stroking a kitten's fur. "The reason I had Horace buy those photos is to prevent any unwanted attention that might disturb my mother's peace."

"How can I be sure you're telling the truth?" Ariana mumbled under her breath. She tried to pull her hand back but Theodore gripped it tightly. She had no choice but to let him continue toying with it.

What exactly were they doing now?

Their recent separation, without communication, seemed to have changed nothing, and they had reverted to their initial state of uncertainty.

Theodore sighed. Not releasing her, he led her to the study.

The study was very large, with towering bookshelves that reached the ceiling, and housed innumerable books.

Theodore led Ariana to the desk, opened a drawer, and pulled out a pile of photographs. "These are the pictures they took, complete with dates and times at the bottom."

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It was indeed accurate that Helen was not captured entering the house in the photo, and the timestamp indicated that she left the manor shortly after.

"I guess I misjudged you." Ariana's somber mood lightened considerably.

Awkwardly, she said, "But you still haven't explained why you kidnapped Tyler.

What the hell do you intend to do with him?"

Hearing another man's name from her lips, Theodore's expression darkened once more. "No need to rush. Relax and follow me. I have something to show you."

“What is it?” Ariana asked.

Theodore remained silent. He wheeled himself out of the study, passed through the archway connecting the living room and the small garden, and opened an intricately carved wooden door.

Ariana hurried to keep up with him.

They walked a long hallway and arrived at a small but elegant building at the opposite end of the garden. Vines enveloped its outer walls, and thick curtains obscured the view through the windows.

“Here we are. Go ahead and open the door.” Theodore smiled faintly, his eyes filled with anticipation.

“This is a special room I prepared just for you. You’ll definitely love it.”

Unsure of Theodore’s intentions but curious about the room, Ariana approached the closed door and gently pushed it. It slowly swung open.

The sight behind the door left her in shock. She had anticipated an ordinary room but found a massive, ornate golden wire cage fashioned into a greenhouse instead!

Sensing danger, Ariana instinctively retreated, but a forceful hand shoved her back into the cage.

Moments later, she heard the distinct sound of the cage being locked behind her.



Ariana stumbled and fell to her knees on the thick rug. As she got up, Theodore entered the room as well. He locked the door behind him with an iron chain.

Ariana quickly ran to unlock the chain, but it was in vain.

“What the hell do you want?” Ariana asked Theodore loudly. She was very anxious at this moment.

With an expressionless face, Theodore rolled the wheelchair slowly. “Come here,” he said to Ariana.

Ariana was soon able to catch a glimpse of the emotions in his eyes.

There was a crazy look in his eyes that made her heart tremble with fear.

“No, I won’t,” Ariana replied firmly while taking a few steps back. She wanted to stay as far away from

Theodore as possible. She retreated so much her body was almost stuck into the wall.

Seeing what she was doing, Theodore’s eyes darkened. “What’s wrong? Are you afraid of me?”

Theodore asked calmly.

“Do you think I am stupid? Why should I come over? You’re definitely up to something!” Although

Ariana was angry, she really wanted to figure out what she had done to piss him off.

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“Come here, be a good girl.” As he spoke, Theodore reached out his hand to her. “Do as I say if you

still want to see that boy..."

"Why are you doing this? Why would you involve an outsider in our business?"

Ariana was so angry that she gritted her teeth.

"Well, it's a good thing that you know Tyler is just an outsider." What Ariana said seemed to have pleased Theodore. When he spoke again, his tone was unexpectedly joyful. "So, are you coming to me?"

Ariana was stunned. Were men all so fickle?

She didn't want to argue with him, so she walked over and asked coldly, "What the hell do you want?

Why..."

Before she could finish her words, Theodore grabbed her arm and pulled her so hard she was forced to sit on his legs. He held her so firmly that she was unable to struggle at all.

"Theodore! What the hell do you want?" Normally, Ariana would have blushed with shyness, but now she was just scared. She had never seen this side of Theodore before.

Theodore held her firmly with one hand and slowly pulled off his tie with the other.

Then he wrapped it around her wrists and tied a knot.

“Let go of me. I don’t know what is wrong with you, but you really should calm down!” Ariana was frightened. However, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t get rid of him. She didn’t know what she had done wrong and why he treated her like this.

“Shh!” Theodore whispered as he gently wiped away her tears. He still had that crazy look in his eyes and there was an excited expression on his handsome face.

“Why are you so afraid of me? You are even trembling!”

“Yes, I’m scared, I’m very scared of you. You shouldn’t scare me like that, okay?”

Ariana tried to persuade him with a pitiful tone.

“Answer me first. Why did you betray me?” Theodore raised her chin and stared at her intently. Their faces were so close that their noses almost touched each other. “I told you that you are my wife and my property. So, how can you allow others to approach and touch you? Why can’t you just be obedient?”

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“| betrayed you? What are you talking about?” Ariana was so confused she didn’t even know what to say.

Theodore had been holding back all this time and now, he couldn't hold back the desire in him anymore. He leaned over and kissed her hard on the lips. His kiss was so fierce and passionate that Ariana almost felt dizzy.

Tears ran down her cheeks. It was hard to tell whether she was scared or nervous.

Kissing her seemed far from enough for Theodore as he felt the hole in his heart. was hard to fill. He held Ariana as tightly as he could. How he wished he could lock her here forever! That way, she would never see anyone else but him and no one would take her away from him. ©

Theodore kept kissing Ariana, his hot lips moving from her neck to her collarbone and then to her chest.

Theodore's kisses drove Ariana crazy. She was soon in a trance and she vaguely heard Theodore ask, "Did he kiss you in the same way?"