

## **Unconscious 331**

### Chapter 331

Francis remained silent throughout the entire exchange, seemingly agreeing with Cole's actions.

The rest of the crew also kept quiet, afraid to speak up and get caught in the middle of Cole's game of

power. Even the director, who should have been in charge, remained silent, leaving the tension in the

room palpable. Everyone knew that Cole was causing trouble on purpose, but they didn't dare to speak

up for fear of making things worse.

The cutthroat entertainment industry was filled with its own set of rules, and those who were new to the

scene were often subject to "special treatment." It was an unfortunate reality that aspiring artists had to

face. The established celebrities would pick on the newcomers, especially those without influential

backers.

Navigating this murky world was no easy feat.

One wrong step and an aspiring artist could easily fall out of favor, with no hope of ever returning to the

limelight.

"Cole, what's the matter with you? Why are you targeting Tyler? Is there something he did to offend

you?" Ariana confronted Cole, her voice trembling with anger. She stood protectively in front of Tyler, blocking the stylist's access to him.

"I'm just trying to make this TV play better. You're overreacting. It's just a brush cut." Frustrated that the stylist was still unable to approach Tyler, Cole's fiery temper began to reveal itself. "You're talking too much. Tyler's hair must be shaved!" he declared, his voice rising in frustration.

In a fit of anger, he snatched the shaver and flung Ariana aside, causing her to stumble and nearly fall onto the ground.

When Tyler saw this, his expression instantly turned cold and murderous. The moment Cole approached with the shaver, Tyler twisted Cole's arm and slammed him back onto the table, his eyes blazing with anger.

Francis' voice trembled with fear as he shouted to Tyler, "Tyler, what the hell do you think you are doing? Let go of Cole now!"

Tyler's eyes burned with a fierce intensity, his expression one of pure rage. He ignored Francis' shouts and continued to apply pressure to Cole's neck.

Cole's initial defiance faltered as he felt a sharp object pressing against his neck.

The realization that he was at Tyler's mercy turned his blood cold. Cole froze, his entire body tense with fear.

Tyler's eyes gleamed with a manic intensity, and his laughter was wild and unhinged as he leaned in closer to Cole, taunting him in a low and menacing voice, "Do you have a death wish? I'll help you with that."

Cole's mind raced as he struggled to form a coherent response, but his fear had rendered him speechless.

Francis was in a state of complete panic, worried that the situation would escalate, so he immediately called the stage supervisor to intervene. Francis shouted, "Tyler, stop it right now!"

Meanwhile, Cole let out a high-pitched scream as he tried to wriggle free from Tyler's grip. "Tyler is out of his mind! He's holding a knife and wants to kill me!"

The crew was stunned, with all eyes fixed on Tyler.

But to their surprise, Tyler simply stood up and stretched out his palm in front of them. There was nothing there, and Cole's claims about Tyler wielding a weapon were completely unfounded.

As the realization set in, people's opinions about the supposed leading man began to shift subtly. The fear that had gripped them just moments ago was replaced by a sense of disgust and disdain toward Cole, who had clearly been lying and trying to stir up trouble.

Cole's face was a mix of embarrassment and fury as he noticed the looks of disapproval from those around him. He pointed his trembling finger toward Tyler, his voice shaking with anger. "That's impossible. I felt a sharp metal against my neck. You even asked me if I had a death wish and threatened to take away my life."

Tyler's face contorted into a wicked smile. With his new makeup and hairstyle, he looked even more intimidating. He raised his hand and waved it in front of Cole.

Chapter: 332

"Oh, I see. The metal weapon you felt must be my ring. The cross on it made you misunderstand."

'The ring was eye-catching, with a skull design and a small cross on the index finger.

Tyler's long, slender fingers made it look all the more menacing.

Cole was left humiliated and unable to retaliate. He could only glare at Tyler with venomous eyes, his heart seething with resentment.

Francis interrupted, his displeasure evident in his tone, “You can’t just scare the actors in your group like this and even threaten them, regardless of whether you have a knife or not. Do you want to interrupt the shooting of the crew?”

At first, Francis thought Tyler was meek and unassertive. However, as Tyler revealed his audacious side, Francis found himself intrigued by this young man.

But he was also wary of Tyler’s potential to cause trouble. In Francis’ opinion, people who stirred up chaos were the most detestable.

Tyler met Francis’ gaze with an innocent look. “I didn’t threaten him. That’s just a line in the script.”

Francis was taken aback, wondering if what Tyler said was true.

The memory of the script was still fresh in Francis’ mind. He knew there were no lines about death threats in the first play.

Yet, Tyler’s confident response surprised him. “Of course. On the 120th page, the scene of the first head-on confrontation between my role and the lead role,” Tyler said calmly.

The stage supervisor was quick to confirm it, handing the script to Francis.

Francis didn't take it but stared at Tyler. In fact, he believed him the moment Tyler announced the number of the page. He underestimated the young man.

Ariana, who had been watching them the whole time, said eventually, "I apologize, Mr. Salazar. Tyler is incredibly dedicated to his craft, and sometimes he gets so engrossed in the role that he forgets about his surroundings."

She tried to smooth things over, but Francis was still seething with anger. He retorted, "I haven't even said 'action' yet, and you're already acting on your own? Is it appropriate to show off your acting skills like that? You're just a young boy who hasn't even debuted, and yet you act like you're better than everyone else. Let me tell you, there are countless actors who are more skilled than you. You're a nobody."

Ariana's frustration began to boil over, but Tyler quickly cut her off. "Mr. Salazar, didn't Cole tell me that I wasn't suited for the role? I simply wanted to try acting out the character and receive some guidance from him on how to embody that arrogance and malice," Tyler interjected smoothly, all while keeping his gaze locked on Cole.

His words might have sounded genuine, but there was something ominous about the way he spoke

that sent a shiver down Cole's spine.

'The audience savored the scene with rapt attention, observing Tyler's impeccable portrayal of the character, oozing with malice and ruthless intent.

In a corner of the set, a stunning woman with lustrous long hair gazed at Tyler, lost in thought. Her assistant reminded her it was time to leave for the dressing room, snapping her out of the trance.

"Selene, it's time to go. You are the lead actress, and the camera is waiting."

Francis was fuming with anger as Tyler successfully avoided his tricks time and time again. He could only yell at the onlookers in a fit of irritation, "Time's ticking. Don't just hang around here. Get back to work!"

The staff, well-versed in their boss's moods, scattered immediately and returned to their respective positions

Chapter: 333

But Cole was still reluctant to give up and refused to let Tyler off the hook. This prompted an impatient Francis to bark, "What are you still doing there? The next scene is yours. Are you ready? You haven't even memorized your lines from the script. Hurry up and study it!"

Knowing that Francis was fast losing his patience, Cole didn't dare to say anything more. He glared venomously at Tyler, before storming off with a heavy heart.

In the back of the luxurious limousine, Cole savagely indulged in a handful of donuts, heedless of their calorie content, using his voracious appetite to vent his frustration. Yet, his irritation was far from assuaged, and he found himself utterly lacking in the patience required to read through the script.

"Damn it! These words are like watching paint dry. I'll be asleep before I can get through them all!" he grunted, his voice filled with frustration.

In a fit of annoyance, he flung open the refrigerator and snatched out a box of chocolate pudding, only to be admonished by his assistant with fearful eyes. "Cole, you really shouldn't do that. You need to keep an eye on your weight during filming."

"Don't worry about it. I'll just have a pudding," Cole replied, his tone dismissive as he gobbled up the dessert in three quick bites.

As he replenished his energy, his anger began to subside, and he shifted his focus to his plans for the future. But this time, his thoughts were not of Tyler, but rather of the stunning leading lady, Selene



Cicio.

Selene, a newcomer in the entertainment industry, came from a family with powerful connections.

According to his aunt, she was the daughter of the boss of Eleymond Airlines, but Selene had entered

show business just for the fun of it and to experience a different kind of life.

She even wrote the story of the play that was being filmed, had it polished by a scriptwriter, and

invested in its production.

Donna had advised Cole to take advantage of this opportunity to get to know Selene.

As he thought about this, Cole couldn't wait any longer and went to the lounge where Selene was.

As he stepped into the room, Cole adjusted the heavy metal chain in his pocket, trying to appear as

casual as possible.

Selene was sitting on the sofa, gazing out the window with a distant look in her eyes, lost in thought.

Cole cleared his throat, catching Selene's attention. "Miss Cicio, I'm your partner,

Cole Dixon. I'm playing the hero," he introduced himself with a smile, placing a cup of coffee on the

table.

He couldn't help but notice her slim figure, which wasn't his usual type.

Cole preferred women with curves and ample assets.

But, he thought to himself, it wouldn't hurt to try something different, especially with her rich background.

Selene withdrew her gaze from the window and glanced at the coffee Cole brought for her. "I don't like coffee," she declared flatly.

Cole was taken aback by her blunt response.

"What?" he stammered, caught off guard.

Without any further explanation, Selene picked up the script and began reading it once more, leaving

Cole sitting there feeling foolish and uncertain of what to do next.

Chapter: 334

Undeterred, Cole tried to make conversation with her, but to no avail. She continued to ignore him, exuding an air of haughty superiority that irritated him.

"Since you're busy reading the script, I'll leave you to it," he said finally, feeling annoyed by her

snobbish attitude. He couldn't believe that she acted so arrogant when she had only inherited a few pennies.

With a fierce determination burning in his heart, Cole decided that he would make Selene fall for him with his charm and persistence.

He got up from the sofa, confidently stating, "You don't have to send me out. I can walk myself."

As he left the room, Cole closed the door politely.

Selene asked in confusion, "Did I ever say I would send him out?"

Turning to her assistant, Meadow Clarkson, for an explanation, Selene was met with a look of incredulity and confusion.

Selene heaved a deep sigh, resting the script on the arm of the sofa. She leaned back and gazed at the world outside the window with a forlorn expression. "Have you ever heard of Tyler?" she muttered to her assistant.

Meadow furrowed her brow, considering. "He's a new face in SJ Entertainment, but his official debut hasn't been announced yet. There isn't much information about him at this time," she responded.

A hush descended over the room, interrupted only by the sound of Selene's soft breathing. She was never one to engage in idle chatter, often sitting in silence for long periods.

After a while, Meadow mustered up the courage to broach a sensitive subject. “Miss

Cicio, forgive me for asking, but do you have feelings for Tyler?” she inquired, her voice tinged with curiosity.

Selene remained silent, gazing out the window, her eyes transfixed on Tyler who was outside, preparing for the shoot.

He stood with a stunning woman, and though Selene couldn’t hear what they were saying, Tyler seemed to be enjoying her company.

The woman stood on tiptoe and touched Tyler’s head, and he didn’t resist.

Selene couldn’t help but feel a pang of jealousy. She turned to her assistant and inquired, “Who is that female agent beside Tyler? I don’t recall hearing about her before.”

Is She...

Following Selene’s gaze, Meadow recognized the woman standing beside Tyler and said, “That’s Ariana Edwards, Sarah’s agent.”

Meadow went on to explain that Sarah’s public relations crisis had made headlines across the city, but thanks to Ariana, it subsided, and Sarah was able to regain her fame. “It’s said that Ariana is a new

agent without any experience or background, but she dealt with the situation remarkably well,” Meadow

added.

Selene was surprised. While she wasn’t particularly familiar with Sarah, she had heard about the incident and the name Ariana had become somewhat famous for it.

There were many rumors about Ariana’s success—some attributed it to luck, while others suggested that she had a mysterious backer. The gossip around Ariana was rife, and even Selene’s own agent had been talking about Ariana just two days ago.

Selene’s eyes glinted with determination as she formulated her plan.

Chapter: 335

With her uncle being the boss of Vine Entertainment, it wouldn’t be too difficult for her to make the company an offer they couldn’t refuse.

Selene was convinced that Ariana’s impressive skills would be a valuable asset to her own team.

“Get in touch with the HR department of the company and tell them that I personally recommend Ariana,” Selene commanded Meadow, her voice resolute.

Despite her usual demure demeanor, Selene knew when to take action and make bold moves. She leaned forward in her seat. “We need to find a way to bring Ariana on board. An agent with such impressive abilities should be part of our team.”

Meadow was left confused by Selene’s sudden decision to poach Ariana. She wondered why Selene was so keen on hiring Ariana when there were plenty of good agents in Vine Entertainment.

However, before she could ask more, the staff interrupted and informed her that the shooting was about to begin.

The first scene involved a high-speed chase on the road, where Tyler’s role almost hit the heroine. In the story, he immediately fell in love with her at first sight.

When Tyler accepted the role, Ariana realized that he needed urgent training on how to drive a motorbike to pull off the scene. She had quickly made the necessary arrangements, determined to ensure that the shooting would go smoothly.

Tyler’s motorbike stunt had everyone’s attention at the studio, especially Ariana’s.

As she watched from outside the set, she couldn’t help but marvel at how quickly he had learned to ride. In just a few days, he had mastered the skill and looked natural on the bike.

For the entire ninety-minute shooting, Tyler was in his element, flawlessly portraying the arrogant and hot-headed character.

Ariana was impressed by his performance, convinced that he had a natural talent for acting that transcended his appearance.

She believed that great actors didn't need to rely on their looks to excel in their roles. Instead, it was all about how they embodied the character, conveyed their emotions through their eyes and expressions, and understood the essence of the role.

Of course, Tyler's initial performance had some flaws, with lines that sounded unnatural, and a few with a dialect, which wasn't very clear. But despite this, Ariana was satisfied with his first performance, knowing that further performance classes would improve his skills.

Even Francis, who was quick to find fault, couldn't find a reason to criticize Tyler's performance.

Surprisingly, the only two NGs (No Good) were done by Selene, the supposed heroine.

Francis' voice boomed, "Cut!"

This was the third time she made a mistake, and it was frustrating. Francis' face was stern, his

disappointment palpable. “Miss Cicio,” he said, his voice tinged with annoyance, “you still haven’t gotten it right. You need to look at Tyler with disdain.

After all, he nearly hit you. You should be disgusted and scared, but your eyes are filled with curiosity.

That’s not the right emotion.”

Selene took a deep breath and regained her composure, adjusting her gaze to disgust instead of interest, finally passing the scene on the third take.

“Perfect, let’s move on to the next scene,” Francis declared without any further comments, prompting everyone to move to the next set.

Ariana intended to talk to Tyler about his performance, but her phone rang with an unfamiliar number.

Chapter: 336

Walking to a corner, she answered the call with a simple “Hello.”

“Is this Miss Edwards? I’m the HR manager from Vine Entertainment,” the voice on the other end of the line said.

Ariana’s eyes widened with surprise as she heard the name of Vine Entertainment.

She knew that it was as famous as SJ Entertainment and had produced many successful artists.



She didn't expect that they would be interested in her.

The person on the phone continued, "Our company appreciates your ability very much. Can you make an appointment for a meeting with us? Your annual salary will definitely be higher than what you're currently earning."

Ariana could sense the arrogance in the tone of the speaker, who probably thought that she was an inexperienced newbie who could be easily swayed with money.

However, Ariana didn't falter. With a calm and collected demeanor, she replied, "It's my honor to be appreciated by your company, but I have no intention of changing my current agency. I'm sorry."

The HR manager was clearly displeased by Ariana's rejection, but her boss had given strict orders to poach Ariana at any cost. So, despite her frustration, she maintained a polite tone and said, "Miss

Edwards, please reconsider. Our company is just as good as Sj Entertainment, if not better. You can name your terms, and we will do our best to meet them. Take your time to think it over, but I hope you'll

consider this opportunity seriously."

Although the words sounded sincere, Ariana could detect a hint of condescension in the HR manager's

voice. When the call abruptly ended, she knew what that meant.

Ariana sighed and slipped her phone back into her pocket, deciding to forget about the offer for now.

Later that evening, after Tyler had finished his shooting, Ariana escorted him back to their hotel.

Ariana was exhausted from a long day of work and looked forward to a comfortable rest before taking

Tyler out for dinner. But when she arrived, she was met with an unexpected problem.

“What? Are you serious? We can only stay in a special room with the cheapest price?”

Ariana’s expression twisted into one of frustration and disbelief as she looked at the hotel manager.

How could they have made such an error?

The manager tried to explain, “Miss Edwards, I’m sorry, but we checked the reservation information,

and you booked two special rooms on the first floor.”

Ariana shook her head in frustration. “That doesn’t make sense. The rooms were booked by the crew,

and we should be entitled to the same accommodations as everyone else. Why are we being

discriminated against?”

Francis walked by and chimed in with a sarcastic tone, “Because there are no more standard rooms,

and you’re the newest members of the crew. You have to make do with the special rooms. Don’t put the

hotel manager in a tough spot.”

Ariana rolled her eyes in response. “Fine, I’ll pay for it myself then.”

The hotel manager quickly interjected, “I’m sorry, Miss Edwards, but all the standard rooms are already occupied. The only available room is the presidential suite on the top floor.”

The hotel manager scanned Ariana from top to bottom with a critical eye.

Since she had been outside all day, she was dressed in comfortable clothing without any designer brands, and so the manager classified her as someone who couldn’t afford the luxurious presidential suite.

Chapter: 337

Unknowingly, the manager’s tone became condescending as he suggested that she consider other hotels.

Ariana was angry, but after a moment’s hesitation, she decided to stay the night at the hotel. She didn’t want to deal with the hassle of locating another hotel at this point. Besides, they had a lot of luggage with them, which made it even more inconvenient to move around.

She figured she would just make plans for the next day.

The special rooms would have poor sound insulation and sanitation, and it would not be a comfortable place to spend the night. But Ariana had no choice. She and Tyler would have to endure it for one night.

As Ariana turned around to leave, her ears picked up the sound of a commotion nearby. It seemed that some guests who had just arrived were being given standard rooms by the hotel manager.

Her frustration boiled over into anger as she realized that the hotel manager was deliberately denying her and Tyler access to better accommodations. She was convinced that Francis and Cole had a hand in it and must have influenced the hotel manager to deal her a blow.

Ariana was overwhelmed with a sense of helplessness. She was aware that Cole would go to great lengths to make their lives difficult before filming began. However, she never expected that he would not only rope in the director to help him, but also cause trouble in their accommodation.

With a heavy sigh, Ariana trudged to Tyler's room, feeling defeated.

The young man was fully engrossed in the script.

"We weren't able to change rooms. We'll have to spend the night in the special rooms and come up

with a plan tomorrow,” she said, slumping into the chair across from Tyler.

As they spoke, they could hear a conversation coming from the adjacent room. It sounded like a young couple, with the girl complaining about the room’s size and the boy trying to soothe her with patience.

Ariana let out an even louder sigh, her chin dropping onto the table in exhaustion.

“The soundproofing is terrible. We have an early call time tomorrow, and we won’t get a good night’s sleep. I’m worried that if you’re not well-rested, your performance will suffer.”

Despite only having two scenes the next day, one at 7 a.m. and the other at 12 p.m., the thought of it was already torturous. She found the whole situation absurd.

Tyler closed the script and handed her a bowl of instant noodles he had just prepared.

“Here, eat something. Then we can come up with a solution together.” He added in a hushed tone, “It’s cheese flavor, not spicy.”

The mention of cheese flavor perked Ariana up, and she eagerly opened her instant noodles.

Tyler, on the other hand, had gone for a fiery spicy flavor.

As she ate, Ariana said, “Luckily, I brought earplugs. You can use them tonight. You have to wake up at 5 a.m. tomorrow and head to the dressing room for makeup.

You'll finish your work at midnight. If you don't get a good night's sleep tonight, you'll be out of commission for the entire day."

Taking a sip of the hot, spicy broth, Tyler replied in a soothing tone, "Don't worry. I grew up in a low-income family and lived in a suburban house with poor soundproofing. I was used to waking up early for school every day. As a newcomer, this is my first experience working on a film set. It's all part of the learning process."

Ariana felt a mix of gratitude and sadness. She added an egg to Tyler's bowl and said, "Eat more. Don't dwell on it. It won't happen again in the future. I was also new to a film crew and fell into their trap."

Chapter: 338

Tyler nodded obediently and ate his noodles in silence.

After satisfying their hunger, Ariana pulled out a suitcase filled with skincare products and spread them out on the table, showing Tyler how to use them.

"You didn't know how to use these before, but it's time to learn. An idol's career is built on their face.

From now on, you need to take good care of your skin. When I have free time, I'll take you to the beauty salon for a deep cleaning."

Tyler scratched his head, feeling bashful, and said, "Forget about the beauty salon.

I'm a man..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Ariana playfully whacked him on the head.

"What's with gender discrimination? Why can't a man go to the beauty salon for skincare? If something works, you should use it."

"Okay," Tyler replied in a low voice.

With a self-assured grin, Ariana produced a jar of clay facial mask and said, "Let me put it on for you. I guarantee that your skin will be glowing tomorrow."

Before Tyler could object, Ariana took control and applied the clay mask to his face.

He was forced to tilt his head back, feeling the cool touch of her fingertips on his skin. He gazed intently at her, as if she was the only person in the world, and breathed in the sweet scent of her.

His heart began to race, and he tightly clenched his fists, feeling the warmth spread through his ears.

"Okay, rinse it off after fifteen minutes," Ariana said as she wiped her hands with a tissue and turned to leave the room.

Tyler watched her busy figure and took a deep breath, finally regaining his composure.

“Go to bed early. Don’t stay up reading the script too late. I don’t want to see you on set tomorrow with dark circles under your eyes.”

Ariana gathered her belongings and repeatedly reminded him to get some rest. After he promised to go to bed early, she left for her room at the end of the hallway.

Once inside, she was too exhausted to tidy up. She took a quick shower and crawled into bed. Just as she was about to close her eyes, she received a video call from Theodore.

Why was Theodore calling her at this time?

Ariana was lost in thought as she looked at Theodore’s avatar on the screen.

She knew there was no urgency for him to contact her, but she didn’t want to delay the call because he still wasn’t completely recovered. With hesitation, she picked up the video call.

At first, the screen showed a dark room, and then Theodore’s dissatisfied voice sounded from the phone.

“Why did it take so long for you to answer my call? And why didn’t you let me know when you arrived there this morning?”



Chapter: 339

His tone was sharp. Soon, his serious and cold face appeared on the screen, and his eyebrows creased in a frown.

Ariana was already in a bad mood after enduring a tough day. When she heard 'Theodore's fierce questions, she couldn't help but burst into anger.

"I'll answer my phone when I want to, and it's not up to you to decide!"

Theodore's surprise was evident as he raised his eyebrows and started to speak.

"You..."

"What's your point? Did I say anything wrong?" Ariana cut him off abruptly. Fueled by the frustrations she had been enduring, her anger surged and her eyes welled up with tears. "What does it matter to you? Why should I have to tell you where I go?

Did you ever tell me where you went? And did you tell me that you went out to celebrate your birthday with another woman?"

Theodore quietly watched Ariana glaring at him, and for a moment, it seemed like a competition to see who would break the silence first.

But to Ariana's surprise, Theodore suddenly burst out laughing, laughing louder and louder with tears in his eyes.

It was the first time she had seen him so happy.

Did he find so much joy in her anger?

Ariana's face twisted with anger as she demanded, "What's so funny? Stop laughing!"

"Okay, okay, I'll stop." Theodore took a deep breath to calm down, and the once indifferent expression on his face had now transformed into a delighted one, much like a warm spring sun.

The sudden shift in mood had made the atmosphere feel strange, and Ariana found it inappropriate to continue losing her temper. Feeling low, she lowered her head and said nothing.

Theodore cleared his throat and gazed at her with an almost imperceptible affection in his eyes. "You were wrong earlier. I didn't spend my birthday with Helen. Instead, I asked the bodyguard to accompany her. If you don't believe me, you can ask Horace. He was the one who arranged the bodyguard."

Ariana was stunned upon hearing this unexpected explanation from Theodore. She looked up at him

awkwardly and said, "Horace is your man, he'll surely cover for you. How can we be sure he's telling the truth?"

"If you don't believe me, call Horace now. If we were lying, he wouldn't have time to verify it with me.

That means we didn't collude with each other," Theodore patiently replied.

"Then tell me, where did you go that night? Did you go to work alone?"

Theodore didn't say anything, which confirmed Ariana's suspicion.

Initially, she didn't believe it. But on second thought, it seemed possible for a workaholic like him to spend his birthday alone.

"Can't you just get the bodyguard's phone number from Horace?" Theodore suggested, noticing

Ariana's hesitation.

Ariana shook her head and said, "They're all your men, and they follow your orders.

Chapter: 340

Besides, whether you were with someone or not is none of my business. I don't care. You don't have to be concerned about my actions or whereabouts in the future, either."

Her words came out forcefully, as if she truly had no concern for anything. Theodore became angry and

spoke in a stern tone. “No, you must tell me wherever you go.”

Ariana stood her ground. “Why do I have to? I won’t. I’ll do what you do. It’s only fair.”

Theodore let out a sigh and said, “Obviously because you’re my wife.”

His expression was natural as if it was an obvious fact.

Ariana’s heart skipped a beat, and she was curious about what Theodore meant by his words.

However, a loud voice from the next room interrupted her thoughts.

Theodore’s expression turned serious as he asked, “What was that? Is there a man in your room?”

Ariana was left speechless by Theodore’s reaction. “It’s just the noise from the next room. The sound insulation here is poor.”

After speaking, she pulled off the covers and stood up, flipped on the camera, and gave Theodore a tour of her room from every angle.

The room was so cramped that it only took a few steps to reach the end. The lighting was poor, and there was a faint odor that seemed to be emanating from the sewer.

She was relieved that her morning sickness had been better these days, or it would have been even more difficult to bear.

As Theodore looked at the room through the camera, his expression soured. Ariana wasn't sure if it was because he didn't like the room or for some other reason. "Why are you living in such a terrible environment? Don't you have money?"

Before Ariana could respond, her phone rang with a notification that one million dollars had been transferred to her personal savings account, with Theodore listed as the sender.

"Find a better place tomorrow." Theodore's face relaxed a little.

On the other hand, Ariana wasn't feeling too good. When she got a lot of money, she didn't feel happy like one might expect. Instead, she felt a bit worried.

She had a feeling that something wasn't right about the man's sudden generosity toward her.

Especially since he was the same person who had taken her mother's belongings and refused to give them back.

She didn't want to make any more deals with him.

After much hesitation, she decided to transfer the money back.

If Ariana wasn't video chatting with Theodore, she would have likely cried out of sorrow for her money.

“What’s the matter? Why did you transfer the money back?” As Theodore saw the sad expression on

Ariana’s face and her frown, he assumed that she was not feeling well and spoke to her in a concerned

tone.

Ariana told Theodore, “It’s okay, I have enough money. The hotel was fully booked, so I stayed in a

cheap room.”