Chapter 61

“When did you become such a scaredy-cat?” Xander teased, a charming smile on his face.

“What are you doing here?” I asked, slightly bewildered.

“I missed you, of course! That’s why I came.” He pressed my body back down onto the chair and reached forward to continue his massage.

I instinctively tried to avoid his hands, but he clamped me down and ordered, “Don’t move.”

His tone was demanding, which was rare. As his hands worked their magic, using just the right amount of force, I really began to feel like I was in a massage parlor. I let him continue.

After a while, he retracted his hands and handed me a glass of water. “How do you feel? Do you need to go to the hospital?”

“I’m feeling better, no need for hospitals. I still gotta head back to the office for a



I still gotta head back to the office for a meeting." I clutched the glass of water in my hands and took a sip from it.

Xander was quiet. He pulled out a chair and sat in front of me. He stared intently at me for a long while before asking, his tone stern and firm, "Do you really love Theo Grant so much that you're okay with forsaking your health just for him?"

I was stunned. "I've always made sure that my work and my personal feelings were separated. You of all people should know that best, right? To me, this is a job, and since I've been asked to do it, I'll give it my very best shot at it."

Since Theo first ordered me to manage Nectarine Entertainment, I had never given the job any less than my best just because of Cindy. I always gave it my all.

"But... my heart aches to see you like this."

Xander spoke very seriously. He was usually jolly and happy-go-lucky, so I was not used to him being so serious all of a sudden. I picked my glass up once more and took a sip, an attempt to dissolve the awkwardness in the air.



Fortunately, Heidi came back in the nick of time. "Wanda, I'm done with the site recce. Other than a few minor details that need to be changed, everything was pretty much perfect."

I nodded in response. "Alright, let's discuss this further once we get back." I had a lot of confidence in Heidi's skills, so if she said that some changes needed to be made, those aspects most probably needed alteration.

"Heidi, you can drive yourself back. I'll send Director Lane back," Xander stood up and told Heidi.

Heidi turned to look at me.

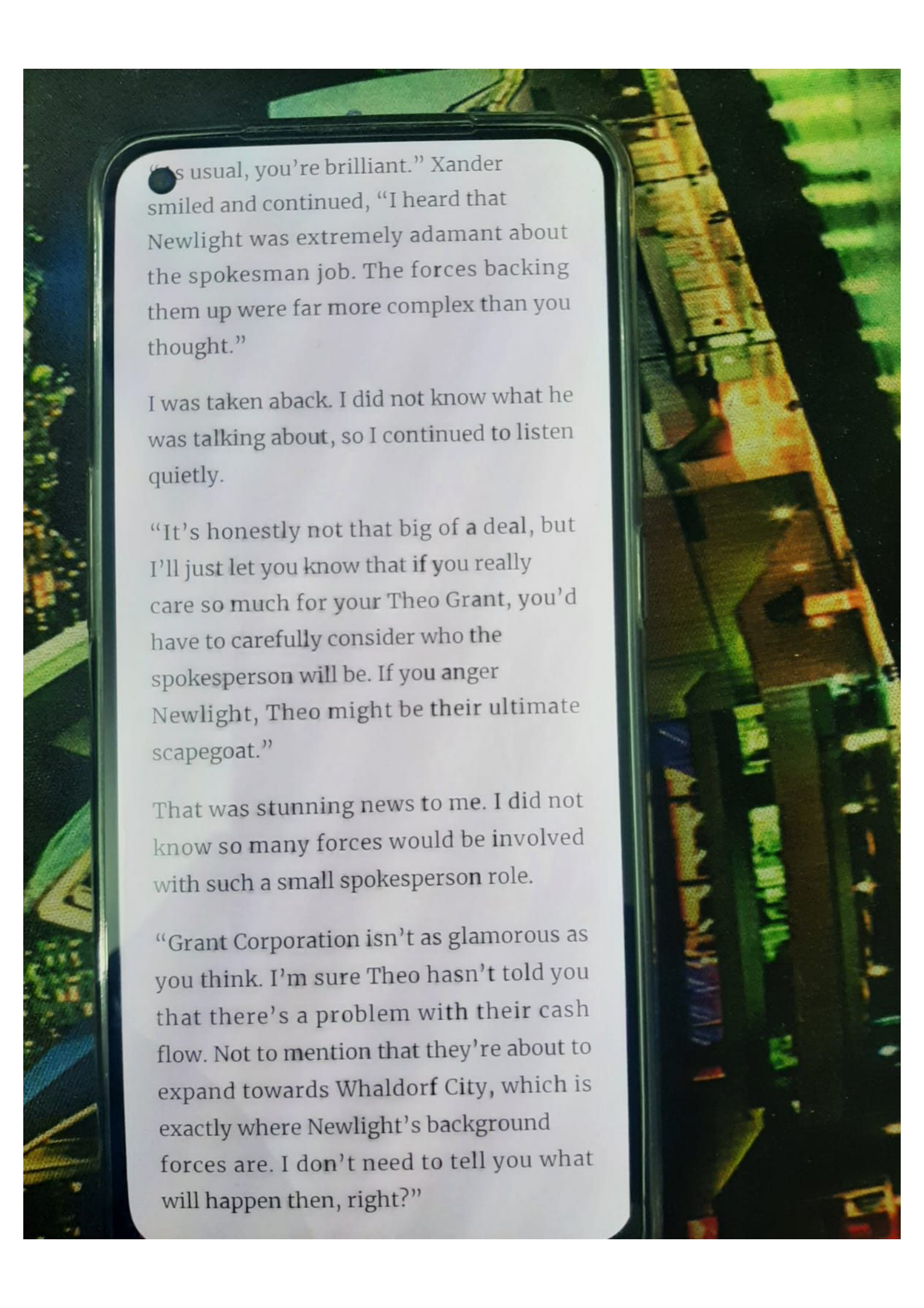
Something was not right with Xander today. Still, I nodded to Heidi and said, "I'll see you at the office later."

Xander did not say a word, not even when we got into his car.

"Did you have something you wanted to say to me, seeing that you've come all the way here today?" If he did not want to start the conversation, I would.

"As usual, you're brilliant." Xander





“As usual, you’re brilliant.” Xander smiled and continued, “I heard that Newlight was extremely adamant about the spokesman job. The forces backing them up were far more complex than you thought.”

I was taken aback. I did not know what he was talking about, so I continued to listen quietly.

“It’s honestly not that big of a deal, but I’ll just let you know that if you really care so much for your Theo Grant, you’d have to carefully consider who the spokesperson will be. If you anger Newlight, Theo might be their ultimate scapegoat.”

That was stunning news to me. I did not know so many forces would be involved with such a small spokesperson role.

“Grant Corporation isn’t as glamorous as you think. I’m sure Theo hasn’t told you that there’s a problem with their cash flow. Not to mention that they’re about to expand towards Whaldorf City, which is exactly where Newlight’s background forces are. I don’t need to tell you what will happen then, right?”



will happen then, right?"

I was deep in thought. If Xander had told me all that a while ago, I would think he was just joking. However, I now had different thoughts about what he had said, because I now knew was Petra White's son.

His sources had probably not been conjured up out of thin air.

Even though Grant Corporation was growing at a stable rate, a corporation was just like a wall—it might look firm and impenetrable, but once its foundation was slightly rattled, there was a chance of it crashing down.

"Why not get another spokesman? I'm totally okay with that. I only brought this up to help you out, that's all. And because you're my Wandy." Xander smirked once again.

I did not reply to him as I was carefully weighing my options because I knew he might be right.

There was another voice in my heart that whispered to me to believe in Theo, believe that he would be capable enough to handle everything.



weighing my options because I knew he might be right.

There was another voice in my heart that whispered to me to believe in Theo, believe that he would be capable enough to handle everything.

Xander left after dropping me off at the office building.

When I got back to my office, I was surprised to find Mason sitting there and waiting for me.



## Chapter 62

When Mason saw me walk in, he put down his phone. He looked at me and asked, "How was the site recce?"

"Not too bad. Do you need anything from me?" His schedule was not free enough for him to come all this way just to play with his phone.

"I told you this morning that I'd send you some soup." He passed me a container. "Drink this while it's still hot. It's good for suppressing nausea."

"Thank you." I was grateful. He had been very attentive to me and my troubles recently, and I felt bad he had had to come all this way. "I'll buy you a meal someday to make up for this."

"That'll have to wait till after you're done with this whole spokesperson thing. I heard you're organizing a huge talent show for this?" Mason sounded like he had just learned about it.

"Yeah, so it can be fair and no one feels insulted," I joked.



He lifted his head to look at me. "Do you ever wonder if the reason Theo passed this job to you was that he didn't wanna work with Newlight any longer? What are you gonna do if Sandy wins?"

Honestly speaking, even though I had the entire thing under control, there was still a possibility that the unexpected could happen.

I frowned and asked, "What's the real reason Theo wanted to switch Sandy out?"

"You've gotta go ask him." He did not say anything else.

I did not ask any more questions either, choosing to focus on my soup.

Abruptly, my phone rang. It was Cecilia.

Her anxious voice boomed in my ear the moment I picked up the phone. "Wanda, something's happened. I'm in the police station now, you've gotta come here."

That gave me the shock of my life. What had happened to her? Why was she in the police station?

There was no time for me to ask for



There was no time for me to ask for details. I hung up and rushed outside, but Mason stopped me halfway. "What happened?" he asked.

"Something's happened to Cecilia, she's in the police station now," I answered as I hurried out the door. My body was swaying violently out of balance from the panic I felt.

He steadied me and said firmly, "I'll go with you."

I nodded. I was not familiar with the police station, so it would be better if Mason went with me.

We reached the police station that Cecilia had said she was at after a short while. She was locked up in the interrogation room. I could not meet her face to face right now, so I went to talk to the police. "I'm Cecilia Shane's family. What happened to her?"

"Ms. Shane has been arrested on suspicion of drunk driving and a hit-and-run. The injured party is still being treated at the hospital."



...reated at the hospital.

I stumbled, nearly losing my footing. It was already a crime to drink and drive, not to mention the hit-and-run. If she was guilty of these charges, she would have to go to jail.

If that became reality, it was all over. I did not want to continue with that train of thought.

I grasped the policeman tightly and pleaded, "Could you allow me to see Cecilia Shane, please? I beg of you, let me see her, please."

It was not allowed, but after Mason made a phone call, the policeman brought me to Cecilia's interrogation room and gave me five minutes with her.

"What in the world happened, Cecilia?! Why were you drinking in the middle of the day?" As soon as I entered, I began to hastily question her.

"Wanda, I'm being framed. I didn't drink at all, but the tests showed that the alcohol content in my bloodstream was really high. Also, the victim, he was the one that crashed into my car..."

Cecilia was very emotional, so I held her



Cecilia was very emotional, so I held her hand comfortingly and gestured for her to speak slowly.

She paused before continuing. "At that time, I had offered to send him to the hospital, but he waved me off, said he was okay, and asked me to leave.

However, as soon as I got back, some policemen came and showed me edited surveillance footage. It only included the part where I knocked him and left, while the part in the middle where I got down from the car and talked to him was gone."

Cecilia started to look visibly disturbed as she was telling me about that part. She held her head in her hands, fearful.

I pulled her into my arms gently and asked, "Are you completely sure you didn't drink?" I was worried she was telling me about her drunken hallucinations.

"I swear to God, I really didn't. Wanda, you've gotta believe me, everything I told you is true." Cecilia grabbed my hand in exasperation.

Of course I believed her. I tried to calm myself down and asked, "Could you think



of course I believed her. I tried to calm myself down and asked, "Could you think again, carefully, whom you met before you started driving? Do you have any enemies or people that don't like you?"

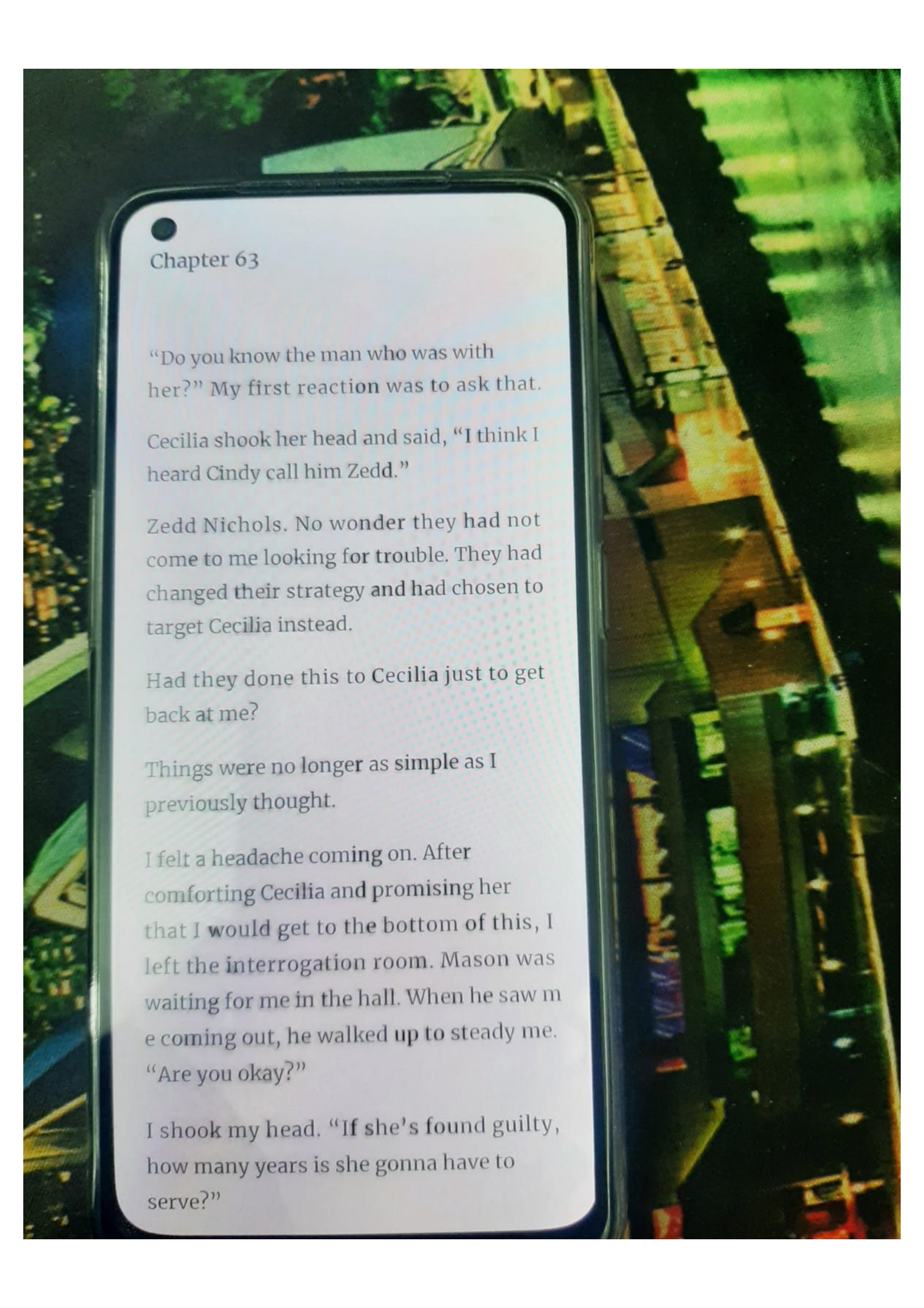
"Oh yes! Cindy Reed! It must be her! She came into my shop with a man this afternoon and bought me a cup of tea. Not long after they left, I drove out to get more supplies, and that's when this happened."

Cindy Reed?

Chapter 63

...who was with





Chapter 63

“Do you know the man who was with her?” My first reaction was to ask that.

Cecilia shook her head and said, “I think I heard Cindy call him Zedd.”

Zedd Nichols. No wonder they had not come to me looking for trouble. They had changed their strategy and had chosen to target Cecilia instead.

Had they done this to Cecilia just to get back at me?

Things were no longer as simple as I previously thought.

I felt a headache coming on. After comforting Cecilia and promising her that I would get to the bottom of this, I left the interrogation room. Mason was waiting for me in the hall. When he saw me coming out, he walked up to steady me. “Are you okay?”

I shook my head. “If she’s found guilty, how many years is she gonna have to serve?”



serve?"

"Possibly three to seven years, and it could go up to more than seven years too. It all depends on the victim's condition and what the policemen say about it," Mason answered solemnly.

My knees gave way, and I lost my balance. How cruel could Cindy Reed be, ruining another girl's life just to get back at me?

"This is definitely a setup. Cecilia didn't drink, and she didn't hit-and-run! She got down from her car to check on the victim, and it was the victim that had asked her to leave the scene! How can I help her?" I grasped Mason's arm tightly as I asked anxiously. ①

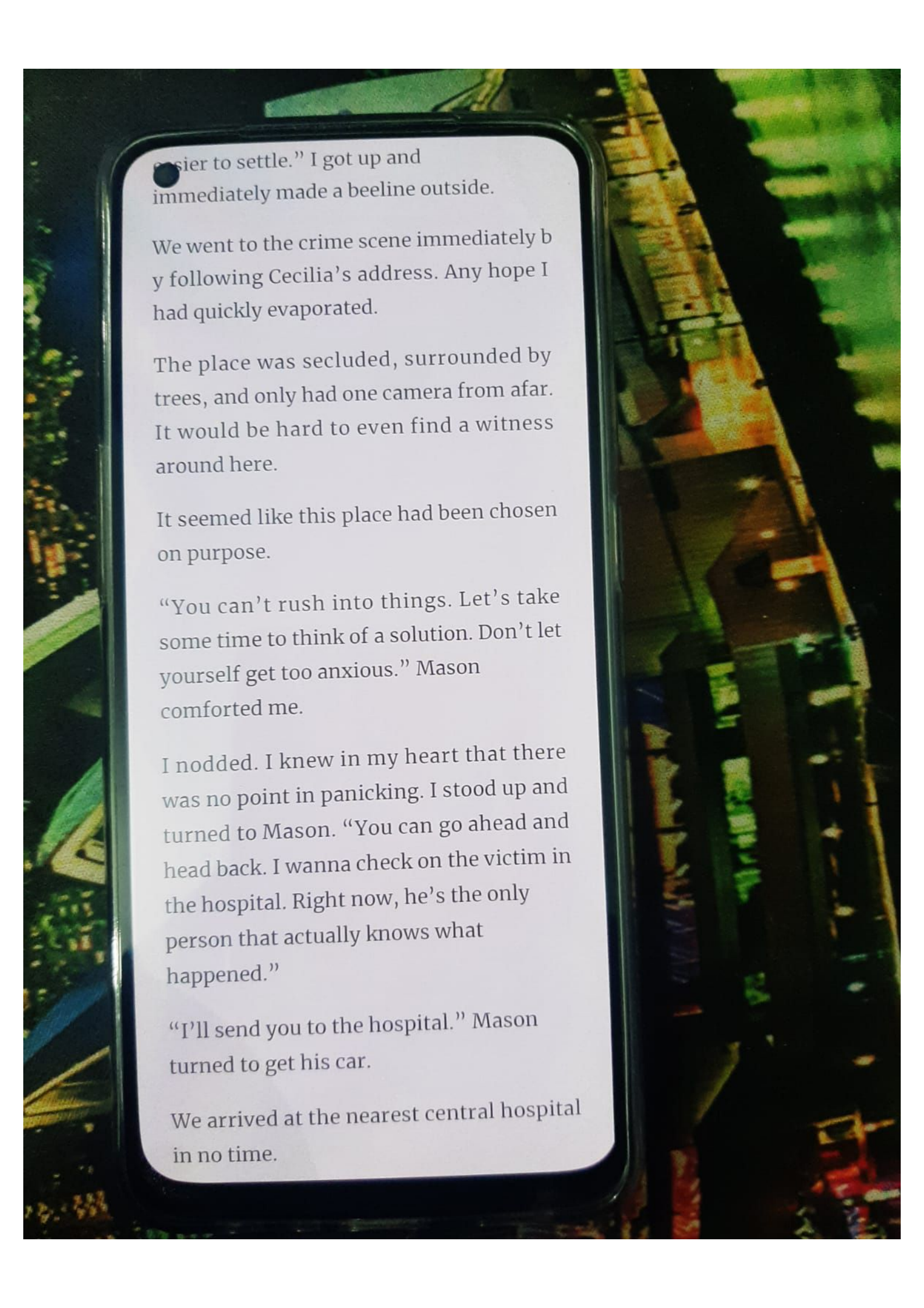
Mason frowned at my rambling. "Calm down. Tell me everything, slowly."

I told him everything Cecilia had told me.

"Since it was by a road, there should have been more than one camera there."

"You're right! Let's go look for the other cameras. As long as we can prove she did not hit-and-run, things should be a lot easier to settle." I got up and





asier to settle.” I got up and immediately made a beeline outside.

We went to the crime scene immediately by following Cecilia’s address. Any hope I had quickly evaporated.

The place was secluded, surrounded by trees, and only had one camera from afar. It would be hard to even find a witness around here.

It seemed like this place had been chosen on purpose.

“You can’t rush into things. Let’s take some time to think of a solution. Don’t let yourself get too anxious.” Mason comforted me.

I nodded. I knew in my heart that there was no point in panicking. I stood up and turned to Mason. “You can go ahead and head back. I wanna check on the victim in the hospital. Right now, he’s the only person that actually knows what happened.”

“I’ll send you to the hospital.” Mason turned to get his car.

We arrived at the nearest central hospital in no time.



in no time.

“You can leave now. I’ll go learn more about what’s going on,” I said to Mason, who was about to get down from the car. I could not waste any more of his time.

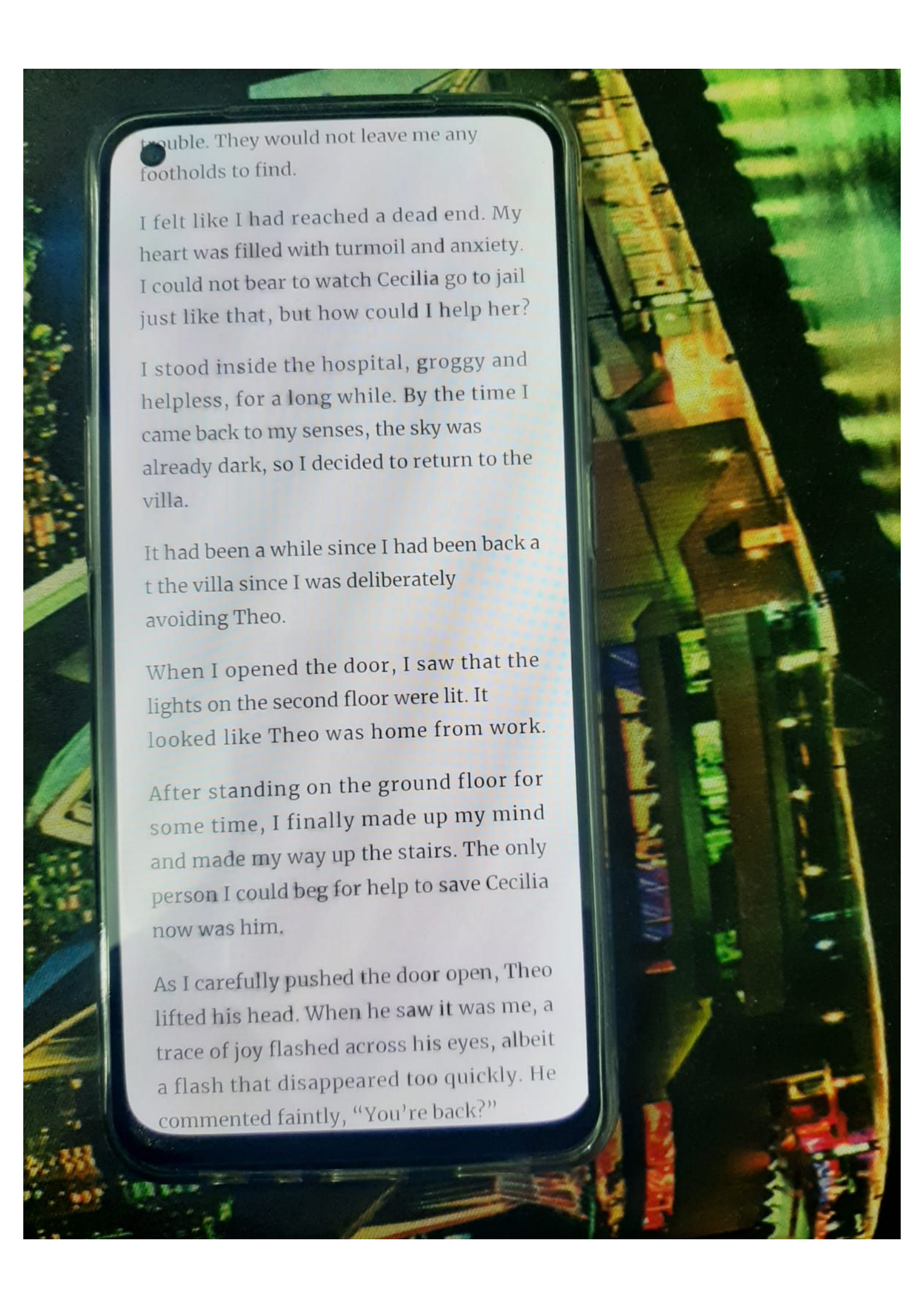
His hand that had been about to release his seat belt stopped midair. He did not say anything else, and he just nodded and left.

The news I got from the hospital was not very positive either. The victim was a homeless man in his mid-40s who was still in the ICU. According to what I had been told, he was discovered by a passerby, who then contacted the police. The police traced him to Cecilia using nearby camera footage.

Everything had been executed so flawlessly a sudden chill ran down my spine.

I could not jump out and accuse Cindy without evidence, even though we suspected everything that had happened was related to her. For Cindy and Zedd to conspire and come up with such a plan, they must have also thought of ways to get themselves out of any potential trouble. They would not leave me any





trouble. They would not leave me any footholds to find.

I felt like I had reached a dead end. My heart was filled with turmoil and anxiety. I could not bear to watch Cecilia go to jail just like that, but how could I help her?

I stood inside the hospital, groggy and helpless, for a long while. By the time I came back to my senses, the sky was already dark, so I decided to return to the villa.

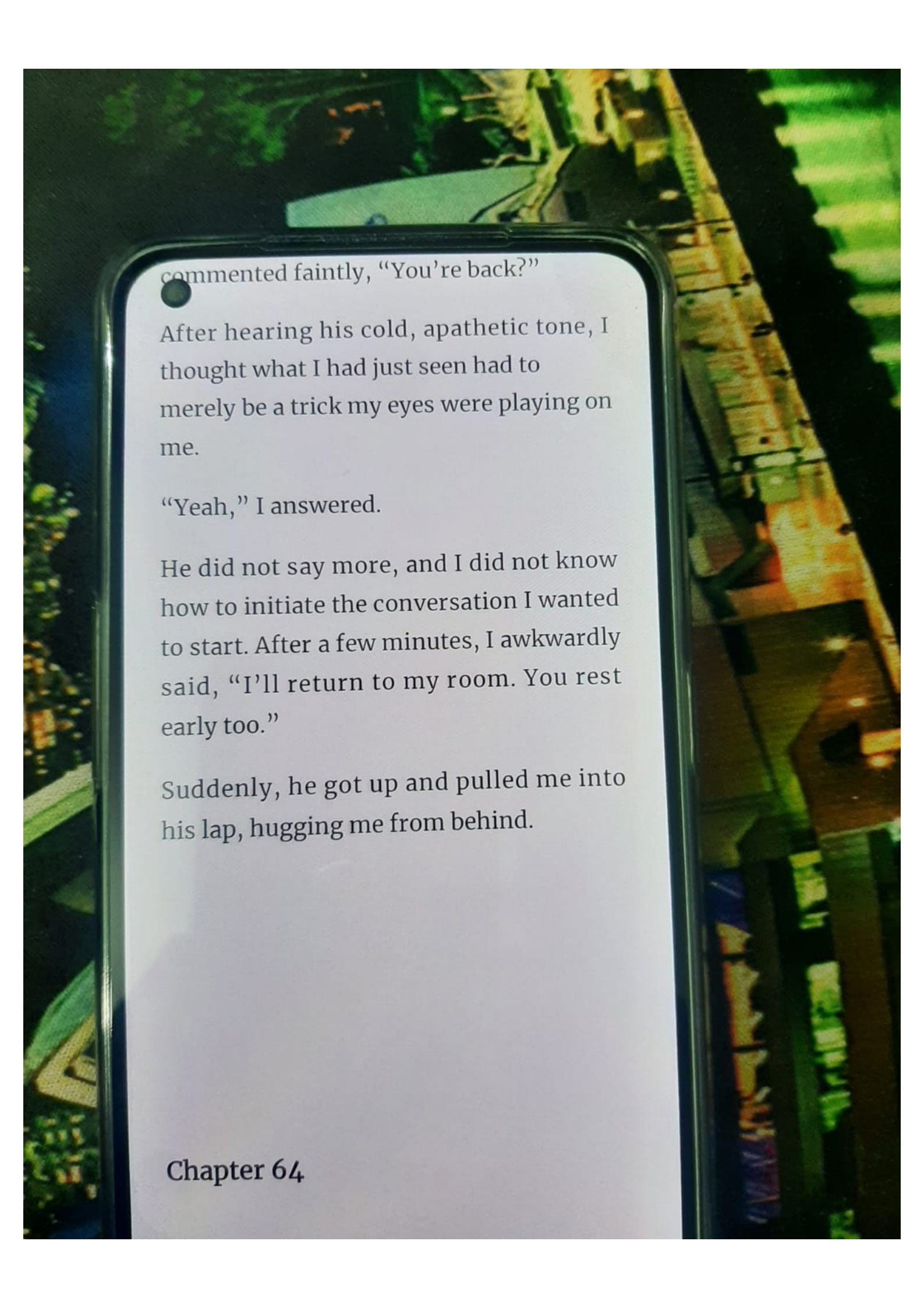
It had been a while since I had been back at the villa since I was deliberately avoiding Theo.

When I opened the door, I saw that the lights on the second floor were lit. It looked like Theo was home from work.

After standing on the ground floor for some time, I finally made up my mind and made my way up the stairs. The only person I could beg for help to save Cecilia now was him.

As I carefully pushed the door open, Theo lifted his head. When he saw it was me, a trace of joy flashed across his eyes, albeit a flash that disappeared too quickly. He commented faintly, "You're back?"





commented faintly, "You're back?"

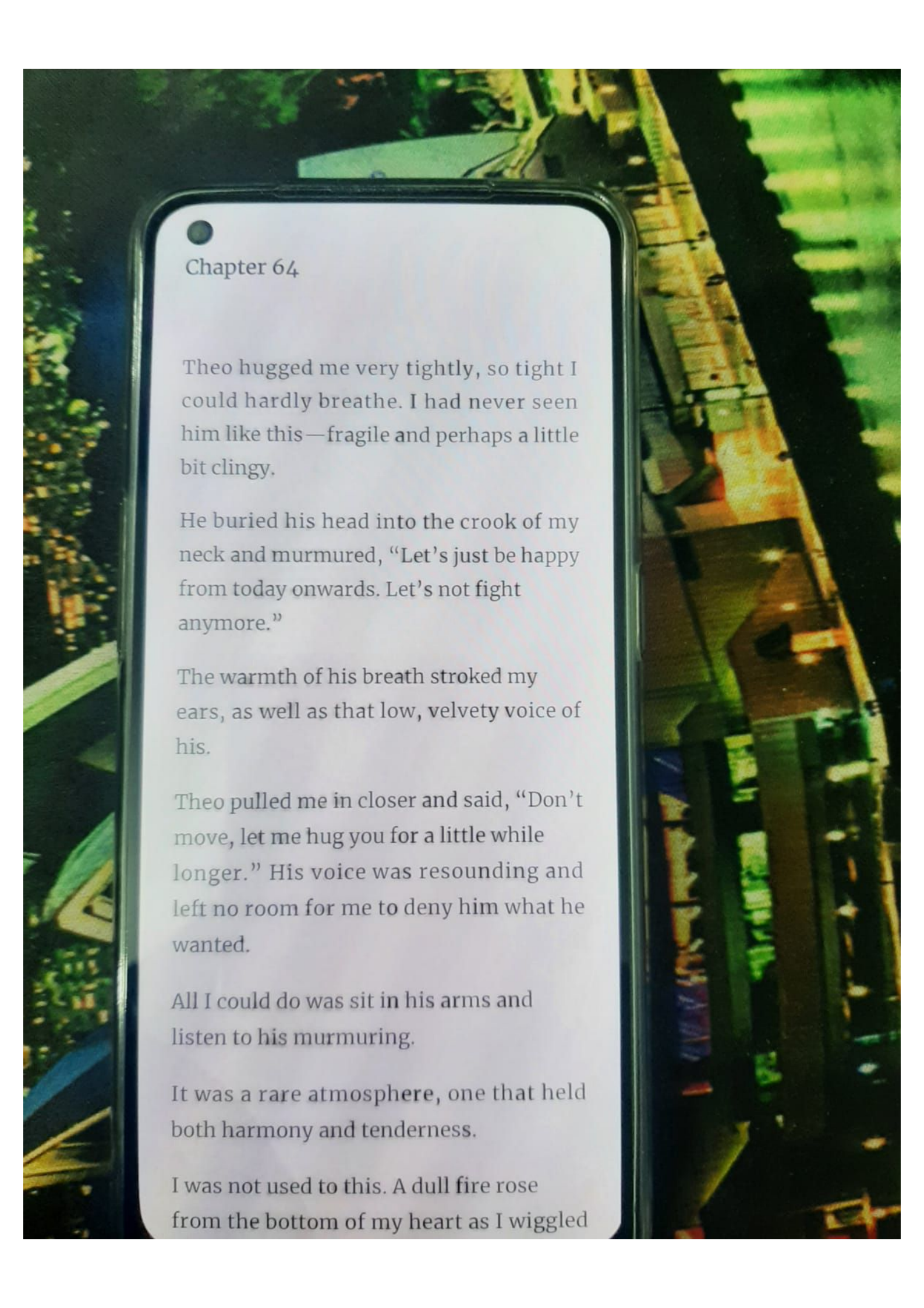
After hearing his cold, apathetic tone, I thought what I had just seen had to merely be a trick my eyes were playing on me.

"Yeah," I answered.

He did not say more, and I did not know how to initiate the conversation I wanted to start. After a few minutes, I awkwardly said, "I'll return to my room. You rest early too."

Suddenly, he got up and pulled me into his lap, hugging me from behind.





Chapter 64

Theo hugged me very tightly, so tight I could hardly breathe. I had never seen him like this—fragile and perhaps a little bit clingy.

He buried his head into the crook of my neck and murmured, “Let’s just be happy from today onwards. Let’s not fight anymore.”

The warmth of his breath stroked my ears, as well as that low, velvety voice of his.

Theo pulled me in closer and said, “Don’t move, let me hug you for a little while longer.” His voice was resounding and left no room for me to deny him what he wanted.

All I could do was sit in his arms and listen to his murmuring.

It was a rare atmosphere, one that held both harmony and tenderness.

I was not used to this. A dull fire rose from the bottom of my heart as I wiggled



around and tried to get up.

He chuckled softly. He seemed to be in a pretty good mood.

I was speechless. My body was stiff, and I did not know what to do. To be honest, I had mixed feelings about how he was acting right now—a little conflicted, a little awful.

This was the first time Theo and I had been relatively close since that incident with Cindy, and I realized that my body was rejecting him now. There was an odd sense of discomfort within me.

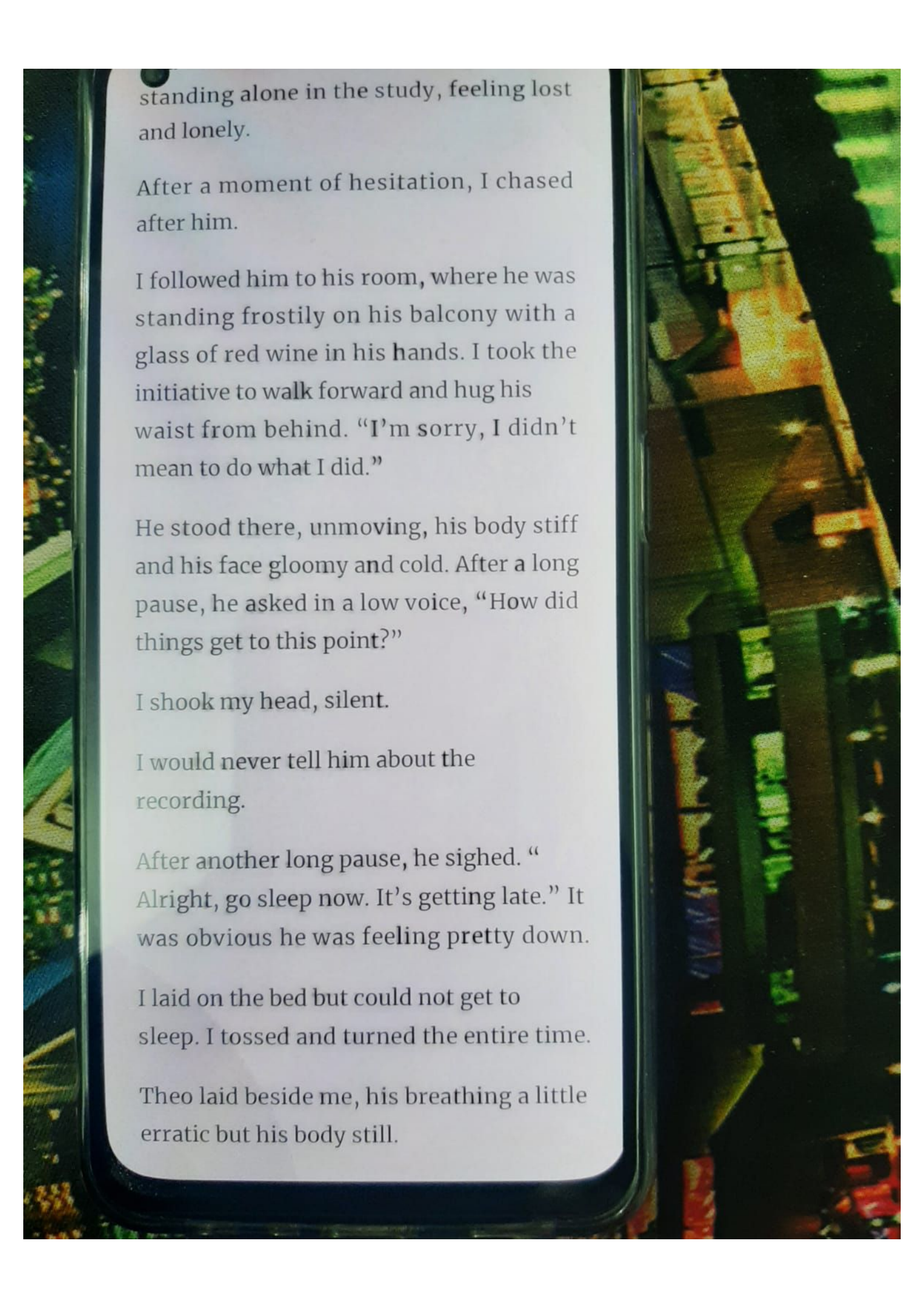
I did not react to those feelings as my mind was occupied. I was still thinking about how I could ask him for help. He was the only hope I had left for saving Cecilia.

All men were the same.

I jolted to my senses, my whole body suddenly tensing up.

He lifted his head and looked at me, an emotion I could not read in his eyes, but he did not say anything. He released me and walked out the door, leaving me





standing alone in the study, feeling lost and lonely.

After a moment of hesitation, I chased after him.

I followed him to his room, where he was standing frostily on his balcony with a glass of red wine in his hands. I took the initiative to walk forward and hug his waist from behind. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to do what I did."

He stood there, unmoving, his body stiff and his face gloomy and cold. After a long pause, he asked in a low voice, "How did things get to this point?"

I shook my head, silent.

I would never tell him about the recording.

After another long pause, he sighed. "Alright, go sleep now. It's getting late." It was obvious he was feeling pretty down.

I laid on the bed but could not get to sleep. I tossed and turned the entire time.

Theo laid beside me, his breathing a little erratic but his body still.



erratic but his body still.

●  
He seemed to be taken aback for a moment before turning around and wrapping his arms around me.

An action-filled night ensued in the bedroom.

After a long while, the action ceased, and a calmness took over the room.

He was finally looking a little happier, and as he hugged me to sleep, he seemed satisfied.

I was still thinking of how to ask him for help. Tonight was really not the best time to do so, but Cecilia was still in the police station. If I did not act soon, it would be harder to change things once they were set in stone.

“Theo, I have a favor to ask.” After much hesitation, I finally said it.

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## Chapter 65

“Whatever it is, we can talk about it tomorrow.” He caressed my back gently in an attempt to coax me back to sleep.

“No, this is urgent, I need to ask you about it tonight.” I shook his arms fervently.

He pecked me on the forehead, his eyes still closed. “Okay, then tell me. I’m listening.”

“Cecilia was accused of drunk driving and a hit-and-run, but it’s all a setup! I’m begging you, can you help her, please?”

He shuddered a little and slowly let go of my arms. When he opened his eyes, they were icy cold. Theo asked me coldly, “Is this why you came home tonight?”

I felt timid as his icy stare bored into me intently. I wanted to deny it, but I could not find the right words to say.

“Was that why you initiated things with me tonight?” His voice was cold, a clear bloodlust in his tone. “Wanda Lane, do



bloodlust in his tone. "Wanda Lane, do you think that I'm that revolting? So you had no reaction at all, but you had to force yourself to please me?"

I shook my head quickly, answering hastily, "No... it's nothing like that..."

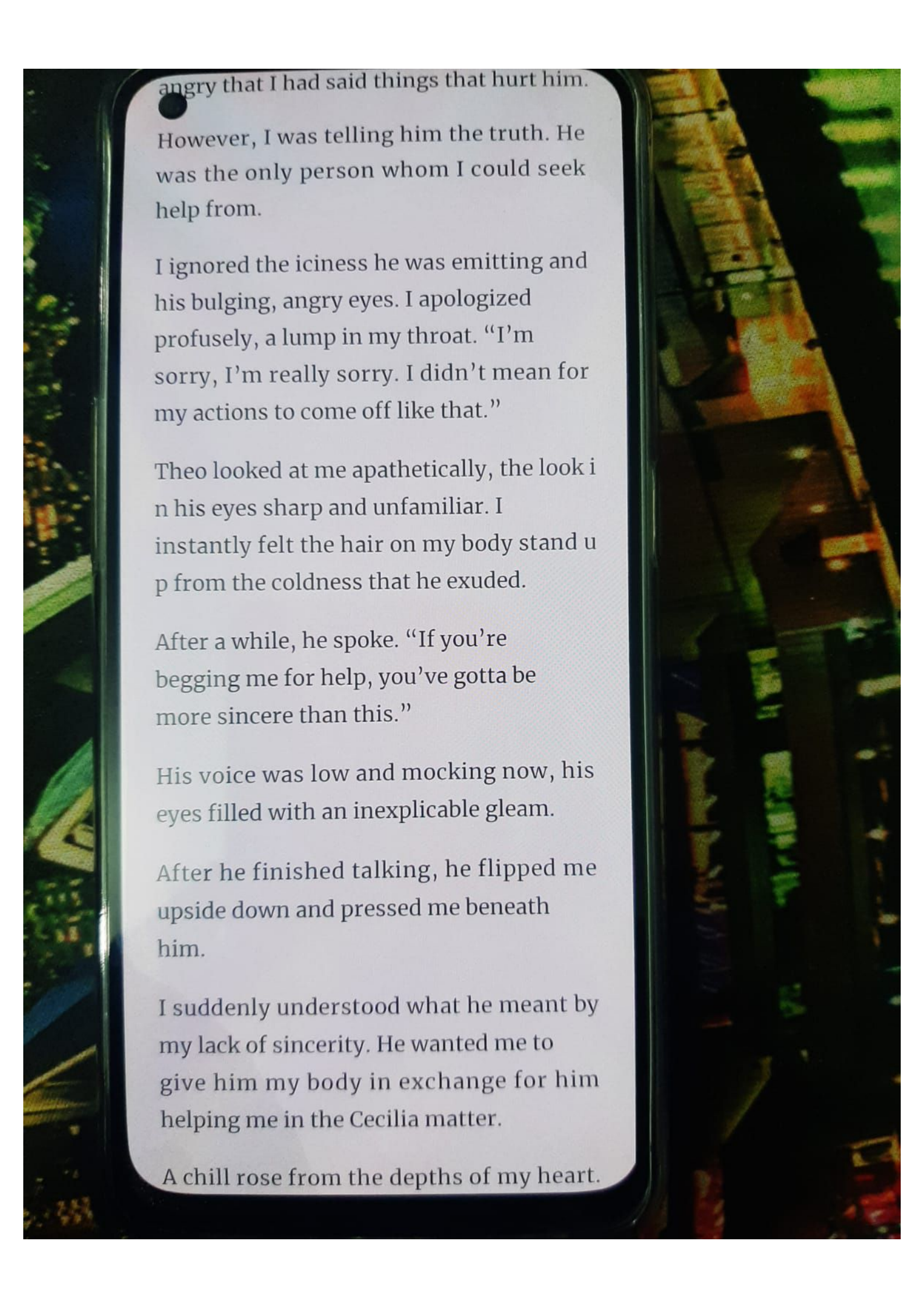
I could admit that I had come back for Cecilia, but I had not initiated anything with him just to get what I wanted. I just wanted him to not have to hold himself back so much...

Despite that, I knew that to him, whatever I said would just sound like me trying to defend myself. I kept quiet and begged in a soft voice, "Theo, please, I beg of you, please help me... I've only got Cecilia, she's my only family. I can't let anything happen to her."

"Your only family? Wanda Lane, you really constantly change the impression I have of you." Theo scoffed, his tone bone-chilling.

I knew he was furious. He was angry about what he thought I had done to try to get what I wanted, and he was also angry that I had said things that hurt him.





angry that I had said things that hurt him.

However, I was telling him the truth. He was the only person whom I could seek help from.

I ignored the iciness he was emitting and his bulging, angry eyes. I apologized profusely, a lump in my throat. "I'm sorry, I'm really sorry. I didn't mean for my actions to come off like that."

Theo looked at me apathetically, the look in his eyes sharp and unfamiliar. I instantly felt the hair on my body stand up from the coldness that he exuded.

After a while, he spoke. "If you're begging me for help, you've gotta be more sincere than this."

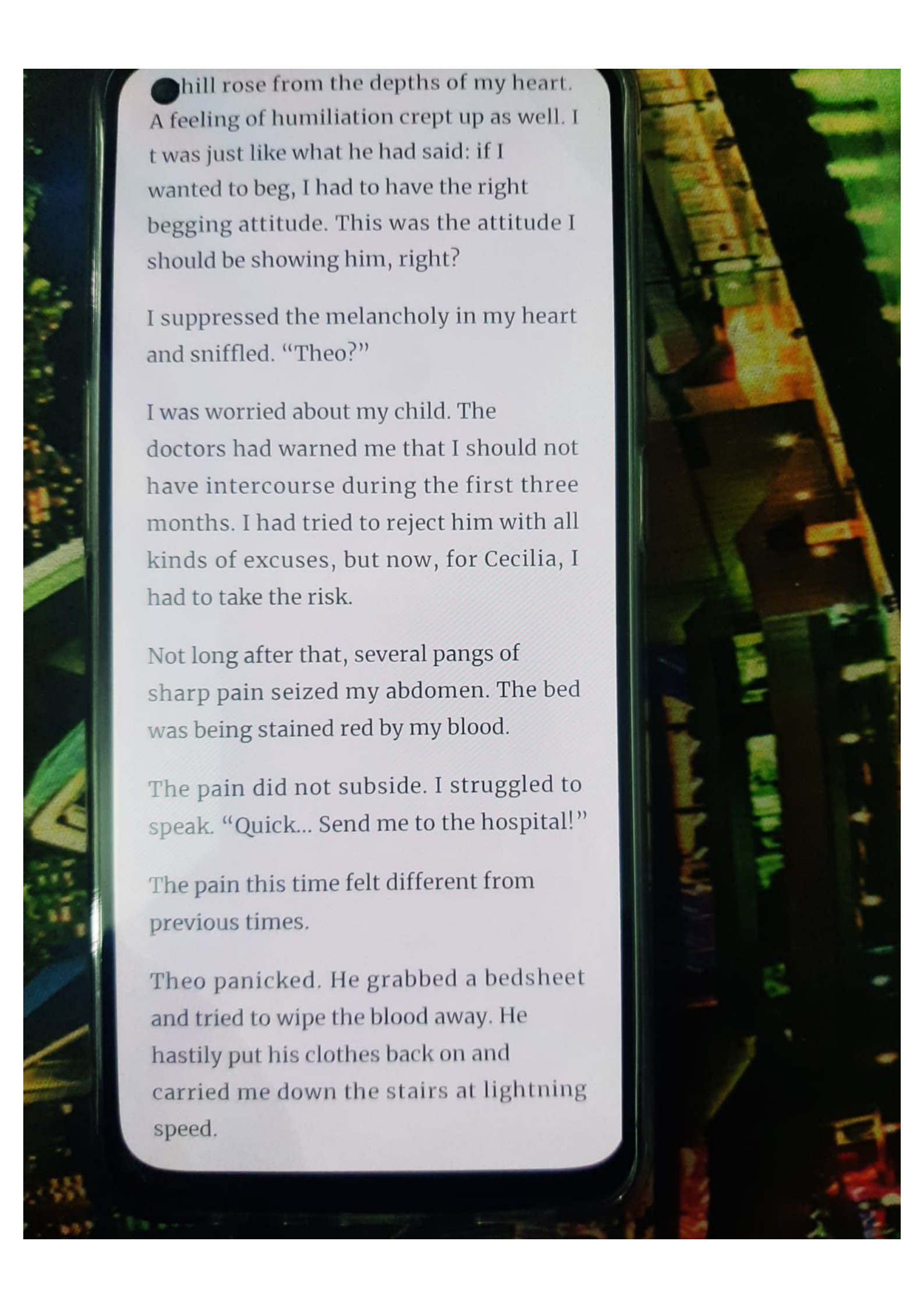
His voice was low and mocking now, his eyes filled with an inexplicable gleam.

After he finished talking, he flipped me upside down and pressed me beneath him.

I suddenly understood what he meant by my lack of sincerity. He wanted me to give him my body in exchange for him helping me in the Cecilia matter.

A chill rose from the depths of my heart.





●hill rose from the depths of my heart. A feeling of humiliation crept up as well. It was just like what he had said: if I wanted to beg, I had to have the right begging attitude. This was the attitude I should be showing him, right?

I suppressed the melancholy in my heart and sniffled. "Theo?"

I was worried about my child. The doctors had warned me that I should not have intercourse during the first three months. I had tried to reject him with all kinds of excuses, but now, for Cecilia, I had to take the risk.

Not long after that, several pangs of sharp pain seized my abdomen. The bed was being stained red by my blood.

The pain did not subside. I struggled to speak. "Quick... Send me to the hospital!"

The pain this time felt different from previous times.

Theo panicked. He grabbed a bedsheet and tried to wipe the blood away. He hastily put his clothes back on and carried me down the stairs at lightning speed.



bled.

The nearest hospital was usually a twenty-minute car ride from the villa, but he sped the entire way there, running several red lights. We got there within eight minutes.

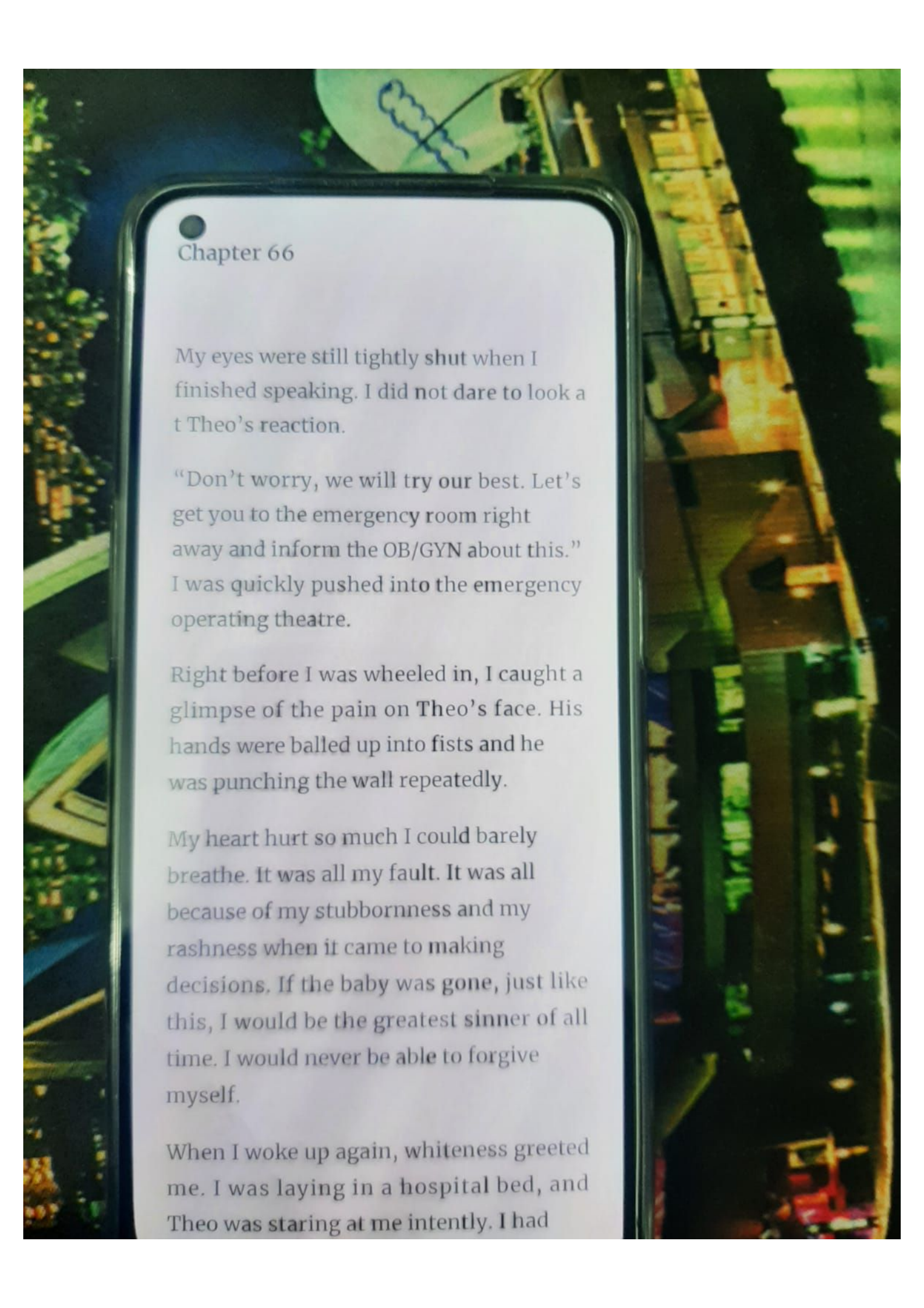
Before the car had even come to a complete stop, he jumped out, carrying me with him as he sprinted into the hospital, yelling for a doctor to come quickly.

Soon, a troop of doctors rushed forward. Amidst the chaos, someone asked, "What's wrong with the patient?"

Theo looked at me, his lips pursed into a thin line. His eyes glinted dangerously as he stared coldly at me. "You tell them."

I closed my eyes and said through gritted teeth, "I'm two months pregnant. I've been feeling some sharp pains in my belly and I just bled. Please, doctor, please save my baby."





## Chapter 66

My eyes were still tightly shut when I finished speaking. I did not dare to look at Theo's reaction.

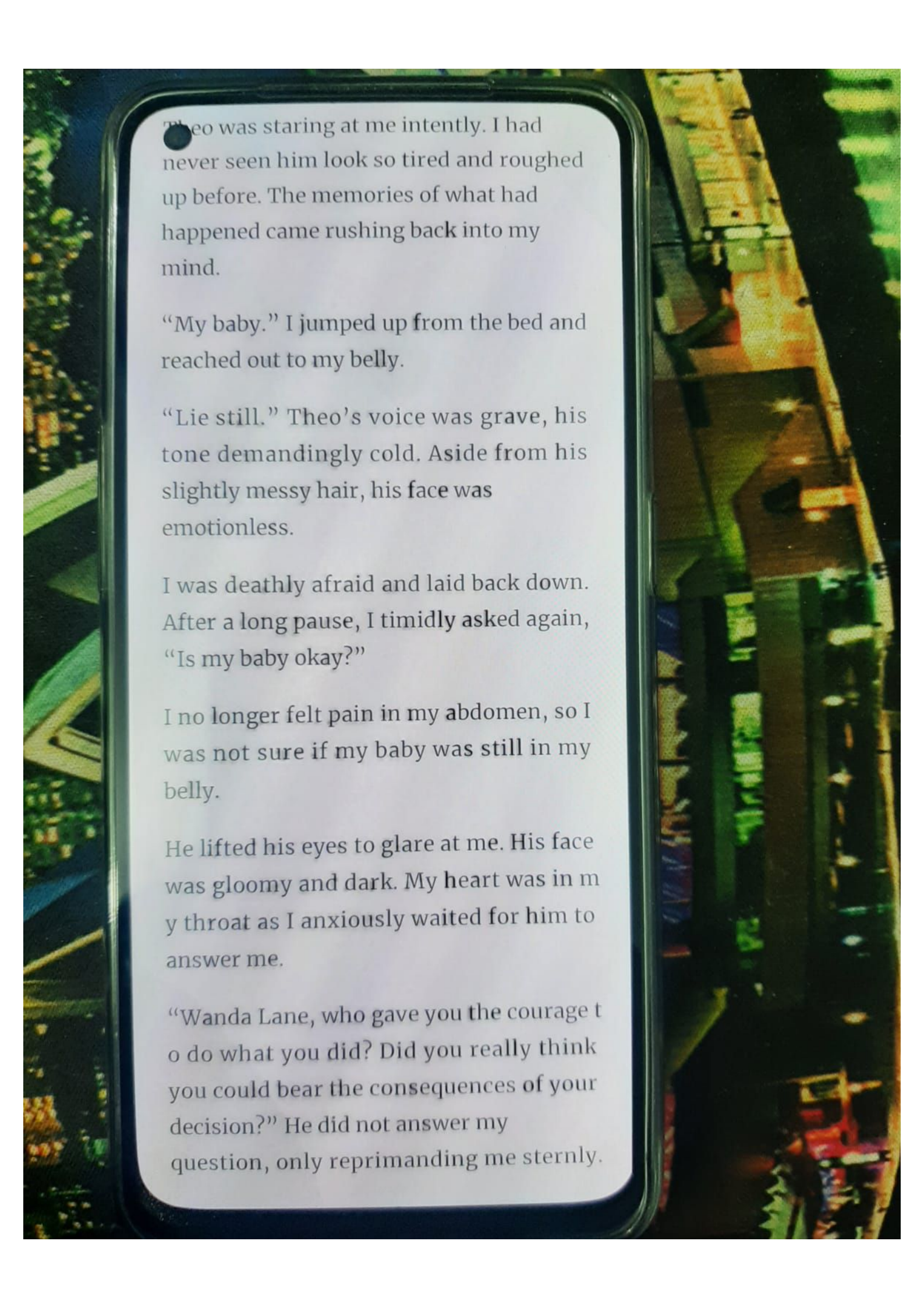
"Don't worry, we will try our best. Let's get you to the emergency room right away and inform the OB/GYN about this." I was quickly pushed into the emergency operating theatre.

Right before I was wheeled in, I caught a glimpse of the pain on Theo's face. His hands were balled up into fists and he was punching the wall repeatedly.

My heart hurt so much I could barely breathe. It was all my fault. It was all because of my stubbornness and my rashness when it came to making decisions. If the baby was gone, just like this, I would be the greatest sinner of all time. I would never be able to forgive myself.

When I woke up again, whiteness greeted me. I was laying in a hospital bed, and Theo was staring at me intently. I had





Theo was staring at me intently. I had never seen him look so tired and roughed up before. The memories of what had happened came rushing back into my mind.

“My baby.” I jumped up from the bed and reached out to my belly.

“Lie still.” Theo’s voice was grave, his tone demanding and cold. Aside from his slightly messy hair, his face was emotionless.

I was deathly afraid and laid back down. After a long pause, I timidly asked again, “Is my baby okay?”

I no longer felt pain in my abdomen, so I was not sure if my baby was still in my belly.

He lifted his eyes to glare at me. His face was gloomy and dark. My heart was in my throat as I anxiously waited for him to answer me.

“Wanda Lane, who gave you the courage to do what you did? Did you really think you could bear the consequences of your decision?” He did not answer my question, only reprimanding me sternly.



question, only reprimanding me sternly.

Grievance instantly flooded my heart. I tried hard not to bawl as I retorted, "You think I want things to be this way? I didn't know what to do! Cindy threatened me with her life, and if I didn't abort the child, do you think she would allow me to live in peace? I really couldn't bring myself to do it, so..."

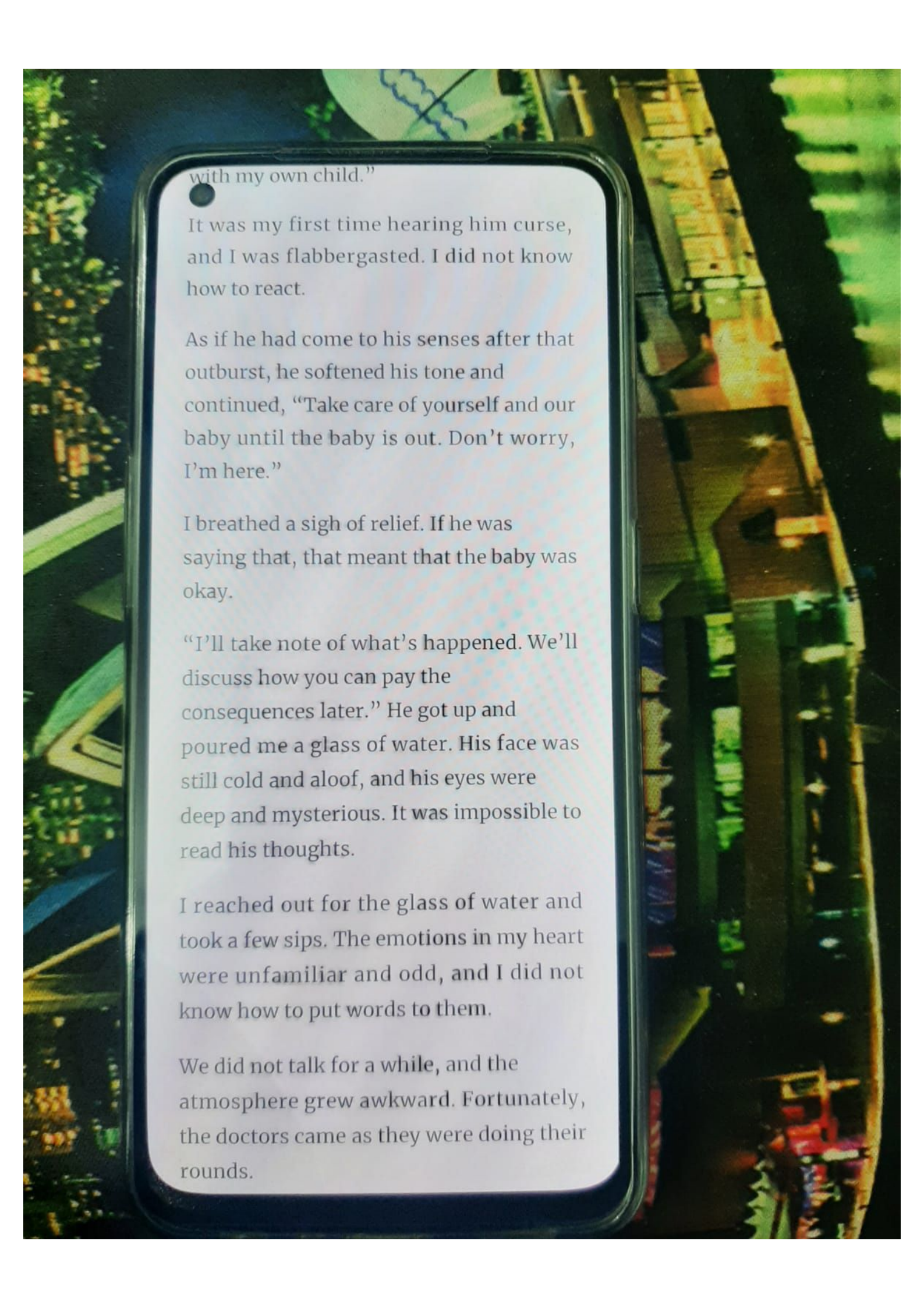
Towards the end of my rant, I lowered my head.

"What about me? Can't you trust me at least this once? Were you going to lie to me forever?" Theo raised his voice as he bombarded me with questions.

I knew he was burning with rage. My eyes red-rimmed, I continued, "It's not that I don't trust you, nor did I think I could lie to you forever. All I wanted to do was not burden anyone more than I needed to. This is my baby, and I will take good care of them after the divorce. I won't allow this baby to affect yours and Ms. Reed's life."

"Hah, I really had no idea you were this considerate." He sneered, his icy gaze boring into me. "You have no f\*cking right to decide for me what is to be done





with my own child.”

It was my first time hearing him curse, and I was flabbergasted. I did not know how to react.

As if he had come to his senses after that outburst, he softened his tone and continued, “Take care of yourself and our baby until the baby is out. Don’t worry, I’m here.”

I breathed a sigh of relief. If he was saying that, that meant that the baby was okay.

“I’ll take note of what’s happened. We’ll discuss how you can pay the consequences later.” He got up and poured me a glass of water. His face was still cold and aloof, and his eyes were deep and mysterious. It was impossible to read his thoughts.

I reached out for the glass of water and took a few sips. The emotions in my heart were unfamiliar and odd, and I did not know how to put words to them.

We did not talk for a while, and the atmosphere grew awkward. Fortunately, the doctors came as they were doing their rounds.



rounds.

I immediately asked the doctor about my condition and about what I had not had the courage to ask Theo about earlier. I was worried about the baby since I knew I had bled a lot earlier.

“Don’t worry, since you were sent in just in time, the baby’s doing fine. However, tsk tsk, young people like you! You know it’s not recommended to have intercourse during the first three months. It’s just common sense! Why can’t you guys just hold it in? Especially you, a respectable gentleman, can’t you have at least a little self-control?”

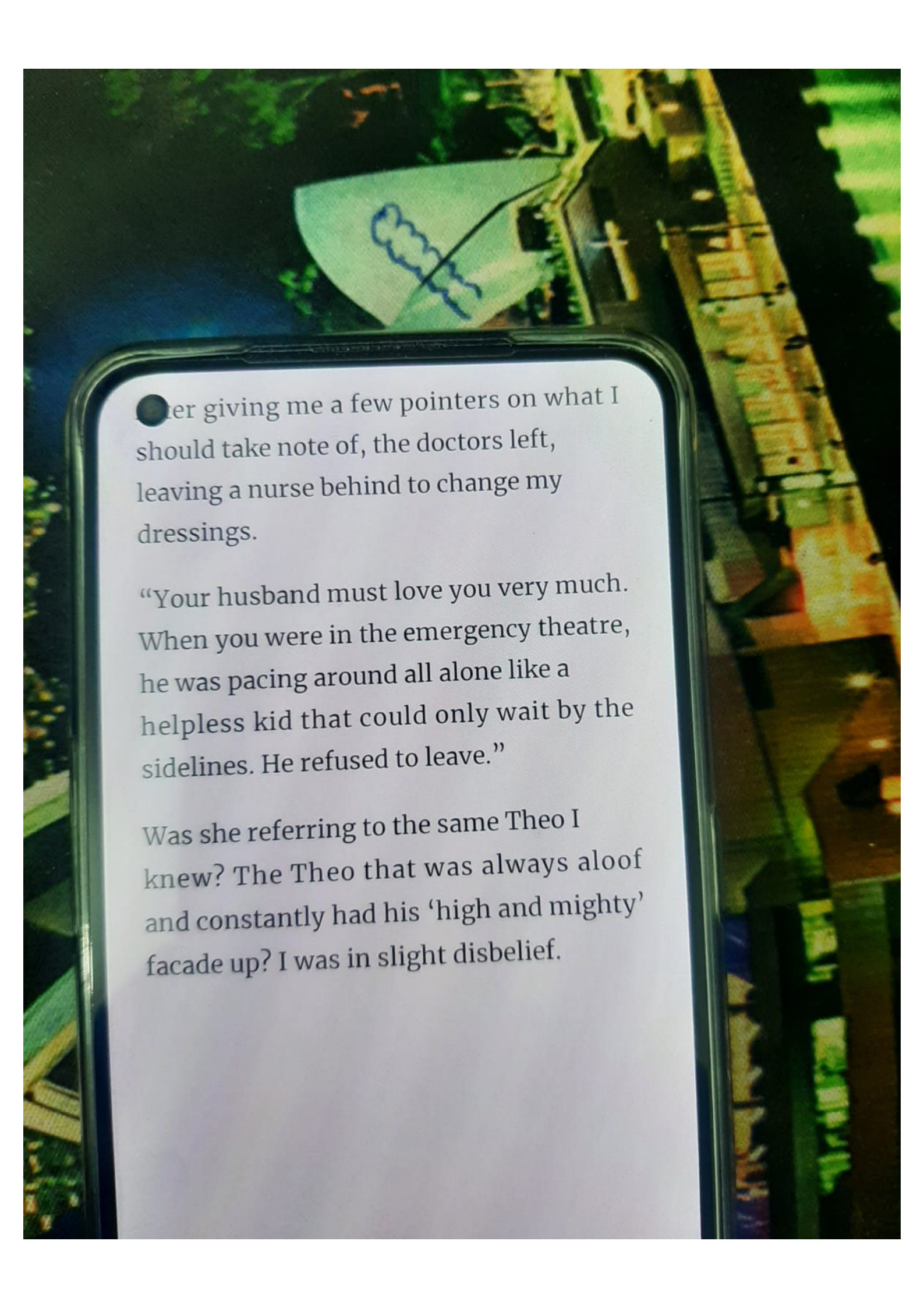
This was coming from an older doctor, and his voice was loud and clear, no subtlety at all within his words. The nurses around us were snickering.

I coughed awkwardly while Theo glared at me with a distorted expression on his face. He nodded and walked out.

That was probably his first-ever time being reprimanded. He was probably feeling ashamed since no one had scolded him to his face like that before.

After giving me a few pointers on what I



A photograph of a smartphone screen displaying text. The background of the photo is a house at night, with a porch light and a window visible. The phone is held in someone's hand, and the screen is the central focus.

After giving me a few pointers on what I should take note of, the doctors left, leaving a nurse behind to change my dressings.

“Your husband must love you very much. When you were in the emergency theatre, he was pacing around all alone like a helpless kid that could only wait by the sidelines. He refused to leave.”

Was she referring to the same Theo I knew? The Theo that was always aloof and constantly had his ‘high and mighty’ facade up? I was in slight disbelief.



## Chapter 67

After the nurse left, I sat there, staring into space as a warmth rose from within my heart. It looked like he cared more about me than he showed and was not as cold as he portrayed.

Theo walked in after he was done with his phone call. I recalled what the doctor had said and snickered.

“How audacious of you to laugh! If not for you, would I have been publicly reprimanded like that?” He lifted his fingers and flicked me on my forehead.

“Ouch... It hurts,” I covered my forehead and cried out in exaggeration.

He ignored me, looking intently at the drip bottle.

“I’m hungry, Theo,” I tugged on his sleeves as I said in a pitiful voice.

“What do you feel like eating? I’ll buy it for you.” He proceeded to get up, ready to go out the door.



“I wanna eat your cooking. Let’s go home, please?” I actually just wanted to go home. I really disliked staying in the hospital. Since the doctor had said that my baby was okay, I would rather rest at home.

Theo frowned. “No, the doctors said you’d have to stay in the hospital for another night for observation. I’ll go get you whatever you want. You lie down like a good girl, and I’ll be right back.”

“My belly feels weird. I only want your cooking. More importantly, the baby wants it too.” I pointed at my belly stubbornly.

Humans were like this—once a long-time desire of one's is met, one will only grow greedier, beginning to desire more.

Theo frowned, looking like he was deep in thought. He turned to me and said, “Wait here for a while,” and left before I could reply to him.

I was a little unhappy, so I laid down on my bed once more.

Not too long after that, a few nurses came



through the door and told me that I would be switching to a different ward.

“Why do I have to change wards out of the blue?” I panicked a little.

“I asked for the change.” Theo’s voice rang out from the doorway. “You said you wanted to eat my cooking, right? We can make some food in the VIP room.”

Well...

I had not meant it when I said I wanted to eat his cooking. It was just an excuse I had made to try to go back home. Did really we have to change to the pricey VIP room for just one night of observation?

“Actually... I’ve changed my mind. I don’t really wanna eat anymore. Shall we just stay here for the night then?” Even though I knew Theo did not care about the money, there was still no need for him to overspend.

He did not say a word and just carried me out the door.

The nurses behind us pushed an empty wheelchair forward, meaningful smiles etched on their faces.



“Put me down, Theo,” I pleaded softly. There were wheelchairs available, but I was being carried instead. How embarrassing!

Theo ignored all the stares from patients and nurses alike and continued carrying me. We got into the elevator. My struggling had been to no avail, so I closed my eyes and pretended to sleep.

The VIP room in that private hospital felt like a five-star hotel’s executive suite. Everything was provided in it, and the fridge was stocked with fruits and vegetables fit to satisfy any patient’s every whim and fancy.

After settling us into the room, the nurses left. Theo asked, “What do you feel like having?”

“Ravioli with less oil, please,” I said weakly. I did not have much of an appetite since the atmosphere in the hospital felt very suffocating. I wanted to leave as soon as I could.

Soon, a mouthwatering bowl of ravioli was placed before me.

“Don’t move, lie still,” Theo said as I was



struggling to get up to eat. After he placed the bowl of pasta in front of me, he walked over to raise the head of my bed by turning the foot crank clockwise. He then transferred the food to a bedside table.

He scooped up a piece of ravioli tenderly, blew on it to cool it down, then passed the spoon to me.

I had never seen such a patient and tender side of Theo before. Every movement of his was cautious and full of care. I felt suffused with affection as he pampered me. Anyone who had ever seen this side of him before would have instantly gotten addicted to the feeling. He was so handsome, so rich, and so loving. No wonder Cindy had fought with all her might to make sure they were attached at the hip.

“Open your mouth! What are you waiting for?” He saw that I had not moved, so he teased me with an exceptionally dazzling smile.

I accepted my fate, opened my mouth, and ate the ravioli.



I accepted my fate, opened my mouth,  
and ate the ravioli.

Just like that, he fed me by the mouthful,  
and soon a huge bowl of ravioli was gone.

Right after that, he passed me the  
medication that I had been prescribed. I  
grimaced. "Can I not?"

I hated pills. I despised the aftertaste of  
pills in my mouth since it reminded me s  
o much of what I had been through  
before.

"No, the doctor said you have to eat  
this." He passed me a cup of water and  
the pills, leaving absolutely no room for  
discussion.



## Chapter 68

I made a face and kept quiet.

“Are you worried it’ll be bitter?” After a short while, he grinned. He lifted his eyebrows up a little, his eyes shining like the sun and his smile extremely alluring. It was a shame he did not smile often.

He got up, took a bottle of honey out of the fridge, scooped out a few spoonfuls, dissolved it in water, and passed the cup to me. He said, “It won’t be bitter anymore after this! Let’s eat that medicine now. There’s a good girl!”

I... Was he treating me like I was three?

Exasperated, I took the cup and gulped it down.

Once I was done with the medicine, he took the cup from my hands and washed it in the sink.

It was a surreal feeling watching him, with his tall and lanky frame, slave away in the kitchen. Tonight, he was giving me all his love, and it felt unreal, like a



an his love, and it felt unreal, like a dream I had stolen for myself temporarily.

There were ripples in my heart even though it was obvious he was only doing all of this for the baby.

“What are you thinking about?” While I was lost in my thoughts, Theo finished washing the cup. He walked over to me and hugged my shoulders.

“Nothing much. It’s getting late, I wanna rest soon.” I felt a tinge of guilt as I laid down quickly and pretended to be sleepy.

He climbed into my bed and wrapped his arms around me.

“Theo, you should sleep over there.”

There was a luxurious bed for carers right beside me. Why was he squeezing into my bed with me?

“Don’t move, let me hug you for a while.” My words did not sway him. He simply closed his eyes, still keeping me in his arms.

I raised my gaze to see that over just a night’s time, his razor-sharp jawline had



gotten covered in a layer of light stubble, making the usually fair-skinned Theo look a little more mature and sexy.

“You done watching me? Do you think I’m exceptionally handsome today?” He suddenly opened his eyes, humor glimmering in his gaze.

I felt embarrassed to have been caught red-handed by him, so I turned around and said in a low voice, “Don’t be narcissistic, who’s watching you? Leave me alone, okay? I wanna sleep.”

He nuzzled his face behind my ears and chuckled without restraint, just like a little boy.

Most people have two different sides—one of these sides is hidden from the world, only revealed on rare occasions. I reckoned this chuckling side of Theo was the side that he hid from the world!

I was speechless after I caught myself thinking such a thing. What kind of logic was I going off of? Those two things were completely unrelated.

Not wanting to mess around with him any further, I went to bed.



sleep.

...

I could only drift off to sleep as the sun was rising.

When I woke up, it was almost noon. Theo had not gone to work and was working hard in the kitchen. He looked pretty refreshed despite the fact that he had not slept the entire night.

“Don’t you have to go to work?” I asked. He was usually very dedicated to his work, so him missing a day at the office was a rare sight.

“The company can still run without me. Come on, let’s have breakfast.” He served the breakfast he had prepared right in front of me.

“Can we go home after breakfast?” I asked hurriedly.

“Finish it all, and I’ll let you know,” he demanded.

I looked at the spread: buns, pastries, milk, and oatmeal. I forced myself to eat,



●lk, and oatmeal. I forced myself to eat, so I could go home earlier.

I was lucky that Theo did not insist on me staying in the hospital. Right after breakfast, he had the paperwork done to have me discharged.

The only thing I was embarrassed about was that he insisted on carrying me all the way to the car once again, despite my huge protest.

Needless to say, it was an attention-grabbing scene. All kinds of looks, from envious to mocking to teasing, were shot our way. A few people recognized Theo and were even more shocked. It was all Theo's fault. With that ridiculously handsome face of his, it was hard to avoid attention.



## Chapter 69

When we got home, Miss Woods came out to greet us with a huge smile on her face. "Madam, you gave us all a fright! Go lie down quickly, I've made you soup!"

"What are you doing here, Miss Woods?" I was genuinely happy to see Miss Woods. She was one of the few people that had sincerely cared about me back in the old mansion, other than Grandma.

"Young Master requested that I come. Look at you! Why didn't you announce your pregnancy? It's such big news! What would we have done if something really bad had happened to you? Thank the heavens! Old Madam would be elated if she was here..." Miss Woods wiped some tears from her eyes. It was obvious that she was genuinely happy for me.

I was slightly moved. I thought no one wanted this baby or cared about it. It looked like I had been mistaken.

Theo cast a glance at me, warmth filling his eyes. "Let's go up and lie down for a



his eyes. "Let's go up and lie down for a while."

I nodded. I had not slept very well the previous night, so because of that and my already weary body, I felt weak and unwell.

Miss Woods was quick to agree. "Go on, go on! I'll let you know when lunch is ready."

Theo laid me on the bed and tucked me in. He got up to close the window and said, "Rest well now, I'll finish up some work in the study."

He left hurriedly after that.

It was clear his absence from work had caused some major delays in quite a few departments. I had wanted to remind him about Cecilia but had to let it go for now. ①

I did not know how much pressure he was going through running the entire Grant Corporation alone, but it seemed like he was always working, no matter rain or shine.

Theo woke me up around noon when lunch was being served. Miss Woods had



prepared a feast. 1

I did not have much of an appetite because I was still full from breakfast, and my anxiety about Cecilia made it hard for me to feel very hungry.

It had been 24 hours since Cecilia was dragged into the police station. That fact flustered me, and after a moment of hesitation, I asked, "Theo, could you accompany me to the police station, please?"

"Eat first." His face was emotionless and cold.

"But..." My initial plan had been to head to the police station before noon, but because I had been too tired, and because I knew Theo would certainly not agree, I had waited until now to ask.

"Finish all this, then we'll talk," he said solemnly. I lowered my head to find my bowl filled to the brim with food.

Was he trying to fatten me up like a goose?

I grimaced. He stared intently at me, his face apathetic as he added, "Finish it,



then we'll talk."

"Are you sure you'll come with me after I finish all of this?" I pointed to the mountain of food before me.

He did not respond to me.

I had no choice but to force-feed myself the entire bowl.

"Slowly, don't choke..." He passed me a bowl of soup.

"I'm done! Let's go!" After a grueling time, I was finally done with the food in my bowl. I stood up, ready to go.

He stared at me, his pupils constricting slightly. Before I knew it, he had scooped me up in his strong arms once again and headed upstairs. "You still look very weak. Take a nap."

I was furious. I struggled the entire way there as I shrieked, "Theo Grant, you asshole! Let me go! I wanna go to the police station now! Cecilia has been there for a day and a night now, I HAVE to see her!"

I had not expected him to go against his word. I bellowed my protests with anger and frustration,



He lowered his head and kissed me on the lips. My lips were instantly covered with a warm, soft sensation. I was no longer able to speak. After what seemed like forever, he spoke. "If you're so worried about her, stay at home like a good girl. I'll head to the police station." 1

I thought he had not wanted to help me. Little did I know he had his own plans.

I laid down once again, quietly and obediently this time. "You've gotta update me immediately if you have any news."

He nodded and pecked me on the forehead before leaving.

After Theo left, I could not sleep, so got up and prepared to go to my office. It was a few days before shooting was about to commence, so I needed to keep a close eye on everything.

I sneaked downstairs and was relieved to not find Miss Woods around. Maybe she had left? I patted my chest and walked out the door, carefree.

As I stepped into the office building's elevator, I heard a cry, "Wait up!", so I



ator, I heard a cry, "Wait up!", so I held the door open.

I soon saw that the cry had unexpectedly come from Zedd Nichols. I should have read through my horoscope before I left the house today, so I knew to prepare myself to bump into such a disgusting person. How unfortunate!



## Chapter 70

I narrowed my eyes and shot him a cold glance before turning my head away, not wanting to pay him any attention.

He was slightly taken aback when he saw me, but he soon started jeering at me. “Wow, Mrs. Grant sure did take her own sweet time coming into work this morning.”

“I don’t think I’m under your area of jurisdiction, President Nichols. Whether I come in for work or not is none of your business,” I replied faintly.

“Wanda Lane, I never knew you were like this! I thought you proclaimed that Cecilia Shane was like family to you? How can you still come to work when your family’s locked up? How coldblooded of you.” Zedd sneered.

I had been perfectly fine before he brought that up. The cheek of him to bring Cecilia up! I was burning with rage, and I furiously glared at him. “I never knew how lowly and despicable President



How lowly and despicable President Nichols could be so as to please Ms. Reed. How loyal!”

Zedd’s face contorted. As he was about to speak, I interrupted him. “God sees all. You’d better pray that your plans are flawless because one day, you might have to pay for all of the things you’ve done.”

“Also, please send a message to Ms. Reed for me. I’m still Mrs. Grant for now, so if she angers me too much, I might hold on tightly to my current position, and she’ll have to be a shameful mistress for the rest of her life!”

“You b\*tch!” Zedd was furious. His face flushed red, and he was at a loss for words.

“I’m a b\*tch?! Shouldn’t President Nichols be thanking me? If Ms. Reed remains a mistress, President Nichols will have ample opportunity to become her knight in shining armor, right? All the best, President Nichols, I await your good news.”

The elevator had arrived at my floor, so after giving him an encouraging gesture, I elegantly alighted the elevator.



“Wanda Lane!!” I left Zedd behind, bellowing in the elevator.

Heidi reported the progress to me as soon as I entered my office. Everything was going as smoothly as planned. Heidi, who was extremely capable, had combed through everything and settled many of the problems that had arisen on her own.

I was relieved to learn that things were going smoothly on our side of things.

After giving Heidi a few pointers on what to take note of, I told her she would only need to report to me again if something drastic happened.

After Heidi left, I stared at my phone. I kept looking at it, but no updates from Theo popped up.

A foreboding feeling arose from the bottom of my heart. I could not hold it in any longer. I grabbed my bag and made a beeline to the police station.

Cecilia was still locked up, so I of course could not meet up with her. I asked the policeman from yesterday for updates and got myself some extremely bad news — the victim had passed away from his



injuries last night.

The bad news shook me to the core. My only hope was now gone. I stumbled and nearly fell over, unable to balance myself.

How did things get to this stage? Cecilia had said that the victim had not sustained major injuries and had still been able to walk and talk!

No, something was not right. I got up slowly and thought things through carefully. According to Cecilia, the victim had been unharmed, but later, he had been found unconscious on the ground by a passerby who called the police.

Had he been run over a second time?

That was the only plausible explanation. There might be other clues at the crime scene.

Once that idea came to me, I drove to the crime scene in an attempt to look for clues all around it.

The crime scene was in a secluded place, and it was a sharp curve that was very prone to accidents.

As I was just parking my car, Theo called



prone to accidents.

As I was just parking my car, Theo called me. "Where are you?" His voice was cold, and I could tell that he was unhappy.

Miss Woods had probably come back to find me missing, so she must have called him. I replied hastily, "I'm in the office, there were some things that needed to be done. I'll be back right away."

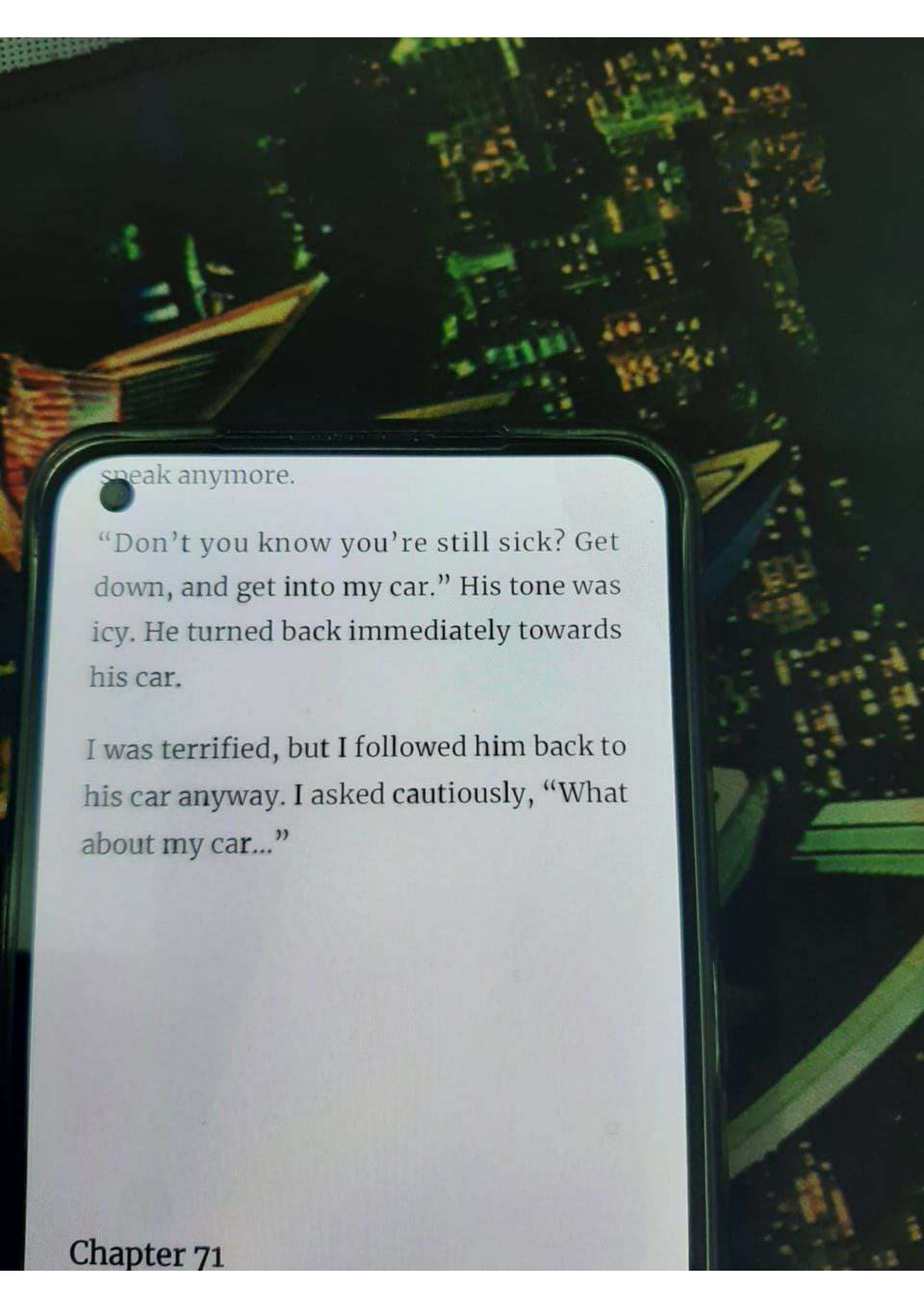
"Are you really at the office?" His voice suddenly got closer, as if he was right beside me.

A shadow stood right outside my car. I lifted my head to see Theo standing right outside my door, staring at me with a dangerous glint in his eyes. "Lying to me now, are we?"

I rubbed my forehead and muttered guiltily, "I just got the news that the victim passed. I thought there was a possibility of a second accident since he had been so badly hurt, so I came here to look for some clues..."

My voice grew softer the longer his deepening gaze bore into me, until it completely trailed off. I did not dare speak anymore.





speak anymore.

“Don’t you know you’re still sick? Get down, and get into my car.” His tone was icy. He turned back immediately towards his car.

I was terrified, but I followed him back to his car anyway. I asked cautiously, “What about my car...”



## Chapter 71

Theo darted a glance at me and pulled out his phone to call his assistant. "Keith, come to West Mountain's ring road to drive a car back."

He wore a dark countenance the whole way back and did not say a word. My anxiety allowed me to ignore the fact that he was angry, and I said, "Theo, if there really was a secondary car accident, there might still be traces of evidence at the scene."

After a very long time, he finally said, "I figured out the same thing. I checked it carefully earlier but didn't find any trace of evidence."

My heart sank to the bottom of my stomach. Was I supposed to watch Cecilia go to jail and not do anything about it? No. I could not stand doing such a thing.

Theo looked at me and after a very long time, he said, "Don't get too anxious yet. I'll introduce you to someone later."

"Are we going to see Cecilia?" I leaped up



“Are we going to see Cecilia?” I leaped up from my seat. I had no interest in anything else besides seeing her.

“What could possibly change after you see her?” he looked at me and asked mildly.

“I don’t know, but what else can I do? Help me, Theo. I can’t watch her go to jail. I wouldn’t be able to live with it.” I was panicking, my voice choked up.

He stretched out a hand and patted my shoulder, saying, “That’s enough. This isn’t the end yet, so don’t get too upset or anxious. You’ve always been so calm and composed. What’s up with you nowadays?”

He had been really patient with coaxing me throughout the journey, but my mind was still fraught. My emotions had hit their lowest point.

His car soon came to a halt at Grant Corporation’s mall. “Come down and pick some clothes.”

I glanced at the main entrance of the mall and said listlessly, “I’m not in the mood for shopping.”



Sure enough, the tactics that men used were almost always the same, coaxing women by taking them shopping.

“I said I’d introduce you to someone. If you still want to save Cecilia, hurry up and come down.” His voice was slightly cold. Having said that, he walked into the mall without sparing me another glance.

Wait a minute... Did he mean we were going to meet someone who had a way to rescue Cecilia?

“Theo, wait up.” I quickly got out of the car and chased after him.

He stopped in his tracks, waiting for me. A hint of a smile subconsciously appeared on his lips.

He pulled my hand and took me straight to the fifth floor, where all the international brands were sold. As soon as he went up, there was a commotion.

Darn Theo’s good looks and aura. He always became the center of attention wherever he went.

The shopkeepers and shoppers’ eyes lit up when they saw him, whispering amongst themselves.



With my hand in his, I received numerous unfriendly stares. I instinctively tried to retract my hand.

Theo turned back to look at me curiously and finally noticed the stares around him. His mesmerizing face sank slightly, exuding a cold aura. He then fished his phone out of his pocket and made a phone call.

“Mr. Schuler, I intend to shop on the fifth floor, and I need you here to clear the place.” Having said that, he pulled me into a lounge.

Soon, a bunch of bodyguards appeared on the fifth floor to clear the place out. In less than 10 minutes, the entire fifth floor was cleared aside from a few shopping guides.

He finally stood up and said, “Come, let’s go pick out your clothes.”

I blushed with shame. Chasing customers away was something that perhaps only Theo could and would do.

At the store, Theo gave the shopkeeper succinct orders. “Pick out a set of clothes for her. It’s for a social event, but keep it



● What's a pregnant woman like you dressing up so nicely for? Go for comfort." He sounded extremely righteous.

I was speechless. It turned out that his complaints had not been because the clothes were not suitable for me, but because he did not want me to dress up too nicely. Why the heck did he bring me shopping, then?!

Chapter 72



## Chapter 72

“Wouldn’t it be inappropriate and disrespectful if I wore something so casual?” I was still a little worried.

“This isn’t casual at all. We went the extra mile to get new clothes, after all.” He continued to speak in a righteous manner.

“This looks so similar to the one I was wearing earlier—they’re both homewear.”

“The difference is huge. Look, this dress has a collar but the one you had on earlier did not.”

Just like that, Mr. Theo Grant had gone to the mall to shop for clothes, used his bodyguards to clear the place out, and ended up only purchasing a set of homewear.

After getting into the car, I furiously said, “I’m mad, Theo.” This had been his first time taking me shopping, and I was tremendously disappointed.



tremendously disappointed.

“Why?” He turned around to look at me, his face full of questions as though he truly did not understand my anger.

“No one takes a woman shopping like that. I can’t believe you’re a company’s president!” I turned sideways, speechless.

He was nothing like those domineering presidents in movies, buying expensive clothes and branded bags for their women, hiring professional stylists for them to stun everyone.

He laughed. “I can’t believe you’re so materialistic.”

“I don’t care. I’m mad.” I stifled my anger and decided to be stubborn instead.

“Okay, when the child is born, I’ll bring home a few stores for you to pick out whatever you want. Cheer up. It won’t be good for the baby if you get angry.” The corner of his mouth lifted, and his tone became pampering.

A certain kind of warmth could last for a very long time, and after a few years, these scattered memories would become the only sweet memories I could look back on.



The car soon drove into another upscale villa community that was just as famous as Regal Villa. What set this community apart was that unlike the peace and quiet of Regal Villa, this place was bustling with energy because there were dignitaries and foreigners staying here.

It was a sign of status for anyone who could afford to live here.

Theo was a fan of quiet places, hence he had not been interested in this place and had chosen Regal Villa for himself instead.

The car stopped in front of a European-styled villa. From afar, I saw a woman with a noble temperament and a very attractive body figure walk over.

When she came nearer, I was surprised to realize that it was Petra.

It turned out that Theo had brought me here to meet her.

“Hello, Mr. Grant. It’s been a long time since we last met.” Petra greeted Theo warmly from afar.

She then looked me up and down, a hint o



She then looked me up and down, a hint of delight briefly emerging on her face before it quickly returned to its usual expression. She said with a slight smile, "This must be Mrs. Grant, right?"

Theo nodded and responded in a faint voice, "Sorry to keep you waiting, Petra."

"Hello, Ma'am," I politely greeted.

"Come in, they're waiting." Petra enthusiastically took my arm and walked inside.

Once we went inside, we saw many people sitting around the table in the room. Petra introduced everyone to me. They were all either presidents or officials from a certain bureau or ministry.

I understood now that all these dignitaries were big shots in Salt City.

After the introductions, Petra picked her wine glass up from the table and said, "I've been wandering out there all these years, and I often thought of home. I'm finally back now, and I would like to thank everyone for coming over to have this welcoming dinner with me. Cheers."



It turned out that it was Petra's welcoming dinner today. No wonder all the officialdom and business world bigwigs had all gathered here.

After a few polite exchanges, they began talking about family matters.

"Who's this lady beside you, Petra? She looks familiar!" During dinner, a slightly chubby man looked at me and asked Petra who I was.

"Mr. Zach, this is Mr. Grant's wife, my goddaughter," Petra said, holding me intimately.

I was a little puzzled. When had I become her goddaughter?

"Wanda here has been in a bad state these past few days because her best friend has gotten into trouble and is currently locked up in your police station. She was not in the mood to come today, but I forced her to, so she reluctantly came," Petra nonchalantly said.

Mr. Zach? I remembered him now. He was Mr. Ezekiel Zach, the director of the Public Security Bureau in Salt City.



Public Security Bureau in Salt City.

Slightly unsure, I looked up at Theo, who evaded my gaze a little but gently nodded.

“Huh? Did that really happen? I didn’t know that. What’s your friend’s name, young lady? I’ll go back and ask about it.”

Mr. Zach looked at me with an affectionate expression.

I instantly understood the motives behind Petra’s actions and stood up, picking up my glass from the table. I said politely, “Thank you, Mr. Zach. My friend’s name is Cecilia Shane and she’s currently locked up in the West City Public Security Bureau. Sorry for the trouble, Mr. Zach, and thank you for your great kindness.”

## Chapter 73

“Hahaha, this young lady is pretty shrewd, huh? You’re a good judge of character, accepting such a perfect lady as your goddaughter, Petra. Mr. Grant is really lucky to have such a clever and beautiful wife.” Mr. Zach happily raised his glass.

Theo stood up and took the wine glass from my hands, giving Mr. Zach a professional smile. “Thank you for the kind words, Mr. Zach. My wife is pregnant and can’t drink, so I’ll toast on her behalf.”

“You’re too polite, Mr. Grant. Cheers!” Mr. Zach clinked glasses with Theo with a wide grin.

“Alright, you don’t have to worry anymore now. Since Mr. Zach has agreed to help you out, he’ll definitely get everything settled soon. Sit down and have something to eat. You’re pregnant, and you shouldn’t starve yourself.” Petra pulled me to my seat with a smile, sounding just like a loving mother.



I finally breathed out a sigh of relief. I softly said, "Thank you, Petra."

She smiled, not saying a word, and turned around to chat with the others.

After another round of toasting, everyone started chatting about the past.

Mr. Zach looked me up and down and asked Petra, "Petra, have you gotten any news about your daughter yet? I've been asking around in Salt City but..."

Petra, who had been smiling, suddenly revealed a pained expression. She dropped her head and said, "I've been looking for her, but I've not received any news so far. It's been so many years—it's really tough!"

"Your efforts will pay off one day. As long as you don't give up, I'm sure you'll find her." Mr. Zach patted her shoulder, comforting her.

Petra's voice was slightly choked up. She looked at me and said, "If she was still alive, she would probably be around the same age as Wanda now."

"Now that you've mentioned it, Mrs.





Now that you've mentioned it, Mrs. Grant's features do bear a slight resemblance to yours when you were younger, Petra. Now I know why you accepted her as your goddaughter—it was fated!" said another middle-aged man, looking at me. 2

The rest nodded in agreement. All of a sudden, everyone's eyes were on me.

I was a little unsure of what to do. I could only keep quiet and eat, my head bowed in embarrassment.

Fortunately, everyone soon moved on to chat about other things. The crowd's attention shifted away from me.

As I was eating, I felt some discomfort in my stomach, so I got up to walk to the bathroom. I propped myself up with the sink and dry-heaved for a long while before I finally felt much better.

The moment I looked up, a glass of water appeared in front of me. "Rinse your mouth. It'll help you feel better." 1

Theo stood in front of me with a glass of water in his hand, looking worried.

"Why are you here?" I took the glass of



“Why are you here?” I took the glass of water and rinsed my mouth out.

“We can head back early if you don’t feel too well.” He took my hand and tried to walk out.

“No way. If Petra is sincere about helping me out, this dinner party is a good opportunity for me. I can’t just leave.” I stood at the sink, unmoving, and peered up at him. “Were you the one who asked Petra for help?”

Theo looked at me, mixed emotions in his eyes. After a very long time, he said, “I happened to bump into her on the way to the police station today. After she heard about what had happened, she offered to help.”

“Does she need your help?” Although Theo was a VIP in Salt City, he was still just a businessman. A rich and powerful lady like Petra would never take the initiative to offer help if she did not need a favor in return.

He did not reply, nor did I ask further questions. It was probably something to do with work.





● WITH WORK.

“By the way, she spoke about looking for her daughter. Does Petra have a daughter? Isn't she Xander's mother?” I suddenly recalled the things they had spoken about at the dinner table. I could not help but feel weirded out by the strange stares they had been giving me.

“Xander isn't Petra's biological son. Before she married Xander's father, Petra was married to another man. Petra had a daughter, but her daughter had been abandoned by her husband at that time. Because of that, Petra divorced her husband and went abroad. She's been searching for her daughter all these years.”

I understood now. No wonder Xander never really spoke about his mother. It turned out that Petra was just his stepmother. Xander's father passed away two years ago, so it was expected for them to not be as close.

I did not think too much about it as I returned to the dining table with Theo.

Dinner lasted for a very long time, and everyone left at a very late hour. I fell





Everyone left at a very late hour. I fell asleep in the car, feeling exhausted, and Theo carried me upstairs.

When I woke up the next morning, Theo had already gone to work.

Miss Woods had prepared a table laden with every kind of breakfast food, a massive change from my days of gnawing on cold bread.

Thinking about the fact that the show would start filming tomorrow, I took a few hasty bites before rushing to work.

Miss Woods saw how little I had eaten and quickly said, "Mrs. Grant, you can't eat so little while you're pregnant. It'll stunt the baby's growth. I'll pack some soup and desserts up for you, so you can eat them on the road."

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Having said that, she packed up all sorts of snacks and fruits for me, as well as a thermos full of soup.

I could not refuse, so I took everything. It would make a pretty good lunch, at least.

Upon arriving at the office, Heidi reported that preliminary work was underway. The celebrities were all staying in the hotel and the director was giving them their final instructions.

The first filming location was to be indoors, inside a shopping mall. To not disrupt the mall's shops, the filming had been set to begin tomorrow night.

Everyone was doing their own job, and there was nothing much I could help with.

"Wanda..." Heidi did not leave after she finished reporting on work. She hesitated to continue.

"Is there something difficult you want to say to me?" Seeing her reluctance, I had no choice but to prod her on it.



"Oh, no..." Heidi immediately waved her hands. "It's about work... Sigh, well, Newlight Media said that Sandy has to be the spokesperson, no matter what competition you decide to hold, or..."

"Or what?" I was curious. Newlight Media's boss had not been this stubborn when we had spoken previously. It had only been a few days, but he was already getting so pushy.

Heidi bowed her head, not saying a word.

"Speak!" I raised my voice.

"...Or they will make Grant Corporations face the consequences!" After a pause, she continued, "I think they're just trying to intimidate us. I didn't want to tell you this at first because your body isn't capable of handling any more pressure at the minute, but I was also really worried."

"Alright, I understand. You can go now."

After Heidi left, I sank into my thoughts. It looked like Newlight Media's backer was threatening me with Grant Corporation. Why had they not directly approached Theo, though?



Although I had no idea how Theo would react to learning about this, after recalling what Xander had said the last time, I did not want to put him in such a difficult position.

Considering Newlight Media's attitude, landing an endorsement was probably not the only thing they wanted. There had to be an even bigger scheme behind this.

Perhaps the endorsement was just a trick, a reason for them to target Grant Corporation.

I had to take Grant Corporation seriously. Even if it was just for my grandmother's sake, I had to think of a way to solve this problem and not let them use this as an excuse to give Grant Corporation trouble.

The most important thing right now was to find the backer behind Newlight Media. After thinking about it for a very long time, I pulled out my phone and swiped to a number I had never taken the initiative to call. With trembling hands, I pressed the call button.

The call connected after only one ring,



The call connected after only one ring, and a ghostly hell-like came over the line. "Six years, one month, and three days. You finally called."

His voice was low and deep. The voice on the line was cold and menacing.

My heart skipped a beat. My hands trembled slightly as I held the phone. After a very long time, I suppressed the fear in my heart and said, "I want to know who the backer behind Newlight Media is."

There was no response from the other end, save for heavy breathing. Soon, there was the sound of a lighter flickering. "You haven't said who I am yet, Wandy."

The uncontrollable trembling spread from just my hands to the rest of my body. The unease in my heart was spreading to the rest of me, too. I exhaled lightly. "Tyler!"

I had not called out that name for years.

"Wrong. Start again." He sounded quite patient as he slowly spoke each word.

Even though he was only being



en though he was only being  
transmitted through an earpiece, I could  
still sense his cold and menacing aura  
penetrating into the very core of my  
bones.

This coldness was nothing like Theo's  
aloofness. It was a bloody kind of  
coldness that seemed to come straight  
from hell. A horrifying and maniacal  
coldness.

My body was shaking violently. I held my  
phone with both hands and said in a  
trembling voice, "Brother." My voice was  
almost inaudible.

He still heard it, though. He responded by  
letting out a maniacal laugh.

I could not stand it anymore. I hung up  
the call abruptly and tossed my phone  
away. It felt like he was going to crawl  
through the line and reach me from over  
the phone.

My body was completely frozen. I stood u  
p and turned the heater to a warm  
setting, all the way up to 86 degrees  
Fahrenheit. I crashed onto the couch and  
curled into a ball, unable to come back to  
my senses for a very long time.



setting, all the way up to 80 degrees

Fahrenheit. I crashed onto the couch and curled into a ball, unable to come back to my senses for a very long time.

It was a fear that had been engraved into my bones ever since I was a toddler. I should not have made that call.