

Unconscious 581

Chapter: 581

Within the vast restaurant, the oxygen thinned, accompanied by the cacophony of crackling fire.

'The fire extinguisher was soon depleted of its power.

'As they finally reached the escape passage, Ariana discovered it, too, had succumbed to the relentless fire.

Now bereft of an exit, Ariana truly felt the peril that enveloped their lives. "What recourse do we have? We are trapped!" she lamented.

Outside, police sirens blared. The fire department seemed to be approaching. Yet they were also blocked by the great fire!

"Proceed toward the opposite end of the restaurant corridor, where an open-air balcony is. The rescue team may come from that direction. The fire's origin lies within the private room, leaving the open-air balcony potentially untouched,"

Theodore said decisively. "Okay." As Ariana prepared to wheel Theodore, she suddenly noticed the ceiling chandelier shaking, poised to fall on them!

Instinctively, she altered course, diverting Theodore from harm's way. With a resounding crash, the chandelier plummeted vertically.

Ariana had no opportunity to escape it. Her feet bore the brunt of its fall, rendering her prone on the floor, unable to rise. Within moments, thick smoke engulfed her, filling her mouth and nostrils.

The corridor's flames intensified, consuming the fallen chandelier.

Ariana sensed the searing heat on her immobilized feet. Struggling to move proved futile. A fiery fire barrier separated her from Theodore.

“Leave now!” Ariana managed to talk, her voice raspy and feeble, coughing violently as her eyes reddened. Lacking strength, her limbs grew weak, gradually surrendering consciousness.

Perhaps her demise neared. Ariana closed her eyes momentarily, only to reopen them. Through the smoke, she saw Theodore, faintly visible in his wheelchair. Her eyes stung from the dense smoke, yet she resisted closing them, yearning for a final glimpse of him, and wanting him to leave swiftly.

“Go!” she said hoarsely, her words barely audible.

The smoke thickened, her surroundings blending into hallucinations. Her heartbeat quickened as if it were about to burst. Before complete unconsciousness overtook her, Ariana thought she glimpsed Theodore rising from his wheelchair!

Had her dying wish manifested in her illusory vision? Ariana then succumbed to oblivion!

The entire Blue Night Manor blazed with flames.

In the midst of chaos, as the chandelier crashed down and the fire threatened to consume Ariana, Theodore rose from his wheelchair. He traversed the fire, forcefully shoving aside the chandelier that had come crashing down near Ariana’s feet.

The scorching metal seared his palms, yet he remained oblivious to the pain.

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He stooped down, cradling Ariana tenderly in his arms, and slowly made his way toward the distant balcony at the end of the corridor.

The intensity of the fire demanded an immediate escape.

Meanwhile, rescue workers scaled the heights, their valiant efforts focused on taming the relentless blaze with torrents of water from the fire engine.

“They're coming out!” exclaimed the rescue team, armed and ready, their joy evident upon witnessing Theodore emerge from the fire. Swiftly advancing to the balcony, they received the unconscious Ariana from Theodore’s embrace.

“Sir, are you okay?” inquired a concerned firefighter, who secured a rescue rope around Theodore. Theodore, however, did not answer him and gestured for him to lower Ariana first. Sensing his anxiety, the firefighter obliged, carefully attaching the rope to Ariana and guiding her down the fire ladder.

With relief washing over him upon witnessing the safe descent of Ariana, Theodore succumbed to the overwhelming exhaustion and collapsed into unconsciousness.

Later, in the early hours of the morning, the hospital bustled with activity.

“While the fire at Blue Night Manor spared any fatalities, numerous individuals suffered grave injuries as a result. The investigation into the cause of the fire remains ongoing—”

Ariana, her mind clouded and her senses dulled, caught fragments of a news broadcast and the murmurs of numerous voices.

Struggling to regain clarity, she opened her eyes and found herself staring blankly at the scene before her—she lay on a stretcher, a ventilator providing vital support to her fragile breathing. Thoughts of Theodore and the precious life growing within her womb surged, causing her breath to hasten. Overwhelmed by pain, tears cascaded from her eyes.

“The patient has low blood pressure and a fever—” The nurse’s voice resonated nearby, breaking through the haze. Then, a slender, icy hand pried Ariana’s heavy eyelids apart, as if someone was assessing her physical condition.

“Conduct a comprehensive examination immediately and prepare for potential resuscitation,” a voice commanded, perhaps that of a doctor.

Ariana strained to open her eyes fully, attempting to discern her surroundings. Yet, the figures remained blurry, their identities shrouded. One figure stood tall, engrossed in inspecting the medical equipment tethered to her body.

Ariana yearned to speak, but her voice emerged hoarse and feeble, unable to produce a sound. The cold hand returned, gently brushing her forehead. This time, the words uttered eluded her, the ringing in her ears growing louder.

Yet, she summoned all her strength to grasp the hand, desperation clinging to her trembling voice.
“Save—”

In a soft, quivering tone, she managed to articulate a single word.

‘The person appeared oblivious to her plea, leaning closer and attentively listening.

“What do you want to say? Where does it hurt?”

Covering her belly with her other hand, Ariana winced, her words laced with agony.

Chapter: 583 “Save—save my child, and keep my pregnancy a secret from everyone—”_ With those words uttered, consciousness slipped away from her once more.

When Ariana awoke from her slumber, she found herself in the bed. As consciousness gradually returned, she instinctively held her lower abdomen with nervous anticipation. The memory of the searing pain in that region before she succumbed to unconsciousness still lingered. Had she lost her baby?

“Fear not, for your baby is safe and sound.” As if sensing her thoughts, a reassuring voice interrupted her anxiousness.

Relief flooded through Ariana, a cascading wave extinguishing her earlier fears. She suddenly became aware of a presence beside her. Turning, she saw a tall, slender doctor donned in a white coat, his gold-rimmed spectacles on. His youthful countenance spoke of a man in his mid-twenties.

“Are you okay? Do you still feel bad?” Inquisitively, the male doctor cast a sidelong glance at the array of medical apparatus. Every reading was within the bounds of normalcy, except for a slight drop in blood pressure—a common occurrence for those rousing from a coma.

It was this doctor’s cool and collected voice that resonated in Ariana’s ears as she stirred from her half-awakened state. Suddenly, she recalled that she had uttered some words during that haze, but she could not remember exactly what she had said and did not dare to ask the doctor in front of her.

Did the male doctor know that she was pregnant? And how was Theodore, her heart yearned to know. The train of thoughts sent bolts of pain through her head!

“You need to have a good rest these days. And try not to think too much.” The doctor hit the nail on the head!

Ariana obediently adhered to the doctor’s advice, banishing her thoughts. She gazed up at him, curiosity dancing in her eyes. “How do you discern the tumult of my ruminations?”

“As a physician, you are but a patient under my watchful eye. I possess an intimate familiarity with your condition, even the worrisome whispers that permeate your mind.” He cast a fleeting glance her way, deftly adjusting the infusion’s tempo.

“Fear not, for though the reasons behind your plea to keep your pregnancy secret startle me, I honor your wishes and have not divulged this secret to another soul.”

Ariana brimmed with gratitude toward him, marveling at his ability to perceive her afflictions with a mere glance. Casting her gaze on the nameplate on the doctor's white coat, she cleared her parched and raspy throat. “I extend my sincerest gratitude, Dr. Chadwick.”

Mitchel Chadwick maintained his professional countenance, unwavering in his serious demeanor. “Also, don’t talk too much in the coming days to aid your vocal cords in their gradual recovery. They were injured by the billows of smoke, necessitating a gradual convalescence.”

“Okay.” Ariana replied hoarsely, her nod an affirmation of his counsel.

“By the way, is Theodore, who occupies the adjacent bed, your husband?” Mitchel queried as he drew back the white curtain. The mention of Theodore’s name in such a detached and dispassionate manner caused Ariana to momentarily freeze, for others had always uttered his name with utmost deference and courtesy.

She turned her gaze toward the neighboring bed, finding it bereft of its occupant, yet the tousled quilt and disheveled pillow suggested recent occupancy.

“Theodore awoke prior to you and was escorted by the nurse for a thorough examination,” Mitchel explained. “Upon awakening, he inquired about your well-being. As a physician, it was within my purview to apprise your family of every facet concerning your health, including your gravid state. Nevertheless, heeding your entreaty, I deviated from the norm.”

“I’m sorry I made you break the rules.” Ariana confessed, her countenance riddled with guilt. It was not the doctor’s duty to hide her pregnancy, especially when her husband lay so close by!

Seeing Ariana’s despondency, Mitchel suddenly said, “Perhaps you could make amends by treating me to a meal?”

Ariana’s body stiffened, and she blurted out, “What? Were doctors now so blunt?”

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Mitchel maintained his composure and spoke in a clear, steady voice. “Is something wrong? Typically, when someone wants to show gratitude or apology, they treat the other person to a meal.”

He was right, but Ariana sensed that something was amiss. Was it normal for him to ask her so bluntly to invite him to dinner? He didn't seem pushy. In fact, his serious demeanor and businesslike tone suggested otherwise.

Could he possibly have feelings for her? That seemed impossible. They had just met, and he was young and incredibly handsome. Undoubtedly, he must be quite popular at the hospital. There couldn't be any romantic interest from him towards a married, pregnant woman like her.

Moreover, it wasn't unreasonable for him to ask her to treat him to dinner. After all, he had helped her against his own conscience, and she felt the need to repay him somehow. Instead of racking her brain to come up with a way to repay him, she might as well take him up on his offer and treat him to dinner.

"Of course. When are you available?" Ariana responded with generosity.

Mitchel cast his gaze downward and spoke devoid of emotion. "I'm busy. | don't have the time." Ariana was caught of guard by his response.

"And besides, there's a rule in the hospital that doctors cannot accept any benefits from patients." As she looked at his righteous face, Ariana was at a loss for words.

"Do you still feel uncomfortable?" Mitchel shifted the conversation to something important, picking up the medical record and flipping through its pages. His hands were exquisite, with slender fingers that showcased neatly manicured and impeccably clean nails.

Ariana stretched her shoulders and hands, cautiously assessing the sensations. "No, I'm just feeling dizzy." "How about your belly? Are you still experiencing any pain?" Mitchel set aside the medical record and looked at her intently. "| don't feel any pain," Ariana replied.

Mitchel nodded, jotting something down on the medical record. He explained, "Based on the examination results, you're currently fine, but the smoke you inhaled can still be harmful to the baby. You'll need to undergo regular check-ups in the future. Additionally, your ankle is seriously injured, so you'll require some time to recover."

Only then did Ariana notice the gauze wrapped around her ankle. "Why doesn't it hurt? Am | disabled?"

She peered at her ankle, asking a rather foolish question.

Mitchel remained composed, patiently responding as if she were his student. “No, you can still walk. The medicine | applied has an anesthetic effect. You’ll start feeling the pain once the anesthesia wears off.”

“Okay,” she muttered, her brow furrowing with concern about her mobility in the days to come. Her gaze shifted to the empty bed beside her, and she inquired, “How is my husband doing?”

Mitchel adjusted his glasses and spoke earnestly. “Theodore’s physical condition is much better than yours. Although he also inhaled a significant amount of smoke, he’s recovering faster. Aside from a few bruises, he’s fine. Although he does have a peculiar quirk—”

Mitchel paused, momentarily puzzled. Finally, he came to a conclusion. “Both of you are quite peculiar.” At that moment, the sound of a wheelchair sliding reached their ears. Horace wheeled Theodore into the room.

As soon as Theodore entered the room, he saw that the male doctor and Ariana were chatting cheerfully. Seeing Ariana’s relaxed smile, Theodore suddenly became alert to the doctor.

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In the past, he had realized that Tyler had a crush on Ariana, but he didn’t take it seriously. But for some reason, this male doctor he had only met once scared him a little. This strange feeling made him very uncomfortable.

Also, when Ariana and the doctor saw him enter, they looked at each other and fell silent almost instantly, as if there was a secret between them.

Theodore gave them a fake smile. Although he tried to sound nice, his tone was cold when he spoke. “Dr. Chadwick, what are you talking about with my wife? She seems to be very happy to chat with you.”

Mitchel didn't seem to realize Theodore was really annoyed, and answered in a professional tone, "I'm telling Miss Edwards some things to do and some things to avoid in order to recover faster."

Theodore didn't seem to care that Mitchel called Ariana Miss Edwards instead of Mrs. Anderson. He smiled and said casually, "Thank you, but I'm her husband."

Whatever you need to tell her, you can tell me."

Mitchel nodded and went on to tell Theodore how many times a day he should apply medicine on Ariana's ankle. He even showed Theodore exactly how he should massage the bruised ankle.

The doctor's professionalism soothed Theodore who became less alert. However, in spite of the fact that he had a smile on his face, his voice was still cold.

"I trust your professional skills. I'll ask my assistant to get the medicine later," Theodore said after a while.

"Okay. If you do what I said, Miss Edwards will be well soon. If you have any questions later, you can call me. And..." Mitchel thought for a moment and added, "You should also rest more during this time. Don't overexert yourself. Although the heavy smoke didn't cause you any health problems this time, you still inhaled way too much of it. If you feel dizzy and tired these days, it's normal."

"Thank you," Theodore said calmly.

"You're welcome." Mitchel didn't stay any longer in the ward and left after giving the recommendations to Theodore. Horace followed the doctor to deal with the paperwork.

Theodore and Ariana were the only ones left in the ward. It had suddenly become very quiet.

Leaning against the headboard, Ariana fiddled with her phone, completely ignoring Theodore. She was very cold and had no intention of saying anything.

She clearly heard the sound of the wheelchair approaching, but she only glanced at him from the corner of her eyes. Seeing that Theodore was wearing a clean shirt and trousers, and didn't have any wounds, she brought back her attention to her phone. Her only worry had been that Theodore might be injured, but now that he was fine, she could continue to ignore him.

Theodore drove his wheelchair to the bedside and the whole time, he didn't take his eyes off Ariana. Since he entered the ward, she hadn't said a word or showed any expression. She didn't look at him at all, yet she chatted happily with Mitchel just now.

Theodore knew he was thinking too much, but he couldn't help it. He had a sense of crisis. Could Ariana fall for a man she had only met once?

Theodore furrowed his brow. He took Ariana's hand and spoke softly. "Are you feeling better now?" She ignored him, her focus fixated on her phone. Though she wasn't truly engrossed in it, she showed no response to Theodore.

Theodore's jealousy over Mitchel intensified, but seeing her like this, he sensed something was amiss. During her previous outburst of anger, she had cried and scolded him, but she had never treated him as a stranger like this. Could it be—

He grew uneasy. Did she witness him rising from the wheelchair when she fainted?

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Theodore, who rarely misjudged situations, couldn't be certain now. Back then, he had seen her collapse and had carried her in his arms, speaking to her, but she hadn't responded.

At that moment, he had been consumed by worry, his emotions teetering on the edge of control. He hadn't even considered whether Ariana might have seen him standing up or not.

Just as he was about to say something, a knock resounded from the door. Horace returned, holding a medicine bag in his hand. He approached the bed and politely inquired, "How are you feeling, Mrs. Anderson?"

Ariana lifted her head, offering him a gentle smile. "Not too bad."

Theodore held her hand even tighter. He couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. To confirm his suspicions, he asked, "Are you hungry? Would you like something to eat?"

Ignoring him, Ariana lowered her head once more, returning her attention to her cell phone. She absentmindedly toyed with it, scrolling through the same two headlines multiple times.

Even in her boredom, she refused to engage with him. Theodore felt a rising panic, leaving him at a loss.

Unaware of the underlying tension, Horace chimed in, "There are several restaurants near the hospital. What would you like to eat, Mrs. Anderson? Well, I could have our cook prepare some nutritious dishes for you at home."

Ariana lifted her head again, inquiring, "Can you recommend any good restaurants nearby?"

Theodore interjected, "Horace is from Corwyn. He isn't familiar with Eleymond."

Allow me to recommend some excellent dining establishments."

Horace nodded and added, "Yes, Mr. Anderson must be acquainted with many fine restaurants."

Unexpectedly, the smile on Ariana's face vanished as she declared, "I have no desire to eat anything. I'm not hungry."

Even the most oblivious person could sense that something was amiss, let alone Horace, an astute veteran of the workplace and a seasoned expert in matters of love.

He felt a pang of awkwardness and pondered how to diffuse the tension. Though he didn't understand why Theodore had once again managed to upset Ariana, he knew he had to assist him in winning

Ariana back.

Theodore gave him a significant glance, and Horace instantly comprehended his intention. He feigned sadness and addressed Ariana, who lay on the bed, saying, "Mrs. Anderson, I'll have the cook at home prepare nutritious dishes for you. Both you and Mr. Anderson have been through so much. To save you, Mr. Anderson bravely lifted the charred metal chandelier with his hand, severely burning his palm."

Theodore let out an awkward cough and subtly winked at Horace. Horace had exaggerated a bit by saying Theodore's palm was burned severely.

Swallowing nervously, Horace continued, "In any case, the injury was quite severe. The doctor even mentioned the possibility of amputation."

Finally, Ariana reacted. She turned her gaze toward Theodore's other hand resting on the wheelchair's armrest, which was wrapped in a bandage. Softly, she inquired, "Is that true?"

Theodore was relieved when Ariana responded to him. Seeing she was reaching out to him, he placed his injured hand on her palm.

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Theodore was touched and felt his heart fluttering when Ariana gently caressed his bandaged palm. He wanted to hold her tightly in his arms.

Ariana looked heartbroken when she pursed her lips and lowered her eyes at his injury.

"Mrs. Anderson, don't worry. Mr. Anderson's hand will definitely recover. The doctor said it was fortunate that he was sent to the hospital in time," Horace assured Ariana as he sensed her worry.

Theodore also didn't want her to worry about him. However, when he was about to comfort her and say he would be fine, she suddenly pressed his wound hard.

Theodore groaned in pain and wanted to withdraw his hand. However, Ariana gripped his hand tightly, refusing to let go. She seemed furious.

“Does it hurt?” Ariana asked as she looked at him coldly.

Theodore nodded. He was sweating because of the pain. Horace was not lying.

Theodore’s palm was indeed scalded, and only a thin layer of skin remained intact.

During his recovery period, Theodore had to wrap his wound with gauze. He must not let the wound come into contact with water as it would hurt and worsen the injury.

“Poor thing, your hand must hurt a lot,” Ariana said sympathetically as she blew lightly on his palm. However, her smile gave her thoughts away. She was not sorry for him at all.

“Was it you who saved me from the fire?” she asked.

Theodore remained silent, but Horace immediately answered, “Of course. Mr. Anderson carried you out of the fire and personally brought you to the firefighters.

He only passed out when he saw that you were in safe hands. If only you could see how anxious he was.”

Horace didn’t realize he had revealed something he shouldn’t have, as he was only focused on putting in a good word for Theodore.

“I’m curious. How can a lamed person carry me across the corridor alone in a fire?”

Ariana asked as she looked calmly at Horace before fixing her eyes on Theodore.

Horace immediately fell silent and realized he had let the cat out of the bag. He kept his mouth shut and didn't dare to say anything more. He stepped back and sneaked out of the ward.

Ariana's expression was so intimidating that he was afraid to stay and help. Horace closed the door carefully and escaped. From Ariana's question, Theodore knew she saw him stand up during the fire.

He stared at her, and many thoughts rushed through his mind.

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He knew that she was angry about the fact that he had hidden a lot of things from her. However, there were some things that he couldn't tell her now. He had long wanted to tell her that he was pretending to be disabled, but he just couldn't find a chance to do so.

In fact, he was pretending to be disabled so that Darian and Jasper would lower their guard around him. He had no intention to deceive Ariana.

If he and Ariana were a couple with no love involved, he would not have to worry about how she would feel after his lie was exposed.

But now that they had feelings for each other, he didn't want to risk losing her. The more he cared about her, the more cautious he became. He delayed confessing to her again and again, and now it snowballed into a big mistake.

"Sorry, I was wrong," Theodore apologized in a hoarse voice. Since he was in the wrong, he was in no position to argue. He had already decided to accept whatever punishment Ariana could think of. He only prayed she would not ignore him.

Ariana looked at him seriously and asked, "What did you do wrong?"

Theodore pressed his lips tightly and thought for a while. When he wanted to push himself up from the wheelchair, Ariana quickly leaned over and pressed on his knees.

With a bang, Theodore was forced to sit back down. “You were not in the wrong,” Ariana said word by word as she stared at him coldly. Theodore froze and felt at a loss.

“Theodore, was it fun fooling me? Was it interesting to see me being kept in the dark?” Ariana sneered as she withdrew her hand.

“I didn’t mean to hide it from you. I have never...” Theodore tried to explain.

However, Ariana interrupted him and erupted, “You saw the books and materials about rehabilitation in my room. You knew that I hoped for you to stand up. I encouraged and treated you with patience for fear of hurting your self-esteem. Even when the doctor said that you couldn’t stand up anymore, I didn’t give up. I even added your doctor’s contact information and consulted him on various treatment methods!”

Ariana thought about how stupid she must have been. The more she said, the angrier she was. Did Theodore really care about her? If he cared, why did he hide his recovery from her?

“The doctor is one of your people, right? He must think I’m annoying and is tired of acting in front of me. I’m really easily fooled and stupid, aren’t I? I even massaged your legs, tolerated your demands, and listened to you. But you lied to me from the very beginning! Theodore, what do you take me for?” Ariana scolded as tears welled up in her eyes.

Theodore’s face changed. Panic and fear flashed across his eyes as he wiped her tears with his uninjured hand. He didn’t know what else to say except apologizing.

He promised to protect her and give her happiness, but instead, he hurt her.

His hands were trembling. He hated himself for keeping the truth from her.

Ariana tried to push Theodore’s hand away, but he didn’t allow her. After wiping away her tears, he held her hand tightly.

“Let me go!” Ariana cried angrily. She didn’t want to be around him now. She was filled with hatred at the sight of him.

“I’m sorry. You can hit me and scold me all you want, but I won’t let you go,”

Theodore said softly. He decided that he would not let her go. They were a couple, and he had no intention of breaking their bond.

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Ariana struggled to get rid of him but to no avail. Alas, she gave up. After calming down, she said, “Many things went through my mind from the time I fainted in the fire to when I woke up. I’ve also noticed things I’ve neglected before.”

Theodore had a bad feeling when he heard the calmness in her voice. He gripped her hand more tightly for fear she would leave him.

“Theodore, how did you know where I was the night I returned to the Anderson family’s house with Helen?” Ariana demanded. Theodore’s quivering lips betrayed his inner turmoil. He averted his gaze, not wanting to look into her eyes.

Ariana’s heart sank at that. Theodore’s reaction confirmed her suspicions.

It seemed from the beginning that Theodore had never had the slightest trust in her.

Anger and grievance piled up like a tower of cards in her heart.

Ariana extended her hand, demanding, “Your phone, please.”

After a brief silence, Theodore reluctantly retrieved his phone and handed it over.

“Password?”

“Your birthday.”

Ariana’s heart skipped a beat, but she maintained her stoic expression. With a poker face, she unlocked his phone and looked for the app.

To Theodore, the cellphone was a mundane tool of communication, its apps carefully categorized and color-coded, each serving a practical purpose.

However, as Ariana delved into the depths of his device, her expectations were shattered, and anxiety crept in. How could this be? Had she been mistaken all along?

At that moment, Theodore gently covered the screen with his hand, his voice a tender whisper. “Stop looking for it. You won’t find it.”

His words confirmed her suspicion; whatever she wanted was on his phone. Her eyes reddened, and she locked her gaze with him, demanding answers. “Where is it? Do you intend to keep it hidden from me?”

Theodore withdrew his hand, reluctantly answering, “It is in the hidden interface.”

“I need to see it!” Uncertain of how to get to the hidden interface herself, she returned the phone to Theodore so that he could do that.

“I’d rather you don’t see it,” Theodore cautioned, his voice tinged with both concern and resignation as he averted his gaze. “Theodore, I must see it! There is nothing left to hide.” Ariana’s voice trembled, her chest heaving.

Caught in a deadlock, their emotions entwined in a web of unspoken pain. Ariana’s sobs resonated with heartache, her tears cascading down her face. “Theodore, I’m lost. I don’t know how to navigate this labyrinth of deceit. Why do you treat me like this? I never coerced you to reveal your past; I just wanted to believe you. Yet, even now, you continue to cloak yourself in secrecy!”

As Ariana's cries echoed, Theodore's chest constricted with an ache he could not ignore. Taking a deep breath, he took the phone and tapped twice on the upper left corner of the screen. In an instant, the interface transformed, revealing a single app with a blue windmill icon against the backdrop of darkness.

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Tears streaked her face, and Ariana's eyes and nose turned red. With trembling fingers, she pressed the blue icon, and a satellite map materialized before her eyes.

The red dot and green dot on the map coincided, divulging the truth she sought.

Unbelieving, Ariana's breath quickened. She clutched the phone and moved it experimentally.

True to her imagination, the red dot began to rotate!

It was a tracking app, and she was the one being tracked. Theodore had been monitoring her every move!

Awake of weakness washed over Ariana, and in a hoarse voice, she managed to utter, "Since when have you monitored me?"

Theodore's demeanor remained composed as he responded, his voice a bit light, "Ever since Lynch caused the car accident that broke your previous phone. When I replaced it for you, I started monitoring you."

Ashiver ran down Ariana's spine as she heard Theodore's response. It was no surprise that no matter where she was, Theodore could always locate her.

"Without Sarah's help, you already knew my address. You used her as a cover," she accused.

Ariana locked eyes with him, her voice calm. "No wonder | sensed your uncanny ability to find me. | went to Tyler's dormitory to watch a variety show, and it turns out that you were already aware of my presence."

Shortly after she disclosed the address, she caught sight of his car. At that moment, foolishly, she believed it to be a mere coincidence, assuming he happened to be in the vicinity.

"For how long were you waiting downstairs at Tyler's dormitory that day? | refuse to believe that you happened to have something to attend to nearby, enabling you to arrive at Tyler's dormitory so quickly," she challenged, her doubts surfacing.

Subconsciously, Theodore reached for the cigarette box, but the realization that he had changed clothes upon awakening stopped him. The cigarette box resided in his coat. Without access to a cigarette, he reached out to touch her hand. But as soon as his fingertips brushed against her hand, she instinctively recoiled.

His fingertips trembled ever so slightly.

"Answer me, Theodore. You are always eloquent, aren't you? Not that it's time for you to explain, but why the silence? What unspeakable secret are you hiding?"

'Ariana's impatience overshadowed any trace of anger. She was consumed by anxiety, desperate to comprehend his innermost thoughts.

Theodore lowered his gaze and spoke in a hushed tone. "I've been there since you entered Tyler's dormitory."

"If | hadn't come downstairs, were you planning to ascend and investigate if we were engaging in any shameful activities?" Ariana questioned.

Theodore remained silent.

"Is there anything else?" Ariana pressed further.

“Stop guessing.” Theodore sought to put an end to this line of questioning, yet his attempts only fueled Ariana’s growing suspicion. She struggled to recall every interaction she had with him, searching for any peculiarities.

Her mind fixated on the moments when they had been together. Ariana painstakingly retraced those instances, grasping at the peculiar occurrences.