

Chapter 143

Click! The noise came from his phone that was facing me.

I frowned. "Why are you taking photos of me?"

"You look good! The photo of you standing below the sunset is incredibly beautiful. It's a shame you're not a celebrity." Xander waved the phone in his hands and laughed.

I did not want to be petty with him, so I turned and continued walking. It was remarkably stunning here, like a whole new world. It made one feel carefree and relaxed, allowing people to forget about their problems as they indulged in their joyful moods.

Xander kept his phone and walked beside me. "If you like it here, I'll bring you here more often."

"Thanks." I did like it here, but it was not necessary for me to come with him. If we were caught on camera again, things would be over for us.

As if he could sense my worries, he kept mum. Neither of us spoke as we walked side by side in silence. This place was secluded to begin with, and it was especially quiet with not many people around. Hence, we could rest assured that we would not bump into any fans or paparazzi here.

“Other than Theo Grant, is it a no for everyone else?” After a long time, Xander broke the silence. His tone was exceptionally serious.

I was momentarily stunned, only to realize what he meant moments later. I replied faintly, “Not really. It’s just that I met him first, that’s all.”

Relationships were brash decisions. Most of the time, it was all about a moment. I met Theo just when my heart began to be receptive toward getting into a romantic relationship, and it could no longer hold anyone else after that.

To be exact, I no longer paid attention to anyone else from then on.

Xander stood in front of me, blocking my way. He said, “Love is like taking a walk.

way. He said, "Love is like taking a walk. You don't have to follow the same path until the sun goes down. You can always stop and switch to a better path when you find that it's getting tough. You'd feel a lot better."

"Perhaps!" I smiled.

"So it means, you'll leave him one day, right?" He was persistent, his scorching gaze boring into me.

I could not help but chuckle as I pushed him aside, saying softly, "We'll never know what tomorrow holds."

We would not know what the future would be like. In fact, we would not be able to know if tomorrow would come first, or would an accident come before tomorrow did. Many things were destined, like who we would meet and who we would disappoint.

Without realizing it, it was the end of the walkway. Like Xander had said, there was a surf and turf restaurant at the very end of the walkway.

This restaurant seemed to have been around for a long time since the decor

place like this for a meal. "Looks like you're quite acquainted with the owners here."

"I came here several times for a shoot before, and the owners would arrange this space for us to prevent unwanted attention. It's great to be able to dine peacefully without disruptions. Most importantly, the food here tastes pretty good, so I come here pretty frequently."

Indeed, for celebrities like Xander, they could only have a meal in the city if it was in a private room or a customized space with enhanced privacy measures. They would not be able to enjoy outdoor dining since they could not dine out in the open.

The owners gave us the menu, and Xander passed it to me. I took it without hesitation and ordered a few things that I liked to eat. Then, I returned the menu to Xander. "I only ordered what I like. I don't know what you want to eat."

Xander received the menu and as he ordered, he said, "I like how you're straightforward and genuine. There's not an ounce of hypocrisy in you."

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I cocked my eyebrows and narrowed my eyes at him. "Have you been eating with fairies who refuse to eat mortal food?"

"They're not willing to touch food trucks by the roadside since they feel like the food is too cheap," Xander frowned as he replied.

Chapter 144

“Well, not every woman is so picky. They do have their own considerations as well. As a woman, the focus isn’t on the food trucks by the roadside but the intention of the person who brought them there.” I said faintly.

“What do you mean?” Xander lifted his eyes and looked at me.

“For example, you brought me here today to share this good find with me. We’re friends, and I’m grateful. However, if you were someone I had just met or am unfamiliar with, I’d have two thoughts about this. It’s either you’re trying to test me, or you don’t respect me. It’s entirely different.

“Since we’re friends, I appreciate your gesture, since it’s not easy to find someone who would share nice things with you. But if we were mere acquaintances, do you think I’d still open myself up to you as a woman?”

“Did Theo Grant ever test you before? Are

● Did Theo Grant ever test you before? Are you a materialistic woman in his heart?" Xander asked abruptly, his quiet gaze boring into me.

I paused. Would he think so?

He would, I guess. I remember him mentioning that as long as I agreed to the divorce, he would give me whatever I wanted. I reckoned that in his heart, I married him solely for the money.

My phone rang while I was deep in my thoughts.

I scooped some food into my bowl and answered the phone.

"Where are you?" Theo's cold yet furious voice rang from the other side of the phone.

It looked like he was out of the operating room and his operation was successful.

"I'm out, President Grant. How can I help you?" My tone was formal and monotonous.

Xander saw that I was on the phone, so he headed inside the restaurant to get some drinks.

“What are you doing?” His tone dropped a few degrees and was laced with displeasure.

“Eating with a friend,” I replied to him blatantly. I had nothing to hide.

“Wanda Lane!” Theo yelled through gritted teeth. “Well done. Your husband has just come out from an operation and is now in the hospital, yet you’re outside eating with a friend. Remarkably well done!”

“I signed what I needed to and handled all the procedures. Plus, judging by the way you’re speaking, President Grant, it seems like you’re on your way to recovery. If there’s nothing else, I’ll hang up first,” I replied nonchalantly, ignoring his rage.

“Come to the hospital, now.” His voice was icily demanding. He would not allow me to reject him.

If this were before, I would have gone there immediately, but I felt rebellious today. “I’m afraid I’d have to disappoint you, President Grant. It’ll take me some time since I’m still with a friend.” 1

"Who the heck are you with right now?!"
He roared, almost bursting my eardrum.

I placed the phone farther away from my ears and replied irritably, "Xander Nietzsche."

"Wanda Lane, I just got into a small accident. I'm not dead yet. Are you in such a rush to find yourself the next man? We're still married, and you're still obliged to take care of me." I could tell that he was mad, extremely mad.

My irritation grew. "On what basis am I obliged to take care of a husband who got himself into an accident when he was with his mistress?"

"Besides, I'm sure you don't lack caretakers by your side. Isn't Miss Reed very willing to take care of you? If I were to appear, she would be very unhappy. I'm being considerate toward you. You're unwell, you don't have the energy to wheedle her. I shall not add to your misery. Get well soon. I'm sure Miss Reed will take extremely good care of you."

After I finished saying everything in one breath, I hung up and turned off my

phone. I did not give him a chance to reply to me.

Xander passed me a bottle of yogurt. I conversed with him while I was shelling my lobster. This meal took us two hours to finish.

After sending me to my villa, I thanked him before making my way toward the door.

"Wanda Lane," Xander called out. For the first time, he was using my full name. His tone was overly formal.

I stopped in my tracks, turned around, and looked at him.

He stuck his head out the car window and looked at me solemnly. "Promise me, if there's a day when you want to choose a new path, remember that I'm always here. Don't worry, I'll take good care of you and your child. I won't let any harm come your way."

I smiled and replied to him, "I'm the kind who sticks to my path all the way to the end, so there's no 'if'. However, I'd still like to thank you. Being your friend

end, so there's no... However, I'd still

● e to thank you. Being your friend makes me happy.”

I turned and entered through the door, no longer looking at him.

As soon as I reached the living room, Miss Woods was hinting at me with her eyes. I soon realized that there was someone on the sofa.