

Unconscious 881

Chapter: 881

Intrigued, Ariana pressed the bear's belly again, and the teddy bear spoke!

"Theodore, Little did you know, I hid the words I yearned to share inside this teddy bear's belly," the voice echoed. "I forgive you, Theodore. Our mother's passing was not your fault in any way."

Ariana listened intently, replaying the message until its meaning dawned on her.

Clasping the bear close, she mustered her strength and moved to Theodore's side.

The demons that haunted him were but ephemeral specters! Helen knew this truth all along and kept it from Theodore, subjecting him to a tormenting charade.

"Theodore!" Her voice was a hoarse whisper, and the metallic scent of blood filled her senses. Ariana sobbed and said, "Wake up! Did you catch that? Marley harbors no blame toward you. Forever, you remain her cherished brother. Wake up already!"

But Theodore still remained silent.

Dread and hopelessness gripped Ariana's heart in a merciless vise. Yet, amidst her despair, she detected the faint rhythm of his chest rising and falling.

In her deepest desperation, she cried out for help, but silence swallowed her pleas. Only the mournful howl of the wind answered her call.

Ariana looked at Theodore and Horace, aware that time was slipping through her fingers. Holding Theodore's hand, she choked, "Hold on, my dear."

With steely resolve, she struggled to her feet, dragging her wounded body toward the road one agonizing step at a time.

She struggled to keep her balance as she went down the road, but she never once caught a glimpse of a person or vehicle passing by.

Despite her valiant efforts, the world around her blurred into a haze. Her strength dwindled, and she tumbled to the ground, sliding down the nearby slope Like a leaf caught in the current of fate.

Aldus paced the room anxiously, his concern for Theodore evident in the beads of sweat forming on his forehead and the worry in his wide eyes as he had called him several times, but his phone was off.

As he stroked his walking stick nervously, his butler Devin, ever observant, suggested, "Mr. Fredrick, it's time you took some rest. The torment is taking a toll on your body, not to mention the Late hours you're keeping. It's practically dawn, and you're still wide awake."

"How can I possibly sleep when Theodore isn't home yet?" Aldus snapped, his anger tinged with even deeper worry.

Devin tried to reassure him, "Young master is resourceful. We've had difficulty reaching him before, remember?"

"I know, but..." Aldus sighed deeply, unable to find the right words to express his unease. He wasn't sure what was making him so antsy today, but he had a hunch that big things were about to happen.

He got up and paced back and forth, his uneasiness growing. Suddenly, a thought struck him, and he asked, "Isn't today the day Ariana is scheduled for a labor induction?"

"It is," Devin confirmed.

Frowning, Aldus continued, "He promised me he'd take care of Ariana first and then deal with other matters. Could he have changed his mind and left?"

"No, I don't believe so. He's a sensible and responsible young man. He wouldn't abandon you, especially in your current state of health," Devin assured.

Chapter: 882

Just then, a subordinate rushed in, panic evident in his voice, "Something terrible has happened. Young master was involved in a major car accident in the suburbs!"

"What? What the hell are you saying?" Aldus exclaimed, alarmed and agitated. He stepped back, clutching his chest, and with Devin's support, he managed to compose himself and inquired with a trembling voice, "How is he now?"

"He's being rescued at Mercy Hospital." "Hurry! Quick, Let's go to Mercy Hospital!" Aldus took a deep breath, his heart racing, as they rushed to the hospital.

Reaching the hospital, Aldus was met with a tense atmosphere. Several doctors were huddled around the resuscitation room, prompting him to approach them hastily to inquire about Theodore's condition.

"The patient is in critical condition," a doctor said gravely. "He has sustained severe injuries and has a brain tumor. A craniotomy is imminent, but..."

"But what? Please tell me," Aldus urged, his hands trembling with anxiety.

"Less than 20% of such operations are successful. Our medical staff cannot guarantee the outcome. We've exhausted our options for transferring physicians from other hospitals, and finding a suitable surgeon at the moment is incredibly challenging," the doctor explained.

Aldus couldn't hold back his tears upon hearing about the low success rate. His heart ached for his grandson, and he couldn't bear the thought of losing him.

Aimee, his daughter, had already endured so much, and if Theodore didn't make it, Aldus feared he wouldn't be able to face her in the afterlife. The pain of losing a loved one at his age would be too much to bear.

After a moment of contemplation, Aldus mustered his composure and said firmly, "I won't hold anyone accountable if they're willing to perform the surgery, no matter the outcome."

Silence hung in the air at that.

Then, with a touch of determination, he added, "Whoever can save my grandson's life will receive 10% of the family business shares as a token of my gratitude."

The doctors present were deeply moved by Aldus's words, but they hesitated, unsure of taking on such a high-stakes procedure. Suddenly, a calm and resolute voice came from behind, "Let me handle it." Aldus turned around to see Mitchel standing there!

Aldus was suddenly filled with surprise and excitement as he hurriedly walked up to Mitchel and asked, "Dr. Chadwick, what are you doing here?"

"I originally came here looking for some preoperative information. I didn't expect to see you here," Mitchel replied.

Aldus couldn't contain his thrill at the sight of Mitchel.

Mitchel was a specialist surgeon he had sought out specifically for Theodore's condition. With years of dedicated research, Mitchel was more familiar with this disease and the success rate could be up to 75%.

In fact, it could be argued that only Mitchel had the expertise to operate on Theodore.

Aldus wiped his tears with excitement.

He had considered contacting Mitchel, but the incident had happened so suddenly. He tried calling Mitchel but couldn't reach him, and it seemed like he wouldn't make it in time even if he could come over.

But now, seeing Mitchel coincidentally present in the hospital felt like fate had intervened to spare Theodore's life.

Mitchel nodded at Aldus, and with the help of his assistant, he quickly put on surgical attire for preoperative preparation. Simultaneously, he familiarized himself with the patient's condition. Once everything was ready, he swiftly entered the operating room.

Chapter: 883

Approaching the operating table, Mitchel saw Theodore lying there, and he was taken aback. He furrowed his brows and asked, "Are you sure the patient is Holden?"

The assistant next to him nodded and confirmed, "Yes, this is indeed Holden, the young master of the Fredrick family."

Doubt filled Mitchel's mind. Could it be that two people just happened to look exactly alike? But the probability of them not being related by blood was too small.

However, since it was an emergency, Mitchel decided not to ask further questions. He simply nodded and said, "Let the operation begin."

Outside the operating room, Aldus anxiously paced back and forth in the corridor.

Devin advised Aldus to sit down and rest, but Aldus waved his hand, too anxious to sit still. Tears welled up in his eyes as he kept praying in his heart.

Why did they have to suffer like this? Why did such a serious car accident happen all of a sudden?

At that moment, Aldus suddenly remembered to hold someone accountable for the accident and asked sternly, "I entrusted you to protect Theodore at all times. How did things escalate to this point?! Why did it take you a whole night to find him?"

His subordinates nervously reported, "The incident occurred in a remote area where there were no witnesses. Due to the sparse population, nobody noticed or reported it. We have already dispatched personnel to retrieve the surveillance footage from nearby road sections."

Aldus's anger persisted. "Is this all you have found out? Where are the people in the car? Who was the driver?! And what happened to that truck?!"

"We found out that the driver of the big truck died instantly in the accident. We are currently investigating whether there was someone else behind him. Inside the car, there were only three people," his subordinate reported, speaking with a somber tone. "Unfortunately, despite the doctor's best efforts, Horace didn't make it. He has passed away."

Upon hearing about Horace's death, Aldus felt a mix of emotions.

Over the years, Horace had been by Theodore's side as an invaluable assistant and someone who had earned Theodore's trust. He had always been there for Theodore regardless of danger.

Aldus trusted Horace completely. He believed that Horace was the one driving the car when Horace was with Theodore, but he couldn't fathom how such a serious accident could have occurred under Horace's watch.

"Horace was in the front seat at the time of the accident. Although the airbag deployed to reduce the impact, shards of glass flew into his head and body, causing critical injuries," the subordinates said, visibly pained.

Aldus let out a heavy sigh and said, "Make funeral arrangements for Horace and provide more assistance to his family." With a heavy tone, he added, "I'm getting old. I can't bear witnessing these tragedies anymore."

His subordinate added, "Furthermore, there is a woman with minor injuries who underwent surgery and is currently unconscious in a hospital room. Our personnel are keeping a close watch on her. She is the only one who knows the exact details of what happened."

Aldus, with furrowed brows and a heart heavy with concern, presumed the lady in question to be Ariana. He approached the situation cautiously and asked, "Ariana is pregnant. Has the accident adversely affected her health?"

However, the subordinate, wearing a puzzled expression, quickly dispelled the assumption, saying, "You are mistaken, sir. This woman is not Mrs. Anderson. She has been receiving treatment at Mercy Hospital all this while, under the arrangements of the young master. I think that the two of them are very close to each other."

Bewilderment and curiosity gripped Aldus. For all those years, the only woman he knew Theodore cared deeply for was Ariana.

Just then, the guard who had been watching over Helen r

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ushed in, breathless with urgency. "Sir, the woman has regained consciousness!"

"Quickly then, let's see her!" Aldus responded urgently. Learning the woman had awakened, he hastened to her room, determined to question her and unveil the truth behind the harrowing accident.

In the sparsely furnished hospital room, Helen opened her eyes to find stern-faced guards surrounding her. Fear enveloped her, and a cold sweat broke out on her brow.

She feared that Theodore had sent these men, and she would not escape his wrath this time. With a shriek, she shrank back into the corner, her wide eyes darting between the men as if they were about to pounce on her.

Chapter: 884

Pushing through the crowd, Aldus burst into the room, demanding, "Speak! What transpired before the accident? Why did such a catastrophic crash occur?"

Though Helen didn't recognize the elderly man standing before her, she astutely sensed that something was amiss. These men had not harmed her, and from the old man's anxious demeanor, it seemed he knew nothing.

An idea struck Helen, and she clutched her bandaged head, furrowing her brow as if in pain, and weakly said, "My head throbs terribly, and my memory is hazy. Where is Theodore?"

As she spoke, she closely observed the old man, thinking that as long as Theodore was absent, she had a chance to manipulate the situation in her favor.

Lost in thought, Aldus noticed how she immediately inquired about Theodore upon awakening, and he assumed her concern was genuine. Unable to hide his grief, he somberly replied, "He is still in surgery."

Helen's heart leaped with secret delight on hearing this news, though she concealed her joy. She acted dazed, clutching her head, and timidly asked, "And Horace. did he survive?"

A somber silence filled the room. Observing their downcast eyes and mournful expressions, Helen could speculate the tragic answer. Her excitement grew, and she could barely contain her elation.

As expected, she heard one man sorrowfully say, "He didn't make it."

Helen clenched her teeth, suppressing a smile at the news. She looked at them with wide, innocent eyes filled with tears. "And... Ariana?" Ariana was in the car as well?" Aldus looked at Helen, bewildered.

"How can this be! The scene was thoroughly searched. Only the three of you were found amidst the wreckage. The unfortunate truck driver died instantly."

In an instant, Helen was overcome with more delight. Though she knew nothing of Ariana's whereabouts, for now, it seemed she was the sole witness to the events leading up to the crash.

As long as she pinned the blame on Ariana, she could escape unscathed before Theodore awakened!

With crocodile tears streaming down her cheeks, she dramatically explained, “I remember now! It was that wretch! She was in a furious altercation with Theodore throughout the drive. When she couldn’t have her way, she flew into a rage and tried to wrest the wheel from Horace, causing the terrible accident!”

Helen spoke in an anguished tone, skillfully weaving her web of deceit.

“After the crash, while I was trapped and begging for help, she heartlessly abandoned us and fled the scene alone on foot!” Though he didn’t know much about Ariana, Aldus was confident in Theodore’s taste.

The woman Theodore Loved wouldn't do such a thing and abandon them.

Just then, a person entered and said, “Mr. Fredrick, the monitor has been checked.”

Aldus didn’t have time to ask Helen for more details. He immediately rushed to check the monitor, followed by his bodyguards. Meanwhile, Helen swiftly removed the needle from her hand, changed her clothes, and seized the opportunity to escape from the hospital.

Fortunately, the people watching her weren't vigilant enough. If they kept a closer eye on her, she would be doomed after Theodore woke up.

In another room, Aldus scrutinized the monitor seriously.

The footage showed that Theodore and Ariana had indeed quarreled when they came out of the building. However, once they got into the car together, it seemed they had reconciled.

But then, the car suddenly lost control.

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“Stop! Go back and zoom in here,” Aldus commanded, pointing at the monitor screen. As they zoomed in, he saw Helen in the passenger seat suddenly grabbing the steering wheel from Horace. The car began to move uncontrollably.

Chapter: 885

At the moment of the car accident, the airbag deployed, protecting Helen as it pressed her against the seat. Due to her small build, the airbag effectively shielded her, and her injuries weren't severe.

Aldus's expression was a mix of rage and gloominess. He glanced at the person beside him, who immediately took a team to the ward while he continued watching the monitor.

Not long after the accident, Ariana woke up. She pulled Theodore and Horace out of the car, calling out to them repeatedly. When she realized they wouldn't wake up, she stumbled along the road, but she didn't return. Instead, she left them lying on the cold ground all night without calling the police.

Upon seeing this, Aldus hit the floor heavily with his walking stick in anger. He let out a flurry of curses. “She actually left! What a heartless person!”

Devin watched the monitor screen and said hesitantly, “Mr. Fredrick, you need to cool down first. There might be some misunderstanding. Judging by the direction she went, she probably went to seek help.”

“Seek help? She had all night to seek help and she didn't come back!” Aldus replied, still seething with anger. The car accident playing on the monitor left Aldus in a state of shock.

With Theodore's Life hanging in the balance on the operating table and no sign of Ariana to be found, his fury rendered him incapable of listening to reason.

“What misunderstanding? The scene is crystal clear. If it were a misunderstanding, why hasn't she contacted us or shown up? Theodore is lying on the operating table, and she couldn't care less about him. Is this the woman he was willing to risk his life for?” Aldus fumed.

Devin wanted to suggest that Ariana might have been injured in the serious car accident, which could be a possible explanation for her absence.

However, seeing Aldus in such a rage, he decided not to provoke him further and remained silent.

Still seething, Aldus continued, "I knew from the beginning that the woman arranged by the Anderson family wouldn't be a good person. She has deceived Theodore completely. What a 'good woman' she turned out to be!"

He declared with determination, "Gather some people and search for her.

No matter how difficult it is, you must find her. If anything happens to Theodore, I will make her pay with her life! An eye for an eye! And a life for a life!"

As he vented his anger, Aldus felt his heart ache again, almost causing him to faint. Devin quickly administered medicine to calm him down.

Suddenly, a man arrived in a hurry and told them, "The operation is over." Aldus rushed to inquire about the operation's outcome.

Mitchel, who had just left the operating room, reassured him, "The operation was a success. He's out of danger for now."

"Really? That's fantastic, Dr. Chadwick. I can't thank you enough."

Aldus, who had faced numerous challenges in life, was so deeply moved at the moment that tears of joy welled up in his eyes.

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With a composed expression, Mitchel continued, "However, don't celebrate too soon. While the operation went well, the patient is still in critical condition. We need to monitor him closely in the ICU. If he doesn't wake up within the next three days, there's a chance he might never wake up."

Aldus' face froze upon hearing this. The joy from the successful operation vanished, and he wiped away his tears. He gazed at Theodore through the glass window and felt his heart ache. His grandson was lying on the bed with a respirator in his mouth.

Mitchel was no stranger to scenes like this. He took out his phone and opened his chat with Ariana.

The last message from her was a picture of some medicine she had inquired about.

Chapter: 886

When he saw the photo, Mitchel could tell that something had happened between her and her husband. Since it was a personal matter, he didn't probe further after answering her question.

At the moment, he was confused by the resemblance between Theodore and his current patient, Holden. However, he could not put his finger on the connection between Theodore and Holden.

Mitchel hesitated before dialing Ariana's number. To his surprise, her phone was out of service. Frowning, he tried again, but the result remained the same, so he ended the call. Meanwhile, Ariana was lying on an operating table in a rural hospital.

A doctor carefully examined her and provided emergency care, though the equipment here was clearly inferior to that of Mercy Hospital.

Thankfully, her injuries were only minor fractures with no significant internal damage. However, her pregnancy made the situation more urgent.

After the examination, the doctor anxiously asked a nurse, "How is she doing? Have you managed to contact her family?"

The nurse, who had never encountered such a situation before, was on the verge of tears. “No, a passerby found her lying on a hillside in the morning. There were no phones or identification documents on her.

We can’t reach her family.” Since arriving at the hospital earlier, Ariana had received first aid. The staff had reported the case to the police, but there had been no updates from them so far.

As they discussed their plan, Ariana suddenly jerked erratically on the bed due to the effects of the remaining medication in her system.

Alarmed by her sudden movement, the medical staff rushed to hold her down. The doctor quickly examined her eyelids. On the examination, the doctor sensed a problem: something was not right with her.

To make sure there was no damage to her internal organs, the doctor immediately checked the examination report. It showed only a few bruises and no significant internal injuries, which shouldn’t cause such intense trembling.

What could be the cause of this?

Since the doctor was at a loss as to what was wrong, she could only arrange for further testing of Ariana’s blood momentarily. Ariana’s somewhat protruding belly immediately caught the nurse’s worried gaze, and she fretfully remarked, “Her health is anything but okay now. It seems her pregnancy and accident have taken a toll on it.

Given her condition, I’m worried that she won't be able to keep her unborn child.”

The doctor sighed in frustration, feeling the weight of the situation.

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“We might have to sacrifice the young one to protect the mother if things get worse. However, the primary issue now is that we can’t reach her family to make a decision on her behalf. If we proceed with an abortion, her family could bring problems for the hospital in the future.”

Suddenly, Ariana woke up, tightly clutching the doctor’s sleeve, and murmured, “Please, save my babies!” With urgency, the doctor inquired, “What’s your name? Can you give me your family’s contact number?”

“Ari...” She failed to utter her name before passing out again.

Chapter: 887

At Mercy Hospital, the room echoed with the cold, mechanical beeps of the monitor as Theodore Lay in a coma on the bed. By his side, Aldus anxiously waited, refusing to be separated from his beloved grandson.

The thought of Theodore not waking up sent shivers down his spine. Finally, on the third day, Theodore began to stir.

Aldus immediately called for a swarm of doctors, keeping a wary eye on Theodore. It was only when Theodore fully opened his eyes that Aldus cautiously asked, “Holden, are you all right?”

After a moment of silence, Theodore raised his head and inquired, “Who are you? And what’s my name?”

Aldus felt a brief moment of bewilderment. He then realized that Theodore’s memory loss was likely a consequence of his surgery. He responded quickly, “I’m your Grandpa.”

He swiftly pulled out his phone and showed Theodore pictures of them together. “Grandpa?” Theodore looked at the pictures on the phone and got more confused.

Aldus pointed out some wounds on Theodore’s body and gave him a couple of key pieces of information to help him believe that he was telling the truth.

Examining the evidence, Theodore slowly began to believe that the person before him was indeed his grandfather and that the car accident had caused his memory loss.

Once Theodore finally accepted his own identity and the truth of the accident, Aldus excused himself from the room to discuss Theodore's condition with Mitchel.

News of Theodore's condition had reached Mitchel as well, but upon arrival, he noticed Aldus catching up with Theodore and decided to give them some privacy since Theodore's condition seemed stable.

When Aldus approached him later, Mitchel remarked, "I'll conduct a physical examination on him. Amnesia is one of the less dangerous aftereffects of this brain surgery."

Having mentally prepared himself for the procedure, Aldus felt grateful that Theodore had been brought back to life under such circumstances.

With a sigh, Aldus inquired, "Is there a chance for him to recover his memory?"

"It's hard to say," Mitchel mused. "External interference won't do much. However, if he actively reconnects with people and things from his past, it can greatly aid in jogging his memory."

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While Mitchel believed that Aldus desired Theodore's memory to return, Aldus hesitated before asking, "So if he doesn't interact with his past, he might never get his memory back, is that right?"

Hearing Aldus' inquiry, Mitchel paused, his mind rapidly processing this unexpected development. It seemed that Aldus had no intention of helping the patient recover his lost memories, which surprised Mitchel.

Mitchel inquired curiously, "Why are you opposed to him retrieving his past?" Aldus heaved a deep, heavy sigh, stating with a note of regret in his voice, "The fault lies with me. I failed in my duties as a father, and as a grandfather. My grandson has a past marred by pain and hardship.

It might be a blessing in disguise if he could wipe those tormenting memories from his mind. All I yearn for now is his future happiness."

Aldus' revelations left Mitchel without a response. This was a private matter, and he did not consider it appropriate to delve too deeply. Yet he couldn't ignore the uncanny resemblance between Holden and Theodore.

Sensing the lull, Aldus continued, "Now that the issues in Eleymond have been settled, once his condition stabilizes, we'll depart and head back to Mistlyn. I'll devote myself to giving him the guidance he deserves."

Mitchel gleaned from Aldus' words that Holden had been in Eleymond before. The striking similarity between Holden and Theodore compelled him to ask, "Was Holden ever associated with the Anderson family? There is a striking resemblance between him and an acquaintance of mine. Is he married?"

Mitchel's knowledge of Theodore appeared to have surprised Aldus, and his expression darkened.

Chapter: 888

"No, his stay in Eleymond was temporary. He has no ties with the Anderson family and isn't married. Dr. Chadwick, you're mistaken."

Aldus swiftly moved on without giving Mitchel a chance to respond. "Dr. Chadwick, our debt to you is immeasurable. I did vow that whoever saved him would receive a 10% share in the Fredrick family. I am a man of my word."

But Mitchel declined with a dismissive wave of his hand, saying, "There's no need. I was already committed to this surgery. You were generous to my family in times of crisis. Consider this my repayment."

Hearing this, Aldus did not press further, but made another request. "I implore you, Dr. Chadwick, to keep what you have seen and done here confidential. No word of this to anyone."

His sigh echoed in the room as he added, "I hope he can make a fresh start, free from the shackles of his past."

He paused briefly before turning to Mitchel. "Once this issue is resolved, there will be no outstanding debts between the Chadwick and Fredrick families. We could continue our cooperation, forming a formidable alliance."

Mitchel fully comprehended the underlying intent of Aldus's proposition. Given the recent decline of the Chadwick family, Mitchel's grandfather saw the opportunity to perform the operation on the Fredrick family as a lifeline to restore their former glory. And Mitchel was entrusted by him to perform the operation.

When Aldus made him an offer for future cooperation, he didn't hesitate to accept.

Meanwhile, in the ward, Theodore was engrossed in the new phone brought to him by Devin. The default screensaver and wallpapers left him with a feeling of desolation. He spent a considerable amount of time trying to find an appropriate wallpaper, but nothing seemed to resonate. Devin was at his side, a silent guardian.

Anurse entered the room, carrying the personal items retrieved from the car accident site. She queried, "How should these items be handled? Is there anything that needs to be kept?"

Devin glanced briefly over the items before addressing her, "Nothing of ours is there. Dispose of them."

The nurse acknowledged his instructions. As she turned to leave, Theodore's eyes fell on something among the discarded items. He suddenly sat upright, his voice echoing in the room. "Wait."

The stunned nurse later on came back with the item box. Theodore rummaged through the pile of objects and finally found a necklace. Engraved on the necklace were letters that shone coldly under the incandescent lamp.

This was the couple necklace Ariana gave Theodore on his birthday.

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Theodore gaze at the necklace for a while and then murmured absentmindedly, "Is this mine? It looks familiar."

Devin immediately recognized Theodore's initials as the letters engraved on the necklace. He then remembered what Aldus had told him and remarked calmly, "It should belong to another passenger in the car."

Theodore somehow felt a little sad and dejected upon hearing Devin's words.

He then turned his attention to the letters on the necklace, which did not match the initials of his name, Holden Fredrick.

Maybe it was not his after all.

Although Theodore thought so, he still held the necklace tightly in his hand.

"What about the other passengers in the car?" he asked without taking his eyes off the necklace.

Devin sighed and said in a sad voice, "They all died in that tragic car accident. You're the only survivor."

Upon hearing this, Theodore's heart ached terribly. However, he didn't say anything.

Chapter: 889

The nurse, who had been quiet for a while, now came over and said to Theodore in a low voice, "If you don't want it, I'll take it away."

As she spoke, she tried to take the necklace. However, Theodore wouldn't let go of it.

He pursed his lips and said seriously, "This necklace was obviously designed for a couple. It isn't any ordinary jewelry. Just keep it.

Maybe one day the owner's partner will come to claim it."

Devin didn't try to stop him, but nodded with a smile. "In that case, why not give it to the hospital's lost and found?" he suggested.

Theodore nodded and slowly loosened his grip on the necklace.

He watched as the nurse took the necklace away. As soon as the necklace left his hand, Theodore felt empty in his heart. He felt as if he was losing something invaluable and he would never recover it.

A week later, Ariana finally woke up.

When she opened her eyes, the first thing she saw was Sonia sobbing with excitement. However, after several days in a coma, Ariana didn't have the faintest idea where she was nor what had happened. Her voice was rather hoarse when she spoke. "Sonia?"

"You finally woke up!" Sonia exclaimed. Her eyes were red from crying. She leaned forward and asked with concern, "Are you feeling uncomfortable anywhere?"

Ariana actually felt pain all over her body when she moved. However, she didn't mention it. She looked around blankly and asked, "Where am I?"

"In the hospital. You were rescued from a car accident over a week ago.

The hospital couldn't identify you so they had to turn to the police for help," Sonia said. She paused and wiped her tears before continuing, "By pure chance, I stumbled upon information about you when I

went to the police station to see if they had any news of your whereabouts. As soon as | heard you were in the hospital, | rushed here. You had been in a coma for over a week. You scared the hell out of me, do you know that?"

At the mention of the car accident, Ariana suddenly came to her senses and memories of that day rushed through her mind. She straightened up and asked in a trembling voice, "A week ago? Where is Theodore? The last thing | remembered was him at the scene of the car accident. How is he? Is he alright?"

Ariana felt that since she had been rescued, Theodore and the others should have been found too.

However, when Sonia heard Ariana's question, her eyes seemed to get redder, which stunned Ariana. Sonia couldn't bear to meet Ariana's questioning gaze and she quickly looked away, her head lowered.

Suddenly, a shiver ran through Ariana. She grabbed Sonia's sleeve and asked, sobbing, "Tell me he's fine! Where is he now?"

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"He... H-He is..." Sonia stammered, unable to speak. This just made Ariana even more anxious. She pulled Sonia's sleeve harder and asked,

"How is he? Tell me, please."

Under Ariana's persistent pleas, Sonia finally relented, "He... died in that car accident."

Ariana froze, tears streaming down her cheeks like a wild river.

"Ariana, don't let it get you down too much. Just take care of yourself." Sonia rushed to offer comfort in a soothing tone.

Ariana's mind went blank and her frustration increased as she covered her face with trembling hands, struggling to find the right word

Chapter: 890

After a moment's pause, she clutched the bedding tightly, her voice choked with emotion. "I can't believe this! How could he leave me?"

Sonia hesitated for a moment before handing Ariana her phone. A news report appeared on the screen. Ariana glanced at it briefly, and then tossed the phone away in anger.

She held her forehead and said, "I won't accept it! I have to find him, no matter what! Alive or not, I'm leaving this hospital to search for him!"

Sonia, feeling the weight of Ariana's distress, tried to stop her.

Tears welled up in her own eyes as she spoke. "The Anderson family is no more. Theodore was cremated and buried. I saw his body, Ariana."

Ariana sat on the bed, her expression numb and distant. After a while, the grief inside her became too much to bear, and she broke down in tears, lamenting, "Why, why did this happen? Why am I so useless? Why couldn't I find help to save him?"

Sonia held Ariana close as she wept, both of them drowning in sorrow. "You have to stay strong," Sonia urged, "You still have your babies to take care of."

Ariana teetered on the brink of a breakdown, her emotions swirling like a tempest. Then, out of nowhere, a sharp pang pierced her lower abdomen, and the white bed sheet was immediately smeared with blood.

Sonia's heart raced with fear, and she wasted no time in calling for a doctor. In a flash, a team of people burst into the room, and they hurriedly wheeled Ariana away into the operating room.

After a whole lot of struggle, they managed to get the bleeding under control, and Sonia hurried over to inquire about Ariana's condition.

The doctor's face was grim as he held the medical report. "Her stats don't Look good, and traces of drugs are still in her blood. It's not advisable for her to continue to carry the pregnancy. I recommend induced abortion."

At the mention of the induced abortion, Sonia hesitated, knowing how much Ariana would want to keep the children, no matter what.

When Ariana woke up, she gathered all her strength and clung to the doctor's sleeve. Tears streamed down her face as she pleaded, "Please, please save my children. They're all I have."

The doctor looked troubled by the situation and replied, "Given the medical facilities here, it's a tough call. You might have better chances if you transfer to another hospital, but even then, there is no guarantee."

With those words, Ariana's heart felt Like it was breaking into pieces.

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She desperately wracked her brain for a possible solution.

She was determined not to lose their children after Losing Theodore.

Then, an idea struck her. Trembling, she dialed a number, hoping for a miracle. The call went through, and with tears in her eyes, she begged, "Dr. Chadwick, please, I'm begging you, help me."

Five years passed, and a poised woman stood before her husband's tombstone at the cemetery, paying her respects to his memory.

The stone tablet bore a few words marking Theodore's resting place. Ariana gently stroked the gravestone, feeling a mix of nostalgia and sorrow.

After spending some time there, she wiped away her tears and left a bouquet of flowers as a final gesture. Then she took her leave.

As she was leaving the cemetery, she heard Sonia's voice calling out, "Ariana!"