

Chapter 267

Theo had always been a man of few words, and he was only replying in short, simple sentences now. Quinn was the one talking non-stop throughout the entire visit.

I felt awkward sitting beside them, so I stood up as I said, "I don't feel very comfortable sitting down. I'm going to take a walk in the garden."

"I'll go with you," Theo said as he also stood up.

I hurriedly stopped him. "No need. You rarely get to come here, so you should talk to your cousin for a while more. I'll be right outside, and I won't go far."

Quinn looked at me gratefully.

She was part of the Grant family, yet she had to learn about what was going on in her family through her cousin. I could tell that she was a very prideful person. There was no way she wanted others to see her the way she was now. My departure

the way she was now. My departure would give the two cousins a chance to talk freely and help ease Quinn's feelings of awkwardness as well.

I remembered that Matthew and the dog were in the front garden, so I purposely walked to the back garden.

The Zimmer family had a large mansion, and the view of the back garden was even more breathtaking than the one in front. It was filled with all sorts of expensive-looking flowers and trees. I found a shaded spot and sat on the chair there, staring out at the beautiful scenery as my thoughts wandered.

I did not expect Matthew to abruptly appear in front of me and block the view.

He had a tall build and was dressed in a black shirt and black pants. The glaring sun shone on him, making him look solemn and severe.

"Hello," I said as I stood and extended my hand, making sure I remained polite as I smiled.

He kept his hands in his pockets and did not seem interested in shaking mine. His gaze was cold as he stared at me, not

gaze was cold as he stared at me, not bothering to conceal the hostility and disdain he harbored towards me.

I retracted my hand. Seeing that he was not going to say anything else, I wove past him and got ready to walk off.

Although I did not understand where this hostility had come from, it was clear to me that I was not welcome by him, so I decided to leave.

He took a sideways step to block my path. Eyes narrowed, he asked, "What's your name?"

"My name is Wanda Lane. It's nice to meet you." Although I was annoyed, I smiled and answered his question politely.

He gave me another once over, and his gaze finally landed on my stomach. His gaze was disdainful as he asked "Theo Grant's?"

"Yes. Please step aside, Mr. Zimmer. I would like to go back." Feeling somewhat annoyed, I wiped the smile from my face and made it clear that I was ready to leave.

Luckily, he did not cause me any trouble

ckily, he did not cause me any trouble this time as he turned his body aside so I could walk off.

When I returned to the lobby, Quinn's husband had returned. I had not expected her husband to be Marcus Zimmer, an extremely well-known businessman whom I had heard of even back when I was living in Salt City.

I was surprised when I met him in person that day. Although nearing the age of 60, he had a radiant complexion and was full of energy. He was also a surprisingly pleasant host, repeatedly encouraging me to help myself to some fruit.

There was nearly a 30-year age gap between Quinn and Marcus, and she also had a step-son who was nearly her age. It was somewhat of an oddly structured family, and it explained why Theo never liked talking about his cousin's marriage.

Lunch was soon prepared. The large table was laden with food though it was only the five of us eating.

Matthew and Theo remained silent throughout the meal, but Marcus was excellent at finding topics of

● Excellent at finding topics of conversation and holding a conversation. Quinn would chime in from time to time, and the atmosphere was still quite lively despite the two silent men.

However, those good times did not last long. Before we even finished the meal, a woman who looked to be about fifty years old dashed in through the door. Once she got in, she threw herself onto Marcus and sobbed desolately.

“Marcus Zimmer, you heartless b*stard. I tolerated you when you abandoned the wife you went through hardships with and chose to marry your mistress instead. I even gave you my blessing! But why did you have to go so overboard? Leaving the company for her to inherit? What is our son going to do, then? He’s your son too! How is he going to find himself a place in Whaldorf City if you do this?”

Then, she turned to glare at Quinn. “Quinn Grant, you are such an evil woman. I admit that I held no grudge against you when you first took my husband from me. I was willing to admit defeat then. But now that you’re trying to take what

...I was willing to admit defeat then. But
● Now that you're trying to take what
rightfully belongs to my son away from
him, I'm willing to fight to the death for
his sake. I will never let you get away
with this!"

This woman had to be Marcus' first wife,
Nancy Nietzsche.

Quinn looked shocked as she turned to
Marcus and asked, "When did you
transfer the inheritance to me?"

Marcus glanced at the woman and then
turned back to look at Quinn as he said a
little wryly, "I'm getting old and useless
now. Matthew has been doing well for
himself overseas, and I've already
transferred all my assets to him. You'll
have to take over the running of the
businesses in the country sooner or
later."

Chapter 268

Nancy's eyes widened in anger. "Marcus Zimmer, don't forget that we worked together to build that company up from scratch. I still own shares in that company, and I won't allow you to give it to an outsider as simply as you please. It must be left to Matthew."

Marcus stood, the expression on his face turning frosty and fierce. "I've already said that Matthew is doing well overseas, and I have given him adequate assets. I will also give you enough of what you want. Quinn is my wife, and she has the absolute right to inherit my company."

Nancy seemed to go mad when she heard that. She grabbed Marcus and began hitting him. "You f*cking b*stard, the company doesn't belong to you alone! What right do you have to decide whom to give it to?! I'm not done with you yet!"

Matthew, who had been quiet all this while, stood up and pulled his mother aside to persuade her to stop in a low voice.

voice.

Marcus glanced at his son and said, "Your mother is ill. Send her to the hospital."

Matthew had a furious expression on his face as he glared at Marcus and said, "Karma will make you pay for this one day."

"You ungrateful b*stard, you..."

Matthew's words made Marcus shudder so violently in anger that he nearly lost his balance. He could not find the words to reply to his son with.

Quinn hurried forward to steady Marcus and gently pat him on the back as she soothed him. After a long while, he finally calmed down.

"I won't take the company, so please stop angering him. He's already old, and his health is deteriorating." Quinn looked at Nancy and Matthew as she resolutely spoke those few sentences to them before hurrying off to take care of Marcus again.

Marcus was coughing violently. He held Quinn's hands tightly in his, refusing to let go.

Nancy stood nearby and glared frostily at

not go.

Nancy stood nearby and glared frostily at them, a look of hatred and desperation in her eyes. Finally, she said slowly, "Son, take me home."

Matthew helped his mother stand, but he continued glaring at Marcus and Quinn and did not move. I could tell he was trying to control himself.

"Matthew, are you going to disobey even me now?" Nancy raised her voice, and I could sense the tiredness in it.

Finally, Matthew walked off with his mother, a frigid expression on his face.

The fiasco finally died down. As part of the Grant family, Theo and I had been in a n awkward position throughout the entire kerfuffle.

I finally understood why Theo's uncle and aunt had not dared to say anything when his grandmother insisted on cutting ties with Quinn.

Theo's ancestors had a military background, and all the Grant children had been brought up strictly. It was not until his grandparents' time that their family had switched to doing business,

...with his grandparents' time that they
family had switched to doing business,
but their family still operated in a very
rigid manner. Naturally, Quinn's
marriage would have never been
approved of.

Suddenly, I realized that Quinn's motives
might not have been as pure as they
initially seemed. There was such a huge
age gap between them, yet she did not
seem to fit the profile of a chronophile.
Although the Grant family was very well-
off, their family business was nothing
when compared to the Zimmer family.

After Matthew left, Quinn called for the
family doctor to conduct a checkup on
Marcus. Another long while passed
before Marcus finally felt slightly better
and then fell asleep.

Quinn heaved a huge sigh and smiled a
little sadly. "Who would have thought
you would see my worst side on your first
visit here?"

No one could have expected something
like this to happen, so I smiled as I said, "
We're all human. What matters most is
that everyone's happy now!"

She glanced at me in surprise but did not

She glanced at me in surprise but did not say anything. Regaining her elegance and composure from before, she said, "We didn't get to have a good meal. I'll have Miss Zion prepare some desserts for us."

Theo had not said anything all this while, but now, he gazed at Quinn and asked in a low voice, "Are you so stubborn that you're going to continue down the path you've chosen no matter what it takes?"

Quinn smiled bitterly and said, "To be honest, it's not that hard. Marcus has treated me well throughout these years, and that's more than enough. As for the other stuff, all I have to do is ignore it."

Theo seemed to want to say something else, but I tugged on the corner of his shirt and shook my head slightly.

Relationships were one of the most complicated things to explain on earth. No one except the people in the relationship themselves were allowed to meddle with matters.

Upon noticing how tired Quinn looked, I stood and said goodbye.

Everyone was already feeling uncomfortable, which is why Quinn did

Everyone was already feeling uncomfortable, which is why Quinn did not try to get us to stay longer. She walked us to the front door.

I was still thinking about Quinn when I got into the car and stared out the window, deep in thought. Theo started up the car and turned around to ask, "We didn't have much to eat during lunch. Is there anything you want? I'll take you there."

Chapter 269

I was still thinking about Quinn and did not have much of an appetite, so I said, "I'm not hungry, just a little tired. Let's go home!"

Theo stared at me for a while without saying anything before he started the car up again and drove us home.

Throughout the journey, scenes from just now flashed through my mind like a movie. Marcus' flagrant love, Quinn's elegance, Nancy's indignance, Matthew's anger...

Especially Quinn. As a girl, she had been brought up in one of the best environments a child could have. Her pride in her family and herself should not have led her to become the mistress Nancy claimed she had been.

Why had she chosen to be with Marcus, a man several decades older than her, and why did she not seem to care about being branded with such an ugly name and being forced to cut ties with her family?

being forced to cut ties with her family?
● Could it be because of love?

If it was already a love so legendary that it even transcended the boundary of age, how deeply in love would she have to be before she could also ignore judgment from the rest of the world and willingly bear all this aggravation?

When I thought of that, I could not help but turn to Theo and ask, "Quinn must be very in love with Marcus, right?"

Theo looked at me, the corner of his lips curling upwards into a smile as he asked disdainfully, "How do you define and measure love?"

Define and measure?

I was stunned. That's right! I had never thought about what love was, and how it should be measured.

Just like how, even to this day, I had never been able to tell if Theo's feelings towards me were love or responsibility. Perhaps they had always been intertwined, and there was no clear boundary between them.

Theo did not say anything else as he

● Theo did not say anything else as he continued driving. When we drove past a ramen shop, he dragged me out of the car and forced me to have some noodles before we continued the journey home.

Whaldorf City was not like Salt City. The journey seemed short in distance, but as we drove and stopped many times throughout the journey, it was already dark when we got back.

I was exhausted from an entire day of activities, so I crawled into bed to sleep the minute I got back.

The quality of my sleep had improved greatly recently, and it was morning the next time I woke up.

Theo had left the room. I got up to go downstairs. When the newly-hired maid saw me, she hurried out from the kitchen and smiled as she said, "Good morning, Madam. Sir has gone to the office to take care of some matters, and he has instructed me to prepare breakfast. Would you like a traditional-style breakfast or a modern one?"

"Anything is fine, as long as it doesn't trouble you," I said stiffly. I was still not

“I love you,” I said stiffly. I was still not used to interacting with strangers.

I sat at the dining table and glanced around at my surroundings irritably. Theo had said his main reason for coming here this time was to accompany me, so I had not expected him to begin work on the second day.

Miss Zuri brought a grand breakfast spread over to me. It was a combination of a traditional- and modern-style breakfast, which meant that not only did it consist of bread and milk, it also consisted of oatmeal, eggs, and toast.

I stared at the side dishes as I ate half a bowl of oatmeal. Then, I remembered I was carrying a baby inside me, so I forced myself to have a serving of eggs and a glass of milk.

My stomach felt bloated when I finished eating. I was getting ready to take a walk in the garden when a guest suddenly arrived at the house.

It was Quinn.

She had a long white dress on today, and it made her look majestic, demure, and elegant. She had a commanding aura

made her look majestic, demure, and elegant. She had a commanding aura about her and seemed completely unlike how she had from the day before.

When she saw me, she smiled and said, "You woke up so early? I was thinking to myself that youngsters today enjoy sleeping in, so I was worried I would be interrupting your sleep by arriving so early."

I smiled and replied, "Quinn, you haven't eaten breakfast yet, have you? I'll have Miss Zuri prepare you something to eat." When I finished speaking, I turned to Miss Zuri and said, "Prepare a serving of breakfast for Miss Quinn."

"No need, I've already eaten at home. I came here because I wanted to take you on a tour. You've just arrived and haven't familiarized yourself with your surroundings yet, and Theo is busy with work. I was planning on bringing you to purchase some daily necessities.

I had not planned to go out today, and we did not need to buy anything for the house. However, seeing how she had traveled so far and was so enthusiastic, I could not bring myself to refuse her offer.

...house. However, seeing how she had
traveled so far and was so enthusiastic, I
could not bring myself to refuse her offer.
Nodding slightly, I turned to head
upstairs and get changed.

Whaldorf City was even warmer than Salt
City was, and it always felt like a sauna
when I went out. I put on a maternity
dress and a pair of flats before walking
back downstairs.

She came forward and took my hand in
hers affectionately as she led me out. I
was a much calmer person by nature, and
I was not yet used to her enthusiasm. I
walked behind her stiffly.

I walked with her until we got into her car.

As we sat in the car, she continued to
hold my hand and speak affectionately to
me. I was really uncomfortable with her
being so affectionate, and it felt awkward
as I chimed in from time to time with a
listless reply. It was mental torture.

Thankfully, we soon arrived at the
busiest mall in the city center.

GIVE YOU AN EXTRA FREE BONUS:
5000 BONUS!

[Click to get it](#)