

Unconscious 831

Chapter: 831 Click. The kidnapper hung up before Theodore could respond.

In a dark room, Darian sneered as he scrolled through the call log on the phone. When he heard footsteps, he turned around and saw Jasper walking in. "Why are you here? Aren't you supposed to keep an eye on Ariana?" he asked coldly.

"Don't worry. She can't escape," Jasper sneered as he stared at Darian.

Darian snorted and handed him a plane ticket. "After you release Ariana tomorrow, go to the pier and take a boat to Milpon Island Airport on the third. I'll be waiting for you."

Jasper took the plane ticket and studied it. "On the third? Father, are you leaving first?" he asked with a smile.

A hint of panic flashed in Darian's eyes at the news, but he masked it swiftly. "Theodore is a heartless man. Since we have his wife, he won't show us mercy. We should split up to be safe. I'll head to Milpon Island with the cash and wait for you there."

Jasper looked at Darian, and then began to laugh. "Dad," he said, his voice steady, "Are you trying to abandon me?"

Darian's face shifted, feigning anger. "What nonsense are you spouting? You're my son. Why on earth would I abandon you? If I had such intentions, why would I fight to get you out?"

Jasper had no comeback to that. "Go if you must," he finally said, "But Ariana comes with me." Darian's eyes bulged. "Are you out of your mind?" he said. "Ariana is a ticking time bomb. She'll bring nothing but trouble."

Recognizing the determination in Jasper's eyes, Darian voiced his irritation. "There's no way we're dragging her along. If you can't bear to hand her back to Theodore, then kill her."

With those words hanging in the air, he drove Jasper out. Outside, the smile faded from Jasper's face. He gave Darian's back a hard look before turning his back and heading downstairs.

At the staircase, he paused, Looking off into the distance. He made his way to the end of the hallway, where he yanked a figure out from a corner.

It was Brielle. Taken aback, Brielle gazed at Jasper, her eyes wide with fear, her voice locked in her throat. Jasper Looked at her, a grin playing on his lips. He asked in a soft tone, "When did you get here? How much have you heard?"

"I didn't overhear anything. I just came to fetch something," Brielle managed, her voice quivering.

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Something about Jasper was different. He seemed Like a new person after his release from prison, and it scared her.

Brielle shrank back, avoiding his gaze.

This villa used to be their secret meeting place before they became a couple. She had come here to prepare for the movie premiere the next day.

Unable to find the right outfit and jewelry, she thought of the pieces Jasper had gifted her in the past and decided to search for them. What she hadn't anticipated was overhearing the tense conversation between Darian and Jasper.

Jasper's gaze bore into Brielle. He clearly wasn't buying her claims. After scanning her from head to toe, a slow smile spread across his face. "Well, since you're here, you might as well stay."

In the confines of the basement, Ariana lay supine, her eyes open and devoid of strength.

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The place was void of any windows or Lights, concealing the world of daylight and moonlight beyond. The only companion she had was darkness.

Ariana, much like a discarded doll, found her gaze fixed on the ceiling. Her awareness of time and the outside world had been obliterated by days of relentless torment.

Footsteps echoed outside the door, causing an involuntary shudder to ripple through Ariana. The metallic groan of the iron door sounded again as Jasper walked in.

Ariana's gaze moved, landing on the all-too-familiar needle in his hand. An instinctual dread washed over her, compelling her to curl up, her face mirroring her fear.

Unruffled, Jasper moved toward Ariana, brushing a fingertip along her trembling ankle. His lips pulled into a satisfied grin as he declared, "Looks Like GK210 has done its job splendidly."

At the sight of the syringe he held, Ariana wanted to recoil but was bound in place.

Jasper had been pumping her veins with a serum named GK21@ for the past several days. This substance toyed with her mind, distorting her emotions and desires until they were unbearable. It was Like blowing air into a balloon, knowing it would eventually pop. She shuddered to think about the aftermath, her mind breaking, spiraling into an abyss of despair.

Jasper soaked in Ariana's fear, his Lips curling up into a smirk. He moved to sit beside her, revealing, 'I initially planned for Theodore to watch your transformation into an insatiable beast. But I've decided to change the game.'

On that ominous note, he pushed the needle into her arm. A violent shudder rocked Ariana, her eyes overflowing with unchecked tears. Fear and rage twisted within her, like a wildfire threatening to consume her. She tried to scream, but her voice had deserted her. The surge of emotions felt Like an all-devouring monster.

Suddenly, a sharp pain in her stomach snapped her back to reality. A stark reminder that she was carrying babies and Theodore was out there looking for them. She couldn't afford to crack now.

Remembering Theodore and their unborn babies, Ariana fought back the tears, biting her lip to keep them at bay.

Jasper retracted the needle, gently wiping her tears. His tender smile seemed out of place. "Why so emotional? I didn't inject you with any serum today. It's just a nutritional fluid."

He reached out, fingers lightly brushing her cheek. "Once Theodore's out of the way, we can seek out a peaceful place. This time, I promise to treat you better. Believe in me, Ariana. We can start anew."

A fog seemed to cloud Ariana's mind, leaving her speechless. She closed her eyes, determined not to look at him. But the tears continued to betray her distress. The physical discomfort refused to abate, leaving her in a state of anguish. Theodore's name echoed in her thoughts, a beacon of hope in her despair.

The following day, as arranged, Theodore arrived at the designated pier and located the specific spot. There was a bag and a buzzing cellphone waiting for him.

Picking up the phone, he was greeted by a muffled male voice. "Leave the money. Ariana is on the ship at pier three. No funny business."

A photo of Ariana, bound and helpless on a deck, was sent to Theodore once the call ended.

Without wasting a moment, he left the money behind and headed towards the place, Ariana's image burning in his mind. Jasper, who was on a ship, pulled out a compact device from his bag. He smirked as he noticed the green dot moving toward their location on the screen.

Tied to a post, Darian could only make muffled sounds, his mouth covered with tape.

Jasper glanced at the time, a cruel sneer spreading across his face. "In ten minutes, this ship will be history. Don't worry, you are not alone. Soon, Theodore will join you."

Seeing Darian still attempting to make sounds, Jasper yanked off the tape, chuckling, "Any farewell speech, my dear father?"

"How dare you! You're a heartless traitor, Jasper! I raised you, nurtured you, and this is how you pay me back? You're nothing but an ingrate!" Darian shouted angrily.

Jasper merely smirked, his gaze glacial as he retorted, "And who was it that turned this ship into a floating bomb, Dad? Wasn't it you?"

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Darian's face paled at the revelation. Jasper's words poured forth, "Did you think I was oblivious to your scheme? You planned for me to sail this ship to Milpon Island, a ship you laced with explosives. Now, you're simply reaping what you sowed. Aren't you pleased?"

Caught off guard, Darian could barely stutter a response.

Jasper had long been aware of the true nature of their relationship, with neither of them harboring genuine affection for the other. He hadn't anticipated, however, that Darian's ruthlessness would reach a point of lethal proportions.

If that was the path Darian had chosen, Jasper was more than willing to return the favor.

Seeing the deadly intent in Jasper's eyes, Darian began to plead, "Jasper, despite everything, I was the one who raised you. I admit my mistake. Please, have mercy."

Ignoring his desperate pleas, Jasper reapplied the tape across Darian's mouth, and then turned on his heel, leaving Darian alone in the cabin.

On the deck, Brielle was bound to the railing, dressed exactly like Ariana. She saw Jasper and called him out, "Jasper, I swear I've been faithful to you! Please, let me go!"

"Did you really think I cared about your loyalty?" Jasper responded coldly. "But you Loved me once, didn't you?" Brielle cried out, trembling. "You wouldn't let me die, right?"

A hollow chuckle escaped Jasper as he crouched down, locking eyes with Brielle. "Love? Sure, there was a time I cared for you. But my love for Ariana is greater than whatever I felt for you."

He forced her to look at him, his voice icy. "If not for your seduction, Ariana and I could still be together. But I was a fool to let you come between us."

His words were cutting, his eyes smoldering with resentment.

Learning about Ariana's pregnancy with Theodore's child ignited a fire of jealousy within him. It was then that he realized how much those three years with Ariana meant to him.

He hadn't planned to do anything to Brielle. But she happened to be there. Her presence was an unforeseen twist of fate.

"How dare you, Jasper!" Brielle's voice was a bitter hiss. "You used to criticize Ariana, calling her distant and untouchable. Now, you're pretending to be the victim? You're no saint!"

Ignoring her outburst, Jasper tranquillized Brielle, blindfolded her, and left her in an unmissable location for Theodore. He then retreated to a nearby warehouse and returned carrying Ariana.

He gestured towards the ship, his words a chilling murmur, "Look, Ariana. That ship will soon explode, taking Theodore down to the sea's depths. Witness his end, so that your heart can finally let go of him and make room for me."

Struck by his words, Ariana wrenched herself from Jasper's grip and ran towards the ship. But she had only taken a few steps when an earth-shattering explosion erupted from the ship. Flames and debris filled the air, and the ship instantly succumbed to chaos and destruction.

The pier was cast in an ominous red glow, the flames dancing wildly and illuminating the scene.

Ariana stood rigid, her body frozen for a moment before she collapsed onto the hard ground. The sensation of suffocation seized her, her mind consumed by the growing sense of despair. Despite her mouth cruelly taped shut by Jasper, a blood-curdling scream managed to escape her Lips.

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Jasper watched her with a chilling detachment before he moved towards her. Helping her to her feet, he peeled off the tape from her mouth, his hand tracing her tear-stained face. "Forget him," he murmured. "I can let you keep the baby. I will take good care of both of you."

Ariana's head shot up, her eyes blazing with an almost bloodshot rage.

She sunk her teeth into Jasper's hand with fierce determination, the taste of blood staining her lips. Despite his frantic efforts to shake her off, she clung on relentlessly, her eyes, alight with pure loathing, boring into him.

Jasper howled in pain, finally managing to wrest his hand free.

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Infuriated, he landed a harsh slap on her, sending her sprawling to the ground. He spat, "Are you mad? You fell for a Lunatic! He didn't even blink an eye when his mother took her Life right before his eyes!"

Ariana's response was muted, her heart heavy with a cocktail of grief and rage. She glared at Jasper, her eyes a storm of confusion and resentment, as if ready to lash out at him at any moment.

Jasper's smirk widened at her hesitation, his words growing increasingly callous. "You're clueless, aren't you? Aimee and Theodore are both crazy. What kind of love could you possibly hope for from a madman? He could hang himself right in front of you, or worse, harm you and your unborn child. Ariana, he doesn't love you. He doesn't even understand what Love means. He has a heart of stone."

Ariana's gaze never faltered from Jasper's, her icy stare remaining unyielding as he spiraled further into his frenzied monologue. She maintained her silence, her hands tied behind her struggling against the bindings. Despite the ropes cutting into her flesh, leaving her hands raw and bloody, she continued her struggle, her eyes filled with hatred and fixed on Jasper.

Tired of her resilient silence and his own unsuccessful attempts to manipulate her, Jasper decided to stop his tirade.

He hauled her to her feet and hustled her onto the boat. The explosion had triggered a wave of chaos, and he knew it wouldn't be long before people descended onto the scene. Eager to avoid a confrontation, he roughly pushed Ariana onto the deck and tried to power up the control terminal. Despite his repeated attempts, it stubbornly remained unresponsive.

Feeling a wave of panic wash over him, Jasper swore, hammering his fists against the stubborn control panel. "Why the hell isn't this working?"

Ready to seek an alternative solution, he whirled around, only to find himself staring into the business end of a gun.

Jasper blanched, his eyes wide in disbelief as he found Theodore standing in front of him. "How did you get here? Weren't you on that ship?"

Realization hit him hard. Their current location was quite a distance from the explosion site. How had Theodore managed to find them?

Theodore's eyes were stormy as he coldly held up his phone, a small bunny pendant swaying gently. "All thanks to your request that Helen put a tracking device on my phone. Without it, you would've slipped away."

Stunned, Jasper immediately took out the monitor in his pocket. The green dot on the screen showed pier three.

Jasper then realized that Theodore had already discovered the tracker on his phone. The ship had exploded, but his plan had failed.

Jasper was so furious that he violently slammed the monitor against the ground. Glancing coldly at Theodore, he asked with a livid face, "I never thought you'd find the tracker! I'm curious, how did you manage to find it?"

"Well, you knew all my arrangements beforehand, including my whereabouts when I deposited money at your first two designated locations. There could only be one explanation for that, and that is that you were tracking me. I mean, it was so obvious, and it didn't take a genius to figure it out!"

Theodore had felt something was fishy when he realized they knew everything about him.

Initially, he thought that one of his men had betrayed him, so he decided to act in secret.

Last time, he accidentally spilled his coffee, soaking his phone and the bunny charm in the process. It was because he wanted to limit the damage to his device that he happened to find the tracker in the charm.

Jasper stared blankly at Theodore for a while. At this time, he knew that Theodore was definitely aware of his alliance with Helen. Theodore would definitely not let him go this time.

Looking at the gun in Theodore's hand, Jasper knew he couldn't escape.

Then suddenly, he pulled Ariana in front of him and pulled out a dagger which he pressed to her neck. He gritted his teeth and said to Theodore, "If I die, she is dying with me."

Theodore glared coldly at him and said indifferently, "I don't want you to die. Let her go and you can leave with the money."

"Theodore, do you think I will believe you? Will you show me mercy because of a woman?" Obviously, Jasper didn't believe Theodore's words at all. He pressed the dagger harder against Ariana's neck and said fiercely, "Put down the gun!"

Theodore shifted his gaze from Jasper to Ariana. Then, he raised his hands and slowly put down the gun. However, when his hand was a few inches from the ground, he suddenly straightened up and shot at Jasper without hesitation.

Ariana finally broke free from her ropes and punched Jasper's crotch with all her might.

Theodore had shot Jasper in the knee, and before Jasper could even scream in pain, Ariana's fist came crashing into his private parts. The pain was such that he staggered and almost collapsed on the ground.

Ariana seized the opportunity and violently pushed Jasper away to escape. As Jasper staggered back, his hand holding the dagger moved uncontrollably and as a result, the sharp dagger left a red scratch wound on Ariana's neck.

As soon as Ariana was out of danger, Theodore pounced on Jasper and took away his dagger. The two then fought fiercely.

The anger in Theodore was such that he was like a beast which no one could control. All the emotions he had suppressed for so long burst out at this moment, and every punch he threw was so stiff it could kill Jasper.

Jasper initially managed to struggle a few times, but after being hit by several stiff punches, he was powerless and couldn't even make a sound.

Theodore was completely out of his mind and kept punching Jasper over and over again. In the midst of his anger, he suddenly heard a few faint cries.

Theodore managed to control himself and paused. Just then, he heard the voice clearly. It was Ariana's. He turned around and found that Ariana looked very weak.

Ariana lay on the ground, shaking. Her collar was stained red with the blood on her neck. Her whole body was flushed and her face was pale.

Sweat trickled down her forehead and she Looked Like she was in pain.

Theodore panicked. He violently pushed Jasper away and rushed to carry Ariana. Looking at the pitiful woman in his arms, Theodore was very nervous, not knowing what to do. For a moment, he just stood there without saying anything.

In the midst of Ariana's agony, her veins became a battleground for the drugs, causing her pain to feel like her neck could snap. She drifted in and out of consciousness, whimpering softly, calling out for Theodore, "Theodore, it hurts!"

Hearing her feeble cries, Theodore's heart froze in panic, but Horace's urgent shout jolted him back to the present. Without hesitation, he cradled Ariana's Limp body in his arms and urgently called for help to take them to the hospital.

Meanwhile, Horace and his crew hauled Jasper's battered, unconscious body away.

Inside the speeding car, Theodore clung to Ariana, his hands smeared with her blood, his usual steadiness shaken. Trembling, he held her hand tightly, providing a comforting warmth in the midst of the chaos.

Amidst the fog that clouded her mind, Theodore's grip on Ariana brought her some comfort, like a Lifeline in the storm. She fought to open her eyes, trying to piece together her scattered memories.

As Theodore's face appeared before her, memories of the heart-wrenching decision to abort their unborn babies resurfaced. Ariana's sobs were like torrents of rain, and she clung to Theodore's hand desperately, begging him, "Please don't take our babies away!"

The pain in her eyes was a dagger to Theodore's heart. He trembled, planting countless gentle kisses on her forehead, promising, "Okay! Okay! We won't terminate the pregnancy. We'll figure out how to keep our kids safe."

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He repeatedly assured her that he would not force her to have an abortion on the way to the hospital. Reluctantly, Theodore let go as Ariana was rushed into the operating room, vanishing behind swinging doors. He felt adrift and powerless, a boat tossed in a storm, collapsing against the floor in sheer exhaustion.

After what felt like an eternity, the doctor emerged, holding Ariana's medical report. A glance at the doctor's somber expression hinted at troubling news.

In a hushed voice, the doctor disclosed, "We discovered a dangerous drug, GK21@, running through her veins; a potent psychedelic that intensifies sensations and causes great harm."

His words hesitated before he continued, "Thankfully, she wasn't exposed for too long. With aggressive treatment, we might be able to purge it from her system. However..." The unspoken words hung in the air, thick with unease.

Theodore clung to the medical report, tensed. Through clenched teeth, he prompted the doctor, "However what?"

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The doctor sighed heavily, like the weight of the world on his shoulders. "The treatment itself puts immense strain on the body, he confessed. "And since she's carrying twins, she's going to be fighting the drug internally while trying to feed the fetuses with

limited energy and nutrients. It's... Though the doctor didn't spell it out, Theodore understood the unspoken truth that it was a burden for Ariana. "Pregnancy already demands a great toll on her," the doctor continued.

"If her body can't keep up, it could lead to complete organ failure or a coma. Things could get as bad." "What's the best course of action?" Theodore broke the stillness with a calm, steady voice.

"Termination," the doctor replied firmly, like a hammer striking an anvil. "Without the fetuses drawing from her limited reserves, her odds of survival improve exponentially."

The memories of Ariana's tearful pleas haunted Theodore's mind, like ghosts of sorrow and regret. He closed his eyes briefly, battling the storm within. "Could we wait until after she gives birth and then start treatment?" Theodore asked, clutching at straws in the tempest.

But the doctor shook his head, Like a solemn pendulum. "I'm afraid that delay would mean catastrophe; a point of no return. GK210 can't be fully purged from her body after 40 days of exposure. The damage would be impossible to mend."

Fury and helplessness welled up inside Theodore, like a volcano ready to erupt. He despised himself for not finding Ariana sooner, for not preventing this storm.

After a heavy silence, Theodore's voice was a dull murmur of resignation. "When can we schedule the termination procedure?"

Ariana found herself swimming back to awareness, uncertain of how much time had passed. As the haze of unconsciousness lifted, she was enveloped in a soft peace she hadn't felt in ages. The emotional turmoil that had been her constant companion was gone.

Bits and pieces of a memory bubbled up — Theodore rushing to her side just before the world went black. She turned to look for him, but he was asleep, slumped next to her bed, weariness etched into his expression. He was out cold, like an adorable, defenseless large dog sleeping beside her.

Ariana felt a tug at her heart. She tried to touch his hair, but even her tiny movement stirred him awake. She opened her mouth to speak, but the words wouldn't form.

Theodore, however, reacted swiftly, wrapping her in a tight hug. His body trembled slightly, and Ariana hugged him back, picking up on his shaken relief and guilt.

"I'm sorry," he managed to get out, his words muffled against her shoulder.

Ariana was about to ask him what he was sorry for when she felt the telltale dampness of tears on her skin. He was crying. Gently, she pushed him away, finding his eyes red and teary as he silently Looked at her.

In that moment, he reminded her of a stray puppy she used to feed, the same sorry look in its eyes after misbehaving. Ariana didn't know what to say.

"I'm sorry," Theodore said again, his face full of regret.

Assuming he was apologizing for her kidnap ordeal, Ariana quickly reassured him, "That was Darian and Jasper who took me. It wasn't your fault."

"I shouldn't have pushed you," he replied, his voice thick with emotion.

His hand went to her stomach, and Ariana could see the pain in his eyes. She was taken aback at first, but then she remembered the soft pleas and promises she heard from him while she was almost unconscious.

She gripped his hand in shock. "Wait, you are willing to keep our babies?" Meeting her gaze, Theodore confirmed, "Yes, the babies can stay, as long as they don't put you at risk."

Ariana was so happy that she impulsively kissed him, her eyes welling up with joyful tears. "Our babies wouldn't hurt me. You'll be an amazing father!"

He didn't respond but smiled gently at her as he softly stroked her hair.

Chapter: 837 Ariana, excited and overwhelmed, caressed her belly, but her thoughts quickly turned serious. "And what about Jasper?"

"He's been handed over to the authorities," Theodore informed her calmly. "He killed Darian and Brielle. He won't see the outside of a prison for a long, Long time."

"Brielle too?" Ariana was shocked. "She's dead?"

He nodded and began to explain the chain of events — Jasper’s grand plan, and the tragic consequences that followed, which included multiple deaths. Ariana listened, feeling a profound sadness for the lives lost.

Just then, the doctor walked in, clipboard in hand.

“Your pre-op screening is due shortly,” he said before realizing Ariana was awake. “Oh, you’re awake.” Ariana’s head shot up in alarm and she turned to Theodore in confusion.

“What’s that for?”

Theodore cast a glance at her, his demeanor cool as he elucidated, “Jasper has infiltrated your system with a substance known as GK210. Its removal necessitates surgical intervention.”

At the mere mention of GK210, Ariana felt a faint echo of recollection. That name had emerged from Jasper’s lips on more than one occasion.

With this realization, Ariana found herself haunted by images of Jasper subjecting her to daily injections. Her frame shuddered involuntarily, a storm of anger and fear brewing within her. The ghost of Jasper’s words made maintaining her emotional equilibrium an uphill task.

Sensing her turmoil, Theodore instinctively drew her into a comforting embrace, murmuring, “It’s going to be okay. Fear not, I’m here.”

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As Theodore clumsily stroked her back, Ariana’s turbulent emotions began to ebb away. She ventured to ask, “Can these foreign elements be completely purged from my system?”

“Indeed, it’s feasible. Should the treatment be administered promptly, a complete purge is possible with no risk of dependency,” Theodore assured her in hushed tones.

At his words, Ariana felt a wave of relief, which quickly turned into concern for the unborn babies inside of her. Apprehensive, she sought doctor's gaze and asked, "Could the procedure adversely affect the babies?"

Before the doctor could respond, Theodore interjected with a cautionary glance in his direction. Softly, he reassured Ariana, "No. You've guarded our children impeccably."

A sense of relief enveloped Ariana, buoyed by her faith in Theodore's vow to safeguard their offspring. Tenderly, she cradled her belly, whispering with affectionate gentleness, "Can you hear me, my little ones? This is your father speaking. Daddy Loves you, too."

In that moment, Ariana broke into a tender smile, guiding Theodore's hand to her swelling belly. She invited him with a radiant grin. "Why don't you greet them as well?" Theodore found himself momentarily lost for words. It was his first intimate contact with Ariana's pregnant form.

Was it a figment of his imagination, or did he truly feel a subtle throb under his touch? It felt like a joyful acknowledgement of the life blossoming within.

The tender fluttering resonated through his palm, making its way to his heart. In that moment, Theodore truly grasped the reality of his impending fatherhood.

Experiencing this palpable connection to his own flesh and blood was a profound revelation.

His happiness, however, was short-lived because of a frightening thought. After a momentary hesitation, he gently retracted his hand.

Forcing a smile at Ariana, he admitted, "I can feel them."

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His grip involuntarily tightened on his own lap, his previous contact leaving an inexplicable imprint on his heart, one that lingered even after he had withdrawn his touch.

Ariana, blissfully unaware of Theodore's internal conflict, continued her joyful musings about their future after the babies' arrival. But soon, exhaustion caught up to her, and she succumbed to sleep.

Theodore, gazing at the slumbering Ariana, found himself reminded of the doctor's grim words. He was acutely aware of the ordeal her body was currently enduring.

His hand moved on its own accord to brush through Ariana's hair. The sheer exhaustion evident on her face filled him with guilt and regret.

The reluctance he had felt before to let their babies go melted away completely.

Ariana was his paramount priority. Should he be forced to choose between her and their children, there was no doubt in his mind that Ariana would prevail.

After gently tucking Ariana under the blanket, Theodore exited the room with the doctor. Their whispers filled the corridor as they discussed the preparatory steps for the surgery.

Once everything was meticulously planned, Theodore instructed, "Inform all the physicians and staff involved in her surgery to withhold any related information from her prior to the procedure."

Inside the hospital room, Ariana was roused from sleep by soft whispers. Blinking awake, she saw Sarah and Sonia seated by her bed.

Sonia exhaled in relief as she noticed her waking up. "You're up, thank goodness. You've been in and out of the hospital more times lately than in the past twenty years."

Ariana offered a weak smile, but before she could respond, Sarah cut her off, a bit disgruntled. "You know what? It took a while for Theodore to finally agree to let us visit you."

"What? What do you mean 'finally'?" Ariana asked, puzzled.

Sarah rolled her eyes, a mix of amusement and annoyance on her face “While you were out, Theodore had guards all over your room. No one could get close. We tried to visit you multiple times, to no avail. I even attempted a window entrance, but his guards found me and showed me the door.”

Sonia jumped in, “And when you were kidnapped, he went crazy. The man practically turned Eleymond upside down Looking for you.

Ariana was at a loss for words, but a warm feeling spread through her chest.

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“It’s still hard to believe that Jasper could do such a thing. It’s terrifying,” Sarah admitted, starting to peel an apple for Ariana.

Sonia seethed, “We all didn’t expect him to pull off a kidnapping. With the Anderson building locked down, I wonder where he got the connections to commit such a horrible act.”

“The Anderson building is locked down?” Ariana’s brows shot up. It seemed she had missed quite a bit. “Yeah,” Sarah confirmed, but then looked thoughtful. “But, you know, Theodore seems unaffected by the bankruptcy. He still frequents the Mercy Hospital Like he owns the place.”

Ariana furrowed her brows, deep in thought. She used to believe that Theodore’s free access to the Mercy Hospital was due to his ties with the Andersons. But now, it seemed he had other connections with the hospital. And Adrian was the one who helped him unseat Darian from the director’s position. He was also the CEO of BRD Group. Could it be that Theodore also had ties to the BRD Group?

Sonia broke into her thoughts with a smirk. “Maybe he’s got some secret CEO life like in those novels.”

Her words were meant in jest, but Ariana felt a jolt of realization.

Was it true? Theodore’s power reached far beyond Anderson Group, enough to secure a place in Eleymond’s high society. After some more teasing, they switched topics.

"It's shocking that Brielle is gone too," Sarah said. "Jasper was crazy, and it seemed to me that he had never really loved anyone."

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Sonia chimed in, "News about Brielle's death is trending. Everywhere on social media, there were tributes to Brielle. Even her critics joined in, painting her death as a tragedy of the dark side of showbiz."

Ariana, curious about the Latest news, whipped out her phone to check the trending topics. To her surprise, the top three trends were all about Brielle's death.

The comment section was a chaotic mix of anger, pointing fingers at behind-the-scenes capitalists, and accusing marketing accounts of deceit. Capitalism was taking a beating, as many believed it directly caused harm to Brielle's life.

Among the numerous conspiracy theories, some claimed that Brielle had crossed paths with the capitalists. These theories were quite persuasive.

Amidst the sea of comments, Ariana noticed a glaring absence of any mention of Jasper. This puzzled her, and she asked, "Why is no one talking about Jasper? Isn't he responsible for Brielle's demise? How did he manage to vanish so completely?"

Sarah shrugged, saying, "You know how it is online. Besides, it seems someone is pulling the strings behind the scenes, steering public opinion in a certain direction."

This made Ariana think of Edgar, who had recently released a movie featuring Brielle. She wondered aloud, "Could Edgar be behind the manipulation of public opinion?"

Without concrete evidence, Sarah couldn't be sure, but she replied, "Brielle's movie Deep Burial was a massive box-office hit, making it into the top ten highest-grossing films of all time in just a few days."

Ariana wasn't surprised by this news. She had anticipated it even before the movie's release. However, she worried that it would overshadow her upcoming film, "The Missing Body". Despite its excellent content, it would cause the audience to feel like it was more of the same as Deep Burial.

Although Ariana was no longer closely associated with the Anderson Group, she remained committed to supporting Sarah and Tyler in any way she could.

Sonia expressed her disdain for Edgar's character and reputation, "He's just a plagiarist and a parasite, resorting to low-level and boring tactics that disgusted people! He will face consequences someday!

Sarah tried to comfort Ariana, "Hey, try not to worry too much and focus on your health first. Okay?" Sonia nodded, giving Ariana the green light. "It's high time you concentrate on yourself, we'll take care of the rest."

Sarah, noticing Theodore's absence, asked Ariana curiously, "What's Theodore's plan with your baby? He must be thinking of something."

Ariana's face lit up with a sweet smile as she caressed her belly. "He agreed to keep the bun in the oven!" Her words were as sweet as honey, leaving Sarah and Sonia dumbfounded.

"You're beaming Like the sun!" Seeing that Ariana was feeling parched, Sonia went to fetch water for her, but her keen eye caught a strand of hair on the pillow.

"Hey, when did you start shedding so much hair?" Sonia asked curiously.

Ariana glanced at it and touched her locks. "Isn't it normal to lose hair? No biggie."

Just then, Theodore walked into the ward. Sarah and Sonia exchanged glances, tacitly excused themselves, grabbed their bags, and made a hasty retreat.

Dinner time had arrived, and Theodore brought a meal for Ariana, spoon-feeding her directly.

Ariana was taken aback and said, "My hand isn't hurt! | can eat on my own."

She tried to take the spoon, but Theodore deftly evaded her attempts "Rest is crucial now, trust me. Let me take care of you," he coaxed.

Ariana was charmed by his words, so she obediently eased, allowing Theodore to feed her.

While eating, Ariana felt a warm trickle from her nose. She reached up in confusion, and her hand was smeared with blood!

Chapter: 840 Ariana was shocked as she saw her hands smeared in her own blood. A nosebleed?

She stared at them in disbelief, fear creeping up her spine. Turning to Theodore, her voice wavered, "Theodore, what's going on with me? I'm not dying, am I?"

"No, no, you're not," Theodore swiftly assured her, cradling her in his arms as he stemmed the bleeding.

Once it had stopped, he gently cleaned her hands. "Don't worry, this is a reaction to the residual medication in your system. It'll pass after the surgery."

The fear didn't quite leave Ariana, and she clutched onto Theodore, her voice fragile, "The surgery won't harm the baby, will it?" "Absolutely not," he reassured her softly.

Only when Ariana was convinced, a sigh of relief escaping her Lips, did she seem to relax. Unbeknownst to her, Theodore's expression was heavy with concern.

Later that evening, Ariana's mood had improved. She decided to watch the movie "Deep Burial", a movie that Sonia and Sarah had talked about earlier.

Although Theodore was uninterested, he stuck by her side, opting to read a book instead.

As they settled into the evening, Ariana grew increasingly frustrated with the movie. Nestled against Theodore, she critiqued aloud, "What a wasted opportunity. A perfectly good suspense thriller reduced to a corny romance. Even the suspenseful elements are copied from 'The Missing Body' — almost word for word, even the name of the corpse!"

Her fury was mounting, and despite Theodore's attempts to soothe her she continued her tirade.

In a gentle move to halt her anger, Theodore pulled her into a kiss, coaxing, "Alright, no more anger."

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The kiss served to pacify Ariana, and just as they pulled away, the credits rolled on the movie. Yawning, she pulled Theodore closer. "Will you tuck me in tonight?"

Theodore, looking at Ariana in his arms, chuckled, "Would you prefer a bedtime story instead?" "Alright," Ariana blushed slightly at his offer and responded in a low voice, "I suppose our babies could listen too." "Sounds perfect," Theodore replied, a tender smile on his face.

With a tender kiss on her forehead, Theodore began to weave a story for Ariana. It didn't take long for her to drift into a peaceful sleep, comforted by his presence.

Once she was asleep, Theodore slipped out of the ward quietly.

Waiting outside, Horace approached him with good news. "The problem has been resolved. The operation was a great success. Theodore acknowledged this with a nod. "Let's go and check."

While waiting for the elevator, Theodore casually asked, "Is 'Deep

Burial' well-received?"

Horace, adjusting his glasses with an air of impartiality, replied, "The audience seems to enjoy it. It's been performing well in the market."

"It's nothing but plagiarism," Theodore scoffed dismissively. "Dig up some information on this Edgar."

"Certainly, sir," Horace acquiesced, before questioning the sudden interest. "May I ask why we are investigating him?"