

Unconscious 911

Chapter: 911

Thankfully, the man before her was not Holden. Dealing with Holden directly would have made their negotiations even more challenging.

Furthermore, if this middle-aged man was indeed Holden, Ariana couldn't help but feel her past self from five years ago was profoundly naive.

Riding the private elevator, Holden rushed to the top floor, where he was greeted with chaotic scenes. Adoctor and Devin encircled Adele, while Sadie sat beside them, weeping incessantly.

Holden hurriedly rushed forward to embrace Adele. Her face was a fiery red, marked by small rashes, and she struggled for breath.

Witnessing this scene, Holden's heart wrenched in anguish. He held Adele close, his heart heavy with concern.

Sorrow filled Sadie's voice as she uttered, "It's entirely my fault. I was heedless, failing to watch over Adele diligently. Otherwise, she wouldn't have inadvertently ingested that mango-laced drink, leading to this allergic reaction."

In that moment, Holden found himself unable to spare her his attention.

He lacked the inclination to allocate blame or to decipher the nuances of right and wrong. Furrowing his brow, he turned to the doctor and commanded, "Swiftly prescribe the medication needed to stabilize Adele's condition."

The doctor promptly handed him the prescribed medication, sighing, "Moments ago, Miss refused to take it when we attempted to administer it."

"Adele, be a good girl, okay? Daddy will feed you." With gentle arms, Holden embraced Adele, and only then did she agree to take the medicine. The doctor swiftly readied himself for the intravenous infusion.

“Get out.”

The instant Sadie’s voice reached him, Holden delivered a cold directive, commanding her to depart.

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For a fleeting moment, Sadie stood stunned, her teeth clenched, before rising to her feet and taking her leave.

Staying by Adele’s side, Holden waited for her to stabilize and her fever to subside before he breathed a sigh of relief.

“Don't be afraid, Adele. Daddy is here.”

Adele's tiny hand rested in Holden's grasp as he offered gentle solace.

Yet, she remained silent, her gaze harboring fear as she lay upon the bed.

Witnessing her distress, Holden experienced a profound pang of unease, unsure of his course of action.

His days were often a whirlwind, Leaving him Little time to spend with Adele. Moreover, her return to the family fold had transpired merely a year ago. Until then, he had been unaware that he had a daughter.

About a year ago, Holden took the reins of the BRD Group after Aldus’ passing. It was in this period that Sadie unexpectedly appeared at his doorstep, holding Adele in her arms.

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According to Sadie, she and he had once been deeply in Love. But Aldus had forbidden their union and demanded that they separate. Then, without warning, Holden had vanished into thin air.

In the wake of this heartbreak, Sadie claimed she left the country solo, only to discover her pregnancy shortly afterward.

She navigated the birth alone in a foreign hospital with an aching heart. But from the moment Adele entered the world, something felt amiss. Taking care of her by herself was an uphill battle, with Adele's health steadily deteriorating. Desperate, Sadie returned to the country, hoping he could save their daughter.

Recalling the memory, Holden pinched the bridge of his nose. Sadie had kneeled before him, her tears flowing freely, her desperation tangible.

She implored him to save Adele. Back then, Holden had gently explained his amnesia following a car accident and that his past was a blank canvas.

He remained skeptical about their supposed past romance. When he gazed at Sadie, he sensed emptiness, like looking at a stranger.

Though he suffered from memory loss, certain inherent habits refused to fade. His heart knew its longings. Holden did sense a void, an absence of someone significant. Yet, was it truly Sadie he had forgotten? He couldn't be sure.

However, when he beheld Adele for the first time, an unshakable truth hit him: she was his daughter. Subsequent DNA tests cemented this reality.

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In contrast to his feelings about Sadie, Holden felt an unbreakable bond with Adele. Her eyes held a familiarity that felt like home. Sadie, on the other hand, elicited no such emotions.

The pragmatic businessman that he was, Holden knew rash decisions fueled solely by emotions weren't wise. Thus, he welcomed Adele into his life while harboring skepticism about Sadie's claims of their former love.

For Adele's sake, he gave Sadie the title of fiancée. But he understood that love was absent from this equation.

Delaying their marriage, Holden clung to a glimmer of hope that his memories might resurface and unveil the truth.

Yet, witnessing Adele's persistent illness overshadowed his personal feelings. All his energy was focused on healing her. And for Adele, he was willing to accept Sadie as his wife, after all, she was Adele's mother.

A deep concern gnawed at Holden — despite numerous consultations with child psychologists over the year, Adele remained nonverbal, showing no signs of progress.

This reality tormented him, leaving him frustrated and helpless. As the leader of the Fredrick Group, he was unable to secure adequate treatment for his own daughter. He'd never felt more inadequate.

After tenderly calming Adele to sleep, Holden stepped out to converse with her doctor. "Any updates on Adele's mental state recently?" he inquired, his brow furrowed with worry.

The doctor gravely adjusted his glasses and handed Holden a childish crayon drawing. "This was from her test today. I've noticed some fluctuations in her mental state over the past few days. It seems a new person or event has entered her life, stirring things up a bit."

Chapter: 913 Holden's eyes lit up with delight as he absorbed the positive news about Adele.

Adele's demeanor rarely showed any sign of emotion; she seemed to exist in a perpetually numb state regardless of what was going on around her.

However, the fact that there was a change in her emotional state could mean a breakthrough that could bring down her emotional walls.

Holden was curious as to what could've caused this stir in her mind. Despite the happy news, he couldn't help but feel guilt overshadow his heart as he was unable to witness such a turning point in his daughter's state. He was helpless at the hands of his busy schedule, which restricted him from spending time with Adele.

Instead of him, it was Sadie who spent the most time with Adele, so if something or someone new had appeared in Adele's life, she should know about it.

As realization struck him, Holden felt his heart sink with remorse. He was not a good father.

The doctor handed him a business card and said, "Here, take a look at this. In Melcorn, there is a children's charity organization, and they have this exceptional physician, Dr. Edwards. She has a reputation for handling cases like Adele's with marvelous expertise. Maybe you should consider taking your daughter to her."

Although Holden did take the business card, he looked at it with uncertainty, as he was not the kind of person who easily placed trust in newly established organizations.

The doctor noticed the skeptical look in his eyes and reassured him, "You don't have to decide right away. I'll show you the cases that Dr. Edwards has dealt with, and then you can decide what is deemed best for Adele."

Holden nodded and quietly left the room.

Back in his study, Holden laid back his head and massaged his temples out of exhaustion.

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Suddenly, the door swung open, and Devin came inside with a cup of warm coffee. "Sir, take a break for a while, you must be tired."

Since Holden took full control of the Fredrick Group after Aldus' passing a year ago, Devin had become his confidant and stayed by his side.

Holden took a deep breath as he slowly opened his eyes and asked, "Where is Sadie?"

"She is in the guest room at the moment. I must tell you, sir, ever since she returned, she has been feeling very guilty," Devin responded.

Unfazed, Holden maintained a solemn expression as he continued to inquire, "I'm not quite clear on this. How did Adele come into contact with an allergen?"

"I am not certain how Miss consumed a drink with mangoes in it. By the time I had reached her, she was already having an allergic reaction," Devin replied.

They were both aware of the fact that no food containing mangoes was ever allowed on the top floor, anywhere near Adele. That's why they were perplexed about how an allergen could have reached Adele, considering the stringent instructions in place.

They both contemplated the situation and after some time, Devin spoke. "Miss Pierre has been the only one around Miss Adele. She probably knows what happened."

Holden knew this as well. His expression turned icy, and his whole demeanor took on a darker tone.

Even though he hadn't been with Adele as much as Sadie had, Holden couldn't shake the feeling that Adele had been neglected by her. The only reason he had overlooked Sadie's negligence in the past was because she was Adele's mother.

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“Got it,” Holden responded in a low, ominous tone. “You can go rest now,” he instructed Devin. Devin nodded and Left, and Holden went to find Sadie.

As he approached the guest room, he heard a heated argument coming from inside the room.

In the confines of the bedroom, Sadie unleashed her fury upon the nanny with a torrent of dramatic sobs and wails. “I placed my complete trust in you, leaving every responsibility in your capable hands. But how could you have been so recklessly negligent, betraying my trust without a second thought?”

The nanny, her head bowed in shame, offered profuse apologies. “I deeply regret my actions, and I take full responsibility for this unfortunate incident.”

Sadie’s sobs escalated, taking on an air of feigned distress. “Can mere apologies truly rectify this situation?” she retorted. “You managed to confuse the mango and orange juice bottles, causing Adele to consume the wrong one!”

“It was an honest mistake. I assure you, it won’t happen again,” the nanny, her cheeks stained with remorseful tears, pleaded.

Sadie’s bitter scoff cut through her crocodile tears. “Again? How am I to place any semblance of trust in you once more, especially after jeopardizing Adele’s safety? Take your wages and Leave this household immediately!”

Tears of heartbreak overcame the nanny as she burst into desperate sobs, her voice Laden with a plea. “My intention was never to cause harm. It was an unfortunate accident. I’ve devoted years to serving this family. I implore you, have mercy.”

Sadie’s cold sneer silenced her pleas. “No more words. Following such reckless negligence, your presence here is simply untenable. Were any real harm to befall Adele, I could never forgive myself.”

The nanny’s desperate groveling and weeping seemed to have no effect on Sadie’s unyielding resolve.

Only when the fading footsteps in the hallway became apparent did Sadie signal the nanny to quiet her sobbing. Stepping delicately to the door, she cautiously peered out until the towering figure of Holden vanished from her line of sight. Finally, a sigh of relief escaped her Lips.

Summoning the nanny closer, Sadie withdrew a check from her handbag, placing it firmly in the woman's trembling hand. Her voice dropped to a chilling whisper as she commanded, "Accept this and vanish from this place forever. Do not return even for your belongings. This secret must remain Locked within you, or the consequences will be dire."

The nanny quivered slightly, then nodded in acquiescence, scurrying away clutching the check. Alone now, Sadie Let out a long exhale, feeling the tension drain from her body. A smug smile curled on her lips.

Fortunately, she had remembered Adele's mango allergy just in time, strategically sabotaging the meeting between Holden and Ariana. Her performance had been nothing short of Oscar-worthy.

Satisfaction radiated from Sadie. Regardless of Ariana's return, Holden belonged exclusively to her. The former lovers would

never reunite, with her around to prevent it.

However, doubts still gnawed at her. Despite Holden showering her with extravagant gifts and granting her the title of fiancée, his true emotions remained a mystery to Sadie. Materially, he treated her impeccably, sparing no expense to elevate her status. Yet, the postponed wedding and his avoidance of intimacy wounded Sadie deeply.

Frustrated, she strode to the armoire, selecting a daring lace negligee. She intended to approach Holden, offering a meek apology, appealing to his sympathy. Perhaps this would finally lead them to consummate their relationship. Once she carried his heir, Adele would lose her influence.

Gazing at her alluring curves, Sadie spritzed on perfume and headed for Holden's room.

But as she exited her room and walked towards Holden's quarters, she spotted him sitting alone on the sofa, drinking in solitude, already showing signs of heavy intoxication.

Sadie's heart raced — this was the perfect opportunity to seduce him.

Sadie approached Holden with a gentleness that bespoke her concern, her arms enveloping him from behind. Her soft voice reached his ear. "Why are you drinking alone?"

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Holden's response was a silence that spoke volumes, his head unmoving, his brows furrowing ever so slightly. Yet, he didn't reject her touch, nor did he push her away.

In the wake of his reaction, Sadie blinked back tears, her voice taking on a pitiful tone. "Are you mad at me?" After a pause, she continued, her words a mix of apology and yearning, "I'm sorry, it's all my fault. Can you forgive me this time?"

But even as her words flowed, her hands continued to explore Holden's form, fingers intentionally brushing against his abdomen.

Observing Holden's unyielding silence, Sadie closed the distance between them. Her expression was a blend of vulnerability and allure as she squatted before him, her gaze lifting to meet his.

Her eyes, still slightly reddened from tears, held a helpless plea as they locked onto Holden's. Her hands found purchase on his knees, her posture revealing the graceful line of her neck and shoulder.

Holden's gaze remained on her, his silent scrutiny sending Sadie's heart into a sprint. Her fingers reached out tentatively, a cautious attempt to intertwine with his.

Then, abruptly, Holden's hand closed around her wrist, tugging her into an embrace that erased the space between them. The scent of alcohol hung faintly about him, quickening Sadie's heartbeat.

Holden's touch traced the contour of her eyebrows and eyes, his proximity undeniable. His breath, a whisper of warmth, danced over Sadie's lips, igniting a spark of excitement.

Within Sadie, a triumphant feeling took root, her flirtations seemingly finding purchase. Her arms wound around Holden's neck, anticipation of a kiss hanging between them.

But in the very moment when anticipation peaked, when the kiss seemed inevitable, Holden shattered the moment, slapping a piece of paper onto her face. His voice turned cold, as he inquired, "What is this?"

With a mix of emotions swirling within her, Sadie picked up the paper. The very check she had handed over to the nanny just moments ago lay before her eyes.

In that instant, a palpable weight pressed upon her heart, and a cold sweat erupted across her body. She reflexively pinched her palm, seeking solace in the sharp sensation.

Gracefully, she descended onto the soft carpet, clutching the check as if it held the answers to her racing thoughts. Tearfully, she murmured, "Her negligence led to Adele's mishap, so I had to dismiss her. Yet, she was a loyal presence, nurturing us over time. Hence, I granted her a private compensation. I implore you not to be aggrieved by this Lapse born of momentary weakness."

Holden's silence felt like a verdict, his frigid gaze scrutinizing Sadie's soul. Then, after an eternity of contemplation, his voice pierced the tension. "Attend to your own affairs. I don't want to see a repeat of today's incident." His words brought Sadie an unexpected exhale of relief, realizing that the nanny had refrained from exposing her.

With a soft inhalation, she looked towards Holden, her demeanor seeking to appease, and softly intoned, "I'll hire a more professional nanny later."

But Holden replied, "No need. Adele's situation mandates your personal attention, as her mother."

Startled, Sadie widened her eyes, and she voiced her dissent, "But I'm about to start filming a movie soon, and it's arduous for me to bring Adele onto the set."

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Holden, his silence resounding, merely gazed at her.

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Caught within his unwavering stare, Sadie's countenance stiffened, and she pressed on, "Furthermore, the promotional activities that ensue will involve a multitude of individuals. I'm afraid."

Holden interjected, his tone unwavering, "I've already halted your involvement in that movie, along with other schedules for the foreseeable future. This affords you ample time to dedicate yourself to your child's well-being. Once she recovers, you may resume your career."

Stunned, Sadie fought the urge to protest, her eyes fixed on Holden's unwavering stare. She managed only a forced smile and a nod, the weight of her resentment towards Adele growing stronger within her.

Holden's mind ventured elsewhere, prompting him to ask, "Aside from the two of you, has Adele had any recent interactions with anyone else?"

Sadie had just managed to soothe her frayed nerves when a fresh wave of panic surged within her. The annoying face of Ariana floated into her thoughts.

The mere thought of Ariana sharing even a fleeting moment with Adele ignited a wildfire of anxiety within her. A deluge of conjectures filled her thoughts.

Could it be that Holden had unearthed and remembered a revelation from his past? Or had that wily woman purposefully left a trace on the child to get Holden's attention?

As these myriad possibilities swirled within her mind, Sadie consumed herself with profound hatred. But she forced herself to exude an air of composure. She first thought before slowly shaking her head and saying, "Nothing out of the ordinary occurred. Adele and I have been inseparable, and her interactions with others have been scarce."

In a tone of apprehension, she asked, "What prompts this sudden question? Has something transpired?"

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Holden responded calmly, "The physician has noted a recent improvement in Adele's condition, and she has exhibited perceptible responses to the external world. Hence, I wonder if she might have had a brush with an unfamiliar experience or encountered someone of significance."

Internally, alarm bells clanged insistently for Sadie. She simmered with resentment toward that young girl and silently cursed her. She had diligently watched over Adele daily, yet the child hadn't shown the slightest improvement. Then, after a mere fleeting interaction with Ariana, there was a discernible shift?

Verily, this child displayed a most ungracious disposition.

In the recesses of her heart, Sadie stewed in anger, inadvertently crumpling the fabric in her grip. However, she outwardly maintained a veneer of serenity and feigned elation as she remarked, "This news is heartening. It's plausible that the preceding treatments are beginning to yield fruit, and the time I've dedicated to her recently might be fostering her recovery."

Holden nodded in approval. "Indeed, suspending your professional commitments appears to have been a prudent choice. You needn't exert yourself unduly. Please accept this card, and use it to acquire whatever is needed. Adele's condition could transform; thus, focus your efforts on her well-being."

He handed her a card as he spoke. He then stood, preparing to depart. Clutching the card, Sadie's fingertips drained of color from her fervent grip. She trailed her gaze after Holden, unable to contain herself from calling out, "Holden, are you leaving now? Can you not spare a fraction more of your time to direct it toward me?"

Emotion Laced her voice, and before Holden could respond, she pressed on, "Why do you display such remarkable patience for the child but can't give me a fleeting surplus of your attention? Have you been divested of your memory, along with the innate inclination to cherish your partner?"

Holden stopped, though he didn't turn. He lowered his gaze slightly, releasing a sigh.

Undeterred, Sadie persisted, "Once, we reveled in love so sweet, our days and nights intermingling endlessly.. |, too, Lament Adele's plight, but | assure you, my actions were unwitting. The culpability lies with the nanny."

Holden turned to face her, his face calm. "Don't be so speculative. Go and rest now."

Her words felt like they Landed on cotton, and Sadie's eyes welled with tears, her voice choked with the ache of injustice. She articulated amidst her tears, "You are resolved to wed me, yet a year has elapsed, and you've never touched me! What is the rationale?"

"Indeed, you are Adele's mother; hence, it stands to reason | shall take you as my bride. Don't think beyond there," Holden replied, his demeanor seemingly impervious to her tears.

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At that moment, Sadie seized the opportunity, asserting, "Given our impending nuptials, | hold Little desire to pass the night in the guest room!" Anticipation illuminated her eyes as they Locked on the man a few strides away.

Holden's irritation grew palpable as he undid his tie, glancing at Sadie. A wry chuckle escaped his Lips before he spoke. "If this place doesn't suit you, then leave! Shawn can look for a new place for you."

Sadie's disbelief was a storm in her eyes. She had merely voiced a wish without taking a step, and already he was trying to kick her out?!

How could his heart be so mean? As she locked eyes with him, her voice shook as she dared to ask, "Is your disdain for me truly that deep? We stand betrothed — can't we even share a night in the same bed?"

Holden's brow bore the weight of his weariness as he rubbed it, his patience teetering on a precipice. He chose honesty. "With your role as Adele's mother, concentrate on that mantle alone. Don't delve into musings." After a beat, he added, "I can grant you all but one thing until my memories resurface: love."

He then turned and Left. He left her to grapple with the echo of the closing door, her tears breaching their dam. In his room, Holden wrestled with an all-encompassing fatigue. The room's gentle luminescence painted tranquility.

Taking off his coat, he settled on the couch, his fingers idly toying with a Lighter. A rhythmic dance of thumb against the ignition wheel kindled sound and a flicker of flame while his thoughts wandered.

He questioned the inexplicable. Despite Sadie's fervent proclamations of a shared past, he felt a profound disconnection. No symphony of heartbeats, just an impulse to escape.

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He failed to grasp the why. Why he couldn't enfold Sadie in his arms, despite her insistence on their past love, which led to Adele.

He struggled to fathom why he could welcome Adele yet turn away from Sadie.

As these thoughts swirled, unease crept beneath Holden's skin — not solely due to his apathy toward Sadie, but the shadow of oblivion shrouding his history.

Pressing his temple and setting aside the lighter, he took his cell phone as a diversion, he hoped.

In haste, he accessed a video channel with a Legion of followers named "Aria and Her Little Melon."

The host of this account never revealed her face, and she only talked about cooking baby food.

Although the video production was not of the highest quality, the overall style was engaging. The host's hands, which were clean and slim, were a visual treat as they prepared the ingredients.

On top of all, Holden found solace in her voice, a lullaby to his wakefulness.

Five years after surgery, insomnia was his constant companion. Nights bled into wakefulness.

Until fate guided him to this haven.

Her voice, an elixir of dreams, consistently led him to sleep.

He admitted the anomaly, testing other baby food bloggers to no avail. Why only her voice possessed this power remained an enigma, yet he welcomed this elusive remedy to his sleeplessness.

After immersing himself, he scrolled and donated a hundred thousand.

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On the other side, Ariana had just completed washing up and was preparing for bed when she heard a notification indicating that she had received money.

She got her phone and saw the donation. Ariana opened the video app and noticed an unexpected reward: ten thousand dollars had just been bestowed upon her. What surprised her even more was that the benefactor was someone she recognized.

The ID presented a jumble of characters, accompanied by a plain white profile image, as though it belonged to a recently established account. Yet, curiously, this account had been registered for nearly half a year, though its upkeep seemed nonexistent.

Perhaps, Ariana pondered, it was a matter of personal preference.

Over the past six months, Ariana had been graced with rewards from this mysterious individual almost every week. The amounts weren't trivial; they ranged from tens of thousands to well over a hundred thousand.

Astonishingly, these recent six months had proven more lucrative than her entire three years of video-making prior combined.

The inexplicable generosity perplexed Ariana. She found it difficult to comprehend why someone would be so Liberal with money, treating it as though it held no value.

In fact, after the third reward, Ariana mustered the courage to send a message to discourage further acts of kindness, but her plea remained unanswered.

She sighed, harboring the hope that the person behind this lavish giving wasn't a young child frivolously utilizing their parents' hard-earned earnings.

Her gaze fell upon the stagnant chat interface, a testament to the unrequited messages she had sent, before she typed "Thank you."

However, to her surprise, this time, the person actually replied, saying, "You're welcome."

Ariana stared at the three words in disbelief and swiftly composed her response on the screen: "Please don't reward me anymore. You have already given so much."

As time passed, no response emanated from the other end. Ariana found herself somewhat speechless, wondering if this person might have some sort of peculiar motive. Why would they be so generous for a mere baby food blogger? What exactly were they attempting to achieve?

However, she didn't allow herself to dwell on it excessively and set her phone aside, redirecting her focus to her work.

The negotiation during the day had gone quite smoothly. Even though Holden had left abruptly, the person he left in charge was cooperative and the discussions were productive.

This person had developed a positive impression of Ariana, and the collaboration encountered no significant obstacles. Once the proposal obtained approval, they could move forward with the partnership.

Glancing at the time, Ariana decided to dedicate her evening to working on the proposal.

After spending some time organizing the data, she eventually completed the proposal, diligently double-checking it for any possible errors before dispatching it to Shawn's email.

Having accomplished all these tasks, Ariana indulged in a leisurely stretch, allowing her body to relax. Finally, she had some free time to engage with her phone.

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To her astonishment, she discovered an unread message from the generous fan, sent a mere fifteen minutes ago, inquiring about any new videos.

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Ariana pondered for a brief moment before composing a reply, "Yes, though I haven't had the opportunity to edit it. The video is rather lengthy, so its publication is currently pending."

Following the transmission of her message, she lowered her phone, only to be met with an immediate response from the person on the other side.

Curiosity piqued, she opened the message and found a phone number, accompanied by a note. "Kindly forward it to my private social media account. There are no time constraints."

For a fleeting moment, she hesitated, questioning whether this individual might possess some eccentric traits. What could motivate such eagerness to view an unedited cooking video in the midst of the night?

Furthermore, the raw video was riddled with errors and amusing instances, making it less than suitable for direct sharing. Consequently, Ariana provided a gentle reminder, "Please be aware that it is unedited."

A swift response was received, reassuring that this presented no issue. With a sigh, Ariana contemplated that since this person had invested such a substantial sum solely to watch her content, it would be

prudent to accommodate this minor request. Ultimately, exhibiting a bit of goodwill wouldn't cause any harm.

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Resolute in her decision, she proceeded to jot down the account number and initiated a friend request to the individual.

The other person swiftly accepted the friend request. Ariana perused their social media profile bearing the name 'F,' featuring a charming avatar with a young girl resting against a man's shoulder captured from behind, her head playfully tilted.

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The image of the girl's innocent pose was endearing, and upon magnifying the picture, Ariana felt her uncertainties fade away. Perhaps this individual wished to prepare meals for their Little one.

Prompted by this thought, she composed a message, inquiring, "Is the young girl in your avatar your daughter? She's really cute."

A swift response came — a smiling emoji.

Caught in a moment of contemplation, Ariana hesitated, questioning the authenticity of the person's smile. She couldn't determine whether the child in the avatar truly belonged to them.

Thankfully, the person then answered with a simple "Thank you." Feeling a sense of relief, Ariana pressed on with the conversation,

"So, are you learning to cook for your child?"

Their response arrived, “No, I have a chef at home, so I don’t need to cook myself.” Uncertain about how to proceed, Ariana decided to share the latest unedited video. The individual’s response was a thumbs-up emoji.

Though still uncertain about their motives, Ariana was surprised the next moment as they transferred twenty thousand dollars to her.

Ariana found herself in a state of shock.

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As the day unfolded, the person continued to bestow upon her three hundred thousand dollars. Overwhelmed and almost speechless, Ariana couldn't help but consider that this person didn't place a high value on money and might as well direct their abundance towards charitable causes.

While she didn't voice these thoughts, she returned the funds and messaged, “Thank you for your generosity, but you’ve already given enough. There’s no need to keep sending money.”

While awaiting a reply, Ariana swiftly changed the subject, inquiring, “How old is your child?” After a while, the person replied, “Five years old.” Feeling relieved that the person didn't send more money, Ariana pressed onward in the conversation.

“What a delightful coincidence, my own child happens to be five years old as well. At this tender age, it’s crucial to ensure a balanced diet.”

“Okay.” After a moment of contemplation, Holden asked, “Do you have a lot of experience taking care of children?”

Ariana pondered momentarily before replying, “Though my experience isn’t extensive, I recognize that caring for children demands unwavering attention.”

Thinking of his daughter, Holden felt a pang of guilt. He typed, “If a father finds himself consumed by work, lacking time for his child, what repercussions might that entail?”

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Ariana's gaze dropped as she remained silent for a heartbeat, then an apologetic emoji punctuated her response. "I'm sorry, certainty eludes me, for | am a single mother."

Holden's lips pursed with a tinge of regret. "My apologies."

"Don't fret, when | first began crafting videos on baby food, it was simply a means of documenting the process. The unforeseen wave of appreciation humbled me. Please, no further monetary contributions are necessary. Direct those resources toward your child." Ariana's words conveyed a genuine sentiment.

"Okay." "I need to hit the hay. Good night."

With her message sent, Ariana slipped into slumber.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Holden opened the Latest unedited video. As the video unfolded, the vexation he had earlier experienced ebbed away, replaced by a gentle drowsiness.

The soothing timbre of Ariana's voice coupled with her immaculate hands in the video wove an image in Holden's mind, reminiscent of something he'd encountered before.

A fleeting notion surged within him, a desire to meet her face-to-face, yet he swiftly dispelled the notion. The apprehension that her face might not align with her voice, shattering the fragile comfort he'd found, curtailed his longing.

As sleep beckoned, Holden mused that perhaps acquiring the video rights or extending an invitation to join the Fredrick Group could be worthwhile endeavors, carving out a dedicated space for her unique contribution.