

Unconscious 951

Chapter 951

"Last-minute work. | got to go." Ariana frowned.

"Seriously? You just got out of the hospital, and you're already back to work? Your body needs time to heal. Can't this wait till tomorrow?"

Sonia let out a sigh and explained, "We're talking about interviewing that actor under BRD Group, Simms Riley. He's quite the name, you know? We've been trying to schedule an interview with him, but his calendar has been packed. Suddenly, he contacted us saying he's got a slot available. The catch? Everyone else in the company's got their hands full, and I'm the only one available. Missing out on this could mean waiting forever for another chance."

Ariana, who'd spent time in the industry herself, understood the value of seizing such opportunities. She furrowed her brows, took a moment, and then, noticing Sonia's unease, suggested, "How about | cover for you?"

Given her experience diving into the entertainment scene in Melcorn,

Ariana felt pretty confident she could handle things.

Ariana settled into the car, started it up, and said, "No worries,

I've got this. We've still got some time, and if things go smoothly,

I'll drop you off first so you can rest."

Sonia rubbed her temples, feeling a bit dizzy. After weighing her options, she decided not to push herself and felt reassured by Ariana's capability to handle the situation.

"Alright, I'll send over the speech script." Sonia promptly sent it

Ariana's way.

Ariana glanced at Melon and suggested, "How about you hang with godmother for a bit?"

However, considering Melon was still recovering from the previous night's events, he wasn't quite ready to be separated from Ariana. He tugged at her sleeve, his voice pitiful.

"But I want to be with

Mommy. I don't want to go away. Can I come with you?"

Recognizing that Melon was dealing with some psychological effects from last night's ordeal, Ariana hesitated a bit. After a pause, she ruffled his hair and smiled, "Okay, Melon can tag along with Mommy.

Just remember, no running around, alright?"

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"Sure!"

After dropping Sonia off at home, Ariana checked the time. The afternoon interview was still a few hours away. Deciding to take Melon back home briefly to tidy up, Ariana began her tasks.

Once back home, Ariana helped Melon get cleaned up and changed, and then headed to the bathroom for her own shower.

She slowly peeled off her wrinkled clothing, catching her reflection in the mirror and pausing. Angry red marks littered her body, some darkening into bruises that would take time to fade.

These marks triggered hazy memories of the passion from the previous night, but the details remained elusive. She strained to remember the mystery man's face, but only Theodore's features came to her mind.

She questioned her sanity. How could that man be Theodore? She couldn't recall the stranger's identity, not a single feature. Deep shame washed over her along with disbelief that she had pictured Theodore's face during intimacy with another.

The more she dwelled on it, the more agitated she became. She stepped into the shower. The hot water calmed her skin and cleared her head.

Part of her was relieved that the man had left before she woke.

Being spared from seeing him allowed her to hold onto her fantasies a little longer.

Since she couldn't identify him, Ariana tried to convince herself it was just a dream, a way to ease her guilty conscience.

Then she realized, the man had awoken first. He must have seen her face already.

Ariana splashed water on her face and stared at her reflection.

Desperation filled her, hoping the stranger's path would never cross hers again. Praying that if he recognized her, he would pretend not to know.

Her gaze shifted to her bare wrist, the loss of the pendant still stinging. Searching for it on the massive cruise ship seemed futile now. She had seen the crew cleaning as she disembarked. The tiny pendant would be lost among all the clutter.

Lost in thought, Ariana traced the spot on the bracelet where the pendant used to reside. Its absence left an ache inside her that deepened as thoughts of Theodore emerged.

Overwhelmed by sorrow, she sought refuge under the shower's spray, tears mingling with the water as they streamed down her cheeks.

Ariana swiftly dried her face, attempting to regain composure.

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Dwelling on the past had to stop. After hastily finishing her shower, she adorned herself in a crisp suit, then departed with Melon for the BRD Group's building.

Upon parking, Melon eagerly hopped out and stared up at the towering skyscraper, his neck craning back excitedly until he nearly lost balance.

"Wow, it's so tall!"

Ariana smiled affectionately, steadying the boy while patting his head. Taking his small hand in hers, she cautioned, "Remember not to run off later. Stay right by me."

Melon obediently nodded as they entered the sleek lobby.

The familiar space stirred memories of Ariana's first anxious interview here years ago, though it now felt like a lifetime away. As they ventured further inside, her thoughts meandered to Holden.

Recent unpleasant events had entirely soured Ariana's opinion of

Sadie, dragging her view of Holden along with it.

She hadn't encountered Holden during her last visit, and she hoped to avoid him today as well. Facing him would be a challenge, especially considering his fiancée's hospitalization because of Sonia.

Since Ariana had no intention of apologizing to Sadie, the prospect of running into Holden now seemed terribly awkward. The very thought tied knots in her stomach.

Just then, a small crew waving equipment flagged Ariana down as they hurried over.

"You must be Ms. Edwards! We're your team for the interview today," they chimed, a prearranged arrangement Sonia had informed her of.

Ariana recognized the trio from her friend's workplace and greeted them warmly, while Melon piped up, "Hello everyone!"

Instantly charmed by the boy's manners, they responded, "What an absolutely adorable little darling!" They gathered around, engaging in a lively chat with Melon as they all crowded into the elevator.

Upon reaching the bustling studio, Ariana spotted the celebrity she was set to interview, Simms Riley, already present and undergoing makeup application.

Given Simms' fame, Ariana approached him politely, attempting to make her introduction.

"Hello Mr. Riley, I'm Ariana, your interviewer for today."

However, Simms remained engrossed in his phone, disregarding her presence.

"I have another event to get to after this, so let's make it quick," he muttered distractedly, not even bothering to glance up.

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Despite the dismissal Ariana faced, she maintained a serene smile as she withdrew her hand gracefully. With her extensive tenure in the entertainment industry, she harbored no illusions about the nature of those around her.

Moreover, she was eager to conclude the interview swiftly. Not wanting to encounter Holden, she harbored no desire to prolong her stay within the BRD Group.

Silently, Ariana left her conversation with Simms, choosing to focus her attention on Melon. Gently placing Melon on a nearby chair, she crouched down and reminded him, "Stay here, sweetheart. Mommy's about to conduct an interview. You must be patient and wait for me, alright?"

"I understand, Mommy. I'll stay within your sight." Melon lifted his head and playfully thumped his chest, mimicking the actions of characters in his favorite TV shows.

“Baby, you are so great.” Ariana planted a tender kiss on Melon’s forehead, ruffled his hair, and offered him a book. She then gathered an assortment of snacks and drinks onto a cart.

With refreshments duly arranged, Ariana turned her attention to discussing the interview with Simms’ agent. Soon enough, Simms adjusted his attire, his impatience evident as he prepared for the interview.

He fiddled with his phone briefly, growing increasingly bored until he directed his gaze upward. There, he spied a child sitting quietly, engrossed in a picture book.

Amischievous grin curled Simms’ lips as he raised an inquisitive eyebrow. He playfully beckoned Melon with a crooked finger, jesting,

“Hey there, boy. Come over.”

Upon hearing the summons, Melon scanned his surroundings, confirming that he was indeed the one called. He bookmarked his book and approached respectfully.

“What's up, sir?”

Simms extracted a generous bill from his wallet, extending it to Melon with a playful smile.

“You go downstairs and buy me a cup of coffee.”

“No.” Melon's refusal came without a moment's hesitation. He met Simms’ gaze squarely, stating, “I may be young, but you, sir, are an adult. It’s time you learned to manage your own things.”

Simms cast a disdainful glance at him, his lips curling with a mocking smile.

“You're hesitating because of your youth, aren't you?”

“No,” came the reply, measured and calm.

“Mom’s point is that kids have their limits. Even when others seek their help, they should do what they can.” Melon looked at him seriously.

Chapter 955

“You’re well aware of the truth.” Simms’ voice dripped with sarcasm, his words biting. “Buy a coffee, and you’ll squander the rest on candy.”

Yet, Melon shook his head again, his tone resolute.

“Sir, it’s best if you handle it yourself.”

He wasn’t naive. He didn’t wish to anger his mother and miss out on more than just candy. She’d instructed him to stay put, wait here, and he wasn’t about to disobey her so easily.

Simms’ patience seemed to wane, impatience creeping into his demeanor.

His eyes darted toward Ariana conversing with his agent in the distance. With a derisive sneer, he tilted his chin toward her. “Is that your mother?”

Melon nodded obediently.

With the money in his hand, Simms smiled and said, “She’s meant to interview me later. Deny me that cup of coffee, and your mother’s efforts will be in vain. Cooperation hinges on this, you know.”

Melon’s countenance morphed into one of seriousness, resembling that of a seasoned adult. Without missing a beat, he responded with a deadpan tone, “Sir, you’re so bad. How could you frighten a child?”

Simms raised his eyebrows. Facing the boy, he said directly, “If you’re skeptical, then wait and see. Should the interview falter, your mother will bear the consequences.”

Though still tender in age, Melon comprehended the weight of accountability. Suddenly, silence enveloped him.

At this time, Simms persisted, "In the event of a failed interview, your mother shall face legal action, be taken to court, and subsequently arrested by the police."

Even though Melon was only a five-year-old, he was still significantly smarter than other kids his age. When he heard about the term "legal action," he felt it was something really serious. He also heard that his mother would have to go to court and be under police custody for a while, which made him extremely anxious.

He didn't want Mommy to be detained by the police. The little boy was on the verge of tears. However, he stubbornly gritted his teeth, refusing to cry. With his lips pursed, he stayed silent for a long time.

After a long while, the stylist next to Simms couldn't take it anymore and said, "Mr. Riley, he's just a little kid. Please stop teasing

him.

The stylist's words made Simms' face darken at once. He sneered and said, "When did I tease him? I'm serious. If this brat doesn't go buy me coffee, I won't do the interview."

Simms then pinched Melon's face and said with a smirk, "Little brat, you better behave, or your mother will suffer."

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With a deep frown on his face, Melon angrily swatted Simms' hand away and reluctantly agreed to do what Simms asked of him. "I will buy you coffee, but you better not trouble my mom." Chuckling, Simms leaned back in the chair and said with a leisurely tone, "Well, it will all depend on how you behave."

Hearing that, Melon tightly clenched his tiny fists. Although he was angry, there was nothing he could do. After all, this bad man threatened to harm his mother if he refused to do as the man said.

Melon didn't want his Mommy to face any troubles because of him.

Adults could sometimes be irreparably evil.

With that thought in mind, Melon quickly grabbed the money and ran downstairs to get the coffee.

Simms watched the little boy run off until he disappeared from sight.

At this time, Simms clicked his tongue and murmured to himself, "How unamusing. Truly not worth entertaining. It's so boring."

Meanwhile, Ariana was engrossed in a serious conversation with Simms * and she was unaware of what was on the agent, completely happening other side. She had no idea that Melon had left.

Soon, the interview started. In front of the cameras, Simms transformed into a true gentleman. ALL traces of arrogance and disdain disappeared from his face, and he showed the utmost politeness to Ariana. He perfectly embodied the image of a young and extraordinary actor.

Ariana wasn't surprised by Simms' gentlemanly demeanor at all. After all, she knew that a celebrity's public image was often just window dressing, and she had grown used to it.

On the other side, Melon successfully bought the coffee. Seeing that he was just a child, the barista added an extra layer of heat protection for Melon.

The little boy held the cup of coffee in both hands and walked back to the elevator. Looking at the floor numbers on the elevator, Melon was a little confused as he couldn't remember which floor he was supposed to go to.

He first tried two floors but they were both wrong. At this time, the little boy started to panic. Standing on tiptoe, he pressed each floor button one by one, and each time the elevator reached a floor, he went out to check if he was at the right one.

Melon became more and more anxious as he couldn't find the right floor. He feared that he had gotten lost, and his heart was pounding in his chest. When the elevator stopped again and Melon rushed out, he ran straight into a group of people walking into the elevator.

Melon couldn't dodge the jostling and fell to the floor. The hot coffee spilled over his hands, causing his hands to instantly redden from the scald.

Melon was already anxious and troubled. Now that he not only fell but got scalded, tears welled up in his eyes. However, he still refused to cry and firmly closed his mouth.

Someone suddenly walked over and helped him up. Melon didn't immediately see the person's face, but he heard the person's pleasant voice.

"Melon?"

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When Melon raised his head, he saw the man's face clearly and widened his eyes.

Then, he shouted in surprise, "You are that gentleman with the mask!"

Holden helped him up gently and squatted down.

He then asked, "Why are you here?"

With red eyes, Melon said, "Mommy has a job here, so | came with her.

While | was waiting, a strange man asked me to buy a cup of coffee for him and | bought it. But | couldn't find where to go back." Tears rolled down his chubby cheeks, and Melon subconsciously rubbed his trousers with his scalded hands. Holden immediately noticed the wound on his little hands and frowned slightly.

Taking out a handkerchief to wipe his hands, he asked, "What is your mother's job? What's her name?" Melon thought for a while and replied, "It's an interview for a man.

My mother's name is Ariana Edwards."

"Ariana Edwards," Holden murmured, feeling familiar with the name.

At this time, Shawn, who was standing next to them, reminded, "She is the business partner from Melcorn." Hearing Shawn's words, Melon also nodded.

"Yes. Mommy and I just came back from Melcorn."

Holden now remembered who Ariana was.

She was the business partner whom he couldn't meet with last time because of Adele's allergy. Right now, it was such a coincidence that Melon turned out to be her son. "You find out which artist has an interview today," Holden said to Shawn without looking back.

"By the way, you also tell Ariana that her child is with me and ask her to pick him up after the interview. Melon's hands are scalded. I'll take him to apply medicine first."

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Shawn nodded and left immediately. Holden then reached out his hand to Melon, gesturing him to come closer so that he could hold him up. But as Melon looked down at his clothes that had been stained with coffee, he felt embarrassed.

It was still wet, and he was afraid that the coffee would stain Holden's custom-made clothes as well, so he shook his head and took a step back quickly.

"Thank you, sir. I can walk by myself."

Holden couldn't help laughing softly.

He saw the little boy's action clearly, and it was easy for him to see through his mind.

The Little boy just didn't want him to get stained by the coffee.

Knowing that Melon wouldn't let him hold no matter what, he didn't force the boy.

He just thought that the child was sensible and cute.

It seemed that his parents had taught him well.

After Holden took Melon to his exclusive Lounge, the former looked for medicine to apply on the boy's hands. Fortunately, most of the coffee was spilled on his clothes, and only his hands were scalded red. He had no other injuries.

Holden let Melon sit on the sofa.

To apply the medicine easily, he squatted down in front of the boy and put a cotton swab carefully on the wounds.

Melon also obediently reached out his hands to let Holden treat his wound, For a very young boy, it should be painful. But he didn't flinch or make a sound while being treated. To be honest, his eyes were firmly attracted to a cabinet of garage kits in the Lounge.

The garage kits were indeed quite eye-catching.

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They looked exquisite, and most of them were beautiful collection.

Not hearing any whimper from the boy, Holden was curious and looked up at him.

He saw that the boy's attention was completely on the garage kits behind him.

He couldn't help chuckling and asked, "Which one do you like? I can give it to you."

At that moment, Melon looked away.

He shook his head, trying to hold himself back, and said in a low voice, "No, I don't like them."

Holden was amused by his reaction.

From his eyes, Holden could tell that the boy liked them very much.

His eyes were almost glued to the garage kits, but he still said he didn't like them.

While applying the medicine, Holden said, "These are all exclusive collections. You can't buy them in a shop now." Melon lowered his head.

"But I can't receive anything from strangers casually."

Holden chuckled.

"It's not the first time we meet. Are we still strangers?"

Holden felt that he liked this little boy.

Somehow, he felt a little unhappy when he heard that he was a stranger to the boy.

"Well, I have to ask Mommy." Melon reluctantly took a look at the garage kits, but he insisted on not receiving anything from a stranger, unless his mother agreed.

Holden smiled.

Soon, he was done applying the medicine.

At this time, the door of the lounge was pushed open from the outside.

Chapter 960

Melon jumped off the sofa in a hurry and said happily, "It must be my Mommy picking me up." In the blink of an eye, a swift figure darted into the room — a figure not Ariana's.

Melon found himself momentarily taken aback, his surprise giving way to a radiant smile upon recognizing the unanticipated guest.

"Who we have here!"

Seeing Melon, Adele came to a sudden halt, standing utterly still.

Her head tilted slightly to the side as she looked at him.

Adele's unexpected presence in the room sent a wave of astonishment and elation through Melon. His grin stretched from ear to ear as he eagerly moved toward her.

Going into his pocket, he produced a piece of candy Ariana gave him earlier.

"You want candy?" he asked, extending it to her invitingly.

Adele didn't move, her eyes locked on the offered candy.

With his unwavering patience, Melon remained still, his arm extended with the candy. After a while, Adele's hand finally reached out, plucking the candy from Melon.

She held it delicately in her hand, her eyes affixed on this.

Having silently witnessed the entire exchange, Holden found himself pleasantly surprised.

Previously, Adele had shown minimal response to their actions.

Eliciting any sort of reaction from her had required a slow, gentle coaxing. Holden's heart swelled with an infectious excitement. His instincts had proved right.

Melon had an inexplicable influence over Adele, though its rationale remained enigmatic.