

## Unconscious 621

Chapter: 621 Attempting to adjust her ankle, Theodore inadvertently caused her to scream out in pain.

Her ankle was tightly wrapped in thick bandages, yet a noticeable swelling protruded beyond their confines, revealing the severity of her injury.

Theodore's countenance grew somber as he carefully lifted her other leg, inquiring, "How does this feel? Do you experience any discomfort?"

Ariana nodded obediently and replied, "A little, but it's not too painful. Perhaps it's just a sprain."

"You must go to the hospital immediately," he insisted. Promptly making a decision, Theodore examined the damp fabric clinging to her body, gently raising her and settling her upon his lap. Without uttering a word, he swiftly removed her dress.

"Hey, hey, I'll change it myself! Don't take it off." Theodore's reckless actions caught Ariana off guard. She instinctively shielded her chest with her hands, anxiously contorting her body to prevent her exposed belly from being noticed.

Distracted by the injury to her foot, Theodore paid no attention to her unnatural behavior. As he helped her put on her clothes and pants, he averted his gaze from any other part of her body.

Each movement orchestrated by Theodore flushed Ariana's face entirely crimson.

She felt as though she were being manipulated like a puppet. Finally, she settled into a wheelchair and was gently guided out of the changing room.

Upon opening the door, she spotted Mitchel standing before her. Obvious bruises marred his forehead, and there was swelling at the corner of his mouth. His glasses were conspicuously absent.

Ariana was shocked. "Dr. Chadwick, what happened?" As soon as the words escaped her lips, she realized that Theodore was responsible for them. Oh, no! Would Theodore be in trouble? After all, Mitchel was a man not to be trifled with, not to be taken lightly.

Despite the bruises marring his face, Mitchel couldn't help but concern himself with Ariana's injuries. His instinct as a doctor kicked in, and he moved towards her to check her ankle.

His path, however, was obstructed by Theodore, who coldly intoned, "Dr. Chadwick, mind your own business."

The air between them seemed to congeal, tension prickling the space.

"Let me pass," Mitchel responded, holding Theodore's hand at bay.

"I need to get my wife to the hospital." The word 'wife' was voiced with an emphasis, an assertion of his claim over Ariana. With a curt shake, Theodore freed his hand from Mitchel's grip.

Retorting in an emotionless tone, Mitchel stated, "I'm Ariana's attending physician.

It's my prerogative to assess my patient's injuries."

Theodore smiled, a chilling spectacle, and responded frostily, "Dr. Chadwick, do you really believe I'd trust your judgment? You took your patient to a crowded area without consent. Despite knowing her condition, you left her alone, causing her harm not once, but twice."

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Ariana interjected, "It's not his fault. I requested him to bring me here. He didn't cause my injuries. I fell because I'm not used to the wheelchair."

Ariana felt a pang of guilt, seeing Mitchel at the receiving end of Theodore's anger. She felt compelled to defend him.

Theodore's fury simmered beneath the surface as he watched Ariana come to Mitchel's defense. His words were laced with icy sarcasm, "Really? Then I suppose I should thank Dr. Chadwick?"

Mitchel was taken aback, “Mr. Anderson, if you genuinely care for Ariana, let me examine her wound.”

To Theodore, this sounded more like a challenge. “Like I said before, it's none of your concern. She has been transferred to another hospital,” he retorted dismissively.

Ariana, unable to hold back her anger, demanded of Theodore, “When did you arrange this transfer? Why wasn't I informed?”

Theodore's face betrayed a flash of discomfort, “I have arranged for Eleymond's best physician to attend to you. Your foot will heal in no time.”

He stroked her hair gently to comfort her. “Judy has been appointed to look after you. She has been missing you dearly.”

Biting back her frustration, Ariana cut him off, “Theodore, don't you understand why things turned out this way? When will you realize that I'm my own person?”

You can't keep making decisions for me without my consent. When will you stop trying to control every aspect of my life? Can't you consult with me before you make such arrangements?”

Caught off guard, Theodore stammered, “Let's get out of here.”

He wished to keep their deteriorating relationship a secret from the prying eyes, especially from Mitchel. He couldn't afford to give Mitchel a chance to exploit their issues. Slowly, he started to push Ariana's wheelchair away.

“Hold on!” Mitchel intervened, gripping the handles of the wheelchair. He faced Theodore. “Mr. Anderson, didn't you catch what Miss Edwards just said? She doesn't want to leave with you.”

Completely exasperated, Theodore grabbed the front of Mitchel's shirt, warning him, “Steer clear of other people's family matters. I've already said that Ariana is my wife, and you are an outsider. Stick to your own business.”

Theodore's aggression startled Ariana, prompting her to cry out, "Theodore, what are you doing?"

Mitchel raised an eyebrow, taunting, "Feeling threatened, Mr. Anderson?"

The veins on Theodore's hand popped out in rage. He glared at Mitchel, "Keep your ill intentions to yourself, Mitchel, or even your family won't be able to save you."

Witnessing the brewing altercation, Ariana cried out in distress, "Theodore, I swear if you strike again, I won't ever forgive you!"

Theodore swiveled, shock mirrored on his face. "How can you utter such stinging words for me over a man you've known for mere days?"

When Ariana's gaze met Theodore's, a pang of guilt washed over her.

Her words were a product of her anxiety.

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From the medical summit, she discerned that Mitchel was no ordinary individual; he wasn't someone Theodore could handle effortlessly.

Theodore had instigated the altercation, making him the one at fault.

She didn't wish for Theodore to get embroiled in further complications. His current predicament with the Anderson family was enough; there was no need to increase his list of adversaries.

Moreover, she understood that she could easily develop feelings for Theodore based on his actions. She had deep affection for him and wished to spend the rest of her life by his side.

Given that love cannot be retracted, she decided she should confront it head-on.

Regardless of whether Theodore reciprocated her feelings, he clearly cared for her.

He wouldn't have made such an effort otherwise.

So she didn't want their relationship to end in such a manner, but at the same time, she couldn't bear to be dominated by this man, losing her sense of self in the process. It was crucial to make Theodore understand that the bedrock of love was mutual trust and respect.

Ariana mustered up her courage and spoke in a stern tone to Theodore. "I have the freedom to choose my own doctor, and I believe Dr. Chadwick is highly skilled and professional."

Upon hearing Ariana's words, Theodore gradually released his grip on Mitchel, his eyes filled with anguish as he asked, "Why do you have so much faith in him?"

You've known him for merely a few days."

Ariana forced herself not to look at him, but her heart was throbbing with pain. "Theodore, I am my own person. Please respect my decision."

Theodore regained his composure and scoffed, "So, your choice is Mitchel?"

"Theodore, it's just a matter of choosing a doctor for my treatment. Don't make it seem like I'm betraying you. I don't wish to know how you tracked me down today.

What's important is that you should refrain from having someone spy on me. Let's afford ourselves some space to cool down. Ariana glared at him angrily. She turned to Mitchel, requesting, "Dr. Chadwick, could you please escort me out of here?"

Mitchel nodded in agreement and guided her away. Theodore wanted to go after her, but was stopped by a cold glance from Ariana.

His hands started to tremble, his fingers frantically ruffling his tousled hair. The wild beast inside his heart was hammering against its cage, yearning to break free.

He kept reminding himself that Ariana's decision to leave with Mitchel was just a deliberate attempt to annoy him, as she truly loved him.

The pounding headache was intensifying, and he was in desperate need of a cigarette. But he remembered Adrian had confiscated them. In a fit of frustration, he whirled around and shattered a nearby vase.

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The door of the lounge was opened again. Adrian walked in slowly, looked at Theodore with concern, and said, "Take a deep breath and calm down. Remember, you're here as Holden today, and there are many influential individuals who recognize you in this room."

Adrian had never thought that Ariana would be here. Until now, they hadn't contemplated the risk of their cover being blown. Recalling Ariana's words, Theodore whispered to Adrian, "I don't want to lie to her anymore." The implication of these words was to confess his identity.

Adrian objected, "Darian is already deep into the trap. Revealing your true identity as Holden now will jeopardize the entire plan. Just hold on a little longer."

Theodore covered his face, his eyes shutting tight in torment. Reluctantly, he conceded. A light rain began to fall as Ariana was escorted out of the hotel.

Seated in her wheelchair, Ariana remained silent. Her gaze was downcast, her lips parched and tight. Her mind was consumed with the last expression she saw on Theodore's face.

He resembled a wounded lion—struggling, furious, yet retreating.

His stare was similar to a needle, piercing her heart and bringing a subtle twinge of pain that pulsed with her heartbeat. Her hands subconsciously tightened into fists.

Even though she had spoken those words in a state of distress, she was burdened with a touch of remorse.

She regretted saying them.

Her heart began to soften. Ariana wanted to return to Theodore, but a sharp sting from her ankle disrupted her thoughts. She drew a deep breath, grounding herself back in reality. She remembered that there was another person beside her.

Lifting her head slightly, she saw Mitchel half-kneeling before her, examining her injuries.

His instinctive action stirred Ariana's thoughts of Theodore once again.

Whenever Theodore had performed the same gesture, it would always stir her emotions, but with Mitchel before her now, she felt a twinge of unease and aversion.

Reason told her that this was a standard procedure conducted by a doctor for a patient, but her body involuntarily shifted a fraction away from him, even though the movement was almost imperceptible.

The next moment, an intense pain made her wince. Her beautiful face was on the verge of contortion. She smacked the armrests of the wheelchair and gripped her fists tightly due to the pain.

"Perhaps it's a severe fracture." Mitchel stood up expressionlessly and said indifferently. Then why did he have to grip her so harshly? Ariana couldn't help but wonder.

Her inner voice was roaring, but she didn't dare to voice her objection directly since he was her doctor. She could only express her displeasure with a fiery glare.

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Unfazed by her silent protest, Mitchel stated in a composed manner, "While you were lost in your thoughts, I had already contacted the hospital to dispatch an ambulance. An X-ray will be needed to assess the exact severity of your fracture."

"I'm sorry to trouble you!" Ariana felt feeble, similar to a wilted flower. From the intensity of the pain she experienced earlier, she surmised that her foot injury was likely worsening.

She glanced at the gloomy sky, pulled out her phone, and messaged Tyler about her situation, instructing him to adhere to Mr. Spears' directives once he was finished and not to wait for her.

The ambulance arrived promptly. Two medical staff emerged from the vehicle and lifted Ariana into it. Meanwhile, Mitchel, who had been holding onto the wheelchair's handle, quietly stepped aside.

He dialed a number, and a voice that sounded like it had just awakened greeted him on the other end, "Hello!" "I believe we didn't extend an invitation to the Anderson Group for today's summit, did we?"

"No, I've verified all the invitations dispatched for this summit. They were only extended to the big shots on the global medical leaderboard and the key executives of several major medical corporations. The Anderson family doesn't have any ties to the medical industry, so there's no chance we would have sent them an invite."

Pausing for a moment, Hilton White yawned and asked in a teasing tone, "What's the situation? Do you need me, this talented hacker, to solve it for you?"

Mitchel cast a glance at Ariana's retreating figure, his tone was stern and earnest.

"The Anderson family made an appearance at the summit today. I need you to determine whose invitation Theodore used to gain entry to the summit."

Upon reaching the hospital, Ariana's X-ray procedure was smoothly coordinated by Mitchel. After scrutinizing the X-ray, Mitchel highlighted some areas with his lean fingers. "Fractures are visible in the ankle and lower calf region, along with a level of bone marrow bruising."



He set the X-ray aside and turned to a nurse, "Can you please check if there are any rooms available in the hospital? We need to arrange—"

"Dr. Chadwick!" Ariana cut him short, "I'd prefer to recover at home."

She noticed the bruise on Mitchel's forehead and felt a pang of guilt.

Hospitalizing herself would inevitably burden Mitchel again. Considering the unpredictable Theodore, if he found her in the hospital, he might instigate more trouble.

Therefore, she concluded that going home was a better option.

Mitchel respected her decision, "Ensure you get plenty of rest and avoid strenuous activity. Don't forget to keep up with the bone marrow infusions."

"Alright," Ariana consented, nodding in agreement. She asked a nurse to set up a plaster cast and simultaneously dialed Sarah. Sarah arrived promptly after receiving the call.

After a quick examination of Ariana's injuries, she held her hand, displaying evident concern. It was at this moment that Mitchel approached them. Ariana introduced him to Sarah, "This is my physician, Dr. Chadwick."

Chapter: 626 "Nice to meet you, Dr. Chadwick!" Sarah greeted, her voice filled with excitement.

Ariana had mentioned to Sarah about Mitchel assisting in connecting with Debora to treat Alina. Sarah was incredibly grateful for this, but she hadn't yet found the right moment to express her gratitude.

By a stroke of luck, they happened to cross paths. Seeing an opportunity, Sarah extended a heartfelt invitation, "Dr. Chadwick, I've yet to express my gratitude for your help with Alina. Would you consider joining me for dinner?"

Ariana knew how indebted Sarah felt towards Mitchel, but she was also aware of Mitchel's nature. Fearing that Mitchel might reject the invitation and leave Sarah embarrassed, Ariana prepared to explain that Mitchel typically avoids dinner invitations from patients.

However, before she could utter a word, Mitchel turned to her, "Will you accompany us?" Caught off guard, Ariana looked puzzled. Why would it involve her?

Before Ariana could process the question, Sarah tugged at her sleeve. Still in a state of confusion, Ariana found herself staring at Mitchel and nodding in agreement.

Mitchel proceeded to flip open his laptop, quickly scanning his schedule. After a brief pause, he responded, "That works for me. I'm available after 5 pm this Saturday. I'll arrange a table at the South Pavilion Restaurant."

Ariana's bewilderment deepened. Wasn't Mitchel the kind of person who preferred to avoid personal interactions with patients? Before Ariana could voice her confusion, Sarah cheerfully agreed, "Excellent, that works perfectly!"

Mitchel nodded and proceeded to provide Ariana with some tips and precautions.

Then, he asked Sarah to escort Ariana out.

On witnessing their departure from the ward, Aziel promptly moved to aid Sarah in escorting Ariana to the car.

As Ariana was about to close her car window, she spotted several black vehicles discreetly parked at the corner of the hospital gate. Something about the cars stirred a sense of familiarity.

She subconsciously frowned, feeling a sense of unease. A suspicion began to form in her mind, but she couldn't confirm it just yet. To maintain her cover, she feigned ignorance, took a seat near the window, and subtly adjusted herself so that the rearview mirror was visible from her spot in the back seat.

"Let's get going," she commanded. As expected, when Ariana's car started moving, several black cars behind them dispersed from different directions and followed at a moderate distance, keeping to their left and right side.

With a tense expression, Ariana calmly observed the movements of the black cars around her. Even after passing several intersections, some of the cars showed no sign of leaving, fueling her anger.

The entire surveillance ordeal was what brought Ariana and Theodore to their current situation. Why couldn't he understand that she was a capable person who could take care of herself and live independently, not his pet?

Why did he always keep a watchful eye on her? Why was she still bound by this invisible chain? Aziel, who was driving in the front, evidently noticed that they were being followed.

He frowned and accelerated. "Stay still. We are being followed," he warned.

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"What! Who followed us?" Sarah quickly scanned their surroundings. "I should have disguised myself better earlier. Are they some unscrupulous paparazzi?"

Ariana shook her head and smiled bitterly. "No, it's Theodore."

"Why is it Theodore again? Does he still want to be with you?" Sarah asked, her anger surfacing as she cursed, "He is a bastard! Can't he take a hint that you hate it when he does this to you?"

Ariana lowered her head in frustration. "He has always been like this. It seems I can't live in your house anymore. You should send me back."

"No way!" Sarah exclaimed, immediately grabbing Ariana's wrist. She spoke earnestly. "Your leg is in such a serious condition. How can you not have someone take care of you? Listen to me and stay at my house. If Theodore wants to monitor us, just let him do it."

"But..." Ariana looked out and continued, "if I live in your house, they will definitely follow me. Then we will be under surveillance throughout my stay."

"It doesn't matter," Sarah replied, rubbing her hair and looking out of the window.

"Just think of them as free bodyguards. Since that bastard enjoys watching you so much, tonight I will invite ten male models home for him to enjoy to his heart's content!"

As Sarah finished speaking, the car suddenly made a sharp turn, drifting in an S-shape before stabilizing on the ground.

Startled by the sudden change in speed, Sarah grabbed the handrail, quickly regaining her balance. She looked up and met Aziel's gaze through the rearview mirror, feeling guilty and lowering her head, her previous enthusiasm dissipating.

With a forced laugh, she said, "Haha, baby, I was just joking. How could I really do that?"

Upon arriving at Sarah's house, Aziel headed straight to the kitchen to prepare a meal. He skillfully whipped up several delicious dishes, washed the dishes after dinner, and helped Sarah tidy up the room. Then, in a rush, he left to attend to his work.

Sitting on the sofa, Ariana admired the clean room and well-arranged furnishings, knowing that Aziel had made a significant contribution. She couldn't help but marvel at how Sarah had found such a great partner, a companion who resembled a mother figure.

After a short rest, Ariana approached the window. As soon as Aziel entered the room earlier, he lowered all the curtains, ensuring they wouldn't be spied upon.

Ariana cautiously lifted a corner of the curtain and peered outside, only to find that the cars were still parked there.

Despite expecting it, anger surged within her. Frustrated, she yanked the curtain back and wheeled herself back to her room.

But as she lay on her bed, sleep eluded her completely. The more she dwelled on the situation, the angrier she became. When she opened her eyes, it felt as though countless pairs of eyes were fixated on her.

Sitting up at the head of the bed, Ariana seethed with anger and attempted to remove the bracelet from her wrist. But as she was about to cast it aside, she found herself oddly attached to it. Feeling defeated, she began fidgeting with the bracelet in her hand.

Rubbing the bracelet absentmindedly, she suddenly felt a tightening in her chest. Panicked, she carefully examined the bracelet, turning it over and over.

To her dismay, the key-shaped pendant on the bracelet was missing!

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Ariana's heart skipped a beat. She rose hurriedly from the bed, her hands deftly maneuvering the wheelchair, as she searched the room for the precious bracelet pendant.

Unfortunately, it was nowhere to be found.

A sense of sadness and unease enveloped her as she glanced around, her eyes desperately seeking any clue. The bracelet held a special place in her heart. Its allure lay not only in its exquisite design and craftsmanship, but also in the pendant that bore the intertwined initials of her and Theodore's names.

And now, it was lost.

The bracelet was still there, but the pendant was lost.

Ariana's anxiety grew so intense that her nose began to ache, tears welling up in her eyes without her conscious consent. Why had she lost only this pendant?

Did it signify something about her and Theodore?

Chaos consumed her thoughts, and tears streamed down her cheeks uncontrollably.

She wiped them away with the back of her hand, silently admonishing herself not to cry. But her sadness held sway over her, refusing to be subdued. She despised her own distraction, her mind constantly occupied by thoughts of Theodore.

“Ariana? What’s wrong?”

Startled, Ariana turned to see Sarah rushing towards her. The door swung open, revealing Ariana in tears, alone in the living room. Concern etched upon her face, Sarah swiftly retrieved a tissue to wipe away Ariana’s tears, and inquired, “What’s wrong? What has happened to make you cry all by yourself?”

Ariana lowered her head, trying to hold back her tears. “Nothing,” she whispered, her voice trembling. “It’s just... something got lost.”

Tears streamed down her face uncontrollably once again, dampening her cheeks. In this room, there was no pendant to be found. She couldn’t fathom where she might have lost it.

Was it at the hospital? Perhaps in the hotel? Or could it have slipped away on the way back?

The more Ariana tried to recollect, the more her hope dwindled, leaving her feeling even more distraught.

Sarah, recognizing her anguish, gently patted her on the back and spoke softly.

“What is it? Let me help you find it.”

Ariana met Sarah’s eyes with a teary gaze and revealed, “The pendant on the bracelet... it was given to me by Theodore.”

Her embarrassment was palpable, as if she believed her tears were excessive for such a trivial matter. "I'm sorry," she murmured, her voice quivering. "I can't stop crying over something so small, but I don't understand why."

Sarah embraced her in a comforting hug. "It's okay. Hormonal instability during pregnancy can easily cause emotional fluctuations," she explained. "My friends have experienced the same when they were expecting. It's quite common."

Chapter: 629 A sense of solace washed over Ariana as Sarah continued to pat her back gently.

"It's not a trifle. It's incredibly important to you. Losing it is a significant loss. Don't worry. Take your time to think about where it might have dropped. Let's search together."

Under Sarah's comforting presence, Ariana gradually ceased her weeping, finding solace in her friend's support. She wiped away her tears and fixated her gaze on the bracelet for a long moment, but no clues revealed themselves.

In the past few days, she had traversed numerous places and dealt with countless matters. She couldn't pinpoint when exactly the pendant had slipped away. It was akin to searching for a needle in a haystack.

Sarah glanced at Ariana's bracelet and suddenly recollected something. "Is the pendant on this bracelet?" Ariana nodded, her tear-stained eyes meeting Sarah's. "Yes, it's a key-shaped pendant."

Upon hearing those words, Sarah's expression brightened, and she grasped Ariana's hand tightly. "I remember now. On the day of the fire, when I came to visit you after you woke up in the hospital, I didn't see the pendant. Maybe it dropped at the scene of the fire."

Ariana raised her eyes to meet Sarah's, her anticipation visible. "Really?"

Sarah pondered for a moment before responding with a sense of certainty, "Yes, I did notice your bracelet during your hospital stay. It was quite beautiful, so my eyes were drawn to it more than once. Back then, there was no pendant attached to it."

Since that's the case, it's highly probable that it got lost at the scene of the fire."

Ariana clasped Sarah's hand, her grip shaky. She took a deep breath to steady her nerves before asking, "Do you happen to know if the fire site has been cleared yet?"

Following the incident, she had been confined to the hospital. Subsequently, a significant quarrel with Theodore had preoccupied her, leaving her no time to track the updates about the fire. She was unsure whether she could visit the site now.

Speaking of this, Sarah's face changed slightly and looked much more serious. She paused momentarily before divulging, "Not yet." After the fire, she had had a hunch that something was amiss and had decided to investigate.

"The fire could have been deliberately set," Sarah leaned in closer to Ariana, lowering her voice. "The authorities are still probing the incident. The fire site has been cordoned off temporarily but remains uncleared, pending the investigation. I didn't tell you earlier as I didn't want you to overthink."

In that instant, Ariana seemed to disregard the sheer improbability of finding a tiny pendant amidst a pile of debris. Even though she was aware of the absurdity and unlikelihood, she still wished to seek it out.

Sarah could perceive Ariana's thoughts but was more concerned about the physical strain the search might impose on her. She suggested, "You should rest for now. I'll accompany you to the site after tonight."

She then attempted to assist Ariana to her bed.

"No." Ariana grabbed Sarah's wrist. Now that she had confirmation that the pendant might be at the fire site, she was too restless to wait. "I need to search for it now. I don't want to wait any longer."

Observing Ariana's determination, Sarah realized that even if she insisted Ariana rest, it would be in vain. She relented, "Alright, I'll go with you. However, you must listen to my instructions. Don't roam aimlessly or your leg injury could worsen."



As Sarah spoke, she playfully tapped Ariana's forehead and teased, "Oh, you're just fooling yourself! You say you don't care about Theodore, but deep down, it's obvious how much you truly care about him."

Chapter: 630

Ariana blushed, flapping her hands dismissively, and responded in a playful manner, "I got it, my dear Sarah. Just this once. I'm really grateful!"

"If you truly appreciate my help, you could start addressing me as 'sister' more frequently," Sarah retorted, raising her chin in a playful gesture.

Left with no other choice, Ariana teasingly obliged, calling Sarah 'sister' a handful of times before Sarah released her.

They swiftly changed their attire. Sarah, holding the keys, leaned over to place a hat on Ariana's head, "Wait here, I'll get the

car. "Hold on!"

Realizing Theodore's men might be outside, Ariana stopped Sarah. She peered out the window, her voice dropping to a whisper, "If we leave like this, those outside will notice. I don't want Theodore finding out I returned to the fire scene to search for the pendant, and I certainly don't want him tailing us."

Despite her deep frustration, she held onto her anger firmly. No matter how much she had endured, she refused to back down or give in.

Wearing a mysterious and self-assured smile, Sarah assured, "No need to worry.

Celebrities have special accommodations with multiple exits to avoid reporters and overzealous fans. I'll get you out of here safely."

Meanwhile, outside the house, two men were idling in a car, puffing on cigarettes.

One was engrossed in a video game, instructing his companion to keep an eye on the house. The other, reclining in his seat, responded with a yawn, "Why bother spying?"

"They're probably resting. All lights are off; they must be asleep."

Nolan Brown, momentarily diverting his attention from his game, glanced towards the villa. As expected, all was dark. He checked the time and furrowed his brow.

It was still early, not even nine o'clock. Did the younger generation retire to bed this early?

"Why can't we give our eyes a break? It's been days since I had a good night's sleep."

Staring at a disabled woman like she's going to miraculously heal and bolt, especially at this late hour, makes no sense," Donny Barton grumbled, fidgeting with the car's overhead lights.

"Have you forgotten how much the boss cares about this woman?" Nolan chastised him, his frown deepening.

Donny, rolling his eyes, retorted loudly, "Care? What's the point of caring now?"

These rich folks are fickle, always after the next shiny thing, then they lose interest.

Remember, we're handling their toys here, not precious treasures."

Having vented, he turned his back, covering his face with his shirt. "Okay, okay, let's just get through this. I need sleep. Keep the noise down, if you want to play guard, do it quietly."