

## Unconscious 551

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Ariana quickly stood up, feeling anxious. Despite Helen's faults, she didn't believe Helen deserved to die. Ariana couldn't understand how Helen could be willing to risk her life, even if it meant facing death.

"Mr. Anderson." The doctor handed the medical report to Theodore and stated, "The patient has sustained a concussion and a contusion to the chest from the impact.

Her condition is currently stable, but we need to maintain surveillance and assist her recovery. However, we must delay tomorrow's scheduled heart surgery. "

Theodore didn't pay much attention to the medical report and asked in a low voice, "Until when is it postponed?"

"That would depend on Miss Clarke's subsequent recovery process. There is, however, another complicating factor." The doctor appeared uncomfortable as he disclosed, "Miss Clarke sustained a deep facial laceration during her fall, exposing the underlying bone. The two-hour emergency procedure required us to stitch the wound, an especially challenging task considering the wound's location and extent, covering nearly her entire eyebrow. We strived to minimize scarring, but we couldn't completely remove it."

"Are you saying that she'll be left disfigured?" Theodore's tone remained unchanged, making it difficult to discern any concern.

With a compassionate nod, the doctor explained, "Here's the situation. When a wound is extensive, it's expected to leave a scar. Additionally, Miss Clarke has a tendency to develop scars. Due to her heart condition, it's not feasible for her to undergo frequent facial reconstruction surgeries within a short span of time, making complete recovery challenging..."

Ariana was slightly shocked and her mouth fell open a little, noticing the contrast between Theodore's indifference and Helen's actions. It was clear that Helen had sacrificed a great deal to cause her harm.

How could someone as proud and self-assured as Helen come to terms with the reality of facial disfigurement? Meanwhile, Helen regained consciousness in a dazed state, initially experiencing a sensation of pain. She was plagued by a throbbing headache and a searing sensation across her face as if it had been struck repeatedly.

Helen woke up, feeling disoriented at first, but soon became aware of her surroundings. She observed the white ceiling above, heard the sound of dripping medical equipment, and detected the scent of disinfectant in the air.

With a painful effort, she turned her head and caught sight of a chubby nurse tending to her IV bag.

As her mind slowly cleared, the thought of her fall down the stairs surged through her, causing her internal organs to twist with pain.

Helen's face throbbed with increased pain.

"Miss Clarke, you're conscious. How are you feeling?" The nurse asked considerately, adjusting her covers.

Helen grabbed her hand, her voice brimming with anxiety, "Where's Theodore? Did he bring me here?"

The nurse confirmed, "Yes, Miss Clarke, Mr. Anderson had you admitted here. He's currently talking with the doctor about your

medical status outside."

Upon hearing this, Helen released her grip on the nurse's hand and felt a sense of joy. True to her expectations, Theodore still cared for her well-being and took the initiative to inquire about her condition directly with the doctor. Typically, it was Horace's responsibility.

"What about Ariana then? Where is she now? Is she in tears? " Helen's mind was filled with visions of Ariana being scolded by Theodore, weeping in humiliation.

The nurse appeared puzzled and asked, "Are you referring to the lovely woman accompanying Mr. Anderson?"

"Stop complimenting her looks," Helen interjected with clear displeasure.

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Caught off guard, the nurse stammered, "Well, I am not sure. I only noticed that she seemed to be constantly at Mr. Anderson's side."

Helen was slightly let down, but she didn't have much time to dwell on it, as the pain in her face returned. Sitting up in bed, she reached out to touch her face and asked, "Why does my face hurt so much?"

The nurse avoided eye contact with her and didn't dare to look at her.

Helen reached out to touch her face but felt the presence of the gauze bandage instead. In a state of panic, she urgently demanded, "Bring me a mirror!"

Ariana, Theodore and the doctor were still at the ER door when they suddenly heard a scream coming from the nearby ward. Ariana was startled.

The scream came from Helen's ward.

Seeing Ariana trembling, Theodore's heart softened. He tightened the suit jacket on her and patted her on the arm to comfort her. "I'll go and see what's going on. You stay here."

He pushed his wheelchair and left with the doctor. Ariana hesitated for a while and then followed them.

The doctor pushed open the door of the room. Before Theodore could enter, he heard the sound of glass breaking, followed by Helen's cry.

The doctor rushed into the ward to check on Helen, and Theodore followed. As soon as they entered, they found Helen sitting on the bed, sobbing uncontrollably. The floor was strewn with debris from a broken mirror and the IV bag had been lowered.

The nurse was cowering in a corner, looking helpless and frightened by Helen's sudden outburst. "Helen!" Theodore called out with a slight frown.

Hearing the familiar voice, Helen suddenly raised her head and saw Theodore. Her face lit up as if she had seen her savior. "Theodore, what's wrong with my face?

How come I am disfigured? Did the doctor make a wrong diagnosis?"

Tears were streaming down Helen's cheeks. She looked helplessly at Theodore, begging him to help her. She seemed so fragile right now.

Theodore's cold hands lifted Helen's arms up and to her surprise, Theodore was absolutely calm. His words were soft but it was clear that he was distancing himself from her.

"Listen to the doctor, Helen."

Crying, Helen shook her head and said, "Theodore, I'll listen to the doctor, but please tell me first if my face can be cured."

Theodore discreetly waved to the nurse to help Helen back to bed. Instead of answering Helen's question directly, he said, "You need to calm down now.

Excessive emotional stimulation will slow your recovery and it will affect your heart as well."

However, Helen wouldn't listen to him this time and she insisted on getting the answer. She pushed away the nurse's hand and tried to get out of bed. She wanted to hold Theodore's hand.

Chapter: 553 Helen was trembling and cried incessantly. She looked so pitiful, like a damsel in distress that any man would want to protect. Theodore pinched his eyebrows, feeling a little tired. "Helen, listen to the doctor."

Helen had heard these same words for many times and was fed up. He had been telling her the same thing over and over again, and even now that her face was disfigured, he still asked her to listen to the doctor!

She didn't want to listen to any doctor. What she wanted was for him to show her some tenderness.

"Theodore..." Helen didn't know how to arouse Theodore's pity for her once and for all. In a desperate move, she fell out of bed. But the floor was full of glass shards that cut her, and blood flowed from her palm.

Ariana happened to come in at this moment and she saw this scene. Her first reaction was to rush over to help Helen. However, when Helen saw Ariana enter the ward, her face changed and her eyes were full of anger. "Get out! It's all your fault!"

"Have you forgotten how you become like this?" Ariana asked calmly. She was actually amused by Helen's words.

"I don't want to see you. Get out of here!" Helen shouted angrily. She didn't hide her hostility towards Ariana and seemed even ready to physically harm Ariana.

Seeing that, Theodore quickly pushed his wheelchair and stood in front of Ariana.

He grabbed Helen's arm and comforted her, "Helen, calm down. Your face will recover soon."

Only then did Helen finally calm down. She raised her head and looked at Theodore expectantly. "Really?" Theodore nodded without saying anything.

Helen's smile faded at once. She picked up a piece of broken glass and pressed it against her wrist as a threat. "Theodore, get Ariana out or I'll kill myself," she threatened.

Ahint of impatience crossed Theodore's face. Ignoring the madwoman, he turned to Ariana and said quietly, "You should go home now."

Although Ariana felt wronged, she agreed with Theodore on this and left.

After Ariana left the ward, the nurse helped Helen get back on the bed before treating her injury from the glass fragments.

"Mr. Anderson, I'm going to prepare a new IV bag for Miss Clarke," the nurse said to Theodore. Theodore nodded, and the nurse left, closing the door behind her.

Helen groaned. With her forehead resting on her knees, she cried very hard. They were the most sincere tears she had ever shed. Although she had been sad before, it was nothing compared to being disfigured.

She had lost everything now. Would Theodore still like her? Sitting in a wheelchair, Theodore quietly waited for Helen to finish crying. He didn't say or do anything to comfort her.

Sobbing, Helen complained, "Theodore, it was Ariana who pushed me down the stairs. She not only went to Marley's room but also to your office. She pushed me down the stairs when I tried to stop her after we had a fight."

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Theodore listened to her calmly but didn't say anything. Soon the nurse was bagged with the new IV bag as she changed the one that was hanging there.

By this time, Helen had already calmed down, and let the nurse give her the injection. In fact, as long as Theodore was by her side, her mood was stable.

She would be obedient to him because that was what he wanted.

After changing the IV bag, the nurse left. Helen looked at Theodore and said, "Theodore, it seems that Ariana knows about Marley and she can't accept it."

"Really?" Theodore said lightly while flipping the wedding ring on his finger. His impassive gaze made it difficult to decipher his thoughts.

Helen was glad that he didn't say anything. It seemed that Theodore still trusted her. In this case, her assumption was correct.

There was no way Theodore really fell in love with Ariana. Ariana was just someone he found to bear his children. The only good thing about her was that she was fertile. She was always fighting with Theodore. How could he love such a disobedient woman?

"Theodore, Ariana is such a bad person. Why don't you divorce her? She doesn't deserve to stay in Anderson family."

As Helen spoke, she scrutinized Theodore to notice his slightest expression, and started to goad him. She was so eager for him to divorce Ariana. Once that wretched woman was out of the Anderson family, Theodore would be all hers.

At the thought of this, Helen was so excited. Before Theodore could say anything, she quickly held his hand again and said with a pitiful look, "Theodore, trust me."

Upon hearing this, Theodore suddenly laughed. He gazed intently at Helen and said in a soft but icy tone, "I only believe what I choose to believe."

Helen was confused.

Theodore maneuvered the wheelchair and approached the bed. Eyes downcast, he smoothed the folds of the blanket with his slender fingers. When he was like that, it was even more difficult to discern his thoughts.

"I like obedient girls, but recently, you've been a little bit naughty, Helen."

He was still smiling, but for some reason, Helen felt chills all over.

In an attempt to control her nervousness, she clenched her fists so tightly that her nails dug into her palm. "I'm sorry, Theodore. I know I crossed the line."

She glanced at him timidly, with a pitiful expression on her face.

Theodore looked at her for a few seconds and then smiled gently again. He handed her a glass of warm water and said slowly, "Because of this accident, your heart surgery is delayed."

Helen was overjoyed upon hearing that, but she didn't dare to show it. "That's too bad, I really want to have it as soon as possible."

Theodore didn't say anything and the ward fell into silence once again.

For the first time, Helen couldn't find something to talk about as usual. Maybe it was because she felt guilty.

Chapter: 555 "What did Marley say before she died?" Theodore suddenly asked.

Helen was taken aback by the question and she was shaking all over. Avoiding meeting Theodore's gaze, she said in a low voice, "Haven't we made a deal? Once my heart operation is over and I'm fully recovered, I'll tell you everything. Isn't that the case, Theodore?"

The ward was once again plunged into deep silence. Smiling, Theodore looked at Helen and said nothing. There was something about his smile that sent a deep chill in Helen's heart. It was a fear that had settled within her. Helen knew Theodore very well and she knew he was never a kind person. She was aware of how horrifying his means were.



Yet, she couldn't help being infatuated with him. Even if he held the gun against her and threatened to kill her, she would still love him. Deep down, Helen knew that her feelings for Theodore would eventually lead to her demise, but even so, she couldn't let go of those feelings. It was like a moth flying towards the flame that would eventually consume it.

Helen's relationship with Marley was the reason that Helen had the confidence to behave like this towards Theodore in recent years. But how long could this situation last? She wasn't sure and therefore she was in a state of perpetual anxiety and fear of losing him. Her mind was like a very tensed string, which could break at any moment.

Ariana was the last obstacle in her way.

Helen loved Theodore so much and she couldn't stand other women getting close to him, let alone taking him away. So, she had to get Ariana out of Anderson family.

Theodore kept silent for a long time. On her part, Helen kept her head down and dared not look at him. She was afraid that he would see through her ambition and secret desire.

A good woman couldn't have any ambition or secret desire. According to Theodore's rules, she just needed to listen and obey.

After a while, Theodore finally chuckled and said, "Sorry, I'm too anxious. I would keep my promise and won't bother you about this anymore. You can tell me everything after your heart surgery."

"Theodore, I will actively cooperate with the doctors and get the heart surgery done as soon as possible," Helen said, looking at Theodore timidly.

Theodore nodded, his expression having softened a little. "I'll ask the doctor to adjust the treatment plan later," he said.

"Can they treat the wound on my face first?" Helen asked, nervously touching the bandage on her face. She was really heartbroken at the thought of having a disfigured face. She had always been proud of her pretty face. Appearance was a woman's weapon. Without her beauty, how could she fight for Theodore?

“The doctor also said so. You have other injuries on your body and you are in poor physical condition. The operation will be postponed.” It was impossible for anyone to guess that Theodore actually had other thoughts.

After hearing what Theodore said, Helen finally relaxed. She was glad that he still cared about her.

Whenever she behaved obediently, Theodore would be gentle with her.

In fact, other than trying to destroy Theodore and Ariana’s relationship, the most important thing for her right now was to delay the surgery.

She didn’t want to recover too quickly. Not only because she was afraid that Theodore would not care about her after the surgery, but also because she couldn't tell him what he wanted to know.

In fact, Helen never had the intention of treating her heart disease, at least not until Theodore fell in love with her.

She'd rather die than let Theodore know what Marley had said before dying.

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Her plan to invite Ariana to the Anderson family’s residence tonight was so thoroughly thought out. She had planned to fall down the stairs slightly and then pretend to be badly injured.

But she couldn’t have planned that Ariana’s pearl bracelet would get broken when she struggled with Ariana.

When she fell, she accidentally stepped on the scattered beads and completely lost her balance. As a result, she had suffered a serious injury that left her disfigured. As far as she was concerned, it was all Ariana’s fault!

Helen's head drooped and her face twisted for a moment, but Theodore was not aware of it.

Helen endeavored to convince herself that all would be well. With Theodore's wealth, he would undoubtedly engage the most skilled physician to treat her face.

She held onto the belief that Theodore still cared for her, otherwise, it would be Horace at her side now. "Rest and look after yourself. There's a matter I must attend to. I must leave first," Theodore told Helen, tucking her into bed.

Glancing at the time, Helen noticed the early morning hour. What urgent matter demanded his attention now? Was he going to see Ariana?

These thoughts fueled her irritation, igniting a primal urge to smash objects, yet she suppressed it and gave an obedient reply.

Wearing a gentle smile, Theodore turned off the bedside lamp and advised, "Do not succumb to emotions during this trying period, lest your heart bear the burden and it can't. Heed the doctor's guidance, and may the next surgery proceed smoothly, free from any unforeseen complications."

"Of course, Theodore." Helen nodded, nestling her chin beneath the covers, contemplating how to sabotage the forthcoming surgery. She resolved not to undergo the operation; as long as her heart ailment persisted, Theodore would remain tethered to her!

Only after ensuring Helen had closed her eyes did Theodore wheel the chair toward the exit. However, as he was about to open the door, something struck him. He turned back to face the bed where Helen lay, his tone filled with regret as he spoke.

"Helen, I forgot to inform you that the doctor mentioned a special condition in your physical constitution, predisposing you to severe scarring. Given your heart condition, facial reconstruction surgery is perilous, leaving medicinal treatment as the only option until your heart surgery is complete."

Pausing for a moment, he sighed, "Mentally prepare yourself, for the scar on your face will become increasingly challenging to heal with the passage of time."

Regrettably, medication can only offer limited efficacy compared to surgery. Well, do not dwell on it too much. Focus on your well-being, and we shall revisit this matter after your heart operation.”

With that, Theodore bid Helen good night and departed.

Silence enveloped the expansive ward, and Helen remained engulfed in turmoil.

She longed to rise from her bed and confront Theodore, seeking clarification.

However, hindered by an infusion bottle and other medical apparatus, she stumbled and collapsed, emitting anguished cries. Soon, the commotion reached the ears of on-duty nurses and doctors.

To calm her frayed nerves, a tranquilizer was swiftly injected into Helen’s arm.

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She stared vacantly at the ceiling, tears cascading from her eyes, while a newfound serenity enveloped her inner being. The raging hatred seemed momentarily silenced, yet it left an indelible imprint on her soul, impossible to erase!

She kept murmuring the name Ariana. Eleymond, even in the depths of midnight or the early hours of the morning, never ceased its clamor and activity.

Ariana sat on the balcony, wrapping her arms around her knees. Her gaze fixed upon distant neon lights as her heart sank bit by bit.

Darkness prevailed, with only moonlight as her companion. She had a heavy blanket over her, but it wasn’t helping her feel any better from the inside.

As an expectant mother, she ought not to surrender to melancholy and sentimentality, for it would adversely affect the healthy development of her baby.

However, her emotions triumphed over reason, an unrelenting buzz playing in her mind.

Recollections of her life with Theodore flooded her thoughts. She wondered if he was thinking of others in every moment he spent with her, longing for someone else with every glance he cast at her.

Abruptly, her phone vibrated. Lowering her head, she saw a message from Theodore. "Are you asleep?" Shortly after, a second message followed. "I have returned from the hospital."

Ariana sat and did nothing, watching the screen of her device fade to black.

She was waiting, waiting for Theodore to reach out, to initiate a conversation.

However, after an agonizing period, the screen remained dark. An unspoken agreement seemed to exist between them — she feared being confronted, and he did not dare to confront her.

Ariana laughed, a bitter, self-mocking sound, as she buried her head into her knees, feeling both aggrieved and sad.

If Theodore had wanted to explain, he wouldn't have greeted her with silence at the hospital. That was already a silent answer.

Perhaps she truly held no significant place in his heart.

Her eyes were sore, and her throat seemed to be stuck with something, bitter and swollen.

She tried to keep her emotions in check, but ultimately, she gave in to a quiet bout of crying, her phone slipping from her grasp. At this time, the screen lit up again, especially dazzling in the darkness.

Ariana hurriedly reached for her phone, only to feel a sinking disappointment wash over her as she glanced at the screen.

It wasn't him. It was Holden.

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Glancing at her phone, Ariana's tears streamed down even more, filled with deep sadness. Why hadn't Theodore sent her a message? Why hadn't he called her? He claimed he wanted to be with her again, but it seemed like she was just a replacement for someone else!

Her sobs intensified, soaking her face in a fresh flood of tears and sweat beading on her forehead despite the chill in the air.

Fortunately, there weren't many people living on this floor. Otherwise, the eerie cry in the middle of the night would have frightened them.

The vibration of her phone startled her once more. Through her tear-blurred vision, she glanced at the screen. It was Holden. Again.

The first message was an emoji, which Ariana didn't bother to see. The subsequent text simply read, "Are you up?" After a moment's hesitation, Ariana responded, "What's up?"

Holden was quick to reply, "BRD Group is launching a new product and we're considering Tyler for the advertisement. Are you interested? We could discuss it further tomorrow."

Ariana checked the time and sent a speechless emoji in response. "It's 4 am, nearly daybreak, and you want to talk business at this hour?"

Holden apologized, "Sorry, I'm accustomed to working through the night and lost track of time." Below his text was an emoji of a dazed kitten.

Rubbing her forehead, Ariana replied, "You're a true workaholic. Remember, your health should be your priority. Work-life balance is key."

The mention of workaholic stirred up thoughts of another man who was always engrossed in his work. Shaking her head, she tried to push thoughts of Theodore aside. She didn't want to dwell on him anymore; it only served to upset her.

After some contemplation, she sent a message to Holden, "We will pass on the advertisement opportunity this time. Currently, Tyler is just a burgeoning star. He's not quite ready for an advertisement with a company like BRD Group. If we accept your proposal now, the potential losses could outweigh the gains."

Ariana was left with no choice. She had witnessed countless stars rise to fame overnight, only to watch their careers crumble soon after. She wanted Tyler to take a slow and steady path to success. A chance to work with BRD Group would certainly boost his fame, but fame alone was not sufficient for a lasting career.

Ariana believed that Tyler needed to establish a solid foundation and achieve notable accomplishments before becoming a true star. She wanted him to utilize his talent and focus on continuous improvement, waiting for the right moment to make a big impact.

Holden did not insist after Ariana's refusal, simply stating they could explore opportunities for collaboration in the future. Just as Ariana was about to set down her phone, thinking the conversation had reached its conclusion, another message from Holden popped up, "Why are you up so late? Something on your mind?"

Ariana's text, punctuated with suspension points, reached him, and in response, Holden sent her a smiling emoji, asking, "Have I hit the bullseye?"

At times, Ariana questioned whether Holden had bugged her life. It seemed that whenever she faced trouble or sank into despair, he would magically appear and have a chat with her.

Ariana wasn't in the mood to spill her troubles, so she replied in a half-joking manner, "Can't I burn the midnight oil too?" Holden's response was direct and without hesitation. "That's unlike you!"

His message was accompanied by an adorable and friendly emoji, which led Ariana to believe that Holden was treating her as a friend.

Chapter: 559 She paused, and her heart softened in the end.

Perhaps it was because she had so much to share, her heart ached, and even each breath she took was nothing but painful. The one person she yearned to talk to opted to ghost her, leaving her with no outlet to vent. While in that predicament, Holden's showing up felt like a lifeline.

She typed a few words on the screen. "What would you do if you discovered that you've been living a blissful lie all your life?"

The message was smoothly sent, and the chat frame indicated that the other party was typing, but after a long while, she received no response. Clearly, he too was struggling at that moment.

Ariana prepared herself to read a lengthy response from him. However, after two minutes, all she received was a short message from Holden. "As long as I'm happy."

No wonder he was a CEO, keeping his thoughts to himself!

Initially, Ariana felt distressed, hoping to receive some pearls of wisdom from Holden. Yet, given the current circumstances, even though she didn't receive what she had anticipated, she was at least entertained.

She understood Holden's meaning and replied, "As long as you're happy, it doesn't matter if it's a lie or not. Is that what you're trying to say? But how about after you learn it was a lie, will you still force yourself to live it?"

Upon receiving the message, the man furrowed his brow. The dark night blurred the emotions in his eyes, but the pace of his typing revealed his inner anxiety and restlessness.

"Has something happened between you and him? Is he treating you unfairly?" Glancing at the latest message, Ariana pondered it repeatedly but couldn't find a suitable answer to respond with.

Even though there was someone willing to listen at that moment, she didn't want to share any further. After all, it was her private affair with Theodore.



Furthermore, Holden was also a man. Men often understood each other better, which explained why he believed that as long as they were happy, even if it was a lie, it didn't matter.

Men tended to be more rational. Their perspective on love was never as significant as what women believed it to be.

Feeling weary, Ariana messaged, "It's nothing. I'm sleeping now."

After sending the message, she promptly turned off her phone.

It was nearly five o'clock now. She felt dizzy and her stomach still felt uncomfortable. Perhaps the baby was protesting due to her lack of rest.

With a heavy heart, she caressed her belly. If Theodore didn't accept the baby, then it was about time she left!

Dawn arrived, and Ariana, wrapped in a blanket, went to the kitchen to grab some sandwiches and milk. She then made her way back to the balcony to watch the sunrise.

Gradually, her eyelids grew heavier. She just covered herself with the blanket and drifted into slumber under the rising sun. Unknown to her, Theodore had been silently observing her from behind the flower rack on the adjacent balcony!

By the time Ariana woke up, the sun was already high in the sky. Sunbeams filtered through the glass window and curtains, flooding the entire room. Ariana squinted her eyes against the glare of the sunlight, and buried her head deeper into the soft pillow.

Chapter: 560 Suddenly, she realized something and was startled. How come she found herself in this bed?

With a confused look on her face, Ariana stared at the messy quilt. She was lying on the bed in her dirty clothes. How did this happen?

As far as she remembered, she was lying on the rocking chair on the balcony, admiring the beautiful daybreak. She fell asleep there.

Did she get cold at some point and go back to the bedroom half asleep?

Ariana rubbed her messy hair in confusion. She must have gone back to bed by herself. This had happened before anyway. However, today, she was too tired to think clearly because she had stayed up late.

Ariana eventually pushed these thoughts at the back of her mind and finally got out of bed. She took a shower and changed into comfortable casual clothes. Then, she turned on her phone.

She checked the time and found out that it was already past twelve o'clock. Ariana pursed her lips unconsciously, waiting for her phone to turn on. She felt nervous and was waiting for something.

To her disappointment, she didn't receive the message she was expecting. There were only a few mass messages about work and a private message from Sarah.

With a sigh, Ariana clicked on the message from Sarah, which read, "Babe! | have finished my work. | will fly back to Eleymond tomorrow morning."

A broad smile appeared on Ariana's face as she read the message. She was overjoyed at the thought that Sarah would finally be back.

After reading Sarah's message, Ariana clicked on the chatting interface with Theodore. There was no new message. After last night, he really didn't text her.

Ariana threw away her phone. She was a little angry. Was Theodore really going to cut her off?

She really wanted to call him and let him know how mad she was. It was annoying to wait for him like this. Ariana was about to lose her mind when she received another message from Sarah.

“Are you there, my sweetheart? Why don’t you reply my message? I’ll be back tomorrow!”

She replied immediately, “I’m here! I’ll pick you up at the airport tomorrow!”

“Okay, I’ll prepare a gift for you. Just be looking forward to it” Sarah replied in turn.

Sarah’s message made Ariana forget about her beef with Theodore for the time being. Holding her dizzy head, Ariana lay back in bed to sleep for another half an hour.

In the afternoon, Ariana went to the company, full of energy. The first thing she did was ask where Theodore was, and she was surprised to learn that he had come to work early in the morning. She was so angry that she bit hard on the straw of her drink. She put the cup down heavily and vowed that she wouldn’t speak to him again until he got down on his knees and apologized!

Rage consumed her. She couldn’t sleep a wink last night because of Helen and Marley. She was sorely sleep deprived and even her makeup couldn’t hide the dark circles under her eyes. But Theodore was doing so well that he could come to work very early as if nothing had happened.

The more Ariana thought about it, the more wronged she felt. She sniffed coldly and downed the drink. Then, with a cold face, she crushed the plastic cup with her hands and threw it in the trash, as if throwing Theodore out of her heart. Bye bye!

Even though she was facing relationship issues, Ariana needed to continue with her job. Jayson sent the cast to discuss the film’s shooting time with Ariana, and ultimately decided to let Tyler join the crew the next week to shoot.