

Chapter 57

His eyes immediately sparkled. He enthusiastically sat up straight and looked me directly in the eye. "Let's talk about you! Like, did you miss me? And when are you getting a divorce?"

I was dumbfounded. "When did people start asking such sensitive questions so bluntly? Don't you wanna see me be happy in life?"

"Why not ask you that? You're not happy with him. Besides, I've been waiting for you for a while now, so of course I'd be concerned about it." He propped his head up on his hands as he smiled teasingly.

I kept quiet, not entertaining his questions.

"Stop denying reality! Look at yourself! You're pretty and you're gentlemanly, so why would you make yourself look so miserable for Theo Grant's sake? Trust me, a divorce would do you good." He caught my face in his hands, forcing me to meet his eyes.



Our closeness made me realize that other than his flawless face and his enticing smile, Xander had extraordinarily beautiful eyes too. Once, a fan had commented that it was like there was a sea of stars hidden in his eyes.

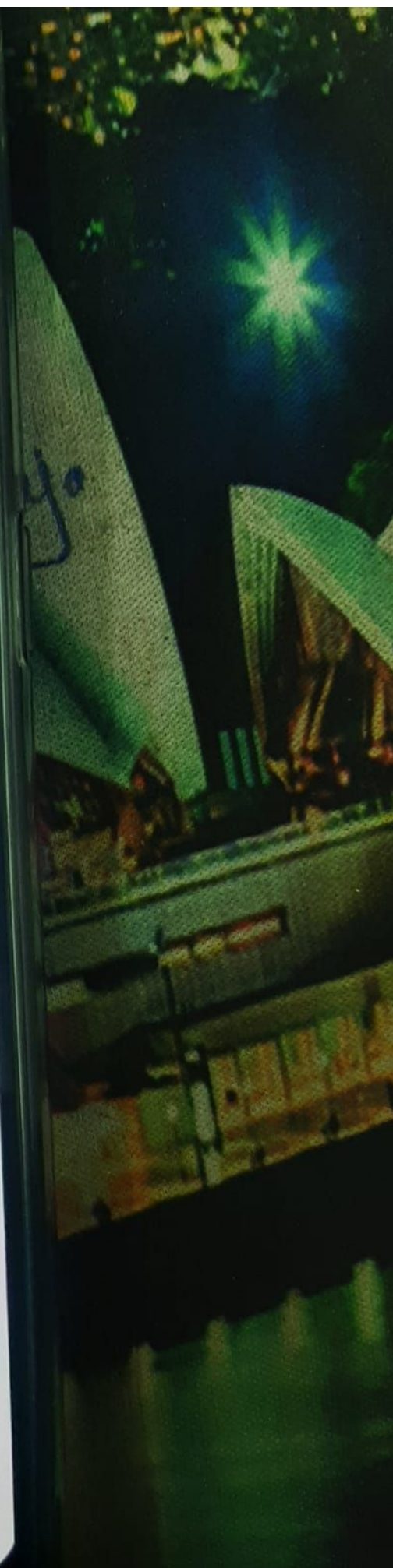
The heavens were clearly on his side when they gave him some of the most unrivaled features in the entire world.

After sipping on my water, I looked at him and remarked, "Even though it may be a competition, it's all just for show. I still hope you'll end up being the spokesman."

"Ahh..." He slammed his hands on the table in frustration. "Why didn't my famed beauty charm work on you?!"

I grimaced, ignored his flustered states, and continued, "Be serious. I'm telling you this so you know you'll have to try your hardest. I don't want people to think that we've manipulated the results."

He pouted and sprawled out lifelessly on the table. "It's my break time right now. I refuse to talk about work!"



I cocked an eyebrow and smiled faintly. "Fine, I'll come find you personally at Nectarine once the contract is ready."

"Up to you," he replied casually. His chin rested in his palms as his eyes narrowed at me. "You've never taken my words into serious consideration, nor have you've ever cared for me, right?"

I really did not want to discuss such matters, so I stood up and said, "I've still got things to settle, so I gotta run. You've been working hard for a long time now, so go home and rest early, okay?"

He grasped my wrist, just on the edge of being too tight. "Wait," he drawled, his eyes fixated on a point outside the restaurant.

I followed his gaze to see Theo's cold eyes boring into me from behind the window. I scanned his surroundings and realized that Cindy Reed was beside him. I averted my gaze.

It was just about the most unfortunate unexpected run-in one could experience. I returned to my seat, not wanting to bump into them on my way out.



bump into them on my way out.

What I had not seen coming was that Theo would bring Cindy to our table and sit down right in front of us. I lowered my head, pretending I did not see them.

Cindy looked at me. After what had happened last time, she did not even bother to pretend today. She glanced at me coldly, hostility piercing through her gaze.

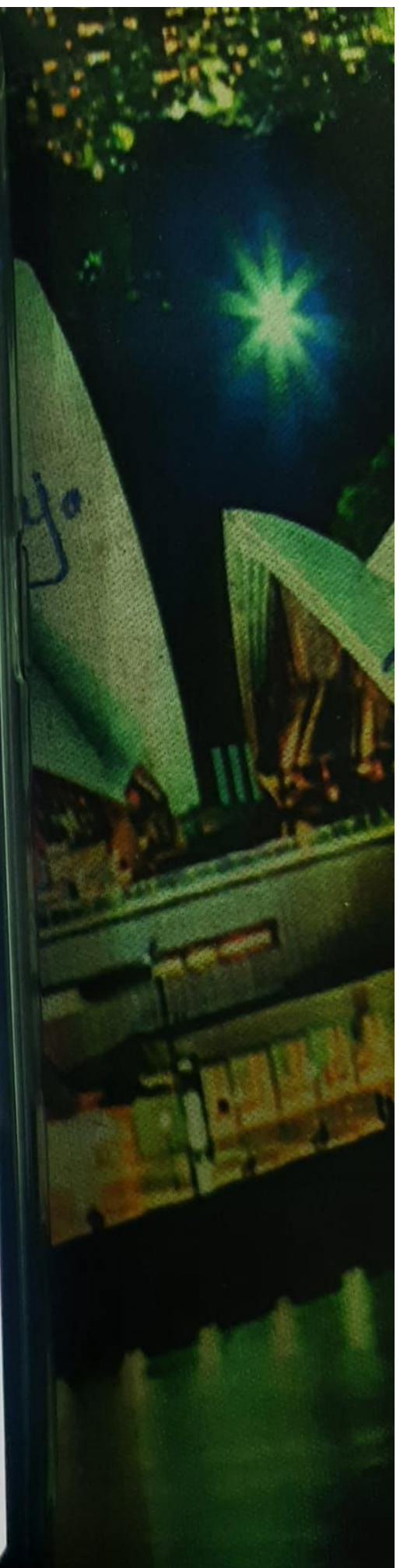
It was better for me if she did not bother pretending. I did not want to pay any attention to them, so I played with my phone, my head bowed down low.

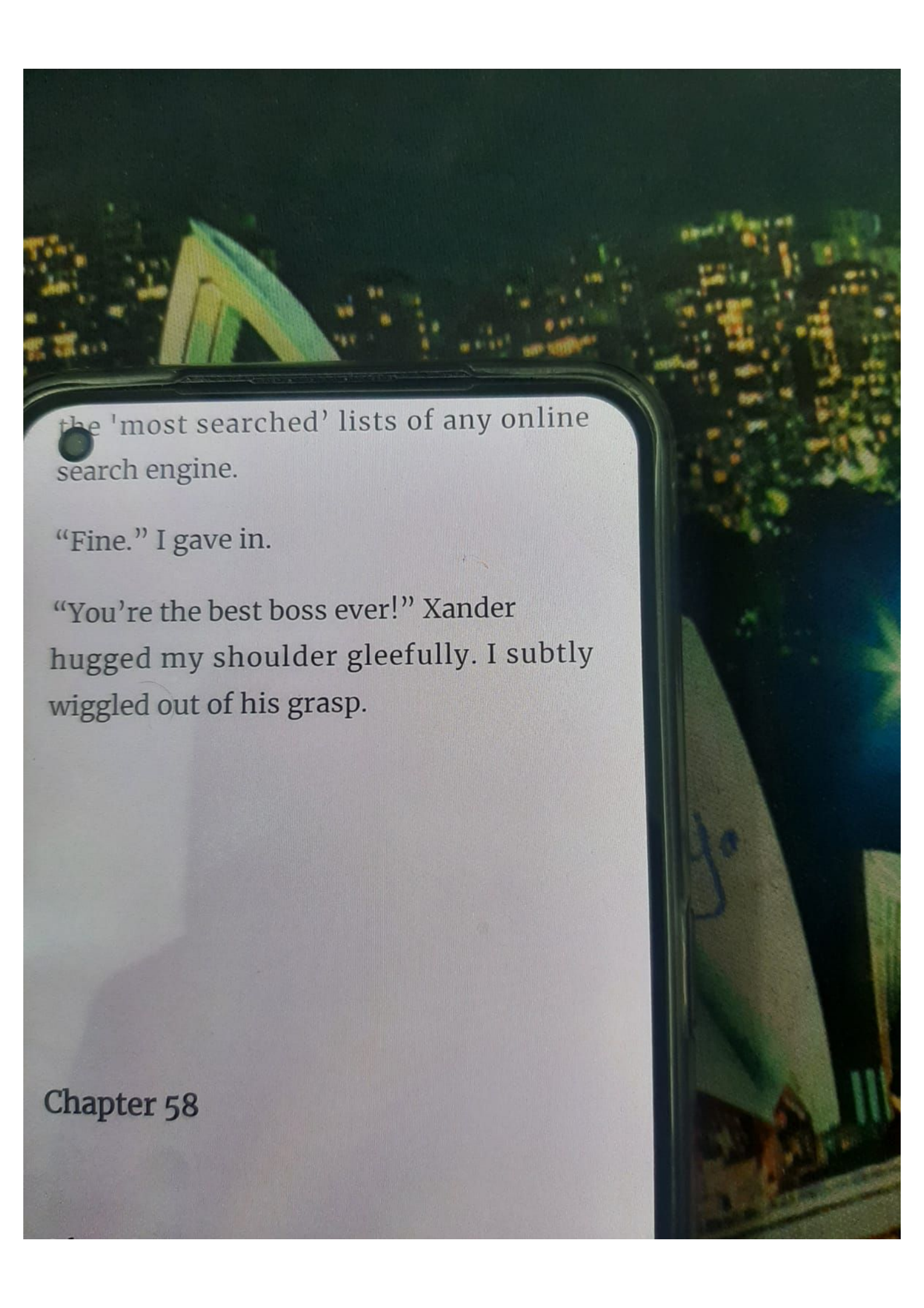
“What a coincidence, President Grant!” Xander, however, greeted Theo chirpily.

A dull fire burned within me. I asked him in a low voice, “What are you doing?”

Xander smiled quietly. He turned to Theo and said, “Since it’s so rare for us to be able to meet in a setting like this, let’s have a meal together. What would you like to eat? I’ll order it for you.”

Theo’s gaze swept over me to look at Cindy. He asked, “What would you like to eat?”



A photograph of a smartphone screen displaying text. The background of the photo is a city skyline at night, with lights from buildings and trees visible. The phone is held in a hand, and the screen is the central focus. The text on the screen is in a simple, black, sans-serif font. The first paragraph is followed by two lines of dialogue. The chapter number 'Chapter 58' is located at the bottom left of the screen.

the 'most searched' lists of any online search engine.

“Fine.” I gave in.

“You’re the best boss ever!” Xander hugged my shoulder gleefully. I subtly wiggled out of his grasp.

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After that, Xander kept his hands by his sides sulkily and turned to casually look at Theo. "President Grant, you and Ms. Lane make a beautiful-looking pair. People who don't know better, like my mother, would think the two of you were married! She also said she'd like to have a meal sometime in the future with the 'Mr. and Mrs. Grant'."

Even though I knew Xander had said that on purpose, it did not stop resentment from building up in my heart. My hands trembled slightly.

I stole a glance at Theo and saw that the two deep pools of his eyes were emotionless. He replied faintly, "Please help me send my regards to President White and tell her that I will visit her soon."

From Theo's side, Cindy enthusiastically chimed in. "President White? Is she the designer you mentioned earlier who was famous worldwide? I thought she was expanding her empire overseas?"

expanding her empire overseas!

“Ms. Lane knows of my mother too? Yes, she usually spends all her time overseas, but since Salt City is her hometown, she’s been resting at home since she hasn’t felt so well recently.”

I was shocked. Petra White was Xander’s mother?

Anyone in the fashion world or the entertainment world would be familiar with that name.

She was the most famous fashion designer to come out of Veektoria’s Secret Shows, with more than ten personal fashion shows under her belt. Many international models prided themselves on the opportunity to walk in her shows. Some female artists had even paid her a handsome sum to design their clothes.

No one would have expected such a gleaming star to have originated from Salt City, nor would they have expected Xander Nietzsche to be her son.

In that case, why was he in the entertainment industry?

Petra White was the second wealthiest



Petra White was the second wealthiest woman in the entire world! 1

The world of the wealthy was full of unsolvable riddles.

Cindy, who had initially been in a foul mood, was suddenly enthusiastically chatting with Xander.

I was slightly irritated by their conversation. I would have got up and left if not for Xander being in my way.

Lucky for me, the waiters then arrived with our food.

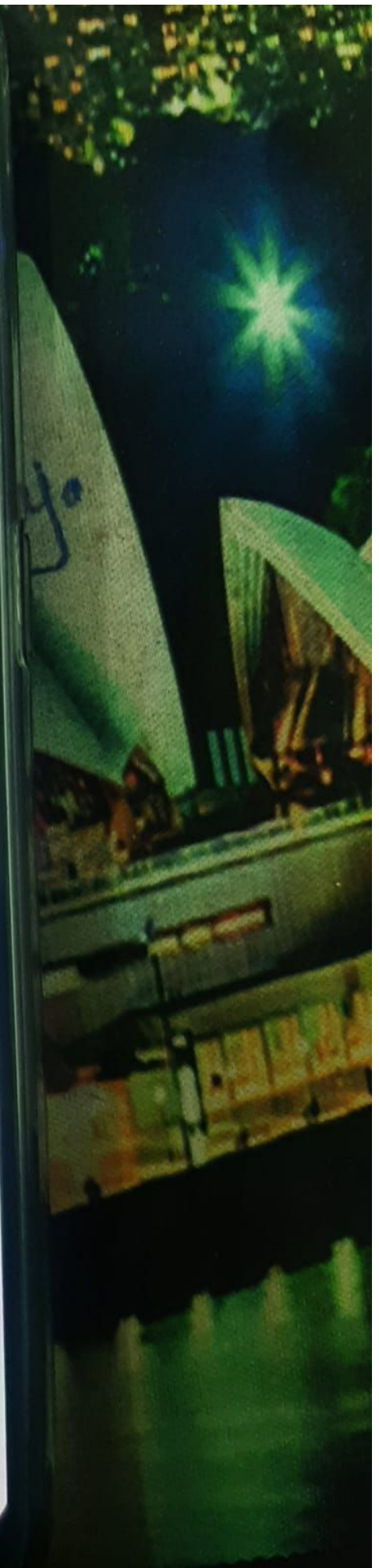
Theo of course took Cindy's food to pass to her. His display of gentlemanliness towards her was impossible to ignore.

"Wandy, their prawns are amazing! I'll peel them for you." Xander saw what I had seen, and just as quickly, he was taking my food for me and peeling my prawns too.

Theo's expression darkened. He took a ladle to pour Cindy a bowl of soup.

I said to Xander, "I can do it myself."

As if he had not heard me, Xander placed a peeled prawn in my bowl before turning



to Theo. "Ms. Reed's really the apple of your eye, President Grant, for you to be taking such great care of her."

Cindy had a sweet smile on her face, looking like she had enjoyed the compliment. Theo looked straight at me.

I lowered my head, feigning ignorance about everything that was happening around me.

As long as I did not take it to heart, it would not hurt me!

I was about to eat the prawn that Xander had peeled for me when an uncomfortable sensation seized up my abdomen. I instinctively covered my mouth and gestured for Xander to let me leave.

Xander realized that I was about to throw up and got up immediately. He commented, "You've only had a bit of food, and you're already throwing up. Are you pregnant?" 1

He might not have meant it seriously and merely wanted to make a flippant joke, but I got so spooked that I broke out into a cold sweat, the wetness drenching my



back. I could not care less about how I looked as I ran to the washroom to relieve myself. I felt better after puking, but the feeling dissipated when I saw Theo standing at the door, looking coldly at me.

“Erm... Don’t listen to his nonsense. I’m just having some digestive issues...” I panicked a little as I frantically tried to explain myself.

“You’ve already done enough, Wanda Lane. Come home with me now,” His tone was demanding and standoffish. It was essentially an order. ①

I did not know what he meant by that, so as I brushed past him, I said softly, “I don’t need you barging into my business.”

“Don’t you forget that you’re still my lawfully wedded wife.” He reached out and grabbed me tightly around the wrist, exerting so much force my wrist began to hurt.

I was slightly annoyed. I lifted my frosty gaze and remarked, “I thought I suggested that we let each other go. Have you considered my suggestion?”

you considered my suggestion.

Theo's eyes suddenly become sharp and ferocious. "Wanda Lane, do you have to act like this?"

"Yes, I have to." I scoffed. "You've given all your love and attention to someone else since we got married, while you left me to beg for your mercy at home like a sad puppy. I'm done with living life like this." 1

Theo's expression was stormy. Then, a razor-sharp curve appeared by the edge of his lips. I knew he was angry, but I had spoken nothing but the truth, albeit it more bluntly than would have been expected.

"What's all this about?" he asked abruptly, his tone laced with exasperation.