

Chapter 100

I clicked in to see the contents and it was full of photos of me and him from the moment we took a plane to the South Sea at midnight; when we entered the hotel together and spent a whole day together; when we went out to have dinner together; when we had our arms around each other's shoulders after returning to the hotel...

In short, from the photos that were released, anyone who saw them would think that we were meeting in secret and had even booked a room in the hotel. This was evidence that we could not refute. We were completely indefensible.

The only good thing about this was that the media had not revealed my name, maybe because they were afraid of Theo. The photos did not happen to capture my face directly, and they were mostly shots of my back. However, those who knew me well would know that it was me.

Moreover, there were comments saying that Xander had a sugar mommy. There

...t Xander had a sugar mommy. There were also people saying that Xander had won the competition last time because someone was helping him in secret. Some netizens speculated that it was me.

News about a popular star having a sugar mommy would no doubt be eye-catching. However, not only would this news irk his new fans but also hurt the hearts of his many die-hard fans. I thought of the 60 million fans Xander had. Perhaps many of them had already unfollowed him out of despair.

My heart sank to the bottom. I remembered repeatedly reminding Xander not to be involved in a scandal. Unexpectedly, not only did he get himself involved in a scandal but it was also with me. ②

I finally knew why Theo changed the lock. The misunderstanding only deepened when I recalled the time Xander answered a call on my phone. My head was about to explode.

Heidi had already charged my phone for me. As soon as I switched my phone on, Xander gave me a call. When Heidi saw me answering the call, she closed the door

Answering the call, she closed the door and left.

"Wandy, there's a scandal about us. Did you see it?" Xander sounded excited on the other end of the call. It felt as though he had been looking forward to it for a very long time.

"I just saw it," I replied listlessly.

"I think the photos are pretty nice. The only drawback is that the headline is a bit too much. How can they call you a madam? Although it's true that you're a madam, you look more like a young lady from the photos!"

Xander spoke with the same playful tone. He did not take the news seriously at all and was even commenting about the photos. His excitement made it seem as though he was gossiping about others.

I massaged my sore glabella and said, "You're the cause of this scandal. Think of a way to take the news down or all the effort we've put in will go down the drain."

Xander fell silent for a moment, and his tone went back to normal as he said, "I'll handle it."

handle it.

"Mm, we'll either hold a press conference to explain it or release a statement via the studio. Regardless of which, we need to explain it clearly. The sooner the better. Make sure no more trouble crops up," I reminded him.

This matter was too hard to deal with. If we did not solve it as soon as possible, then I feared that the netizens would drag me into it. If that happened, it would only be a matter of time before they found out that I was Mrs. Grant. That would no doubt affect Grant Corporation's image.

The only way to clear the misunderstanding was for Xander to come forward. Although he had signed a contract with Nectarine Entertainment, he owned his own independent studio. It was not appropriate for Nectarine Entertainment to bypass the studio and release a statement themselves.

As for Theo, I had to explain it to him as soon as possible to clear the misunderstanding.

I did not know when Tyler would come to Salt City. I must seek Theo's help and protection. I would die if I had to go back t

o living that life. ①

Compared to staying alive, nothing else mattered.

I thought about it and got up to go to Theo's office.

It was cold and dark as usual. Keith was not outside the office, which made the place seem even lonelier.

I knocked on the door. Theo's low and attractive voice came from inside. "Come in."

I gently pushed the door in. He had his head buried in work. His neat and short hair, sharp and distinct eyebrows, as well as sexy lips, paired well with his perfectly carved face.

It had been days since we last met and he seemed much more handsome now.

Looking at him from above, I could feel my heart beating wildly. I remembered how I felt the first time I saw him. My heart had throbbed the same way.

He looked really serious when he worked and did not even look up. I stood there in silence.

"How are things being handled?" After a while, Theo asked. He probably thought I was Keith.

"Theo..." I spoke hesitantly.

He was stunned. His bland countenance was suddenly frosty as his entire being exuded a stern aura. He looked up at me, his bottomless pupils tinged in frost.

"Uh, I can explain about the hashtags. There's a reasonable explanation for every single photo you saw. Many things happened in between. The photographer deliberately published those photos to cause misunderstanding," I quickly explained, ignoring his sudden change of countenance.

He raised his brow as his features grew even colder. He asked in a deep voice, "Is there also a reason why you were sleeping together?"

Chapter 101

"I didn't sleep with him." I hastily waved my hands. "That day, I had to get up early to catch my flight, so I was really tired. After I got to the hotel, I rested for a while. Xander was in the living room reading the script the entire time. Nothing happened. Did you call because..."

"Enough. Do you think that I'll believe you?" He interrupted me and looked at me coldly before burying his head back into his work. He continued what he was doing.

"Theo, even murderers have a chance to plead their case. You should at least listen to what I have to say." I propped my hands on the desk and was not about to give up my chance to explain myself.

He looked up and raised his eyebrows at me. The cold look on his face only grew colder. "It's office hours. You shouldn't discuss personal matters with me right now, President Lane. The spokesperson is fully your responsibility. This situation

will definitely have an impact on the company, so you'd better find a way to solve it. Otherwise..."

After that, he did not continue anymore, but I knew that it was something bad.

"Theo..." I still did not want to give up.

"Wanda! Are you deaf or are you deliberately defying me?" He raised his voice that was tinged with anger. "You've been an employee here long enough to understand the principles. Don't you know that it's inappropriate to come to your boss' office to talk about personal matters during office hours? Get out of my office right now."

I stood there without moving, shamelessly pretending not to hear what he said.

He glared at me and spoke loudly, "Keith!"

Soon, Keith came in and looked at me as he said politely, "President Lane, President Grant has a meeting soon. Could you please come back another time?"

Keith spoke so politely and formally that I could not find a reason to refute.

I initially wanted to pretend not to hear him, but Keith was standing in front of me with his hands out, signaling me to leave while staring straight at me.

I had no choice but to leave resentfully. Before I left, I said to Theo, "President Grant, I'll be waiting for you outside your door. I hope that you can spare some of your precious time to talk to me after you're done."

The chill Theo's body exuded intensified and he ignored me.

I left Theo's office and sat outside in the break room. I refused to leave.

Keith could not do anything about it and turned around to go about his work.

Although the trending news on Google was very important, Xander said that he would handle it, so the only thing I could do was wait. There were only two things one could do about entertainment news like that. One was to wait for a bigger and hotter story to come out, and the other was to wait until it slowly died down and

...s to wait until it slowly died down and
was forgotten.

The most important thing right now was to
get Theo's forgiveness. There was
nothing else I could do. It was my fault
for causing this to happen.

I could not sleep the entire night
yesterday, so I was tired and sleepy now.
After sitting and waiting for a while, I fell
asleep.

When I woke up, it was already
lunchtime. I stood up and walked toward
Theo's office, ready to have lunch with
him.

"President Lane, President Grant left the
office to do something and won't be back
for the entire afternoon," Keith said with
a straight face.

I...

I knew Theo was doing it on purpose and
there was nothing I could do about it.

I had no choice but to go back to my office
and stay there drowsily until working
hours were over. After that, I grabbed my
bag and rushed back to the villa.

The door was still locked, but the lights

The door was still locked, but the lights were on, which meant that someone was home. I rang the bell.

Miss Woods came running out. She opened the door and whispered in my ear, "He just got back. When you come in, speak nicely to him."

I understood what Miss Woods meant, so I nodded my head and went inside.

Theo was sitting on the sofa in the living room, looking down at his phone. He had a cold look on his face and did not even glance at me.

Miss Woods nudged me before going into the kitchen to continue working. I was at a loss, so I poured him a glass of water and handed it to him. He looked at it, snorted coldly, and did not take it from me.

I put down the glass of water on the table and sat down next to him. I said, "Theo, can we talk?"

He looked up and glanced at me. His dark eyes sank slightly. His voice was low and tinged with mockery. "It's my rest time. President Lane, if you want to talk about work, please come to my office tomorrow

work, please come to my office tomorrow.

He sounded detached and like a stranger. It was hard for me to hear him speak to me that way.

I ignored the knots in my heart and calmed my mind before I spoke, "Theo, we're not divorced yet, so I'm still Mrs. Grant. Speaking to me like this is emotional abuse."

He finally put his phone down and looked at me before he sneered. "Wait, you still remember that you're my wife? If you hadn't mentioned that, I would have mistaken you as some mysterious rich woman."

Chapter 102

I was sweating because I did not expect him to read the news reports which