

Unconscious 361

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Theodore turned on the light and sat up, asking nervously, "What's wrong?"

"There is a bug on me! I don't know where it is. But it was crawling on my neck,"

Ariana said tearfully.

Although it might be an illusion, she felt her body itching all over. She feared the insect had crawled into her clothes and wanted to bite her skin.

She took off her pajamas hastily, leaving only a snow-white loose camisole covering her upper body, revealing a large part of her skin. She then untied the tie on her pants and was about to pull them down when Theodore stopped her at once.

"Stop stripping. You have already gotten rid of the bug."

"Is it really off?" Ariana asked as she turned and looked at Theodore tearfully.

Suddenly, she felt something crawling on her foot. Looking down, she saw a roach and was so frightened that she shrieked again.

She jumped clumsily onto Theodore's bed and held his neck tightly while screaming, "Roach! Kill it!"

It's gone. It crawled to the wardrobe and disappeared," Theodore said.

Ariana stopped trembling and peered at the spot where the roach was. It was as he said. The roach was gone.

She heaved a sigh of relief and gradually calmed down. When she was about to apologize to Theodore, she readjusted her position uneasily as she felt something hard poking against her bottom.

Theodore gritted his teeth and said in a low voice, "Stop moving."

Ariana was afraid that Theodore had spotted the roach again until she looked up and saw a pair of lustful eyes. Suddenly, she realized what was poking her and instantly blushed.

Ariana stood up hastily and thought it was normal for Theodore to feel aroused by the noise next door.

She wondered if it hurt when she jumped on him.

Her eyes wandered uncontrollably to that area.

Theodore noticed the strange look in Ariana's eyes and frowned. He was about to cross his legs to hide his erection when he remembered he was supposed to be "disabled".

Ariana felt too embarrassed to stare any longer. She looked away hurriedly, but the redness on her

face had given her away.

The man next door was still cursing, but she didn't register a single word. She was lost in thought about her next course of action.

"Help me push the wheelchair over," Theodore said hoarsely, breaking the silence between them.

Ariana finally snapped back to her senses. She hurriedly pushed the wheelchair over and helped

Theodore onto it before wheeling him considerately to the bathroom.

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"Call me if you need anything," Ariana said awkwardly before closing the door.

Soon, there was a loud gushing sound of water mixed with a faint gasp.

Ariana understood what was happening and blushed.

At this moment, the noises next door seemed to have quietened down. That man was probably tired of scolding and began whispering to the woman.

Ariana felt both physically and mentally drained. She yawned while rubbing her belly. She seemed to be a little hungry, but she had more urgent things to do now.

She found a box of wet tissues and wiped her skin where the roach had crawled over. Her goose

bumps rose when she recalled the hateful roach crawling around her neck.

She hated every insect and would panic at the mention of bugs.

Nothing in the world could make Ariana cower except for bugs.

She used a whole pack of wet tissues to clean her neck and ankle. When she was done, she took

some bread and a drink from her suitcase.

After finishing her food, Ariana wanted to go back to sleep. However, the roach had run to the wardrobe

beside her bed. Although it might be gone for now, who knew when it would come out again?

Besides, she couldn't sleep in a bed that a roach had crawled over.

After some hesitation, she decided to sleep on the other bed.

After Theodore was done cleaning himself up, he came out to find Ariana lying on his bed, wrapped in

his blanket, fast asleep.

He approached and stared at her quietly, slowly raising his hand to her face.

Ariana felt something hovering near her face but didn't dare to move. She didn't know what Theodore

would do.

Would he secretly kiss her? Oh gosh! Please don't! What if she laughed?

When she was about to lose control, she felt a cold finger pressed against her lips.

Ariana's heart skipped a beat. Seriously? Why did he use his finger? Shouldn't he use his lips?

Theodore wiped her lips gently.

Looking at the crumbs on his finger, he said softly, "Someone's greedy."

And pretending to be asleep.

Theodore deliberately kept the last sentence in his heart, pretending he didn't know that she was

awake. He acted as if Ariana's eyelashes were trembling because of a nightmare, nothing else.

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Ariana thought her act was good. However, her breathing betrayed her. She held her breath for a long

time until she heard his wheelchair roll away.

Theodore maneuvered the wheelchair to the opposite side of the bed, attempting to lift up the quilt, but

it was wrapped beneath Ariana.

Observing her feigned slumber, he sighed in exasperation. "How am I supposed to sleep if you're like

this?”

Without opening her eyes, Ariana extended a finger from beneath the quilt and pointed at the other bed, indicating that he should sleep over there.

Theodore nearly burst into laughter. He leaned over, pinched her cheek, and said dotingly, “You want me to sleep on the bed that a roach had crawled over?”

That was exactly what Ariana meant. Not wanting to engage in conversation, she continued pretending to be asleep.

“I understand.”

The sound of rustling fabric reached her ears, and she felt Theodore’s hand leave her face.

Then, the light was turned off.

Ariana was secretly happy. She knew he would compromise; it turned out she knew him well.

However, before she could bask in her delight, she felt someone lie down next to her; his manly scent wafting into her nose.

To her surprise, Theodore actually lay down next to her.

Then there was a moment of silence. He made no attempt to move once he was on the bed.

Had he fallen asleep already? How could he sleep without a blanket? She was about to open her eyes secretly.

The next second, Ariana was lifted up by Theodore.

“What are you doing?” she exclaimed.

As she lay in Theodore’s arms, she felt like his arms were like shackles, rendering her unable to move.

Uncertain whether it was due to shyness or having spent too long beneath the quilt, Ariana’s face was red. As soon as she raised her head, she saw Theodore’s face.

They were very close to each other, and their noses were about to touch each other.

The atmosphere was intimate.

His eyes were full of tenderness. He gazed into Ariana’s eyes, making her blush even more.

“Let me go,” she muttered and tried to squirm free.

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“Don’t move,” Theodore warned in a hoarse voice, as though he couldn’t bear it anymore.

Ariana was alarmed to see a familiar intensity in his eyes.

Fearing another awkward situation, she quickly buried her head in his chest like a turtle and said in a

muffled voice, "I won't move."

Looking at her adorable face, Theodore couldn't help but gently touch her hair and then her earlobe with his other hand, his heart softening.

Though Ariana remained still, her heart raced wildly. She wanted to jump up, grab his hand, and bite it hard. But even the slightest movement could cause Theodore to hug her tighter.

Feeling frustrated, she bit her lip, growing increasingly perplexed by Theodore's ambiguous attitude toward her.

She would have preferred a clear answer to his ambiguous attitude.

Just as Ariana's patience wore thin and she was about to ask, Theodore finally leaned gently to the side, allowing her to slide next to him and lifting a corner of the quilt to cover them both.

His arm was still around Ariana's body through the quilt as he cuddled her. He rubbed his chin against her hair and said, "Go to sleep."

She felt really uncomfortable. How could she sleep when they were so close to each other?

It might be better to return to her own bed. If she was lucky, the roach would have left the room by now.

As if sensing her thoughts, Theodore whispered in her ear, “Did you hear something?”

Subconsciously, Ariana rubbed her itchy ears and held her breath. He was right!

The rustling sound returned—the roach was back!

At that moment, she didn’t dare to think of anything else. She nestled in Theodore’s arms, pressing her nose against his neck. She wished she could cling to him as closely as possible.

The next morning, Ariana awoke in a haze. Her eyes were still closed as she rubbed her face against something under her head, still half-asleep.

Upon opening her eyes and finding a strikingly handsome face close to hers, she froze momentarily before regaining her composure.

Embarrassment washed over her as she recalled the previous night’s events. She couldn’t remember exactly when she had drifted off, but it had been the most restful sleep she’d had in a while.

A sliver of sunlight filtered through the curtains, casting a golden glow on Theodore’s face and illuminating his long eyelashes.

This was her first opportunity to study Theodore’s features at such proximity. She found herself

entranced. Usually so aloof and haughty, he appeared unexpectedly gentle and vulnerable in slumber.

Ariana longed to brush his eyebrows with her fingertips, but fearing she might wake him, she refrained.

Carefully extricating herself from Theodore's embrace, she sat up and slowly moved to the edge of the

bed, intending to get her phone to check the time.

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As her feet touched the floor, she realized something was amiss. She didn't recall there being a plush,

woolen carpet in the room. surveying her surroundings, Ariana noticed the drastic change in the

environment.

The opulent decor, soft bed, arched dome, enormous crystal chandelier, and walls adomed with

sparkling diamond lamps—all indicated a room far grander than the one she remembered.

"You're finally awake?" Theodore's low, sleepy voice came from behind her.

Ariana turned to face him. "Where am I?"

"The presidential suite on the top floor. Your previous room was too noisy for a proper rest." Theodore

ruffled his hair. His disheveled pajamas hung open at the collar, exposing his alluring collarbone and

well-toned muscles.

She swallowed hard, looking away. Even with his disability, he had maintained a remarkable level of self-discipline to keep himself in such impeccable shape.

This thought piqued her curiosity further. How did Theodore manage to exercise while confined to a wheelchair? It should be particularly difficult to maintain his abdominal muscles!

“What are you thinking about?” Theodore inquired, leaning in close to her.

Ariana tilted her head back and responded, “You said you couldn’t book a room yesterday, so you had to stay with me. It seems you were lying. And how did you manage to move me here without me noticing?”

Ordinarily, there should have been some noise when Theodore transferred from the bed to his wheelchair, but she had heard nothing last night and hadn’t felt herself being moved.

Theodore explained serenely, “You were in a deep sleep, so I asked the hotel staff for assistance.”

In truth, it was him who had carried her in his arms to this room.

Before she could ruminate further, he pressed a button on the bedside remote. The electric curtains slowly opened, flooding the room with dazzling sunlight.

Ariana squinted, discomforted. “Why is the sun so bright today?”

The reason she was so weirded out by how bright the sun was, was that she thought it was only six in the morning. But after checking her phone, she realized that it was almost ten.

“My alarm was set for half-past five. Why didn’t it go off?” Ariana muttered, fiddling with her phone.

Overhearing her, Theodore cast a glance in her direction. “I turned it off.”

“Why did you do that?” Ariana demanded angrily. “I have to take Tyler to the set!”

“He’s not a child. He can handle things on his own. You’re his agent, not a nanny.”

Theodore’s displeasure was evident when she mentioned Tyler, as if he thought she was overly concerned about Tyler being mistreated.

“It’s his first time acting. Of course, I’m going to worry about him.” Ariana couldn’t understand why Theodore seemed irked.

His expression darkened. “He’s an adult, not an overgrown baby.”

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“I don’t want to argue with you. Fine, you’re right.”

Annoyed, Ariana attempted to get out of bed, but Theodore grasped her wrist.

“What’s your point? Are you angry with me because of Tyler?”

His tone was icy, but there was an unexplainable pain in his eyes.

"I'm not angry with you." Ariana averted her gaze, clearly displeased.

"You must be angry; otherwise why would you refuse to look at me?" Theodore persisted.

Hearing this, Ariana turned back to glare at him, but in doing so, her lips inadvertently brushed against his.

The unexpected kiss momentarily extinguished her irritation, and the atmosphere became intense.

Caught off guard, Ariana tried to pull away, but Theodore's hand cradled the back of her head, drawing her closer and deepening the kiss.

After a lingering moment, he finally released her, seemingly content.

Ariana's cheeks flushed as she sprang out of bed. "I'm going to change clothes."

Theodore, in high spirits, cheerfully informed her, "Oh, I forgot to mention that at five o'clock this morning, Horace picked up Tyler and drove him to the set. There's no need to worry about him."

Ariana inwardly cursed him. She couldn't decide whether to sympathize with Horace or herself, as

Theodore always seemed to have a trick up his sleeve.

After dressing and freshening up, he proposed they go out for a meal together.

Ariana was famished but concerned that if she accompanied Theodore, they might run into some members of the crew. However, she reasoned that everyone would be occupied at the set by now, and happily agreed to dine with Theodore.

The hotel's first-floor dining area was bustling, with only the VIP seats remaining empty.

The majority of those occupying the common seats were crew members of *The Sky with Romance*.

Several main actors, the producer, and the stage supervisors occupied one table.

After enjoying some dessert, Cole ceased eating and shifted his focus to Selene, who sat beside him.

He frequently refilled her water glass and attempted to engage her in conversation.

"Selene, do you have any idea why the director asked us to delay filming this morning and reconvene in the afternoon? I tried calling the director, but couldn't reach him."

Truthfully, he wasn't concerned about the filming delay. He merely sought a pretext to converse with Selene. With one hand supporting his chin, he gazed at her with a gentle, patient expression.

However, Selene concentrated on her meal, ignoring his remark.

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To mask his discomfort, Cole pushed the fruit salad on the table closer to her, suggesting, "This restaurant's salad is delicious. Give it a try."

A flicker of annoyance crossed her eyes. Selene set down her knife and fork, glanced around, and inquired of Meadow, who sat opposite her, "Where are Tyler and his agent?"

"They're staying in the cheapest rooms. They don't have meal vouchers to eat here," a young girl responded.

Selene furrowed her brow and instructed Meadow, "Go invite Tyler and Ariana to join us for dinner. I'm sure the crew will cover their meal expenses."

"No need. They should be at the filming site by now." Cole nonchalantly crossed his legs, resting his hands behind his head.

"What do you mean by that?" It was only at that moment that Selene looked at him, and in his eyes shone a sly glimmer.

At that moment, the oldest stage supervisor in the group feigned regret, exclaiming, "Oh, no, I completely forgot to inform them about this morning's filming cancellation."

"How could you forget? Don't risk facing the consequences." Cole chuckled.

Wearing an innocent expression, the man explained, "It's an honest mistake.

They're on the first floor, but not on the same floor as us. I subconsciously overlooked them."

"You wasted their time and effort. Be sure to apologize later. We're all part of the same crew. Let's

avoid any conflicts." Cole feigned righteousness, hypocritically advising the man.

The stage supervisor nodded in agreement.

Selene could discern the collusion between the two men.

As she silently observed the cup's design before her, Selene's disdain for Cole intensified. It was

laughable that such a petty, lowly man could have fans.

Since the person she wished to see wasn't present, her appetite vanished. She had come to the

restaurant solely for Tyler.

"I'm tired. I think I'll head back and rest."

Seeking an excuse to return to her room, Selene grabbed her bag and headed for the elevator.

The hotel, a luxurious five-star establishment, ranked among the top three in the film and television

center. It boasted grandiose decor. Truth be told, besides the subpar environment of the special rooms,

the hotel had no faults.

Selene opted for the elevator closest to the restaurant, but couldn't locate the button.

"My apologies, miss. This elevator is reserved for presidential suite guests. You'll need a presidential suite card to access it. The regular elevator is just over there," a waiter kindly informed her.

Of course, Selene was aware she could use the elevator on the other side, having descended in it earlier. Laziness had led her to the nearest elevator, not expecting to be denied access.

She shot the waiter a cold glare. Unhappy, she maintained her dignity and refrained from arguing.

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Witnessing this, Cole jumped to her defense, arrogantly questioning the waiter, "If the presidential suite has always been vacant, why can't we use the unused elevator?"

The waiter appeared uneasy. "It was indeed unoccupied before, but a guest checked in last night."

Selene felt increasingly ashamed. She was already embarrassed when she realized she had taken the wrong path. Now, Cole's sudden outburst at the waiter only added to her discomfort, making her feel uninformed.

She spun around, preparing to leave, while Cole called her name from behind.

Watching her walk away, Cole pursed his lips, muttering to himself, "What a moody girl!"

He brushed aside his forehead bangs, popped a lollipop in his mouth, and noticed the elevator in front of him flashing with a number.

What a surprise! The elevator, which was supposed to be empty, had arrived.

Rather than leaving hastily, he lingered to glimpse the affluent individual who'd opted for a presidential suite costing over a hundred thousand dollars per night.

The elevator arrived, and its doors slowly opened.

As Cole locked eyes with the person inside, he exclaimed in shock, as though witnessing something horrifying, "Ariana? Why are you here?"

Once the elevator doors opened a crack, Ariana recognized a group of familiar faces in the restaurant.

She was so frightened that the back of her head turned cold. She swiftly removed her hands from the wheelchair before kicking it back into the elevator wall. The action caused the elevator to buzz and it could be seen how hard she had kicked the wheelchair.

The man seated in the chair glared at her in disbelief. "What's wrong with you?"

Theodore was totally confused. No matter how smart he was, he couldn't keep up with the speed at

which Ariana's attitude changed. Would it always be a challenge for him to decipher this woman?

Ignoring him, Ariana raised her hand and pressed a button. Before the elevator doors closed, she

swiftly exited the elevator. The speed at which she did all of this stunned Theodore.

Facing the elevator alone, Theodore could do nothing but smile helplessly. He finally understood how

much he didn't want to publicize his relationship with Ariana back then, and how regretful he felt about

that decision now.

Outside the elevator, Ariana felt relief once the doors were fully closed.

"Wasn't there another guy in there? It looked like a man in a wheelchair." Before Cole could see the

man's face clearly, Ariana managed to block his view.

"That was one of the hotel staff," she answered, slightly apprehensive.

With those words, she strutted toward an empty table where she took a seat and started to order.

"Why were you stepping out of the elevator exclusively for the presidential suite?"

Cole followed Ariana to her table and asked. His question attracted the attention of others in the

restaurant. Most of them witnessed what had just happened and were wondering how Ariana was able

to move into the presidential suite as well.

Ariana put down the menu on her table and said with a stiff smile, "I paid for the room with my own

money, of course,

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The crowd grew even more skeptical. Often, only important guests or individuals of a particular social

status were allowed to stay in the presidential suite of a hotel of this caliber. Ariana was nothing more

than a mere agent. How would she be able to afford something exclusive to the wealthy?

"Are you kidding me?" Cole sneered. "Do you think anyone could stay in the presidential suite as they

wish? Selene tried booking it previously but was refused by the hotel manager. Do you know why?"

Ariana locked her cold gaze with his, not uttering a single word.

Cole donned an enigmatic expression as he stroked his chin. He sneered, "It's because this hotel's

presidential suite has been booked for quite some time. Even if the guest doesn't arrive to check in, the

hotel doesn't allow other guests to take the room reservation without permission."

"So what?" Ariana's head began to ache at this point. She wasn't aware that Theodore had booked the

presidential suite for quite some time. If that was the case, then there was no valid reason for why she

was able to stay in such a room.

“So how are you able to live in the presidential suite? You must be lying.” Cole proudly lifted his chin, convinced that he had exposed Ariana’s dishonesty. He crossed his arms over his chest and continued confidently, “If you’re telling the truth, I’m sure you can take out your room card and take the elevator.”

Ariana let out an angry chuckle. Cole was acting so childish. However, his statement did make sense.

She didn’t have the room card with her since the reservation was under Theodore’s name.

Noticing that Ariana didn’t react, Cole beamed with his blinding porcelain teeth as he exchanged glances with the crew members at the neighboring table.

Embarrassed, Ariana was at a loss for words. Just then, the hotel manager trotted over to her and said in a flattering tone, “You’ve simply left your room card behind, ma’am. Here you go.”

The room card was retrieved just in time, successfully easing the discomfort Ariana felt. She accepted the room card from the hotel manager. Gazing into the distance, she managed to catch a portion of a wheelchair disappearing behind a corner.

It seemed that Theodore had specifically requested the hotel manager to rescue her.

Ariana was moved by the gesture and a feeling of warmth welled up within her.

Although Theodore had difficulty candidly expressing himself, he always made up for it with his actions.

After putting away the room card, she scoffed at Cole, “Do you still need me to demonstrate to you how to use the elevator?”

Once Cole noticed the gold-plated room card created with expert craftsmanship, he felt as though he had been slapped hard in the face. He replied with an awkward smile, “No, thank you. It’s impressive how someone like you could afford the presidential suite.”

Ignoring Cole’s sarcasm, Ariana ordered a few dishes from the waiter and did her best to ignore the questioning whispers surrounding her.

“Does this new agent know someone in high places?”

“I think so. Otherwise, how would Sarah have returned to popularity so easily?”

“We’d better not provoke her, lest we get into trouble.”

“But then why would Mr. Salazar deliberately make things difficult for Tyler? If

Ariana really has a powerful backer, the director would’ve already ingratiated himself with her.”

“shhh! How dare you say such a thing? Be careful or you’ll be heard by Mr. Salazar.

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Do you or do you not want to stay in this industry?”

One of them was bold enough to go up to Ariana and bluntly ask, “Ariana, why have

I never heard you mention anything about your family? Tell us. Perhaps we know a few of them.”

Ariana smiled and answered curtly, “Let’s refrain from discussing personal affairs while working.”

Since Ariana refused to share any more information, they stopped asking her questions.

While examining those present in the restaurant, Ariana discovered that, apart from the group of

directors, nearly half of the crew’s core members were gathered here. She asked the reason for this

from a producer at the next table as casually as she could.

The producer first glimpsed at Cole and then explained, “Mr. Salazar informed us that the shooting in

the morning would be postponed until the afternoon.”

Ariana was baffled by this and asked, “Why wasn’t I notified?”

Everyone fell into a dead silence, glancing at the oldest stage supervisor who took

Cole’s side.

Her intuition told her something wasn't right. Ariana looked around and didn't see Tyler anywhere.

She cast a callous stare at the stage supervisor. The latter broke out in a cold sweat from feeling

unnerved. He then instantly and profusely apologized, "I'm sorry,

Ariana. I forgot to inform you and Tyler. I accidentally forgot that you both lived on the first floor."

"You sure it was an accident and not on purpose?" Ariana sneered. Of course she knew they did it on

purpose. She could ignore an act like this once or twice. But thrice? Did they really think she was a

pushover?

Ariana couldn't stand it anymore. Plus, the hormones coursing through her from the pregnancy

destroyed any form of restraint on her temper. The pent-up rage she had was causing her heart to

palpitate. Clenching her fists, she was on the edge of losing control.

But at that exact moment, two figures came through the restaurant's main door. It was Tyler and

Francis. They were deep in conversation. Although no one could decipher what it was about, Francis

was clearly filled with joy. What was even stranger was the fact that he was holding on to Tyler's

shoulder in a friendly manner.

"Tyler, haven't you gone to the set?" As soon as they approached, Ariana stood up and cast a confused

look in Tyler's direction.

Francis quickly uttered, "No, he didn't go there. I've taken him somewhere else to discuss the script.

He's not only quite talented but a promising actor as well. I'm thinking of taking him under my wing to help develop his skills myself."

Everyone looked shocked, especially Cole who was clueless about Francis' plans.

He walked up to Francis and warned him in a muffled voice, "Mr. Salazar, what do you mean? Don't forget the agreement you've made with my aunt.

Pretending not to notice what Cole had just said, Francis patted Tyler warmly on the shoulder and said,

"Since everyone's here, I have an announcement to make."

He then gestured with his eyes to the accompanying scriptwriter who quickly handed over a thick script.