

Unconscious 341

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It was painful for Ariana to lie that she had money, and only God knew the depth of her pain.

Deep down, she wished that Theodore would offer her the money again, and she would not transfer it back.

Theodore noticed that something was amiss and asked, "Where are the other members of your crew staying?"

Ariana fidgeted with the edge of her pajamas before reluctantly revealing, "They're all in standard rooms. Francis, the director, seems to have issues with Tyler and me.

He even gave us the wrong gathering time yesterday."

Theodore's expression turned grim as he realized that Ariana was being singled out.

"I'll arrange for you to switch rooms. You can't stay in such a terrible place." He scowled as he heard noises from the adjacent room again, adding, "If you don't move out, you won't get any rest tonight."

Ariana checked the time and sighed, "It's too late now. We have to wake up early tomorrow, and we won't have enough time to rest even if we change rooms. Let's forget about it. I'll take Tyler to another

hotel tomorrow.”

Observing the exhaustion on Ariana’s face, Theodore decided not to push the matter further.

“It’s getting late. I’m going to bed. Good night.”

They ended the call, but Ariana found it difficult to doze off despite being tired. All she could think about were the words Theodore had just spoken, claiming that she was his wife.

Ariana’s heart started racing, and with the added element of Theodore’s recent odd behavior, she couldn’t help but wonder if he was developing feelings for her too.

With a frustrated groan, she buried her face in her pillow. “Damn it! I can’t seem to fall asleep tonight.

All I can think about is Theodore.”

In a dazed state, Ariana fell asleep. She woke up shortly after four o’clock in the morning, still dark outside.

She yawned, scratched her messy hair, and got out of bed. Then she washed her face, brushed her teeth, changed into a comfortable woolen dress, and went out with two bottles of milk and a bag of bread.

She gently knocked on Tyler’s door, and he answered, already washed up and looking good.

Ariana handed Tyler the food in her hand and mumbled, "Being young is great. You can wake up early and not feel tired."

"You're not much older than me," Tyler said with a shy smile, handing her a bottle of milk with a straw.

Ariana smiled and gestured toward the drink. "You can have it. Once you're done, we can head over to the studio."

Tyler nodded and ate his breakfast silently.

Ariana sat on the sofa, propping her head up. She didn't remember when she fell asleep last night, but she had a light sleep anyway. She planned to apply for an assistant for Tyler in two days, so she could occasionally ask the assistant to keep an eye on him.

After finishing breakfast, Tyler tiptoed over to the sofa where Ariana was sleeping.

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Upon seeing the dark circles under her eyes, he hesitated on whether he should wake her up or not.

Just as Tyler was contemplating whether to wake her up, Ariana's phone began to ring, jolting her awake. She turned off the alarm and noticed Tyler standing in front of her.

Ariana sneezed, stood up, and rubbed her nose. "Alright, let's get going. We should leave now."

The studio was located just ten minutes' walk away from the hotel, so Ariana and Tyler bundled up in hats and scarves before walking over.

After dropping Tyler off at the studio, Ariana found a coffee shop and settled in. The hotel had poor sound insulation, which made it difficult for her to go back to sleep at this point.

After finishing her meal and taking a break, she went out to find another hotel.

Here, the weather changed drastically from day to night. Although it was sunny and already late morning, Ariana still felt a bit chilly and the air felt damp.

Ariana sniffled and buttoned up her coat. Then, she hailed a taxi to take her to the hotel five kilometers away.

The film and television center was an expansive area, with the capacity to host over a hundred film crews simultaneously. As a result, there were numerous hotels scattered throughout the vicinity.

To Ariana's surprise, it was peak season for filming and all of the hotels were booked up a week in advance, with some even requiring bookings to be made a month ahead of time.

Ariana had spent the entire morning searching for an available hotel, but was unable to find one.

Frustrated, she decided to head back to the studio and come up with a new plan.

As soon as Ariana entered the temporary filming site, she overheard Francis scolding someone

through the intercom, “Can you even act? I specifically told you not to rush into the water like that!

You’re asking for trouble if you continue like this.”

Ariana had a gut feeling that something was amiss, especially since only Tyler and Selene were

needed for the water scenes. She inquired, “Who is acting in this scene?”

“It’s Tyler.” The assistant producer handed Ariana the script and explained, “Here, Gifford—Tyler’s role,

and his gang purposely cornered Sheila—the heroine, in the swimming pool while she was practicing

alone after school. He demanded that she should beg him to let her go. Sheila didn’t like the idea, but

the cold water was too much for her. So she pretended to have a cramp and sink. Gifford, who couldn’t

swim, panicked and jumped into the water to rescue her. However, Sheila pulled him down and

stepped on him, nearly drowning him.”

“Why are we filming this scene today when it’s scheduled for next week?”

They were supposed to shoot the swimming scenes when the weather was warmer, but Ariana didn’t

anticipate that they would shoot them today. Who would want to be in a cold pool in such cold weather?

“Mr. Salazar thinks it’s difficult to shoot and wants to do it earlier.” The new assistant producer didn’t

recognize Ariana and revealed eagerly, “Actually, it’s not too hard. Look, the heroine is resting by the

pool for a long time. But Mr. Salazar didn’t like Tyler’s jump into the pool. He said his face and position

weren’t quite right. This is the twenty-third NG.”

“Thank you for telling me.”

Ariana approached the group with a stern expression. Tyler’s face had turned pale from the cold water,

but he had to climb out of the pool again at Francis’ request. It was clear that Francis was intentionally

causing trouble for Tyler.

When Cole, who was watching from the side, saw Ariana, he purposely spoke up.

“It’s not a big deal to be a bad actor for the first time. What’s truly terrible is when someone is arrogant

and ignores good advice. Do they think they’re smarter than everyone else? Dozens of NGs in a single

scene are dragging down the entire crew’s progress. Will they ever feel guilty?”

“shut up! Who said you could act? You’re a piece of shit. How dare a brainless idiot like you brag here?”

Even kindergarteners know the meaning of shameless better than you.” Ariana got very mad and yelled at Cole.

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Cole was enraged. “Who the hell are you calling an idiot?”

“The person with the loudest voice is usually the biggest idiot,” Ariana retorted with a cold glance, walking toward Tyler.

Cole couldn’t contain his anger and grabbed Ariana’s hand, accidentally pushing her into the pool and creating a massive wave.

The swimming pool was deep and Ariana sank to the bottom instantly, leaving everyone bewildered, except for Tyler who was on the pool’s edge and immediately jumped in to save the struggling person.

Francis, who was monitoring the scene, became thrilled at the sight and turned to the cameraman next to him, urgently asking, “Did you capture Tyler’s heroic act on camera?”

The cameraman replied truthfully, “Yes.”

Francis quickly checked the video and saw the concern and determination in Tyler’s eyes as he leaped

into the water to rescue Ariana. Francis couldn't help but feel pleased with the footage. "That's it. This will be perfect."

The cameraman leaned in and praised, "That's amazing! I didn't expect to get such a great shot."

Francis snorted and crossed his legs.

The truth was, he actually quite liked Tyler.

He only made things difficult for Tyler because of Donna's orders.

As a new actor, Tyler was good, at least better than Cole. Besides, it was just a campus romance drama and didn't require much acting skill as long as it showcased the romance between a handsome boy and a beautiful girl.

In the end, shooting these kinds of scenes was a quick way to make money.

Francis had originally planned to use the close-up of the first scene in today's shoot, but Tyler's unexpected heroism gave him something even better.

Unbeknownst to Francis, Selene was also watching the footage.

She couldn't help but feel more certain that Tyler had feelings for the female agent.

This made her incredibly upset as if her beloved toy had been sullied by someone else.

Her face remained expressionless as usual as if nothing could pique her interest.

But Selene knew deep down that her mood was terrible at the moment.

She lowered her head and clenched her fists, feeling frustrated. Although she could have gone back to rest after the shooting, she stayed on set just to catch a glimpse of Tyler.

When Francis made things difficult for Tyler, Selene had planned to intervene on Tyler's behalf so that Tyler would have a good impression of her, but Ariana's unexpected return spoiled her plan.

She clenched her jaw and retreated to her private resting area.

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Her assistant, Meadow, coincidentally arrived with a handful of items, including a blanket, a clean men's coat, and a thermos of ginger tea purchased outside.

Selene had planned to use these items to get closer to Tyler. But she didn't feel like doing it right now.

She glared over at Tyler as he held Ariana, who was shivering after being pulled out of the pool.

Tyler looked at Ariana with concern written all over his face.

"Are you okay, Miss Cicio?" Meadow was confused as she observed Selene's gloomy expression and wondered what happened. When she left a few moments ago, Selene was so cheerful. Did someone

upset her?

“Get rid of them,” Selene said coldly, looking at the items Meadow brought back.

“What? Why?” Meadow was taken aback. She scanned the area and whispered to Selene, “Didn’t you mention that you were going to hand them over to Tyler?”

“Nah, he doesn’t have any use for them anymore. Just get rid of them.” Selene then sat down and gazed at the swimming pool in silence.

Meadow felt unsure of Selene’s mood and didn’t dare to press the matter. She put the blanket and coat in the bag, leaving the ginger tea in the thermos for herself to drink later.

“Have you heard back from the company about the poaching of Ariana that I asked you to do yesterday?” Selene suddenly asked.

Meadow hesitated, afraid that what she said would make Selene’s mood even worse.

“Be honest, did you ask anyone in the company to poach her?” Impatiently, Selene turned to give her a look.

Meadow knew Selene’s personality well, and she knew she had to be truthful to avoid further

consequences. So, she finally confessed, “Ariana disregarded the company’s terms and blatantly refused.”

Selene was surprised and angry that Ariana would reject such a generous offer.

“Wow, she’s quite the tough one. It looks like she has some influential support.”

Despite being a recent entrant in the entertainment industry, Selene had been exposed to a diverse range of people since childhood, thanks to the influence of her uncle. She knew that someone like Ariana, who was new to the scene, could leverage her looks to gain benefits that others could only dream of.

Meadow disagreed and shook her head, saying, “Miss Cicio, you’re mistaken. Ariana doesn’t come from an influential background. She’s actually quite simple. Her family used to be wealthy, but after her father, Spencer Edwards, passed away, the Edwards family’s fortunes declined.”

Hearing this, Selene frowned. She couldn’t believe that someone with no connections would have the audacity to refuse a company like Vine Entertainment.

“And...” After a brief pause, Meadow pulled out her phone and searched for Ariana’s details. “Take a look at this. Her profile indicates that Ariana is married, but nobody around her has ever laid eyes on

her husband.”

“Got married?” With a sudden burst of excitement, Selene spoke in an intrigued tone as she scrolled through Ariana’s information. “What kind of decent man would marry a poor girl? He’s probably some unknown and ugly guy.”

She continued venting her anger and snorted, “How could Tyler fall for a married woman like her!”

Meadow initially thought Selene’s interest in Tyler was just a passing fancy, but as she observed Selene’s emotional fluctuations, she began to worry that her boss was taking Tyler seriously.

Meadow asked hesitantly, “Maybe Sarah just got lucky, and Ariana had nothing to do with it. Ariana doesn’t have any power to do anything. Why did you want her?”

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Selene closed her eyes and massaged her temples in an attempt to calm down. After a while, she explained, “I saw that Tyler trusted Ariana a lot and wanted to poach her. In that case, it might be easier to lure Tyler away from SJ Entertainment. Once they’re both in Vine Entertainment, which is my territory, I can easily control them to do whatever I want. I never expected Ariana to refuse us.”

“So, what’s our next move?” Meadow was shocked to discover that her suspicion was true. Selene had

always been the object of desire for countless wealthy men, yet she had never shown any interest in them. However, this time, she was intrigued by a newcomer with no background.

Meadow couldn't help feeling sorry for Tyler. In the past, anyone or anything that Selene took an interest in always ended up badly.

There was a long pause before Selene sneered, "Looks like Tyler not only trusts Ariana, but he has other feelings for her too."

Taking a deep breath and with a determined gaze at the swimming pool, Selene declared, "I won't allow anyone I like to be taken away like this." @

Since she was a child, Selene was used to getting what she wanted, including people.

"Come here. I have another task for you." Selene then whispered something to Meadow.

Beside the pool, Tyler found a thick and clean blanket and wrapped it around Ariana. Cole was still standing there, unable to come to terms with his mistake. He did get angry with Ariana's words, but he didn't intend to push her down. He was now embarrassed by his actions.

After making sure that Ariana was okay, Tyler turned to Cole with a cold look.

“Apologize to her. Right now.”

Cole’s pride wouldn’t let him apologize in front of so many people. He stood tall, refusing to lower his head, with an unwilling expression on his face. “Ariana fell into the pool by herself. Why should I apologize to her?”

“It was you who shoved her down.” Tyler’s eyes were fierce as if he could stab Cole with a knife at any moment.

Cole raised his head arrogantly and spoke in a proud tone. “I just pulled her back.

It’s not my fault that she couldn’t stand on her own and fell in. It’s ridiculous!”

“There are many cameras here. Let’s see if you pushed her or not,” Tyler insisted. He was determined to make Cole apologize to Ariana.

In an effort to prevent the situation from escalating, Ariana stopped Tyler who was about to go ask for the footage from the cameraman and urged him, “Let’s just let it go this time. There’s no point in arguing with him. We’ll only end up losing more.”

“How can I let it go?” This was the first time that Tyler didn’t heed her advice. He had always been indifferent to others bullying him, but when it came to Ariana, he was willing to fight tooth and nail for

her.

Ariana was unable to calm down Tyler's rage, so she had to stand up and physically block his path,

saying, "Enough. I'll let it slide."

Tyler finally stopped and stood still. Ariana's harsh tone made him lower his head slowly.

Sympathizing with him, Ariana moved closer and draped another blanket over him.

In a hushed tone, she reassured him, "Just because I'm letting it go this time, it doesn't mean we're

giving in to Cole. We'll find a way to get back at him in the future. Right now, we're still shooting this

drama. You're new here, so let's not argue with the crew over something trivial."

"It's not something small and insignificant," Tyler replied, looking at her with a hint of sadness.

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"I know you're upset, but please listen to me this time. Let's avoid any more trouble." After some patient

coaxing, Ariana finally persuaded Tyler to calm down.

Suddenly, Francis' voice came through the intercom. "That scene is over. Tyler, go change into dry

clothes with your agent."

“Okay, let’s go,” Ariana said, tugging at Tyler, who was still glaring at Cole.

In the temporary filming studio, the only private changing rooms were reserved for the lead actors. The rest of the crew had to use a public shed with just a cloth for privacy, which was uncomfortable for the female staff.

Ariana was about to make do with the public shed when she spotted a thin girl with a high ponytail approaching her. She recognized her as Meadow, Selene’s assistant whom she had met the day before.

Meadow greeted her with a smile, “Ms. Edwards, Miss Cicio has invited you to her lounge. There are clean clothes for you to change into, and we have some ginger tea that will warm you up.”

Upon hearing this, Ariana cast a glance toward Selene, who was sitting silently nearby.

Selene responded with a soft smile, which had a calming effect on those who saw it.

Like a mountain stream in summer, she exuded a sense of purity and tranquility.

Ariana felt drawn to Selene and thanked Meadow. “Thanks. Lead the way, please.”

“It would be my pleasure,” Meadow replied, leading Ariana toward Selene’s private lounge.

As they walked away, Selene’s smile faded, and she tossed the book from her lap aside before pulling

aside an assistant producer.

“Please ask Mr. Salazar to come to my lounge in three minutes. I want to discuss the script with him.”

As they entered the lounge, Ariana observed that it wasn’t spacious, but it had all the amenities. It had

a private dresser and bathroom, which was a huge improvement over the public shed.

“Ms. Edwards, here’s a spare suit for Miss Cicio. She hasn’t worn it yet. You can use it,” Meadow

informed her while handing over a light purple suit.

“Thank you.” To Ariana’s surprise, Selene had thought ahead and provided her with a new outfit. Ariana

didn’t have to wear the costume provided by the crew now. This saved Ariana the trouble of having to

change back at the hotel, as she could wear the new clothes for the rest of the day.

Meadow served her a cup of ginger tea before stepping out to wait for her.

Ariana made sure the door was closed before turning around to change into her new clothes.

She had to dry her wet hair quickly to avoid catching a cold, so she turned on the hairdryer. Ariana was

blow-drying her hair and the noise was quite loud. Because of this, she didn’t hear a small sound of

someone taking out the key and opening the door a little bit.

Meadow was about to leave when she heard the hairdryer stop. At that moment, Francis' phone call echoed through the corridor, indicating that he was on his way over.

Meadow hurriedly went in the opposite direction.

Francis rushed to the lounge door, frustrated and impatient. He didn't know why Selene needed to see him here, but he had to oblige her. Selene was the crew's cash cow, after all.

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When he found the door open, he pushed it in without much thought. But he was taken aback by the sight of a bare, creamy back.

Ariana was startled by the noise and quickly covered herself with a blanket. She was scared when she saw someone at the door and yelled, "Go away!"

"I'm sorry. I didn't know you were here. Miss Cicio asked me to talk about the script here," Francis apologized, but his lecherous gaze lingered on Ariana.

Over the years, he had always enjoyed toying with young women who wanted to become famous. The moment he saw Ariana, he was struck by her stunning appearance. He had regretted that she wasn't an actress. If she were, he had plenty of ways to make her succumb to him. But since she was an

agent, it would be much more difficult.

She had been wearing loose clothes on set the past two days, hiding her perfect figure. Now, Francis was surprised to see how attractive she looked. Francis felt a sudden rush of desire after looking at Ariana's bare back.

Ariana tried to control her anger and told Francis, who had entered the room, "You got the wrong room.

Selene is not here. Please leave."

"It doesn't matter Selene is not here. I can also discuss some script problems with you. Since you are Tyler's agent, it is okay for me to talk to you." Francis' smile caused his eyes to squint and his teeth, yellow from smoking, were visible. Despite the distance between them, Ariana could still smell his unpleasant odor.

"If you're not leaving, I'm afraid I'll have to call someone. There's just nothing left to discuss." Ariana saw through Francis' thoughts and scolded him sharply while taking a few steps back.

Francis paused, stroked his beard, and examined Ariana from head to toe.

"Honestly, with a face as lovely as yours, you should be a model or an artist. Have you ever thought about pursuing a different career? And I can provide you with the necessary assistance."

“No, thank you!”

Ariana gazed at him cautiously, feeling her hands grow damp with perspiration.

Struggling to maintain her composure, she discreetly searched for an object to serve as her shield.

Francis offered a smile and pivoted toward the door, remaining silent.

Ariana assumed he intended to leave but was shocked when he closed the door instead!

“Leave me alone and get out! Believe me, if call for help, you’ll be the one who will feel embarrassed!”

But Francis was unfazed, disregarding her caution. As he was about to lock the door, it was suddenly thrust open by an unknown force. Unable to counter the momentum, Francis found himself pinned behind the door.

Furious, he barked, “Who on earth are you?”

Tyler materialized in the doorway, yanking Francis out. “Mr. Salazar, what are you doing here?”

Francis’ expression darkened, and he asked Tyler gruffly, “What are you doing here?”

Tyler sneered, positioning himself in front of Ariana. “That’s my question for you.

My agent is changing clothes. What brings you here?”

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Caught off guard, Francis stammered, "Well... It's a misunderstanding. I was here for Miss Cicio."

"Miss Cicio isn't here. Please leave." Tyler was firm.

Annoyed but in the wrong, Francis had no choice but to exit begrudgingly.

Once he was gone, Tyler exhaled in relief. Without turning to face Ariana, he said,

"Ariana, get dressed. I'll keep watch outside, and no one will bother you again. Trust me

The door closed once more. Though Tyler was standing guard, Ariana didn't feel comfortable lingering in the lounge. She hastily changed and left the room.

Sometime during the ordeal, Selene and Meadow had gathered outside.

Upon seeing Ariana, Meadow immediately apologized, "I'm so sorry, Ms. Edwards. I had no idea Miss Cicio had scheduled a meeting with Mr. Salazar about the script. I shouldn't have brought you here without her permission."

Ariana's mouth fell open in shock.

Fearful of something, Meadow didn't let Ariana speak. She rattled off her words quickly, not allowing interruptions. "I apologize. It's my fault. I should've been guarding the door, but I suddenly had an upset

stomach and had to use the restroom.”

Ariana’s mind raced with questions. Meadow had claimed Selene wanted her in the lounge, yet now it seemed Meadow had brought her there without consent.

Additionally, she had locked the door before changing. How could Francis have simply pushed it open and entered?

By now, a crowd had formed, eager to learn what had transpired.

Whispers and gossip rose one after another.

“Meadow, are you saying Mr. Salazar stumbled into the lounge and caught a glimpse of Ariana undressed?”

“Seems like it. How awkward, right?”

“Not really. It’s not unheard of in the entertainment world. Who knows if Ariana was intentionally trying to seduce the director?”

“True. She might’ve jumped into the pool on purpose to set this up.”

Hurtful words reached Ariana’s ears, leaving her complexion ghostly pale. She couldn’t tell if it was from the cold or fear of Francis, but she looked dreadful.

No longer able to endure the scene, Ariana hastily gathered her things and fled.

Seeing her distressed, Tyler followed close behind.

The film and television center was a bustling place, but Ariana barely noticed the passers-by. She felt as though she were drifting alone in a desolate wasteland.

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Francis' lewd and haughty expression made her shudder with disgust.

She rubbed her arms, growing increasingly uneasy.

A discomfort settled in her stomach. Clutching her belly, she broke into a sweat, anxiety washing over her.

Could her fall into the water have harmed her unborn child?

Thoughts of the baby brought her back to reality. She glanced at Tyler, who had been tailing her the whole time. She wanted to find an excuse to send him away so she could go to the hospital alone. But suddenly, her vision went black.

Upon regaining consciousness, Ariana found herself in a hospital.

She blinked, her mind racing, unable to understand the situation. Then, the memories flooded back.

Thinking of the moment before she passed out, her heart dropped, and she instinctively reached for her belly.

“Don’t worry. The baby is okay.” Tyler’s voice came from nearby.

Ariana looked up to see him seated on the edge of her bed.

Relieved, she then realized something, and her gaze fixed on Tyler, wordlessly.

Meeting her eyes, Tyler said, “Ariana, you’ve been pregnant for three months. Why didn’t you tell me?

If I had known, I would’ve taken you to the hospital right after you fell into the water.”

Hearing the doctor’s diagnosis that she was three months pregnant left him puzzled and concerned. He should have noticed the signs earlier. Looking back at their brief collaboration, he recalled her always wearing flat shoes, and loose-fitting clothes, avoiding alcohol, and not eating foods restricted during pregnancy.

Ariana felt both embarrassed and guilty as she saw the young man’s shock. “I’m sorry. I should’ve told you I’m married.”

“Who is he?” Tyler asked flatly. “Why haven’t I seen him picking you up, especially since you’re

pregnant?”

Ariana was at a loss for words, so she awkwardly tugged at the blanket and replied, “He’s not someone you know. He’s always caught up with work, so he can’t come to get me.”

She wasn’t sure whether Tyler believed her or not, but her pregnancy was a fact that couldn’t be denied. Ariana still pondered how to ask Tyler to help her keep her pregnancy a secret from others when Tyler mentioned a name in an unusual tone.

“Theodore Anderson. Is he your husband?”

Ariana was stunned. How did Tyler know that? She had never mentioned Theodore’s name to him, and she hadn’t had any contact with him at work.

Ariana’s eyes gave away Tyler’s guess, and he had already sensed that their relationship was not ordinary. The first time Tyler called Ariana, it was Theodore who picked up the phone. Despite the distance, Tyler could hear Theodore’s unfriendly tone.

The second time, on the day they signed the contract, Theodore’s hostility toward Tyler and his possessive attitude toward Ariana were apparent.

As aman, Tyler could understand what Theodore was thinking.

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Realizing that she couldn't keep the truth hidden any longer, Ariana apologized and said, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have kept this from you. My husband is Theodore, but our relationship is kept under wraps, and only a few people know we're together."

Tyler was unsure what to feel. He didn't seem sad, but he was certainly angry.

"Is Theodore really that incompetent? He's your husband, yet he asked you to work while you are pregnant, and it seems like he doesn't care about you regularly. He doesn't even bother to come to pick you up from time to time."

"It is a little complicated." Ariana was at a loss for words and felt a headache coming on. She couldn't bring herself to tell Tyler that the baby in her belly was conceived through artificial insemination surgery and that even Theodore was unaware of its existence, making it even harder to explain.

Ariana didn't want to reveal the inner workings of the Anderson family to Tyler, as it would involve many irrelevant individuals.

Ariana did her best to choose her words carefully to avoid arousing Tyler's suspicion. "To be honest, I want to have a career of my own. I believe women should have the opportunity to pursue their own

goals. Besides, I haven't told Theodore about my pregnancy yet, because I'm afraid that if I tell him too soon, he'll become overprotective and prevent me from working."

"When will you tell him?" Tyler furrowed his brows and looked serious. He appeared to be contemplating whether there was a loophole in her words.

Ariana had to be vague. "In a month or two," she replied.

By then, the bet would have come to an end, and she planned to leave Eleymond to take care of herself and the baby somewhere where no one knew her.

Tyler didn't respond. He didn't agree with Ariana's decision to work as an agent while she was pregnant. Pregnancy was a big deal, and he didn't want her to push herself too hard. If she hadn't arrived here on time today, she might have suffered a miscarriage and lost her baby.

The shooting site was overcrowded with too many people, putting her at risk of another accident.

"Please, keep my pregnancy a secret for now. I want to have the freedom to move around for another month or two without anyone knowing. I'll tell my husband about the pregnancy when the time is right,"

said Ariana in a pitiful tone, her head bowed low.

Tyler couldn't bear to witness the sadness etched on her face. Despite his apprehension about the repercussions, he reluctantly gave in.

"I'll keep your pregnancy a secret, but you must vow to prioritize your well-being and rest when the time

is right."

"Absolutely. Continuing to work with a growing belly isn't right." Ariana's spirits lifted, and she assured Tyler with a beaming smile.

The sudden seriousness in a young man like Tyler was rather alarming, especially given the recent interrogation. Luckily, Ariana managed to win him over, and she silently celebrated her close call.

Seeing Ariana's cheerful expression, Tyler felt slightly reassured. He handed her some medication, saying, "This is prescribed by the doctor to safeguard the baby.

Take it regularly. The child hasn't been harmed, but you still need to focus on recovery."

Ariana nodded, accepted the medicine, and requested her bag.

Tyler rose and fetched the bag from a corner. It was sizable and heavy, and he wondered what it contained.

However, he soon found out.

Ariana then removed her laptop, thermos, umbrella, scarf, and four bottles of various vitamins from her bag.