

## **Read Unconscious Husband: Meet Her Love In Silence**

### **Chapter 3 He Woke Up**

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Ariana and Jasper were both taken aback by the sudden revelation that Theodore had awakened from his coma.

Jasper's face contorted with anger as he tightened his grip on Ariana's arm, accusing her of deception. "You lied to me? What I saw last night wasn't an illusion. You knew Theodore woke up, didn't you? That's why you've been acting so strange today!"

Ariana refused to explain, her expression turning into a sneer as she shrugged off Jasper's grasp, leaving him behind as she followed the servant's lead.

Jasper seethed with anger, his fists clenching as he watched her retreating form. He kicked a nearby flowerpot in frustration, the sound of shattering pottery echoing through the garden.

The sprawling Andersons' estate was a maze of hallways and rooms, adorned with vibrant flowers in every shade. Ariana made her way down the endless corridor, lost in her thoughts and worries. She finally reached the small villa where Theodore was recuperating, nestled behind the lush garden.

The peaceful surroundings were bathed in warm sunlight, a sharp contrast to the chaos in Ariana's mind.

She couldn't shake the worries that clouded her thoughts, unsure if Theodore had awoken during the night or overheard her conversation with Jasper.

Ariana's heart raced as she contemplated what would happen if Theodore had heard the conversation between her and Jasper.

Her face was drained of color, her eyes filled with fear.

Her husband was known to be cruel and merciless, with power and connections that reached far and wide, even among the police and gangs. Those who dared to cross him often met with a grisly fate.

"Ma'am, here we are." Ariana was jolted back to reality by the servant's voice.

She breathed deeply, steeled herself, and took a slow step inside. Coincidentally, Darian dashed toward her, both of them exchanging brief greetings.

And in silence, they walked through the villa's entrance.

A group of doctors encircled Theodore on the huge bed as they approached.

After the examination, the attending doctor sighed and said, "Although Mr. Theodore Anderson has regained consciousness, the accident has taken a toll on his body, particularly his legs. They are too damaged, and he will never be able to walk normally again. Physiotherapy will take a long time."

Darian's disbelief was palpable. "You mean he's... he's disabled?"

Ariana frowned, and to her surprise, she glimpsed relief in Darian's expression.

"I'm afraid so," the doctor admitted with deep regret.

"I see. You can leave now." With a flick of his wrist, Darian dismissed the doctors and turned his attention to Theodore, wearing an unusually soft smile. "Rest well, Theodore. You shouldn't worry about anything else. I'll find the best doctor to treat your legs."

Then, Darian turned to Ariana and said, "You may have to take care of Theodore from now on."

Ariana almost wanted to roll her eyes at Darian. She couldn't help but think that he was making her his son's caregiver.

Theodore sat propped up against the headboard, his eyes filled with an icy indifference that sent shivers down anyone's spine. He seemed aloof and detached from everything around him, his face shrouded with an icy chill.

Finally, he looked up and locked his gaze with Darian's, asking in a frigid tone, "Who is she?"

Ariana was taken aback by Theodore's short question, unsure how to respond to him. Her heart raced, and her mind raced faster.

She didn't even know how to introduce herself to him.

The thought of Theodore being able to leave this arranged marriage at any moment caused Ariana to shiver.

She had to see her plan through; otherwise, it would all be for nothing.

"She is your wife, Ariana Edwards," Darian said.

Theodore's expression turned colder. "I don't remember having a wife. Where did you find this liar?" he said, disdain dripping from his words.

"I arranged her for you," Darian replied in a tone that was uncharacteristically sharp. "Everyone knows it."

But Theodore wasn't going to let it go so easily. "Then I'll divorce her!" he spat. "Not just anyone can be my wife. If you want someone to take care of me, you'd better hire a caregiver directly."

The words hung in the air, freezing the already tense atmosphere. Darian's face twitched with anger, but he restrained himself. "Divorce is impossible," he said through gritted teeth.

Theodore sneered at Darian. "What right do you have to make decisions for me?"

The tension was palpable in the room as Ariana stood. She felt like a mere onlooker to the father and son's tumultuous relationship.

Darian's voice quivered with fury as he growled, "It was already decided. Ariana just underwent the artificial insemination surgery, and there's a chance she's carrying your child."

Theodore's eyes snapped to Ariana, scanning her form as if she was a mere object.

It felt like an eternity before he chuckled and asked Ariana, "So, which do you prefer, surgical abortion or medication abortion?"

## Chapter 4 He Knew It

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Ariana was in shock that Theodore would suggest an abortion. She stood there, paralyzed and speechless.

Darian was seething with anger and lashed out, "What are you saying? This child is of the Anderson family's lineage!"

To this, Theodore replied with icy detachment, "The Anderson family has many descendants. This one can be abandoned. And if you don't want to abandon it, I have ways to make it disappear."

Every word was like a crushing blow to Ariana's heart, leaving her unsettled and anxious.

Darian was beyond furious and he pointed a trembling finger at Theodore. "How dare you speak to me in that manner? You are an ingrate! Do you not consider me your father?"

Theodore let out a cold sneer. "Father? You are not worthy of being called that, Darian."

The atmosphere was tense, as Darian's hand came down hard on the lamp, sending it crashing to the floor.

Ariana took a step back, wary of the explosive emotions of the father and son.

Despite Darian's rage, Theodore remained unperturbed. He appeared to be accustomed to the violent outbursts of his father, casually picking up a glass of water and taking a leisurely sip, unfazed by the intense situation.

Darian took a deep breath, his body radiating anger as he realized there was no use in continuing the conversation. "It's too soon to be discussing a divorce," he said, his words dripping with authority. "Ariana just underwent the artificial insemination surgery. We would only find out if it was successful in a month. If you are still adamant about getting a divorce, then we can discuss it."

He emphasized the last sentence and leveled a sharp look at Theodore, daring him to object.

Theodore, however, sneered and remained silent. Even weakened by his illness, he exuded an aura of power that belied his physical state.

"Think about it," Darian spat out, the frustration clear in his voice, before turning and storming off in a huff.

Ariana stood there, unsure of what to do to break the tension between her and Theodore.

They were married now, and Ariana might have been carrying his child. It would be easier for everyone if they could get along civilly in their future life together.

But then, she thought about how much he must be suffering from his disability and his short temper.

After careful consideration, Ariana decided to take the first step to mend their relationship. If she could show him kindness and care, perhaps she could use his affection for her to advance her own plans for revenge.

Tentatively, Ariana stepped closer to Theodore's bedside and looked upon his handsome face with nervousness.

She hesitated for a moment, steeling herself to start a conversation. His gaze was cold and unyielding, but she had to try. "Mr. Anderson, my name is Ariana, and I'm your wife..."

Her voice trailed off as his icy stare bore into her. She knew she was telling the truth, but he didn't seem to want to accept it.

Suddenly, Theodore's hand shot out and seized hers in a tight grip. Ariana gasped in surprise and stumbled, falling into his arms.

His body was warm and his scent was intoxicating, overwhelming her senses.

As she struggled to right herself, Theodore put his other hand on her nape and pressed her head closer.

Fear welled up inside her as Ariana realized just how dangerous this man could be.

"You don't have what it takes to be my wife. This position demands someone who isn't a coward, someone who isn't afraid of me. Do you have a guilty conscience?"

Is that why you're so nervous around me?" Theodore's breath was hot on Ariana's neck as he leaned in to whisper these cutting words, causing her to shiver in fear.

He gazed down at Ariana as his slender fingers slid beneath the collar of her turtleneck blouse and then stroked her neck with the tenderness of a doting lover.

The intimate gesture sent shivers down her spine and she felt her heart race.

Ariana's voice quavered with trepidation as she stuttered, "I... I don't."

Theodore sneered with a malevolent glint in his eyes, relishing the fear he had induced in her.

Ariana could feel his heartbeat pounding against her chest, each thump ringing in her ears like a death knell.

What did he mean by this?

She suddenly felt a tightening around her neck as Theodore's fingers closed around her throat, constricting her breath.

Her face grew pale as she gasped for air, tears welling up in her eyes.

The pressure on her neck was unrelenting as if he intended to leave bruises on her skin.

Theodore's voice was low and menacing as he growled, "Did you enjoy flirting with Jasper in front of me?"

Theodore's grip on Ariana's neck became more and more intense as if he was trying to squeeze the life out of her, his fingers digging into her delicate skin like sharp claws. She was like a chicken who was about to be slaughtered ruthlessly.

Panic settled in as Ariana realized that Theodore was awake the entire time on their wedding night. He had seen Jasper sneaking into their room.

## [Chapter 5 Terrifying Husband](#)

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Desperation to breathe took over Ariana when her life flashed before her eyes. She struggled with all her might and finally broke free from Theodore's iron grip.

Gasping for air, she stumbled back, her eyes wide with fear as she clutched her neck, her throat throbbing painfully.

Theodore's eyes bored into her, and for a moment, he seemed to take pleasure in her panic. But when his gaze fell on her belly, his expression twisted into one of pure malice. A cold, cruel glint flickered in his eyes, sending shivers down Ariana's spine.

"You'd better hope that you're not pregnant," he hissed, his voice laced with venom. "Because if you are, I'll make sure it never sees the light of day."

A strangled sound escaped from her throat, and she coughed uncontrollably, struggling to calm her nerves. Ariana felt that Theodore really wanted to kill her a moment ago.

Her heart sank as she heard the threat in his words. Theodore was every bit as ruthless as Jasper had warned her. Maybe even worse.

In a desperate bid to save her own life, Ariana lowered her head, her voice trembling with fear as she tried to explain herself. "Theodore, please listen to me. I broke up with Jasper, and I never slept with him..."

"Shut up and get out!" Theodore's patience ran out, and his face twisted into an icy mask. "I never want to see your face again."

Ariana realized that convincing Theodore was impossible, no matter how much she tried. She hastened to make her escape, but on her way out, she collided with a sophisticated gentleman in a sleek suit.

Trembling, she apologized quickly and bolted out of Theodore's room, not daring to look back.

Once Horace Silence strode into the room, he immediately observed Theodore's intense gaze fixed on the spot where Ariana had vanished. It was as if he was lost in deep contemplation, mulling over something of great importance.

After a moment's reflection, Horace placed a test report on the nearby bedside table.

"According to the doctor, your body is healthy, and after some remedial exercises of your legs, you can fully recover. He will continue to cooperate with your orders

and pretend that your legs are disabled. Everyone in the Anderson family believes it," Horace reported to his boss.

Theodore smiled, the satisfaction clear in his eyes. "Let's keep them in the dark for a little longer. I want them to think they are invincible before I destroy them."

Horace then took out another document.

"Boss, this contains information about your new wife, Ariana Edwards," he said, fulfilling his duty as a senior assistant.

Horace moved to place the document on the bedside table, but Theodore snatched it from him.

Horace was a bit surprised. Then he spoke with a touch of hesitancy. "You may be surprised to hear this, boss, but Ms. Edwards lived a miserable life. Her life has been marked by a series of unfortunate events that have left her with little recourse. She lost her mother at the tender age of 13, and shortly thereafter, her father remarried a woman who brought with her a girl. The girl is Ms. Edwards' younger half-sister. The existence of Ms. Edwards' stepmother and half-sister was clear proof that her father had been cheating on her mother for ages.

Fueled by anger, Ms. Edwards left for studies abroad as soon as she became an adult, hoping to escape the pain of her past. However, she didn't get to see her father again before his death. Yet even with her father's passing, she was unable to find closure, as her stepmother seized control of the family's assets and cast her out onto the streets. Given her circumstances, it's possible she felt she had no choice but to marry you..."

Theodore's eyes narrowed as he perused the report, a slight frown marring his features. "Horace, I can read. I don't need you to interpret," he said in a clipped tone.

Horace nodded subserviently, but it wasn't long before he could no longer hold his tongue.

"I just feel that Ms. Edwards' past is a little similar to yours. She also has a stepmother, and was—"

Theodore's face contorted into a cruel smile as he cut him off. "Do I have to cut your tongue to remind you of your surname?" he hissed.

Horace gulped audibly and took a step back. His boss's threat was clear. He knew better than to push the issue any further.

Theodore let out a disdainful snort as he recalled the fear that had been etched on Ariana's face. The memory only served to deepen his frown.

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Meanwhile, Ariana scurried out of Theodore's room and headed to find the housekeeper, Judy Kelly.

The warm-hearted, slightly plump middle-aged woman took Ariana's hands in hers as she persuaded, "Mr. Anderson has just woken up and he may need some time to adjust. Love requires patience and understanding. Please, my dear, be obedient and tolerant toward him. Things might turn around for the better soon."

Ariana bit her tongue, holding back the retort that she wouldn't please that tyrant even if she was out of her mind. She trembled at the thought of getting too close to him, fearing for her life.

After Judy arranged a guest room for her, Ariana collapsed onto the bed, exhausted from the day's events. She fell asleep in no time.

The next morning, Ariana jolted awake to the blaring sound of her phone alarm. As she blinked away the sleep from her eyes, she gazed up at the unfamiliar ceiling, her heart heavy with confusion and worry. Her mind swirled with thoughts of her future and how uncertain it had become.

Ariana had foolishly believed that her husband's death was imminent and that she could secure her place as an Anderson family daughter-in-law.

But the reality was far from what she had hoped. Not only had Theodore survived, but he also seemed intent on banishing her from the family altogether.

Ariana groggily reached over and fumbled with her phone until she found the alarm. As she silenced the ringing, a piece of news caught her bleary eyes. "Hundreds of high-price items are on sale at the auction in Ivebridge..."

The headline grabbed her attention, and she leaned closer to read more. Her eyes widened in shock as she saw the first item on the auction block was a necklace that belonged to her late mother.

## Chapter 6 The Necklace Was Auctioned

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Ariana read the news with a heavy heart and her eyes were brimming with tears as she saw the picture of her mother's necklace.

She was sure that her stepmother Glenda was responsible for the auction of the necklace.

The necklace was part of a complete set of jewelry, each piece of which was exquisite and priceless. The necklace, in particular, was adorned with a rare ruby, making it even more valuable.

Ariana couldn't help but remember the last time she saw her mother.

Her mother had held her hand and whispered that she wanted her to marry with this jewelry set in the future. The memory made Ariana even more devastated.

The thought of Glenda selling off her mother's precious belongings enraged her.

Ariana knew there was no way she could buy that necklace, but she made a firm decision to take back the rest of her mother's belongings.

She knew she couldn't delay any longer, for fear that Glenda would sell the remaining items.

Unable to sit still, she decided to head for the Edwards family household immediately.

In a rush to leave, Ariana made a commotion in the corridor, unaware that the door of another room was slowly opening.

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The end of November brought a dark and misty day, the sky casting a gloomy hue over the world. The rain poured down in heavy sheets, turning the pavement into a river. Despite the weather, Ariana marched determinedly to the Edwards family's house.

She pounded on the door angrily. The door creaked open to reveal Glenda, standing with a disdainful expression, her chin held high with arrogance. Ariana was drenched from the rain, her hair matted to her head and her clothes clinging to her skin.

Glenda sneered, "What do you want, Ariana? I'm in the middle of planning Brielle's wedding."

Brielle emerged from the room, a saccharine smile on her face.

"Oh, it's Ariana," she said with false sweetness. "Jasper and I are getting married soon. You don't mind, do you, now that you're married to Theodore?"

Brielle flaunted her words with utmost pride, a trait that she had carried since childhood.

It was Brielle's nature to snatch Ariana's belongings and then parade them around to make Ariana feel inferior. Today was no different.

In the past, Ariana would have been furious, but now she just thought Brielle was stupid and selfish.

Jasper was just some trash in Ariana's eyes, but Brielle continued flaunting her boyfriend. How stupid!

When Ariana didn't respond, Brielle intentionally probed, "By the way, where is my brother-in-law? Isn't he awake? Why is he not here with you?"

Brielle's taunting words pierced the air, and her face was full of arrogance.

Glenda sneered, "That's Mr. Theodore Anderson you're referring to. How could he fall in love with her? They got married when he was unconscious. Now that he is awake, they are surely going to divorce."

Ariana's face twisted in disgust, fed up with Glenda's cruel remarks. "I haven't divorced yet. I don't need you to worry about me. Give back my mother's belongings to me. I will leave as soon as I get them."

Glenda's eyes darted around, as she tried to play dumb. "What are you talking about? Didn't you take them with you?"

"Don't play dumb with me," Ariana snarled, growing more and more impatient with Glenda's facade. "I saw my mother's necklace in the news of the auction. You sold it, right? I can let go of that necklace, but you have to hand over the rest."

She was tired of playing games with Glenda. She marched over to Glenda's room, determined to find the belongings herself.

However, Glenda wasn't going to give up that easily. She rushed over to Ariana and glared at her, her voice dripping with malice. "Your father owed debts before he passed away. I sold that to pay them off. Since you married into the Anderson family, shouldn't you help the Edwards family with the debts?"

Ariana's sharp eyes instantly caught Glenda's extravagant attire, causing her to scoff at her ridiculous claims about her father's supposed debts. It was obvious to Ariana that Glenda was simply using her father's debts as an excuse to justify her deceitful actions. How could they still be living in the Edwards' home if they were really struggling with such significant debts?

Ariana refused to give Glenda the satisfaction of engaging in any more petty arguments. All she wanted was to retrieve her mother's belongings and leave the toxic environment behind. Without further ado, she pushed Glenda aside and marched toward the staircase.

Glenda's grip tightened on Ariana, as she boldly confessed, "I sold all of your mother's belongings. You can search for all you want. But you will find nothing."

Ariana couldn't believe her ears, and was disgusted by Glenda's shameless attitude.

"You sold everything?" Ariana sneered as her eyes focused on the earrings adorning Glenda's ears. "Even those earrings were stolen from my mother's collection!"

Glenda's hands instinctively covered her ears before she let out an irate cry. "So what? After raising you for so many years, I am entitled to them. I deserve these! The only way you can have them is if your mother comes back to life and asks for them!"

"Don't you dare bring up my mother again!" Ariana hissed, feeling the anger bubbling inside her. Without thinking, she yanked the earring from Glenda's right ear.

A deafening scream of agony pierced the air as blood gushed from the wound. Glenda clutched her ear, staring at Ariana in disbelief. "How dare you!" she yelled, her eyes filled with rage.

As Brielle launched toward Ariana with the intent to slap her, Ariana deftly evaded the attack but was immediately caught by Glenda from the other side.

Brielle seized the moment to push Ariana to the floor, grasping her hair.

With a furious voice, Brielle shouted, "Ariana, you bitch!" She raised her hand to strike Ariana but was interrupted by a low, cold voice that resounded throughout the room.

"Hey! What is going on here? What are you doing to my wife?"

All eyes darted toward the door, where Theodore had just arrived.

He was adorned in clean, comfortable, light-colored clothing and sitting in a wheelchair with a soft blanket on his lap. Despite being seated, he had an air of power and nobility that commanded the room.

He shot lasers at Brielle.

"What did my wife do to deserve you pulling her hair?" he demanded.

Brielle, who had been feeling self-important, was caught off guard and began to stutter. "I... I didn't pull her hair."

Theodore wasted no time and barked, "Horace!"

Instantly, his assistant, who had been standing silently behind him, sprang into action and grabbed Brielle's arm.

"Ah! It hurts!" Brielle screamed in terror as Horace dragged her away from Ariana, but she couldn't free herself from his grip. Horace only released her when they were a safe distance away from Ariana.

Brielle quickly scurried behind Glenda, cowering in fear.