

Unconscious 821

Chapter: 821 Aglimmer of a plan began to take shape in Ariana's mind as she realized her path was clear.

Meanwhile, Theodore was en route back to Mercy Hospital. Seated in the back, he took a moment to rest, closing his eyes as he leaned against the car seat. Adjacent to him was a blue teddy bear, a gift from Helen earlier that day.

The bear, though aged, was in pristine condition, and it held familiar traces of Marley. Helen mentioned finding the bear among Marley's keepsakes while cleaning.

Theodore recognized it immediately as one of Marley's cherished items.

However, why it ended up with Helen was a mystery.

Awave of unease washed over Theodore, prompting him to massage his furrowed brows.

Over the years, Helen had persistently encroached upon his personal space, using Marley as her pretext. In the past, he had the energy to handle her, even turning a blind eye to some incidents. However, now, he felt a trace of fatigue.

Did the truth still matter?

For the first time in many years, such a thought crossed Theodore's mind.

Regardless of the truth, neither Marley nor his mother could be brought back to life.

As the scenery whisked by outside the window, his thoughts drifted towards Ariana, his future. He wondered if her anger had dissipated after the day's events.

Theodore found himself worrying. His original plan had been to spend the day with Ariana, but an untimely summons from Helen had forced him to send Horace in his stead.

He contemplated checking his phone for any messages from Ariana, only to realize it was missing. Despite searching the car, his phone was nowhere to be found.

Had he left it with Helen?

Frustrated, Theodore instructed the driver in a cold tone, "Turn around, we need to go back."

Meanwhile, in the apartment, Helen held Theodore's phone in her hands.

A malevolent expression crossed her face as she examined the rabbit pendant dangling from the device. She mindlessly stroked the rabbit's neck, her grip hinting at an intent to snap the pendant off any second.

This adorable accessory was the only embellishment on the austere black phone, and it seemed entirely out of character for Theodore.

Ariana was behind this cute addition, no doubt.

And the fact that Theodore allowed it to adorn his phone and hadn't removed it irked Helen even more.

In that moment, Helen yearned to rip the charm off and crush it beneath her heel.

Yet, she held herself back, aware that Theodore would soon return to retrieve his phone.

Theodore hadn't visited her since her fall down the stairs.

Chapter: 822

It was only today, using the pretext of her recurring heart condition and Marley's keepsake, that she had managed to coax him into coming.

She couldn't risk driving him away over a trinket.

Wearing an intense expression, Helen traced the scar on her face, her resentment for Ariana growing exponentially. Why was it that she had to pay such a high price while Ariana was able to be with Theodore effortlessly?

She refused to accept it. Why could Ariana be with him?

Her face contorted with rage. She wished that fucking Ariana could go to the hell!

No, Ariana shouldn't get off that easily. She must suffer first.

Helen tightened her grip on the pendant, staring down at it. A moment of lucidity came over her and she hastily unclasped the rabbit charm, inserting a small, black chip into it.

After securing the charm, Helen moved to sit by the window, cradling the phone in one hand and a blue teddy bear in the other. It was akin to the one in Theodore's car, but it bore the scars of time and knife marks.

Resting her head against the cool glass, Helen gazed outside and pressed a button on the teddy bear's belly. As sweet, female voice resonated from within the toy.

"Theodore, you never expected | would hide the words | longed to share with you within this teddy bear, did you?" Helen's lips twisted into a sly grin at the sound of Marley's voice

She stared blankly into space, perfectly echoing the words issuing from the teddy bear's hidden recorder.

"I've already forgiven you. Mom's death was not your fault."

However, her imitation ended abruptly, swallowed by a surge of static from the bear. A puzzled feminine voice called out from the recording, "Helen?"

At that moment, Helen spotted Theodore's car pulling up downstairs. She quickly silenced the teddy bear and concealed it.

She was about to welcome Theodore with counterfeit delight when another vehicle, a taxi, caught her attention. Someone she utterly despised emerged from the taxi.

As she watched the two figures, a sneer crawled onto her face.

Moments later, the doorbell rang. Opening the door with a facade of surprise, she cheerfully greeted Theodore. "Theodore, what a pleasant surprise! What has brought you back here?"

"Looking for my phone," Theodore responded curtly, walking past her in search of his misplaced device.

His phone was hidden in a crevice of the couch, a rabbit pendant peeking out. He checked the phone only to find it was off. Shrugging it off as a drained battery, he scooped it up, intending to leave. But before he could do so, Helen stopped him. "Theodore, wait," she pleaded, feigning discomfort. "I have a bit of chest tightness. Could you help me find some medicine?"

Meanwhile, Ariana had managed to locate Helen's apartment, following the directions provided by Sonia. En route, she'd attempted to call Theodore repeatedly but his phone remained switched off, exacerbating her worries.

Chapter: 823 She couldn't help but speculate whether Theodore had really planned to spend the night at Helen's.

Were his assurances mere platitudes? Every unanswered call heightened her frustration and anger. She had already suffered betrayal once from Jasper, an experience she didn't want to revisit. And yet, a part of her clung to the belief in Theodore's genuine affection for her. His love had always been evident, but the present circumstances fanned her insecurities and heartache.

Adding to her turmoil, Theodore had previously insisted on terminating her pregnancy. Ariana didn't want to believe that Helen was involved in this, so she decided to see for herself.

Arriving at Helen's apartment, she noted the slightly ajar door.

Pushing it gently open, she saw Theodore standing with his back to her and Helen leaning dangerously close to him. A wave of fury washed over her, causing her to tremble and clench her fists.

She kept her gaze locked on Theodore, ready to confront him if he so much as touched Helen.

But Helen's question stopped her in her tracks. "Theodore, I heard Ariana's pregnant. What are your intentions regarding the child?"

At Helen's words, Ariana's heart pounded, her breath hitching as she anxiously awaited Theodore's reply.

Ariana held her breath, suspended in a state of dread and expectation as she awaited Theodore's answer.

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After a tense moment, Theodore finally declared, "I won't keep this child."

Ariana felt as though she'd been struck by lightning. The world around her seemed to blur, the echoes of his words ringing painfully in her ears. Her heart shattered in her chest.

She had hoped that Theodore would demonstrate some compassion, but she hadn't expected such resolution.

Her hands began to shake, and after one last look at the two uncomfortably close figures in the room, Ariana stumbled backward, nearly collapsing. Then she turned and bolted from the scene.

What she didn't witness was Theodore coldly rejecting Helen in that moment .

With a contemptuous look, he warned her, "Don't try to manipulate me.

I'll explain everything to her, and I believe she'll understand my decision. Don't make things difficult for me when it comes to her." With that, he retrieved his phone and departed alone.

Approaching the entrance, he spotted a small, sparkling object on the floor. It struck him as familiar.

He bent down to pick it up, realizing it was Ariana's bracelet.

His heart thumped heavily in his chest.

She had been here?!

Yet she had come and gone without uttering a word. This had to be a misunderstanding.

Anxiety gripped Theodore and he quickened his pace, setting out to locate her.

He darted into the busy street, his gaze sweeping over the masses in search of Ariana.

Despite a thorough search, he came up empty-handed. As his anxiety peaked, he spotted Ariana's figure across the street.

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Just as Theodore lunged forward to cross the street, a truck barrelled toward him, forcing him to step back. By the time he had crossed to the other side, Ariana had disappeared.

Unwilling to give up, Theodore scoured the street, even venturing into narrow alleyways, but Ariana was nowhere to be found.

Eventually, he halted, gasping for air, doubting whether he had actually seen her. The bracelet in his hand, however, was a cruel reminder that Ariana had indeed been there and had left shortly after.

A sense of restlessness consumed Theodore. He pulled out his phone and dialed Ariana's number, only to be met with the sound of her phone switched off.

He understood Ariana didn't want to see him at the moment. Frustrated, Theodore eventually surrendered his search amidst the sea of faces.

Soon after, a black sedan pulled up to him. Without a moment's hesitation, he climbed in and departed.

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Once the sedan had disappeared into the distance, Ariana emerged from a local convenience store. Without a moment's hesitation, she set off in the opposite direction.

Despite the warmth of the day, Ariana felt a biting chill seep into her bones. She tightened her thin jacket around herself and ventured forth without a destination in mind.

Ariana was unsure where to turn, but she was certain she couldn't return to the hospital. She wasn't ready to face the chill of Theodore's indifference again.

With each step, Ariana delved deeper into her aimless journey, her mind a whirlpool of chaos.

As she meandered past a narrow alley tucked away on a street corner, a pair of hands materialized from the shadows, instantly muffling her screams.

Before she had a chance to react, she was abruptly hauled into a confined space. Caught by surprise, she attempted to shriek, but before she could make a sound, a sharp pang coursed through the back of her head. Her world faded into darkness as consciousness slipped from her grasp.

Inside the black sedan, Theodore was wracked with unease and distress. From Ariana's unwillingness to pick up his calls, he deduced that she was likely attempting to avoid the impending surgery.

Although he had foreseen this possibility and readied himself for it, witnessing Ariana slipping away from him felt like an iron clamp squeezing his heart, making his breathing erratic and thoughts uncontrollable.

"Confine her. Cripple her, so she'll be reliant on you for life."

A deranged voice resonated in Theodore's mind. He scrunched his brows and clutched his forehead.

At that moment, the buzz of missed calls on his phone interrupted his thoughts. Theodore glanced at his device and immediately furrowed his brows again.

In his previous attempts to contact Ariana, he hadn't observed the peculiar state of his phone. Now, noting that the battery was at 60%, he realized it hadn't powered down due to low battery.

Someone had intentionally switched it off. Theodore's expression turned stern as he mulled over the situation, his stare fixed on the screen. It seemed Helen had become more rebellious than he had anticipated.

His gaze then drifted downwards, and he noticed a chain of missed calls -all from Ariana. His demeanor softened.

He understood that deep down, Ariana still held concerns for him, and her calls were a testament to it.

If that was the case, Theodore decided he wouldn't allow Ariana to slip away from his life, whatever it took. He toyed with the rabbit pendant hanging from his phone, his gaze pensive and intense.

If insisting on terminating the pregnancy meant losing Ariana-then he could concede to Let the children live.

Even if their children were destined to endure a condition akin to his, a life filled with pain and challenges that an ordinary person should never have to endure.

But so what? It was their fate to bear. As long as Ariana was content, as long as she chose to stay by his side, whatever befell their children was acceptable. His nature was inherently self-centered.

He had always prioritized his own needs. When weighed against those who hadn't yet entered his life, Ariana's significance to him was unparalleled.

Theodore averted his gaze, instructing the driver to proceed towards Ariana's apartment complex. He ascended the stairs alone, choosing to wait within the confines of her apartment for her return.

However, as time trickled away without a trace of her, anxiety crept into Theodore's mind, compelling him to dial her number once again.

The phone was still switched off.

In an instant, Theodore was consumed by restlessness and worry. But then he considered that perhaps Ariana, still bristling with anger, had effectively blacklisted him.

The mere thought of this elicited another painful throb in his head, causing his surroundings to blur.

Theodore fumbled in his pocket and retrieved two pills, but upon tasting them, he instantly realized something was amiss. They tasted akin to vitamin tablets.

His suspicion instantly landed on Ariana. Who else had the audacity and access to meddle with his medication? He clutched the pill bottle in a firm grip, yet no anger surged within him.

He recognized that Ariana had likely replaced the medication out of concern for its potential side effects. She held him dear, keeping him close to her heart.

Theodore held onto the pill bottle, his gaze affixed to the vacant room. His longing and anxiety amplified in that moment. An abrupt thought crossed his mind-would Ariana return if he suffered a seizure and ended up in the hospital?

With this thought in mind, he loosened his hold on the pill bottle and allowed himself to sink to the floor, the throbbing pain in his head intensifying until his consciousness spiraled into darkness.

Seconds after Theodore lost consciousness, his phone began ringing incessantly.

Simultaneously, in a shadowy basement, two masked abductors cursed in impatience. "Damn it! Why isn't he picking up? Doesn't he care about her life?"

Frustrated with their futile attempts, the two continued to vent their vexation. At their feet, bound and unconscious, lay Ariana.

Horace, gripped by unease when he couldn't reach Theodore via call, scoured the city. His search ended at Ariana's apartment where he found Theodore. Theodore, as pale as a ghost, was unconscious. Fear ran through Horace. He hurriedly rushed Theodore to the hospital.

In the hospital, Horace sat tense, anticipating the unknown.

Chapter: 826 Still reeling from the shock, he was visibly shaking. If Theodore had not been found in time, the consequences were too ghastly to contemplate.

With Ariana's noticeable absence from the hospital last night, Horace had tried to reach Theodore, only to be met with a turned-off phone.

Ariana was unreachable as well.

With Theodore missing, alarm bells rang in Horace's head and he sent out a search party. His suspicion was confirmed when Theodore was discovered in a poor state.

ALL they could clutch onto was a thread of hope, praying for Theodore's recovery.

Soon, the doctor emerged with a grim expression, holding the medical report.

"His brain tumor is pressing against vital nerves. It's a ticking time bomb, threatening his life without immediate surgery," informed the doctor.

Horace held the report, hesitant to make a decision alone. He quickly dialed Aldus to relay the critical situation.

On hearing the news, Aldus assembled his team of medical professionals, specialists trained specifically for Theodore's illness, and headed straight for Eleymond.

The team poured over Theodore's medical history, deliberating until they reached a conclusion.

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"Mr. Fredrick," the doctor began, addressing Aldus. "The tumor in the young master's brain has been there too long. This could lead to complications post-surgery."

The prospect of complications caused Aldus's grip on his cane to tighten. "What sort of complications?" he asked.

The doctor's answer was dipped in uncertainty. "Since we haven't encountered a similar case before, we can't predict the specific complications."

Horace, overhearing this exchange, felt a wave of worry for Theodore.

Serious post-surgery complications would be a different type of torment.

Yet, Aldus was resolute. “Regardless of the complications, his life comes first! Arrange the surgery now!” he ordered.

His face was etched with worry and determination. He didn’t want Theodore to endure post-surgery complications, but Losing him was unthinkable. He had already secured a leading neurosurgeon, which should help reduce the risk.

After some time, Theodore regained consciousness.

When he woke up and found himself in a hospital bed, hooked to an IV drip, his mood darkened on noticing Ariana’s absence. A tinge of gloom painted his face as he detached the IV drip, ready to exit.

However, as soon as he neared the door, a wall of bodyguards blocked his path, and there was Horace, standing by the doorway.

Theodore’s countenance turned stormy. “What’s happening here? You’re rebelling against me? Who gave you such courage?” His voice boomed across the room.

Horace found himself speechless in the face of the unfolding situation.

A voice broke through the tense atmosphere. “I did.” Aldus arrived, his gaze fixed on Theodore with a mix of concern and sternness. He reproached, “You’ve been reckless! I thought you had finally understood the gravity of the situation. And yet, for Ariana, you seem ready to risk your life. Are you aware your brain tumor has grown worse? Had it not been for Horace finding you unconscious and getting you here, the situation could’ve been catastrophic.”

Chapter: 827 Theodore, aware of his fault, couldn’t muster a response.

Aldus noticed his guilt and softened his tone. "Ariana's an adult. She can take care of herself. Your health is what matters now. Remain in the hospital and prepare for the surgery. It's scheduled for next Monday."

The mention of surgery made Theodore furrow his brows in refusal. "I won't agree to surgery." Exasperated, Aldus shot back, "Can't you see the stakes here? Refusing the surgery could cost you your Life!" Theodore's feelings boiled over. "I've already said, I won't do it

"You ungrateful boy!" Aldus berated, pointing an accusing finger at Theodore. Suddenly, he clutched his chest, staggering backwards.

Panic surged through Theodore. "Grandpa!"

The doctor quickly arrived and administered emergency treatment to Aldus. Once Aldus' condition was stabilized, the doctor had him taken to a hospital ward.

Theodore watched the scene with a complex expression; his eyebrows tightly knitted and his colorless Lips pressed together. He was confused. Wasn't Aldus just pretending to be sick? How come he suddenly fell ill?

After examining Aldus, the doctor sighed and said hesitantly to Theodore, "Mr. Fredrick's health has not been good for the past few years. The previous times when he fell ill and asked you to come back, he wasn't faking it. He just didn't want you to worry, so he pretended he was faking it."

Hearing that, a whirlwind of emotions surged in Theodore's heart and his gaze deepened.

He had always thought that Aldus was faking his illness. But now, it turned out he was really ill, and there were hidden reasons behind his pretending that he wasn't.

Theodore hadn't spent much time with Aldus in his youth, but they were related by blood. He had a great affection for the old man who cared so much for him and he didn't want anything to happen to Aldus.

Seeing that Theodore took the information relatively well, the doctor continued, "During the last few years, Mr. Fredrick has spared no effort for your health. He has brought together the best practitioners from around the world to form a high-level medical team, and he also invested a lot of resources, all of this to make sure you're fully recovered before he passes away. He told us that if he doesn't see you're healthy, he won't rest in peace after he's gone."

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At that moment, Theodore felt a wave of guilt in his heart at hearing this, and his expression softened. However, he remained silent, unable to find the words to express his feelings.

The doctor watched Theodore carefully for a moment before continuing, "In recent years, Mr. Fredrick's research has been very fruitful and he has found competent surgeons. It was not until he was convinced that the operation had a good chance of succeeding that he allowed you to undergo it. The old man has already lost his daughter, and he cannot bear to face such a tragedy again."

Theodore had witnessed Aldus' grief after Aimee's death. The old man then cried so much it was heartbreaking. Theodore could therefore understand the old man's feelings very well.

The doctor was right, if Aldus lost another family, he might not be able to bear it.

Thinking of that, Theodore sighed deeply and asked, "What are the potential post-operative complications?"

The doctor hesitated for a moment but answered honestly, "Brain surgeries are the most complicated, and we can't guarantee that there won't be any post-operative complications. Also, your condition is unprecedented. So we have no medical history to take into account to speculate. The worst-case scenario would be limb or nerve function impairment, and milder complications could include partial memory loss."

Hearing this, Theodore fell silent for a moment.

These potential complications were outcomes he did not want to deal with. If the operation turned him into a cripple or made him forget about Ariana, then it would have been better for him to be dead.

Theodore gazed at Aldus lying on the bed for a while and then said slowly, "Let's postpone the surgery. We'll discuss everything once Grandpa wakes up."

The doctor could only sigh in response. Before leaving, he gave Theodore some advice. "You'd better stay with Mr. Fredrick. The old man can't take another shock. You can wait here until he wakes up and spend some time with him. It will be good for his health

Chapter: 828 Theodore nodded silently. After the doctor left, he called Horace.

Once the phone was connected, Theodore's cold voice rang out. "I don't know where Ariana is now. Gather some people and find her."

Horace readily agreed. After hanging up, he immediately assembled a team and began organizing the search. Meanwhile, Theodore wanted to check if Ariana had tried to contact him, but he realized that his phone was not with him.

Theodore cast a look at Horace, who instantly got his meaning. "I must have left it behind in the mad rush to the hospital," he reasoned, before darting out to retrieve the phone.

In no time, Horace was back, ensuring the phone was charged during his return.

Theodore unlocked the phone only to find an empty inbox: no message from Ariana. A mix of disappointment and concern washed over him.

However, he did notice several missed calls from an unknown number, all made late in the night.

This struck him as odd since only a handful knew his contact.

Without hesitation, Theodore dialed the unknown number.

A distorted, grating voice, clearly manipulated by a voice changer, answered.

“Mr. Anderson, you finally pick up. So, does this mean you're done caring about her Life?”

Those words sent a chill down Theodore's spine. Trying to keep his voice steady, he asked, “What are you implying?” The man wasted no time, coldly responding, “Ariana is in my hands.

You've got 48 hours to come up with one hundred million in cash. Or else, expect parts of her arriving at your doorstep.” With that, the call ended abruptly.

Overcome with panic, Theodore lost his grip on his temper, hurling the phone onto the floor. His face flushed from anxiety, eyes aflame with distress.

Horace, who had overheard the conversation, quickly tried to reassure him. “Boss, they want to use Mrs. Anderson to get to you. | don't think she's in immediate danger.”

The reassurance helped Theodore regain a degree of calm.

Holding back his outrage, he ordered, “Assemble a team to gather the cash, and another to investigate discreetly. We move now!”

As Horace got to work, Theodore sank to the floor, clutching his throbbing head in agony. A dull headache pulsed within. He pounded a fist against his head in a bid to quell his nerves.

Judging by the timeline, Ariana had been abducted around the time he'd lost contact with her the night before. She couldn't have gone far by then.

Theodore directed Horace to concentrate on the particular intersection from last night.

The wait for the investigation results was torturous. Theodore paced the room restlessly, his body trembling uncontrollably every time he tried to sit.

Why didn't he search for her more thoroughly? Why had he so easily given up? Why had he let his health hinder him?

Regret and self-reproach gnawed at him as he fervently hoped for Ariana's safety. Whoever was responsible, they'd pay dearly.

Chapter: 829

Soon enough, Horace returned with the information. "Most of the surveillance around the crossroad where you two parted ways last night was destroyed, but we found footage from a store camera. It caught a glimpse of a car, license plate ending in 59418. We suspect this vehicle may have been involved in Mrs. Anderson's abduction."

Hearing the license plate number, Theodore's voice turned icy. "It is Jasper's car."

In a poorly lit basement, Ariana's consciousness gradually came back. She tried to move but found herself tied to a bed. Fear swelled in her as she remembered the kidnapping from the night before. Panicking, she tried to break free but the ropes only seemed to get tighter with her struggles.

As she thrashed, the rusty door creaked open, and a masked figure cloaked in black stepped in. Seeing him, Ariana tensed up, her voice shaky as she asked, "Who are you? What do you want?"

The black-clad man moved closer to her without saying a word. He reached out, touching her bare skin here and there, until finally his hand rested on her stomach.

Terrified, Ariana tried to shy away from his touch, tears welling up in her eyes as the rough ropes grazed her skin. As she tried to escape, she noticed a small tattoo peeking from the man's cuff, a sight that made her gasp. "Jasper?"

Hearing his name, the man paused for a moment, then gave a low laugh before removing his mask. It was indeed Jasper.

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“Ariana, you recognize me so easily. I’m so touched. No wonder | loved you before,” he said.

Ariana looked at him, her face a mix of fear and disgust. “Huh! Your manipulation wasn’t Love. You never Loved me, you used me!”

She drew back slightly, summoning the courage to ask. “What do you want from me?” Grinning, Jasper replied, “Relax, | just want to play a little game.”

His words sent a chill down her spine. More so, Jasper was supposed to be locked up, so why was he here? The thought was downright terrifying.

Jasper’s eyes lingered on Ariana’s stomach, his grin widening. “The baby’s still young, isn’t it?”

Caught off guard by his words, Ariana went stiff. She shot him a fierce glare, asking through gritted teeth, “How do you know?” Instead of answering, he gave her a creepy smile. “Why don’t you come with me? That way, | might be a little nicer to your baby.” Ariana knew too well how deceptive Jasper could be. He was not one to keep promises, and she knew that even if she agreed to protect her baby, he wouldn’t spare them. Besides, she found the idea of being with him repulsive.

“Fuck off!” she shot back, fear mounting as she waited for his reaction.

Jasper seemed unbothered by her defiance. He leaned in, reaching out to touch her cheek. “I never thought you'd fall for that crazy guy. How interesting.”

“What are you doing? | said get away from me!” Ariana writhed in fear and despair.

Jasper seemed unfazed. He let go of her and stood up straight, his voice barely above a whisper. “There’s no need to rush. | want to see just how much Theodore cares about you.”

Night had fallen, and a hospital room was eerily dark

Only the sound of Theodore's incessant tapping could be heard.

Chapter: 830 After a long while, his phone finally rang, breaking the silence. Theodore immediately answered the call, asking solemnly, "Jasper?"

A mocking laugh sounded through the phone, and the other party said, "What? I'm not Jasper. Don't waste my time. Is the money ready?"

"Fine, I've prepared the money. Promise me you wouldn't harm her," Theodore replied seriously, his eyes dim.

"No problem," answered the other party while smiling. He then said in a sinister tone, "But you must place the money in three different locations. When we have the money, we'll let her go. By the way, don't even think about calling the police. And tell your men to stop searching. We are monitoring your every move. If you want Ariana to return unharmed, you'd better do as you're told."

With that, the call disconnected.

Theodore's hand trembled with anger as he put down the phone. His eyes burned with a desire for vengeance. In order to calm himself, he took deep breaths and managed to keep his emotions under control.

His face remained emotionless as he took out a pill and swallowed it.

However, his hand was shaking and almost deformed the pill bottle.

Soon, Theodore received the first location.

He looked at the address resentfully and instructed Horace to recall everyone in the search team. He then got his men to deposit the money at the designated location as ordered by the other party.

Theodore couldn't afford to lose Ariana, so he did as he was told. He instructed his men to leave the first two Locations immediately after they deposited the money.

However, the message with the third Location never came.

Theodore couldn't help feeling anxious. He was worried that something might have happened to Ariana, but he was helpless. He couldn't even sleep well these days.

Just then, Horace brought a cup of coffee for Theodore. When he saw Theodore's bloodshot eyes, he couldn't help persuading, "Boss, you must take care of your health. You haven't rested for several days."

However, Theodore was not in the mood to care about his own well-being.

"I'm fine," he replied calmly.

As he stood up to take the coffee, his vision suddenly blackened. Staggering, he accidentally spilled the coffee onto his phone, soaking the charm attached to his phone. Horace rushed to support him, but Theodore was more concerned about his phone than his own health.

He anxiously tapped his phone, but it was completely soaked and unresponsive. Panicking, he immediately transferred his SIM card to another phone.

As soon as Theodore switched on the phone, the kidnapper called again.

"Deposit the money at the pier tomorrow. But only you may come. Once you are finished, I will release Ariana."