

## Chapter 145

It was Cindy.

She was arranging clothes on the sofa. They were all Theo's clothes.

Miss Woods whispered in my ear, "She was already here when I got back. She went to the second floor and grabbed all these clothes from the room."

I walked over and stared coldly at her. She glared at me without a word. She then turned around and ordered Miss Woods. "Go get Theowy's toothbrush and shaver."

Miss Woods looked at me, not budging.

I took out my phone and called 911.

"Hello, I'd like to make a report to the police. Someone is trespassing private property. Please send someone to investigate this matter." Then, I gave them my house address.

"Shut up, Wanda Lane!" Cindy stared at me incredulously after she heard me call the police. She got up and tried to snatch

the police. She got up and tried to snatch my phone away.

I angled myself to dodge her attack and continued, "Please hurry."

After hanging up, I stared at Cindy and said, "This is my house, please leave. Or when the police come, things will get ugly."

Cindy's face was flushed red with rage after her failed attempt to snatch my phone away.

With a trembling voice, she bellowed, "Since when did this place become yours, Wanda Lane? This is Theowy's house! I can come whenever I please. Besides, a lot of things in this house are mine. You're the shameless woman who thinks that what's mine is yours!"

"Haha!" I was so furious I could not help but laugh. "You're indeed shameless, Miss Reed. Your ability to twist the truth is truly admirable."

I scanned through the items in the house and realized that there were a few decorative pieces that Cindy had bought. She managed to keep them in the house after throwing tantrums.

Walking up to one of the more expensive pieces, I pointed at it and said, "This is yours, right? It's taking up space in my house." I proceeded to smash in on the floor without hesitation. The same happened to the second piece, the third piece...

With the sounds of porcelain breaking on the floor, the most obvious row of collectibles had now turned into debris.

"Wanda Lane! Don't touch my things!" Cindy's eyes were bloodshot with rage and she pounced toward me like a dog with rabies.

I understood her tactics all too well since I had fallen victim to them several times. I moved to the side to dodge her. Since she was using all her might, she could not stop herself in time and crashed into the bar counter.

In the heat of the moment, she fumbled and grabbed onto a few antique vases that were on the counter, which came crashing to the floor. These vases were specially ordered by Theo. They must have cost a fortune.

My heart ached, but I remarked faintly, "Miss Reed, please remember to pay for the damages at their full prices."

"I'll finish you off, Wanda Lane!"

Ignoring the pain on her forehead, Cindy struggled to get up from the floor and was about to pounce on me again.

Miss Woods stepped in and pressed her down. "Miss Reed, you're hurt. Please don't move about, or you'll bleed out."

At the same time, the doorbell rang. I opened the door to find two young policemen walking in.

"Someone here reported a trespass on private property? Who's the house owner?" the older policeman asked.

"I am. This woman barged into my house and broke a lot of antiques." I pointed at Cindy.

The older policeman looked at us and announced formally, "May I have a look at your identification cards and the house grant please?"

I went up, brought down the necessary documents, and passed them to the

policemen when Cindy shrieked, "Police, don't listen to her nonsense! This is Theowy's house! I'm not trespassing."

After the policemen were done checking the documents, they returned them to me and said, "This lady has sufficient documents. You, follow us back to the police station and we'll talk. Oh yes, you will have to come along to give your statement as well."

I massaged my forehead, not wanting to have to deal with Cindy any longer. Miss Woods saw this and stepped up. "Can I go? I saw this woman in the house when I came back. I'm well aware of the situation."

The policemen looked at me and I quickly nodded.

Just like that, the policemen took Cindy and Miss Woods with them.

Cindy was stunned. She must not have experienced this kind of thing before in her life. Right before she left the door, she let out a shrill cry, "Just you wait, Wanda Lane! I'm not done with you!"

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After they left, I looked at the mess in the house. I was extremely tired so I did not bother cleaning up. I went up to take a bath.

The doorbell rang again just when I was done with my bath. I looked at the time. It was nearly one in the morning. Was Cindy released so soon?

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I wanted to ignore it, but the person behind the door seemed very persistent as the doorbell kept ringing.

It may be a villa, but since it was a terrace, the sound of the doorbell was loud and crisp in the dead of night. To prevent my neighbors from getting disturbed, I changed and went down to open the door.

As I went down, I peeked at the security camera and was surprised to see Mason standing outside the door.

It was so late. Theo was not home, so why was he here?

Feeling confused, I opened the door and went out. "Doctor Lynch, it's late. How may I help you?"

Mason glared at me and grunted irritably. "Why didn't you pick up your phone?"

Only just realizing that I had left my phone upstairs, I replied hastily, "Sorry, my phone wasn't with me. What

happened?"

"Can both of you not include outsiders in your lovers' bicker?" Right after he finished his sentence, he went into the house and lay on the sofa. He looked exhausted, and his eyes were bleary like he had been forcefully yanked out of bed.

I looked at him with a puzzled gaze and asked, "What does Theo want this time?"

"What else does he want? He called me in the middle of the night telling me that he's hungry and he wants to eat your cooking, so he ordered me to come over and tell you to cook for him."

F\*ck...

No wonder Mason was annoyed. I was too. Why could Theo not just suck it up or order delivery since it was so late at night?

"What does he really want? Does he have to be so annoying in the middle of the night?" I was unhappy.

"I know, right? But that being said, you'd better hurry up or there'll be no peace for either of us. Too bad he's the patient."



Mason lay on the sofa and said all this with his eyes closed.

He really did look exhausted.

I sighed exasperatedly. "Stay here for the night, then. I'll make some food and send it over."

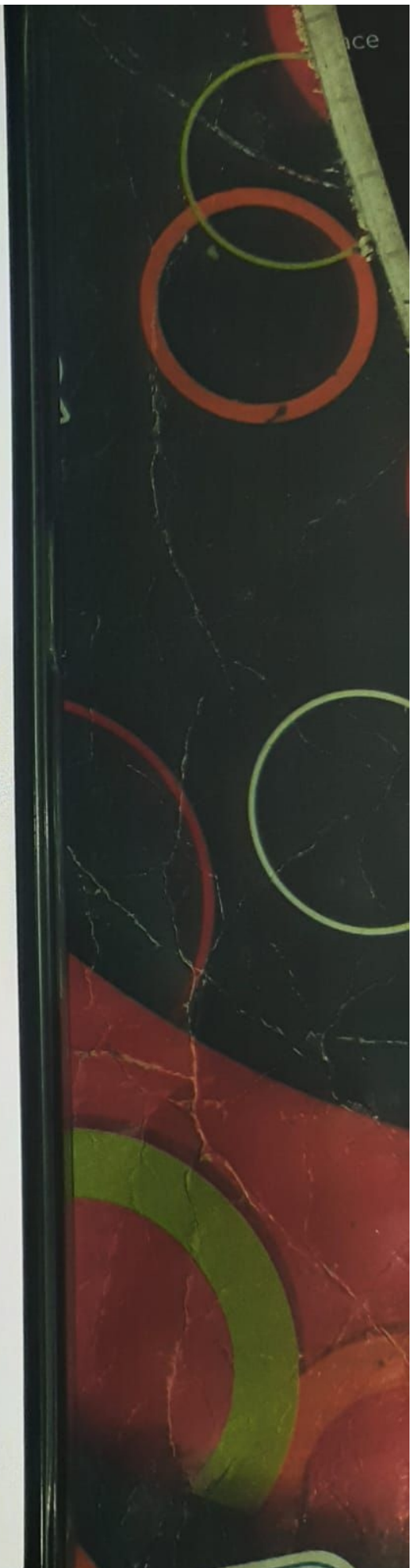
Mason nodded, his breath evening out. He seemed to have fallen asleep. I shook my head. How tired must he be to have fallen asleep right after he was done talking?

I grabbed a blanket from upstairs and covered it with him before going into the kitchen.

The fridge was filled with ingredients, which Miss Woods had bought. I considered the fact that Theo had just undergone an operation and decided to use the chicken that Miss Woods had prepared to make him some chicken soup.

After half an hour, I scooped the soup into a container and prepared to leave.

In the living room, Mason was snoring lightly.



I rushed to the hospital, and it was pin-drop silent in the wing where the wards were. The VIP section that Theo was in was eerily silent. After asking the nurse who was dozing off, I got the ward number and entered the ward.

In the room, Theo was lying on his half-slanted bed, playing with his phone. He may be in a hospital gown but he was still ridiculously good-looking. He was just sitting there, but I could not take my eyes off of him.

He saw me when I pushed open the door and arranged his composure. He placed his phone down and stared intently at me.

Although I was unhappy with how annoying he was, I saw the bandages on his head and his pale face.

My heart softened. I brought the food container to his bed and nonchalantly said, "You've just undergone an operation, so you can only drink soup. I made you some chicken soup. Come, have some."

"Okay." He sat up and looked at me. "Mason went over to look for you, didn't h

e? You refused to come to the hospital so this was the only thing I could do.”

My facial expression was icy-cold. I did not say a word as I opened the container. I poured out some soup and passed him a spoon. “Drink up, it’s the right temperature.”

He peeked at me and said sheepishly, “My hand hurts. Feed me.” He looked expectant.

I was vexed. The doctor had said that only his head and abdomen were injured, so why was his hand hurting? He was just deliberately trying to be annoying. Not only did he trouble his buddy in the middle of the night but he also wanted to trouble me now.

Even though I knew he was doing it on purpose, I did not expose him. I picked up the container and brought a spoonful of soup to his mouth.

He smiled gleefully and opened his mouth, slurping the soup immediately.

Even with food in his mouth, his eyes were still fixed on me.

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I pretended not to notice as I continued feeding him. It did not take long for him to finish a bowl of soup.

“Are you still mad?” After a while, he broke the silence.

I paused, my head still hung low. I asked quietly, “What do you mean?”

He continued, “She’s my burden.

Whatever I owed her parents previously, I have to repay her.” His voice was deep and emotionless.

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I looked up at him and said indifferently, "So, are you going to carry this burden your entire life? Theo Grant, I can stop caring, but I refuse to let my child be forced to fight someone else for their dad."

Theo's onyx eyes darkened, and he replied almost immediately, "I promise, this won't happen again."

"You've already said the same line before. Do you know what a habit means?" Cindy was Theo's habit, and he had proven time and again that he could not ignore her.

My heart softened when I saw how conflicted he was. I did not force him anymore. I faintly said, "Take a nap. The sun's about to come up."

He lay on his bed and asked in a deep voice, "I heard you came over to sign the consent form for my operation. Were you worried?"

How should I reply? I was worried when I heard he got into an accident, but when I knew that he was not badly injured and he was with Cindy at the time of the accident, I was more upset and disheartened than I was worried.

However, I did not want to tell him that. I got up, kept the food container, and said coldly, "I'll head back now. I need to work tomorrow."

His face changed when he saw that I was unwilling to answer him. He said, "The hospital requires a family member to stay back tonight. Just make do with that bed over there."

I wanted to call Cindy and ask her to come since she would be more than happy to, but I remembered that she should still be in the police station now. I agreed. "Okay, I'll go to sleep now. Just holler if you need anything."

He was only being annoying tonight because of this. If I did not stay back, I did not know what other method he would come up with to be so torturously annoying.

I placed the food container down and lay down, preparing to sleep. I was out and about all night, so I was exhausted.

Before he could say anything, his phone rang. He picked it up, and his eyes darkened. Alas, he answered it on speakerphone.

I was not sure when this habit of answering the phone on speakerphone started.

Once the call went through, Cindy's shrieks pierced through the phone. "Theowy, save me! Wanda Lane framed me and sent me to the police station. They require a family member to be present but I can't get through to my parents. I'm so scared..."

She actually took so long to call him?

Theo looked at me, confused. I shrugged and said nonchalantly, "She barged into my house without permission, so I called the police on her."

He lowered his head into his hands and said into the phone, "It's late now. Just be there for a while. I'll let Zedd handle it

here for a while. I'll let Zedd handle it first thing tomorrow morning."

"Theowy, I'm scared, sob, sob..." Cindy continued to wail on the phone.

Theo did not say anything else and hung up the phone. He massaged his temples and sighed exasperatedly, "You could've just chased her out. Why did you make things so ugly?"

"Ugly? I don't think so. Someone trespassed into the house, so I called the police. It's reasonable. If you were the one who gave your consent or permission, then let's talk. Pay me and I'll give you back the ownership of the house."

"Wanda Lane!" His face was suddenly stern. "Don't forget your identity."

"It's precisely because I haven't forgotten it. That's our house, I don't want anyone coming and going as they please. If you're unhappy because of this, I'll move out." I raised my voice as well.

I was uncertain if what I said played a big role, but his stern face suddenly softened as he smiled and looked at me. "Come



here.”

I understood what he wanted. Before he could kick up a fuss, I got up, walked over, and climbed onto his bed to lay by his side.

He chuckled. “If only you’re always this obedient.” He reached out his hands, wanting to hug me.

“I have bad form when I sleep. I don't want to press your wounds.” I rejected him and inched closer to the edge.

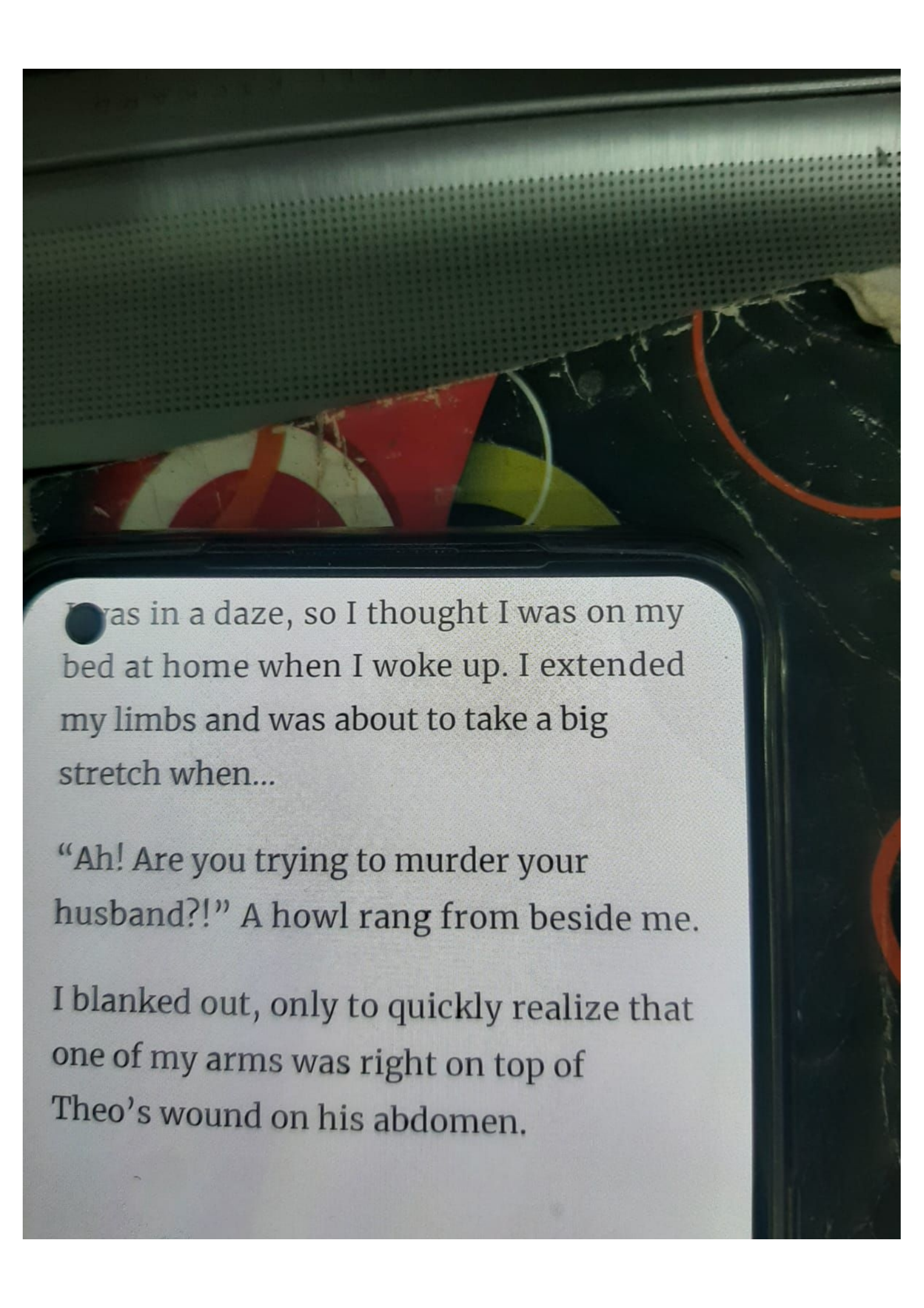
He did not insist. He covered me with his blanket without a word.

After the tumultuous night, I was beyond exhausted and quickly fell asleep on the bed.

By the time I woke up again, it was already 9:30 in the morning.

I was in a daze, so I thought I was on my bed at home when I woke up. I extended my limbs and was about to take a big stretch when...

“Ah! Are you trying to murder your husband?!” A howl rang from beside me.



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“Ah! Are you trying to murder your husband?!” A howl rang from beside me.

I blanked out, only to quickly realize that one of my arms was right on top of Theo’s wound on his abdomen.

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At that moment, I was instantly awoken from my daze and jumped out of bed. “I’m sorry, so sorry. I didn’t do that on purpose. Does it hurt really bad? I’ll go get the doctor.”

“I’m fine, I’m just playing with you. What a klutz! Are you hurt?” Theo cradled my wrist in his hands, gently massaging it.

After he mentioned it, I realized that my wrist was burning with pain. I must have been too anxious that I did not realize I knocked my hand against the cabinet by the bed.

“I’m fine, what about you? Did your wound tear?” I lowered my gaze worriedly. I may not have moved with full strength, but I was still worried since the wound was fresh from the operation.

He smirked. “I’m not that fragile. Are you hungry?”

“I’m okay.” I shook my head when I saw how carefree he sounded, but his face

was still ashen.

At that moment, a nurse knocked on the door and asked, "Bed 37, may we hook you up to an IV drip now? You have quite a lot of medication this morning. If you delay it, we might not be able to get it done by noon."

Theo frowned, and his face was as apathetic as usual when he answered softly, "Yes."

I immediately understood. Theo had asked the nurse to come back later when it was time for his drip in the morning because he did not want to disturb my sleep. I was embarrassed. I was supposed to be the one taking care of him, but in the end, I was the one being taken care of.

"What do you feel like eating? I'll go buy it." I felt guilty, so my attitude was better than yesterday night.

"I'll eat whatever you get me." He smiled gently at me.

He had been showing me meaningful smiles like this since yesterday night. I was flustered by them. I quickly freshened up in the bathroom and went

down to get breakfast.

As I was walking out the door, I bumped into Mason. He was wearing his white doctor's coat with a notebook in his hands. He looked like he was going to perform a check-up on Theo. He looked refreshed, a huge contrast from his worn-out appearance last night.

Mason saw that it was me and stopped me. "Thanks for last night."

I paused and recalled that he probably meant the blanket I covered him with at the villa last night. I shook my head slightly. "No worries, it's the least I could do. You wouldn't have been awakened in the middle of the night if it weren't for that annoying man."

Mason was momentarily stunned before he reverted to his usual aloof expression. "Where are—"

"I'm going to get breakfast. Have you eaten?" I asked.

He raised his wrist and looked at the time. He was stern. "You, a pregnant woman, and he, a patient, have to eat on time. It's important."

I was more embarrassed after hearing what Mason said. With a slightly flushed face, I forced a smile and went on my way.

It was after breakfast hours at the hospital's canteen, so I had no choice but to go outside to buy some breakfast.

Miss Woods called and told me that she was home and would send lunch over later. She told me she had wanted to send breakfast too, but Theo called and told her not to.

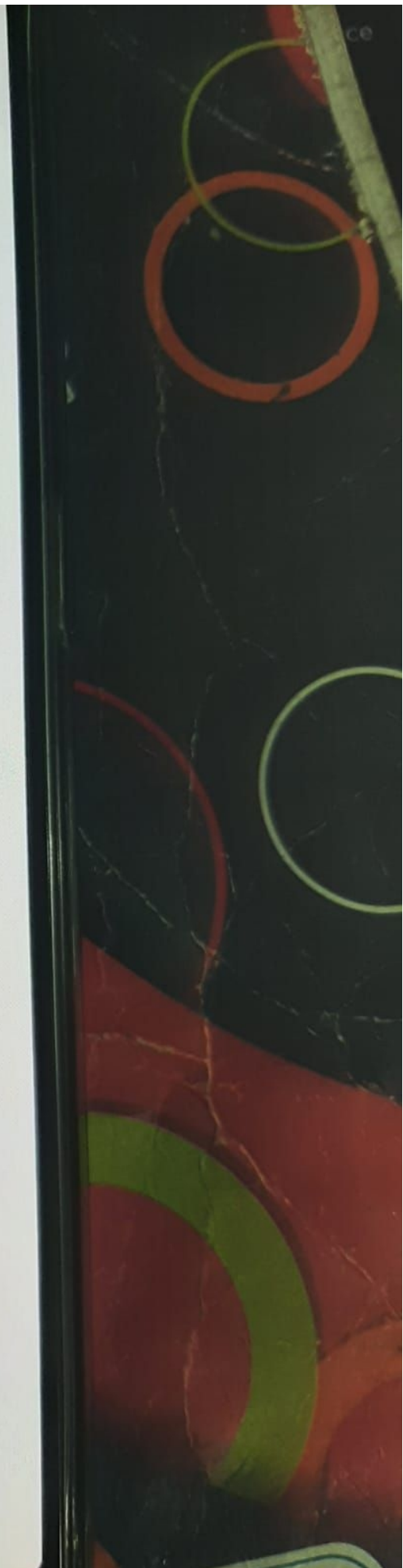
I was not sure what Theo wanted. He could have had breakfast but he chose to stay hungry till now.

There was no time for me to overthink, so I bought two portions of chicken soup from a restaurant near the hospital and rushed back to the ward.

As I was about to enter the ward, I heard voices coming from inside.

I did not enter and stood outside the door.

Cindy was sobbing. "Theowy, you don't know how horrible Wanda was to me last night. Not only did she call the police on



me but she also smashed all the collectibles I bought for you and told the police I did it. The police interrogated me the entire night. It was so terrifying!"

Her cries were pitiful and sorrowful, moving the hearts of those who heard her.

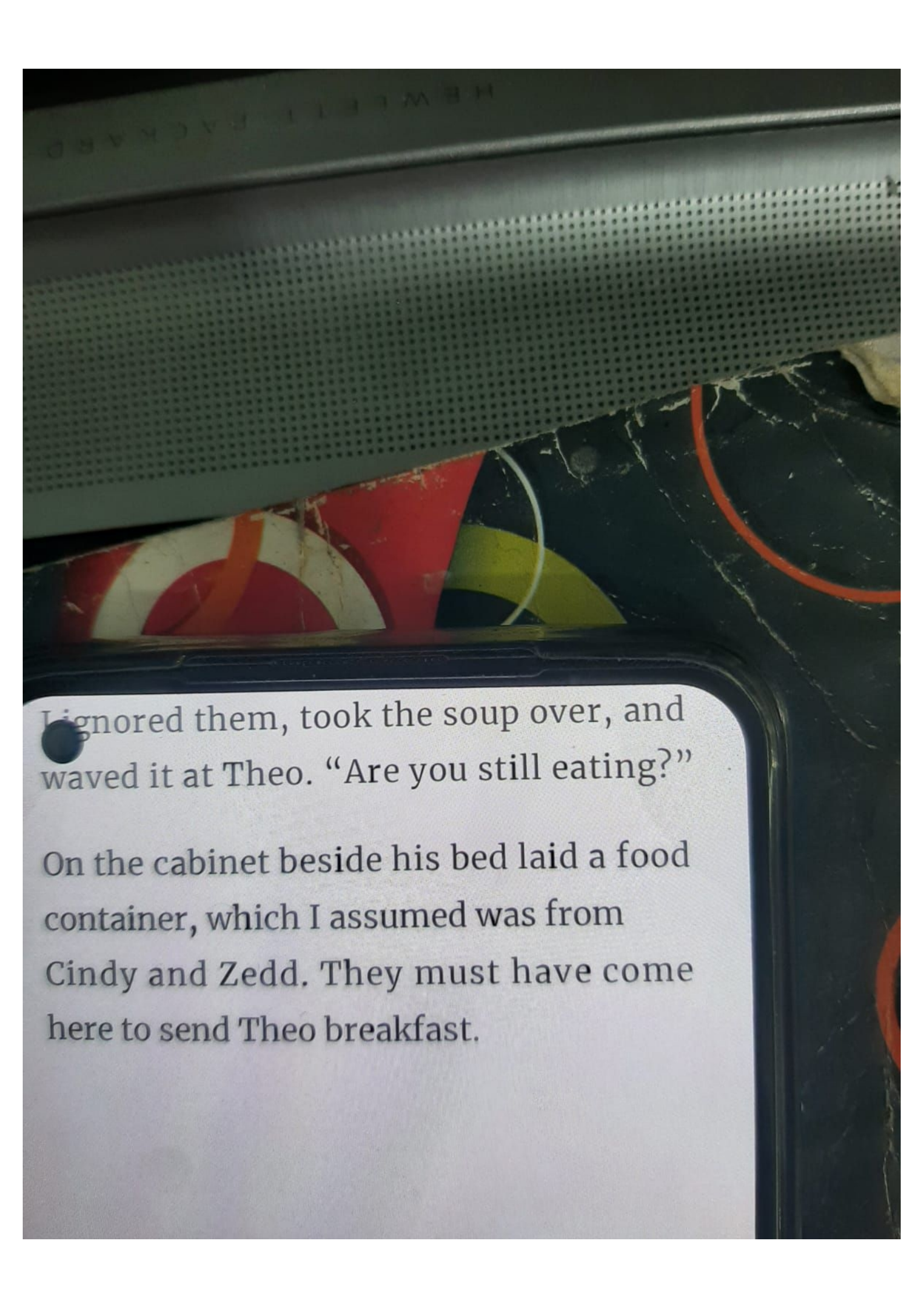
"Brother, Wanda Lane is a horrible woman. How could she bully Cindy like this? How dare she send her to the police station? Why are you still with her? Don't gamble your whole life away just for a baby."

It was Zedd, and he was furious about the injustice Cindy faced last night.

I pushed open the door since I did not want to continue standing outside while eavesdropping.

Once I entered the ward, both Cindy and Zedd glared at me without an ounce of humiliation for getting caught talking about me behind my back. They looked like they could not wait to devour me whole. Cindy's face was especially filled with hatred.

I ignored them, took the soup over, and



I ignored them, took the soup over, and waved it at Theo. "Are you still eating?"

On the cabinet beside his bed laid a food container, which I assumed was from Cindy and Zedd. They must have come here to send Theo breakfast.