

## Unconscious 501

Chapter: 501 What happened?

As she walked to the elevator, Ariana was more certain that the strange feeling she had just had was not just in her head. All the passers-by were looking at her.

Their eyes expressed different things, from curiosity to sympathy to even mockery.

As Ariana waited for the elevator, a girl she usually exchanged greetings with walked up and patted her on the shoulder. The girl said in a low voice, "Ariana, | think you should check the company's internal forum. It's all about you."

Did it have something to do with the fact that she and Theodore were together last night? Ariana's gut told her it was very likely, and she couldn't help but think about Theodore picking her up after work in a flashy luxury car the day before. That had definitely attracted attention.

Ariana immediately opened the company's internal forum on her cell phone and noticed that the most popular topic had a title which read, "Agent Ariana's pursuer turns out to be a fat bald middle-aged man!"

She clicked on the link to see the detailed content. The main photo of the article showed her getting into Theodore's car, and Jacoby, their driver, opening the door for her. Apparently, people thought that Jacoby was the person with who she was dating.

Since the post had been made anonymously, the comments below were also anonymous. Almost all of the comments were criticisms and insults directed at Ariana.

"Ariana deserves better than that bald man. What the hell is wrong with her?" "She's nothing but a gold digger who will do anything for money. | guess Ariana is probably his mistress." "T agree. Men this age normally already have a family. Ariana is a shameless home wrecker! What a bitch!"

"T thought Ariana was competent. | mean, she was able to get Sarah back into popularity after all. But now it seems the only reason for her success is because she's been sleeping with those big shots."

"It's so gross. Why is she even willing to be a mistress at such a young age?"

"Haven't you noticed that the handbags she's been carrying lately are all luxury and seem to be limited editions?"

"So who exactly is this bald man? Can anyone find out?"

"He must be rich, given the car in the photo. It seems to be a limited edition Lamborghini, and there is only one in the world. This car is worth so much that even working hard all our lives and living on the bare minimum, we won't be able to save enough to buy it."

"I don't know if I should envy Ariana or blame her for her lack of moral values."

"Is there anyone here who can dig this information? It would be interesting to know who the man in the photo is."

"TIL look into it."

Ariana stopped reading at this point and checked the posting time. It was half an hour ago. Some employees were eagerly awaiting an update on the matter.

She frowned firmly, wondering if she should message Theodore in advance to let him know what was going on. While Ariana was lost in thought, a woman's voice suddenly rang out behind her.

"Isn't this the gossip protagonist here? Why do you bother working since you have a sugar daddy?"

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Ariana didn't have to turn around to know who it was as the voice was very familiar to her. It was Lyla. Lyla walked in front of her and gave her a smug look.

Ariana glance indifferently at Lyla but didn't say a word.

"You are not replying. What's wrong? Are you feeling guilty? | must say that you are really reckless. Any woman in your place will be careful not to be photographed.

Anyway, now that everyone knows about it, why don't you introduce him to us?

Don't worry. No one will take him away from you." As she said this, Lyla laughed bitterly. The people around her whispered in low voices and looked at Ariana with disdain.

Ariana sneered, "I'm afraid you won't dare to meet him when | do bring him over."

She waved her phone and continued, "I guess the person who posted this is among you. Aren't you worried about repercussions from the hierarchy when you spread rumors on the internal forum of the company?"

"| don't know who you think you are, but we don't have time to care about your personal affairs. It was you who failed to remain discreet and ended up being photographed. The only person responsible of what happened, it's you." Lyla rolled her eyes, not showing a shred of guilt.

After a short pause, she added, "Anyway, this is not the place to discuss personal matters. But your recklessness has damaged the company's reputation and because of that, you should be fired. There are already professionals investigating who your sugar daddy is. Judging from his age, he must have a wife and children. Let's just wait and see."

While Lyla was already rejoicing in the fate that surely awaited Ariana, a co-worker next to her said in shock, "Look, Lyla. The one who's supposed to look into it deleted the post. Why?"

Ariana glanced at her mobile phone's screen again. The post asking for the man's identity to be outed had been deleted, leaving behind a string of angry comments.

"Who is this guy? He's just seeking attention. Gross."

“I was so looking forward to it. This is awkward.”

“If you reveal the department, I'll report you. Fishing for attention is so lame.”

“Is it true that Ariana is the mistress? If she's the wife, this is going to be so embarrassing.”

“Don't be naive. If she was the wife, she wouldn't have to work. She can just enjoy her life at home.”

“Let's stay on topic, guys. I'm dying to know who else can uncover the sugar daddy's identity.”

Before Ariana could delve deeper into the comments, the website crashed. The internal network had gone down, rendering all information unavailable.

Ariana breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed Theodore had taken action. Moreover, the technician who threatened to dox the man was likely highly skilled. He accidentally found out that Theodore was her lover and deleted his account in fear.

“What's going on? The post disappeared out of nowhere, and the internet is down,” several female colleagues whispered in fear. “Did they really find something juicy?”

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Ariana waited calmly for the elevator, smiling to herself. Now they were scared. Just because she had a good temperament didn't mean that Theodore was easy to deal with. Why did they have to mess with him?

Lyla glared at her and demanded, “Did you do this?”

Ariana smiled and nodded. “Yes, I told my sugar daddy about it. Just wait and see.”

With that, she stepped into the elevator and left without looking back, leaving her colleagues with uneasy expressions. “Lyla, do you think something's really wrong?” a round-faced girl asked cautiously.

Lyla’s narrow eyebrows furrowed as she sneered, “What are you afraid of? No matter how powerful that bald sugar daddy is, he can’t control what happens inside our company. This is Anderson Group's territory.”

She didn’t believe that Ariana could really have landed a top rich and powerful sugar daddy.

Though Lyla’s family wasn't filthy rich, she had seen all kinds of wealthy people in the entertainment and media industry. In her experience, there was no bald or fat person like the one they had just seen. If there was, the media would have already exposed him.

“Lyla, I think we should be more careful. Don’t mess with Ariana,” another woman, long-faced and chubby, advised.

Lyla grew impatient. “The post has already been sent, and almost everyone in the company knows about it. We used an anonymous account, so it can’t be traced back to us. Plus, I deleted the post before the internal network went down, so there’s no trace left at all. Stop being such a coward. There’s nothing to be afraid of.”

Ariana happily returned to her office and shot Theodore a message, “Hey, Mr. Sugar Daddy! Did you work your magic?”

Meanwhile, Theodore had just wrapped up a video conference and was staring at his phone. As soon as he saw Ariana’s message, a smile crept onto his face. He quickly responded with a message that had a dagger emoji whizzing through the air, “Just sit tight and watch. I’m going to teach the person behind this a lesson he or she will never forget.”

Ariana felt grateful to have someone in her corner. She was pleased to see that Theodore was angered on her behalf.

But before she could bask in her gratitude, Theodore's next message took her by surprise, "Can you believe they had the audacity to call me bald, greasy, and fat? No one has ever insulted me like this before."

Ariana couldn't help but roll her eyes at Theodore's outrage. So this was the source of his anger.

In the afternoon, the company's intranet returned to normal, and the turmoil that had already subsided broke out again.

Lyla had been sent to follow up on the artist event itinerary at noon, and when she returned to the office in the evening, she felt something was off.

Sure enough, as she went about her work, she caught someone peeking at her. The person quickly averted his gaze and started whispering with his colleague.

Lyla's unease grew. Just then, a tall man with glasses strode up to her. "Hey Lyla, I heard you sent that post this morning. Impressive stuff!" he said with a curious grin.

Lyla slammed down the materials in her hands, her anger building. "What are you talking about? How could I do something so heartless and boring? Ariana is a newcomer and doesn't deserve anyone's attention."

The man just chuckled. "Oh, really? Are you sure you're telling the truth?" he said with a suggestive tone.

Lyla was about to lose her temper when one of her female colleagues pulled her aside and whispered in her ear. "The post you deleted this morning has been restored, and the anonymousness has been lifted, and even..." the woman trailed off, unable to continue. She gave Lyla's arm a push and said urgently, "You need to go check it out. Something big has happened."

Lyla's heart sank. She had a terrible feeling about this. She quickly logged into the company's intranet to see what was going on. Sure enough, the post was back up.

But this time, the anonymous account had been stripped of its anonymity and her own profile picture had been used in its place. Trembling, Lyla clicked on the post and felt her stomach drop as she saw the contents.

It was a series of photos showing her with different men, entering and leaving a hotel room. Her mind went blank with shock.

The comments were even worse.

"Wow, Lyla really knows how to entertain so many men. | wonder how she does it."

"Lyla, the social butterfly of SJ Entertainment, is living up to her name."

"It's funny that she had the nerve to post about Ariana. She obviously has more interesting stories herself!"

"Oh my god, why are there photos of them in bed? How could she even sleep with such a fat man?"

"Did you see what's even juicier? The second to last photo is Mr. Russell, the manager of the technical operations department!"

"Whoa! Mr. Russell's daughter is about the same age as Lyla. He seems like such a simple person. How could he be seduced by a temptress like Lyla? This is just shocking."

"Wait, isn't Lyla married?"

Lyla's hands shook as she held her phone. She had never expected her secrets to be revealed like this. She had thought she was being discreet, but now everyone thought she was a whore. @

“Lyla, calm down,” the tall man said mockingly. “It’s all out in the open now. Why don’t you tell us who else you’ve slept with?” He never liked Lyla to begin with. To him, she was just a soulless husk with a pretty face.

“Fuck off!” Lyla’s rage boiled over, and she struggled to keep it under control. The hushed whispers around her made her feel like a spectacle, and even her close colleagues looked at her with suspicion.

Frantically, she clicked the delete button, but to her horror, it didn’t work. She tried repeatedly, but the post remained firmly in place, mocking her. In desperation, she attempted to deactivate the account, but a message appeared, informing her that she lacked the necessary authorization.

Damn it! Why did this happen?!

When Ariana went to the public office area to get some files, she noticed many people looking at their phones and whispering. She felt something was definitely wrong. Instinctively, she took out her phone and went online.

The intranet was restored, and Lyla got into trouble.

Ariana quickly read the viral post and couldn’t help but think that Theodore’s retaliation against Lyla was pretty ruthless. She couldn’t help but wonder how he had managed to dig up those photos of Lyla in such a short time.

Lyla’s private life was so messy that people who didn’t know her might think she was sleeping with different men to get through the cuffing season.

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Although Ariana couldn’t see the expression on Lyla’s face at the moment, she could definitely imagine how broken Lyla was right now. However, Ariana felt no sympathy for Lyla. After all, Lyla showed her no sympathy when she created those rumors. Without Theodore’s help, these rumors would still go viral in the company’s private network.

Lyla posted ridiculous and downright abusive things without caring how others felt.

No wonder Theodore decided to personally give her a taste of her own medicine this time. After all, Lyla had called him a bald, fat, ugly sugar daddy and a loser on top of that!

“Ariana, have you seen the post about Lyla?”

A short-haired girl with a large stack of documents in her hand, who was passing by, looked at Ariana’s phone screen and came over to ask curiously.

Ariana didn’t say anything. She calmly locked her phone screen and put the phone back in her pocket.

“I did not expect Lyla to be such a slut. She deserves what is happening to her. She’s rubbed a lot of people the wrong way. Now that her private life has been exposed, there must be a lot of people who are rejoicing.” The girl didn’t notice the unhappy look on Ariana’s face and she kept gossiping about Lyla, thinking that Ariana would join her gloating over Lyla’s misfortune. After all, Lyla had bullied Ariana in the morning and Ariana’s reputation had been tarnished.

The girl spoke out loud and her tone was bitter. After a while, Ariana couldn’t even bear to listen to the girl again. It wasn’t that she wanted to pretend to be nice to Lyla. The thing was, Ariana didn’t forget that this same girl who was slandering Lyla now also had a lot of fun slandering her with others in the morning.

Ariana quickly found an excuse to work off after a few cursory words with the girl. The girl was visibly disappointed, and she had no choice but to return to her working station with the documents in her arms. After returning to her office, Ariana drove all the gossip crap out of her mind and then set down to make a dating plan.

Although yesterday in front of Theodore, she looked confident, the reality was that she didn’t have much experience in relationships. The only man she’d dated apart from Theodore was Jasper. She and Jasper were together only for a short time.

When Jasper went abroad, they had been in a long-distanced relationship for a while.

Jasper rarely had time to spend with her. He only texted her occasionally and video called her once in a while just to keep their relationship going. The truth was that they didn't seem in love with each other at all.

Ariana seriously thought about it and found that relationship really boring. Just the thought of Jasper made her feel choked. Now that all that was behind her, Ariana even wondered if she had been crazy back then. How else could she have put up with such a horrible relationship for three years?

As Ariana was browsing the websites, her office door was suddenly pushed open with a bang. Lyla appeared at the door, with a ferocious look on her face. She picked up a cup of water from the table and threw it directly at Ariana.

The water in the cup was hot. Ariana had left it there to cool before she drank it.

Now it became a dangerous weapon. She quickly dodged the cup. However, the hot water splashed and scalded her hand.

"Are you insane?" Ariana roared. She was very angry. She had endured her anger all morning because she didn't want to argue with Lyla. But Lyla was so stupid that she insisted on coming to see her.

The frown on Lyla's face deepened and she shouted even louder than Ariana, "Bitch, you have the nerve to scold me? Didn't you post all those pictures of me on the company's network?"

"Look at yourself, a mean bitch." Ariana scoffed in response, "I don't have the power to manipulate the company from the inside."

Lyla refused to accept that it was just a coincidence. Her private life had been exposed right after the previous post about Ariana had been deleted.

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"Even if it wasn't you, you must know who's responsible."

In truth, Lyla was correct. Ariana did know who had done it. Lyla had angered Theodore, a vindictive individual. However, Ariana couldn't reveal the truth to Lyla, as it would only terrify her.

As Ariana remained silent, Lyla clenched her teeth and angrily demanded, "What did you do? Why am I unable to remove these posts? Do you find it amusing to spread lies with photo-shopped photos?"

Hearing that, Ariana rolled her eyes, doubting that Theodore would create fake images to spread rumors. The content of the post was likely true.

Lyla was remarkably shameless, denying her own actions.

"If you're seeking revenge for me uploading a picture of you and that man to the company intranet, I apologize. But please, stop fabricating rumors to defame me."

Lyla attempted to appear victimized and conciliatory, but her words remained harsh.

She seemed to believe she hadn't done anything wrong and wanted to place the blame on Ariana.

"I couldn't care less about you. But you know if it's a rumor or the truth," Ariana mocked her.

As Ariana stood her ground, Lyla's anger flared up once more. She snapped, "Ariana, stop being so insolent!"

Ariana no longer wished to engage in conversation. Pointing to the door, she stated, "I'm busy and don't have time for this. Show yourself out."

At this point, onlookers had already gathered outside the window, curiously watching the spectacle unfold. Ariana was growing increasingly impatient.

Lyla, however, wasn't prepared to leave just yet. The post about her was still live on the intranet. Her eyes welled up with tears as she cried, "I know I shouldn't have posted your pictures, but you can't

falsely accuse me like this. I'm married. If my family sees those photos, there's no way they'll believe me. Please, delete the post."

"As I've said, I can't interfere in this matter because I'm not the one who did it,"

Ariana responded rationally.

She didn't do it. If Lyla had the nerve, she could confront Theodore about it. Besides, Ariana wasn't a saint, and she wasn't foolish enough to plead on behalf of someone who had hurt her.

More and more people gathered to watch the drama, and some even began to side with Lyla. One of these was a short-haired girl who had been badmouthing Lyla just ten minutes earlier.

"Ariana, come on. Lyla has apologized to you. Those fabricated photos are crossing a line."

Lyla said with grievance, "I was wrong to post anonymously, but I saw what I captured in those photos of you. Even if you want revenge, you can't just spread lies."

"Do you have any proof to back up your claim? How can you be sure that you posted the truth while Ariana posted a rumor?" One of the girls, who had long been annoyed with Lyla, couldn't help but retort. She was fed up with Lyla's antics.

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Lyla glared at the girl and snapped, "Mind your own business. This is between Ariana and me. Stay out of it."

"Then don't ask anyone to speak for you. What are you trying to accomplish?" The girl rolled her eyes and shot back. "Enough, both of you," Donna interjected at that moment, stepping in as the leader.

She looked at the two quarreling women and said, "I've already requested to shut down the intranet and have a technician address the issue urgently. Your personal disputes have now affected the company. Both of you will receive a formal reprimand."

Donna's sudden appearance disrupted their impasse. Lyla looked annoyed. Now she couldn't continue to make trouble no matter how much she wanted, and the people watching the show from outside gradually dispersed.

Ariana was criticized for no reason, so she was not very pleased. She saw Lyla's staring at her from the corner of her eye and turned to meet her sharp glare.

She knew in her heart that this was only the end of a battle and not the war and that Lyla would probably try to play tricks again in the future. But she was not afraid and stared back with fierce eyes.

She had been working here for so long that she was already well aware that being a pushover would only get her manipulated, and villains were often cocky in that regard.

Lyla's lips twisted into a dissatisfied sneer, and she shook her arms and left. Almost everyone had departed at this point, and the office was peaceful again.

Ariana heaved a sigh of relief, and sat back in her chair, glad it was over. However, she noticed that the girl who spoke for her earlier was still pacing back and forth at the door, peering in with a hesitant look on her face.

"Come on in. Thank you for helping me just now." Ariana beckoned the girl over with a chuckle.

This girl was not unfamiliar to her. Ariana had met her before during work hours downstairs, and she always greeted her warmly. She looked like a sweet girl, and she was known to be very extroverted and charismatic, a member of the business department downstairs.

As expected, Marge Freeman was overjoyed at the recognition at once. She hastily walked over to sit down beside Ariana, and replied happily, "Ariana, don't take Lyla to heart. She will pay for all the horrible things she does sooner or later."

"I know. I was going to move on and forget about it, but she's very persistent." With a sigh, Ariana stood up and graciously poured a cup of fresh coffee for Marge.

Clearly, Marge wasn't a fan of bitter things because she plopped in six sugar cubes in a row. Seeing the amount she put in made Ariana's teeth hurt at the thought of how sweet it must be.

The two of them merrily chatted for a while. When Marge caught a glimpse of the dating plan on Ariana's computer screen, she asked curiously, "Ariana, are you going on a date? So you have a boyfriend?"

Ariana considered how she should answer for a while and said, "Actually, I'm married."

As she spoke, she lifted the ring hanging on the chain around her neck and showed it to her. When she saw Theodore sporting it before, she decided to find hers and start wearing it again.

At that time, the two of them hadn't talked everything out, so she had avoided wearing it on her hand because she was shy. Eventually, she put it on and never stopped wearing it.

Marge's eyes widened slightly in surprise, and she leaned in to take a closer look at the ring. Her eyebrows furrowed, and she looked up at Ariana and asked in a low voice, "Is it really that..."

Seeing Marge's awkward demeanor, Ariana couldn't help laughing. Knowing that the girl meant no malice, she replied airily, "Of course, it's not the person mentioned in the post. That was just a rumor."

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Marge's expression relaxed, and she said with a sheepish smile, "Okay. It's not like I dislike that man. I just think that a beauty like you should find someone just as handsome, or else he doesn't deserve you."

Ariana coughed, the thought of Theodore immediately flashing in her mind. He was handsome, but everyone would probably like him less once they witnessed him lose his temper.

"[I'm not trying to flatter you. You're genuinely so beautiful, Ariana." Marge's face couldn't help but fill with envy. "I've told most of my friends about you and bragged that we have a beautiful agent like you in our company. In my opinion, beauty should be with beautiful men. It's pleasing to the eyes, you know."

Ariana raised her eyebrows, amused. It turned out that this girl was in love with her appearance. No wonder Marge was so friendly toward her as soon as she entered the company.

"By the way, what does the lucky guy look like?" Marge was an easygoing person and started chit-chatting with Ariana comfortably.

Ariana was taken aback by the sudden question. "I don't have any photos of him as of now. I'll introduce him to you next time." Inwardly, Ariana hoped that Theodore wouldn't scare her.

Marge's eyes lit up, and she nodded enthusiastically. She asked, "How long have you been married? It's rare to see married couples still plan for dates like this. You must be a very loving and sweet couple."

"For three months." After a pause, Ariana added, "Well, it's more like I fell in love with him after we married."

"That's so romantic! It sounds like a love story right out of a novel!" Marge's eyes sparkled with excitement and envy.

Ariana felt encouraged. "Have you dated anyone? Do you have any good ideas for a romantic date?"

Although Marge seemed adorable and innocent at first glance, she actually had a long dating history with different types of men.

She had started dating boys since she was little. Everyone she dated was madly in love with her, and of course, her breakups were always pretty dramatic. @

She never went back to her exes, but they all regretted breaking up with her. Every time an ex tried to win her heart back, she had already found a new boyfriend. As far as Marge was concerned, women who were in any way dependent on their last relationship were idiots.

‘Asmart person would love no one more than he loved himself. That was much more important than being in a relationship.

After considering what Ariana had said for a while, Marge asked, “What is his personality?”

“Well...” As Ariana thought, Theodore’s usual cynical face appeared in her mind.

She continued, “He’s a bit sharp-tongued. He’s arbitrary, bossy, and sometimes deliberately ambiguous in speech... And by the way, he likes to make fun of others a lot.”

“Wait a minute!” Marge quickly interrupted Ariana. The more she listened to Ariana talk, the more confused she looked. She couldn’t help but interrupt and ask, “Ariana, are you describing your lover or your nemesis? Doesn't he have any merits?”

Ariana burst out laughing upon hearing that. “His merits... Well, I need to think about it.” “Ariana, the type of man you described is really weird,” Marge said after a while.

She thought the fact that the man was bossy was reason enough for Ariana to blacklist him. Marge decided that rather than live with an indifferent and cold man like Ariana described, she would rather spend time with the conniving Lyla.

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“Do you really think so? Well, I guess I could get used to him after we've lived together for a long time,” Ariana said with a sheepish smile.

Marge understood Ariana’s sentiment and nodded. Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder after all. “What about his hobbies?” she asked again.

Ariana thought about it for a long time and once again, she couldn't find one. "He's always working."

"Wow, so he's a workaholic! That's a bit tricky. Well, you can't work together while you're dating." Marge's expression grew serious. She really wanted to make a practical suggestion to Ariana. After a short pause, she said fervently, "Why don't you take him out on a picnic? You should go to the countryside to change the environment and relax. A workaholic like him probably doesn't want to be in crowded places."

Marge's serious expression trailed off a bit as she let out a weird sneer. A lewd look flashed in her eyes and she added in a low tone, "Maybe you two can have sex there."

It will add spice to your life as a couple and make you more intimate."

"What are you talking about?" Ariana flung a piece of tissue to her and reprimanded jokingly, "I need you to give me some serious advice."

"Well, this is serious. Sex is an intrinsic part of the human nature, and it is also the most direct way for couples to bond." Looking like a know-it-all, Marge tilted her head and said seriously, "I know a great online store that sells sexy lingerie. I can give you the name if you want."

The more Ariana listened to Marge, the harder it was for her to resist the urge to cover her mouth. No one could expect that someone as adorable and sweet as Marge would tell dirty jokes in a way even men couldn't compete.

The two women joked for a moment before getting back to the point. "I think I like the picnic idea. Do you have any suggestion?" Ariana asked. Marge clapped her hands excitedly. "Of course. I'll arrange everything. You can rest assured."

Later that day, Ariana received Marge's PPT as expected. The document presented several picturesque sites suitable for a romantic picnic and Marge had taken care to include enough information for each site.

Shortly after Ariana received the PPT, she had an incoming call from Marge.

“Ariana, did you see the PPT | sent you? | put all the right picnic spots in there. Most of them are in the northern suburbs. | also added a children’s amusement park as well as other places that were quite interesting because of their incredible landscape. These places are all suitable for couples and even for family picnics. But since you and your husband don’t have kids yet, you can just skip this part when considering where to go. You can consider those sites once you guys have kids.”

While listening to her, Ariana clicked on the children’s amusement park slide on the PPT and began to study it intently, lost in thought. Speaking of kids...

In the evening, Theodore had just finished attending the video conference and was enjoying a cup of coffee while listening to Horace’s report on the work arrangements.

“There is a board meeting scheduled for nine o’clock tomorrow morning. Then lunch with Mr. Jensen at noon. He wants to discuss cooperation on the Studio City project. Then there’s a dinner party at...”

Right then, Theodore’s phone on the table vibrated twice. He checked it. It was a message from Ariana, “Are you free tomorrow?”

Theodore, who had been absent-minded, suddenly perked up in alertness and, without a moment's hesitation, replied, “I’m free. | don’t have anything planned.”

Horace saw this exchange and gaped at his reply, stunned. So he just wasted time reporting all the appointments they had lined up.

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As an efficient and reliable professional assistant, Horace immediately understood Theodore’s intentions and crossed off all the planned itineraries for tomorrow.

“We're planning to have a picnic tomorrow. Help us arrange a vehicle.” Theodore looked at Horace with a small smile. Horace could tell that he was truly excited.

Of course, Horace didn’t want to lose his job. He only dared to complain in his heart.

“Okay. I’ll...”

“Wait, no need.” Before Horace could finish, Theodore changed his mind and added, “Ariana will be the one to arrange a car. I just need to show up.”

There was a hint of smugness in his tone. Fortunately, Horace had a girlfriend, or else he would have been sick of Theodore showing off by now.

Although he wasn’t too annoyed, he still couldn’t bear the complacent look on Theodore’s face. The phone vibrated again. Ariana had sent another message, “Ask Horace to tag along. It’ll be more convenient that way.”

Only then did Theodore realize that he was still “disabled” in a wheelchair and needed Horace to come along to assist him. So he glanced at Horace, the constant third wheel, and reluctantly affirmed, “You’re coming with me tomorrow.”

Horace had been working for him for long enough to know the meaning behind the complaint in his eyes. Horace could only cry on the inside. He didn’t want to go, okay?! Who liked to be the third wheel? Although he whined about the situation in his heart, he still put on a polite smile and said, “Okay, sir.”

Theodore clicked his tongue and looked down at his legs, patting them despondently. He felt that his legs were hindering his relationship. Now that Ariana wasn’t trying to file for a divorce, it was time for him to “recover.”

Horace was an intelligent man. He could tell what Theodore was upset about, so he said to him, “Sir, it takes countless lies to keep up one lie. Perhaps you should consider telling her the truth?”

Rather than risk being caught, it was better to confess their wrongdoing and ask for forgiveness. Horace could not help but worry about him.

Theodore went silent for a while, considering it. Then he finally said, “I’ll think about it.”

The following day was a perfect day for picnic.

When the appointed time came, Theodore appeared at Ariana's door on time and rang the doorbell.

But after he waited for a long time, there was still no answer. No one came to open the door.

Was she still in bed? He wondered, glancing at the watch on his wrist.

Just then, his phone rang. It was Ariana.