

Unconscious 591

Chapter: 591

Suddenly, she blurted out, "I have this persistent feeling that | frequently sleepwalk.

Sometimes | wake up on the balcony, only to find myself back in bed. Did you have anything to do with this?" Theodore's lips trembled slightly, and he confessed, "Yes."

Lifting his head, his bloodshot eyes met hers, brimming with sorrow. "But I'm only concerned about your well-being. | merely want to..."

He yearned to be in her presence at all times, reluctant to part from her even for a single moment. Yet, he struggled to articulate these sentiments, loathing himself for his own conduct.

True to his expectations, Ariana succumbed to despair. "Why?" she exclaimed, her desire for insight overpowering. "I have no wish to delve into the depths of your thoughts. I simply know that you surveilled me! You violated my privacy unlawfully! Even as your wife, you never sought my consent, from the very beginning until now. You never considered how frightened | might be. | even contemplated seeking medical help, believing | suffered from somnambulism. But you, consumed by your own desires, disregard my feelings entirely," she lamented, her body trembling with emotional turmoil.

With trepidation, she reached for Theodore's phone, intending to uninstall the tracking app. However, her efforts were in vain as she discovered her inability to do so.

"Let me delete it."

Theodore extended his hand towards her, yet before he could make contact, she swiftly evaded his touch, horror etched on her face. "Don't touch me!"

Theodore's hand came to a halt, and a tinge of sadness crept into his gaze.

Ariana, however, refused to meet his eyes. She mustered up every ounce of cold-heartedness within her and flung his phone at him. Then she smashed her own phone on the floor.

He could still rely on the tracking app, but she would no longer be dependent on her phone.

The phone and its attached pendant both lay broken, mirroring the shattered state of Ariana and Theodore's relationship. "Get out," she demanded, pointing sternly towards the door, driving him away with her command.

But Theodore remained motionless, his form slumped in the wheelchair.

"If you don't leave, I'll leave." Ariana, overcome with frustration, was on the verge of leaping out of bed but quickly realized the folly of her injured ankle. She had forgotten her inability to walk normally in the heat of the moment.

Taking a few ill-fated steps, she stumbled and collapsed onto the floor, clutching her stomach in pain.

Thoughts of her unborn child flooded her mind, filling her with panic. The onslaught of emotional blows became overwhelming, causing her to lose control.

She could no longer rein in her emotions.

In a swift motion, Theodore rose from his wheelchair, poised to assist her, but she bellowed, "Don't come over! Don't you enjoy sitting in that wheelchair? Then stay there!"

Her tears flowed uncontrollably, mirroring her profound sorrow and disappointment.

Chapter: 592 The happiness she once cherished, knowing that they loved each other, now felt like a cruel joke.

Ariana found herself at a loss for how to face Theodore, as she struggled to comprehend his actions. why had he resorted to monitoring her? Why had he failed to grant her even the basic foundation of trust? And why did he keep her in the dark after they were together?

She had only witnessed what Theodore had wanted her to see, a carefully constructed facade that concealed his true intentions.

At that moment, Horace, who had been waiting outside, burst into the room. The sight before him left him speechless, his shock palpable. He had assumed their dispute was a minor disagreement, but now it appeared to be a full-fledged quarrel.

"Help her up." Theodore sat in a wheelchair, his expression stoic, clearly not in the best of health.

Horace hesitated, refraining from probing. He regretted leaving the ward just moments ago. Perhaps if he had stayed, he could have mediated the situation.

Without wasting any time, he hurried to help Ariana to the bed. "Have a good rest. I'm next door," Theodore said, slowly turning his wheelchair around.

Observing his back, Ariana sneered, unable to hold back her bitterness. "You're staying in the next room for the sake of monitoring me, aren't you?"

Theodore remained silent, exiting the room without uttering a single word.

Biting her lower lip, Ariana fought back tears, her voice quivering. "Theodore, you're so heartless."

He stopped abruptly, his broad shoulders trembling slightly.

Horace looked at Ariana in disbelief, and then turned his gaze to Theodore, his worry for him mirrored in his gaze.

After years of working for Theodore, Horace had become privy to many of his secrets. He knew all too well the devastation that Ariana's words were going to bring upon him.

"Mr. Anderson... How about you go and rest first?" Horace suggested cautiously. "I will take care of Mrs. Anderson. Don't worry." Horace was filled with anxiety and concern, fearing that Theodore might lose control. "Don't you even want to defend yourself?" Ariana's voice quivered as tears blurred her vision.

But in the end, Theodore left without a word.

Horace assisted Ariana to the bed, retrieving the prescribed medicine from the doctor and offering it to her. Once she took the medication, her agitation subsided, but she still trembled slightly. "Mrs. Anderson, let me fetch an extra blanket for you. The nights can be chilly,"

Horace suggested, aware of her trembling despite the room's heating. He fetched a cashmere blanket for her.

Chapter: 593

It was a VIP ward for two people. Horace had anticipated their needs before Theodore and Ariana woke up. Little did he expect that they would have such a heated argument.

Feeling helpless, Horace yearned for a smooth development in Theodore's relationship with Ariana. After all, Theodore's work thrived when he was in good spirits.

Moreover, Horace had witnessed Theodore's arduous journey to achieve his current success. While outsiders perceived Theodore as aloof, Horace knew he cherished Ariana more than his own life.

Unfortunately, Ariana, being caught in the middle, might not grasp these nuances.

Once Ariana had regained her composure, Horace washed a plate of fruit for her and placed it nearby. After a moment of hesitation, he intended to speak up. "Mrs. Anderson."

Ariana looked up, sensing his forthcoming words. She retorted coldly, "I don't need to hear you defend your boss." Horace froze, caught off guard.

Ariana sneered, "You must have known that Theodore was surveilling me and pretending to be disabled. And you kept it from me, didn't you?"

Horace fumbled for a response, guiltily pushing his glasses up.

Turning away, Ariana continued, "I know you work for him, so you're bound to obey his orders. I won't make things difficult for you, but don't try to convince me to accept it."

"Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Anderson is facing his own challenges," Horace began, struggling to find the right words. It was a rare moment of hesitation for him.

"I don't want to hear it right now. I need to rest. Please leave," Ariana interrupted, pulling the quilt over her head. Feeling helpless, Horace let out a sigh and reluctantly departed.

As he reached the door, he couldn't resist glancing back and murmured, "Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Anderson isn't as cold and unyielding as you believe."

With that, he closed the door gently. The room was enveloped in silence.

Horace's words lingered in Ariana's mind. She remembered how she had violently pushed Theodore's hand away in anger earlier, and the sight of a crimson bandage with reopened wounds.

Before that, in a fit of anger, she had forcefully pressed her hand against his palm.

A pang of remorse pierced her heart, and tears welled in her eyes. She blamed Theodore for hurting her, yet she, too, had caused him pain.

She hadn't anticipated her own aggression in that moment.

However, the memory of Theodore's deceit and surveillance sent a shiver down her spine. She felt lost, unsure of what to do next.

Theodore silently moved to the adjacent ward, where the room lay in darkness.

After shutting the door, he settled into the wheelchair, gazing at his hands as they trembled uncontrollably.

Chapter: 594

Outside, the hurried footsteps and hushed conversations of nurses and doctors filled the air, but Ariana's familiar voice was conspicuously absent.

It dawned on him that her ankle was injured, forcing her to lie in bed. How could she possibly come to him?

Moreover, she had shown clear disdain in her eyes, revealing her reluctance to see him. He cherished her eyes the most— crystal-clear and radiant, windows to her soul.

It was no lie when Ariana expressed her desire to leave. She possessed an unwavering stubbornness, refusing to yield under any circumstances.

He had lied to her, monitored her, and even— Theodore's body convulsed violently. He pressed a hand against his forehead, his eyes reflecting madness and suppressed anguish. Two conflicting emotions waged war within him.

He couldn't bear to continue dwelling on it, for it only inflicted further pain upon Ariana. She would eventually walk away from him.

Theodore closed his eyes, inhaling deeply to find solace. When he reopened them, they lacked any trace of emotion. He absentmindedly reached for his pocket, forgetting that his cigarettes resided in a different coat.

Steering the wheelchair towards the cabinet before the bed, he opened a drawer to reveal a familiar small bottle. Pouring out two pills, he was about to consume them when suddenly, the room flooded with light.

Horace entered just in time to witness this scene. Hurrying forward, he snatched the medicine bottle and scrutinized it before slipping it into his pocket.

“Boss, you haven't taken this medicine for a while. Why did you decide to take it now?” Horace’s tone, typically deferential towards Theodore, had become marked by anxiety.

Theodore remained silent, neither requesting the bottle nor questioning its disappearance. He appeared much calmer as he inquired, “How is she?”

Aware of Theodore’s deep concern for Ariana, Horace sighed and responded, “Mrs. Anderson has settled down and fallen asleep. Take better care of yourself and refrain from acting recklessly.”

Theodore acknowledged his worry with a nod, and then issued a firm command.

“Investigate the fire thoroughly. There are numerous suspicions surrounding it—the locked door, the vehicles obstructing the fire passage, and particularly the waiter who served the private room that night. Additionally, deploy additional bodyguards to safeguard Ariana. Notify me immediately if anything untoward occurs.”

He paused for a moment, and then added, “Tell those bodyguards to keep their distance from her room. Make sure they stay out of her line of sight.”

Horace hesitated and asked, “Boss, do you want me to contact Dr. Padilla for you?”

He was genuinely concerned about Theodore’s health.

Theodore glanced at him from the corner of his eye and replied, “No, Sweeney works for my grandfather. If he finds out, I might not be able to stay in the Anderson Group anymore.”

“But your condition...”

“I'm not having a relapse. You took away the medicine bottle. What's there to worry about?” Theodore smiled and reassured, “My mental health is perfectly fine. I don't need to see Sweeney.”

Horace hesitated further, “Are you absolutely sure you don't need anything else?”

Theodore responded confidently, “Yes.”

Chapter: 595 “That's good to hear.” For now, Horace chose to believe him and left the room.

Theodore was left alone once again, staring out the window at the scenery. After a while, he suddenly muttered to himself, “You're right. No one can accept me.”

Ariana had a restless night and woke up in an even worse mood on the second day. Theodore's behavior had deeply upset her, and the pain in her ankle only added to her restlessness.

Last night, in a fit of anger, she had smashed her phone, leaving her with no means to pass the time. Horace had brought her a book, but her mind couldn't focus on reading. All she could think about was Theodore.

Just then, a knock on the ward door interrupted her thoughts, and Ariana welcomed Sarah and Betsy inside. “What brings you here?” Ariana asked, surprised, as she set aside the book and offered them seats.

“We saw the news about the fire at Blue Night Manor. Since it's owned by the Anderson Group and we couldn't reach you, we were really worried. We called Horace and found out about your accident,” Sarah explained, placing a fruit basket on the table. She then looked at Ariana with concern, noticing the bandaged ankle.

“How did all this happen? Yesterday was your birthday, and thank goodness you're safe.” Betsy joined in the embrace, hugging Ariana gently.

"[m sorry for making you worry. My phone got accidentally smashed, so | couldn't contact anyone."
Ariana took out her broken phone and showed it to Betsy. "Could you do me a favor and buy me a new one?"

Examining the broken phone, Betsy asked, "You don't need to change the SIM card, right?"

Ariana hesitated. She wasn't sure if Theodore could track her through the SIM card.

"Actually, it would be better to change the SIM card too. | want to report it as lost and get a new one."

Though puzzled by Ariana's request, Betsy didn't pry further and agreed to handle it.

Ariana admired Betsy's understanding and decisive action. She had anticipated more questions, but Betsy didn't hesitate to help. During this time, Betsy had become increasingly dependable. She had acquired numerous skills and showed great maturity. When faced with challenging situations, Betsy never backed down. It seemed like she would excel in the entertainment industry.

Ariana contemplated the idea of nurturing Betsy and having her take over her job once she left. Betsy had the potential to shine in that role.

Lost in her thoughts, Ariana was brought back to reality when Sarah waved her hand in front of her and asked, "What's on your mind?"

Ariana snapped out of her reverie and smiled, saying, "I was just thinking how capable Betsy has become lately. | want to give her more responsibilities in the future."

Sarah nodded, but she couldn't help but pinch Ariana's cheeks and gaze at her intently. "My intuition tells me that something's not right with you. You seem distracted and unhappy."

Ariana knew she couldn't keep it from Sarah any longer, so she spoke softly. "Did you happen to see someone standing outside when you and Betsy entered the ward?"

Chapter: 596 Sarah pondered for a moment and shook her head. "No, I only saw a few doctors and nurses passing by." Ariana breathed a sigh of relief.

"What's going on? You even changed your SIM card. What happened between you and Theodore?" Sarah asked in a hushed tone.

Ariana's eyes welled up with tears as she replied, "Theodore was monitoring my phone." Ariana poured her heart out to Sarah, revealing everything that had transpired.

Upon hearing the truth, Sarah erupted in a fit of curses, "How could Theodore stoop so low? Ugly or handsome, men are all capable of betrayal. They all have their quirks. Men are just terrible. Theodore may be handsome, but why does he have to be so vulgar?"

Initially, Sarah hadn't thought much of Theodore hiding his past from Ariana. After all, everyone had their own baggage and unforgettable experiences. For men, it's their first love, and for everyone, it's their past.

However, upon learning about Theodore's surveillance of Ariana, a dark memory resurfaced in Sarah's mind.

Sarah couldn't forget the painful memory of her ex-husband secretly installing surveillance cameras in her room and using the recorded footage to falsely incriminate her. That experience had left her deeply sensitive and repulsed by any similar behavior.

Although Sarah had once had truly deep feelings for Lynch, she couldn't let go of the fact that he had invaded her privacy, invading her personal space with those invasive cameras and then shamelessly exploiting the footage to subject her to public criticism. It was no wonder she couldn't stand Theodore's surveillance of Ariana.

"I used to think Theodore was a decent guy. Ugh! I thought he genuinely cared about you. Now it turns out he's just a wealthy weirdo. All looks and no substance,"

Sarah vented, her voice carrying a hint of anger. Ariana couldn't tell if Sarah deliberately raised her voice to ensure others could hear her words.

"If he truly loves you, why doesn't he trust you? It's becoming clear that there are no good men out there. Their controlling ways are downright disgusting! It makes me want to puke!"

Ariana didn't know whether to burst into tears or burst out laughing in response to Sarah's fiery outburst. Suddenly, all her sorrow seemed to dissipate.

"Your boyfriend, Aziel, is a good guy. He'd do anything you asked of him," Ariana interjected, trying to shift the focus. Sarah felt a pang of embarrassment and let out a dismissive snort. "Men always put on a facade when they first start dating someone."

Ariana's sadness resurfaced. When she first met Theodore, she found him moody and unpredictable, but he had always shown her respect. She never anticipated his manipulative behavior.

"What's your plan now? How about taking a break from Theodore and giving yourself some space to think?" Sarah suggested, not wanting their relationship to end completely. Despite Theodore's terrible actions, he had treated Ariana well.

After pondering for a moment, Ariana expressed her desire, saying, "I really want to get out of this hospital, but the problem is that Theodore is in the next ward. The mere thought of his people secretly watching over me makes it impossible for me to relax and fall asleep. I can't bear to stay in my apartment either. My first step would be to return and gather my belongings."

Offering a solution, Sarah chimed in, "You can come and stay at my place for now.

There are plenty of empty rooms, and we can be roommates."

Ariana nodded appreciatively, expressing her concern, "I'm just worried that Theodore won't allow me to leave the hospital so easily." Sarah flashed a reassuring smile and said, "Hey, no need to stress. I've got your back. I promise I'll make sure you can leave the hospital without any hassle."

Ariana's injured ankle rendered her unable to walk normally, prompting Sarah to acquire a wheelchair to transport her to the garden for a brief stroll.

Chapter: 597 Despite the warm sunlight, the air retained a chilly bite.

Aware of her own fame, Sarah took precautions to avoid being recognized. She concealed her face beneath a scarf and donned a mask, sunglasses, and a hat, transforming herself into an unassuming figure reminiscent of a human Geter

As they proceeded, Sarah and Ariana drew curious gazes from passersby. Ariana, seated in the wheelchair, felt a wave of embarrassment wash over her. She leaned in towards Sarah and whispered, her voice barely audible, "Perhaps we should turn back."

Sarah's response was resolute. "No, trust me. I informed the doctor and nurse that I would take you outside for some fresh air. It wouldn't do to return so soon." With growing determination, Sarah propelled the wheelchair forward, increasing their pace. Ariana, her face concealed, experienced a mix of nervousness and excitement.

Gradually, Sarah led Ariana out of the garden and across the hospital grounds until they reached a side door. Not far off, a familiar off-road vehicle stood parked beside the flowerbeds. Aziel sat in the driver's seat, waving them over.

Ariana found herself momentarily speechless. "Is this your plan for us to leave the hospital? Can't we simply depart discreetly?"

But she had to admit that their escape had been quite smooth. Despite the strange looks they received, no one dared to stop them.

Sarah spoke confidently, seeking to assuage Ariana's worries. "Don't fret. I'm a reliable person. Prior to our departure, I asked Aziel to observe the surroundings.

Theodore's men aren't around. As an added precaution, I sent Betsy to sleep on your bed in your hospital gown." "Didn't she go back?" Betsy initially left after purchasing the phone for Ariana, but little did Ariana expect that Betsy would return to her ward again.

"I called her back. She's quite clever. With her assistance, our plan will proceed even more smoothly." Sarah giggled, her laughter filling the air.

They swiftly entered the car, putting distance between themselves and the hospital. Ariana turned to Sarah and asked her to contact Betsy and request her departure. Sarah took out her phone and dialed Betsy's number, but there was no answer even after a long wait.

Meanwhile, in the ward, Betsy's phone continued to ring, causing her great anxiety.

She couldn't bring herself to answer it, not with Theodore's intimidating presence before her.

Fear consumed her.

The persistent ringing of her phone tormented her. She wished she could hurl it out of the window. "Answer it," Theodore uttered, his expression devoid of emotion.

Betsy nearly burst into tears. She reluctantly picked up the phone, her hands trembling, and put it on speaker as Theodore silently urged her.

"Betsy, why didn't you answer the phone for so long? I thought something had happened to you," Sarah casually remarked on the other end.

Chapter: 598 Betsy swallowed nervously and replied cautiously, "I must have dozed off and didn't hear the phone ring."

"Theodore is in the next ward. How could you fall asleep? Weren't you afraid that he might turn into a ghost and haunt your dreams?" Sarah teased, finding her own joke amusing.

Betsy broke out in a cold sweat.

“Don't worry. I've successfully taken Ariana away from the hospital. We're on our way back to my house. She'll be staying with me for a while. It is time for you to slip away. Do you understand?” Sarah's reassuring voice came from the other end of the line.

“Yes...” Betsy wiped the perspiration from her forehead, her voice trembling.

“Why do you sound shaky? Are you afraid? Don't be. If Theodore catches you, just deny everything. He won't harm you; at most, he'll be angry. Hahaha...” Sarah's laughter echoed through the phone.

Betsy glanced at Theodore, his expression unchanging, and a sense of despair consumed her. Sarah's plan had been exposed.

Fearing that Sarah might say something else that could unintentionally anger Theodore, Betsy hastily ended the call. Her heart raced with apprehension. The weight of Sarah's remarks lingered in her mind; they were enough to kindle a grudge in Theodore's heart against Sarah.

Having spent years navigating the treacherous waters of the entertainment industry, Betsy's intuition told her that the relationship between Ariana and Theodore was far from simple. There was an unmistakable air of intimacy between them.

To prevent Ariana from escaping, Sarah said that Theodore was in the next room before their plan was carried out.

What this indicated was that he placed a high value on Ariana! When a formidable and stoic man like Theodore succumbed to love, possessiveness surely tightened its grip.

With newfound confidence, Betsy glanced at Theodore. “Mr. Anderson, Sarah shares a strong bond with Ariana. Sometimes, her words escape without caution. For Ariana's sake...”

“I'm aware. You may leave now,” Theodore interjected, his voice calm and composed. “Do not inform Ariana of my awareness. Rest assured, I shall not disturb her.”

Betsy found it hard to believe that he was so gentle about Sarah's offensive words and Ariana's escape.

"Very well, I shall take my leave." Betsy offered a smile and carefully made her way toward the exit, clutching her bag.

Theodore nodded slightly. Exhaling a sigh of relief, Betsy hastily descended the stairs as soon as she stepped out of the ward. She had perhaps never been that scared!

Meanwhile, Ariana returned to her rented apartment to gather her belongings. Upon reaching home, she meticulously combed through every nook and cranny with the instrument borrowed from Aziel. Only when she assured herself that there were no prying eyes or hidden bugs did she finally find solace.

"Thank goodness Theodore is not completely unhinged, though his desire to control you runs deep," Sarah mused, reclining on the sofa with crossed legs, munching on an apple. After scolding Theodore at the hospital, a glimmer of hope emerged within her, suggesting that he might not be entirely nefarious. "I believe there are numerous misunderstandings between you two, stemming from a lack of communication."

Ariana packed her clothes into a suitcase, a tinge of bitterness etching her smile.

Chapter: 599 "I'm willing to communicate, but he isn't. He conceals so much from me, forcing me to maintain a cold facade these days."

"True, true. For now, don't think too much. Stay at my place and tend to yourself and the little one growing in you. But are you truly adamant about keeping the baby a secret from him?"

Ariana's smile faded, and she continued stuffing clothes into the suitcase. "That's a talk for another time." Having packed essential garments and personal effects, Ariana made her way to Sarah's place with Sarah.

Alina, seeing Ariana in a wheelchair, regarded her with curious eyes. The young girl halted her playful interaction with a toy duck, squatting beside Ariana.

Ariana gently touched Alina's head, a smile gracing her lips. "I'll be staying here with you for a while." Alina remained silent, nestling her head against Ariana's knee while clasping onto her unhurt leg.

“By the way, your ankle was quite severe. Is it wise to leave the hospital in such a state?” Sarah asked with concern, bringing a glass of warm water to Ariana.

“It'll be fine. I've obtained the attending physician's contact information. He has provided me with a prescription. I can fetch the medication myself. I've memorized the massage techniques. However, I'll still need to visit the hospital for prenatal checkups.” Ariana expressed worry. “I wonder when Theodore will discover my escape and if he'll assign someone to keep a watchful eye on me. When I go for checkups, I must evade Theodore's men. It's quite troublesome.”

Sarah's concern etched worry lines on her face as she leaned in closer to Ariana.

“My dear, it's high time you revealed your pregnancy to Theodore. He is, after all, the father of this precious baby. Moreover, your belly is becoming an undeniable testament to your condition.”

Ariana, with a touch of melancholy, caressed her swollen abdomen and replied, “I had intended to share the news with him, but given the recent turn of events, I am hesitant. I fear he may not warmly embrace the idea of welcoming our child.”

“What do you mean? Will he suggest that you have an abortion?” Sarah's eyes widened with a mixture of anger and shock. In an instant, Ariana sensed the tension and clung tightly to Sarah's leg.

Quickly, Ariana reassured them both, “No, no, it was merely a passing comment. I shall inform him soon.”

“That's more like it.” Relieved, Sarah calmed herself and resumed the conversation, “I don't believe Theodore has ever dispatched his men to trail you discreetly.

Otherwise, your frequent hospital visits would have been exposed. It seems he isn't as twisted as you might suspect.” Ariana remained silent, acknowledging that even though he had never spied on her before, it didn't necessarily mean he wouldn't resort to it now.

“Nevertheless, I must exercise caution. I shall find a way to attend my prenatal check-ups without arousing suspicion.” Ariana resolved.

"I shall accompany you on these hospital visits," Sarah gave her word, embracing Ariana warmly in an attempt to provide calm within her being.

However, Ariana, looking at her outfit and being mindful of Sarah's fame, hesitated before saying awkwardly, "You, being a renowned star, are easily recognizable wherever you go."

"Are you doubting my chameleon-like disguise abilities?" Sarah responded with a hint of offense.

Ariana quickly diverted the topic, saying, "What are your thoughts on Betsy?"

Chapter: 600

Caught off guard, Sarah questioned, "Betsy? She's meticulous, intriguing, and undeniably charming."

"How about she becomes your agent?"

Sarah froze, her tone laced with unhappiness. "What do you mean? Are you suggesting you want to leave me?" A bittersweet smile tugged at Ariana's lips. "How could I ever abandon you?"

Initially, circumstances forced me into this job. But since our paths converged, we have shared countless experiences. We've shed tears, shared laughter, and basked in each other's glory. I've grown to truly love being an agent. If possible, I'd like to remain by your side until you bid farewell to the limelight."

Sarah, comprehending the underlying meaning, furrowed her brow and asked, "Do you no longer wish to be an agent? Why? Is it because of Theodore?"

Resting her hand on her belly, Ariana pondered, her thoughts swirling. "I'm uncertain if I should continue this career. Perhaps I shouldn't be involved in a realm connected to Theodore if I decide to sever ties with him. It's possible that I may relocate to a different city, completely removing myself from his sphere."

Sarah's anxiety resurfaced at her words. "That feels so abrupt."

"It's not sudden. I've contemplated this path since the moment I stopped communicating with Theodore." Ariana's gaze lowered, and she spoke softly.

Awave of sadness washed over Sarah. She didn't want Ariana to leave, as it would be a devastating blow. She reached for the cigarette box on the table, contemplating a smoke, but considering the life growing in Ariana, she restrained herself.

Frustration seeped into her words as she cursed Theodore, "Damn him! It's all Theodore's fault. Fuck him! Why did he have to annoy you?!"

"shh! Alina is still here! Let's mind our language." A concerned Ariana quickly intervened, placing her hand on Sarah's mouth.

Sarah shielded Alina's ears and continued cursing, "Theodore is a fucking son of a whore! He can't even take good care of his own wife. It pisses me off to no end! Fuck that man!"

Once Sarah's fit of cursing had subsided, a sense of calm washed over her. Sensing Sarah's need for solace, Ariana gently poured a glass of water and offered it to her.

With a soft voice, she reassured Sarah, "Even if I decide not to leave, Betsy undeniably possesses talent that can be nurtured." Having taken a refreshing sip of water, Sarah cradled little Alina in her arms and focused her attention on the matter at hand.

"Betsy truly has potential. I'm willing to lend my expertise to help her flourish into a professional agent."

"Should we consider hiring an additional assistant? Given Betsy's promising future, she'll undoubtedly be swamped with work," inquired Ariana. Sarah, finding no objections within her, replied, "The choice is yours. Betsy can still accompany me, gaining exposure to various individuals and building her confidence."

Ariana pondered the suggestion, recognizing the merits of such an arrangement.

Working alongside Sarah would undoubtedly enable Betsy to forge valuable connections. Since her remarkable public performance, Sarah's popularity had soared to unprecedented heights in the entertainment industry than five years ago.

The number of her fans had increased tenfold.

As long as she steered clear of any missteps, Sarah's trajectory would inevitably lead her to become the face of numerous brands. Already on the verge of A-list stardom, she needed only a few more successful concerts to solidify her position.

"Incidentally, I have several new demos for my upcoming album. I'd love for you to hear them," Sarah suggested warmly. She wheeled Ariana into the cozy recording studio within her home. Though modest in size, it was well-equipped and served as Sarah's creative haven.