

Chapter 52

"Mrs. Lane, you don't have a choice. You have to trust me. I can promise you that you will never see me again. If you don't do as I say, then I will have to talk to Mr. Grant about this." He rubbed his chin, looking helpless.

It was a threat, a downright threat.

I hated the fact that I knew he was threatening me, but as he said, I had no choice but to follow.

After a moment of hesitation, I nodded silently in agreement.

My main concern now was to leave this place safely.

"Great! Then we'll wait for Mrs. Lane's good news." The businessman clapped his hands happily and signaled the ferret-face man to cover my eyes.

"Didn't I promise you already?" They were going to blindfold me. I was starting to get annoyed.

to get annoyed.

"Don't worry, Ms. Lane. I'll send you back now." Then, they pulled me into a car.

This time, I tried to keep myself alert, but after the car had been moving for a while, I dozed off again.

When I woke up again, I was seated perfectly in my car in the underground parking lot.

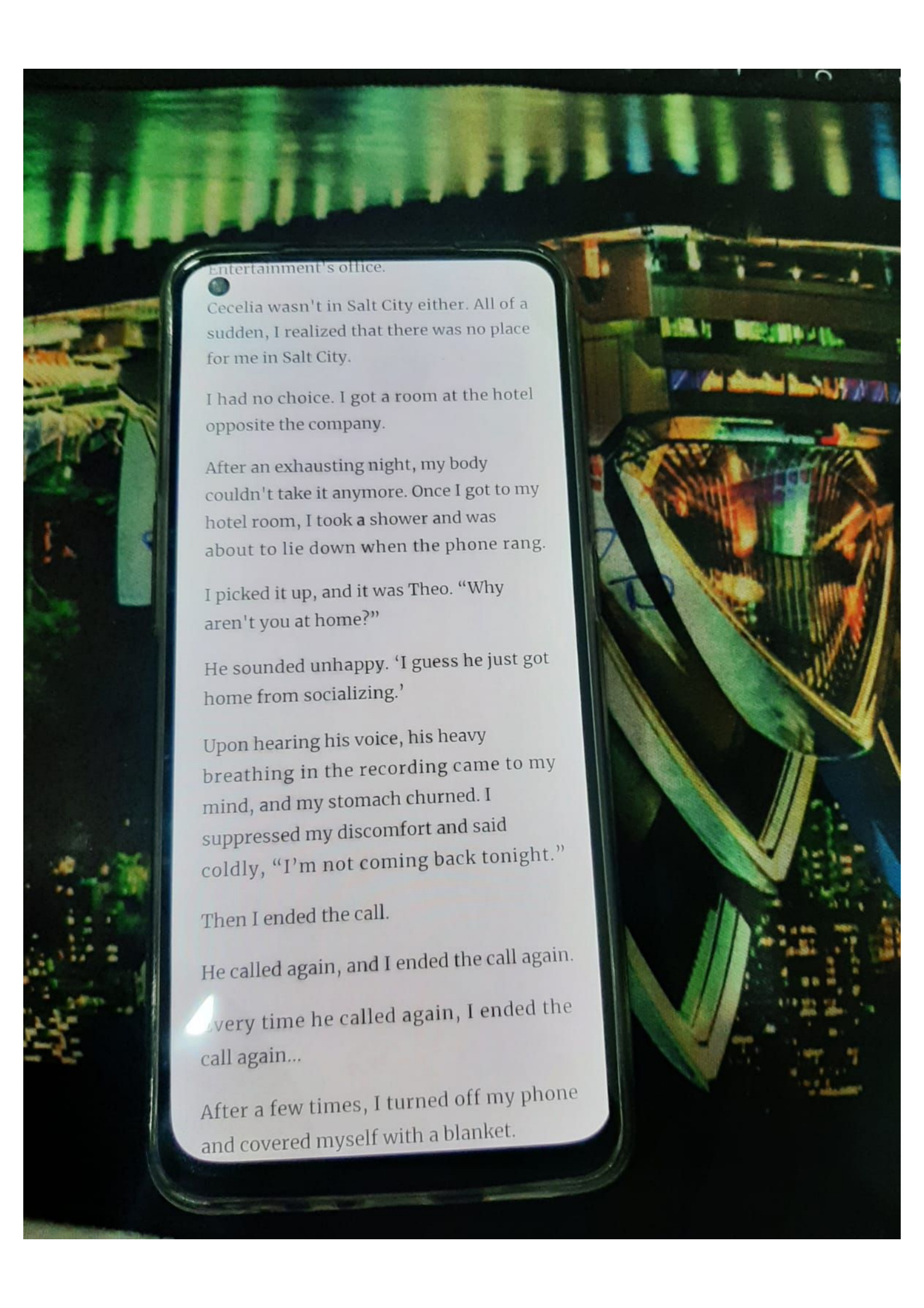
For a moment, I thought it had been a dream.

However, the pain in my heart and the dryness in my eyes confirmed that this was not a dream. Just now, I had experienced psychological torture.

It left a deep imprint in my mind like a shadow that will haunt me forever.

I raised my hand and looked at the time. It was already late at night. I didn't want to go back to the villa. In the past, there was a small room in Nectarine Entertainment's office. When I didn't want to go home, I would go there.

However, I was not in Nectarine Entertainment's office.



entertainment's office.

Cecelia wasn't in Salt City either. All of a sudden, I realized that there was no place for me in Salt City.

I had no choice. I got a room at the hotel opposite the company.

After an exhausting night, my body couldn't take it anymore. Once I got to my hotel room, I took a shower and was about to lie down when the phone rang.

I picked it up, and it was Theo. "Why aren't you at home?"

He sounded unhappy. 'I guess he just got home from socializing.'

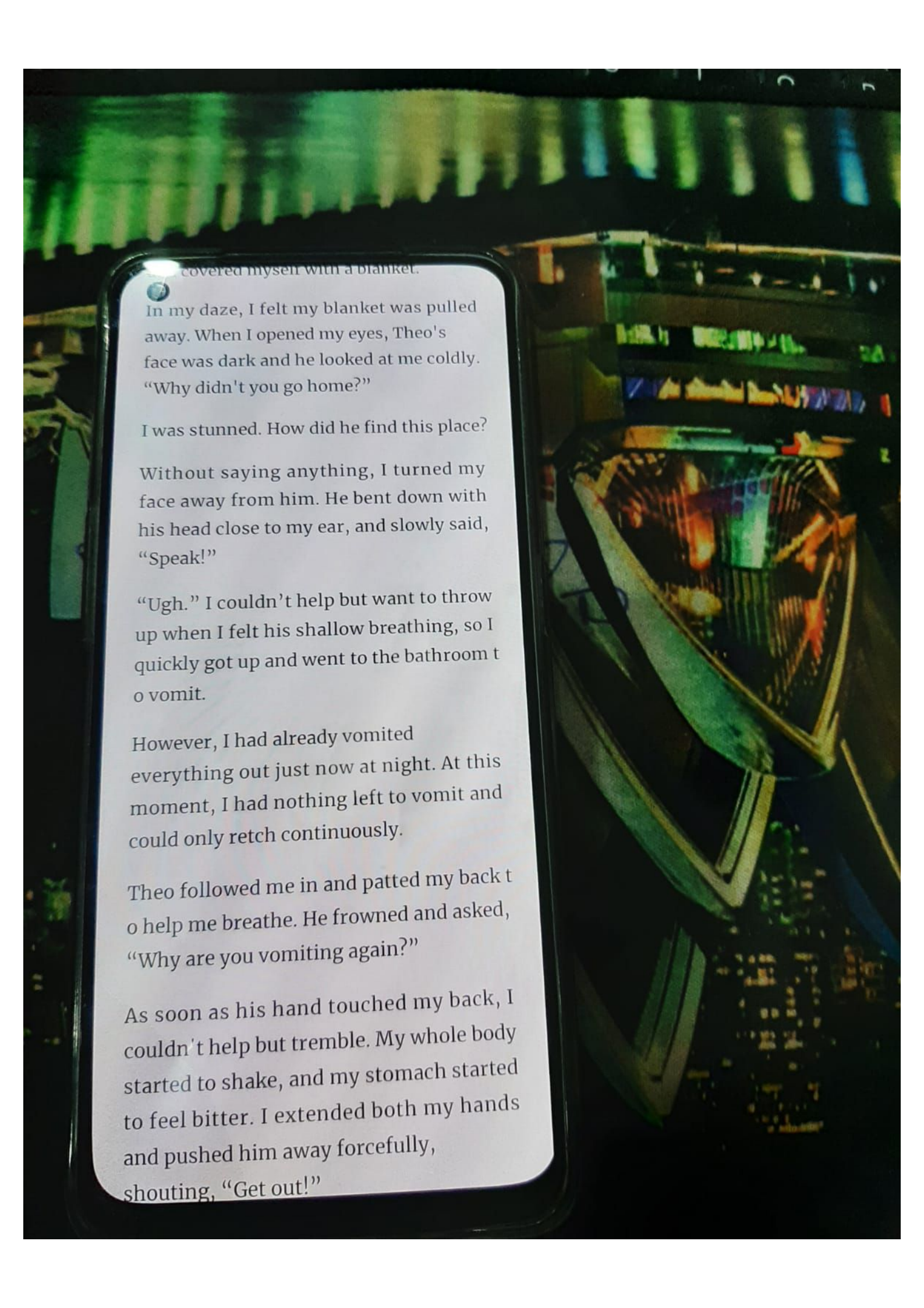
Upon hearing his voice, his heavy breathing in the recording came to my mind, and my stomach churned. I suppressed my discomfort and said coldly, "I'm not coming back tonight."

Then I ended the call.

He called again, and I ended the call again.

Every time he called again, I ended the call again...

After a few times, I turned off my phone and covered myself with a blanket.

The image shows a page from a book with a dark, atmospheric background. The background features a boat, possibly a rowing boat, on a body of water at night. The boat is illuminated with warm, orange and yellow lights, and its reflection is visible in the water. The overall scene is dimly lit, with some green and blue light reflecting off the water's surface. The text on the page is white and clearly legible against the dark background.

covered myself with a blanket.

In my daze, I felt my blanket was pulled away. When I opened my eyes, Theo's face was dark and he looked at me coldly. "Why didn't you go home?"

I was stunned. How did he find this place?

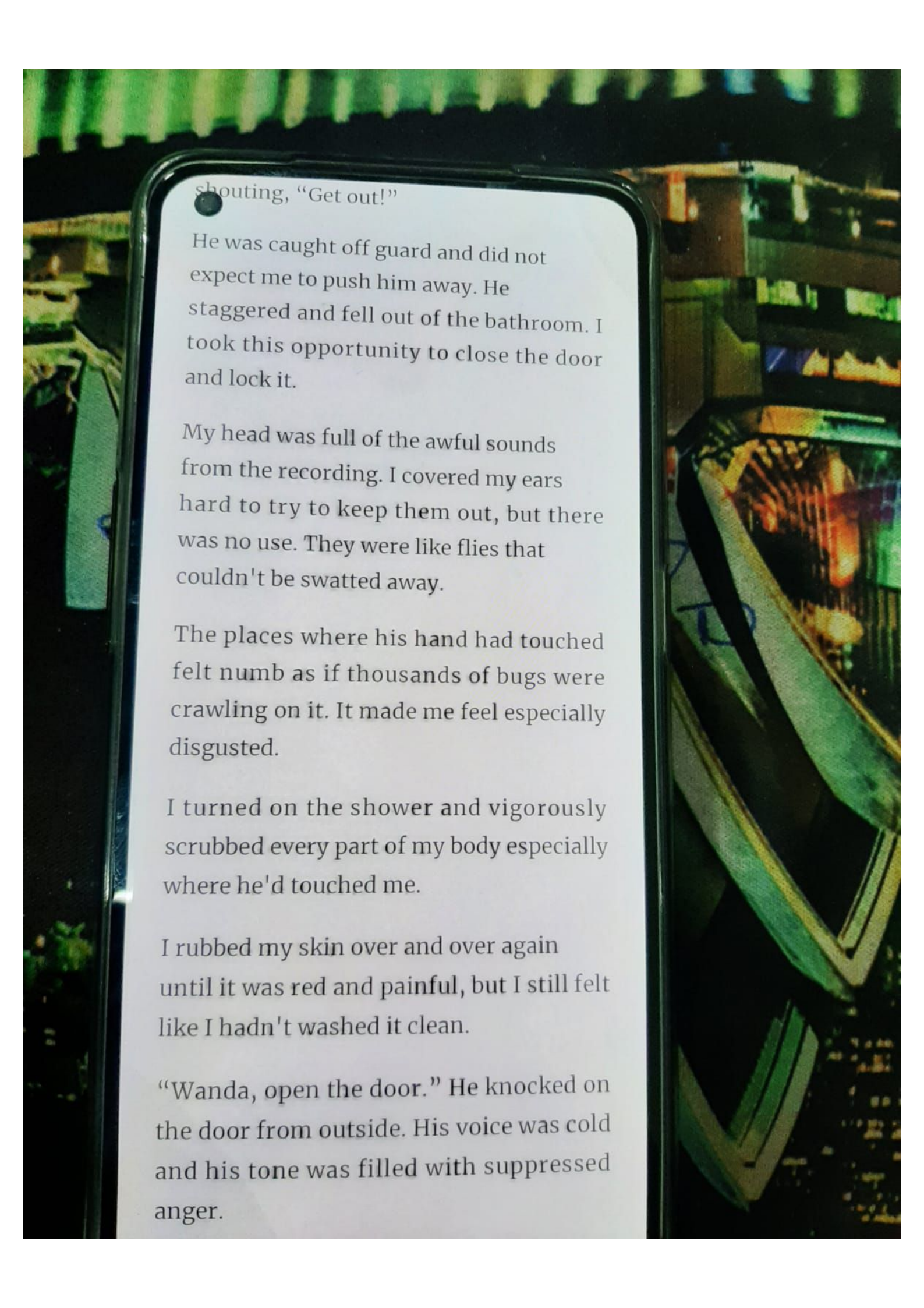
Without saying anything, I turned my face away from him. He bent down with his head close to my ear, and slowly said, "Speak!"

"Ugh." I couldn't help but want to throw up when I felt his shallow breathing, so I quickly got up and went to the bathroom to vomit.

However, I had already vomited everything out just now at night. At this moment, I had nothing left to vomit and could only retch continuously.

Theo followed me in and patted my back to help me breathe. He frowned and asked, "Why are you vomiting again?"

As soon as his hand touched my back, I couldn't help but tremble. My whole body started to shake, and my stomach started to feel bitter. I extended both my hands and pushed him away forcefully, shouting, "Get out!"



shouting, "Get out!"

He was caught off guard and did not expect me to push him away. He staggered and fell out of the bathroom. I took this opportunity to close the door and lock it.

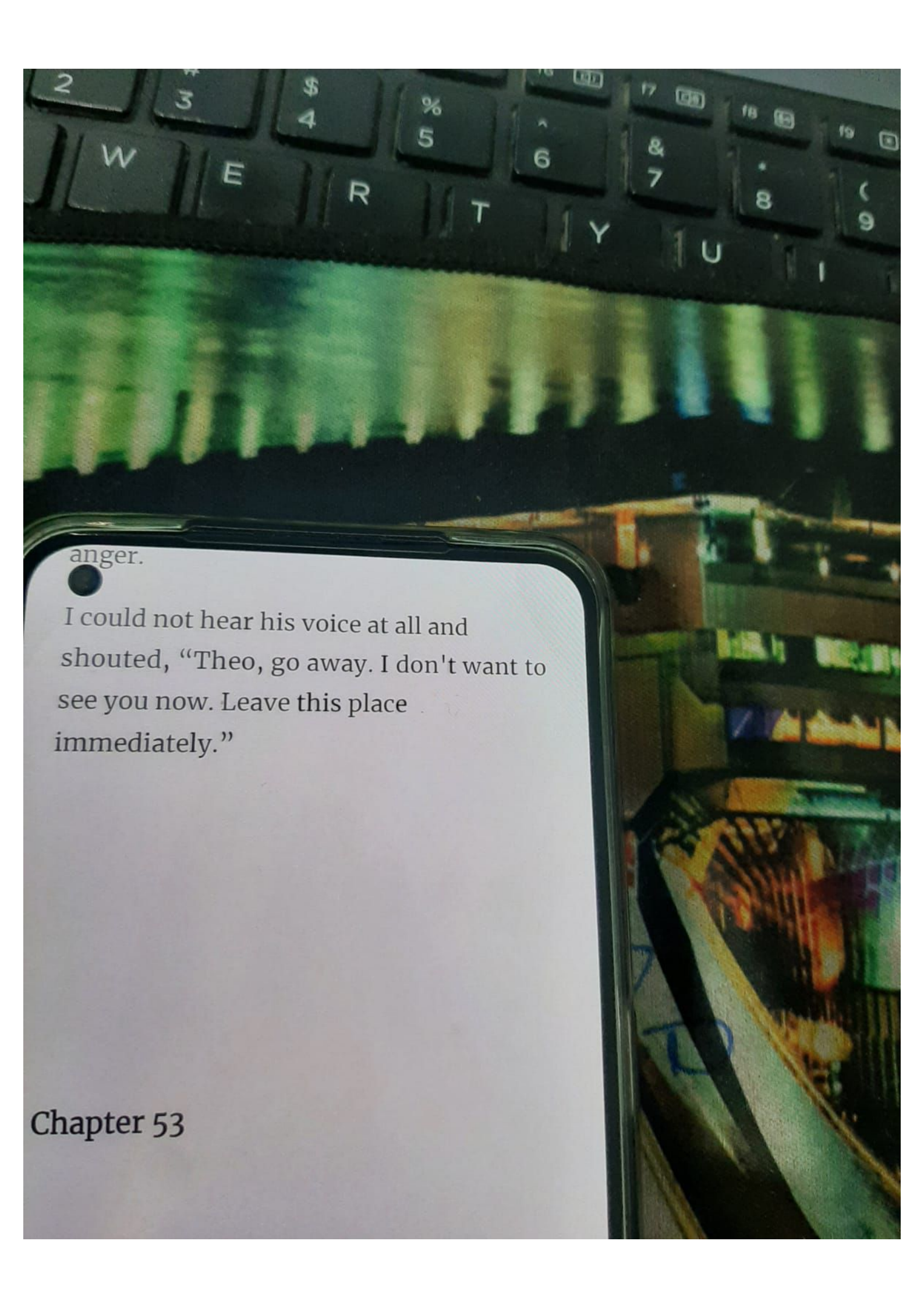
My head was full of the awful sounds from the recording. I covered my ears hard to try to keep them out, but there was no use. They were like flies that couldn't be swatted away.

The places where his hand had touched felt numb as if thousands of bugs were crawling on it. It made me feel especially disgusted.

I turned on the shower and vigorously scrubbed every part of my body especially where he'd touched me.

I rubbed my skin over and over again until it was red and painful, but I still felt like I hadn't washed it clean.

"Wanda, open the door." He knocked on the door from outside. His voice was cold and his tone was filled with suppressed anger.



anger.

I could not hear his voice at all and shouted, "Theo, go away. I don't want to see you now. Leave this place immediately."

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Chapter 53

I thought I could bear it, but now I realized I really couldn't. Seeing him made me sick. Every time he spoke, the scenes from the recording replayed in my mind. I just couldn't take it anymore.

"Open the door first. Let's talk." He remained adamant and continued to knock on the door from outside. His voice was colder than before.

"I don't want to talk to you, and I sure as hell don't want to hear your voice. Please stay away from me, okay?" I wasn't completely out of energy. I crouched in the corner with my head in my hands and let the water pour off my head. ①

"Wanda, there's a limit to my patience," he said through gritted teeth.

I was on the verge of breaking down. "There's a limit to my patience as well!" I yelled. "I told you to leave! Don't you understand human language?"

He said nothing further, but there was a loud crash from the door.

I crouched in the corner, terrified.

He managed to break the lock to the door with his body, and the door opened with a bang. He walked in with a cold and gloomy face.

When he saw me all curled up helplessly in the corner, there was nothing but disgust and fear in my eyes.

His angry black eyes slowly dissipated as he stood there staring at me.

After a long while, he let out an almost inaudible sigh and turned off the shower. He found a dry towel and squatted down beside me. He was tall, and squatting like this gave me a sense of coercion.

He wanted to wipe the water off my face with a towel.

Instinctively, I quickly backed away, pulling myself even further away from him and shouting, "Stay away from me!"

His hand, which was holding the towel, froze in mid-air. A cold and sharp aura flashed past his black eyes before it faded away. He asked in a deep voice, "What

away. He asked in a deep voice, "What exactly happened?"

I silently cried and buried my head in my hands. I suppressed the pain in my heart and said, "Theo, let's get a divorce! We'll go through the procedures tomorrow. I really can't stay in the same space as you anymore."

His face, which had softened a little, instantly turned angry. He stood up, threw the towel on the sink, and looked down at me. "Have you gone mad?"

"I'm very certain and I know what I'm talking about." Finally, I calmed down and looked at him. "I've always been wrong. I shouldn't have tried to win your heart. We shouldn't have..."

He wrenched me out of the bathroom before I could finish my sentence. He tucked me under the covers and covered my body with the covers again.

After a long time, when he saw that my expression had finally eased and that my body was no longer trembling, he dragged a chair over and sat in front of me. He stared at me for a long time before saying, "What exactly happened

saying, "What exactly happened tonight?"

At this moment, he was very calm and his voice was gentle and patient.

My eyes reddened. He must have used up all his patience today! I said, "Theo, there is no love between us, right?"

He was calm with his serious gaze. "What is love?"

'Just like how you treat Cindy. Love is you being gentle, considerate, obedient, and willing to do anything for her', I thought to myself. However, I didn't say it out loud. I only said, "Love is truly understanding someone. Only when you love someone enough will you understand them."

"So, you're complaining that I don't understand you. Is this why you want a divorce?" He narrowed his eyes and looked at me helplessly, as if I was being unreasonable.

My heart ached and I choked. "Yes, I thought that as long as I worked hard enough, you would understand me. But Theo, I have walked 99 steps, but I still did not have an ounce of your concern, let

“I don't have an ounce of your concern, let alone any understanding.”

I paused and continued, “I don't want to take any more steps. So, from now on, I've decided not to love you anymore.

I want to give up on you and let myself go.”

During this time, he treated me so well that I almost lost myself. Sometimes, I even deliberately forgot about Cindy's existence.

However, what happened tonight was like a blow to my head that woke me up again. It told me that no matter how hard I tried, I was still nothing to Theo.