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She picked up a bottle labeled “Vitamin E”, shook it, and took out the last two white pills. Next, she added the medicine Tyler had given her to the bottle.

Tyler was taken aback. No wonder Theodore was unaware of Ariana’s pregnancy.

She had an arsenal of tricks to maintain her secret.

He wasn’t sure if he should pity Theodore or revel in his obliviousness.

After repacking her bag, Ariana patted it and said to Tyler, “Let’s head back to the hotel.”

On the return journey, Tyler assisted Ariana with her bag. He sat on the opposite side of the back seat, appearing glum and displeased, a departure from his usual demeanor.

Ariana had been discreetly watching him the whole time. She assumed his discontent stemmed from the film shoot, so she consoled him, “Don’t let the director’s comments get to you. He’s aligned with Cole, and they’ll undoubtedly try to make things difficult for you.”

“I’m aware.” Tyler grinned. “I’m not dwelling on them. I’m just pondering what we’ll eat later. I’m starving.”

“Really?” Ariana eyed him skeptically.

Tyler earnestly nodded, “Yes.”

“That’s a relief.” Feeling reassured, Ariana started browsing her phone.

Unbeknownst to her, as soon as she lowered her gaze, the cheerfulness in Tyler’s eyes faded into desolation. She didn’t realize that the young man had recently experienced an emotional rollercoaster, from falling in love to heartbreak the next.

Perhaps this was the remorse of unrequited love. He sighed quietly and stared out the window, disheartened.

Upon returning to the hotel, the last glimmers of daylight vanished, and night descended.

Tyler escorted Ariana to her room before rushing off to film the upcoming scene.

“I’ve ordered a nutritious meal for you. It’ll be delivered shortly,” he informed her.

Ariana shook her head. “I’m not hungry. Can you take it to the shooting site and eat it yourself? You mentioned being hungry.”

“You need to eat something, not just for you, but for the baby as well.”

As Tyler was persuading her, the door abruptly swung open from the inside.

Theodore's impassive, handsome face emerged before the pair.

Ariana questioned in astonishment, "Why are you in my room?"

Theodore countered, "What baby?"

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Ariana responded swiftly, interjecting before Tyler could speak. "We're working on the script. His next scene is about to begin. It's his first time acting. He's nervous, so he asked me to practice with him."

"Really?" Theodore's gaze shifted between the two, as if trying to gauge the truthfulness of her words.

Ariana appeared visibly flustered, after all.

"Sheila."

Tyler suddenly uttered the name of the play's heroine. Ariana was caught off guard for a moment,

before she replied with fervor, "Gifford, why have you brought me here?"

Fully immersing himself in the performance, Tyler gazed at Ariana with a crazed expression. "You ask me why? Sheila, you're carrying his baby. I'll never allow you to give birth to this baby. You can only be mine."

Theodore, observing the exchange, furrowed his brow at the last sentence. He reached out, pulling

Ariana to his side. "Alright. That's enough."

Ariana secretly sighed with relief. Fortunately, Tyler's convincing act had successfully misled Theodore.

"Now, I'll head to work. Have a good rest, Ms. Edwards." In Theodore's presence, Tyler had no choice

but to address her formally.

"Go. Call me if you need my help," Ariana replied with a bright smile.

Theodore cast a cold glance her way, displeased by her kindness toward the young man.

Noticing the possessive look in Theodore's eyes, Tyler hesitated before saying, "Mr. Anderson, please

take good care of her."

Theodore wasn't sure if it was just his imagination, but Tyler seemed to be accusing him for some

wrongdoing.

Theodore was about to say something, but Ariana interrupted him at once.

"Tyler, head to the filming site now. There's not much time before shooting starts.

See you later." Flustered, Ariana feared Tyler might inadvertently reveal everything to Theodore.

Ignoring Theodore's wishes, she pushed his wheelchair into the room.

Bang! The door slammed shut. The dimly lit room was so quiet that they could hear each other's breathing.

Theodore leaned back slightly, silently studying her with his deep, ocean-like eyes.

Ariana nervously clutched the hem of her dress and offered a strained smile. "That boy is obsessed with acting and only knows about shooting and performing. Don't take him seriously."

"Does he know about our relationship?" Theodore's voice was gentle and melodious.

"Do you mean our marriage?"

He fell silent for a moment, seemingly waiting for her to keep talking.

"yes, he managed to guess it, so I admitted it." Fearing that Theodore would be angry, she lowered her voice and said, "I'm sorry. I didn't conceal it well. I promised to keep it a secret. It's my fault."

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"It's alright. When did I ever say you did something wrong?"

His relaxed and pleasant tone surprised Ariana. She raised her head to meet his smiling gaze.

"Are you not mad at me?" she asked, appearing to be surprised.

She looked cute with that surprised expression. Theodore resisted the urge to pinch her cheek and

feigned a cough. "It's not a big deal. I'm not angry. If we can't keep it a secret in the future, we'll just let them know."

Cocking her head, she wondered what he meant by that, but did not dwell on it too much. Another question weighed on her mind, demanding an answer. "So, why are you in my room? I'm going to complain about this hotel for letting others in."

After a brief silence, Theodore took out a familiar marriage certificate from his suit pocket.

"I showed the marriage certificate to the receptionist, and she let me in." He didn't seem to think that there was anything wrong with what he had done or said. In fact, he believed he was in the right.

"Why do you carry it with you?" Ariana was both embarrassed and surprised by what he did that she ended up blushing. Back then, Theodore had been in a vegetative state and comatose. The ceremony was rushed, and she hadn't paid much attention to the wedding photo on the marriage certificate. She looked silly and ugly in the picture! Besides, Theodore's head portrait was added in from one of his other photos, making the wedding photo appear quite peculiar.

When she first received the marriage certificate, Ariana couldn't bring herself to look at the picture and later misplaced it. But now, she was surprised to find that he kept it in his pocket.

“Why do you have the marriage certificate?” Ariana asked as she reached out to snatch it from Theodore.

Theodore quickly switched his hand and leaned back slightly, preventing her from taking it away.

“Horace found it somewhere in the closet when he helped me pack my things. He handed it to me earlier today.”

Ariana gave up trying to grab the certificate after her failed attempt. “Did you open it?” she asked nervously.

She knew it was a silly question. How would he not open it when he received it?

However, she was still hopeful that Theodore was lazy and that there was still a chance he had not opened it.

She looked ugly in the wedding picture. She didn’t want him laughing at her when he saw it.

He looked unappealing in the picture too. His face was not only distorted but also a little blurry.

Theodore chuckled. “No, but the receptionist checked it out. It’s weird that I haven’t seen what my marriage certificate looks like.”

He brushed his fingers across the letters of the cover and pretended to open it.

“Don’t open it. It’s not worth looking at,” Ariana cried as her will to fight was ignited again. She pounced on him and tried to grab the certificate. Damn it! How could Theodore be more agile when he was in a wheelchair?

She was embarrassed and annoyed. She didn’t want him to see their unsightly photograph, so she was focused on snatching it back. However, she tripped over the wheel of the wheelchair and lost her balance.

Theodore instinctively pulled her into his arms when he saw she was about to fall.

‘Ariana was petite and fitted nicely in Theodore’s arms. His chest was like a giant wall in front of her.

She thought that he could tower over her if he bent down.

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Ariana pushed his shoulder away awkwardly. However, Theodore was holding her waist tightly, preventing her from escaping. “Relax, it’s just a picture. Why are you so nervous? You look adorable in it,” he said as he rubbed his chin against her hair.

Hearing his teasing tone, Ariana realized that he had tricked her. She clenched her fists furiously and

hit him as she scolded, "You already saw the picture. Why are you making fun of me on purpose?"

Theodore opened the certificate and looked at him in the photo in disgust. He clicked his tongue and

said, "The photo editing skill is too bad. Let's take another photo tomorrow."

Ariana looked up at Theodore and was stunned to see a doting smile flashing across his eyes. She

smiled bitterly and said, "There's no need to take another picture.

After all, our marriage is a sham."

"Why is our marriage a sham? The certificate has been stamped, and we are legally a couple."

Even if their marriage was fake, Theodore wanted to make it real. He didn't intend to let her go.

Perhaps their marriage started as an unfortunate accident, but he didn't mind thinking they were

destined to be together.

Ariana felt conflicted, and her throat tightened. "You know I didn't mean that," she said slowly.

Theodore's eyes darkened at her words, and his smile turned into a stubborn frown.

He raised her chin and saw his reflection in her eyes. "Don't you understand what I'm trying to say?" he

asked solemnly.

Just one sentence and Ariana's heart was completely out of control. She darted her eyes in panic and

stuttered, "What on earth do you mean?"

There was expectation in her voice that she didn't even realize. Maybe the answer was not so important because, at this moment, this man had completely captured her heart.

Theodore sighed silently as he touched her warm hand and said softly, "Ariana, we..."

However, there was a sudden knock on the door before he could finish his sentence.

The continuous knocks on the door were noisy, but neither Ariana nor Theodore moved and they just looked at each other.

"What were you about to tell me just now?" Ariana asked Theodore, trying to ignore the constant pounding on the door and focusing on what he was about to finish saying earlier.

Theodore began, "We..."

"Is anybody there? Who's knocking at the door? You're causing quite a ruckus. Just open it!"

Theodore's words were interrupted again. This time, the guy living in the room next to hers banged on the wall between their rooms several times, urging Ariana to open the door of her room.

The mood between them quickly changed.

Annoyed, Ariana broke free from Theodore's arms. Although she wanted to open the door, she paused and thought it might be a crew member looking for her. That would mean Theodore couldn't stay, unless she could clearly explain to the person outside her door what a man was doing in her room.

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"Go to the bathroom. I'll see who's checking up on me. I'm guessing it's someone from the crew."

Regardless of what Theodore wished, Ariana pushed and guided his wheelchair into the narrow bathroom.

Theodore covered his nose in disgust and asked, "What is that strange smell in here?"

"That's the sewer. We have no choice since this room is cheap." Ariana shrugged helplessly.

The knocks on the door continued. She swiftly closed the bathroom door and rushed over to open the bedroom door.

"stop knocking!" Cursing under her breath, she opened the door. Whoever was knocking outside didn't

know she'd pull the door open suddenly, causing him to nearly lose his balance and fall into the room.

Ariana reacted quickly and took a big step back to avoid the person falling onto her.

"What are you doing here?" She stared at Francis and asked him in a frigid tone. He held on to the

door frame for support and wore a peaked cap.

He should be directing the shoot right now. Why was he here? Ariana could clearly remember what happened earlier in the afternoon. She quickly became more vigilant.

Francis smirked and said, "I'm here to apologize to you."

Francis' ingratiating smile sickened her once more. "No need, Mr. Salazar. I know you didn't mean to.

Don't mention it."

Francis narrowed his eyes before he pretended to be a gentleman and said, "Since it was a misunderstanding, we'll let it slide. I have something else to discuss with you regarding the script." He then walked into the room, completely ignoring her wishes.

"Mr. Salazar, I'm an agent. Not an actress. There's no need for you to discuss the script with me."

Ariana feared he was using this situation as an excuse to do some nasty things to her. She narrowed her eyes and added as politely as she could, "Please leave. I've got work to do and I don't have time to talk about nonsense."

An opportunity like this was hard to come by, so why would Francis leave so easily?

He gazed at her with lust-filled eyes, scanning her from head to toe before uttering, "Being an agent

won't get you fame or fortune. If you like, I know of numerous ways to help you get them."

Realizing what he truly meant, Ariana felt disgusted. She asked him straightforwardly, "So you want me to trade my body for fame and fortune? You're dealing with the wrong person. I'm neither interested in becoming an actress nor becoming famous."

Seeing she truly wasn't interested, Francis changed his tone and threatened, "It's alright if you don't want to. But then I'll have to delete Tyler's scenes later. I have influence among the directors. All I have to do is inform my friends and Tyler will be kicked out of the industry in no time. However, if you follow my orders, I assure you that Tyler will be well taken care of in the future. I'll even give him more scenes, making him the most important supporting role."

After hearing such nonsense, she wanted to curse him at first. But once she saw the light in the bathroom, she felt worried. Due to the poor soundproofing of the room, Theodore must have overheard every word of their conversation. She didn't know what he was thinking right now.

With no time left to argue with Francis, she continued, "It isn't too late for you to get the fuck out of my room now. Don't blame me for not warning you."

Francis sneered before continuing to belittle her. “You’re just a new agent. You’ve got no background and no backer. What do you think you can do to me? Even Sarah knows to respect me and beg me for another chance.”

As he spoke, he approached Ariana and reached out a hand to try and touch her slender waist.

But then a loud bang came from the bathroom door suddenly opening. The fragile door quivered from the force and was just hanging by a thread from the frame. The person who opened it was absolutely furious.

Francis was scared to death. He witnessed the man slowly emerge from the bathroom in a wheelchair.

The look on the man’s face was gloomy and terrifying.

For a moment, Francis felt a slight tingle run over his entire scalp and a freezing sensation on his nape.

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“What’s wrong, Francis? Do you think I’m not qualified to talk to you?” A sinister and dangerous smile spread across Theodore’s face.

Francis was over forty years old, and this was the first time he had experienced a life-threatening situation. He felt like a deer in headlights.

He touched his nose, trying to hide his embarrassment. He never expected that there would be a man hiding in the agent's room when he came.

Moreover, the man was Theodore Anderson.

Francis was a proud man who had always kept his promiscuous life a secret.

Besides, sleeping with artists and agents was nothing new in the entertainment industry. No one would think twice about the morality of such deeds.

However, this was different. He was not only caught in the act, but the woman he harassed also belonged to Theodore.

What the hell?

"I'm sorry, Mr. Anderson. It's all a misunderstanding. I didn't know that she is your woman," Francis stammered in embarrassment, unable to find an excuse for himself.

Theodore became impatient and said coldly, "Fuck off."

Francis was dissatisfied and felt humiliated. After all, his family was also highly influential, and being a director was just fun and games for him. His family did not pale in comparison to the Anderson family.

Besides, he heard that Theodore no longer had shares in the Anderson Group and was only a CEO

with no real power. Perhaps he would even be kicked out of the group one day.

Francis regained his composure and straightened his back as he sneered, "Mr. Anderson, you may seem tough for now. Let's hope you can maintain your confidence into the future."

He swiftly left after saying his piece.

Ariana was worried that Theodore might lose his temper after being talked down by Francis. She comforted him, "Don't be angry. He is just trash. His words don't matter. I don't believe he will have the power to obstruct us in the future."

Theodore remained silent, holding her hand and pulling her to his side.

He wasn't bothered by Francis at all. In his eyes, Francis was just a bug he could easily squash.

However, judging from the conversation between Francis and Ariana, it seemed that something had happened in the afternoon.

He wrapped his hands around Ariana's tender wrist and asked in a low voice, "What happened between you and Francis this afternoon?"

Ariana knew she couldn't hide it from Theodore, so she told him the truth. She left out the details but

told him roughly how she was pushed into the water and how Francis broke into the lounge.

Noticing Theodore's face was getting angrier by the second, Ariana quickly stopped.

Instead, she shared her thoughts. "I think it should be an accident. How could

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Francis have known that I was in Selene's lounge when he was filming?"

"I see. Leave this matter to me," Theodore replied ambiguously.

Ariana looked at Theodore, unsure of what he meant. Worried he might overreact, she said hastily, "It's

over. Forget it."

"Well, it's late. Are you tired? Do you want to go to bed?" Theodore asked as he quickly changed the

topic.

Ariana was reminded of her exhaustion and started driving him away. "Yeah, I'm sleepy. I want to take

a rest. Please leave," she said.

"aren't you hungry? Let's eat something first," Theodore suggested casually.

"No, I want to sleep. Go. I didn't sleep well last night," Ariana insisted as she pretended to yawn.

"Don't you know that the rooms are all filled? I have nowhere to go," Theodore said while looking at her

innocently.

Feeling awkward from his gaze, Ariana stammered, "Well, what can I do about it?

Don't they have a single room?"

"It's not easy to book a room at the film and television center now. They can't even spare a room for a few hours," Theodore lied masterfully. He cast her a meaningful gaze and suggested, "So you should take me in tonight."

Ariana wasn't about to take Theodore in. She had yet to calm herself down. Besides, she didn't know what he felt for her, and her mind was a mess.

However, one thing was for sure. She was unwilling to share a room with Theodore now.

Her mind was filled with him. She would go mad if he stayed.

Ariana said hesitantly, "How about going home? You can always leave this place."

"Horace drove the car away," Theodore rebutted her while glancing at her with an unreadable expression.

"Then call him," she replied as she tucked her hair behind her ear, avoiding his eyes. She knew it was rude to ask him to return to Eleymond at this hour, but she couldn't care less.

Theodore smiled and said, "Horace asked for leave. He went to meet his girlfriend."

Ariana was surprised and gasped, "Isn't Horace by your side 24 hours a day? How could he have a girlfriend?"

"Horace is not a machine. Of course, he has his private life. He might be asleep with his girlfriend now.

Should I call him and get him to pick me up?" Theodore asked cheekily as he rolled his wheelchair to the sofa and removed his suit jacket.

It seemed that he was determined to stay.

"So what do you want? Should I call Horace?" Theodore asked again.

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Ariana stared at him in annoyance. He knew what her reply was. It was obviously rude to disturb

Horace at this hour, but she didn't want Theodore to stay.

"Fine, I'll leave if you want me to. But your crew members should be back by now. If I meet them along the way, don't blame me if I can't explain my presence properly,"

Theodore said as he pretended to leave.

However, Ariana grabbed his wheelchair in a hurry and cried, "Wait, I didn't say that you must go."

“So you agree to take me in?” Theodore asked expectantly.

Ariana hesitated again.

“Well, I’d take my leave now.” Theodore sulked and was about to wheel himself out.

“Forget it. It would be better for you to stay,” Ariana said in resignation. She wanted to avoid any unnecessary questioning from the crew members. She couldn’t risk Theodore meeting someone from the team on his way out.

Fortunately, they didn’t have to share a bed as the room had two.

“Let’s turn in,” Theodore said in satisfaction as he headed for the bed with a cup beside it. Ariana had slept in that bed the previous night.

She was about to stop him when something flashed across her mind. “Oh, no!” she shouted abruptly.

“What’s wrong? You can’t break your promise,” Theodore said as he looked at her warily, thinking she had regretted her choice.

“It’s not about that. I was wondering if Francis will tell others about our relationship,” Ariana muttered.

She didn’t want her private affairs to be a topic for gossip the following morning.

Theodore relaxed a little and said meaningfully, “Don’t worry. Someone will handle him.”

Meanwhile, Francis was still unaware of the danger that was approaching. He was still cursing the couple as he returned to his room. Thinking how Theodore interrupted his plan really pissed him off.

He had assumed Ariana to be sweet and innocent. He never expected her to be Theodore’s plaything.

She was a bitch who sold herself to Theodore for money.

Francis puffed out a column of smoke, his eyes shining as he plotted more evil schemes.

He was a patient man. Theodore was just a CEO without any shares in the Anderson Group. Francis became complacent at the thought that it wouldn’t be long before Theodore became homeless.

As for Ariana, it was a matter of time before he got her.

Suddenly, his phone in his pocket rang. It was his father.

That was strange. His father was over 70 years old and usually went to bed early.

Why would he call at this hour?

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He picked up the phone and heard a voice boom, “What the hell have you done?”

Why did the BRD Group withdraw their investment from our company?”

Francis was shocked and confused. He replied while feeling aggrieved, “Dad, I didn’t do anything. I’ve been working on the set all this time. Where would I find the time to offend someone from the BRD Group?”

“You did nothing? Don’t lie to me. I want the truth!” Francis’ father shouted through the phone. Although

his father was old, he was still full of energy.

“I’m telling the truth! I didn’t do anything!” Francis replied cowardly. Although he was arrogant in front of

others, he was still afraid of his father.

His father was trained to be a ruthless man in the army during his early years. Even though Francis was now a middle-aged man, he would still cry every time he got beaten.

“Bullshit! How dare you continue lying! Let me tell you the truth. I called Mr. Perkins once I heard about the BRD Group’s withdrawal of its investment. He said that I should be asking you. You’d better think about what you have done in the past two days,” Francis’ father scolded furiously.

Suddenly, Francis thought of Ariana and Theodore.

He turned pale.

From his silence, the older man guessed something must have happened and asked anxiously, "Tell me what happened. How can I help if you don't tell me anything?"

Francis swallowed hard and told the truth while deliberately leaving out some details. He didn't admit to harassing Ariana tonight. Instead, he only said that he bumped into Theodore and Ariana.

Francis' father sighed and said, "Do you think I don't know what you're plotting?

You're planning to do something to that agent. You've always been playing around. I guess you've finally met your match."

"I doubt that. Didn't the Anderson Group abandon Theodore after his accident? He even lost all his shares," Francis said, feeling unreconciled. He didn't believe that Theodore could be so capable of influencing the BRD Group to withdraw its investments.

He thought Theodore was about to lose his status, so he agreed to help Donna make things difficult for Ariana and Tyler, in order to butter up to Jasper.

After all, if Theodore was defeated, Jasper would likely inherit the Anderson Group.

His father was so angry at Francis' ignorance that he scolded, "Why are you such an idiot? Isn't it clear

that the BRD Group is aiding Theodore? The situation in the Anderson Group is complicated. If we don't remain neutral, we will be easily implicated."

Francis realized he had screwed up. He panicked and said nervously, "I didn't know about the complications. What should I do? I already offended them."

His father remained calm and replied, "The BRD Group only withdrew its investment temporarily. Since they were willing to tell me that you are the reason, it shows there is still a way to resolve this. Now we need to figure out how to ease the tension between Theodore and you. We need to clear up the misunderstanding as soon as possible. And don't tell others about the relationship between that agent and Theodore."

"Okay."

Ariana and Theodore were lying on their beds after washing up.

Initially, Theodore planned on sharing a bed with Ariana, but he got pushed away.

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He had no choice but to sleep on another bed.

"First things first. The soundproofing in this room is terrible. You were the one who wanted to stay. If

you can't sleep well, don't blame me for not informing you in advance," Ariana grumbled.

She was about to turn off the lights when she heard a strange sound from next door.

It was a woman moaning, and the squeaking of the bed was getting louder and louder.

Ariana was stunned. Was a couple staying next door?

The sex in the next room was so intense that their gasps were crystal clear. The squeaking of the bed

was so loud it seemed like it was about to fall apart.

Embarrassed, Ariana tucked her head under her blanket and felt her body heating up. She silently

prayed that Theodore had fallen asleep and heard nothing from the other side of the wall.

The atmospheres in the two rooms were sharply contrasted. One was so loud and intense, while the

other was deadly quiet.

There was no movement from Theodore, and Ariana thought he was asleep. She was about to breathe

a sigh of relief when she heard him speaking hoarsely, "You were right. The soundproofing is indeed

terrible."

Of course, it was terrible. She had already experienced something similar last night.

Only it had been a middle-aged couple living next door. They quarreled all through midnight, almost

driving her mad.

She didn't expect a young couple tonight. Now, they were stuck listening to their moans.

Ariana lay sideways, hiding her chin in the blanket, pretending to be asleep.

After a while, Theodore sounded again. "Have you fallen asleep?"

Why did he ask? She didn't say anything. Couldn't he just take it that she was asleep? Ariana shut her eyes tightly, refusing to speak or move, convincing herself she was not embarrassed.

However, the voices next door became louder and louder. The woman was moaning lustfully, and the man seemed to be whispering something obscene. The voices made her feel uncomfortable, and she felt a wave of nausea.

Ariana covered her ears to block the voices. However, something suddenly hit her side of the wall, and she bolted upright. When she turned to survey the surroundings, she met a faint smile in Theodore's eyes.

"You're still awake..." Ariana began mumbling guiltily. However, before she could finish her words, she heard a rustle and felt something climb up her neck. Instantly, she shrieked loudly.

Her shrill voice scared the man and woman who were about to climax next door.

The man became limp after being startled by Ariana's scream.

"Fuck you! Why are you screaming in the middle of the night?" the man scolded angrily as he picked up

his slippers and smashed them against the wall.

On the other side, Ariana had scrambled off the bed. Her face was pale, and her eyes were filled with

tears. She couldn't care less about the man next door and was focused on patting herself down.