

Chapter 149

"Yes." He looked at the food container in my hands and nodded.

I walked over, propped the bedside table up, and placed the bowl of soup and a spoon before him. I said, "Eat up, I'll head off to work."

"Do you think I can feed myself in this state?" He raised his right hand that was hooked on a drip and looked at me quizzically.

I was flabbergasted. I looked at him with astonishment on my face. Was he really asking me to feed him in a situation like this?

He raised his head and his eyebrows at me, his intentions crystal clear. He wanted me to feed him.

I...

Cindy saw this and quickly stepped forward. "Theow, it's not convenient for you to use your hands, so let me feed you. This is the clam chowder I specially

you. This is the clam chowder I specially made for you at home this morning. Have a try.”

After she was done talking, she proceeded to open her food container.

Theo’s face changed slightly as he frowned. “No need.”

Instantly, there was a subtle change in the atmosphere.

Cindy’s hands shook, then she pretended as though nothing had happened as she continued, “I spent a long time cooking this. Have a taste.” She then tried to feed him a spoonful of chowder.

I turned around and was about to leave.

Theo called out to me before telling Zedd, “Send Cindy back, then go to the office and apply for leave for Wanda. She’s not going to work today.”

...

There were different expressions on our faces. In particular, Cindy and Zedd’s faces were extremely cold, and they were in foul moods.

As much as Cindy may not know how to read the room, she understood what Theo meant. She had an incredulous look on her face.

Zedd stepped in to pull Cindy aside. "Cindy, Theo just underwent an operation. He needs to rest. Why don't we come back tomorrow?"

"I don't want to!" Cindy's eyes were red-rimmed. She looked at Theo pitifully and wailed. "Theow, are you chasing me out for her?"

Theo frowned. "You didn't rest well in the police station last night. Follow Zedd back for now."

"I really don't understand. In what way is she attractive? I'm prettier than her and I love you more than her. When you were still in the operating room, she disappeared without a trace. Most importantly, she's just some farmhouse brat. She has no right to be by your side —"

"Enough!" Theo was so angry that his eyes sank into deep bottomless pools. His voice was laced with rage as he ordered, "

Leave. Now!"

"I will now! Why does she get to stay but I have to go back?" Cindy was spoiled, so she threw a tantrum like a princess and plopped down on the bed. She refused to get up.

"You won't leave? Okay, I'll leave!" Theo tried to get up with much difficulty and was about to get down from his bed.

"Don't move. Be careful of your wounds." I rushed over to help him.

Cindy bit her lip and lowered her gaze. "Theow, I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. I'm just afraid, I'm so afraid that you'll throw me away in the future. Please don't be angry, okay? I promise I won't fight with you ever again. Please, I beg you, let me stay. Don't chase me away, okay?"

Miss Reed, who was still as stubborn as a donkey a minute ago, did a 180 change and was now profusely apologizing. All her sharp edges were now smooth.

Everyone would give up their stand under certain circumstances. Now, Cindy was trying to make herself seem pathetic and pitiful in Theo's eyes.

pitiful in Theo's eyes.

I was not a pushover. It was just that when I saw how feeble Cindy was, I was reminded of what I was like previously. I relented and exited the ward quietly without saying a word.

When I arrived at the office, my assistant came running to me frantically.

Ever since the talk I had with Heidi, she had been on sick leave. Hence, the company got another assistant for me.

"Something bad has happened, President Lane!" The assistant tapped her chest frantically as she fumbled.

"Don't be anxious. Slowly tell me about it." I looked at her.

"Our new product commercial has been plagiarized and is now playing on all major platforms."

"When did it happen? Which company's products? Is it a coincidence?" I shot up to my feet in shock and asked a few questions in one go.

The master copy of the commercial had been with me all this while. Since it had not gotten leaked, how could it have been

been with me all this while. Since it had not gotten leaked, how could it have been plagiarized?

Theo had told me to take over the new product launch but I did not have the chance to liaise with him yet, hence the master copy of the commercial had been with me the whole time.

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“It’s Lucy Jewelry. They didn’t do much marketing before this but suddenly announced that they’re launching a new product series with Sandy as their spokesperson. The commercial they released is exactly the same as ours.”

“Isn’t Sandy our brand ambassador? How could she be the spokesperson of another company’s products?” I was confused.

“According to what I heard from my friend, Newlight Media put out news that Grant Corporation broke the agreement by refusing to sign it even after a long time. Hence, Sandy went ahead and took up this job,” my assistant said softly.

I was completely taken aback. It was true that Sandy’s agreement had not gone through, but that was because Theo said he wanted to investigate the rumors between Xander and myself that circulated previously. Never would I have thought that Newlight would break off the agreement on their end and put the

agreement on their end and put the blame on Grant Corporation.

What do I do now? Grant Corporation's new product launch was put on hold and before the spokesperson scandal could be resolved, we lost our brand ambassador and our commercial was plagiarized. Theo was still in the hospital now, and our opponent had really gotten our hands tied behind our backs.

The master copy was leaked from my end, and I would have to bear responsibility for it.

"Give me all the information related to Lucy Jewelry," I told my assistant. I was not familiar with this company, so to find out how the commercial was leaked, I had to start investigating them.

My assistant promptly compiled all the information related to Lucy Jewelry and handed it to me. I combed through all the information I had on hand, trying to look for clues that would help my case.

After loads of effort, I found something odd. In a photo of their anniversary celebration which I found online, I saw Zedd Nichols in it.

Zedd Nichols in it.

It was a photo that was dated last year. Zedd was clad in a white suit and drinking together with the owner of Lucy Jewelry. Benny Sherman, Heidi's boyfriend and VP of Newlight Media, was also at the same table.

Could it be Zedd? Was he acting as a double agent who was pretending to work with Theo but had joined hands with others to bring Grant Corporation down?

It did not really make sense since Theo, Mason, and Zedd had merged their companies into one corporation that shared the same fate. For him to do that would mean that he was sabotaging himself, right?

The nuances of the business world were too complicated. The more I thought of it, the more my head hurt.

I refused to continue overthinking. Since things had already arrived at this point, how they progressed was something that was out of my control. This was between the two companies, so I would wait for Theo to be discharged for him to make the call.

Hence, I prepared to get off of work earlier and go home.

I did not want to go to the hospital since Cindy might still be there, but I did not want to go back to the villa either. Hence, I whipped out my phone and was about to invite Cecilia for a meal.

It was then I saw that Theo had been calling me since the afternoon. I had about a hundred missed calls. I did not realize my phone was on silent. Besides, my mind was occupied the entire afternoon.

When I was caught up in my thoughts, my phone rang once again. I picked up, and before I could say anything, Theo's ice-cold voice boomed from the other end of the phone.

"What the heck have you been doing? Why didn't you answer your phone?" He sounded irritated, and I could tell that he was fuming.

"Work. I didn't hear my phone ring," I replied faintly and monotonously.

"Wanda Lane!" My attitude triggered

“Wanda Lane!” My attitude triggered something in him as he yelled my name through gritted teeth.

“I’m listening, what’s up?” I was still aloof.

His anger fell on deaf ears. After a long pause, he calmed down. “I thought I asked you to take care of me in the hospital? You’ve been gone the entire day. Are you trying to starve me to death?”

“There should be no shortage of helpers in your ward, President Grant. Just ask Miss Reed to buy or cook whatever you want to eat,” I packed my things as I answered him. I was preparing to get off work.

“This is your responsibility; it’s never hers.” His tone was icy.

I said apathetically, “She’s the mistress, she’s obliged to take care of you. Going through tough times together is a great test for your relationship, so I won’t join the party.”

I was in a foul mood, so I did not care if the things I said would anger him or not.

I was in a foul mood, so I did not care if the things I said would anger him or not.

On the other end of the phone call, Theo was silent for a long while before he spoke again, "Are you covetous?"

"I'm obviously jealous, not covetous." I barked in rebellion.

He chuckled, his laughter loud and jovial. I could not tell if he was laughing at me or if he was just happy. "Come and eat with me. I've ordered your favorite food."

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"You go ahead, then. I've made plans." I wanted to eat and shop with Cecilia.

"Good job! Your husband is in the hospital and you're still in the mood to dine out with others. Do you even have a conscience?"

I was irritated and did not want to talk to him any longer. "If there's nothing else, I'll hang up now."

"I'll give you 20 minutes. If you're not here by then, you'll bear the consequences." He lowered his voice threateningly.

"I'll bear it, then." I was unfazed as I hung up the phone immediately.

I was already irritated before. Now, I was annoyed. Another phone call came in and I thought it was Theo once again. When I lifted my phone, it was an unknown number.

After a moment of hesitation, I answered the call.

“Wandy, I’ve missed you.” A lazy drawl was heard from the other end of the line.

I shuddered. Tyler Schuman! ①

There was a tingling sensation on my scalp as I tried to calm myself down. “Anything important?”

He had disappeared after the fight last time. I thought he would leave me alone, but now, it seemed like it was impossible.

“I just miss you.” His tone was slightly bratty, but it could still send chills down one’s spine. ①

“If you’re bored, go get a girlfriend. Stop using me as your pastime.” I was sulky. Theo alone was enough to make me frustrated. Now, there was Tyler Schuman too? Just kill me already.

He chuckled. “I won’t date if I can’t find anyone as adorable as my sister.”

“Lunatic.” I was annoyed, and my head was pounding furiously. I did not want to waste any more time with him. I hung up.

As I was about to get in my car, Keith appeared out of nowhere and stood in

appeared out of nowhere and stood in front of my car door. His face was solemn as he stood upright. "President Lane, President Grant has asked me to escort you to the hospital."

"When did I say that I was going to visit him and asked him to fetch me over?" I knew now that the consequences Theo had mentioned earlier were to resort to brute force.

Keith was silent, but he was adamant as he stood in front of my car door. He did not allow me to get inside my car.

"How annoying can all of you be? I said I'm not going! I'm not going!" I could not take it anymore as I bellowed at Keith.

Keith did not even flinch. He was persistent. "President Grant ordered me to come get you. Please don't make it difficult for me, President Lane."

"You..." I wanted to yell at Keith once more, but I thought that it would be unreasonable of me to take it out on him. Hence, I held it in. "I'll just drive there. Can I do that?"

"I'll send you there, President Lane."

"Fine, I'll go, I'll go. Where's the car?"
Alas, I gave in. It was no use trying to reason with Theo. Keith would do whatever he could and achieve his task by hook or by crook. This was also why Theo had trusted him for so many years.

"My car is here, President Lane. Please watch your steps." It was like Keith had not just witnessed my outburst. He still led me to his car with a straight face.

Bam! I slammed the car door shut, taking out my displeasure on it.

It was a silent journey all the way to the hospital. Keith practically abandoned his car right at the main entrance of the hospital and escorted me until I got to Theo's ward.

Hah. How much distrust did he have for me?

I paid him no attention and made a beeline for the ward. Once I was inside, I realized that Mason, Zedd, and Cindy were all here as well.

They were stunned when they saw me walk in. Their facial expressions were

walk in. Their facial expressions were diverse.

“Wanda Lane, what are you doing here?”
Cindy was the first to question hostilely.

I put down my bag and replied coldly, “Here to take care of the patient. Can’t you tell? Visiting hours are over. If you don’t have any other business here, please take your leave now. The patient needs to rest.”

Even though I really wanted to explode at Theo, I would not do it in front of outsiders.

Mason was reasonable and got up to quietly leave after hearing what I said.

Cindy was seething in anger as she shot up and shrieked, “How shameless of you to come uninvited! How dare you chase us out? I think the one who should leave is you. Who do you think you are?”

I could not hold it in any longer. I sneered. “Who do you think you are, Miss Reed? Mistress, shameful third party, or concubine?”

“If you’re to claim second place for being the most shameless woman, Miss Reed, n

concupiscence.

“If you’re to claim second place for being the most shameless woman, Miss Reed, no one would dare claim first place. Why do you like to pester Theo so much? Can’t you find yourself another man, or do you just like eating my leftovers? Does that give you a sense of accomplishment?”

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“Wanda Lane, what do you mean by that?!” Cindy was so angry that her eyes had turned bloodshot. However, she still had to maintain her sophisticated demeanor in front of Theo, so she did not dare rush up to me and slap me.

“I meant what I said. I really don’t get it, why do you have to cling to Theo? Don’t you still have Doctor Lynch and Zedd Nichols by your side? Well, I guess Doctor Lynch won’t like an arrogant, spoiled, and unreasonable brat like you.”

I looked at Zedd and continued, “As for President Nichols, he’s loyal and faithful to you, only for you to treat him as a bootlicker. You hand him your boot to be licked when it’s necessary and chuck him away when he’s not needed. Your act of keeping him as a backup while you go after a better man is despicable.”

I was mad, so I did not filter my words.

Zedd, who was at the side, heard my words and his expression changed. “

Wanda Lane, watch what you’re saying.”

“What double standards you have, President Nichols. I have to watch what I say after a few sentences, but Miss Reed is openly going against me and fighting me for my husband. Besides, I’m speaking up for you out of goodwill. Are you really happy being the backup?”

“You...”

Zedd was about to say something else when Theo spoke up, “Zedd, bring Cindy back.”

The two glared at me angrily before they resentfully left.

It was just the two of us in the ward now. He looked at me with a trace of amusement in his deep eyes.

I did not understand what he meant, so I said coldly, “Sorry I spoke without a filter and hurt your beloved lover once again.”

He cocked his eyebrows. His initially relaxed jawline was clenched tightly as he sighed exasperatedly. “What do you feel like eating?”

“Air.” I was in a foul mood, so I did not

"Air." I was in a foul mood, so I had to have the nicest tone.

"Great, I'll eat air with you tonight, then," he replied swiftly.

"Theo Grant, are you getting a kick out of torturing and annoying me the entire day? If you're really bored and need someone to talk to, Miss Reed would be eager to comply. Why can't you just let me go?"

As soon as I was done, the atmosphere changed drastically. Theo's face was initially pretty serene but it became piercingly cold, and chilly air emitted from his body. His eyes turned dangerously dark as he glared at me in silence.

His gaze was so stern, and when it was paired with his menacing facial expression, I shuddered in fear as it had been a while since I last saw him like this. I instinctively took a step back.

It was common for human beings to subconsciously want more than they could ask for. The change in Theo recently was so huge I forgot what his initial attitude was like.

"Do you really hate spending time with me?" he asked, his tone dripping with ice.

"Not really." I shrunk back shamelessly. I lowered my voice and said, "I'm in a bad mood and was tired the entire day. I don't have the energy nor strength now."

My attitude calmed the snowstorm on his face. He did not reply to me. After a long time, he reached out and pulled me by his side while muttering, "Are you still angry because I got into an accident when I was with Cindy?"

"A little, but not entirely," I did not hide anything as I answered him truthfully. I was already used to it after all these years. I may be angry, but I would not hold a grudge.

"So you're in a bad mood because of the pregnancy?" He was patient as he continued asking.

I rolled my eyes at him and did not answer. There were many things that had caused my mood to be bad, and there were also psychological aspects involved.

Suddenly, Keith pushed open the door and appeared with a few huge bags in his

Suddenly, Keith pushed open the door and appeared with a few huge bags in his hands. From the logo of the bags, it looked like they were all takeaways from the 'Cauldron of Latymer', which was quite far away from the hospital.

Keith arranged all the food on the table after taking them out and left after that.

Theo looked at me, and his lips gently parted. "Eat up. Didn't you say that you like the food from this restaurant? They're all your favorites."

I glanced at the food in front of me. About seven or eight of them were foods that I had previously mentioned I liked.

I was hungry, so I did not wait anymore and grabbed the fork to dig in.

Theo did not move. He sat there quietly watching me.

I ignored him and continued enjoying my meal. After a long while, my cheeks were flushed red from all his staring. I looked up at him and asked, "You're not eating?"

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Theo raised his eyebrows as his gaze fell on his right hand that was hooked onto a drip. His meaning was clear, he could not eat.

I knew he wanted me to feed him once again, but I pretended not to understand him and continued eating without looking at him. I no longer asked him anything either.

Soon, I was almost done eating. As I raised my head, I realized that he was staring at the food intently. Like a child, he would swallow his saliva from time to time. Hope and hunger burned in his eyes as he looked at me with doe-eyes.

I knew it was all an act, but since I was well fed now and my mood had improved, I gave in. I got him a few pieces of bread and paired them with some dips and sides that he could eat. I then brought the food to his mouth.

He was excited as he eagerly opened his mouth and gobbled up the food, nodding in satisfaction as he chewed.

He was excited as he brought the food to his mouth and gobbled up the food, nodding in satisfaction as he chewed.

Just like that, the entire bread basket was gone after I repeatedly fed the food to his mouth and he opened his mouth to take a bite.

Theo grabbed a napkin and cleaned his mouth elegantly. He said as if he wanted more, "It's not too bad to eat your leftovers."

I was stunned. It took me a while to realize what he meant. I glared at him. "How audacious of you to bring it up."

He cocked his eyebrows with pride and said, "Why not? You ate it, which means you like it. It's proven that things that you like are not too shabby, including me."

I looked at how proud he was and learned something new today. It seemed that he was truly bored in the hospital as he would usually never say brainless things like that.

I did not want to bicker with him, so I got up and started cleaning up. I looked at him and said, "Now that you've eaten,

on and said, "Now that you've eaten, I'll be taking my leave. I won't stay over tonight."

I never liked hospitals, and I did not like the feeling of sleeping on hospital beds.

He raised his head. "You're going to leave me in the hospital alone again?" He looked pitiful.

I lowered my gaze. "There's someone else who's very willing to accompany you. You don't need me here."

"Wanda Lane, is it fun for you to bring it up all the time?" His tone was instantly unkind. The transformation was as fast as flipping a page in a book.

"It's not fun for me, so it's better if I leave." I did not like bringing it up all the time and having it dampen my mood either, but I could not seem to control it recently. It would slip out unintentionally as I talked.

"You're in a rush to leave because you don't want to be with me, or are you rushing off to meet someone else? Xander or Tyler?"

My mood was already gloomy before

● mood was already gloomy before Theo said that, but once he mentioned the two of them, my mood turned stormy as I snapped back. "If you can have a lover, why can't I have male friends?"

Theo's eyes darkened, and he looked at me grimly.

At the mention of Cindy, I got increasingly annoyed and ignored his rage. "Please don't use your standards to judge someone else, President Grant. I don't know what you do with Miss Reed, but as for me, I only have meals and converse with my friends. I think my behavior is more transparent than certain people's."

My reply ignited an explosion of rage in him and exposed his inner darkness. He reached out and yanked my hand, catapulting me toward him. "Transparent?"

Right after he was done speaking, he yanked me once more and I was forced to lie on the bed while he tore off the tube of his IV drip.

I was enraged and repeatedly hit him with my hands. "Theo Grant, are you

I was enraged and repeatedly hit him with my hands. "Theo Grant, are you crazy?!"

"Indeed I am, and it's all thanks to you."

I yelled, "Theo Grant, if you don't want the baby, just tell me straight to my face! I'll leave immediately. Don't you dare kill the baby by hurting me over and over again."

Perhaps my choice of words was too harsh.

Theo stopped dead in his tracks, and after what seemed like forever, he gently exhaled and said disgruntledly, "I'm sorry I lost control. But Wanda, what exactly do you want me to do?"

It did not sit well with me to see him so unusually lonely and dejected. Pain welled up in my heart and spread all the way into my bones. It was too painful for us to constantly torture and hurt each other.

Too many things were involved for Theo and me to get to where we were right now. It was difficult to make things clear. I said, "First, get up. Be careful of your wounds."

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Theo lifted his head and printed a soft kiss on my lips.

...

I got up and headed to the washroom.

Without saying goodbye, I left the ward since I did not want to be by his side any longer.

The moment I opened the door, I saw Cindy squatting by the door. Bashfulness filled her face.

I knew when I saw her that she must have seen everything that had just happened. I silently cursed Theo in my heart but I pretended that nothing happened as I breezily walked past her.

“You’re shameless, Wanda Lane.”

Behind me, Cindy’s loathsome voice rang out.

I stopped, turned around, and looked at her. “Yeah, it’s shameful to peek at another couple’s love life. If you have the

... should’ve gone in and watched

another couple's love life. If you had guts, you should've gone in and watched, then. Why were you hiding here?"

I paused. "Oh, right, I don't think he was satisfied just now since my hands can only do so much. If you go in now, both of you can probably continue with the unfinished business!"

After I was done, I entered the elevator without giving her a chance to retort.

It was already dark out when I left the ward. I wanted to return to the villa, but my car was still at my office building, so I could only grab a taxi to the office.

Never would I have expected to see someone standing beside my car the moment I stepped down from the taxi. It was Tyler Schuman.

When I laid my eyes on him, my heart constricted. I turned around, wanting to reenter the taxi.

I did not expect him to have seen me as well. He strode toward me and stood right in front of the taxi. His handsome but sinister face wore a menacing smile. "Wandy, Big Brother has been waiting for

Wandy, Big Brother has been waiting for

you for a while now.”

I sat in the car without moving.

Tyler opened the door of the taxi. His voice was gentle, but his tone was icy-cold. “Are you planning to hide from me forever? I remember mentioning to you before that I wouldn’t come looking for you, but if we do meet, I won’t let you go again.”

The driver turned and looked at us with an odd expression on his face.

Tyler was unfazed. He was still smiling at me.

He was right. Even if I could hide from him now, I could not hide from him forever. Our reunion was of ill fate, but it was also destiny.

I got out of the taxi and stared intently at Tyler. However, my eyes were unfocused. I asked quietly, “What exactly do you want?”

He was still smiling when he said, “Nothing. I just want us to go back to how we were in the past. Those were blissful days. I kept reminiscing about it all these

“Go back? What for? To see how you kill people and relive the days of your torture?” My heart was pounding with pain. The past was a scar that I could never get rid of as long as I lived.

Tyler maintained his smile and said in all seriousness, “Theo Grant doesn't love you, right?”

I shook my head. “No, he loves me very much. We're really happy together.”

He did not believe me and said, “You publicly challenged Grayson Louis and Petra White? How big do you think your possibility of winning is against people like them? Even if you don't care about your safety, you gotta take your baby into account, right?”

If he had not mentioned this, I would have already forgotten about it. Grayson did threaten me the other day, saying he would use extreme measures against me.

I was a little annoyed, but this was not the time to discuss these problems. I looked at him and said, “You don't have t

●ked at him and said, "You don't have to worry about all these. Did you really come looking for me just to tell me this?"

He reeled in the strong sense of malice he was exuding and said solemnly, "Go back to the old village with me. I've bought and renovated our mansion. All the furniture is the same as before. I'm sure you'll like it."

I laughed. "You want me to go back and be controlled by you once more? To live in your shadows again?"

He frowned and retorted, "You know I never wanted to hurt you."

"You're right, you never wanted to. It was all my fault. Right now, I don't want to go looking for trouble, so I won't be going back with you."

"Wandy, I'm really doing this for your own good. If you want this baby to be born peacefully, you have to come back to the village with me now. Grayson was very clear the other day. He'll use extreme measures against you. Aren't you worried, even the slightest bit?"

"How do you know? Have you been

you worried, even the slightest bit?
“How do you know? Have you been stalking me?” I was jolted back to my senses as I stared at him incredulously.

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"I only want to protect you. Trust me, Grayson Louis is no saint."

I looked at Tyler and scoffed. "How do you expect me to believe you? In my eyes, all of you are the same, you're demons from hell."

He sighed. "Whatever you say, then. But you have to go with me now, or they'll destroy you."

My mood could not get any worse. I looked at him and blurted out, "Can you just leave me alone? I'd rather be destroyed by them than follow you back and be destroyed by you once more. Tyler Schuman, it's been so many years. Why won't you let me go? Let's live our own lives. Wouldn't that be great? Why do you have to appear once again and want to pull me back into the days filled with darkness?"

Tyler looked at me and finally spoke after a long pause, "That's because we share the same fate. We were both abandoned, s

the same fate. We were both abandoned, so only we can ignite each other's lives."

A sharp pain overcame my chest. It was as if someone had stabbed me, forcefully wiggled the knife several times, and there was blood everywhere. It was a gory sight to behold.

All these years, I had been trying my best not to think back on the past. Just when I thought I had forgotten everything, Tyler Schuman not only reappeared in my life but he was also forcing me to relive everything. He was tearing open the wounds that had started healing until they were exposed in the open again.

He was right, I was abandoned.

I was only six months old when I was abandoned in the village dumpster on a cold winter night. The one who abandoned me had no intention for me to live since I only had a thin blanket around me when they left me on the ground and disappeared.

Perhaps it was not my time to go yet, because among the piles of trash, a crippled woman who was picking up the trash witnessed everything.

trash witnessed everything.

When the person who abandoned me left, she hobbled over and picked me up. This kind person was the mother who brought me up.

At that time, my little face was red from the cold weather, and I was on the brink of death. It was my mother who carried me home and placed me by the fire for the entire night. She used the money she got from collecting trash to buy milk powder so she could feed me. It was my mother who brought me back from the depths of hell.

The next day, I was brought to the police station. Unfortunately, there were no orphanages in the village. When the village policemen wanted to send me to the orphanage in the city, I cried loudly as I clung tightly to my mother.

It was this act that allowed my and my mother's fate to intertwine for 20 years.

She was already crippled and was relying on collecting trash to earn a living. After she adopted me, she disregarded her injured leg and began working at a little workshop in town so that I would have

food to eat and warm clothes to wear.

food to eat and warm clothes to wear. Manual labor was the only thing she could do at that time.

Times were hard, but those days were the happiest days of my life.

Ten years passed in a blink. As my mother worked day and night, her body could not take manual labor any longer.

One year, my mother agreed to raise the workshop supplier's illegitimate son on the condition that the supplier financed my studies.

This meant that from that day onward, my mother had to take care of two abandoned children—Tyler Schuman and myself.

I was ten years old that year, while Tyler was 13. When Tyler was brought back, I was happy, thinking that I had gotten myself a big brother.

Little did I know, that was the beginning of my nightmare.

I found out that Tyler's father was already married and lived in Whaldorf City. When he came to work in our town, h

e had Tyler with a factory worker.

Initially, Tyler was under his mother's care and they would get financial assistance from his father. Everything was dandy. Alas, his mother passed away from an illness and his father did not dare to bring him to Whaldorf. Hence, he could only pay my mother to take Tyler in.

When Tyler knew about it, he burst into a rage. He became rebellious, ruthless, and cruel. When he came to our house, he deliberately destroyed everything in an attempt to get his father's attention.

In the beginning, he burnt down our kitchen. Then, he poisoned our cat and dog. The supplier did not give much of a response and merely paid my mother to get things settled. He did not care about Tyler.

Slowly, Tyler gave up hoping and became increasingly ruthless. I was the target he vented out on.

He locked me in the cellar, pushed me into a pond, brought me into the deep of the woods, placed poisonous snakes in my bag and on my bed...

Chapter 156

To summarise, he had done everything evil a child was capable of doing—as well as things children should have been incapable of doing—and I had been his target. The only thing in my favor was that he would always remember to call my mother to look for me after one of his pranks.

I was probably extremely fortunate to have managed to survive every time.

My mother felt very guilty about all of this. She was constantly crying and always hugging me, but she could not do anything about Tyler since she had already accepted the money from the supplier. She could not throw him out.

I grew up in a harsh environment under the shadow of Tyler's torment, which took a toll on both my physical and mental state. It was the root cause of my future illness.

When I was 15, Tyler graduated from high school. At that time, he was gaining

high school. At that time, he was getting popularity due to his computer skills. He had taken part in a competition at school and had gotten first place nationwide. I remember he said that he would become the best hacker in the country.

However, an accident crushed his dreams. It also granted me an escape.

That year, Tyler's father's factory was reported to have been producing counterfeit products. When the Industry and Commerce ministry sent someone over to investigate, the accountant of the factory, on his own accord, gave the authorities evidence of Tyler's father evading taxes, his corruption, and his involvement with bribery. He also gave them proof of his money laundering.

This accountant was my best friend and classmate's father—Cecilia's father.

With concrete evidence, Tyler's father was found guilty and sentenced to prison. His wife, who was in Whaldorf City, filed for a divorce to prove her innocence. The loss of his career and family was a double whammy, and it broke the camel's back. Tyler's father could not take it, and he chose to end his life in prison.

Tyler's father could not take it and chose to end his life in prison.

When the news came, Tyler locked himself in his room for three days.

Three days later, it was stormy and rainy in the afternoon. My mother had gone to the city to sell eggs, and I was alone at home, so I had gone over to Cecilia's house to finish up some homework.

When it came nighttime, Tyler barged into the house abruptly and questioned Cecilia's father about his intentions behind reporting Tyler's father. They got into a huge quarrel. Before Tyler left, he left three words behind — "Just you wait."

The ruthless malice and evil that had been in his eyes had made him look like a demon from hell. Till today, I could still clearly remember what he had looked like.

That night, Cecilia and I went to bed without dinner as we were too terrified. Who could have guessed that the next morning when we woke up, both Cecilia's parents would both be sickly in bed? They passed away soon after they reached the hospital. The conclusion that the doctors drew was that it was due to food

draw was that it was due to food poisoning.

The policeman found poisonous mushrooms in the leftovers in Cecilia's home. Since cases of food poisoning like Cecilia's parents were very common in the village, no one said anything more about it besides expressing their condolences. It was treated like any other accident.

Cecilia and I were very sure that this was no accident. That night, her parents had not eaten any dishes with mushrooms, so this was definitely related to Tyler. In her sorrow and fear, Cecilia decided to go to the police station to present her case.

I was accompanying her to the police station when we were intercepted by Tyler on the way there. He locked us in a cellar for 20 days straight, the most terrifying period of my life.

Cecilia and I were locked in the damp, dimmed cellar. We could not even see the light of day.

Tyler would bring us food every day. He would say that he would release us when the time was up. He also added that when

the time was up. He also added that when we got out of the cellar, we would live together forever, and we would never be able to get rid of him for the rest of our lives.

However, if we managed to find a way to escape, he would be more merciful. He would not go looking for us of his own accord, but he would only give us one chance.

After God knows how many days in the cellar, Cecilia and I found an opportunity to break free on a rainy night. We did not dare to stay in the village, so we took my mother and moved to Salt City that night.

From then on, we never saw Tyler again, until we met him the other day.

After coming to Salt City, Cecilia had decided to drop out of school due to physical and emotional damage. She started working at a cafe. By my mother's request, I also started taking up several jobs, but it was still barely enough for us to scrape by with as a family.

My mother had fallen extremely sick due to worry when I was locked up by Tyler.



Her health had deteriorated ever since then. She could no longer walk on her already-injured legs.

When I was in the first year of my university days, my mother was diagnosed with stomach cancer. I had to leave the university that I enjoyed studying in and begin to work so my mother could be treated.

After my mother learned about my sacrifice, she bawled and fell even sicker. On her deathbed, she brought me to meet Theo Grant's grandmother. I had had no idea what they were talking about at that time.

After that, Grandmother took me in and gave me an opportunity to re-enroll in university.

My mother's health rapidly declined and she soon left me.

Over all those years, my mother was the only motivation and support I had. After she left, the sorrow that had been in my heart for many years finally exploded, and I fell very sick myself.

heart for many years finally exploded,
● I fell very sick myself.

Thankfully, Grandmother took care of me and stayed by my side, and I was able to claw my way out of my sorrows. After I graduated from university, I was accepted into Grant Corporation, and I married Theo.

All these measly words told of the deepest, darkest, most hopeless memories of my life. In my memories Tyler was the cast of shadows I loathed and feared.

I hated him, and I was terrified of seeing him again.

No longer wanting to talk, I moved aside, dodging him. I was about to leave when he hugged me from behind.

Chapter 157

“Wandy, only you can calm me down. This time, I’m back for you. Let’s relive history together!” Tyler’s voice rang behind my head, his tone dark and empty like a demon announcing a death sentence.

I struggled, but I could not wiggle out of his grasp. I was frustrated and snapped, “Tyler Schuman, I’m afraid of you and I hate you, and I’m sure you know that. Why would I ever go back with you?”

“It’s okay, I have tons of time. We can start all over again. I can admit that I hurt you when we were younger. But I’ll make it up to you now. I’ll pamper you like a princess, and whatever you want, I’ll give it to you.” His tone was unusually gentle.

“I want my mother, will you be able to give that to me? If it wasn’t for you, she wouldn’t have fallen ill and left me so soon.” I was crying as I roared my words.

“I’m sorry, I’m so sorry about what happened with Mrs. Lane. I’ll repay all

the guilt I have about her to you." Tyler gritted his teeth, his tone sure and doubtless.

"I don't want whatever repayment you've been talking about. Tyler, do you remember the sins you've committed? Both Cecilia's parents, two vibrant lives gone just like that. If you ever egg me on again, I'll expose everything to the public!"

"Hah, they deserved it." He scoffed. "It's been so long, do you think it'll still be effective to go to the cops now? Also, as for Cecilia Shane, do you think I would spare her if not for you?"

I was enraged. "If you ever dare lay even a finger on Cecilia, you'll never hear the end of it from me."

"So, if you want her to live peacefully, you've gotta be a good girl and be obedient to me." He laughed sinisterly and arrogantly.

I panicked. I tried to convince him otherwise. "It wasn't even their fault! Don't you feel even a mild sense of guilt after all these years? Cecilia was

“Over all these years? Cecilia was orphaned and had led such a hard life, all because of you!”

“Guilt? Why should I feel guilty? I lost my home and my family because of them. Why would they have deserved to stay a happy family?”

Tyler closed in on me, smirking. “I’m adamant about wanting Cecilia Shane to end up like me.”

I lowered my head, no longer speaking. I forgot that his stubbornness was beyond salvageable, and his mindset was so twisted it was terrifying. How could he ever feel remorse, let alone listen to what I had to say?

I tried to wiggle out of his embrace, but there was a huge difference between the strength of a man and a woman. I struggled a few more times, but I was still locked in his grasp.

As I was feeling helpless and anxious, there was a screeching sound of a car’s emergency brakes. I felt a cold gust of wind as a punch landed heavily on Tyler, who was still holding me.

who was still holding me.
I was then yanked into a firm and warm embrace.

Based on the scent alone, without even having to raise my head, I knew it was Theo who had shown up. I was slightly puzzled. Was he not supposed to be at the hospital right now? Why had he come here?

Instead of being angry that he had been punched, Tyler chuckled as he wiped away the trail of blood at the edge of his mouth with his finger, glanced at it, and licked it with a provocative glint in his eyes, just like a bloodthirsty demon.

Contrary to Tyler's sinisterness, the air around Theo was one of a king up high that was looking down on the world with disdain. Theo gave Tyler a side-eye as he said coldly, "Wanna fight again?"

"That sounds right up my alley." Tyler refused to back down. He wiped the blood from his mouth once again, his face filling up with malice.

"Take good care of her." Theo pushed me towards Mason, who was standing at the sidelines. Theo's eyes shifted into a

●elines. Theo's eyes shifted into a somber, penetrating glare.

"When did you get to know him?" Mason stepped forward until he was beside me. He looked at Tyler pointedly. Mason was usually an aloof person, and it was usually impossible to pinpoint what he was feeling.

"A long time ago. Can you get them to not fight?" I had no mood to converse with him as I looked at Theo worriedly.

Both of them may be as good as each other at full potential, which was made clear from the fight they had before, but things were different now. Theo was hurt, so if they really were to fight, Tyler would have an upper hand.

"Which one are you worried about?" Mason turned and looked at me with a smile, his expression unusually inquisitive.

I rolled my eyes at him and answered faintly, "This is not a place for fighting."

"Why not? It's an open space, so we don't have to worry about the cops coming."

Mason's hand clenched into a fist as he

inquisitive.

I rolled my eyes at him and answered faintly, "This is not a place for fighting."

"Why not? It's an open space, so we don't have to worry about the cops coming."

Mason's hand clenched into a fist as he smirked.

I was speechless as I looked at how he was eager to watch the chaos unfold with no intention to get involved. All I could muster was, "Theo, stop fighting. I'm tired, let's go back."