

Chapter 50

“Darling, let me tell you. Rosella City is really beautiful. We should have come here long ago.”

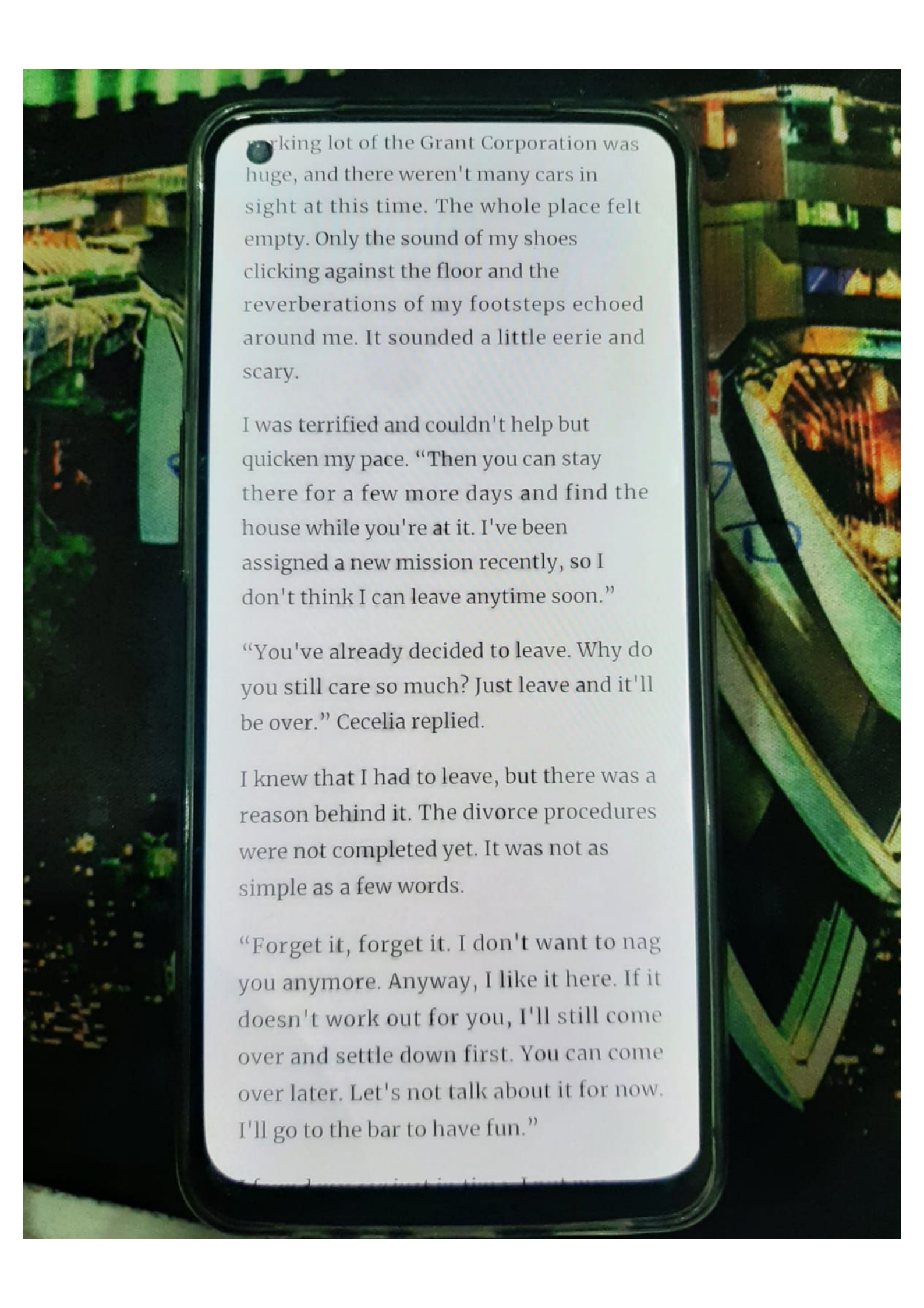
“You went to Rosella already?” I asked, surprised that she'd gotten there so quickly.

“It's not like you don't know me. Since I've already decided on something, the sooner I get it done, the better. I regret visiting this late. I really should have come a few years earlier.” It seemed like she liked it over there.

“Did you look for a suitable store?” I asked.

“Not yet. I plan to stay here for a few more days and look for them slowly. Let me tell you, the pace of life here is very slow. It seems like everyone is very relaxed. In addition to that, there are many schools, so the business of opening a shop will be good.”

I sent her a message as we walked. The parking lot of the Grant Corporation was



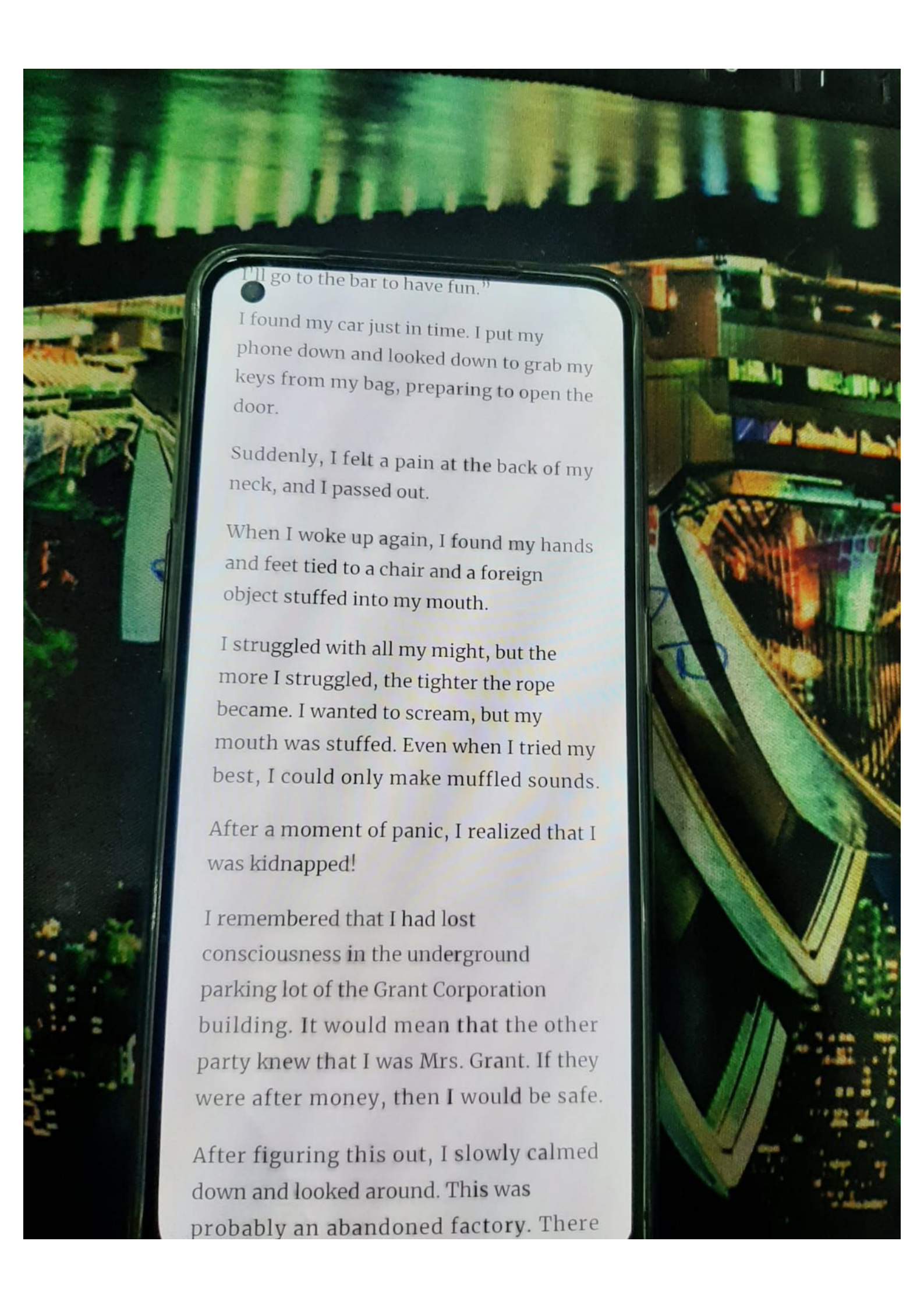
arking lot of the Grant Corporation was huge, and there weren't many cars in sight at this time. The whole place felt empty. Only the sound of my shoes clicking against the floor and the reverberations of my footsteps echoed around me. It sounded a little eerie and scary.

I was terrified and couldn't help but quicken my pace. "Then you can stay there for a few more days and find the house while you're at it. I've been assigned a new mission recently, so I don't think I can leave anytime soon."

"You've already decided to leave. Why do you still care so much? Just leave and it'll be over." Cecelia replied.

I knew that I had to leave, but there was a reason behind it. The divorce procedures were not completed yet. It was not as simple as a few words.

"Forget it, forget it. I don't want to nag you anymore. Anyway, I like it here. If it doesn't work out for you, I'll still come over and settle down first. You can come over later. Let's not talk about it for now. I'll go to the bar to have fun."



"I'll go to the bar to have fun."

I found my car just in time. I put my phone down and looked down to grab my keys from my bag, preparing to open the door.

Suddenly, I felt a pain at the back of my neck, and I passed out.

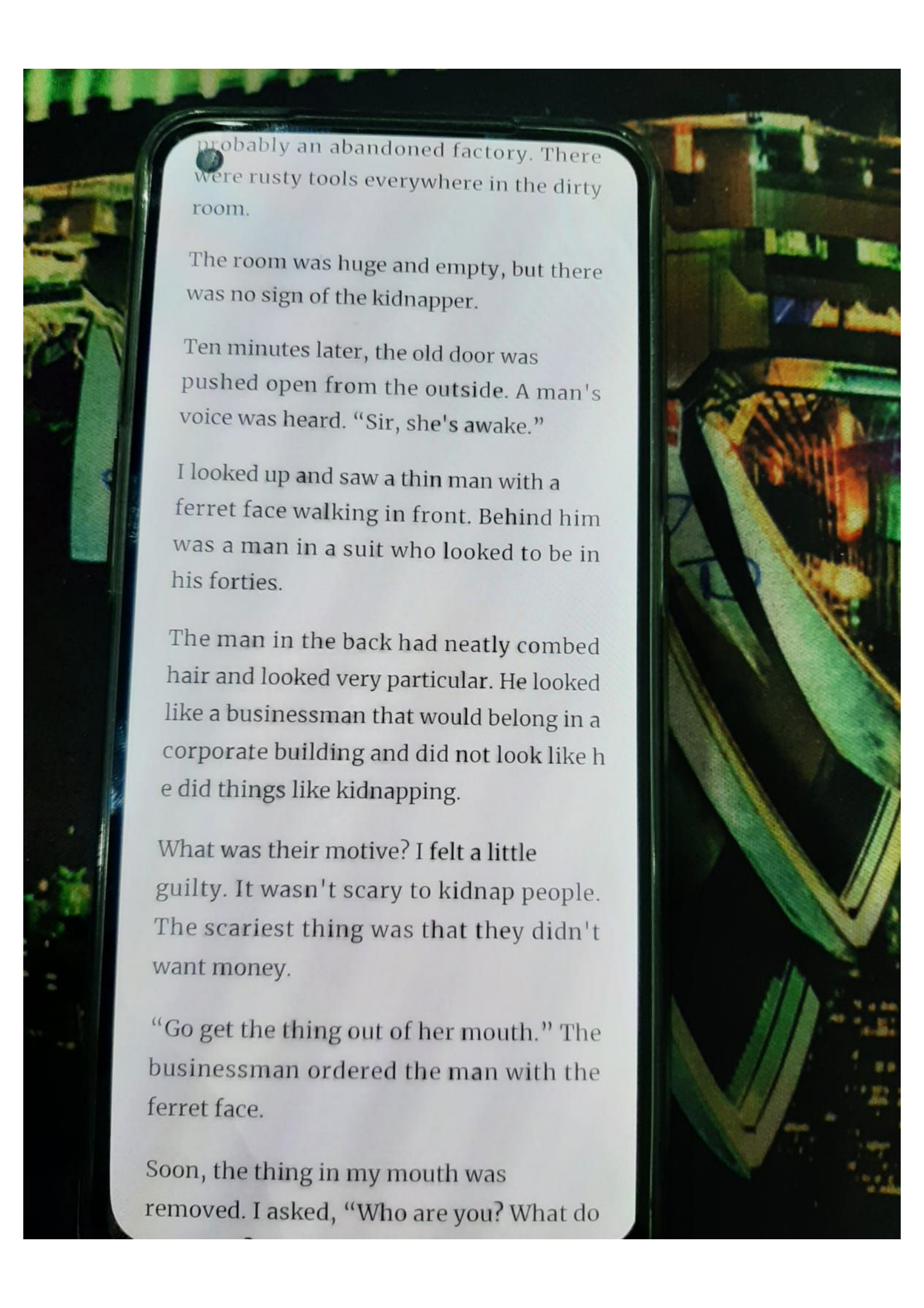
When I woke up again, I found my hands and feet tied to a chair and a foreign object stuffed into my mouth.

I struggled with all my might, but the more I struggled, the tighter the rope became. I wanted to scream, but my mouth was stuffed. Even when I tried my best, I could only make muffled sounds.

After a moment of panic, I realized that I was kidnapped!

I remembered that I had lost consciousness in the underground parking lot of the Grant Corporation building. It would mean that the other party knew that I was Mrs. Grant. If they were after money, then I would be safe.

After figuring this out, I slowly calmed down and looked around. This was probably an abandoned factory. There

The image shows an open book. The left page contains text, and the right page features a colorful illustration of a boat. The text on the left page is as follows:

probably an abandoned factory. There were rusty tools everywhere in the dirty room.

The room was huge and empty, but there was no sign of the kidnapper.

Ten minutes later, the old door was pushed open from the outside. A man's voice was heard. "Sir, she's awake."

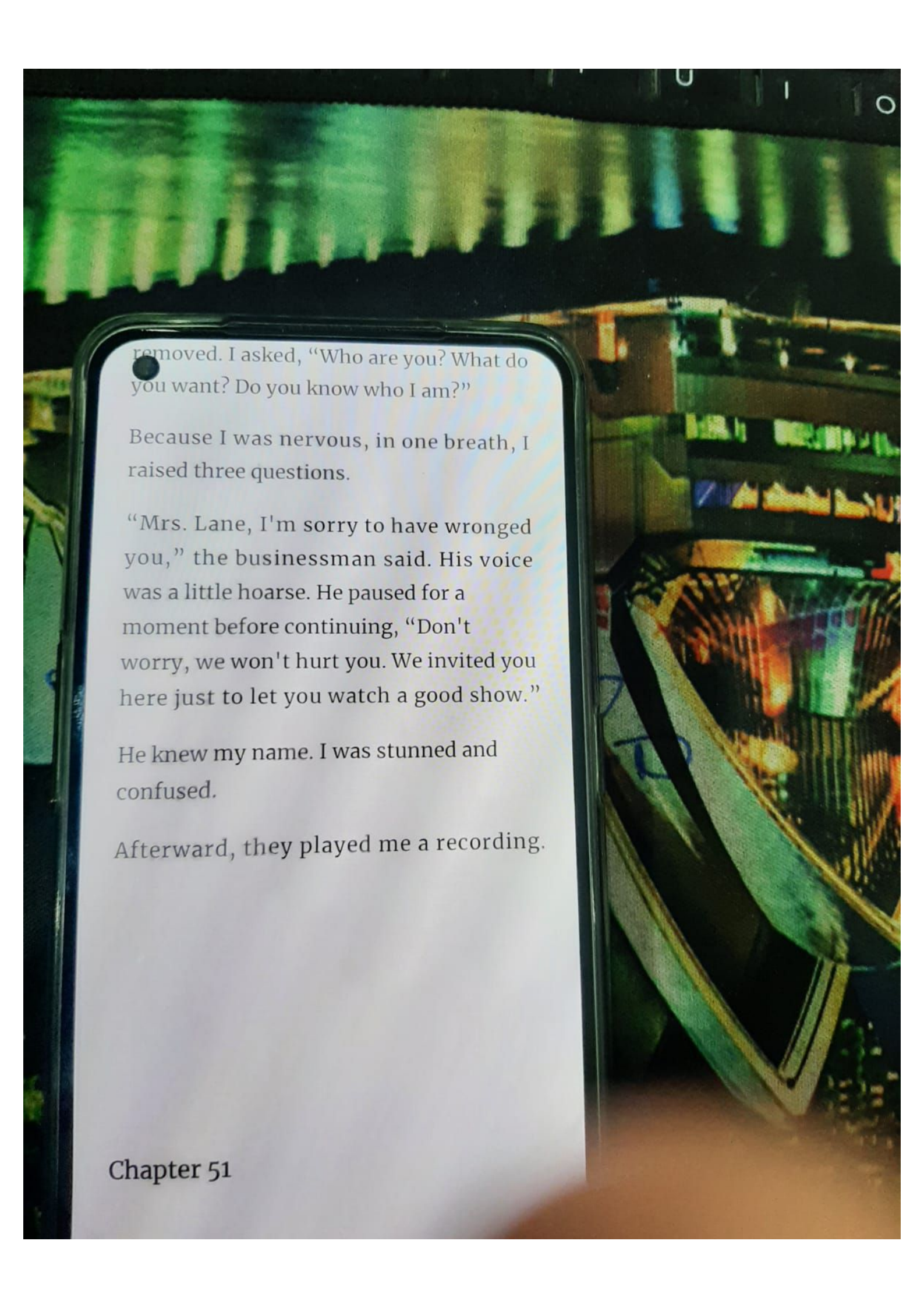
I looked up and saw a thin man with a ferret face walking in front. Behind him was a man in a suit who looked to be in his forties.

The man in the back had neatly combed hair and looked very particular. He looked like a businessman that would belong in a corporate building and did not look like he did things like kidnapping.

What was their motive? I felt a little guilty. It wasn't scary to kidnap people. The scariest thing was that they didn't want money.

"Go get the thing out of her mouth." The businessman ordered the man with the ferret face.

Soon, the thing in my mouth was removed. I asked, "Who are you? What do

A photograph of a smartphone screen displaying text. The background of the entire image is a vibrant, abstract light display with green, blue, and orange hues, possibly from a stage or concert. The smartphone screen is the central focus, showing a white background with black text. The text is arranged in several paragraphs. The first paragraph is partially cut off at the top. The second paragraph is a single line. The third paragraph is a longer block of text. The fourth paragraph is a single line. The fifth paragraph is a single line. The sixth paragraph is a single line. The smartphone has a black bezel and a visible home button at the bottom. The background light display is out of focus, creating a bokeh effect.

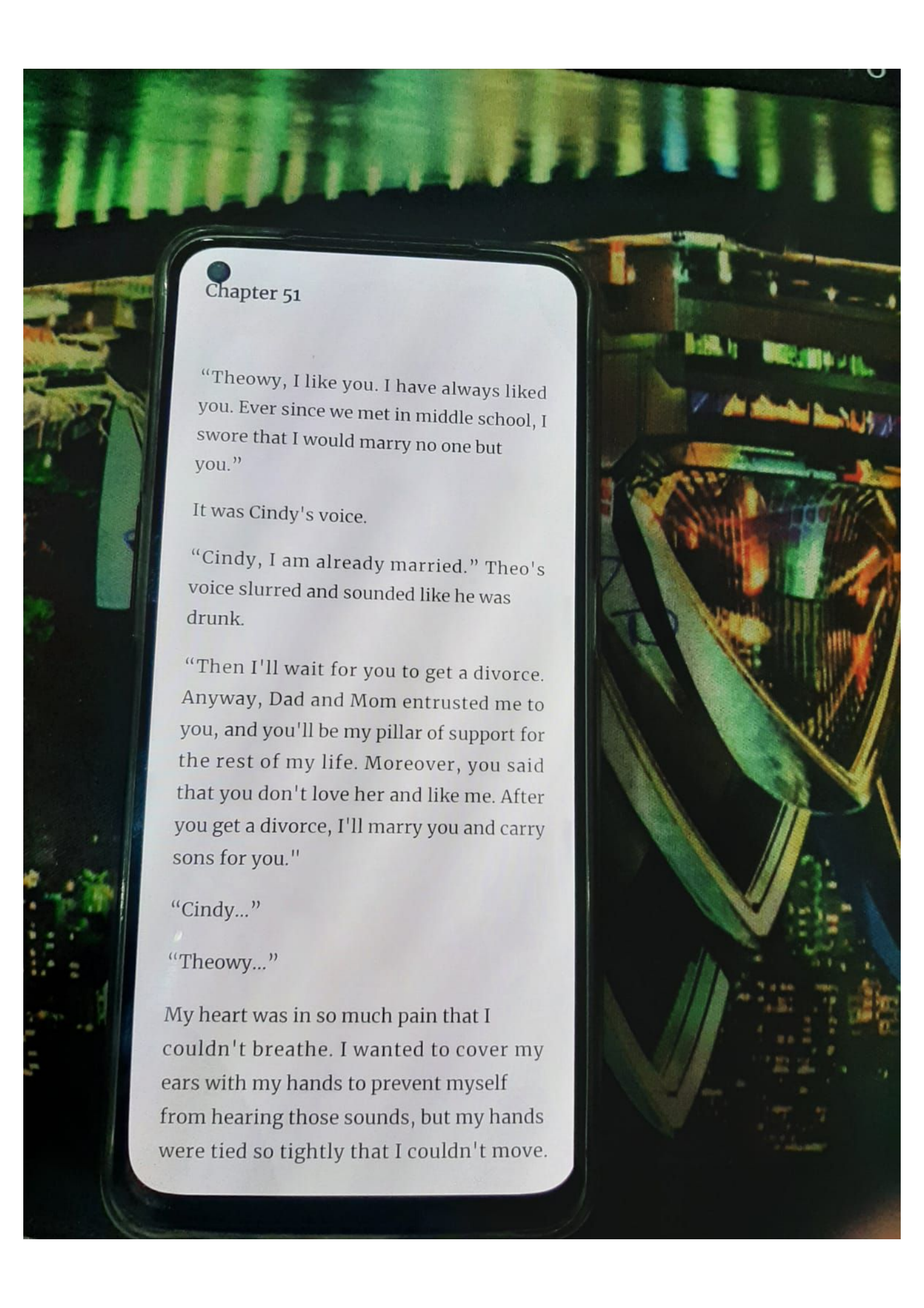
removed. I asked, "Who are you? What do you want? Do you know who I am?"

Because I was nervous, in one breath, I raised three questions.

"Mrs. Lane, I'm sorry to have wronged you," the businessman said. His voice was a little hoarse. He paused for a moment before continuing, "Don't worry, we won't hurt you. We invited you here just to let you watch a good show."

He knew my name. I was stunned and confused.

Afterward, they played me a recording.



Chapter 51

"Theowy, I like you. I have always liked you. Ever since we met in middle school, I swore that I would marry no one but you."

It was Cindy's voice.

"Cindy, I am already married." Theo's voice slurred and sounded like he was drunk.

"Then I'll wait for you to get a divorce. Anyway, Dad and Mom entrusted me to you, and you'll be my pillar of support for the rest of my life. Moreover, you said that you don't love her and like me. After you get a divorce, I'll marry you and carry sons for you."

"Cindy..."

"Theowy..."

My heart was in so much pain that I couldn't breathe. I wanted to cover my ears with my hands to prevent myself from hearing those sounds, but my hands were tied so tightly that I couldn't move.

were tied so tightly that I couldn't move.

I shook my head frantically, trying to get rid of the sounds, but they always echoed in my ears and I couldn't shake them away.

Who on earth wanted me to hear all this and torture me like this?

I couldn't hold it in anymore and started vomiting like a fountain. In the end, I even vomited bile, but still, I couldn't stop retching.

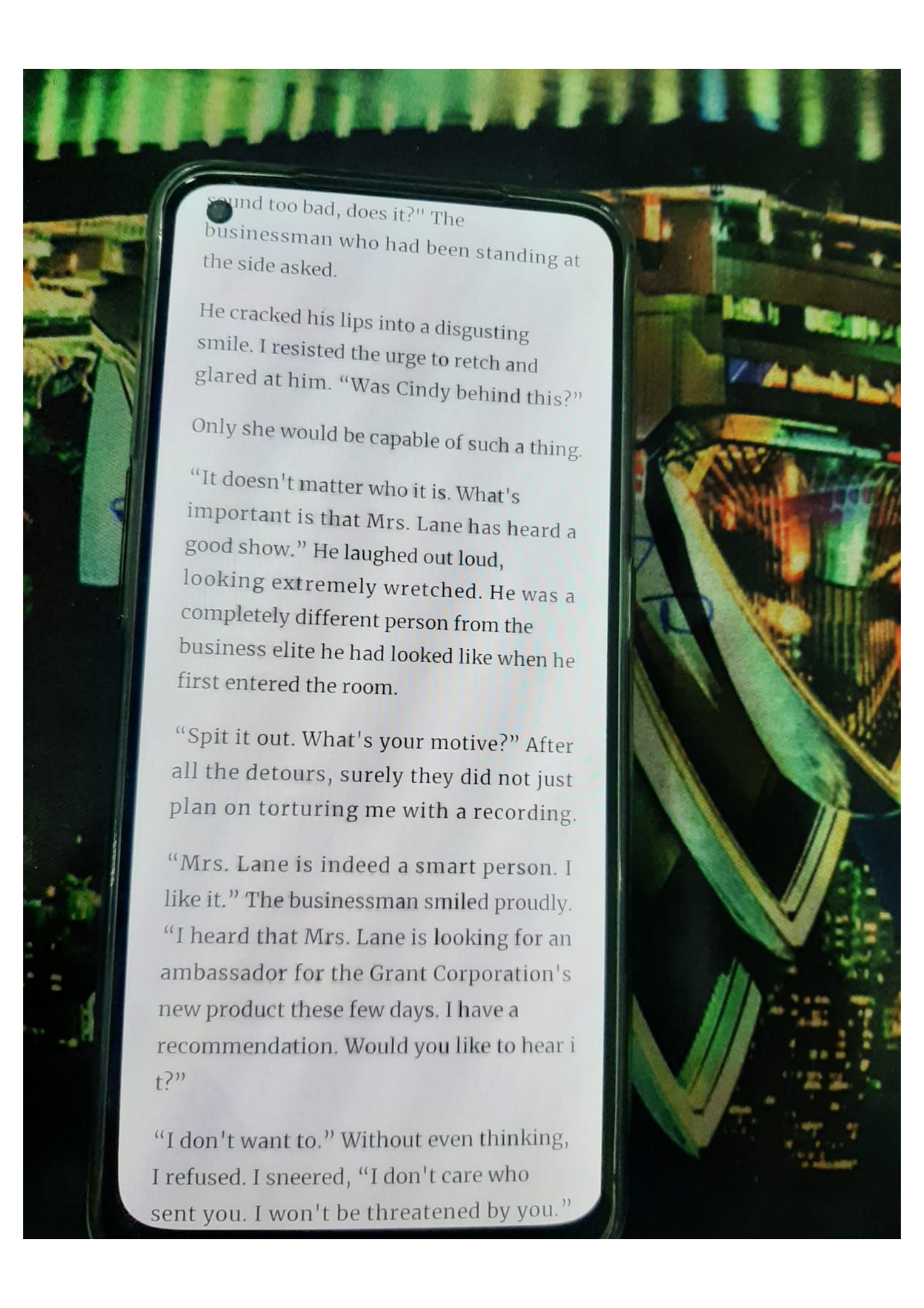
I had always known about Theo and Cindy's relationship, and I could imagine what they would do when they were together. However, I never thought that I would personally hear them making love.

This was worse than having me killed.

After a long time, the sounds finally stopped. My body seemed to be drained of all its energy. I collapsed onto the chair.

The pain in my heart started to cause it to crack. My heart seemed to shatter into a million pieces, and it was as painful as tens of millions of ants biting me.

"Mrs. Lane, how is it? This scene doesn't sound too bad, does it?" The



sound too bad, does it?" The businessman who had been standing at the side asked.

He cracked his lips into a disgusting smile. I resisted the urge to retch and glared at him. "Was Cindy behind this?"

Only she would be capable of such a thing.

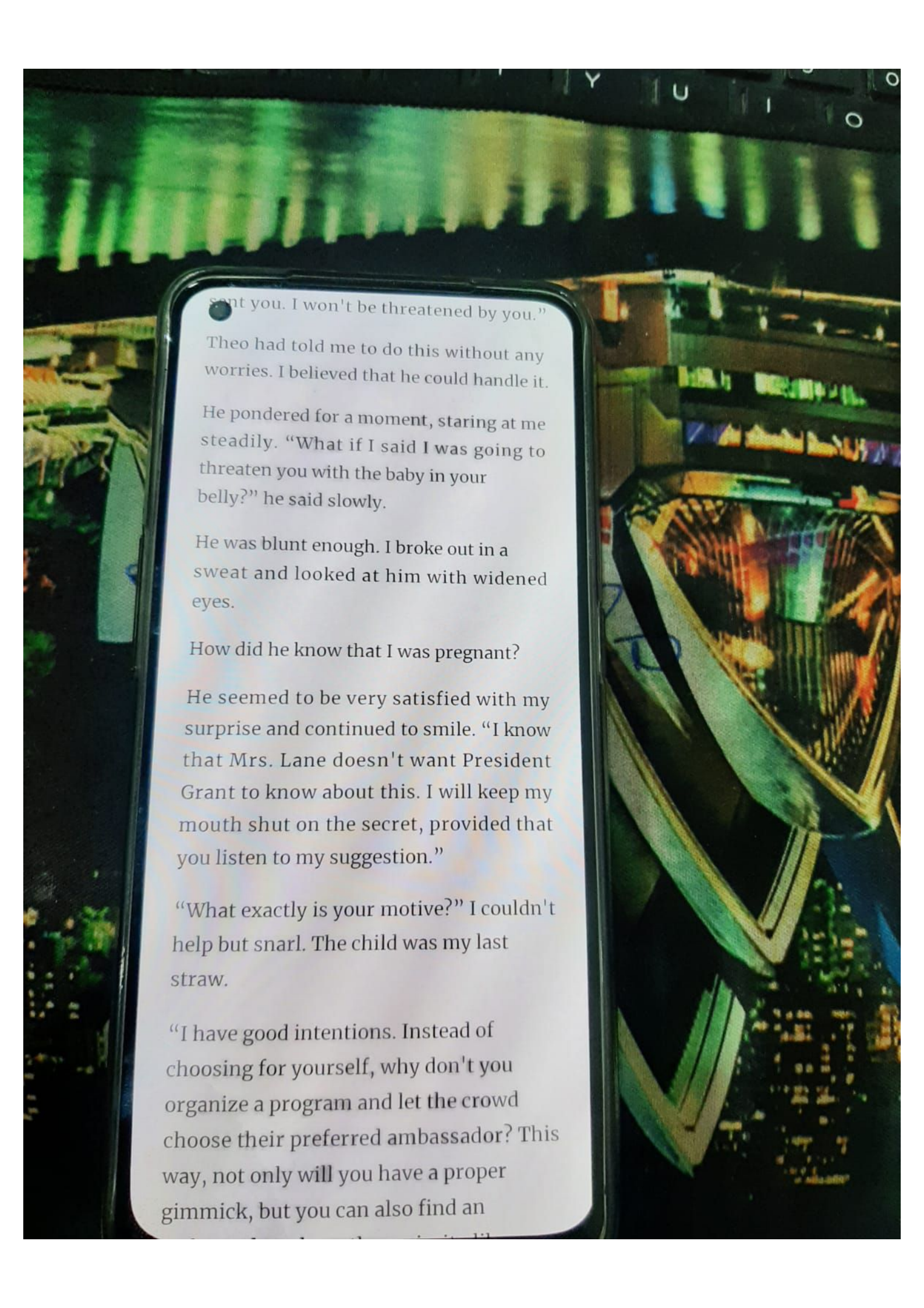
"It doesn't matter who it is. What's important is that Mrs. Lane has heard a good show." He laughed out loud, looking extremely wretched. He was a completely different person from the business elite he had looked like when he first entered the room.

"Spit it out. What's your motive?" After all the detours, surely they did not just plan on torturing me with a recording.

"Mrs. Lane is indeed a smart person. I like it." The businessman smiled proudly.

"I heard that Mrs. Lane is looking for an ambassador for the Grant Corporation's new product these few days. I have a recommendation. Would you like to hear it?"

"I don't want to." Without even thinking, I refused. I sneered, "I don't care who sent you. I won't be threatened by you."



sent you. I won't be threatened by you."

Theo had told me to do this without any worries. I believed that he could handle it.

He pondered for a moment, staring at me steadily. "What if I said I was going to threaten you with the baby in your belly?" he said slowly.

He was blunt enough. I broke out in a sweat and looked at him with widened eyes.

How did he know that I was pregnant?

He seemed to be very satisfied with my surprise and continued to smile. "I know that Mrs. Lane doesn't want President Grant to know about this. I will keep my mouth shut on the secret, provided that you listen to my suggestion."

"What exactly is your motive?" I couldn't help but snarl. The child was my last straw.

"I have good intentions. Instead of choosing for yourself, why don't you organize a program and let the crowd choose their preferred ambassador? This way, not only will you have a proper gimmick, but you can also find an

simnick, but you can also find an ambassador whom the majority likes. Why not?"

"This is it?" After the fuss, all he did was give a pretty good suggestion.

He spread his hands, looking like that was all he had.

"How can I trust you?" I looked up at him. This man had a face that incited distrust in people.