

## Unconscious 941

Chapter: 941

Sonia's fingers brushed against her neck, and Ariana involuntarily flinched, vividly recalling the events of the previous night. She hurriedly used her hair to conceal the marks and managed an awkward smile.

"Oh, it's nothing. Just a mosquito bite that I couldn't resist scratching. Looks a bit worse now."

"Is that so?" Sonia withdrew her hand, a hint of confusion playing on her features. Despite the oddity, she didn't probe any further.

However, Sonia's inquiry provided Ariana with an opening to process the events from the night before.

There was certainly something amiss about the cabin. Yet, Ariana hadn't visited her homeland in five years, and this trip was deliberately low-profile, making it improbable for someone to target her intentionally.

After a brief contemplation, Ariana nonchalantly inquired, feigning indifference, "By the way, what's our room number?" "It's Room 309," Sonia replied casually, then turned to Ariana with a strange look and asked, "You didn't get it wrong, did you?"

"No, of course, How could I possibly get it wrong? Ha-ha, just had a momentary lapse of memory." Ariana fumbled with her phone, attempting to cover her brief embarrassment with a couple of awkward laughs.

She chastised herself inwardly for her stupidity. Assuming the room was technologically advanced, she had wandered into the wrong one. Little did she anticipate that such a blunder would lead to this situation. She felt incredibly foolish.

She yearned to erase the memory of the incident, yet the more she tried, the more it lingered, gnawing at her composure. Just as her patience wore thin, a nurse walked in.

“Hello, the hospital is facing a shortage of rooms now. You can be discharged since your condition isn’t critical. Simply return for regular check-ups.”

“Understood, I’ll prepare to leave right away,” Sonia acknowledged. The news brought relief to her. The hospital had become stifling, and she yearned to escape its confines. She eagerly gathered her belongings to ready herself for discharge.

Meanwhile, in a VIP ward on the top floor, Sadie rested on the hospital bed, her face marred by swollen, bruised skin, resembling a pig’s countenance with splotches of red and blue. She had even shattered the room’s mirrors in an outburst of frustration.

The sight of her current appearance ignited anger within her, leaving her feeling thoroughly wretched.

Afflicted by a heart condition from a tender age and devoid of swimming skills, she had believed her fate sealed when she plunged into the sea the previous night. Fortunately, the presence of others on deck and the ensuing commotion summoned swift rescuers to her aid,

Weakly, a cough escaped Sadie’s lips, as if her heart were struggling to catch a breath.

As she clutched her chest, a surge of anger coursed through her.

This body had endured two heart transplant surgeries and a myriad of medical procedures, rendering it incredibly delicate.

But Sadie couldn’t dwell on that now; her thoughts were consumed by Holden and the potent aphrodisiac permeating the room.

A product from the black market, she had procured it, its only antidote being intimate contact. If Holden remained ensnared, what recourse did he have?

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Holding her phone, Sadie dialed Holden's number once again, hoping for a solution to her predicament.

Continuously reaching out since her awakening, each call remained unanswered, No one around could connect her to him. The realization that Holden never assigned anyone to her side like Theodore had done for Ariana made her feel resentful, Disconnections plagued her calls, leaving panic and regret in their wake.

Intuition whispered something awry might have occurred. Anxiety grew, the fear of discovery gnawing at her. If Holden's situation unraveled and her involvement with the aphrodisiac surfaced, consequences would be dire.

Her gaze shifted, resting on Adele engrossed in doll play nearby. Annoyance surged as she instructed, "Call your father."

Yet, Adele remained unmoved, absorbed in her play. Sadie's countenance darkened, silent frustration directed at the child. Suddenly, the door swung open, Shawn and Holden entering. Swiftly, she regained composure, feigning weakness with a cough. Prepared to voice her grievances, Sadie's words stalled as Holden hastened toward Adele, disregarding her entirely.

Sadie's words got caught in her throat, a sense of grievance gnawing at her. But then, she realized something was off.

Why did Holden act as if nothing had transpired? Was he immune to the aphrodisiac's effects? How had he broken free from its grip?

Sadie's heart trembled, besieged by a torrent of worrying thoughts. A few possibilities arose — maybe Holden hadn't returned to his room at all, or he had stumbled upon something amiss, or, in the worst case scenario, another woman had entered his room.

The more she pondered, the more her flustered state deepened. She stole furtive glances at Holden and tentatively inquired, "Why did you only just arrive? You have no idea how upset I am. My whole body aches."

To her dismay, Holden remained absorbed in checking on Adele's well-being, not sparing a glance in her direction.

Unable to endure being ignored, Sadie's eyes brimmed with tears. Observing that Holden's attention still eluded her, her sobs echoed, a symphony of distress.

Only then did Holden raise his head, casting an impassive glance her way, and uttered in a toneless voice, "If you're in so much discomfort, I can call a doctor for you."

Choking back tears, Sadie accused, "How can you not care one bit about me? I'm your fiancée, and Adele's mother, after all. How can you be so cold and indifferent?"

Holden heaved a weary sigh and reminded her, "You should recall what I've told you before." That he could not provide her with emotional affection.

However, in this moment, Sadie's tear-filled doe eyes continued to fixate on him, her weeping growing even more intense.

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Witnessing her as a patient as well, Holden rubbed his furrowed brow and inquired with strained patience, "Is there anything that feels uncomfortable? Or anything you want to eat?"

"My body hurts all over," Sadie faintly murmured, refraining from making any further demands. She simply inquired, "why didn't you respond when I called you? I was so worried."

"I was asleep," Holden replied nonchalantly. Upon hearing this, Sadie's inner turmoil deepened. This meant he had returned to his room the previous night after all. She discreetly clenched the bedsheets and continued tentatively, "Did you sleep well, then?"

Holden regarded her oddly, noting her peculiar reaction and the line of questioning that extended beyond mere curiosity. Despite this, he maintained his impassive expression and responded mildly, "I slept quite well. Why do you ask?"

Upon hearing this, Sadie's expression instantly soured. She carefully studied Holden, observing that he was still clad in yesterday's clothes and seemed completely unruffled.

Based on his reaction, it was evident that he remained unaware of her slipping him the aphrodisiac. Holden had returned to his room to sleep the previous night, implying that something had happened in between.

The disquiet within Sadie's heart grew stronger. She forced a smile and uttered, "Oh, no reason. Just concerned about you."

Holden's brows furrowed as he sensed an oddity in Sadie's demeanor and her probing questions. In that moment, the peculiar occurrences of the previous night flooded his thoughts.

Could all of this somehow be linked to Sadie? But who was that woman in his room?

Holden gazed at Sadie expressionlessly, her discomfort under his scrutiny apparent. Overwhelmed with guilt and fearful of arousing suspicion, she simulated a distressed expression, clutching her forehead.

"My head throbs. Could you please call the doctor for me?" she appealed.

Only then did Holden avert his intense gaze and reach for the call button by the bedside.

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An uneasy silence draped the hospital room, Internally jittery, Sadie restrained herself from further inquiry, recognizing Holden's perceptiveness. If she probed deeper, he would surely grow suspicious of her involvement.

She had initially believed that after their planned intimacy, even if he discovered her role later, he might overlook it due to their shared intimacy.

But her plan had failed, leaving her desperate to prevent Holden from uncovering her premeditated actions. Holden, known for his aversion to manipulation, would bring dire consequences if he unveiled the truth.

Just then, Holden spoke up first.

Chapter: 944 “How did you end up falling into the ocean?”

Sadie promptly transitioned into the new subject, responding with feigned distress, “I was searching for Adele and witnessed a child bullying her on the deck, He shoved Adele, and in my concern, I stepped in, However, the child’s guardian charged at me and struck me. Before I knew it, I had plunged into the ocean.”

“Are they downstairs now?” Holden’s impatience was palpable. Learning that Adele had been mistreated ignited fury within him. He rose, determined to descend and confront those responsible for hurting Adele.

Startled, Sadie urgently called out, “Wait!”

With a deep frown on his face, Holden stopped in his tracks.

“what’s wrong?” he asked coldly.

Although he had a strange feeling, he didn’t show it. He watched Sadie in silence, waiting to hear what she would say. Sadie felt extremely anxious at this moment.

During the fight the previous night, she accidentally knocked off the mask on the other woman’s face. As a result, she had seen the woman’s face clearly. It was Sonia, Ariana’s best friend.

Five years ago, Sadie hired a private detective to track Ariana. In the process, she investigated everyone around Ariana, She thus had all the information about the people around Ariana. So, she naturally recognized Sonia.

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Ariana and Sonia were very close. Sadie figured that Sonia must know Theodore, What if Sonia told Holden what she knew? Thinking of that, Sadie decided she couldn't let Sonia cross paths with Holden.

Right now, Sadie was racking her brains for a good excuse to stop Holden. Suddenly, she said nervously, "Her... her condition isn't any better than me, I beat her badly and she's probably still unconscious. It was a pretty physical fight. Let me take care of it personally, okay?"

After saying that, Sadie looked nervously at Holden. However, Holden seemed completely unfazed by her words.

"I am Adele's father, and since her child laid his hands on Adele, I have to intervene." Holden's voice was ice-cold. After saying that, he no longer paid any attention to Sadie.

Coincidentally, at that time, a nurse walked in. Holden directly asked the nurse, "What's the ward number of the other woman sent here from the cruise ship?"

"Ward 3@8, on the third floor!" As soon as the nurse finished her words, Holden walked out briskly.

"Holden!" Panicked, Sadie shouted loudly from behind, She was afraid that he would actually meet Sonia. In a move of desperation, she quickly disconnected the IV tubing and rushed out of the room,

She hurriedly chased after him. Unfortunately, she wasn't quick enough and missed the elevator.

Ignoring the nurse who was also chasing after her, Sadie turned around and ran down the stairs.

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When the elevator doors opened on the third floor, Holden immediately walked out of it. By coincidence, he passed by a group of people who were leaving the hospital. Ariana was among them.

Holding Melon in her arms, Ariana walked briskly into the elevator and she didn't notice Holden. Holden's eyes happened to fall on Ariana and he immediately felt that her face was somewhat familiar. However, when he turned his head to look at her more carefully, the elevator doors had already closed.

He didn't think too much and went straight to Sonia's ward.

When he pushed open the door of the ward, he was stunned to see that there was no patient there. There was only a nurse who was busy changing the bed.

With his brows furrowed, Holden asked, "Where is she?" The nurse looked at him in confusion.

"Are you looking for the patient who was in this ward? Well, she just completed the discharge procedures and left," the nurse explained.

Meanwhile, in the hallway, Sadie was panting from running. She had just arrived in front of the ward when she heard the words of the nurse. She immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

Since the person he was looking for had already left the hospital, Holden had nothing more to do here. When he walked out of the ward, he was stunned to see Sadie in the corridor right in front of the ward. She was visibly out of breath and struggling to catch her breath. He frowned upon seeing her and coldly asked, "Why didn't you stay in the ward? What are you doing here?"

Sadie panicked and quickly tried to make up an excuse.

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"I was worried that you might get too emotional and do something rash. However, she didn't dare to look into Holden's eyes as she spoke. Her attitude made Holden suspicious. He glanced at her indifferently and said, "Let's go back."



With that, Holden escorted Sadie back to her ward. As soon as they returned to the VIP ward, Holden picked up Adele and was about to leave. Seeing that, Sadie froze. She looked at Holden and asked in confusion, “Are you leaving already?”

“Well, | still have work to do. Stay here and have a good rest.” Holden didn’t give Sadie a chance to say anything more and after he finished speaking, he left with Adele in his arms. As soon as he got in the car, he instructed Shawn, “I need you to get me all the information about the people who were in Ward

308. | also need the surveillance footage on the ship.”

First he found another woman in his room, and now Sadie had suddenly fallen overboard. Holden strongly felt that all these events were too strange to be fortuitous. So, he decided to investigate and find out the truth.

As he reached into his pocket to retrieve his phone, his fingers touched something with a metallic texture. Holden took the object out and examined it. It was a metal pendant with initials engraved on it.

The initials on that pendant weren’t meant for Holden.

## Chapter 946

Holden’s brow furrowed as he retraced his steps. Last night, in the midst of his encounter with that woman, her bracelet had somehow become entangled, its pendant ending up in his jacket pocket by accident.

Memories of the wild night flooded Holden’s mind. The woman’s face etched in his thoughts caused his heart to quicken once more.

His frown deepened. An unsettling feeling crept over him. The familiar yet distant sensations within him were growing, almost spiraling out of control. Throughout the years, many had sought to exploit their connection to the

Fredrick Group, yet none had stirred these emotions within him. A sensation akin to something swelling within his chest, mingled with an odd, unexplainable bitterness,

Every gesture of that woman had entranced him, a sensation he hadn't experienced since the woman he danced with at the banquet.

The woman in the Medusa costume seemed to evoke a peculiar resonance within him, Confused by his emotions, Holden grasped the pendant, his attention refocusing, "Has everyone disembarked from the cruise?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Shawn replied,

Holden fell into contemplation, absently twirling the pendant with his fingers.

If the woman from last night had indeed entered his bed with the intent to win his favor, then her objective had been achieved. He had even left his number for her, expecting a swift contact.

Opening his phone once more, he checked, but no notifications greeted him. Reviewing the call records revealed no missed calls either.

Despite his usual disdain for such calculations, a strange sense of disappointment settled within him.

Silence lingered before Holden spoke again, his tone measured. "Look into the woman who attended last night's cruise ball wearing the Medusa dress."

"Of course, sir." Shawn recalled that she was the same woman Holden had danced with, his curiosity piqued. It baffled him how Holden, who usually kept others at arm's length, could be swayed by a mere dance.

But prudence kept him from probing further; instead, he simply agreed to carry out the task.

Chapter 947

Shawn took the driver's seat, while Holden settled into the back with Adele. Gently, he placed her on his lap and deftly tied up her hair.

Holden's fingers worked through her hair, and he asked, "Adele, is your hair tied too tight? If it's uncomfortable, just let Daddy know, alright?"

Adele remained quiet, head lowered. She fiddled with a bunny-shaped hair tie in her small hands. Holden's patience remained unwavering as he continued speaking with tenderness. "If anything doesn't feel right in your body, you have to tell me, okay?"

Shawn had mentioned that Adele had undergone a thorough medical examination yesterday, and Holden had reviewed the medical report himself.

Yet, an underlying unease persisted within him. Adele shook her head and passed the rabbit hair tie to Holden. Seeing his daughter's adorable face, Holden's heart melted.

He smiled and gave her head a gentle rub, reaching for the hair tie to secure her hair. However, Adele seemed to have spotted something outside.

Suddenly, she pressed her face against the window, her gaze intently fixed beyond the glass. With both hands, she started tapping on the window.

Holden was surprised by this unusual behavior, as Adele had never displayed such excitement before. He followed her gaze and saw a young boy sitting near a shop's entrance, waiting. He looked somewhat familiar.

In a flash, Holden remembered. This was the same boy who had been hiding beneath his table at the ball the previous night — Melon, if he recalled correctly.

As Holden pondered why Adele was reacting so strongly, she called out in a soft voice, "Melon."

It was the very first time he had heard his daughter address someone. Holden found himself both astonished and delighted. Promptly, Holden ordered, "Turn around! Stop here."

The place they had driven past was right along the train tracks, so when

Shawn made the turn to go back, the crossing barriers had already come down, and a train was on its way. Holden found himself without much choice other than to hold onto Adele and wait for the red light to change.

Seeing that look of longing in Adele's eyes as she stared across the tracks, Holden's impatience started to bubble up. But he kept a lid on it, not wanting Adele to see his frustration. Instead, he gently asked, "You know that boy?"

Adele stayed silent, her gaze locked straight ahead.

Even though she didn't answer, Holden wasn't let down. Hearing Adele speak earlier had given him more joy than signing a billion-dollar contract ever could. Maybe this was a turning point in her recovery, and that boy held the key to coaxing Adele back into speaking.

But when the train finally passed and they were able to turn around, the boy had vanished from in front of the shop. Holden looked around, but there was no sign of him.

Meanwhile, on a nearby street, Ariana was walking toward her car. One hand was holding shopping bags, while the other had a firm grip on

Melon's small hand. Melon shuffled alongside his mother, his head down, not saying a word. The events of the previous night had left the five-year-old visibly shaken and downcast.

Seeing her son like this, Ariana's heart went out to him. She crouched down to meet his gaze. She gently held his shoulders and reassured him,

"What happened last night wasn't your fault. You were really brave. It's on me — I should've been there for you. Melon just shook his head, remaining quiet.

Ariana ran her fingers through his hair in a comforting gesture.

"Tell me, sweetheart, are you still feeling guilty about everything, or is it more sadness

After a long pause, Melon finally spoke up, his voice trembling.

“Mommy, why hasn’t Daddy come back? I miss him so much, Why doesn’t he visit or even call?”  
Despite his young age, the traumatic events had left a deep wound in Melon's heart. It was completely understandable for him to yearn for his father in this moment of distress.

Unable to hold back, he burst into tears as he continued, “I want Daddy.

Chapter 949

If Daddy were with us, we wouldn't have been bullied, right?”

Tears welled up in Ariana’s eyes as she enveloped her son in a gentle embrace. She understood that Melon was hurting, seeking the comfort and protection of his father in this time of need. Ariana blamed herself for not being there for him the previous night. If only she had been there, none of this would’ve happened,

As she softly rubbed his back, Ariana was overcome by a mixture of sadness and guilt. She couldn't provide him with the complete family he longed for. The weight of her guilt threatened to crush her.

She had considered moving on with another man, all for Melon’s sake, But it was out of the question — she couldn’t forget her beloved Theodore.

The idea of anyone else trying to replace him was unimaginable.

But how could she explain to a five-year-old that his father was gone forever?

So Ariana found herself resorting to telling gentle lies and half-truths.

“Your father loves you so much. I’m sure he’s thinking about you even now.

He wishes he could be here.”

With each word of false reassurance, Ariana's heart broke a little more.

But she didn't see any other option.

To her dismay, Melon persisted with innocent questions that only deepened her sense of guilt. "If Daddy misses me, why doesn't he call sometimes?

My friend's dad calls from his ship every week."

Melon surprised Ariana by catching on to that little gap in her story, and for a second, Ariana was lost for words. But after a moment's thought, she finally came up with something.

"Do you know of these military folks who have to do super tough, secret missions in really rough places?"

Melon wiped away his tears and shook his head.

"It's all secret stuff. Daddy's one of those secret military guys, and during his missions, he can't call us. Today, Mommy revealed this secret, and now you're in on it too, okay?" Ariana softly spoke, wiggling her pinky finger in front of Melon.

"Let's pinky promise."

Melon looked at her and asked, "When's Daddy going to be able to call?"

Chapter 950

Ariana met his eager gaze and paused for a second before saying, "As soon as he gets a break."

"But when's that?" Melon gripped Ariana's sleeve, hope in his eyes.

"Maybe a bit later." Ariana didn't want to see his hope deflate, so she kept it vague.

But just like that, Melon's hope turned into a big grin, and he clasped Ariana's fingers, wiping away his tears. "Really? Pinky swear."

Ariana let out a bittersweet chuckle and ruffled Melon's hair.

"Alright, let's go. We don't want to worry your godmother."

Just as she said that, she realized the pendant on her bracelet was missing. The one Theodore gave her ages ago. Ariana got all flustered, searching everywhere. It felt like she lost a part of herself.

She looked around and in all her pockets, but couldn't find it.

Squatting down, Ariana tried to remember where she might've lost it, but nothing was clicking. Then a thought hit her — did she leave it in the cruise ship cabin the previous night?

Seeing Ariana looking all flustered, Melon grabbed her hand, concerned.

"Mommy, what's wrong?"

Ariana forced a deep breath and shook her head.

"No, nothing. Let's head back." She stood up, holding Melon's hand, and walked back to the car.

When they got to the car, Ariana opened the door and was met with

Sonia touching up her makeup. Sonia put down the mirror and said, "Hey, can you drop me off at the office later?" "Wait, what's the deal? Did something come up?" Ariana asked.

Sonia let out a sigh.