

Unconscious 1181

Chapter 1181

Ariana tenderly tousled his hair and smiled warmly.

“Your godmother and the others will keep Mommy company,” she assured him.

“So, there’s no need to worry.”

Afterward, she turned to Rodney, her tone apologetic as she expressed her gratitude.

“Thank you immensely for your assistance.”

“No trouble at all,” Rodney warmly replied.

Angela’s Library

“He’ll join us, and it will infuse some liveliness into the house.”

At that moment, a gentle knock graced the hospital room’s door, acknowledged by Ariana as it slowly swung open. A small head peeked inside, and a young girl, bubbling with enthusiasm, made a beeline for Ariana.

“Sister!” Melon exclaimed with sheer joy, abandoning his toy and dashing over. Ariana, taken aback, noticed Adele and Shawn. Shawn nodded to Ariana as he placed a thoughtful gift on her bedside table.

“Adele missed you, so I brought her for a visit. You two can have some private time. I’ll return to pick up Adele later.” In response, Ariana nodded, and Shawn exited the room.

Without uttering a word, Adele approached Ariana, positioned herself by the bedside, and tenderly grasped Ariana’s uninjured hand. Her gaze, filled with unspoken emotion, remained fixated on Ariana.

Observing the scene, Judy remarked, "It's peculiar. This little girl bears an uncanny resemblance to Melon." Ariana found herself a bit taken aback by the remark. Could Adele and Melon truly resemble each other?

She glanced at Melon, then at Adele, pondering the notion. Indeed, there seemed to be some resemblance. They both had large, round eyes and plump cheeks.

Ariana shrugged and said, "Don't all kids share a somewhat similar appearance?"

Judy, though not expressing much verbally, disagreed in her heart.

After looking at Adele for a while, she turned to Ariana and inquired, "Whose child is she?"

"She's from the Fredrick family," Ariana responded. Judy was astonished to learn of the connection to the Fredrick family.

She had heard that the current head of the family held a special affection for this child, which she found quite remarkable.

"Sweetie, do you want some cookies?" Judy crouched down to address Adele.

Chapter 1182

Adele remained silent. She displayed an indifference to the world around her and steadfastly fixed her gaze on Ariana without saying anything.

Judy sensed that something might be wrong with Adele, evoking pity and concern for the young girl. Choosing to keep her thoughts to herself, she quietly registered her observations about Adele in her heart.

Throughout the day, the group stayed in Ariana's hospital room. Come evening, Rodney took Melon away while Shawn left with Adele.

Ariana ate dinner as usual, and when she was done, she went to bed.

These days, she needed the rest. Despite her need for rest, an eerie feeling persisted as Ariana drifted in and out of sleep. It felt as though someone was by her bedside, silently watching.

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Initially groggy, Ariana's senses sharpened at the faint sound of the door closing. She instantly sat up and exclaimed, "Who is there?"

She immediately turned on the light and searched every nook. But she found no trace of anyone.

Ariana first considered that she might be only partially awake and experiencing a hallucination. But, a royal blue cufflink on the nearby chair caught her attention, dispelling that idea.

Ariana could tell that it wasn't hers and couldn't have been owned by Rodney and the others who had come over earlier. Puzzled, she picked up the cufflink and examined it closely. This item... Could it signal Holden's presence?

The following night, Ariana continued to feel a lingering sense of being watched as she drifted to sleep. When she opened her eyes, there was no one in sight.

This left her frustrated. Why did she keep feeling like this? Could it be a ghost? Despite the uncertainty, she had a nagging feeling that it was Holden.

To confirm this, she called him through her online account.

Holden was hesitant for a while but eventually picked up the call.

He sounded quite surprised as he asked, "You're still awake by this time?"

Ariana casually fabricated a tale of insomnia and attentively tuned in to the sounds from Holden's side. As expected, the distinct background music of an arcade reached her ears.

She was aware of a 24/7 gaming arcade near the hospital. One could hear the lively tunes even from just passing by it.

This strengthened her conviction that Holden was the night visitor.

Frustration simmered within Ariana as she pondered Holden's motives and her inability to catch him red-handed.

After a brief conversation, she ended the call, resolute in her determination to catch him.

The next night, Ariana followed her usual bedtime routine and feigned sleep.

As expected, shortly after, she heard footsteps approaching her bed. Without delay, she opened her eyes and seized the intruder's hand.

With pride, she triumphantly declared, "Gotcha!"

Chapter 1183

The figure concealed in the shadows remained cloaked in silence for a while.

Ariana gently tugged at the hand and said impatiently, "What seems to be the issue? You've been apprehended; why the reluctance to unveil yourself?"

Awavering voice at last pierced the hush. "What's going on?"

Ariana, her countenance a canvas of bewilderment, hastily turned on the light. There, by her bedside, stood Mitchel, his expression etched with puzzlement.

Ariana gazed at him inquisitively and inquired, "Why are you here?"

Disheartened that her anticipation had not borne fruit, she could scarcely conceal her disappointment. Mitchel motioned casually, his words unhurried.

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“My days have been consumed by surgeries lately, leaving me little opportunity to check on you. Having just concluded a procedure, I decided to pay you a visit.”

Casting a glance at Ariana, he posed a question. “Were you expecting someone else?” Ariana responded with a somewhat awkward laugh.

“No, not at all. I simply couldn't drift into slumber, and when I heard a commotion, I thought an intruder might be lurking in the dead of night.”

“The hospital's security system is remarkably comprehensive,” Mitchel remarked without suspicion. He continued, “Let me assess your wound to gauge its progress.”

Ariana adhered to his directives and bared her injury. After a cursory examination, Mitchel said, “Seems like there are no significant concerns. I'll schedule a follow-up for tomorrow, and if all checks out, you can be discharged.”

Ariana nodded absently, her mind drifting to the absence of Holden this evening. A trace of disappointment lingered, having missed the opportunity to catch him in the act.

Meanwhile, inside BRD, Holden scrutinized the information provided by his contact on the dark web. The details about Sadie aligned with his prior investigation, save for one addition: a history of plastic surgery.

Holden furrowed his brow, taking note of the plastic surgery clinic's name before casting his gaze upon the second piece of information, bearing the name Theodore Anderson.

At the sight of this name, Holden felt an unexpected twinge of nervousness. He hesitated momentarily before cautiously clicking on the corresponding file.

Following a brief examination, his brows knitted together tightly.

Chapter 1184

The individual in the photograph bore no semblance to him whatsoever. What's more, this person appeared to be a decade older than Ariana, with a distinctly aged appearance.

Holden couldn't help but imagine the affectionate moments Ariana and this person could share. His brows furrowed even tighter. The person described in the file didn't deserve Ariana in any conceivable way.

Dispirited, Holden found it difficult to fathom the revelations brought forth by the investigation.

Recollections of the photos Melon had shown him earlier, as well as the enthusiastic reactions he had received when attending the summer camp, left Holden questioning the authenticity of the photo Ariana had shown Melon.

His mind was in disarray, yet the Fredrick family's dark web had always been a source of accuracy and reliability, despite Holden's reluctance to accept it.

Angela's Library

Once, he had entertained the absurd notion that the person he had fallen in love with five years ago was Ariana and that this Theodore might, in fact, be him.

But now, with this incontrovertible data before him, that notion had become a mere jest.

Meanwhile, on Zayden's side, he lounged in his chair, idly toying with a wine glass. His assistant entered and reported, "Mr. Fredrick, all the information regarding Theodore from five years ago has been changed. By now, Holden should have received the information."

Zayden let out a low whistle, a smug expression of amusement gracing his countenance. He chuckled to himself. "Holden, you shall forever be ensnared by that devious serpent at your side."

The following morning found Ariana awaiting an examination. The results, thankfully, bore no significant concerns; rather, it was the healing of her wound that necessitated additional time. Her anticipated discharge was set tomorrow, and her spirits had made a noticeable resurgence.

Not long after her return to the ward post-examination, Judy came.

With a warm smile adorning her face, she carried a selection of nutritious meals, ushering in an air of comfort. Upon pushing open the door, she spoke reassuringly.

"Melon and Rodney embarked on a seaside fishing expedition. They are both having a great time and getting along well. You don't need to worry."

As she spoke, she sat down by Ariana's bed. "I've prepared a spread of your favorite nourishing delights. Do give them a try," she encouraged.

Ariana nodded, noting Rodney's apparent fondness for Melon, leaving her with no reservations. It had indeed been quite some time since she last savored Judy's culinary expertise.

While partaking in the meal, Ariana inadvertently flicked on the television. The news of Holden and Sadie's impending grand wedding graced the screen.

Within this televised tableau, Sadie took the spotlight during her interview. Her countenance radiated sheer bliss, akin to that of a newlywed.

Chapter 1185

As they watched the televised spectacle, Judy couldn't resist indulging in a bit of gossip surrounding the enigmatic affluent family. She quipped, "Miss Pierre has truly struck gold, it seems."

Word has it she surfaced out of nowhere with a child a year ago, asserting Adele's lineage as Holden's offspring. Just like that, she seamlessly became a part of the Fredrick family."

Ariana, taken aback by this revelation, inquired, "Did Adele only rejoin the Fredrick family a year ago?" Judy affirmed with a nod.

"Indeed. Who could have foreseen Sadie's existence before? Rumor has it, Sadie and Holden were together five years ago, albeit kept apart by Aldus. Subsequently, Sadie bore their child independently, awaiting Aldus's passing before daring to introduce the child to the Fredrick family."

Ariana's brow furrowed in perplexity upon absorbing this revelation.

Everything about this seemed bizarre. If Holden and Sadie shared a genuine bond, he hadn't made an effort to seek out Sadie during those five years. Even if they desired privacy, the sudden appearance of Sadie and their child without prior contact appeared incongruous.

Why had Sadie waited until now to introduce the child to the Fredrick family? ninjanovel.com

Her understanding of Holden led her to believe that he wasn't easily swayed or manipulated. If their love had been steadfast, even Aldus' potential interference should not have deterred Holden from granting Sadie a proper status long before this moment.

An nagging sense of unease gnawed at Ariana, but she couldn't quite put her finger on it.

After a brief contemplation, Ariana shook her head, dismissing her doubts. What purpose would it serve to find this situation strange?

It was a matter between Holden and Sadie, who were getting married soon. She opted not to dwell further on the matter and instead engaged Judy in conversation about different topics.

In the midst of their discussion, Ariana's phone rang, bearing the caller ID of the movie director. She answered, hearing a palpable sense of despair in his voice.

"What should we do? Sadie has chosen to withdraw from the film, citing her intention to focus on wedding preparations. We didn't dare to object."

Upon hearing the director's words, Ariana was rendered truly speechless. She even entertained the suspicion that Sadie's decision might have been deliberate, designed to thwart her efforts and squander her money.

Following a period of the director venting his frustration, he appeared on the brink of tears as he asked, "What should we do now?"

We reached out to the original actress, but she's no longer available."

Ariana paused briefly before responding, "Commence shooting Tyler's scenes first. Regarding the actress, I'll endeavor to identify a solution and secure a replacement."

The director expressed his gratitude repeatedly before concluding the call.

Chapter 1186

After Ariana ended the call, she released a prolonged sigh, her countenance still etched with deep concern.

Finding a suitable replacement on such short notice was a daunting task. Not only did she need to ensure the role was filled with proficiency, but the actress also had to be readily available, making the quest all the more arduous.

Ariana had scoured a handful of actors, only to find that none were accessible. Just as anxiety began to settle in, a comforting message from Remy illuminated her phone screen.

At the sight of Remy's name, Ariana's mind ignited with an idea.

Remy's extensive experience within the entertainment realm, coupled with his vast network and profound connections, presented a glimmer of hope. Furthermore, being an ardent film enthusiast himself, he boasted a considerable list of contacts.

So, Ariana directly sent a message to Remy, inquiring, "I've stumbled upon a minor predicament. By any chance, are you acquainted with any available actresses?"

She sent the message along with the requirements for the actress.

Remy responded promptly, affirming his familiarity with someone who met the criteria. He assured her that the actress would meet her tomorrow.

As Mitchel entered the room, his eyes immediately landed on Ariana, engrossed in a flurry of typing on her phone, a clear testament to her dedicated work ethic. Silently, he approached her and gently liberated her phone from her grasp.

“A patient must endeavor to rest quietly, especially during the recovery process. Working isn’t good for your recovery,” he advised in a calm, soothing tone.

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In the presence of Mitchel, Ariana remained taciturn, her demeanor akin to that of a contrite child who had made a mistake, refraining from uttering a single word.

Mitchel carefully set her phone aside and began preparing her belongings in anticipation of her discharge the following day. As he packed, he offered suggestions.

“Avoid exposing the wound to moisture and refrain from overly vigorous movements of your arm. It would be prudent to abstain from cooking. Nowadays, you can always enlist the aid of a helper... Are you listening to me?”

“Yes, yes, I’m listening,” Ariana responded hastily, her voice softening. “But... I have to go select an actress tomorrow.”

As soon as the words left her lips, there was a palpable silence from Mitchel. Ariana looked up, finding his countenance etched with displeasure, his brows furrowing as his gaze bore into her.

Ariana rushed to explain, her words spilling forth in earnest.

"It's not that | desire to work. There was an unforeseen problem with the film production. Sadie withdrew without notice. | had to urgently find a suitable replacement. It was a struggle to find someone, and | need to meet the new actress tomorrow. It's truly not my intention.

This is my inaugural foray into film investment. You have to understand."

She laid bare the entirety of the situation, and upon hearing her, Mitchel heaved a sigh and declared, "I'll accompany you tomorrow.

You're not permitted to go alone." Witnessing his concession, Ariana refrained from pressing further, nodding in agreement.

Meanwhile, Judy observed the scene from the sidelines, musing that Ariana and Mitchel were a fitting match. She understood that Ariana couldn't simply erase Theodore from her heart, yet the past was now a bygone era, and the living had a duty to forge ahead.

Over the years within the Chadwick household, she had borne witness to the depths of Mitchel's character. Many had sought his hand in marriage, only to be gently informed that his heart already belonged to another, someone he ardently pursued. Now, she grasped that the object of his affection was none other than Ariana.

In her heart, Judy marveled at the intricate tapestry of fate. Seeing them together, she resolved not to intrude any further, slipping away quietly.

As Judy, bag in hand, prepared to depart, an unexpected sight greeted her as she got out of the elevator. Her eyes widened in astonishment, and she couldn't help but blurt out, "Mr. Anderson!"

Chapter 1187

For a fleeting moment, Holden cast a backward glance, his attention arrested by the unexpected vision of a woman laboring under the weight of bags in various sizes.

Initially, he remained uncertain if she were beckoning him, but the woman's widened eyes and the incredulous expression etched across her face dispelled any lingering doubt.

Her countenance bore the unmistakable stamp of sheer astonishment.

Nonetheless, Holden found himself at a loss, unable to recollect any prior acquaintance with this woman.

His brows were knitted in contemplation, poised on the precipice of deciding whether to delve further into this puzzling encounter. At that precise juncture, Devin, who had been standing beside him, interjected, "Sir, the doctor awaits."

With a nod of acknowledgment, Holden withdrew his gaze, turning to the elevator.

Yet, Judy hastened to bridge the distance between them and urgently called out, "Mr. Anderson! Mr. Anderson! "

One of the vigilant bodyguards swiftly interposed, his tone brimming with stern authority.

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"Who do you believe you're addressing? That is none other than Mr. Holden Fredrick, the esteemed head of the illustrious Fredrick lineage. We've encountered our fair share of individuals like you, attempting to feign familial ties."

The bodyguard sneered and thought Judy was extremely crazy for asserting any connection to the prestigious Fredrick family.

Ever since Miss Pierre's arrival at the mansion, accompanied by her child, a procession of individuals had sought to emulate her example.

They materialized unbidden at the Fredrick estate, each accompanied by their offspring, all vociferously demanding that Holden assume responsibility.

The world stretched far and wide, seemingly awash with individuals harboring aspirations of a connection to someone of influence.

As Judy endured the bodyguard's patronizing words, an ember of fury kindled within her.

She had known Theodore for countless years, convinced that her understanding of him surpassed all others.

Yet, amidst her inner turmoil, she managed to quell her racing thoughts.

Her tenure within the Anderson family spanned years, and never once had any mention arisen of Theodore harboring a twin sibling.

Furthermore, there existed no rational grounds for any connection between the Andersons and the prestigious Fredrick family.

It defied belief that two unrelated individuals could share such an uncanny resemblance.

Chapter 1188

Moreover, if the man before her were indeed Theodore, he could not possibly fail to recognize her.

Yet, it was unmistakable that he possessed no recollection of their past encounters.

Having regained her composure, Judy opted to take her leave.

Nevertheless, the image of that doppelganger's visage continued to haunt her thoughts.

She couldn't help but ponder what might occur if Ariana laid eyes upon him; she would undoubtedly mistake him for Theodore. With these contemplations consuming her, Judy hesitated.

Her thoughts swirled around the patients in the hospital room: Mitchel and Ariana.

Should she divulge this perplexing encounter to Ariana? On one hand, the man she had seen was Holden, on the verge of matrimony.

Disclosing this might unsettle Ariana. On the other hand, she felt a compelling duty to ensure Ariana's awareness. After a prolonged internal debate, Judy sighed, shook her head, and quietly left.
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Meanwhile, Holden had ascended the elevator to the top floor, where the hypnotherapist awaited him. Following a brief exchange of pleasantries, the doctor instructed Holden to recline in preparation for the forthcoming treatment.

Under the doctor's gentle guidance, Holden descended swiftly into a state of hypnotic reverie. It felt akin to wandering through a dream, enveloped in obscurity.

In this enigmatic dreamscape, Holden found himself treading a path within the shadows, instinctively following these enigmatic fragments.

He had no inkling of how long he traversed this indistinct terrain when, suddenly, a jarring, piercing cacophony shattered the silence.

Without conscious thought, he spun around to confront a rushing truck that sent him plunging off a cliff.

In an instant, Holden jolted awake, bathed in a clammy sheen of cold sweat.

When the doctor witnessed Holden awakening, he delicately retrieved a tissue from the nearby table and extended it towards him. Clutching a pen and paper, he diligently transcribed his observations, inquiring, "Sir, did you encounter any visions? Did any vital memories resurface?"

Holden took a moment to compose himself, then gently shook his head. He proceeded to recount the fragments of his dream.

Aware of a prior car accident, he surmised his dream's connection to that incident. Yet, beyond those fractured vignettes, he failed to glean any substantial insights. The imagery and sounds remained shrouded in a nebulous haze, eluding comprehension.

Chapter 1189

The doctor proffered solace, his voice a soothing balm.

"It's perfectly normal, rest assured. Dreaming amidst hypnotherapy signifies hope. Some individuals even find memory elusive during such sessions."

He continued, "This serves as a promising inception. The convalescence shall demand its due time.

The trauma from the car accident was severe, and even with hypnotherapy, full recollection isn't assured. You need to be mentally prepared for that."

Holden nodded distantly, his temples receiving a gentle rub.

"You may depart for now. I require a moment of solitude."

Once the doctor left, Holden sank wearily into the sofa, palms tenderly massaging his temples. A pervasive sense of helplessness surged, a realm beyond his mastery. The absent memories bore down on his heart, an incessant thorn.

Within the hospital's hushed sanctuary, a sudden longing to see Ariana seized Holden.

Intent on visiting her, he rose. Yet, upon reaching her door, he was met with surprise: Mitchel stood

within, keeping her company.

Mitchel was engrossed in a lively conversation with Ariana while meticulously organizing some of their belongings. Neatly packed bags lay close by, and the two of them chatted and chuckled, exuding the warmth of an affectionate couple.

Outside the hospital room, Holden stood in quiet contemplation, his gaze fixed on Ariana's visage, which was adorned with a radiant smile that seemed to dance in the light.

Ariana's smile, though enchanting, was a rare sight for Holden. In days gone by, her laughter had been his invitation to join in merriment. Now, an unseen weight settled in his chest, firm as a boulder.

Suddenly, an irrational impulse surged within him, a surge to intrude upon the room and bid Mitchel away, to claim his place by Ariana's side.

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But what right did he have?

The pressure in Holden's chest became almost unbearable, and he summoned a bitter smile.

He held no standing, no recognized claim. Even his bond with Ariana remained shrouded, veiled in a

delicate secrecy that must not be breached.

To this point, their acquaintance had remained unofficial. To Ariana, he was but a shadow, while Mitchel

basked openly by her side, free to step into the Light.

Holden's phone chimed twice, drawing his attention. Retrieving it, he walked away and found a video

message from Sadie.

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With a deep sigh, Holden stole one last glance towards the hospital room before turning and walking

away.

Sadie desired a wedding. And for Adele's sake, he would cooperate and ensure its success.

Chapter 1190

Within the restaurant nestled in the heart of the children's amusement park, Sadie, her satisfaction stemming from a video sent to Holden, effortlessly engaged in play alongside Adele.

She would occasionally steal glances toward Shawn, the figure donned in sunglasses, sipping juice, who had shadowed them throughout.

Sadie masked her frustration with a feigned smile, though, in truth, she was exasperated beyond measure.

For the past few days, Shawn had clung to Adele relentlessly, leaving Sadie bereft of respite and a moment to herself.

Her role as a devoted mother spanned the clock's full circle, a continuous obligation that grated on her nerves.

Not to mention that the sight of this impish child was already a source of irritation.

Ever since discovering Holden's use of the dark web to investigate her, Sadie had been plagued by restlessness and anxiety. In a bid to mend Holden's perception of her, she had chosen to relinquish her film career and remain at Adele's side every day. Little did she anticipate this metamorphosing into relentless surveillance by the ever-present Shawn.

She maintained a gracious facade, concealing her profound irritation.

Addressing Shawn, she said, "Shawn, you've done enough. It's a beautiful day, and you've remained vigilant. Why don't you return home? I'm Adele's mother, and I can take care of her."

Shawn responded with a smile, stating, "It's quite all right, Miss Pierre. Tending to Adele is my duty. It's not burdensome at all." Privately, Sadie rolled her eyes, acutely aware of Shawn's unwavering rigidity. She could only persevere, continuing to masquerade as a loving mother while attending to Adele.

At this moment, her phone buzzed, prompting her to retrieve it.

The screen's contents elicited an involuntary leap in her heartbeat, a startling jolt of fear.

The message was from Zayden.

"Join me, at the three o'clock position to your left."

Sadie's face contorted, and she dared not glance back.

Flustered, she sneakily assessed Shawn.