

Unconscious 861

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“Does he have all this to do?” Ariana mumbled to herself in bewilderment. On second thought, she remembered that the Anderson family was falling apart and Theodore was probably hatching a plan to fix things.

Ariana felt a twinge of compassion for him and considered clearing his desk for him. She noticed two mobile phones on the desk as she approached it.

Both were black in color, but one had the bunny phone charm she had given him.

Knowing that most people had two phones, one for work and one for personal use, Ariana didn't think much about it. She had finished quickly cleaning the desk and was getting ready to go when one phone rang.

Ariana Looked at it without thinking when she heard the sound and saw that it was from Adrian.

Ariana, with a heart of respect for Theodore's privacy, decided not to answer the phone, leaving it for him to answer when he returned. The incessant ringing ceased after a while, leading her to believe that whatever it was could not be that urgent.

Just as she was about to leave, the phone sprung to life again, this time as a persistent video call from Adrian.

Anxiety seemed to be gripping Adrian, evident from his relentless calling. Ariana hesitated before finally succumbing to answer, switching to a voice call.

Before she could utter a word, Adrian's voice boomed, “At last, you answered!”

Ariana, quick to intervene, coughed twice and said, “My apologies, Mr. Perkins, but Theodore isn't here at the moment. I can certainly pass on any message you have.”

The other end of the Line fell into a peculiar silence. Curiously, Ariana stared at the phone screen and murmured, "Is the connection poor?"

Adrian, appearing to snap out of his thoughts, coughed awkwardly and said, "Oh, it's nothing urgent. I just wanted to discuss a project with him. I'll call him later. Oh, by the way, how are you feeling now? Take good care of yourself. I need to get to something right now. I must go now, but I'll talk to him later."

With those words, Adrian abruptly hung up the phone.

"Huh?" Ariana wanted to say more, but the screen locked automatically, preventing her from accessing the phone without the password.

In the meantime, Theodore returned and found Ariana holding his phone, which he usually used to handle BRD Group's affairs. His heart skipped a beat, but he maintained a facade of calmness and approached her.

Ariana quickly explained, "Adrian called you twice in a row. I thought it might be something urgent, so I answered it. I hope you don't mind."

"That's fine!" Theodore replied with a slight nod, taking the phone from her. Ariana saw this as an opportunity to ask him about Adrian.

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"Why are you so closely involved with Adrian? I remember meeting him at the Anderson Group too," she inquired. Theodore paused for a moment, torn between telling the truth or not.

Considering her upcoming surgery, he decided to wait until after the surgery, as the doctor had advised him to protect her from any form of stress if he wanted everything to go smoothly.

He would then reveal everything to her and introduce her to the Fredrick family and his grandfather, aiming for a relationship free of secrets from then onward.

For now, he answered, "It's just some business dealings with him. We're not as close."

"By the way, do you know Holden Fredrick?" Ariana held Theodore's arm and, undeterred, asked.

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Hearing Holden's name, Theodore felt a surge of nervousness, but he managed to maintain composure. "Yes, I've heard of him," he responded, trying to downplay much familiarity with Holden.

When Ariana heard this, she turned to him and asked, "Is Holden wearing a mask? Did he ever have it rough?" Theodore lifted an eyebrow in mild displeasure at her repeated inquiries about his other identity, Holden. Ariana, though, seemed oblivious to it all. "He is such a mysterious guy?"

As she persisted, Theodore's irritation grew. With his eyes fixed on Ariana, he reached out and grabbed her by the waist, asking, "Are you so interested in Holden?"

Ariana could feel the jealousy brewing inside Theodore, which brought a smile to her face. She averted her gaze and drawled, "Not really."

"If so, then why the questions?" Theodore shot back, his displeasure evident as he playfully nudged her face back toward him,

Unable to contain her Laughter, Ariana stood on her tiptoes and pinched Theodore's cheek, teasingly saying, "Alright, I was just fishing for something."

"What is it?" Theodore asked, his curiosity piqued as he looked at her with raised eyebrows.

Amischievous thought crossed Ariana's mind, and she pretended to be enigmatic, refusing to reveal her secret. With a grin, she looked at Theodore and said, "That's for me to know and for you to find out!"

“Is it?” Theodore raised an eyebrow and leaned down, stealing a swift kiss from her Lips. “Will you tell me now?” Ariana raised an eyebrow and shook her head, keeping the mystery alive.

Theodore leaned down again and swiftly kissed her, repeating the process until Ariana was breathless and laughing, begging him to stop.

“Okay, okay! | just feel that Holden wears a mask of hypocrisy,” Ariana finally confessed.

Theodore froze. Hearing this evaluation from Ariana surprised and puzzled him. He couldn’t help but wonder what had transpired to make her perceive Holden as insincere.

“Why would you say that about him?” Theodore asked, feeling a pang of hurt.

Unaware of the change in Theodore’s tone, Ariana continued her analysis, “I stumbled upon some rumors about Holden before. Someone told me that Holden had a tragic past, disfigured in a childhood fire, forced to wear a mask forever, and suffering from social anxiety due to betrayal by a trusted caregiver. It sounded heart-wrenching.”

Ariana’s tone then turned indignant as she continued, “But later, | spoke to a respected senior who knew Holden well, and according to her, he isn’t disfigured at all, and his personality is far from what is known.”

Ariana placed her hands on her hips and snorted before saying, “Don’t you think he’s a two-faced person? Why would he play the victim in front of others? That’s quite a personality!”

She spoke confidently, but Theodore was getting uneasy by the second!

Disfigured in a fire and betrayed?! He had no inkling of any such tales.

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However, he soon realized that Jennifer was spinning yarns. He clenched his fist, boiling with anger, already plotting to settle scores with her later.

Yet facing Ariana, he found himself at a loss for words, unable to divulge the situation. Thinking Theodore's silence was due to their business partnership, Ariana dropped the topic, not pressing further.

She leaned in and planted a kiss on Theodore's cheek, saying with a smile, "Enough about them. I'll go hunt down Judy and see if there are any midnight snacks."

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As Ariana descended the stairs, she noticed her phone buzzing incessantly in her pocket. Taking it out, she saw the group chat ablaze with notifications. There were already a lot of unread messages.

Ariana opened the chat and saw that the Latest message was from Betsy. "By the way, where's Tyler? We've been talking, but he's as silent as a grave."

Sarah quickly followed up with a question mark. "Yeah, isn't he supposed to be on vacation these two days? But he's vanished without a trace. Where could this guy have disappeared to?"

In the western part of the city, the barbecue restaurant hummed with life, drawing a crowd of people eager to savor its delectable flavors.

Though its storefront appeared somewhat shabby, this small establishment had perfected the art of barbecue over its decade-long existence, winning over numerous Loyal patrons and gaining popularity in the neighborhood.

Amidst the bustling scene, Tyler, adorned with a mask and a hat, worked diligently. The restaurant belonged to Tyler's family, and he willingly lent a hand whenever he had the chance.

As he focused on grilling the skewers, a mysterious figure suddenly appeared, dressed in black from his clothes to his mask and hat.

The person, with a deep and hoarse voice, approached Tyler and requested, "I'd Like five hundred skewers of lamb kebabs."

Tyler glanced up, noting the time, and responded politely, "I'm sorry, but it's almost closing time. Grilling five hundred skewers would be quite a task, especially as we still have previous customers' orders to fulfill. Perhaps you could try another place?"

Much to everyone's surprise, the man in black remained unyielding, insisting, "You have to grill them for me right now!"

A furrow formed on Tyler's brow; he wasn't fond of dealing with unreasonable individuals. Yet, he maintained his composure and patiently reiterated, "The customers in front of you got here first, so it's first come, first served."

Unperturbed, the man strode over to the customers who were still waiting for their orders. With an air of forcefulness, he placed several bills on their table, declaring, "I'm taking over this spot today. Take the money and leave."

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Tyler's initial impression was that this individual must be grappling with some deep-seated issues. He appeared to possess an abundance of wealth with no meaningful outlet to channel it. A second thought crept into Tyler's mind, suggesting that this person was intentionally causing trouble. Besides, he couldn't handle the daunting task of grilling five hundred skewers for a single patron on his own, not to mention the fact that the man's demeanor didn't exude any intention of relishing a delightful meal.

An disgruntled customer found his voice and directed his ire at the man. "What do you think you're up to? Who do you believe you are? How can you be so rude just because you're a little wealthy?"

Feeling uneasy with the unfolding situation, Tyler decided to adopt a direct approach and take a stand. He yearned to rid himself of this peculiar individual as swiftly as possible. "I regret that | cannot accommodate such an extensive order. I'm closing the establishment now."

To Tyler's surprise, the man in black erupted into a barrage of harshly accented shouts as soon as he uttered those words. "I came here to savor some barbecue! Why do you presume you can just shut down? You're not permitted to close today!"

Hoping not to escalate the tension further, Tyler apologized to the other diners and began to tidy up, signaling his intention to depart.

Witnessing this, the man hurriedly approached and bargained, "I don't need five hundred skewers anymore. Just one hundred." Tyler paid no attention and continued to gather his belongings.

Persistent in his efforts, the man said, "Fifty."

With a firm expression, Tyler finally responded, "Ten skewers, and then | am closing up."

Reluctantly, the man replied with a disdainful snort, "Fine. If it weren't for the online reviews claiming that your skewers are delicious, | wouldn't have come here."

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The unpleasant tone struck Tyler, triggering a vague sense of familiarity, though the memory remained elusive. Despite this, he refused to dwell on it, deciding not to overthink the matter.

With Lingering annoyance, he deftly finished grilling the Lamb skewers, packaged them, and sent the man away. Afterwards, he began to gather his belongings.

However, as he turned around, a sizable stack of cash greeted him at the account desk.

In an instant, Tyler felt certain that the man in black was behind this act. Acting on impulse, he snatched the money and hurried after the man, only to discover that the enigmatic figure had vanished into thin air.

Staring at the cash in his hands, a strange and uneasy feeling washed over him. Tyler shivered, unsettled by the peculiar behavior of the man. He couldn't help but wonder what the intentions of the man were.

As he tried to make sense of it all, rational explanations eluded him.

Just as he was about to abandon the enigma and walk away, he heard faint rustling sounds emanating from nearby park bushes. The familiar scent of grilled meat filled the air.

Intrigued, he frowned and approached cautiously, revealing a man crouched beneath a streetlamp, hungrily devouring a skewer of grilled meat while glancing around anxiously.

Drawing nearer, Tyler recognized the man as Cole.

In an instant, a wave of anger surged through Tyler's heart.

It was nothing but a clear mockery! He had really had enough of Cole. With a cold face, Tyler strode over to Cole and threw the cash at him.

Cole was stunned and the food he was chewing almost fell out of his mouth. He looked at Tyler in confusion. When he saw Tyler rushing furiously towards him just now, he couldn't help but shout, "Are you crazy?"

His words completely inflamed Tyler's anger. He grabbed Cole by the collar and roared, "Damn it! Why are you stalking me? Do you think it's funny? That a weirdo like you has the nerve to say I'm crazy! You better know there is a limit to my patience!"

"What do you want from me? Are you crazy? Let go of me!" Cole shouted desperately and struggled to break free. Soon, the two men started fighting fiercely.

After a few blows, Cole quickly realized that Tyler's strength far exceeded his. He had no choice but to cry out for mercy. "Stop, stop! I'm sorry, okay?"

Tyler finally let go of Cole and stood up.

Glaring at the man on the ground, Tyler warned angrily, "For your own good, | better not find you stalking me again, or I'll call the cops on you."

After saying that, Tyler walked away without looking back. Holding his face, Cole rose from the ground and looked resentfully at Tyler's receding figure. He had only come here to see how

Tyler's forehead injury was doing. Moreover, he had heard that Tyler had terminated his contract and paid a heavy fine for breach of contract.

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Tyler was therefore short of money lately, and Cole wanted to help him secretly. He hadn't expected things to turn out like this. It seemed that his kindness was met with ingratitude.

Cole sat down on the ground, muttering some incomprehensible words. Then he got up, dusted himself off, and called his manager to send a car to pick him up.

The manager was soon there. He was shocked when he saw Cole in his disheveled state, with marks on his face. Stunned, Cole's manager couldn't help but ask, "Holy moly! What happened to you? You know your face is your money maker! Why did you let anyone touch it?"

Cole pursed his lips and said bitterly, "What could | do? | got beaten up. Some people just can't appreciate the kindness of others."

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The manager looked him up and down for a second and seemed to have a guess. However, he still asked, "Who did that to you?"

Cole glanced at his manager and hesitated for a moment before confessing, "Tyler..."

After saying the name, Cole said loudly, "I wanted to help him because he hasn't been doing well financially lately. Who would have thought he would be so ungrateful?"

The manager rubbed his forehead in frustration and said, "You two had a lot of followers before. But then Tyler has decided to part ways with the Anderson Group and started that little studio with Sarah. It's clear they don't have much of a future. Tyler has no future. It's no good for you to continue to be linked with him. Remember you also have a large number of fan girls. You should cut off all contact with Tyler.

He is of no use to you now. It will be a wise choice to get rid of him."

Cole, who was usually outspoken, fell silent after hearing his manager's words.

He didn't say a word and just ate the cold kebab in silence.

The manager watched Cole for a while and had the feeling that something was wrong with him lately.

After thinking for a while, the manager looked at Cole warily and asked, "Don't tell me you have feelings for Tyler! It was just an act, wasn't it?"

Cole was so shocked that he dropped the kebab to the ground.

The next day rolled in and Ariana made it to Sarah and Tyler's birthday party all by herself. Theodore had given her a lift and instructed her to call him when the party was over so he could pick her up. She just nodded in agreement.

After a while, the party wrapped up earlier than expected. Ariana said her goodbyes to Sarah and the others. Instead of calling Theodore, she decided to head to the mall.

She had spent last night racking her brain, trying to nail a perfect gift for him, but couldn't crack it. So, she found herself searching the mall, hoping to find something cool for him. However, her shopping trip was filled with indecision. Everything she saw failed to satisfy her; instead, it all felt ordinary.

Suddenly, she passed a yarn store, and a light bulb lit up in her mind. She wasted no time, stepped in and before she knew it, she was out, clutching a bag bursting with a riot of colorful yarns.

When she returned home, Ariana found Theodore lounging on the couch, waiting for her.

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As she walked in, he asked, a hint of annoyance in his voice, "I was supposed to pick you up, but they said the party ended early. Why didn't you call me?"

Feeling a smidgen guilty, Ariana responded, "I got caught up shopping with Sarah, and she dropped me home."

Theodore gave her a look and sighed. 'm glad you're safe."

Ariana decided to play innocent and approached him with a sweet face.

"I'm sorry | forgot to call you. Don't be mad, okay?"

Looking into her twinkling eyes, his irritation melted away. He gently patted her head. "Not mad, just a tad worried." Suddenly aware of the day's grime on him, he lightly pinched her cheek and declared, "I'll go take a shower first." As soon as Theodore mentioned a shower, Ariana took the opportunity.

She swiftly hid the yarn she'd just bought under her desk.

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Having no experience at all, she'd planned to start knitting early, but Theodore had been glued to her recently. She had no choice but to wait for the odd times when he was out of the house to start her secret knitting project. But, to her surprise, he stayed in for the next few days, wanting to be with her every moment.

With his birthday looming on the horizon, Ariana's nerves began to fray. Unable to keep her concern to herself any longer, she casually asked him during one of their Lunches, "You've been indoors for the last two days. Is everything okay at work?"

Theodore shrugged nonchalantly. "Yeah, I got all my work stuff done. I just wanted to hang out with you, so I've been home."

Ariana was stumped. Who knew the usually composed Theodore could morph into a teddy bear in their relationship, tailing her around, initiating hugs and kisses whenever he pleased. While she was thoroughly enjoying their cozy moments, she couldn't ignore the ticking clock. His birthday was just three days away, and she hadn't even started knitting his scarf!

Theodore too picked up on her recent preoccupation. Though it irked him a little, he chose to express it through deeper, more intense kisses. often leaving her breathless before letting her go.

Ariana couldn't wait any longer. That night, she turned in early, pretending to sleep. Luckily, Theodore seemed unaware of her plan and soon fell asleep.

Once she was sure he was fast asleep, she let out a sigh of relief and carefully eased out of his arms. Silently, she slipped out of the room, not knowing that the moment she shut the door, Theodore's eyes fluttered open.

Ariana tiptoed into the study, her steps as light as a feather, cautious not to stir Theodore from his slumber. With a flick of her hand, she turned on the desk Lamp, casting a warm glow on her knitting project.

Frustration carved lines on her face as she battled with the yarn, trying to untangle it.

Crafting had always come effortlessly to her on any given day, but now, she found herself getting the stitches all wrong; tangled and crooked!

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to Ariana, Theodore had stealthily followed her, pausing at the study door, his chiseled features darkening at the sound of a stranger's voice.

He had noticed Ariana's recent absent-mindedness and now, hearing the mysterious voice, suspicion loomed like a shadow in his mind.

Despite his trust in Ariana, a wave of anxiety urged him to barge in and confront the perceived betrayal. Just as he was about to push open the slightly ajar door, Ariana's distressed wail halted him in his tracks. "Why is this so difficult?"

Difficult?

Theodore wondered what her words meant, his curiosity piqued.

He gently pushed the door open a tad more, revealing the source of the voice; an instructional knitting tutorial playing on a tablet. There sat Ariana, engrossed in her pursuit, unaware of Theodore's presence, holding the yarn helplessly.

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Understanding what was happening, Theodore's heart softened, as could be seen in his expression. Silently, he watched her for a moment before quietly leaving.

Meanwhile, Ariana continued her battle with the yarn, utterly oblivious to her secret knitting plans having been uncovered. Finally, the day of Theodore's birthday arrived, a day Ariana tried to play off as any ordinary day. She masked the significance with practiced ease.

As the morning sun painted the world in hues of gold, she feigned casualness, mentioning to Theodore, "Sonia wants to go shopping with me today. | won't be back for dinner."

Theodore, cool and collected, assented, "Alright, | also have some matters to attend to in the neighboring city. | probably won't return until late."

However, when he mentioned not being back for dinner, Ariana's heart skipped a beat, and she blurted out, "No, you have to be around for dinner tonight!"

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Realizing her slip-up, she swiftly added, "Otherwise... otherwise the food in the refrigerator will spoil, and we wouldn't want to waste it."

A subtle smile played at Theodore's lips as he chose not to tease Ariana further, merely replying, "Then I'll make sure to be back for dinner."

Relieved that her ploy seemed to work, Ariana breathed a sigh of relief, believing her plan was on track.

Initially, she had hoped Theodore would stay home, which was why she pretended to leave. However, with Theodore now planning to leave, things got way easier for her.

To maintain the ruse, Ariana changed into her going-out clothes but instead headed to a nearby park, waiting for Theodore's car to depart before stealthily returning to the house.

In the car, Theodore sat comfortably in the backseat while Horace, positioned in the front, occasionally stole glances in the rearview mirror. He said, "Boss, Mrs. Anderson has gone back."

"Of course she has," Theodore answered with an unintentional grin on his Lips.

"Aren't you curious about the birthday gift she prepared for you and the surprises she has in store?" "| cherish any gift she bestows upon me," Theodore replied with a nonchalant grin.

In his mind, he vividly recalled Ariana's struggles with the yarn and a warm feeling washed over him. Curiosity piqued, Horace asked, "So, where shall we go next?"

Theodore's response was relaxed. "Just drive aimlessly, and we shall return when the time is right."

In truth, Theodore had concluded most of his tasks, and there was no genuine need for him to embark on a journey to the neighboring city. He was simply playing along with Ariana's charade!

Just as they continued their leisurely drive, Theodore's phone suddenly rang. The call was from Ariana's attending physician. After concluding the conversation, Theodore's expression shifted. He instructed Horace, "Let's head to Mercy Hospital."

Ariana returned home to prepare a birthday cake for Theodore, and her trusty companion Judy was by her side, ready to lend a hand.

As they whipped up the cake together, their chat meandered towards the topic of children.

Ariana, with two babies on the way, was beaming, and Judy was positively touched. She couldn't help but sigh. "Now this mansion truly feels like home. Mr. Anderson finally has a place to belong."

Ariana remained silent, a sweet smile gracing her lips. Judy was lost in a reverie, unable to contain herself as she continued, "You know, I've been in the Anderson family for seven or eight years now, and it's the first time I've seen Mr. Anderson care so much about someone. In the past, he was like a beautiful but lifeless piece of art. But everything changed when you stepped into his life. He's been doing things he'd never have done before. I might not be the most eloquent, but madam, you really mean the world to him."

Listening to Judy's heartfelt words, Ariana's heart swelled with happiness. It reminded her that she still needed to inform Theodore about the twin pregnancy and the fact that one of the babies was born weaker than the other.

After everything they had faced together, Ariana was determined to do whatever it took to care for both children.

She believed that with the progress of medicine, there had to be a way to ensure their well-being.

But she decided to wait until after the birthday party to tell Theodore about it. Knowing he had already agreed to let the children be born, she trusted he would support her decision.

Ariana set up a table filled with delectable dishes and adorned the venue to perfection. Then, she made her way to the dressing room to get dolled up.

Judy stood behind Ariana, deftly fixing her hair. Her eyes caught a faint pink petal-shaped mark just above Ariana's scapula, and she casually inquired, "Madam, is this a tattoo?"

Chapter: 868 Ariana smiled and replied, "No, it's a hereditary mark. My mother had a similar mark in the same spot." "A beautiful mark indeed," Judy complimented, unable to resist stealing a few more glances.

At six o'clock in the evening, the mansion fell into silence. Ariana had given Judy and the other servants some time off in advance. After a refreshing shower, she dressed elegantly, a faint fragrance embracing her. Then she waited eagerly at the door for Theodore's return.

But as the minutes ticked by, there was no sign of him. Ariana started to worry, tempted to call him, but she resisted, not wanting to spoil the surprise.

Finally, at seven o'clock, the sound of a car echoed at the gate. Ariana swiftly hid herself, ready to give Theodore a surprise. As Theodore entered, he found the entire mansion deserted. "Hello? Ariana?" he called out, but there was no response.

Thinking he might have miscalculated the timing, Theodore was wondering if he should go upstairs to find Ariana when suddenly a pair of hands covered his eyes from behind!

He knew it had to be Ariana. The faint scent reassured him. With a playful tone, he asked, "What's going on? Weren't you supposed to be away for dinner tonight?"

“But I’m back now, and I have something to show you. Keep your eyes closed and no peeking!” Ariana said mysteriously. Theodore pretended to be clueless, closing his eyes as Ariana led him forward.

After a short walk, Ariana instructed him to open his eyes.

Before him stood a transformed side hall, now a beautifully arranged dining area.

The soft candlelight cast a romantic and cozy glow.

Ariana, elegantly dressed, took his breath away.

Drawing close, she gently embraced him, planting a tender kiss on his chin, and looked into his eyes with a loving smile. “Happy birthday.”

Even though Theodore had been aware of Ariana’s preparations from the start, he was still deeply touched by her heartfelt gesture.

Since his mother’s passing, he’d shied away from celebrating his birthday.

With a tight grip on Ariana’s hand, he leaned in and kissed it tenderly, his voice choked with emotion, “Thank you.” Ariana grinned as she handed him a velvet box, saying, “Go ahead, open it.”

Peeking inside, Theodore found a beautifully crafted platinum bracelet.

It was delicate and refined.

Ariana then revealed another bracelet meant for women.

With a smile, she showed how the initials intertwined to form a unique pattern when two bracelets were combined, yet were distinct when separated.

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“Lower your hand,” she said, helping him put on the bracelet.

He complied, turning around as Ariana whispered, “Don’t take it off.

It's our first couple's bracelet. | searched high and low for a design that combined our names.”

Once Theodore had the bracelet on, Ariana turned around and extended her wrist for him to return the favor.

With sincerity in his eyes, he fastened the bracelet on her wrist and promised, “I won't take it off.”

With both bracelets in place, Ariana hesitated before revealing a red knitted hat she had tucked away under the table. Blushing slightly, she admitted, “I made this too.”

The stitches were a bit uneven and the work was amateurish at best.

“I'm not great at knitting, and | ran out of time. | almost failed to finish it...” Ariana said, her voice fading with uncertainty. She even wondered if she should buy him a new hat instead.

But before she could pull her hand back, Theodore had already taken the hat from her and placed it on his head.

The once crooked and messy hat Looked surprisingly adorable on him.

“| really like it,” he said, holding the hat in his hands as if reluctant to part with it.

Ariana's heart swelled with sweetness and happiness at his reaction.

After their candlelit dinner and shared birthday cake, they settled on the terrace, gazing up at the stars.

In high spirits, Ariana took out her phone, capturing numerous photos of Theodore and even sneaking in some selfies together.

Theodore held her in his arms and transferred the photos they took together to his phone. He chose one of Ariana making a funny face while he looked down and made it his lock screen.

Playfully, Ariana reached out for his phone, and Theodore understood, handing it over to her.

Seizing the chance, she used Theodore's social media account to post a picture of their interlocked fingers.

When she noticed that the only person he followed on his account was her, her heart filled with even greater satisfaction.

The moment felt perfect with her in his arms. Theodore said affectionately, "Once you're in better health, we should take some wedding photos.

Ariana happily agreed, lovingly touching her belly, "And while the belly is still small, we can go on a honeymoon trip."

Theodore smiled, brimming with tenderness as he held Ariana close. He felt a sense of fulfillment he had never experienced before.

Then, he remembered the doctor's words from earlier and said, "The surgery date has been set-it's tomorrow." Ariana was caught off guard and asked in a puzzled tone, "Why all of a sudden?"

"The results of your final check-up came out a few days ago, and your health is good enough to meet the surgical requirements," Theodore replied gently.

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The thought of surgery made Ariana instinctively feel a bit scared. She unconsciously shrunk her neck, pursing her lips in silence.

Sensing her unease, Theodore gently placed a reassuring hand on her back and comforted, "Don't worry, I'll be with you every step of the way. Let's get this done sooner to avoid prolonging the anxiety and risking any harm to your health."

Ariana thought over his words and came to realize that it was indeed better for both her and the babies' wellbeing.

But she still had some reservations. "Alright, but I'm still a bit worried. After all, it's a surgical procedure-will it really have no impact on our babies?" Ariana voiced her concerns

Theodore's heart sank a little, and he pretended to be upset. "Ask the doctor yourself if you don't believe me." He put on a stern face and handed her his phone. His act was apparently convincing as she clung to his arm and said, "I don't doubt you, I'm just a little nervous."

After a moment, Ariana remembered a vital point and expressed her concern to Theodore, "During my previous check-up, the doctor mentioned that one of the twins is more delicate. So I'm concerned the surgery might not be good for the babies."

Theodore was already aware of this through his own doctor but hadn't brought it up since they were going to induce Labor anyway. However, he hadn't expected Ariana to find out earlier than him.

"The doctor detected it during the previous check-up. According to him, with the current level of medical technology and a considerable amount of delicate care, the issue can be resolved. At most, one of the twins might be born a bit weaker," Theodore explained softly as he gently ran his hand over Ariana's hair. He silently scolded himself for becoming better at lying.

Theodore's words brought a wave of relief over Ariana. She nestled in his embrace and softly murmured, "I will be a good mother and take good care of our babies."

“Rest early, take good care of your health, and be in the best condition for the tomorrow’s surgery,” Theodore responded tenderly.

Ariana drowsily nodded in agreement.

After accompanying her back to their room, Theodore was about to leave after tucking her in when she caught his hand and asked, “Aren’t you resting too?”

“I have some matters to attend to. I’ll be in the study,” Theodore replied, planting a gentle kiss on her forehead before heading to the study on his own.

However, once he settled in the study, Theodore found himself just sitting at the desk, lost in a daze. Staring at the pristine desk before him, he couldn’t help but recall the doctor’s words from earlier today. “We have a new treatment plan that has a reasonable chance of saving both the children and the mother.”

“What’s the success rate?”

“Fifty percent.” The doctor’s words were solemn. Fifty percent

Despite knowing how much Ariana desired the children, Theodore was unwilling to take any risks. Ultimately, he made the difficult decision to proceed with the abortion.

Theodore wrestled with his inner turmoil and pain. He was willing to shoulder all the pain and remorse himself.

Meanwhile, in the bedroom, Ariana couldn’t sleep peacefully. A nightmare jolted her awake, and she noticed the first Light of dawn outside.