

## Unconscious 31

### Chapter 31

Theodore glanced at the woman's exposed skin, his eyes as clear and innocent as a gentleman's eyes could be. However, his slightly hoarse voice betrayed him. His mind. was already in the gutter.

Ariana didn't notice this.

She was so mad and ashamed that her cheeks were burning up. She faltered, "It... It's not what you think. I just wanted to check your leg. Your doctor said that if you receive physiotherapy regularly, you have a greater chance of walking soon. But I haven't seen you receiving any physiotherapy since you regained consciousness."

Theodore fell silent. He stared at Ariana with inquiring eyes for a few seconds. "Why do you care? Do you feel ashamed because you are married to a paralyzed man?"

Ariana frowned. "Don't put words in my mouth, Theodore. That wasn't what I meant. I just think that if you want to get better, you have to follow the doctor's advice."

"You are right." Theodore looked away and changed the topic. "If you don't want to talk to me about your work, you can write it down." "What do you mean?" Ariana's heart sank as a dreadful thought occurred to her. "Write a daily report of your work. I need to see it before midnight," Theodore said

lightly.

Ariana laughed out of anger. “You have got to be kidding me. I can’t-“

“It’s an order!” Theodore spat, his face turning cold just as she was about to refuse. There was an air of determination about him that seemed to brook no refusal.

Without another word, he left the room hastily. It was almost as if he was running away from her.

Ariana was stunned.

Did this man see her as one of his subordinates? Why did she have to report to him?O

Anyway, since he wanted a report, he was sure going to get one. This task was no biggie for Ariana.

After all, she had spent the whole day cleaning up dirt like a slave.

She grabbed a piece of paper from the table and wrote down only two lines of words quickly. She then rushed to Theodore’s bedroom with the paper.

No one answered after she knocked on the door twice.

Ariana held the doorknob, intending to open the door. But when she recalled what happened in the study a few days ago, she froze. She couldn’t go in without his consent. Her ferocious lion of a

husband might rip her head off.

Ariana was pacing about in front of the door when Judy passed by. She was stunned to see her standing there in a bathrobe. “Ma’am, do you want to see Mr. Anderson? Just go in! The door must be open. He never locks it.”

Ariana twisted the doorknob. Truthfully, the door was unlocked.

She said a prayer under her breath and walked in slowly.”

The room was brightly lit, but there was no one inside.

Glad that she didn’t have to face Theodore now, Ariana breathed a sigh of relief. She just had to put the piece of paper on the bedside table and leave.

As she walked past the bathroom door, she heard the pattering sound of water. She realized that Theodore was taking a shower.

She had just taken another step when she heard something shocking; his moans drifted out of the bathroom!

Chapter 32

What was he doing? Was he...

The moans became louder and louder. Ariana’s hand flew to her mouth. Her cheeks turned scarlet.

Never had she pictured Theodore to be someone who jerked himself off, let alone one who moaned so loudly. It turned out that this ascetic man had a wild side.

Ariana couldn't help thinking about what happened back in her bedroom. Was it because of her that...

God! She must be overthinking things.

Ariana held her face and took to her heels.

That night, she kept tossing and turning on her bed. Theodore's raspy gasps and moans didn't leave her head. Images of him masturbating in the shower popped up non-stop in her mind.

For the next few days, Ariana avoided Theodore like plague. She made a concerted effort not to run into him in the house. She slid her daily report under his door every day.

She had been doing odds and ends of menial jobs at the warehouse for several days in a row. It was so hectic. The only good side was that she got to know more about the warehouseman, Hiram.

Donna didn't show up in front of Ariana ever since. It became pretty obvious that she didn't have the intention of assigning her somewhere else.

Sitting at her supposed temporary station, Ariana was very worried.

She couldn't go on like this. She had only accepted to work at SJ Entertainment because she meant business. How could she waste her time in the warehouse when she was supposed to be doing big things already?

All of a sudden, the elevator chimed and the doors swung open. Ariana turned around and saw Brielle walk in. She was beautifully dressed and surrounded by a group of people.

"Why is she here?" Ariana asked no one in particular.

Hiram, who was wolfing down his meal beside her, replied, "Haven't you heard? She was recently signed into SJ Entertainment. It's said that they are throwing most of their weight behind her. Mr. Jasper Anderson is her agent. He already helped her bag a good endorsement deal. She's probably on her way for the shoot."

Ariana shifted restlessly in her chair. She and Jasper were both newcomers. He was already an agent, but here she was rotting away in the warehouse!

How was this fair? This wasn't what they agreed on!

Ariana was so angry that she dropped the lunch box in her hand and followed Brielle and the others.

### Chapter 33

The huge studio was crowded and rowdy. Brielle's assistants and bodyguards occupied a lot of space

as soon as they got in.

Jasper, who had been waiting for her, didn't hesitate to scold her. "What took you so long? I specifically told you not to be late. The photographer I booked is famous. He flew over from Milan. You kept him and everyone else waiting for almost an hour."

"Oh, please! Give me a break." Brielle rolled her eyes. Seeing that Jasper was dead serious, she pouted and reached for his arm. "I'm only a little late. There's no point making a fuss. Besides, the shoot is for a small brand. Don't make a mountain out of a molehill."

Jasper shook off her hand. "Shut up! If you don't care about your career, why should I?"

"It hasn't gotten to that, baby. I was just kidding. Don't be mad at me. You know what? I'm going to get changed right away," Brielle said, panicking suddenly.

Jasper snorted and ignored her. He turned around and sat down on the sofa, waiting for the shoot to begin.

It took Brielle another hour to get changed and have her makeup and hair done. She walked out of the dressing room looking more dashing.

“Gosh, I can’t believe I spent so much time dolling up for a small commercial. What’s so good about those jewels? They aren’t to my taste at all. No wonder they are low on sales. Will they\_\_\_”

“Cut the crap!” Jasper shut her up rudely. Brielle curled her lips with irritation. Afraid that she would ruin

the shoot, he tried to explain patiently, “For your information, those jewels aren’t ordinary. The designer

just won a big award. He’s very famous in the fashion industry. His brand aims to be at the top of the market. It has great potential. Since you are opportune to model for the brand now, it will boost your career. Behave yourself.”

Only at this moment did Brielle drop her arrogant attitude. The grievance in her heart disappeared. She mumbled, “Fine.”

At this time, the designer and photographer came over. Both men were in their early thirties. They had deep frowns on their faces. They suddenly muttered something in Italian.

Jasper didn’t understand a word that they said. He snapped at his assistant, “Where is the interpreter?”

“Sir, she is on her way. I trust she will be here soon.”

“She’s not even here yet? Fuck!”

Jasper was infuriated. As the two foreigners continued to speak to him in their language, he was almost losing his mind.

Suddenly, a clear female voice rang out.

“They are complaining about the clothes the model has on. According to them, the outfit doesn’t match the jewels. They want her to get changed into something else.”

Jasper turned around and saw his rival, Ariana. He was surprisingly happy to see her. He remembered that she was a polyglot who knew Italian. He reasoned that he could use her to communicate with these men.

“Come here, Ariana! Tell them that the clothes they prepared are too ordinary, and that was why the model didn’t put them on.”

“And why would I do that? Who are you to give me orders? Are you speaking to me as the second son of the Andersons or as someone else?”

Ariana inquired, folding her arms defiantly.

Jasper’s face darkened. “Now is not the time for this, Ariana. People are watching. We are both



employees of this company. You are obligated to help your colleagues if need be, so stop being so arrogant and stubborn.”

#### Chapter 34

Ariana sneered at him and then shrugged. She stepped forward and looked at Brielle from head to toe.

Afterward, she tut-tutted with displeasure. “The designer is a minimalist artist. You are dressed like a Christmas tree. Can’t you see that it just doesn’t make sense?”

Brielle rolled her eyes and uttered sarcastically, “What do you know about fashion? It’s called contrast.

You know, the products are not eye-catching already. If I wear some plain clothes like I’m attending a funeral, the target audience won’t spare the commercial a second glance, let alone buy the trashy products.”

The couple was in sync. They didn’t see anything wrong with the outfit.

Ariana felt the urge to explain to them. But then, she remembered that they were blockheads. She turned to look at the designer-Ivan Russo, who had been standing aside. She thought about how best to explain the current situation to him. “Well-“

“Don’t bother yourself, miss. I actually understand your language,” Ivan piped up in Italian.

Ariana’s jaw dropped. That meant he heard Brielle’s disparaging remarks about his designs.

Ivan held a finger to his lips. "Let's keep it a secret."

"My lips are sealed. Trust me," Ariana replied in Italian, nodding her head. The two smiled at each other. Then Ivan asked, "Would you like to be the model for this commercial?"

Ivan's offer surprised Ariana. He wanted to change the model for the commercial?

It meant that Brielle would lose the deal and her career would suffer a major setback even before it started.

After thinking for a while, Ariana turned down the offer politely. "I'm sorry, sir. I'm an agent here, not a model."

"Oh, I thought you were a model. You are very beautiful. With a look of regret, Ivan continued, "Your physical appearance and temperament are just what I need in a model for this commercial What a pity!"

Ariana looked at the pieces of jewelry that were displayed not far away and commented, "I love your designs. They are unique. I can see that you combined traditional and modern aesthetics to make them. I must say that you are very talented."

One of the minor courses that Ariana took at the university had to do with jewelry design. She knew that only a designer who knew his onions could make a compromise between his own taste and the public's preferences.

Designers had to put in a lot of work and make several revisions just to put out the best.

Even though the design looked simple to others, Ariana knew that it must have cost hours of hard work.

Ivan's smile widened after he got that compliment. He took out his business card and handed it to her.

"Here's my card. I'm glad I met an understanding and insightful person like you. As they say, less is more. I love to make my designs minimalist in order to spark thoughts from people."

"This could set a new trend in the jewelry industry." Ariana took the business card with a smile. They talked some more.

After the short conversation, Ivan was all smiles. "I hope we can work together someday. If you ever need my help, you can call me at any time."

"Okay, we should do that one of these days."

Jasper gaped at them as they chatted happily. Once they were done talking, he grabbed Ariana's arm.

"What were you two talking about?"

Ariana shook off his hand and shot him a glare.

## Chapter 35

Finally, the interpreter arrived. It was a young girl.

Jasper shoved Ariana aside and shouted at the interpreter, “Don’t just stand there! Come and translate for me!”

Before the interpreter could get down to work, the two Italians said a few words, packed up their things, and left.

“What... What just happened?” Jasper directed that question to the interpreter.

The interpreter faltered, “Erm... Ivan said that the shoot is canceled, and that he would pick another model for the commercial.”

“What?” Brielle flipped out. She looked at Ariana angrily. “This is all your fault! You must have said something to ruin my chance. Out with it!”

Ariana scoffed. “Are you really going to put the blame on me? Just so you know, those two understand English very well. They heard all you said about the jewelry. You should be thankful that they didn’t make a scene since you wasted their precious time!”

“Bah! You are one big liar! My guts tell me that you said something to them. You bitch!” Brielle went feral. She gave Ariana a hard shove.

Ariana raised her hand to fight back, but Jasper stopped her. He looked into her eyes and warned,

“Don’t even dare. This is the workplace. Don’t make a scene here.”

“Mr. Anderson, you have forgotten your identity, haven’t you?” Ariana sneered. She leaned over and whispered to him, “Even though we are both colleagues in public, I’m still your elder brother’s wife.

What right do you have to speak to me in that manner?”

“You!” Jasper wanted to give her a piece of his mind, but he couldn’t find the right words to say. His eyes turned red as he glared at her.

Just as they were in a stalemate, Donna rushed into the studio and wagged her index finger at Ariana.

“Hey, newbie! Have you gone nuts? Is this the station 1 assigned you to? What the hell are you doing here? You even ruined our model’s work. If you love yourself, you would quit instead of causing so much trouble here!”

Ariana explained with a grievance, “It’s not what you think, Donna. I just—”

“Hey, hey! Not another word!” Donna cut her off. She then turned to Jasper and bowed to him. “I’m

sorry, sir. She's a dumbo. Although I assigned the task of cleaning up the warehouse to her, I don't know why she wandered until she got here."

A realization struck Ariana when she saw Donna being so respectful to Jasper. It appeared that she was Jasper's stooge. No wonder she had been acting up since!

"This troublemaker fucked things up today. She must be punished. We play by the book here, don't we? Jasper uttered casually with his hands in his pockets.

Taking the hint, Donna turned around to look at Ariana and said arrogantly, "You are guilty of negligence of duty, interference in others' work, and causing the company to lose a fortune. All of these are frowned upon at SJ Entertainment. You are fired!"

This statement dazed Ariana for several seconds. Soon, she recovered from the shock. "Why would you fire me? I did nothing wrong. You have no right to fire me."

"Shut up!" Donna shouted angrily. "You were only employed here a few days ago, but you have caused such a big loss. Who knows how much more the company would lose if you continue to work here?

You are lucky that we aren't asking you to pay for damages. Get out of here right now!"

Everyone in the studio gathered to watch the scene at this time.

Ariana had no one on her side now. She stood there with her fists clenched. No one would believe her even if she tried to explain.

## Chapter 36

Judging by the looks they all gave her, it was obvious they wanted her to be kicked out.

“What are you waiting for? Pack your stuff and

get the fuck out of here!” Donna yelled at Ariana. Her voice was so loud that the other workers were startled. They quickly lowered their heads and resumed cleaning up.

The tension in the studio was as thick as fog. Just as everyone went about their business, a husky male voice came from the door.

“What the hell is going on here?”

Ariana turned around, recognizing that the voice belonged to Horace-her husband’s assistant, the same one she had met at home several times.

She looked behind him, in hopes that she would see Theodore. She felt a bit disappointed when she didn’t see him there.

What was she thinking? How could Theodore show up here when he was still paralyzed and wasn’t

healthy enough to work?

All the workers in the studio froze when they saw Horace.

Donna, who had been so arrogant a second ago, immediately bowed and greeted him. “Good afternoon, Mr. Silence.”

The other workers did the same.

Brielle curled her lips with contempt. Horace was just Theodore’s assistant. She didn’t see the need to respect him.

She was just about to make a witty remark when Jasper tugged at her sleeve and warned her with his eyes.

“What? Are you afraid of him too? But he’s not Theodore. He’s nothing but an employee,” Brielle murmured under her breath and then pouted like a spoiled brat.

Unbeknownst to her, Horace heard all that she said. He just smirked without looking at her. He then went straight to Ariana and inquired about what happened.

Before Ariana could utter a word, Donna snapped, “Mr. Silence, she’s the one at fault here! She



secretly said something to the client, causing him to cancel the shoot and refuse to work with our model.”

“She said something? What exactly did she say?

Since you don’t know what she said, how are you so sure that this is her fault?” Horace queried, frowning deeply.

“Sir, the fact remains that the shoot was canceled because of her. Why does it matter that “Enough!”

Horace shut Donna up before she could finish speaking, “Before I came here, I received a message from Ivan. He told me a completely different story.”

Donna’s face changed when she heard this.

Flustered, she took a quick peek at Jasper.

Jasper’s face darkened. “The timing of that e-mail is questionable.”

## Chapter 37

Horace smiled politely, ignoring the sarcasm in his tone, and went on. “It’s simple professional

etiquette. It’s good that Ivan went out of his way to explain things to the management. According to

him, he canceled the shoot because the model spoke ill of his designs and refused to act according to

his suggestions. He said that he can’t work with such an arrogant and difficult person. Although he

wanted to terminate the deal completely, he decided to continue cooperating with SJ Entertainment on the condition that the key model must be changed. And it's all thanks to Ms. Edwards' timely intervention."

The onlookers began to murmur as soon as they heard this statement. Their opinions of Ariana changed.

Brielle's face darkened. How dare Horace tear her down in the presence of all these people? She was so angry, but she decided to clear her name before things turned sour for her.

"It was just a misunderstanding. I didn't speak ill of the designs, nor did I go against him arrogantly. I just made a simple observation. Ivan is Italian. Perhaps he misunderstood my words because English is not his first language. The interpreter, who was supposed to act as a bridge between us arrived late. It is all her fault!"

Horace was not surprised that Brielle was pinning the blame on someone else. "I see. Since no one wants to take the blame, I will report this incident to the boss."

Brielle looked horrified. She didn't expect things to get out of hand. She dreaded having to face dire

consequences should the matter be tabled by the higher-ups.

She shot a glare at Ariana and stormed out angrily. Her assistants and bodyguards followed her out.

The studio became empty all of a sudden Jasper's face was gloomy. He walked toward Ariana

menacingly, intending to exchange words with her. But Horace stepped between them.

"Mr. Jasper Anderson, your father is waiting for you in his office. I think you should go now."

Jasper snorted and stared daggers at him. "Mr. Silence, can you remind me when you were made my

boss? If my memory serves me right, you are just my brother's assistant. Why are you interfering in my

work?"

Horace just gave him a professional smile.

Jasper's brows twitched as he restrained his anger. The most disgusting set of people in his books

were overzealous employees like Horace. This lad was cunning and loyal to a fault.

After the staring contest, Jasper had no choice but to leave.

Donna wanted to follow him out like a loyal chick would. However, Horace stopped her.

"Wait a minute, Ms. Scott. You are Ms. Edwards' superior. You fired her without carrying out the

required investigation on the matter. Don't you have some explaining to do concerning your actions?"

Donna halted and turned around slowly with an embarrassed smile. "Mr. Silence, it was just a minor misunderstanding."

"You call that a minor misunderstanding?" Horace sauntered toward her with his hands behind his back. In a flat tone, he continued, "Even someone with half a brain would be able to tell it wasn't minor."

Had I not stepped in at the time I did, Ms. Edwards here would have been kicked out of the company."

You made a terrible mistake. Since you were unprofessional in dealing with the matter, your monthly bonus will be docked. You also have to apologize to Ms. Edwards."

Donna rubbed her hands awkwardly, and her shrewd eyes were filled with unwillingness. "I accept the punishment, but you want me to apologize to... Ariana... Isn't that too much? I'm a department manager after all."

"No, it's not too much. It's actually the barest minimum you can do. Managers must lead by example. If you don't want to apologize for your wrongdoing, I can have you replaced," Horace uttered in a cold tone. His words dripped with all seriousness."

Donna knew that he was a man of his word. She couldn't lose her position because of her subordinate."

She swallowed hard and walked to Ariana reluctantly. Lowering her head, she said vaguely, “I’m sorry...”

Her voice was so low, unlike how it was a few moments ago. Ariana’s lips curved in a sneer.

“There’s no point apologizing since you don’t mean it. All I ask is for you to be fair. I was supposed to work here as an agent, but you assigned me to the warehouse to do menial jobs. You are yet to give me an official assignment. Don’t you think that’s unfair? Why are you doing this to me? Do you harbor a grudge against me? Or did someone else put you up to this?”

The someone else Ariana had in mind now was Jasper.

## Chapter 38

Her words struck a nerve. Donna explained awkwardly, “No. It’s not like that. The company is currently understaffed. There’s no one free to put you through the agent job. Since you don’t know the hang of it, you can’t handle any of the artists. I only assigned you to the warehouse so you won’t be idle.

Managing talents is not child’s play. After all, the company bet a lot of money on each of the artists.”

“What exactly are you driving at?” Ariana glanced at her coldly.

“Erm...” Donna seemed to be in a dilemma. She looked at Ariana, then at Horace. At last, she snapped her fingers. “Eureka! I have an idea.”

A sinister feeling tugged at Ariana's heart. She felt that this sly woman was up to something again.

With a smile at the corners of her mouth, Donna said softly, "Since you are keen on managing one of the artists, I'll summon the latest signees and ask if any of them wants you to be their agent. What do you say?"

Ariana agreed.

"This way please," Donna uttered, leading her into a practice room.

SJ Entertainment always signed young talents every season. These talents had to be trained and examined for a long time. Only a few would be able to make their debut.

The trainees were a lot. Once they were summoned into the practice room, half of the space was occupied.

Donna didn't beat about the bush. "Hello, guys! This is Ariana Edwards, a new agent. I summoned you all here today because Ariana is looking to manage her first act. Although she's inexperienced, she graduated from a famous university. She's enthusiastic and energetic. Anyone who agrees to work with her might have a shot at debuting soon. But if you can wait for another two days, the other experienced

agents will be free to work with some of you. The ball is in your court.”

The trainees began to whisper among themselves.

This was the first time they were given the free hand to choose an agent. The company normally assigned agents to them, not the other way around.

It seemed like a good opportunity, but no one wanted to risk their budding careers by choosing Ariana.

They didn’t have faith in an agent who had never handled a talent before. All of them wanted the best agent. They were only one step away from their success, so they didn’t want anything to mar their chances.

With the right agent, an artist’s career could kick off fast and shoot to the peak in no time. But a bad agent could slow down or even mess up an artist’s journey in any industry. It was too big of a risk to trust an inexperienced agent for something so important.

Some trainees shook their heads and looked away, declaring their stance. The room was so silent that you could hear a pin drop.

Donna gave Ariana a complacent look.

She had expected this. Ariana wanted to manage an artist? Not on her watch!

Ariana was sad and amused at the same time.

Honestly speaking, she wasn't the best choice for these people.

But how was that her fault? It was required that she underwent training immediately after she was employed, so she would get the hang of the job.

Not only did Donna prevent her from getting trained, but she also set her up by allowing the artists to choose whether they wanted her or not.

#### Chapter 39

It was no less than a torment.

"See? It's not that I don't want you to work as an agent. The truth is, my hands are tied. I can't force anyone to choose you." Donna added hypocritically, "How about this? Everyone here is signed under SJ Entertainment. So, they have no choice but to follow the company's arrangement. You can pick any of them."

Ariana pursed her lips and looked around the crowd.

They all avoided her eyes for fear of getting picked.

Donna had made a smart move. She knew that even if Ariana ended up picking an artist today, she



would have a hard time because that person would loathe her. It would be a bad start for her.

Ariana was stuck between the devil and the deep blue sea. It was obvious that Donna set her up just because she was desperate to work.

Half a loaf is better than no bread, so Ariana just couldn't give up the chance.

She walked forward, glancing at the crowd with her cold eyes. "Guys, I understand your fears. Although

I'm new to this, it doesn't mean that I have no knowledge or resources. Isn't it better to bank on me

than wait until God knows when? I'm willing to put in my time, resources, and attention to better anyone

who decides to work with me. How are you so sure that an experienced agent would make things work

for you? For all we know, you could end up with an agent that is already managing many other artists.

You won't get the best service if you find yourself in that situation. Think about it."

Many of the trainees suddenly turned their gazes back to her.

"No one knows it all. You and I are all trying to build our careers from the ground up. Other experienced

agents expect the artists to be docile and tractable. But I'm different. I believe everyone is equal no

matter their position. Humility is the key to forming a good and long partnership. I won't force you to do

what you don't want to do. I'll only guide and advise you every step of the way. It's left for you to do

what's best for your career. Please give me a chance," Ariana continued in a sincere tone, Her heartfelt

words got to some people. Particularly, those trainees who had been on the waiting list for ages and

were already losing hope.

Hush whispers filled the room again. A man and a woman suddenly stepped forward.

Before they could say anything. Donna spoke up. "You want her to be your agent? Keep in mind that if

anything goes wrong, it's on you and her. The company won't clean up the mess after you."

This statement sounded like a threat. The two trainees immediately stepped backward.

"What do you mean by that?" Ariana asked Donna huffily.

"I said what I said. Anyway, there's no rush. I have got a new idea. A mischievous smirk tugged at the

corners of Donna's mouth. "There's a star signed to SJ Entertainment who needs an agent. She has

her own resources and connections. You two would make a great team."

"Really? That's so generous of you!" Ariana commented sarcastically.

Donna lowered her head to take a pretentious look at her watch and said, "She should be in the

meeting room now. Come with me."

She dismissed all the trainees and walked out.

Ariana followed her.

She wasn't going to stop now even though the going was tough."

Donna took her to the meeting room. As soon as Ariana entered, she saw a beautiful woman sitting on the sofa with a cigarette in her hand.

This woman was none other than Sarah Flynn, an over-the-hill pop star, who was currently involved in an extramarital affair scandal.

#### Chapter 40

Ariana immediately sensed what Donna was up to.

Sarah was a talented singer and songwriter. She won the Golden Melody Awards only two years after she debuted as a singer.

At the peak of her career, she married a D-list actor named Lynch Bush. She took some time off work to cater to her newborn child and husband. After five years of hiatus, she only returned to the music scene earlier this year. But her popularity declined considerably.

On the other hand, Lynch went on to become an A-list actor after their marriage. He won a lot of fans

with the help of his wife. He acted in many blockbuster movies that earned him numerous awards.

Not too long ago, the paparazzi released some intimate photos of Lynch with a strange woman. He was cheating!

The news spread like wildfire. It was the talk of the town for weeks. Social media users felt sorry for Sarah and cursed Lynch to no end.

However, things suddenly took an unexpected turn. Someone leaked a video of Sarah having sex with a man at her residence.

Lynch immediately put out a statement saying that he and Sarah had been divorced for over a year and a half. He alleged that she cheated on him several times during their short marriage.

Everyone who supported Sarah before turned against her in no time. Calls were even made for her to be canceled forever.

Sarah was an outcast now. No one wanted to work with her.

“Thank goodness you are here, Ms. Scott. I have been waiting for you for ages. It seems you are so busy these days,” Sarah said. She put out the cigarette on the ashtray and sat up straight, her beautiful eyes sweeping coldly over Donna. “The company has suspended all my work and had my agent

transferred to manage other artists. Is this a witch-hunt? What is going on?"

Donna immediately walked over and sat beside Sarah. "There's no cause for alarm. We are currently short of hands. A lot of budding artists had no agent, so your agent had to be transferred. It isn't a witch-hunt at all."

Sarah snorted and squinted at Donna. "You seem to forget that I'm not new here. That excuse of yours can only work on the newcomers. Don't put up an act in front of me. Everyone knows better than to believe a word that comes out of your mouth. Why don't you just come clean? The company has given up on me, isn't that right?"

Seeing that Sarah wasn't falling for it, Donna's smile vanished. She pointed at Ariana and said firmly,

"Of course not! Look, I brought you a new agent."

Sarah raised her eyebrows and turned to inspect Ariana.

"Hello! It's a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Flynn." Ariana greeted her politely.

Donna did an introduction excitedly. "This is Ariana Edwards. She graduated from a prestigious university. Although she may not look it, she's very capable. She's sure going to be a good agent!"

Sarah sneered, "I have never seen or heard of her before. What hole did she crawl out from? What makes you think she's qualified to be my agent? Oh, I get it. You are handing me leftovers as if I'm a beggar! I won't take that, Ms. Scott. I don't need an errand girl. What I need is someone who can help me revive my career and get me to the very top!"

"Please calm down. This is just the company's arrangement, not mine. There are no other agents available now. Since you don't want her, I'd advise that you go home and wait for news about a free agent!" Donna lost her patience and said in a frosty voice.

Sarah flung the teacup she was holding to the wall.

"What the fuck are you trying to do? Is this your way of getting rid of me for good? This is because of the scandal, isn't it? I told you guys many times that I'm the victim here. That bastard I married set me up! Why don't you believe me?"

In a fit of pique, Sarah overturned the coffee table. Everything on it crashed to the floor.