

## Chapter 194

Pulling my thoughts back, I picked up the phone and saw that it was from Cecilia.

I quickly answered the phone. "Cecilia! Have you arrived? Where are you staying?"

"I arrived a long time ago and found a homestay. It's pretty nice here. Don't worry about me. Theo must've come and picked you up, right? You guys must've made up, huh?" Cecilia said, sounding relieved.

"You told him to come and pick me up?" I was stunned. I recalled seeing Theo's car and thought it was merely a coincidence, yet who would have thought...

"I didn't. I just told him that you're going back to Salt City today and he asked me about your train number and time. It's obvious what he wanted to do!"

I held my forehead and thought about Tyler's deliberate actions. It was no wonder Theo was mad.

wonder Theo was mad.

Seeing that I did not say a word, Cecilia continued, "I know you still care about him, Wanda. Since you've made the decision to go back, let go of the past and spend the rest of your life with him in harmony. Talk to him. Tell him what you want and what you care about. It'll only do you more harm than good when you bottle up your feelings like that."

I understood this, but I think I had messed things up again. I sighed. "I may have messed things up again. We fought and he left in anger."

"I don't know what to say anymore. You can't let go of him when you're apart yet are always fighting with each other when you're together. Can't you just sit down and have a proper talk for once?" Cecilia was speechless.

She was right. It was all my fault, actually. I liked to bottle up my feelings and thought he understood me well. However, that did not seem to be the case as the barrier between us only grew wider and wider.

"Cecilia, we can never talk it out. This is a dead knot that can't be untied. He can't

dead knot that can't be untied. He can't let go of Cindy, while I can't bring myself to ignore it. As soon as we touch on this subject, we'd both get unhappy and all sorts of problems will crop up." Take Tyler, for example.

"If that's the case, make a firm decision to leave him and make him sign the divorce papers. You leave and return him his freedom. Both of you will have nothing to do with each other in the future."

I sighed. Seeing how things were right now as well as his attitude, it seemed quite impossible to achieve this.

I leaned back on the bed and sighed. "I met Tyler on the train today and he pulled me out of the station with him. We bumped into Theo and now he thinks that Tyler and I have something going on between us. He won't agree to the divorce."

"Is Tyler sick in the head? Why is he everywhere?" Cecilia cursed furiously.

He certainly was. He was definitely doing it on purpose.

"I feel sorry for you. What's the plan

"I feel sorry for you. What's the plan now? Are you planning to fight forever?"

"One step at a time, I guess. My belly is getting bigger and bigger. I can't go anywhere. We'll see what happens after the baby is born." I was really helpless too.

Like Tyler said, I was alone in this world and only this child could change my situation. The child was my hope and only salvation.

After talking to Cecilia, my mood lifted considerably.

I hung up the call and got out of bed to go downstairs.

Miss Woods was currently making dinner in the kitchen. Seeing that I had come downstairs, she beckoned me to take a seat and served a bowl of chicken soup. "Mr. Grant ordered me to make this soup first thing in the morning as a tonic for you. It's been simmering the whole day and is perfect now. Drink some. The food will be done very soon."

I ate a lot for lunch when I was with Tyler, so I had no appetite at all.

However, I still picked up the bowl and

However, I still picked up the bowl and took a sip. "Thank you, Miss Woods. It tastes really good."

"Right? Mr. Grant is really thoughtful. He asked me to simmer it from earlier on." Miss Woods looked at me with a smile. "Did you two fight again just now?"

I nodded without a word. Theo had slammed the door in anger and left. It was so loud, so it came as no surprise that Miss Woods was alerted about it.

She stroked my hand and said, "Say, you both miss each other when you're apart but bicker when you're together. Relationships need to be managed. You need to stop quarreling because that'll only hurt your relationship."

I did not say a word. It was true that we bickered every time we met, but did we miss each other when we were apart? I did not think anyone would miss me!

Miss Woods noticed how quiet I was and sat down. "Mr. Grant lost his parents when he was a child, so he grew up to be a dull and unsociable man. He likes to keep things to himself and is blunt with his words. He's a man who doesn't voice out

things to himself and is blunt with his words. He's a man who doesn't voice out his intentions. Just bear with him."

She was speaking the truth. His kindness for Cindy was shown in his actions, never in his words.

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Miss Woods sighed and continued, "I remember the time when you first arrived in the Grant family. You were full of smiles. Old Madam Grant figured that Mr. Grant would one day be influenced by you and start to smile after the two of you got along after some time. It seems that Mr. Grant has changed quite a bit as he has started talking more when he's with you. He's also much gentler now."

I laughed. Really? My impression of him was that he was always a cold and lofty guy.

"It's easy to be in a bad mood now that you're pregnant, but don't keep quarreling all the time. How are you supposed to spend the rest of your lives together?"

I understood that Miss Woods was worried about us and she was only saying this out of good intentions. Hence, I said to her with a smile, "Miss Woods, you've seen how he's been treating me all these years. He won't change because of me."

ars. He won't change because of me. That's my destiny and I acknowledge it. I'll control my emotions next time and stop quareling with him. Don't worry."

"Oh, child!" Miss Woods sighed helplessly. "That's how all young people are. If you don't appreciate each other when you're together, you'll only understand the good catch you missed out on when you're my age. It'll be too late for regrets when that happens. Therefore, don't give up on the person you love so easily or you'll regret it for the rest of your life."

Miss Woods persuaded me eagerly. I did not know how to respond and merely nodded in silence.

Between Theo and I, the one who was always in a dilemma had always been me. Things piled up and I bottled them up. I would keep them inside of me with no way of venting them out.

As for Theo, he had never cared about me, hence he would not care about those things either. He did not even bother entertaining me in the past. Thanks to the child, he was more caring and attentive to me now. However, these



entive to me now. However, these feelings were not an indication of love. Thus, he would not regret a thing.

I was just too greedy.

I let out a wry smile. "I'll think about the things you said, Miss Woods. Thank you." She was saying it out of good intentions, but she was still an outsider and did not understand what was going on between us.

Seeing my perfunctory reply, Miss Woods shook her head and sighed. "You're a stubborn young lady."

I smiled without saying a word. Those in a relationship would know if a relationship was cold or warm. What others saw was just the surface, the most desirable and perfect image.

Seeing my demeanor, she continued, "Ms. Wanda, you must know that Mr. Grant truly loves you. Although he doesn't say it out loud, I can tell. Take this time, for example. He got into such a serious car accident but Dr. Lynch said he insisted on leaving the hospital before he was fully recovered. He kept asking for your whereabouts as soon as he got back, only t

recovered. He kept asking for your whereabouts as soon as he got back, only to find out that you went to Rosella City after making a few calls.

“He wanted to go there, but due to the condition of his body, Dr. Lynch stopped him. When he later learned that you were coming back, he ordered me to prepare all sorts of food for you and went out very early in the morning to pick you up. If this is not love, then what is?”

“Also, when Mr. Grant isn’t home, you often daydream alone. When he’s at home, you’ll smile unknowingly and brighten up. That’s love! Tell me, you clearly care about each other so why can’t you—” 1

“I think something’s burning in the kitchen, Miss Woods.” I cut her off and pointed at the kitchen.

“Oh no, the soup!” Miss Woods was stunned and inhaled hard before darting to the kitchen. 1

I stirred the chicken soup in the bowl as my thoughts drifted far away. Theo loved me? I had no idea if my understanding of love was too superficial or if everyone’s perception of love was simply too

●ception of love was simply too optimistic.

I was abandoned at a very young age and was an extremely insecure person. I got extremely sensitive when it came to emotions and would even start classifying them.

Mom adopted me and cared for me when I was young, which made me think that it was kinship, not something related by blood.

Cecilia had been accompanying me this whole time, and we shared a friendship where we both accompanied each other.

As for Theo, his heart had belonged to Cindy in the last three years. The occasional kindness he showed me was only because of the child. He was always willing to risk his life to protect others.

How could I possibly think that a person like that loved me?

This was not the kind of love I wanted. My understanding of love was that it lasted a lifetime between just two people.

He would not change for me.

He would not change for me.

I admitted that I liked him, hence I could put up with him being unpredictable and cold-hearted, but that did not mean I would play dumb and mistake his current behavior for love!

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The child was the only reason why we were still a family.

I could not let him go and make myself stay for the sake of the child. He did not like me. He was only letting me stay and taking care of me because of the child. That was it!

The more I thought about it, the more upset I felt.

It was already dark outside. I was exhausted after a long day. I told Miss Woods about it before getting up to go upstairs and lying down.

As I lay on the bed, I tossed and turned, unable to fall asleep. I had been sharing a small bed with Cecilia the last few days and the abrupt change of location made my heart empty since she was no longer around.

The wind was billowing outside the window, followed by a heavy downpour.

Unable to sleep, I looked at the time. It

● able to sleep, I looked at the time. It was midnight. I got up and stood at the balcony, looking out at the strong winds and heavy rain outside the window. I had a sudden urge to rush out and be in the rain.

However, the balcony had been sealed off after what had happened last time. Where I was at the moment, there was no rain and the wind could not blow in either.

I was in an irritable mood. It felt suffocating.

Without thinking too much about it, and before I suffocated to death, I rushed downstairs without wearing my shoes and rushed into the pouring rain.

The rain slapped my face and body, though it was slightly cold. I had never felt so comfortable and relaxed. I could not help but open up my arms and raise my head to welcome the rain.

At that moment, I no longer felt uncomfortable and irritable. I was even slightly excited.

Soon, I was soaked. I crouched on the ground, the excitement in me slowly dissipating as disappointment and

dissipating as disappointment and sadness overflowed from me. I had bottled up my feelings for too long and needed to vent it out.

From tearing up in silence to wailing out loud, I could no longer hold myself back and cried my heart out.

The grievances, sadness, and hurt during this period of time were all released at once at this moment.

Perhaps I was too loud that Miss Woods awoke with a start.

She opened the door and saw me crouching down in the rain. She instantly became flustered and rushed out into the rain to pull me back. I was crying heart-wrenchingly. I did not budge even after she pulled me.

Helpless, she rushed back into the house and grabbed an umbrella to hold it over my head. "Mrs. Grant, let's go back. You shouldn't hurt yourself no matter how serious the issue is. Think about the child. Even if you don't feel sorry for yourself, you should feel sorry for the baby!"

At this moment, I refused to listen to any

At this moment, I refused to listen to any word she said. More than 20 days of tears that had been held back suddenly gushed out like water from a burst dam. I was inconsolable.

Miss Woods had no choice but to stand in the rain with me, holding the umbrella up for me.

Although it was summertime, it was in the middle of the night, and coupled with my soaked clothes, my consciousness grew a little fuzzy as my heart began to hurt.

Just as my vision went dark and I was about to crash to the ground, a figure rushed over to me and reached out to embrace me.

I looked up. Theo looked furious as he glared angrily at me, eager to skin me alive.

However, he did not say anything and only picked me up, rushing into the house.

"You're back, Mr. Grant. I couldn't talk her out of it." Seeing Theo, Miss Woods followed behind him, feeling relieved.



followed behind him, feeling relieved.

I closed my eyes without a word. I did not even struggle.

He carried me to the second-floor bathroom and removed all my clothes before turning on the shower and bathing me.

My ice-cold body was drenched in hot water. I felt as though a gush of warmth had entered my heart. My shivering body instantly warmed up.

His face was cold the whole time. He did not say a word.

As for me, I simply closed my eyes and did not look at him because my throat and eyes were burning from crying too much.

When I was in there long enough, he picked me up and gently placed me in the bathtub. I was not aware when I stood up earlier, but now that I was lying down naked, I felt uncomfortable and struggled to get up.

He pressed me down and said in a deep voice, "You'll feel comfortable having a warm bath after being in the rain. It's also to prevent you from catching a cold."

also to prevent you from catching a cold."

With my chest being pressed down by his broad hand, I dared not and could not move. I simply lay back down.

Soon, my body felt comfortable and warm. Even my throat and eyes felt much better.

He did not talk the whole time. The room was eerily quiet. I could not help but blink, looking into his pitch-black eyes as they stared fixedly back at me.

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His face was dark and sullen, his gaze deep and cold. After a long time, his thin lips parted. "Do you think it's fun to torture yourself like that every time?"

I looked down, covering my hands in front of my chest as I said coldly, "It's none of your business."

"You think I like to mind your business?" He looked livid, but his eyebrows were charming and mesmerizing. "If you're that capable, then take care of yourself when you're sick."

"You think I want you to take care of me? You're the one who's nosy yet you're blaming me?" I felt aggrieved and started weeping again.

He looked at me, and after a very long time, he sighed and drew out a piece of tissue to wipe my tears. He said helplessly, "Alright, alright. I'm the busybody who insists on taking care of you, okay? Look at you, crying like a baby. How embarrassing!"

How embarrassing:

“Yes, it’s your fault! Even if I’m embarrassing, it still has nothing to do with you.” I twitched my mouth, still choking with sobs.

He burst out laughing and picked me up from the bathtub. He grabbed the bath towel and wiped the water from my body before helping me change into a set of clean pajamas. Then, he picked me up and put me on the bed.

He propped his hands on the edge of the bed and leaned over to look at me, his thin lips slightly pursed. He asked in a deep voice, “Why were you in the rain in the middle of the night?”

“Bad mood.” I yanked the blanket and covered my head with it.

“You tortured yourself just because you were in a bad mood?” He scoffed. “You did it on purpose, didn’t you, Wanda? You’re trying to use this to punish and torture me.”

I pulled down the blanket and looked fixedly at him. “I’m torturing you?”

He did not say a word and merely looked at me with a deep and profound gaze.

me with a deep and profound gaze.

I burst out laughing. "Well yeah, you're supposed to be in another person's warm embrace at this moment. Miss Woods was the one who called you to come back, didn't she? I'm sorry for making you run back and spoiling your moment."

"Wanda Lane..." He was infuriated, eager to devour me alive.

After a very long time, he suppressed his anger and clenched his teeth. "Is it fun to say such hurtful words on purpose?"

I did not choose my words wisely because I was hurting inside. How could I possibly admit that I had gone too far in moments like this? Hence, I raised my eyebrows and looked at him. "If you're not causing trouble with another woman, what could you possibly be doing in the middle of the night after not coming home? Innocent things like sitting side-by-side and having a heart-to-heart talk?"

"You—" He was so angry that he laughed aloud. He reached out to flick my nose. "Why do you have such inappropriate thoughts when you're already about to become a mother?"

become a mother?"

I pursed my lips and rolled my eyes at him without saying a word.

He looked fixedly at me and smirked. There was a deeper meaning to his smirk.

His clothes were also soaked by the rain, and at this moment, his soaked shirt was stuck to his chest. His bulging pecs and abs were clearly outlined. It was such eye candy.

My face grew hot and I looked away.

As though he noticed my awkward demeanor, he smiled and stood up to take off his shirt.

Stunned, I said with a frown, "I don't want to do it with you." His body might be seductive, but I was not a nymphomaniac who did not know how to judge the occasion.

He froze in his movements, unable to come back to his senses for a very long time. There was a smirk on his lips as he teased, "Don't worry."

Me, "..."

me, ...

Once he had taken off his shirt, I finally saw the long scars in front of his chest and abdomen. They were scarlet and hideous. None of them had recovered yet, making them ghastly to look at.

It seemed that he was indeed hurt quite badly at the time. It was no wonder he spent such a long time in the ICU.

He tossed his clothes aside and saw me staring at his injuries. He said blandly, "It was a very urgent situation at the moment and any man would have done the same if they were in my position."

I did not say a word and merely closed my eyes to sleep.

I was in no position to comment.

As it turned out, I was punished for my own foolishness because I had a fever in the middle of the night. While in a daze, my body grew sore and hot. My throat was so parched that I could not speak.

I fumbled for the lights and struggled to sit up. However, as I had no strength left in me, I tossed and turned for a very long time yet still failed to sit up. I nearly fell off the bed too.

the bed too.

Thankfully, Theo reacted quick enough and woke up from his sleep to grab me, pulling me back into his arms.

Soon, my body temperature shocked him awake. He reached out to feel my forehead and frowned. "You have a fever. Let's go to the hospital."

Having said that, he got up to wear his clothes, looking a little flustered.



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I tugged on the corner of his shirt and strained to speak, "I don't want to go to the hospital. I want to drink water." My throat was so sore that it was a little hard to speak.

It would not be good to visit the hospital so frequently when I was pregnant.

He poured me a glass of warm water, and after taking a few sips, my throat finally felt better. However, my whole body was still sore. My head was heavy and aching, feeling like it weighed a thousand pounds.

Theo seemed a little flustered. He fed me a few more sips of water before pulling out his phone to call Mason. "She's having a fever and it's a little serious. Come here quickly."

After saying that, he went into the bathroom to grab a wet towel to place it on my forehead. He then wiped my hands and feet with alcohol wipes. He was sweating all over and did not even realize it.

With the help of Theo's cooling methods, I felt much better and fell into deep sleep again. I did not know when Mason arrived, but I could hear voices beside my ear.

"Why is she suddenly having a fever for no reason? She's really weak at the moment and her baby is growing. You should be extra careful." Like every other doctor, Mason blamed the family member for not being attentive enough.

After a very long time, Theo's deep and low voice rang out. "She was in the rain for almost an hour until I came home."

"You fought again?"

Theo fell silent.

Mason sighed. "I told you that her emotions are unstable. Coupled with all the things that have been going on recently, she has been bottling up her feelings without venting them out. I thought things would get better after you come back. Why did you fight again?"

"Let's talk outside. Let her sleep." The sound of the door opening followed, and

sound of the door opening followed, and their footsteps grew more and more distant.

My head was still dizzy, and I fell asleep again in a daze.

When I woke up again, it was already the next morning. My first reaction was to reach out and stroke my belly. I felt at ease as soon as I felt the bump.

There was no one in the room. My throat was dry and bitter, so I got up to pour myself a glass of water. Yet who would have thought that my legs were too weak to support my body and I could not help but fall as soon as my feet touched the floor?

In a panic, I quickly used both hands to grab onto the bedside table to stop myself from falling to the floor and hitting my belly. Due to the strength I exerted, the cup on the bedside table crashed to the floor, making a crisp and clear sound.

The sound alerted Theo, who came rushing in with the documents in his hands.

Seeing me half-kneeling on the floor, he frowned and carried me back to bed. He

frowned and carried me back to bed. He said in a deep voice, "Why didn't you call me when you woke up?"

"I thought I could do it myself." It was just a fever. I did not expect myself to be this weak.

"You're always acting tough. As a woman, you need to learn how to be protected." He frowned and put a pillow behind my back so I could half-lay on the bed. He asked, "What do you need?"

"Water," I said. My voice was still hoarse.

He poured me a glass of water and sat by the bed, feeding it to me. I wanted to refuse but seeing how displeased he was, I clammed up and drank in silence.

"I told Miss Woods to prepare some chicken soup for you. Drink some later."

I nodded without a word.

After drinking water, I felt much better. I leaned against the bed, my gaze falling on the documents Theo had tossed to the floor. It was about the new product release.

It seemed that Grant Corporation was operating as usual. After putting it on

operating as usual. After putting it on hold for so long, the new product release was finally going to be put on the agenda again.

My gaze dulled and I retracted my gaze, looking ahead in a daze.

He noticed my behavior and picked up the documents, handing them over to me. "The new product release will happen soon. Do you want to take a look at the proposal?"

Although I was reluctant, I had, after all, left the company. Hence, I looked away and said indifferently, "That's top secret. I won't look at it."

Since I left, I had to let go of everything. Grant Corporation was just an irrelevant company to me now.

"If you like this job, then come back after you deliver the baby. I am at fault too. I'm sorry." His voice was very soft, and his tone sounded sincere.

I thought he would not mention this incident anymore, yet who would have thought that he was actually taking the initiative to talk about it. All of a sudden, I

did not know what to say and simply

...thought that he was actually taking an  
initiative to talk about it. All of a sudden, I  
did not know what to say and simply  
zipped my mouth.

In the face of my silence, he continued, “  
Mid-Nutri is yours. I plan to put this  
company to good use and it might even  
have a bright future ahead. However, it’s  
still yours in the end. If you don’t want to  
go back to Grant Corporation, go to Mid-  
Nutri then.”

I peered up at him and said, “All of this  
wasn’t just a coincidence, was it? You  
planned everything, right?”

## Chapter 199

Theo just had an accident and several of Grant Corporation's businesses got into trouble at the same time. Even a fool could tell that this was no coincidence.

However, I had thought of countless possibilities of who could have been behind it but refused to believe that Theo would set me up.

He looked at me with a sullen expression and said with a cold voice, "You think I'm using you, pushing you out to be Grant Corporation's scapegoat?"

"Weren't you?" Although I could not believe in Zedd's words completely, they made some sense. Although I refused to believe it, I had no choice but to admit the truth.

I looked at him with anger in my heart. "The new product release is obviously a very simple matter, but from the day you handed it to me, there have been obstacles along the way. Also, you put me in charge of the factory acquisition, which has worn me out completely

which has worn me out completely because I needed to read a lot of information every day."

I paused and looked at him. There was not a single expression on his face. He hinted at me to continue.

I shrugged and continued, "Actually, you were only doing those things so I would sign several Mid-Nutri documents because Grant Corporation needed a company's liquidity to make accounts. You picked Mid-Nutri and me so that even if something happens, it'll not drag Grant Corporation down. The things that happened after that are just as you predicted. I became the scapegoat as you planned."

He narrowed his eyes and gave me a sideways glance. "Your reasoning is correct but a little far-fetched. Why would I still need to make such a big detour if I wanted you to sign something?"

I could not figure out this point but I firmly believed in my own judgment.

I then said, "You were the one who planned this all along. That's why you



then said, "You were the one who planned this all along. That's why you allowed it to happen until the point of closure before letting Zedd come back to handle it. Your goal is simple. You want to buy loose shares at a low price and then sell them at a high price later. One way or another, the company's market value will grow at an incalculable rate and it'll pave the way for your development in Whaldorf City."

He looked at me with a profound look in his eyes. After a very long time, he said, "You're my wife. It'll not be beneficial for me if anything happens to you."

I looked at him and could not help but laugh. "But I'm the best candidate, no?"

Not many owned decision-making power in the company. Mason and Zedd were his best buddies and they planned to build a career together in the future. He would not let anything happen to them. What he had left was me, the indispensable one. I was about to give birth and would eventually leave the company anyway.

It was sad to think that I had worked so hard in the company only to be treated as

board in the company only to be treated as an outcast since a long time ago. How I would end had long been decided.

“It isn’t just black and white in this world, Wanda. Many things are not what you think. I told you, no matter what happens, you’ll always be my wife. The company’s shares will always be yours. This will never change.”

He said this really slowly. His hands were massaging his temples hard. I could tell that he was really helpless too.

In fact, I understood that as a decision-maker, he would have to learn how to make compromises in order to expand. He did not make the wrong choice. My departure would be able to accelerate the pace of the development of the company in Whaldorf City. It was considered a form of contribution to the company.

I said no more and stood up to wear my clothes. I said to him, “I’m going downstairs to take a walk. You keep doing what you were doing.”

Things had happened and dwelling on them would not help.

Downstairs, Miss Woods was bustling

them would not help.

Downstairs, Miss Woods was bustling about in the kitchen. She brought out a bowl of chicken soup when she saw me. "Your fever has gone down, right? Drink some to fill your belly. I'm already making lunch."

"Okay." I took the chicken soup and began drinking. I asked casually, "What are we having for lunch, Miss Woods?"

"I made stew. What else would you like to eat? Let me know so I can prepare it for you," Miss Woods replied.

"Why don't we make lasagna? I'll do it." After my fever last night, my appetite had improved and I suddenly wanted to eat the lasagna that Mom used to make.

That was my favorite childhood food. Mom would always make a lot of it and store it in the freezer. She was always busy working, so I would take some and warm it up myself after school. That was the best memory of Mom and the best food of my childhood.

Later on, Mom fell sick, so I learned how to make lasagna myself and often cooked it for her. Much later, she passed away and I never ate lasagna again.

to make lasagna myself and often cooked it  
for her. Much later, she passed away  
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Today, I suddenly had the urge to make  
lasagna just like how Mom made it so  
Theo could try it.

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“Alright, I’ll choose the filling.” Seeing that I was in a good mood, Miss Woods cheered up as well.

“You’re always cooking for us, Miss Woods. Today, you’ll go sit on the sofa and watch TV. Let me cook for you.” I pulled Miss Woods to the living room sofa to sit down.

“No, Mrs. Grant. It’s my duty to serve you. Besides, you’re pregnant. How can you cook?” Miss Woods struggled to stand up.

“Just do as she tells you to, Miss Woods. I’m here, I’ll help her.” Theo’s voice rang out from behind.

Miss Woods looked ambiguously at us and laughed. “Alright, alright. Today, this old lady will take advantage of her seniority and wait to be served with food.”

When I got back to the kitchen, I picked up the stalks of celery and began choosing. Theo looked at me with his hands

Theo looked at me with his hands crossed, a skeptical look in his eyes. "Are you sure you know how to make lasagna?"

"Of course. I'll do it myself today so you can taste handmade lasagna. Listen up, a good lasagna has to be made from scratch. The sheets and filling need to be handmade. That's the secret." I was confident in this respect because I had learned it from Mom back then.

"What can I do?" Seeing how confident I was, Theo rolled up his sleeves to help.

"First, help me wash some onions and carrots," I instructed.

"Okay."

We bustled about in the kitchen, chatting from time to time. The atmosphere had never been better.

When I saw Theo wearing an apron and working hard in the kitchen, I could not help but sigh. This was the kind of life I looked forward to as a couple. This was more perfect than I had imagined.

Soon, the minced meat and vegetables were ready. I excitedly chopped up the

were ready. I excitedly chopped up the ingredients and vowed to let Theo admire my knife skills.

However, I soon embarrassed myself and realized I was a big talker.

Unsure if it was because of my fever last night or the fact that I was pregnant, I had no strength in my arm and it became very sore after I chopped less than ten times. It felt like it weighed a thousand pounds.

However, I had stated that I would make this meal myself, so it would be a huge humiliation to give up now.

Just as I was in a dilemma, Theo embraced me from behind and took the knife from my hand. He said tenderly, "I told you not to act tough in everything. Know how to seek help if you can't do something."

Having said that, he began chopping up the ingredients with the knife. He did so very smoothly, looking like a complete expert.

I was stunned, feeling a little awkward to be in his arms.

be in his arms.

● However, he did not seem to think so as he rested his head on my shoulder. While humming a song, he chopped rhythmically.

Left with no other choice, I rested in his arms and watched as he chopped up the meat into cubes.

When he was done chopping up the ingredients, I mixed them with some seasoning and began making the sheets.

Just like when I was chopping the ingredients, I ran out of strength after just a while. Theo continued to embrace me and made the sheets.

After having just experienced it, I did not feel so awkward this time. I directed him while in his arms, telling him the amount of ingredients needed and the thickness of the sheets required.

“You’re stupid. I told you to make it thinner but you’re either making it too thick or too thin. Don’t you know how to make it just nice?” After directing Theo for the nth time but to no avail, I shouted in anger.



n anger.

“The fault is clearly yours. You’re not directing me well. Now you’re blaming me instead?” he complained.

He was very close to me, and the warm breath when he spoke sprayed on my face, making it very itchy. I was extremely angry and accidentally wiped a handful of flour on my face. I pointed at him and said, “You’re the one who can’t pick up the skill quick enough yet you’re blaming me?”

He looked at my face and roared out in laughter.

“What are you laughing at?” Could Mr. Theo Grant have lost his mind because he failed to learn how to make lasagne sheets?

“Look at your face. It’s so hilarious...” He laughed so hard that it was impossible to straighten his back.

Puzzled, I walked into the bathroom and realized that I had wiped my face without realizing that there was flour on my hand. My face was full of flour at the moment and most importantly, it looked really stylish too.

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“It’s all your fault, Theo. How dare you laugh at me?!” I grabbed a handful of flour without thinking too much and smacked it on his face. ①

All of a sudden, Theo’s fair and charming face turned completely white.

After taking my revenge and looking at his wretched face, I could not help but hold my stomach in laughter.

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