

## Unconscious 741

Chapter: 741 “Are you heading to the company?” he suddenly asked. Ariana snapped back to the present moment, nodding in agreement.

Mitchel chauffeured Ariana to her workplace, ensuring her safe entrance into the building before preparing to depart. Just as he was about to drive away, his phone rang.

On the other end was his mother, Theresa Bentley.

Mitchel answered the call, greeted by Theresa’s soothing voice.

“Mitchel, how did you find yourself entangled in that girl’s predicament?”

Predictably, a picture was taken at the scene, but instead of going straight to publication, it went first to Theresa.

Theresa gently inquired, “Pray tell, what's the hullabaloo? | heard about the incident at the Last exchange meeting. It also involved that girl, right? And due to her, you found yourself at odds with Theodore, the Anderson family’s eldest son. Moreover, | heard that you abruptly left the hospital meeting just now.”

Mitchel fell into a pensive silence at Theresa’s words, his brows knitting unconsciously, lost in contemplation.

Pausing uncertainly on the other end of the phone, Theresa finally asked, “Darling, could it be that you hold an affection for this girl?”

Mitchel remained silent, his furrowed brows deepening, confusion etching across his countenance.

Theresa held her breath for a moment, and then slowly spoke. “You know, she happens to be Theodore’s wife. It might not be wise to get entangled in this affair.”

Mitchel let out a soft sigh and confessed with a bewildered expression, “I’m not sure “

He gazed toward the company building and continued, “It’s just that since the moment I laid eyes on her, an overpowering sense of familiarity and closeness enveloped me.”

Meanwhile, Ariana entered the company building, fully expecting the barrage of scrutinizing glances that met her as she entered her office, most of which were hostile and probing.

Unsettled under the weight of those stares, Ariana feigned ignorance and calmly proceeded to her workspace to commence her tasks.

Truth be told, there was a simple way to dispel these absurd rumors.

That would be to publicly acknowledge her relationship with Theodore.

However, since their parting in the small town, Ariana had lost contact with Theodore once again, unaware of Horace’s whereabouts either.

Neither of them had responded to her messages.

She retrieved her phone and cast a glance at it, feeling disheartened.

Nothing had changed this time either. Despite the tumultuous commotion, Theodore hadn't sent even a single consoling message.

Ariana swallowed the bitterness in her heart and stowed away her phone.

They had previously agreed to keep their marriage hidden from the public, and now it wouldn't be right for her to unilaterally reveal it.

Furthermore, she hoped that one day, when she did disclose their union, it would be out of joy and not as a means to spite petty individuals like Brielle and Jasper.

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Naturally, tranquility eluded the company premises, and individuals occasionally approached her, speaking amongst themselves, and though not directly addressing her, she was aware their words were meant for her.

“Ugh, how can someone who perpetrated such an act have the audacity to grace the company with their presence?” “I feel as though the air has been tainted. It’s stifling!”

Ariana raised her head and spotted several individuals who usually flocked around Brielle.

Knowing they were deliberately stirring trouble, she kept her head down, focusing on her work, ignoring them. However, Ariana’s forbearance only emboldened these individuals.

Observing her lack of response, a few more of Brielle’s lackeys congregated.

They had always been unwitting players in Brielle’s game, and now they were here to make problems for Ariana.

One of them approached Ariana directly, rolling her eyes and remarking, “Oh my, what might you be conversing about? She is unscrupulous and has secured this position through sheer persistence. There’s no way she would simply relinquish it! She believes her beauty alone will grant her the title of Mrs. Anderson. How conceited!”

Ariana couldn't help but chuckle at their words. If she wasn't Mrs. Anderson, then who was? Ariana gazed up at the woman, her piercing stare causing her to falter, yet she remained silent, a faint smile gracing her lips.

At that very moment, another individual hurried over and directly confronted Ariana, “You’ve engaged in such shameless acts, how dare you come here? You're akin to a rotten apple spoiling the bunch! If you had any sense, you'd leave, so as not to besmirch the company’s reputation. It would be in your best interest to voluntarily tender your resignation!”

Amidst the growing crowd, Ariana's inner fury threatened to erupt, unable to bear the distortion of the unfolding situation. Determined to seize the moment, she resolved to set the record straight before everyone.

With a steely gaze, Ariana rose to her feet and addressed them in an icy tone, "Indeed, Jasper and I were entangled in a three- year relationship, but that A hushed silence ensued as Ariana surveyed their faces. "Furthermore, I am already wedded, and my husband surpasses Jasper in every conceivable way. I wouldn't spare Jasper a single glance now."

Yet, the provocateurs remained unsatisfied, their sneers and jeers persisting. "Relationship? Marriage? Show us proof!"

"You can't simply make claims without substantiation. If you assert a connection with Mr. Jasper Anderson, then evidence must surely exist!" another person said.

Seeing their relentlessness, frustration welled up within Ariana and she reached for her phone, but hesitated at the touch of it.

In her disgust at Jasper's repugnant actions, she deleted all chat records and photos from their shared time together. She found herself devoid of evidence. With that in mind, Ariana fell silent.

Capitalizing on her reticence, the surrounding individuals grew bolder in their mockery, taunting her relentlessly. "Ha! You're stubborn to the core. Jasper already has Brielle, so why would he give you any thought?"

"Indeed! Married? We've never heard such a tale before. It seems you're concocting Lies out of desperation!"

"And you dare claim that your husband surpasses Jasper by a millionfold? What an audacious assertion!"

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Ariana's countenance flushed with anger as their provocations escalated. When she looked up, her eyes met Brielle's watching gaze from the upstairs hallway.

Brielle responded with a provocative smile.

That just stoked Ariana's rage.

Brielle was so bold because she was sure Ariana couldn't defend herself. "Haven't you said enough already?!"

Marge, who happened to be passing by with her materials, couldn't easily tolerate the foul language permeating the air. Raising her voice, she bellowed, silencing the cacophony around them.

Marching toward Ariana, Marge spoke with resolute conviction. "I can attest to the truth! Ariana is married, and I have seen her husband!"

The crowd's attention instantly shifted to Marge, inundating her with a barrage of questions.

"You've seen him?"

"When and who is he? Tell us!"

Yet, Ariana, realizing the gravity of the situation, frantically shook her head, silently beseeching Marge to withhold the name.

Marge, gritting her teeth, reluctantly suppressed the name poised on her tongue, her momentum waning. She then re-mastered her resolve. "Why do you persist in prying? Suffice it to say, I have seen him!"

Marge's failure to disclose the name only heightened skepticism among the haters. Those leading the mockery against Ariana grew even more incredulous.

“Marge, you are indeed a loyal dog, deftly switching sides and clinging to others for your own gain. A natural-born fabricator!”

Their mocking extended to Marge, her face reddening with anger. She vehemently retorted, “I speak the truth! What rewards have you received from Brielle to target Ariana in such a manner?”

“Target? What a laugh! Ariana deserves this for being a home-wrecker. And even if she has a husband, I doubt he could ever compare to Mr. Jasper Anderson. Sour grapes, nothing more

At that moment, Marge’s patience reached its limit, and she cried out, “You know nothing! Ariana’s husband is Theodore! The Anderson family’s eldest son! He eclipses Jasper in every way imaginable, you fucking fools! !”

Ariana’s delicate fingers grazed her forehead in a gesture of helpless frustration, knowing all too well that Marge possessed an irrepressible gift for verbal impetuosity when excited. Yet, Marge’s intentions were rooted in genuine concern for Ariana’s well-being, Leaving no room for blame.

Now that the truth had been inadvertently unveiled, Ariana decided to navigate the situation one step at a time, realizing that the significance of the bet had dwindled, and she could later clarify matters with Theodore.

Everyone hushed momentarily, only to burst into uproarious laughter the next instant, pointing accusatory fingers at Marge and ridiculing her with disdainful taunts. “Marge, oh Marge, at least fabricate a more convincing lie! Theodore Anderson, the president of our esteemed company, how could you be so audacious? Your attempt at flattery is utterly preposterous. Beware, should Mr. Theodore Anderson catch wind of this, he might ensure your expulsion from this industry, rendering your career an impossibility!”

Marge, bombarded by an unprecedented onslaught of hostility, teetered on the brink of tears, her eyes inflamed from the onslaught of ridicule.

Moved by empathy, Ariana instinctively shielded Marge from the onslaught, locking eyes with the instigators and coldly retorting, “If you find her words implausible, shall I show you our wedding photograph as tangible evidence?”

Ariana's unwavering resolve left them hesitating, their voices subdued and wary.

Chapter: 744

Who would possess the temerity to masquerade as Theodore's wife within the walls of the Anderson Group, basking in the scrutiny of numerous witnesses?

Not even endowed with tenfold courage would Ariana confidently assert her role as Theodore's wife in front of such a gathering. Could it be possible, then? Could her claims bear a hint of truth?

Silent contemplation shrouded the spectators, uncertainty lingering in the air. No one dared utter a word, nor could they discern with certainty if Ariana's audacity was a facade or a revelation of her genuine status.

At that moment, Ariana lifted her gaze toward Brielle, who was observing her from the vantage point upstairs, and calmly addressed her, "According to the ancestral customs of the Anderson family, even Jasper should extend me the courtesy befitting an elder. You're getting married shortly, and you've been watching the show for quite a long time. Really, that's not particularly appealing, is it?"

Brielle's countenance stiffened imperceptibly, as she had anticipated Ariana's denial in the face of Marge's revelations.

However, she had not foreseen Ariana's audacious proclamation, publicly confirming their relationship without Theodore's consent.

Aware of the gazes fixed on her, Brielle reluctantly masked her disquietude with a strained smile and descended the staircase. Despite her internal discontent, she conceded Ariana's asserted identity.

"I happened to chance upon this gathering and was compelled to pause for a moment," Brielle explained, avoiding the customary terms of address. Yet, she refrained from overtly denying Ariana's claims.

The onlookers heard Brielle's response and grew animated.

Although Brielle refrained from referring to Ariana as "sister" or "sister-in-law," she refrained from explicitly negating Ariana's words.

Coupled with Ariana's unwavering confidence, could it be that the claims held some semblance of truth? Everybody got worked up, whether they were bystanders or troublemakers.

Ariana was actually Theodore's wife! This was a major topic of conversation, and it was common knowledge that Theodore, despite his handicap, was more capable and attractive than Jasper.

So how could Ariana care about Brielle's wedding when she was already married to Theodore? Were the rumors on the Internet made up?

Those who had previously taunted Ariana now found themselves at a loss for words, their faces paling as a cold sweat formed upon their backs.

The implications of their past words, spoken without regard for Ariana, loomed before them, their countenances a portrait of dread.

If Theodore discovered the audacity with which they had treated Ariana, wouldn't their careers be in jeopardy?

Brielle cast a venomous smile at Ariana, her facade of deceit etched on her face.

With her goal of rousing attention and repulsing Ariana achieved, she had no intention of perpetuating this easily dismantled charade for long.

Feigning fury, she addressed the troublemakers with an air of indignation, "How dare you slander someone without a shred of evidence?"



Is this establishment a marketplace? A place for creating spectacles? Bullying my sister is equal to bullying me

Her eyes then fixated on Ariana once more as she added, "Dearest sister, do not let their clamor tarnish the bond between us."

Chapter: 745 Brielle simulated the role of the perfect, loving sister, causing Ariana to recoil in disgust and retreat a step.

Meanwhile, the troublemakers who had targeted Ariana now resembled mute individuals, forcing a bitter smile without their former smug expressions on their faces.

Initially the beneficiaries of Brielle's schemes, they never expected her to turn on them and leave them in the dust!

Having already offended Ariana, they were reluctant to provoke Brielle further, even if her betrayal sickened them. They had no choice but to endure it.

"Ariana, we offer our apologies. We allowed ourselves to be misguided by those misleading news articles. Please accept our sincerest apologies."

With their heads bowed, they extended their apologies, and Ariana, with a slight nod, directed their attention to Marge. "You insulted her as well. Extend your apologies to her as well."

Left with no alternative, they uttered their apologies to Marge too.

"Ariana, please do not take this to heart. We never intended harm. And Marge, we are deeply sorry. Our words were thoughtless. Please forgive us.

Marge, unimpressed, turned her head away, displaying no intention of accepting their apologies. Those who watched the drama earlier began to rise in defense of Ariana.

“Your behavior was utterly disrespectful. Do you truly believe an apology suffices?”

“Yes, didn’t you claim you would ruin their careers in the industry?”

“How could you slander Ariana without knowing the whole truth?”

Concern for Ariana began to manifest itself in the crowd.

Ariana maintained a composed countenance, concealing a smirk within her heart.

These individuals had thoroughly reveled in the spectacle when she was targeted, yet none had shown the courage to defend her. Now, they assumed the role of righteous advocates, both overtly and covertly, merely to curry favor.

To anyone discerning, it was clear that despite Theodore’s disability, he remained the CEO of the Anderson Group!

With the news of BRD Group’s investment connection to Theodore, it was clear that Theodore possessed a brighter future than Jasper.

There was no denying that!

Under Theodore’s leadership, the Anderson Group would only thrive, while Jasper was nothing more than an idle wastrel. Confronted with these fair-weather friends, Ariana’s revulsion grew.

She desired no further entanglement with them, yet she hesitated to burn all bridges. Thus, she could only engage with them superficially.

However, amidst these events, Brielle couldn’t help but feel an overwhelming surge of jealousy.

Why was Ariana instantly adored upon revealing her true identity? Why did she, as the soon-to-be Jasper's wife, fade into oblivion?

It was all Ariana's doing! She was the one obstructing her path!

Chapter: 746

Brielle seethed with anger, nearly breaking her nails. She attempted to console herself, telling herself that Theodore was disabled, while Jasper was a healthy man with a promising future.

Nevertheless, she fretted endlessly that Jasper would never amount to anything, never acquire any shares in the Anderson Group, leaving her eternally inferior to Ariana.

In the midst of Brielle's turmoil, a figure burst into the room in a state of panic, his voice trembling with urgency. "Disturbing news! Theodore Anderson has perished in a tragic car accident!"

Everyone was stunned, but none of them was as shocked as Ariana. Ariana stood still, her face as pale as a ghost.

But then, like a volcano about to erupt, her anger erupted. With a determined stride, she seized the man's collar, unleashing a torrent of uncontrolled fury. "What hogwash are you spouting?!"

The man quivered under Ariana's wrath, stuttering in fear, "I... I'm not fabricating this... The news just hit the airwaves that Mr. Theodore Anderson met his demise in a massive car collision on the highway, with attempts at resuscitation proving futile at the hospital!"

Ashiver ran down Ariana's spine, her fingers shaking as they clenched his collar. Surrounding onlookers whipped out their phones, igniting a cacophony of voices. "It's true, it's the hottest news right now"

"Good Lord, such an abrupt turn of events!"

Ariana collected herself, retrieved her phone, and with trembling hands, tapped on the headline. Everything was true to the man's words, and her mind went blank for a moment!

"Now the Anderson Group is in for a seismic shift..." murmured those around her, but Ariana's ears were deaf to their words. She didn't even have a moment to absorb the details of the news report. Pushing through the crowd, she stormed outside while frantically dialing Theodore's number.

But all she heard on the other end was the incessant ringing.

"Answer the call, Theodore..." Ariana's hands trembled as she beseeched, redialing over and over. Yet, no one picked up.

Ariana swiftly dialed Horace's number, and after two attempts, he finally responded.

"The news..." Ariana struggled to articulate, but her words were cut short by Horace's mournful voice. "He's at JN Hospital. Come quickly!"

With those words, he ended the call.

As Ariana listened to the anguish in Horace's voice, her heart pounded even harder. She rushed toward the entrance, hopped into a taxi, and hastily provided the address.

This couldn't be happening. Theodore must have survived! Ariana clutched her phone, her heart hammering in her chest.

"Please, driver, hurry! My husband was involved in a vehicular accident!" As her gaze fixated on the red traffic light ahead, Ariana couldn't suppress the trembling in her voice.

Her heart swirled in a tempest. She attempted to steady herself with deep breaths, but her emotions refused to be tamed. "This is inconceivable. Ariana closed her eyes, tormented by anguish. "It's too bizarre!"

Reaching the hospital, Ariana handed the taxi fare in cash, not even bothering to wait for the change. She stumbled out of the vehicle and rushed into the medical facility.

Chapter: 747 Horace stood at the entrance waiting for her, his disheveled appearance a stark contrast to his usual impeccable demeanor. His hair was askew, his eyes bloodshot and swollen, clearly struggling to maintain composure.

A multitude of questions flooded Ariana's mind, desperate for answers about what had transpired and how Theodore could be in peril.

Yet, her words lodged in her throat, rendered voiceless. All she could think about was Laying her eyes on Theodore. Seeing him safe and unharmed. As they entered the elevator, Horace pressed the descent button.

Ariana stared at the glowing red button, forcing a bitter smile. Her voice trembled as she inquired, "Why are we descending? Isn't the emergency room on the third floor?"

Grief etched across his face, Horace drew a deep breath, met her gaze, and steadied his voice. "Mrs. Anderson, we're heading to basement level two-the morgue."

Ariana was in a daze. There was a strange numbness over her mind. She only came to her senses when she heard the sound of the elevator pinging as it came to a stop. The doors opened, and she stepped out, her movements as sluggish and lifeless as a walking corpse.

Two people were already standing at the entrance of the morgue. It was Darian and Jasper.

Their faces showed no sign of grief. Although Ariana was too far away to hear what they were saying, their glee was apparent, as if they didn't care they were standing outside a morgue.

Moreover, seeing that they looked so delighted, it must mean they had already confirmed the body's identity.

When they saw Ariana approaching, Darian shot Jasper a look, and the two of them tried to suppress their amusement and feign sorrow instead.

Darian's eyes squinted, and he managed to squeeze out a small tear as he said to Ariana with a face filled with contrived grief, "Ah, Ariana, don't be too sad."

Jasper, on the other hand, was even more insensitive and showed no restraint or attempt to hide his true feelings in front of her. His lips curled into a smug smirk, an air of schadenfreude and triumph around him.

He looked at Ariana with raised eyebrows and a wide grin and said, "My brother is gone, but you need to be sure to take care of yourself, my dear sister-in-law."

He drawled the words "sister-in-law" in a provocative manner as a way to get under her skin. Ariana stared at him, her mind going blank. At that moment, the sight of their pretentious expressions made her want to do

nothing more than tear them apart with her bare hands.

Darian noticed Jasper's lack of restraint and decided to mediate the situation, clearing his throat awkwardly. He assumed an elder's demeanor and patted Ariana lightly on the shoulder. "Anyway, try to be strong, Ariana. The accident occurred the day before yesterday, early in the morning. He was in the hospital for two days... The doctors tried their best."

For a moment, Ariana froze when she heard Darian's words then her brain began to process this information. The day before yesterday in the early morning? Wasn't Theodore in bed at that time, sleeping soundly beside her?

Although she wasn't sure what time Theodore had got up and left, she knew he had gone to get Marley's clothes before she visited Lilyana's shop. Then how could he have been in the accident the day before yesterday?

The moment the pieces fell into place in her mind, the flood of emotions welling in Ariana's heart broke loose. Her chest heaved violently, and she suddenly grabbed Darian's arm with a fierce grip.

With her wild, bloodshot eyes fixed on him, she asked in a hoarse voice, "Where?"

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Darian flinched, frightened by her sudden intensity. He stiffened immediately after, worried that she would do something drastic if he made any sudden moves. Forcing himself to stay calm, he inquired, "What do you mean, 'where?'"

"Where did the accident happen?!" she shrieked, her trembling voice abruptly rising and piercing the still air. Alarmed, Darian instinctively stepped back and quickly answered, "On the 320 highway."

Ariana knew where that highway was. It was at least 30 kilometers away from the small town they were in. Unless Theodore could teleport, there was no way he could have reached that area early in the morning.

Ariana realized something. She released the terrified Darian, shoved past him, and rushed into the morgue.

The cold air of the morgue settled onto her skin. There was only one body in the room, the white sheet covering it glowing dimly under a cold fluorescent overhead light. It was like a spotlight, making the darker corners of the room seem ominous.

Ariana stopped for a second, thrown off by the foreboding atmosphere, but she determinedly took a few steps forward and approached the body.

Her shaky hand reached out to lift the white sheet, but Horace hurriedly stopped her.

"His face was severely damaged in the accident. If you want to see him, please be prepared," Horace warned, his expression full of sorrow.

The limp arm of the body had slipped out from beneath the white sheet and, on the ring finger, was their wedding ring. It glinted under the cold lamplight, catching her eye.

Ariana stared at the ring, her thoughts racing, her mind a mess. Her eyes were sad and hollow as if her soul had been taken away.

After a while, a bitter Laugh suddenly escaped her throat. Without saying a word, she pushed Horace away, grabbed the white sheet, and forcefully pulled it off the body.

Ariana's eyes held a reflection of a face that bore the burden of severe damage, marked by horrifying burn scars that stretched across nearly the entirety of it. Despite the disfigurement, she could still discern the familiar features of Theodore.

With trembling hands, Ariana reached out and gently touched his scarred face. Her touch was delicate and tender as she clasped the hand adorned with the wedding ring.

She stared at Theodore's altered face, and whispered softly, "Theodore, how could you leave me alone?" Horace was about to offer comfort, but before any words could escape his lips, Ariana suddenly succumbed to unconsciousness.

"Help! Someone, please help!" Horace's panic surged as he swiftly scooped Ariana into his arms, rushed outside and called out loudly to the crowd, "Why are you all just standing there? Get a doctor!"

The group hastily ascended the stairs towards the emergency room, leaving behind just Darian and Jasper in the mortuary.

The two of them exchanged a meaningful look and then burst out Laughing in unison.

"That feels incredible!"

Asatisfied grin stretched across Jasper's face as he leaned against the wall. His gaze fixated on the exposed body that bore a face all too familiar. Triumphantlly, he Laughed to himself.

"Oh Theodore, no matter how magnificent your past may have been, the heavens won't grant you mercy."



With hands casually tucked into his pockets, he stood at the doorway, raising an eyebrow at the scene before him. "You see, in the end, I'm the one having the last laugh. Rest assured, I'll relish in your fortune on your behalf, and I'll take care of your wife too. Just ensure you express your gratitude."

Contrasting with Jasper's audacity, doubt lingered within Darian's heart.

He had already depleted his Liquid assets and borrowed as much as he could to secure the Olympic Village land, but it had proven insufficient.

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Still, he couldn't pass up this lucrative opportunity, especially since BRD Group had thrown their hat into the bidding competition. The current bidding had far surpassed his initial expectations.

However, BRD Group's involvement only served to bolster Darian's confidence in the immense profitability of this project. There was no way he could back out now.

Numerous parties had their eyes fixated on this project, and securing the bid required considerable investment and a well-established network.

Darian had wagered heavily to acquire this project. He took a tremendous gamble that put almost everything he had at risk.

To establish crucial connections, he spared no expense. He was on the precipice of success, but his financial resources were struggling to support him at this critical point.

Darian had dug through every possible avenue to ensure his ultimate triumph, yet a significant funding gap was left. The one possible solution lay in SJ Entertainment.

The company held significant funds, prompting Darian to contemplate embezzling from them.

However, moving such a substantial amount of funds presented its own set of challenges.

Adrian, now the chairman of SJ Entertainment, was a hands-off person who showed little interest in the day-to-day operations of the business. He rarely set foot in the company, leaving most of the high-level positions in the hands of Darian's trusted associates.

Theodore stood as the sole obstacle in his path.

Darian had come up with plans to get rid of Theodore, even considering the drastic measure of kidnapping to exert pressure on him.

With Theodore already stripped of his shares and Darian free from the constraints of his ex-wife's will, everything seemed to align perfectly for Darian.

Once Theodore was out of the picture, all would be well.

As Darian meticulously strategized his next move, Theodore unexpectedly passed away during this critical time.

When all these events came together, the sheer coincidence appeared too astonishing to ignore.

Jasper stood at Darian's side, observing the troubled countenance etched on his face.

Confusion washed over Jasper as he asked, "Theodore is dead, why does your disquiet persist?"

Darian hid his true concerns from Jasper, but his brow furrowed as he replied, "I just have this nagging feeling that | cannot get off my mind."

"What cause is there for such unease?" Jasper triumphantly exclaimed, "We have seen that face for countless years. Could it truly be a charade? Besides, we conducted a covert DNA confirmation, and the guy resting there is indeed Theodore." Jasper's words succeeded in alleviating some of Darian's worries, yet he remained only partially reassured.

Slipping his arm casually around Darian's shoulder, Jasper asserted, "Father, relax! Ariana's reaction just moments ago serves as the most compelling evidence, does it not?"

Darian contemplated Ariana's fainting spell, a result of overwhelming grief, and failed to discern any flaws in Jasper's reasoning.

Contemplating Theodore's usual demeanor toward Ariana, Darian finally succumbed to the belief that Theodore's demise could not be a sham, relinquishing his worries.

With all concerns dispelled, Darian wore a serene smile and declared, "Then have the finance department prepare and set our plans in motion."

Chapter: 750

"Right away Jasper's brow slightly furrowed, revealing a hint of hesitation. "If we transfer funds immediately following Theodore's passing, wouldn't it appear too hasty and potentially attract unwanted attention?"

However, Darian paid no heed to Jasper's concerns, exuding unwavering confidence as he retorted, "What is there to fear? Once we secure this project, our return will be multiplied, hundredfold, even thousandfold, of what we invested! Subsequently, we shall quietly return the taken funds. As long as our actions are shrouded in secrecy, no one shall be the wiser!"

Observing Jasper's lingering worry, Darian comforted him with a reassuring pat on the back and a smile, saying, "Well, okay. When the time comes, I shall wrest SJ Entertainment from Adrian's clutches, and you shall ascend to the position of CEO! How about that?"

Jasper's countenance blossomed with joy at the sound of this promise.

He became enamored with the idea, his mind rigidly fixated on the prospect, neglecting any other considerations as he hastily exclaimed, "Father, you leave no loose ends. There is undoubtedly no flaw in this project. I shall immediately contact the finance department!"

The two departed from the mortuary, their hearts brimming with elation and contentment. In another room of the hospital, Ariana slowly regained consciousness

The room teemed with individuals as Marge and other friends had come to see her. Soon, the room was adorned with a colorful array of flowers.

“Ariana, do not allow sadness to consume you. Your well-being takes precedence.” “Yes, you must take care of yourself.” Horace had stood silently by Ariana’s bedside since her fainting episode.

Ariana remained still on the bed, paying no attention to the kind words and gestures extended by those around her. She resembled a Limp doll, her face pale and her heart heavy.

Watching her continuous tears, Sarah’s heart filled with compassion as she approached Ariana’s bedside, speaking softly. “Ariana, my dear, you must summon your strength. It pains me to see you in this state.”

As Sarah’s gaze fell on Ariana’s lower abdomen, others in the room echoed the sentiment. However, Ariana, her voice hoarse, said, “Please, give me a moment of solitude. | just want to be alone.” Everyone in there wanted to offer further solace, yet seeing Ariana’s fragile emotional state, they had to compromise and leave.

Sarah let out a sigh and placed a thermos on the bedside table before making her exit. “There’s chicken soup in there. Regardless of the circumstances, you must nourish yourself. Don’t forget about your condition.”

Sarah's implication was crystal clear. Ariana carried a child in her womb, and she couldn't afford to let her body succumb to exhaustion.

Ariana remained motionless, maintaining her posture without uttering a word. Once the ward emptied, Ariana confirmed her solitude. Her expression changed consequently. Swiftly, she sat up, unveiling the thermos and gluttonously devouring the soup! !

Sarah understood her well, so she brought some food. Ariana had weathered intense emotional turmoil, which meant she could eat a horse now!

Once she had fueled up with a good meal, Ariana found her mind sharpening once more. One certainty stood out to her: the body that everyone believed to be Theodore's wasn't his. There was supposed to be a scar etched into the skin of his right hand.

A fiery memory echoed in her mind, Theodore playing the hero, his hand marred by a burning chandelier as he protected her. That scar, that symbol of bravery and love, was absent from the body she had touched in the mortuary. But when she was in the town with Theodore, the scar was still on his hand.