

## **Unconscious 271**

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Cole knew he would surely have an opportunity to debut and these classes were a waste of his time.

And to think, this loser of a teacher was lecturing him on body shaping. The very idea made Cole scoff in contempt.

Cole had no doubt that he would soon debut and Donna would arrange for the best teachers to promote his image.

The teacher, who Cole viewed as one of the losers, had no interest in getting involved in the drama. He was only there for his paycheck and chose to ignore Cole's antics.

As Cole was about to put on his earbuds, he caught a glimpse of a figure sneaking outside the open glass window. With lightning reflexes, he grabbed the cup beside him and flung it in the direction of the intruder.

'There was a sudden loud crash as the cup shattered into a million pieces, sending shards flying everywhere.

The other trainees in the class immediately turned their heads in surprise, wondering what was going

on.

Outside, Tyler winced in pain, unable to dodge the sudden attack that landed squarely on his forehead.

His hand instinctively went to his forehead, feeling the pain that radiated from it. As he looked up, he saw Cole standing there with a group of his cronies, smirking at him in a way that made Tyler's blood boil.

Cole raised a sardonic eyebrow as he looked at Tyler, who stood before him. "It seems you can't get enough of eavesdropping on our lessons. The company didn't sign the contract with you but you refused to leave. How many times must we catch you before you learn some shame?"

Standing beside Cole, a blonde with a neat brush cut joined in the mockery. "Your audacity is unmatched. But when it comes to being a destitute beggar who can't even afford new clothes, you're in a league of your own." He gestured toward Tyler's washed-out and faded attire, the implication clear.

Tyler kept his dark eyes lowered, trying to hide the anger that boiled within him. His lips were thin and tightly pursed, revealing his stubborn streak.

"Why the silence, Tyler? You have the audacity to spy on us but lack the courage to own up to it," Cole sneered with a raised eyebrow, his followers snickering in agreement.

But another among them spoke up. "Perhaps we should leave the poor boy alone.

It's not right to gang up on him."

"I'm not afraid of him," Cole retorted with a sneer. "He's just a pauper from the slums."

The group around him snarled with viciousness, hurling insults and jeers at Tyler.

Tyler, however, remained steadfast and unflinching in the face of their cruelty.

Without a word, he turned to leave, but the blonde caught him by the hood of his faded, threadbare coat.

"Did we say you could leave, pauper?" the blonde spat with disdain. "What kind of upbringing have you had to be so uncivilized?"

Tyler forcefully pulled away from the blonde's grasp, his handsome features twisted in anger.

The blonde sneered and shoved Tyler's shoulder, "Oh, look who's getting all worked up. What are you going to do about it? Punch me? You probably can't even afford it."

He raised his chin in a defiant manner, like a street thug looking for a fight.

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Suddenly, the teacher emerged from the practice room, drawn by the commotion. He quickly ushered

Tyler away from the group and spoke to him in a concerned tone.

“You shouldn’t be here. The contract signing is over, and there’s nothing to gain by hanging around here.”

Tyler’s voice was laced with sarcasm as he gestured toward Cole. “So, how is he able to sign the contract then?”

Cole’s face twisted into a sneer, his bright green eyes raking Tyler from head to toe.

“are you seriously comparing yourself to me? Just look at those ragged clothes of yours. Dreaming of being a star? Keep dreaming, loser.”

The teacher’s head was pounding as he leaned in and whispered urgently into Tyler’s ear, “Your sister’s situation has caused quite a stir in the company. The senior executives have made it clear that no contracts will be signed with you, and other companies have been warned about you. It’s time to give up.”

At first, Tyler’s eyes radiated with a glimmer of determination, but because of the teacher’s words, his countenance gradually turned gloomy, and even his once-straight back began to slump.

It was then that a familiar voice, sweet as honey, echoed through the air, breaking the oppressive silence. "What's going on here?"

Ariana's voice rang out, her footsteps soft as she approached the group. Tyler's heart lifted at the sound of her voice, and he turned to see her walking toward him, her beauty shining like a beacon amidst the chaos.

Among the crowd, Tyler was the only one who recognized Ariana at a glance. The teacher was surprised by her sudden appearance and asked who she was and why she was there.

"I'm Ariana Edwards," she announced, her voice ringing out with authority. She looked at the group of trainees and continued, "I'm here to select one of you. Ms. Scott should have informed you beforehand."

Ariana's attire was sleek and professional, and her no-nonsense demeanor commanded respect from the slack-jawed boys who had been loitering around. In an instant, they straightened up, suddenly aware of the gravity of the situation.

"Let's not waste time out here," Ariana said, striding toward the practice room. "We can talk inside."

The boys quickly followed suit, lining up behind her like soldiers following their commander.

As the group filed into the practice room, Tyler also entered and stood in a corner near the window, observing the scene with a mixture of hope and apprehension.

“I trust you all know why I’m here. I’m seeking a new artist to launch into stardom, and I’ll settle for nothing but the best,” Ariana declared. She gazed icily over the assembly of trainees, her sharp eyes sweeping across each face, including Tyler’s.

But she didn’t linger on him for more than a moment.

Tyler’s eyes were fixated on the woman on the stage. He longed for her to notice him among the throng of trainees. As her eyes swept across the room, his heart swelled with hope, but it was short-lived. Her gaze quickly averted from him without any hint of recognition in her eyes.

Ariana’s striking beauty left a lasting impression on Tyler from their first encounter.

However, it was not until he caught wind of the news involving her and Sarah that he learned she was not just any ordinary assistant but an agent with the power to make or break stars.

Tyler was convinced that the video he received in the email was from Ariana, and his gratitude for her kindness knew no bounds. He longed for an opportunity to thank her in person, but fate had yet to

present him with such a chance.

Ever since his sister was disfigured, Tyler nursed a deep-seated loathing for Brielle and her company.

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However, he also knew that going head-to-head with them would be futile, as they wielded more financial power than he could ever hope to match. After many restless nights, Tyler came up with a plan: he would try to break into the entertainment industry.

It was the only viable option he could think of.

Tyler was aware of his advantage in the looks department, and in this era, appearance was everything.

Even if he lacked acting or singing talent, he could still carve out a niche in showbiz purely based on his good looks.

But when he came to SJ Entertainment to inquire about signing up, Brielle spotted him. The next day, he received the crushing news that every entertainment company in town had been instructed to reject him on account of Brielle's personal vendetta against him.

Tyler, feeling desperate and alone, had a faint hope of signing with Ariana's agency.

He remembered how she had looked at him in a way that hinted at wanting to sign him before, but he

hadn't shown any interest back then. However, now he realized that Ariana was his only option.

He started visiting SJ Entertainment daily, sitting in on classes, and searching for her. But, she was nowhere to be found.

Eventually, Tyler discovered that Ariana had traveled with Sarah to Ivebridge for a program.

Undeterred, he continued to wait, enduring Cole and the other trainees' constant teasing and mocking.

Tyler knew that if he didn't fight for his chance to succeed, he'd never be able to help his family live a better life.

So, he braced himself to face any obstacle, even if it meant he might get hurt along the way.

And finally, the long-awaited moment had arrived; he had to seize it with both hands.

As all the trainees wrapped up their performances, Tyler's hand rose, signaling his presence in the room.

However, Ariana seemed oblivious to his gesture and deliberately looked past him, as if he was invisible.

Tyler's heart dropped like a rock, plummeting to the depths of despair. Was he destined to be abandoned by everyone, even Ariana, due to Brielle's machinations?



The anxious teenager standing by the window caught Ariana's attention, but she deliberately turned a blind eye to him.

Her thoughts were clouded by the injustice that Betty had suffered at the hands of his family, who had abandoned seeking justice for the sake of money. Ariana was unhappy with this.

After the brief performances, Ariana sized up each trainee and wanted to know more about them. She opened the name list and said, "The one called by me, step forward in order. Chiquita Morrison."

A girl with delicate features and bangs approached the stage, resembling a porcelain doll.

However, Ariana noticed her timid demeanor and lack of confidence, which were major red flags in the entertainment industry where artists were expected to be outgoing and comfortable in front of cameras.

Seated on her chair, Ariana closely scrutinized the girl's figure and demeanor while posing a series of thought-provoking questions. Upon finishing the brief interrogation, she offered a cordial smile and spoke in a respectful tone. "Your looks are promising, but confidence is key. I have a good idea of where you stand. You can go back to the others now."

The crestfallen trainee trudged back to the group, knowing full well that she was eliminated.

The routine continued in this manner for the rest of the group of trainees.

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Ariana's eagle eyes were trained on the trainees expressions and body language, as she placed utmost importance on her initial impressions.

Yet, none of the aspiring artists caught her attention, leaving her feeling disappointed.

She twirled her pen in frustration, gazed upon the bottom of the list, and finally muttered the last name.

"Cole Dixon."

Impatience was getting the best of Cole as he waited for nearly an hour to be noticed by Ariana. He idly toyed with his chain decoration and strutted toward her.

Even though he tried to conceal it, a hint of arrogance still lingered on his face.

"Are you done yet?" he asked bluntly, unable to mask his impatience any longer.

Ariana didn't look at him but kept writing something on the paper. As Cole stood there, he was certain that Ariana would choose him. He was confident in his abilities, despite his lack of experience. Besides, he was the best among these trainees. However, Ariana wasted so much time on the process, pretending to be professional. No wonder his aunt didn't like this woman.

Finally, Ariana put down her pen and looked up at Cole. He was strikingly handsome and had the poise

of a seasoned performer, even before his debut.

As she had done before, Ariana nodded and smiled.

Cole sneered disdainfully. He already knew he was the best.

Cole's face contorted with a sense of entitlement as he boasted, "Let's go, I'm done with this place."

The very idea of wasting his time on the "inferior" talents in the room was enough to make him scoff.

Ariana, who had been patiently listening to his condescending remarks, cast a derisive glance his way

and coolly replied, "You can go back in line."

The room fell silent as the other trainees watched in shock at the exchange. The smug look on Cole's

face quickly morphed into one of confusion. He looked at Ariana, who had returned to studying the

documents in front of her, and asked incredulously, "What do you mean?"

To his dismay, Ariana's response was not what he expected. Despite his obvious appeal, she had no

intention of choosing him.

Cole's laughter rang hollow in the stunned silence of the room as he asked, "You don't want to choose

me?”

Ariana’s expression remained impassive as she cast a brief glance at Cole. Her silent disapproval was palpable, sending shivers down his spine. She clearly had no intention of picking him.

Frustrated by his own failure, Cole’s emotions boiled over, and he could no longer contain his contempt. He suppressed his voice with an air of superiority and sneered, “Fine, then let’s see what kind of garbage you can unearth from this pile of rubbish.”

The sound of his chair crashing to the floor echoed throughout the room, and the trainees looked at him with mixed emotions.

Some were incensed by his words, while others hoped for a chance to impress Ariana and prove their worth. They all stood up straighter, waiting for Ariana to give them another chance.

Ariana scanned the room with a sharp gaze, her eyes darting from one trainee to the other as she spoke with an authoritative tone, commanding their attention. “I have reviewed your class schedules and the content of your daily teachings. Last Friday, your dance teacher taught you a self-made routine. I want each of you to come forward and perform it. The one who executes it the best will be chosen.”

The trainees squirmed with discomfort, their faces etched with anxiety. They had neglected their classes, never expecting their carelessness to come back to bite them.

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Cole, who had been mocking the group from the beginning, sneered as he watched them fumble with embarrassment. He was convinced that no one would be able to pull it off.

Ariana's disappointment was palpable. She had hoped to find someone who would stand out from the crowd, but it seemed as if her search had been in vain.

She was about to give up when a glimmer of hope shone in the form of the anxious teenager who had been standing by the window. He raised his hand, his voice shaking slightly as he spoke up. "I remember the routine. I can dance."

Everyone turned and looked at Tyler in disapproval. However, he looked at Ariana fearlessly and repeated, "I can dance. I still remember the moves."

Many of the trainees were disgruntled and complained.

"How dare you be so overbearing? You are not even qualified for the dance class."

"That's right. You are not a trainee in our company. Why are you even interfering?"

“Don’t make a fool of yourself. You’ve been trying to attract everyone’s attention from the start. It’s really annoying.”

Regardless of the disgruntlement, Tyler continued looking at Ariana eagerly.

Ariana was unable to bear his gaze. She looked away, feigning indifference, and said, “Then go have a try.”

Tyler’s eyes lit up, and he stepped forward eagerly.

Tyler was about to give up and leave when Cole was talking to Ariana a moment ago, because he thought Ariana would choose Cole. Unexpectedly, she requested one more test, which opened a window of opportunity for him.

This time, he had to grasp the chance.

Tyler walked up to Ariana against the light, his eyes shining with excitement.

This time, more trainees felt indignant because one more person joining meant one less chance for them.

The trainee with blonde hair was the most rebellious and dissatisfied. He shouted in disappointment,

“What’s this? Are you letting an outsider compete with us for the qualification? Is it fair?”

“That’s right. Why was it necessary for us to sign the contracts if it was so easy to be chosen?”

“Yeah! Are you joking around? How is this ignorant kid deserving of the exam?”

Many voices shouted, echoing the sentiments of the blonde trainee.

Ariana’s face darkened. She slammed the piano next to her, emitting a loud sound around the room.

Everyone quieted down and dared not speak another word.

Ariana shot a cold glance at the trainees and said sternly, “I’ve said anyone who can do the dance the teacher taught last Friday can attempt it now. How can you blame others when you yourselves can’t dance?”

The trainees were shocked by Ariana’s imposing manner and all lowered their heads.

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Ariana took a deep breath and softened her tone. “Since you have all forgotten the moves, there is no

harm in watching Tyler dance. Maybe it will jog your memory.”

Finally, the trainees thought Ariana’s words made sense and agreed to let Tyler do the exam.

Ariana was planning to take Tyler as a tool for teaching, but it did not matter to Tyler at all. His standing

posture alone had already surpassed most of the trainees.

It appeared the classes he sat in on to improve his physique were not in vain.

Ariana hid her praises for Tyler in her heart. She tuned on the speaker and played the accompanying piece for him to dance.

The choreography was inspired by a classical dance. The movements were simple enough, but the details were crucial for its success. If the dancer was not careful, the dance would look like a weird witchcraft ritual.

Although Tyler was not adept at dancing, his every movement was accurate. His eyes also shone with determination.

The dim evening sunlight shone on half of his face, aiding in the aesthetic of his performance.

For a moment, Ariana could picture a moth flying into the fire, using its last strength to bring color into its life. There was a kind of tragic beauty that could not be described in words.

His tall figure was neat, and his lean back was like a lone tree on the edge of a cliff, fragile and solitary.

The more Ariana watched him dance, the more satisfied she was with him. She sighed in her heart.

She was right from the beginning. Ariana knew at a glance that Tyler was a potential candidate.



After the dance ended, everyone exchanged glances silently.

If Tyler's performance was ordinary, they could have challenged him by imitating his moves. However, his dance was perfect. They didn't dare to humiliate themselves by giving the dance a shot.

Suddenly, a sneer sounded from the back of the room. It was Cole. "This was not the dance the teacher taught last Friday," he said indignantly.

Cole was undoubtedly inciting a provocation. Anger rose in Tyler's heart as he glared at the unruly young man and refuted, "I was dancing the routine taught last Friday."

Cole walked out of the crowd with his narrowed green eyes full of contempt. He sneered, "Where's your proof? No one would believe you if you didn't have any."

Tyler was caught unprepared.

Cole became complacent and smirked. "Since you have no evidence, I can say that the dance was not the same as last Friday's.

He then glanced at the crowd confidently and asked, "What do you guys think?"

Most of the trainees didn't dare to go against Cole and nodded in agreement.

The trainee with blonde hair also nodded and echoed immediately, "That's right.

Your dance is different from the choreography from last Friday. You just made it up on the spot."

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Tyler clenched his fists and tried to hold back his anger.

Cole grimaced at Tyler disdainfully and said complacently, "See? Everyone agrees that you were not dancing to the routine that was taught last Friday. It doesn't make sense for us not to recall the routine when we attended every lesson, whereas you can. You are just someone who sneaked in. Do you think anyone would believe you?"

"You're indeed shameless. Do you think you can fool us? Dream on!" the blonde trainee echoed haughtily again, forgetting that Ariana was still in the room.

At that moment, Tyler was too intimidated and anxious to come up with a reasonable explanation.

He was afraid that Ariana wouldn't trust him, so he didn't even dare to look at her.

He was afraid to see the disappointment in her eyes.

Ariana, who had been observing the entire time, cleared her throat purposefully and turned around to take a CD out from her bag. Holding the CD up high, she said matter-of-factly, "This is the training

video I got from your dance teacher before I came here. It's the one taught last Friday. We can review it for comparison."

As soon as she finished speaking, an uproar erupted amongst the crowd. Many of the trainees who agreed with Cole began to panic.

Without further ado, Ariana played the video on the spot. There was no mistaking that it was their dance teacher on the big screen.

Just then, no one could doubt Tyler anymore. In fact, they knew that Tyler's dance was the same without even watching the entire video.

They had only agreed with Cole as Tyler didn't have any evidence that he knew the routine.

With solid evidence in their faces, there was nothing they could say.

Cole was livid and snapped at Ariana, "Why are you so determined to choose him instead of me?"

Ariana raised her eyebrows and looked at Cole indifferently.

A sense of resentment rose in Cole's heart. Everyone had always satisfied his requests since he was a child. No one dared to ignore him or treat him as a joke as Ariana did.

He snickered angrily. "Fine, choose him then. You'd better not regret your decision!"

With that, he stormed out of the room angrily.

The atmosphere became very depressing. No one dared to make another sound. No one had expected this to happen. No one expected that Cole, the ace among them, could be defeated and lose his opportunity to debut.

Ariana pretended as if nothing had happened and said calmly, “These courses are essential stepping stones. They build a foundation for whichever path you choose after your debut. Opportunities are fleeting. Since you choose to be here, don’t waste your time.”

The trainees were extremely ashamed by Ariana’s words and lowered their heads one by one.

“That’s all I want to say. It’s best to think of your future carefully. Maybe there will be another selection opportunity like this in the future,” Ariana said, trying to sound hopeful.

Although there had been a moment of dissatisfaction, Ariana still hoped that this group of young people could work hard and stop idling about.

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With that, she packed her things and prepared to leave. However, before she left, she glanced at Tyler, who had been looking at her expectantly, and said emotionlessly, “Come with me.”

Tyler was both nervous and excited. He wasn't exactly sure if Ariana would sign the contract with him or not.

She looked rather indifferent the entire time. She made no attempts to converse with him or even look at him.

This made Tyler even more baffled by her attitude.

The lean young man followed closely behind Ariana. The light in his eyes gradually disappeared, like the sun slowly setting below the horizon.

They took the elevator down to the third floor. As they walked along the corridor, many colleagues greeted Ariana while looking curiously at the young man behind her.

Ariana smiled politely without uttering anything as she led Tyler into the room at the end of the corridor.

While they were walking, Tyler got increasingly pessimistic. He didn't realize he was at the infirmary until he got there.

He was at a loss as he watched Ariana coming over with a medical kit.

"Why are you still standing? Sit down," Ariana ordered while gesturing at a chair beside her.

Tyler was confused and flustered, but he settled down obediently. Many possibilities had flashed across his mind, but none included an infirmary.

It was not until he felt a burning pain on his forehead that he realized he was hurt.

He grimaced in pain as Ariana pressed hard on his forehead with a cotton swab. Her expression had softened from before.

“I didn’t know you could feel pain. Why couldn’t you figure out how to retaliate after being bullied? You could have used your height to your advantage. What a waste,” Ariana said in annoyance. She then threw the cotton swab away and placed a mirror in front of Tyler and said, “Have a look.”

Tyler touched the wound on his forehead. The blood had dried up, making it look rather messed up and very frightening.

Did he just dance in such an awful state a few moments ago?

Tyler’s face flushed at the thought of the horrific scene that occurred. He felt so embarrassed that he just wanted to dig a hole and hide.

Just as Ariana was applying medication to his wound, his body squirmed a little from the pain. “Don’t

move. I'm putting on the medicine. Your wound will be torn if you squirm too much," she scolded.

Tyler froze and sat still on the chair, allowing Ariana to dress his wound.

Ariana needed to wrap the gauze around his head. However, her coat's cuff was a bit wide. It would

brush across Tyler's face every time she moved.

Tyler's heart throbbed involuntarily with every touch. The fragrance Ariana was wearing made him

flustered.

He gulped and felt the need to say something to ease his nervousness. So he said in a muffled voice,

"Thank you for your help."

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Ariana kept her eyes on the gauze in her hand while she asked flatly, "About what?"

"My sister's video," Tyler replied while feeling embarrassed. He hesitated before adding, "I know you

sent that to me. Thanks."

Ariana was irritated when his sister's matter was mentioned. Unconsciously, she pressed his wound

while she was still bandaging it up.

Tyler hissed but quickly kept his mouth shut. He hurriedly found an excuse for his reaction. "I'm okay. It

doesn't hurt. I bit my tongue by accident."

Ariana felt even more irritated when Tyler was being cautious around her. However, she moved gentler than before.

She cleared her throat and said, "I don't know what video you're referring to. Stop spouting nonsense."

Tyler's anxiety grew and wanted to explain further. However, Ariana shot him a warning glance and he instantly realized that she did not want to be entangled in this matter. Perhaps that was why she had lied and claimed that she was an assistant.

Tyler didn't insist on carrying on the conversation after he figured out her intention.

He just said in a low voice, "Thank you anyway."

After some silence, Ariana pretended to ask casually, "How is your sister now? I heard that you sued Brielle but withdrew your charges. Why did you do that?"

She was slightly anxious about Tyler's answer when she asked, as his answer was a deciding factor in whether she should sign the contract with him or not.

Tyler went silent for such a long time that Ariana was about to lose her patience and wanted him to leave.



After what felt like an eternity, Ariana was finally ready to ask him to leave.

However, before she could speak, Tyler finally answered, “Brielle promised to pay my family two million to compensate for our loss. She already paid five hundred thousand in advance, the rest will be paid in a span of three months when the video is deleted and after we withdraw the lawsuit.”

Ariana felt very disappointed by his answer. So he was still eyeing the money.

She was at a loss for words and looked quietly at Tyler, who kept his head low. She couldn’t tell what he was thinking.

Tyler continued while sounding depressed, “I know we shouldn’t do this... But we don’t have a choice.

Betty’s face was burnt badly and is almost unrecognizable. One of her comeas was destroyed, and her eyesight on the other eye was also affected.

Our entire family tried our best to gather the money for her surgery and donate our skin to her. We only had enough money for her first surgery. After the surgery, she looks a little human now.”

His voice turned grave as he whispered, “The doctor said that Betty would need to undergo the operation at least ten more times. Our family can’t afford it, let alone make an artificial eye for her when

it's all done."

Tyler's voice was almost hoarse when he spoke, his hand grabbing firmly on the armrest.

"So I'm sorry to disappoint you. We need the money. Without it, Betty can't live on," he said in

determination. He then raised his head and looked at her stubbornly as he added, "You must hate this

kind of behavior, right?"

Ariana was too heartbroken to reply. She realized that she had not considered Tyler's perspective at all.

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Since she was young, her father had never deprived her of money, so she was naturally ignorant of the

importance of money to such a family.

Ariana felt an overwhelming sense of guilt, and her heart ached. She regretted not paying attention to

their situation earlier. She might even be able to help if she had known.

Thinking back to her indifference toward Tyler in the practice room, she felt she had gone too far.

"[ still have some savings. I can help..." she started hesitantly.

However, Tyler quickly shook his head and interrupted her, "I was the one who insisted on the lawsuit.

As long as we won, the compensation would be ours. I also consulted a lawyer. He said that we have a

high chance of winning with the video in our hand.”

“Then why did you withdraw the lawsuit?” Ariana asked with a frown.

Tyler fell silent again. He gripped the armrests so tightly that his veins were visible.

Ariana couldn’t bear to question him further when she noticed his suffering.

Instead, she quickly turned around and put away the medical kit.

When she was about to discuss the contract with Tyler, he started speaking again.

However, this time, his voice trembled with great anger. “Half a month ago, Brielle broke into Betty’s ward with a group of reporters, saying that she wanted to apologize to her face to face. While they were there, the reporters took many photos of Betty’s disfigured face. After that, Brielle threatened us with the photos. She said that if we didn’t drop the lawsuit, she would expose those photos and slander Betty by claiming that she further ruined her face herself for more money.”

Tears welled up in Tyler’s eyes as he gritted his teeth and continued, “Betty is just in her early twenties.

She was such a lively and beautiful girl. How could she bear such insults from Brielle? That night, she cut her wrist and committed suicide.”

Without warning, Ariana slammed the tweezers she held on the table and roared angrily, “How dare

Brielle! This is equivalent to murder!”

Tyler felt Ariana’s anger and feared she would go to Brielle to make a scene. So he hurriedly added,

“We were fortunate to have found and saved her in time.”

Ariana calmed herself down and pulled a chair over to sit down. “What happened later?” she asked.

“After Betty woke up, she said she didn’t want to pursue the matter. So now, we can only take Brielle’s money and withdraw the lawsuit,” Tyler sighed. Although he was still young, the heaviness on his face was far beyond his maturity.

“How is Betty’s health now? Is she getting better?” Ariana asked gently.

“Much better now. She is now recovering at home. She’ll have her second surgery in a few weeks,”

Tyler explained.

There was a moment of silence before Ariana popped a question. “So why do you want to enter the entertainment circle? I remember from our first meeting that you appeared uninterested in it. You even seem to hate the people and what we do here.”

Tyler stared at Ariana for a long time before replying resolutely, “Two million is not enough. I need to

make more money to heal Betty's face completely. I also want to give her the best artificial eye. Also, 1

want enough money to support her for a lifetime, even if she doesn't plan to get married."

Tyler's eyes lit up again at the mention of helping his sister. His eyes seemed to dazzle brighter than

the sun.

Ariana was moved and felt her heart ache. She couldn't tell why she felt that way. It was as if she saw

an injured cub and had the urge to protect it.