

Chapter 65

“Whatever it is, we can talk about it tomorrow.” He caressed my back gently in an attempt to coax me back to sleep.

“No, this is urgent, I need to ask you about it tonight.” I shook his arms fervently.

He pecked me on the forehead, his eyes still closed. “Okay, then tell me. I’m listening.”

“Cecilia was accused of drunk driving and a hit-and-run, but it’s all a setup! I’m begging you, can you help her, please?”

He shuddered a little and slowly let go of my arms. When he opened his eyes, they were icy cold. Theo asked me coldly, “Is this why you came home tonight?”

I felt timid as his icy stare bored into me intently. I wanted to deny it, but I could not find the right words to say.

“Was that why you initiated things with me tonight?” His voice was cold, a clear bloodlust in his tone. “Wanda Lane, do

bloodlust in his tone. "Wanda Lane, do you think that I'm that revolting? So you had no reaction at all, but you had to force yourself to please me?"

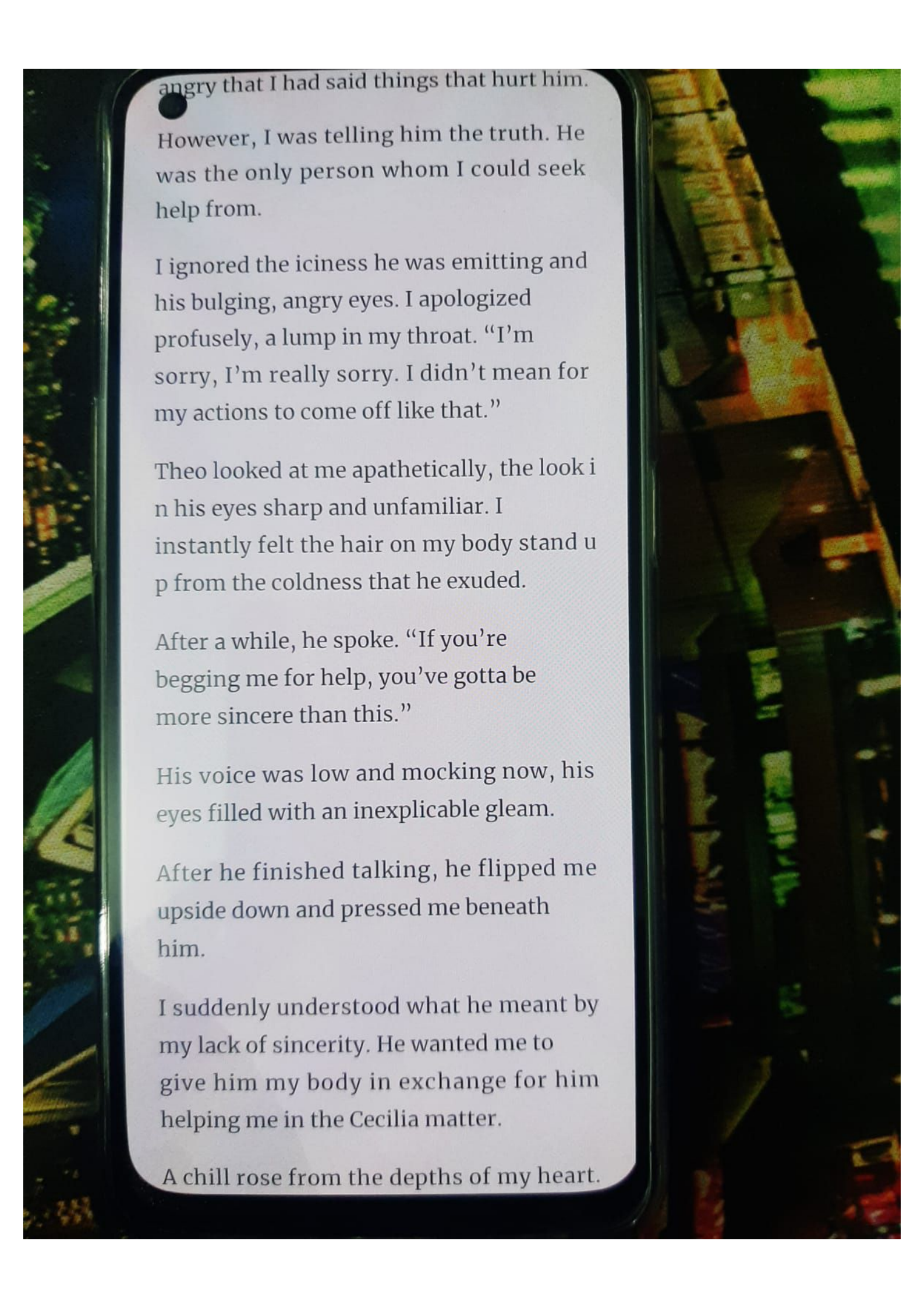
I shook my head quickly, answering hastily, "No... it's nothing like that..."

I could admit that I had come back for Cecilia, but I had not initiated anything with him just to get what I wanted. I just wanted him to not have to hold himself back so much...

Despite that, I knew that to him, whatever I said would just sound like me trying to defend myself. I kept quiet and begged in a soft voice, "Theo, please, I beg of you, please help me... I've only got Cecilia, she's my only family. I can't let anything happen to her."

"Your only family? Wanda Lane, you really constantly change the impression I have of you." Theo scoffed, his tone bone-chilling.

I knew he was furious. He was angry about what he thought I had done to try to get what I wanted, and he was also angry that I had said things that hurt him.



angry that I had said things that hurt him.

However, I was telling him the truth. He was the only person whom I could seek help from.

I ignored the iciness he was emitting and his bulging, angry eyes. I apologized profusely, a lump in my throat. "I'm sorry, I'm really sorry. I didn't mean for my actions to come off like that."

Theo looked at me apathetically, the look in his eyes sharp and unfamiliar. I instantly felt the hair on my body stand up from the coldness that he exuded.

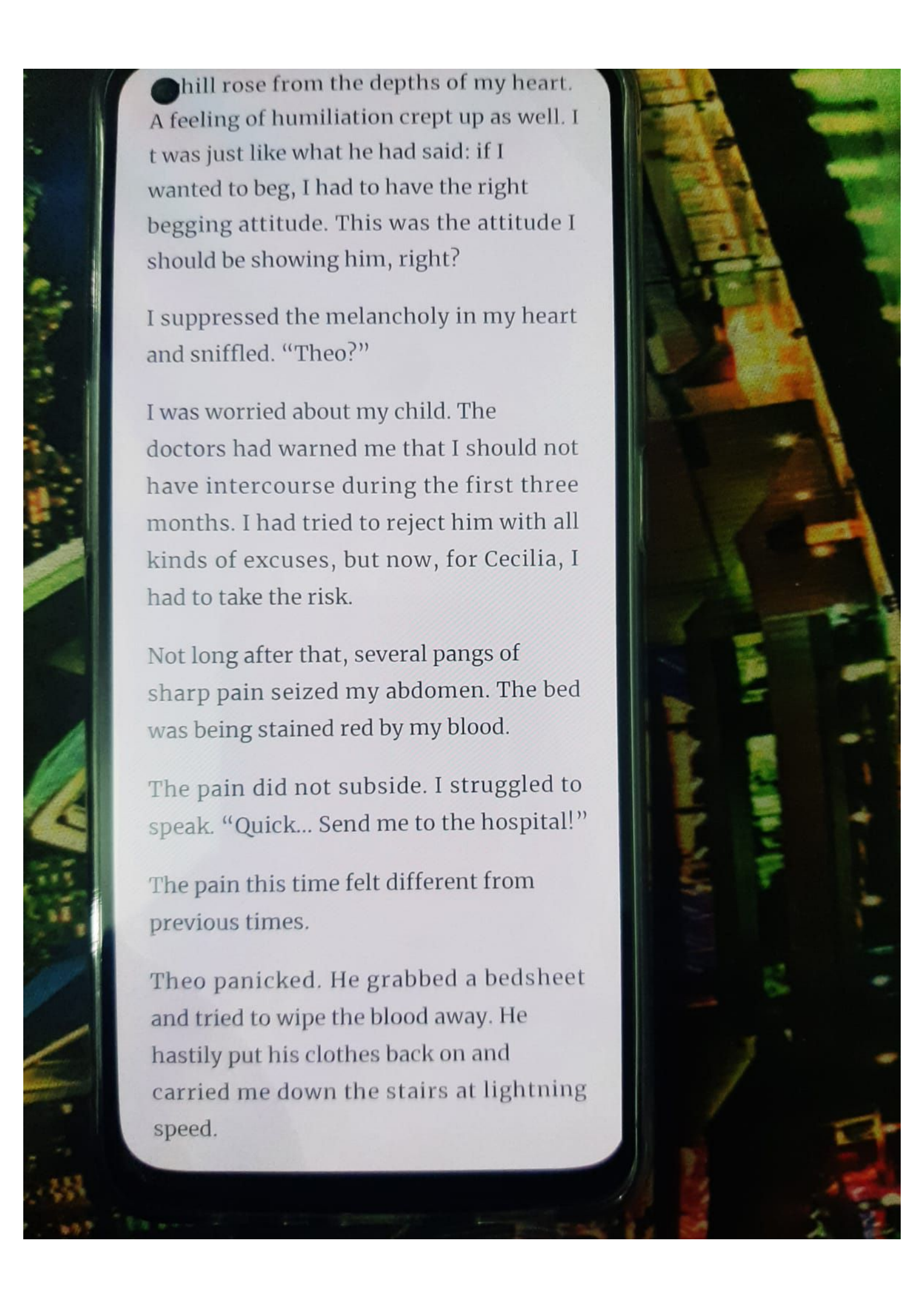
After a while, he spoke. "If you're begging me for help, you've gotta be more sincere than this."

His voice was low and mocking now, his eyes filled with an inexplicable gleam.

After he finished talking, he flipped me upside down and pressed me beneath him.

I suddenly understood what he meant by my lack of sincerity. He wanted me to give him my body in exchange for him helping me in the Cecilia matter.

A chill rose from the depths of my heart.



●hill rose from the depths of my heart. A feeling of humiliation crept up as well. It was just like what he had said: if I wanted to beg, I had to have the right begging attitude. This was the attitude I should be showing him, right?

I suppressed the melancholy in my heart and sniffled. "Theo?"

I was worried about my child. The doctors had warned me that I should not have intercourse during the first three months. I had tried to reject him with all kinds of excuses, but now, for Cecilia, I had to take the risk.

Not long after that, several pangs of sharp pain seized my abdomen. The bed was being stained red by my blood.

The pain did not subside. I struggled to speak. "Quick... Send me to the hospital!"

The pain this time felt different from previous times.

Theo panicked. He grabbed a bedsheet and tried to wipe the blood away. He hastily put his clothes back on and carried me down the stairs at lightning speed.

bled.

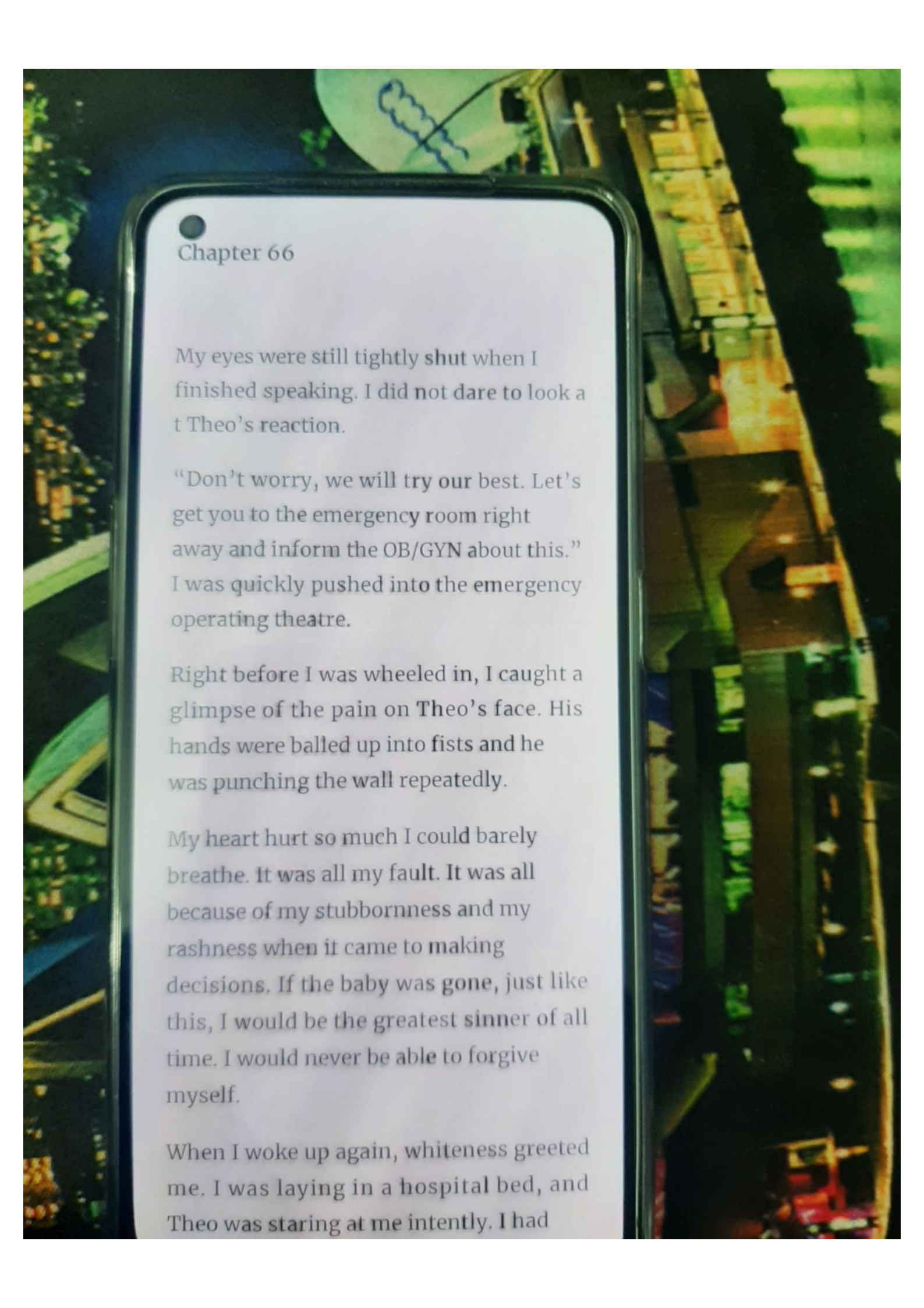
The nearest hospital was usually a twenty-minute car ride from the villa, but he sped the entire way there, running several red lights. We got there within eight minutes.

Before the car had even come to a complete stop, he jumped out, carrying me with him as he sprinted into the hospital, yelling for a doctor to come quickly.

Soon, a troop of doctors rushed forward. Amidst the chaos, someone asked, "What's wrong with the patient?"

Theo looked at me, his lips pursed into a thin line. His eyes glinted dangerously as he stared coldly at me. "You tell them."

I closed my eyes and said through gritted teeth, "I'm two months pregnant. I've been feeling some sharp pains in my belly and I just bled. Please, doctor, please save my baby."



Chapter 66

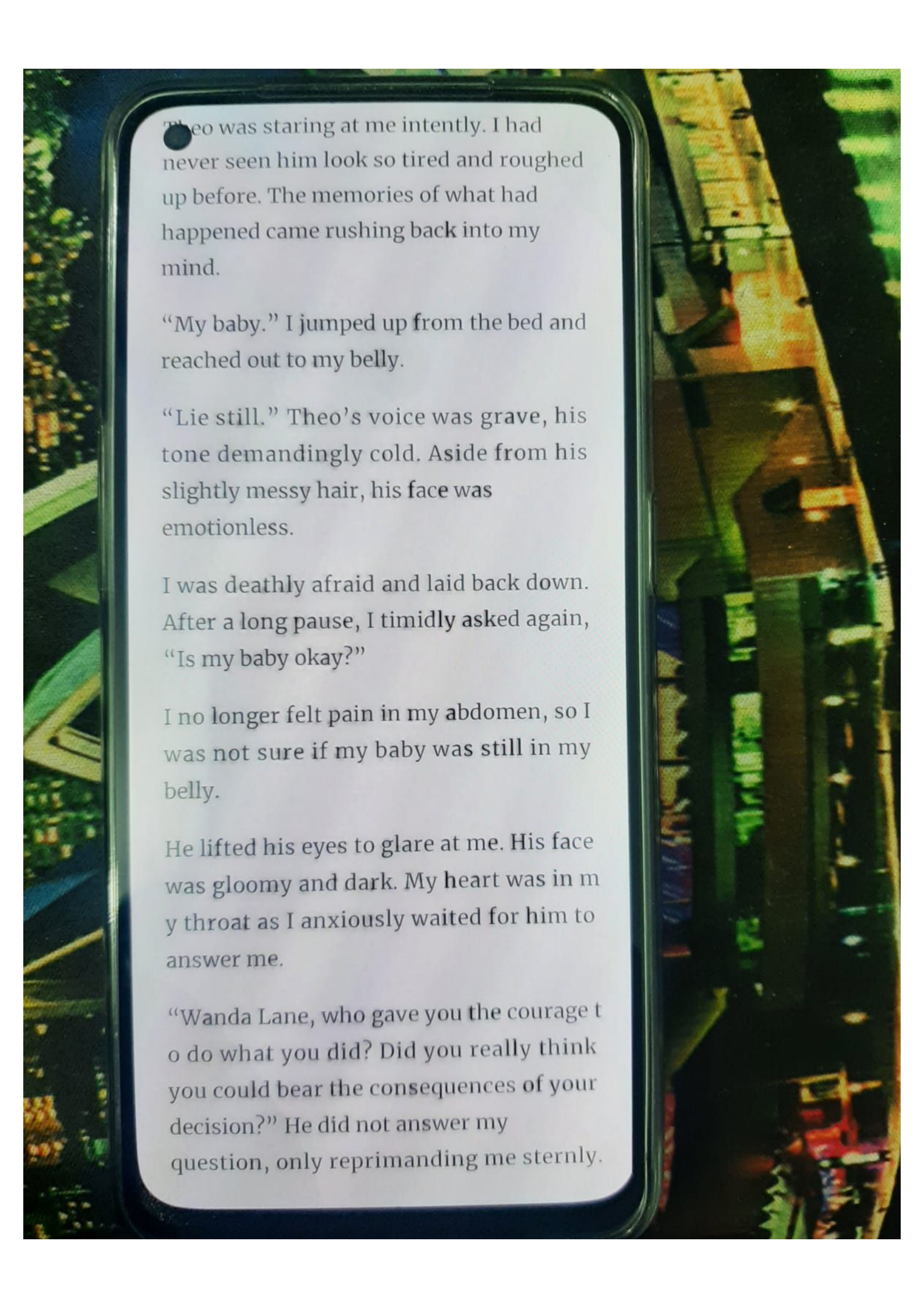
My eyes were still tightly shut when I finished speaking. I did not dare to look at Theo's reaction.

"Don't worry, we will try our best. Let's get you to the emergency room right away and inform the OB/GYN about this." I was quickly pushed into the emergency operating theatre.

Right before I was wheeled in, I caught a glimpse of the pain on Theo's face. His hands were balled up into fists and he was punching the wall repeatedly.

My heart hurt so much I could barely breathe. It was all my fault. It was all because of my stubbornness and my rashness when it came to making decisions. If the baby was gone, just like this, I would be the greatest sinner of all time. I would never be able to forgive myself.

When I woke up again, whiteness greeted me. I was laying in a hospital bed, and Theo was staring at me intently. I had



Theo was staring at me intently. I had never seen him look so tired and roughed up before. The memories of what had happened came rushing back into my mind.

“My baby.” I jumped up from the bed and reached out to my belly.

“Lie still.” Theo’s voice was grave, his tone demanding, cold. Aside from his slightly messy hair, his face was emotionless.

I was deathly afraid and laid back down. After a long pause, I timidly asked again, “Is my baby okay?”

I no longer felt pain in my abdomen, so I was not sure if my baby was still in my belly.

He lifted his eyes to glare at me. His face was gloomy and dark. My heart was in my throat as I anxiously waited for him to answer me.

“Wanda Lane, who gave you the courage to do what you did? Did you really think you could bear the consequences of your decision?” He did not answer my question, only reprimanding me sternly.

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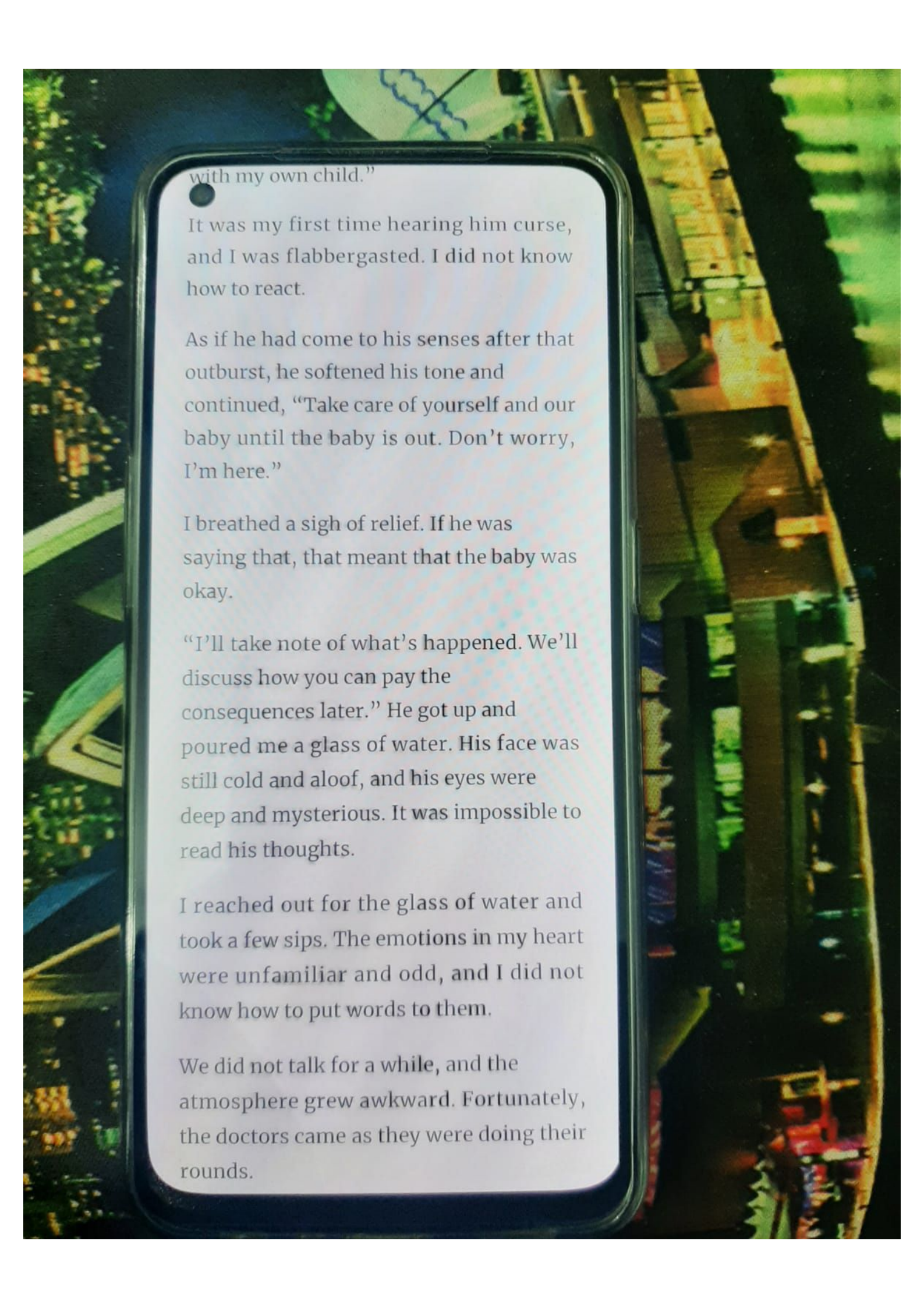
Grievance instantly flooded my heart. I tried hard not to bawl as I retorted, "You think I want things to be this way? I didn't know what to do! Cindy threatened me with her life, and if I didn't abort the child, do you think she would allow me to live in peace? I really couldn't bring myself to do it, so..."

Towards the end of my rant, I lowered my head.

"What about me? Can't you trust me at least this once? Were you going to lie to me forever?" Theo raised his voice as he bombarded me with questions.

I knew he was burning with rage. My eyes red-rimmed, I continued, "It's not that I don't trust you, nor did I think I could lie to you forever. All I wanted to do was not burden anyone more than I needed to. This is my baby, and I will take good care of them after the divorce. I won't allow this baby to affect yours and Ms. Reed's life."

"Hah, I really had no idea you were this considerate." He sneered, his icy gaze boring into me. "You have no f*cking right to decide for me what is to be done

The image shows a smartphone screen with a white background and rounded corners. The screen displays several paragraphs of text in a black, sans-serif font. The background of the entire image is a vibrant, abstract pattern with green, yellow, and blue tones, resembling a stylized forest or a digital art piece. The text on the screen is as follows:

with my own child.”

It was my first time hearing him curse, and I was flabbergasted. I did not know how to react.

As if he had come to his senses after that outburst, he softened his tone and continued, “Take care of yourself and our baby until the baby is out. Don’t worry, I’m here.”

I breathed a sigh of relief. If he was saying that, that meant that the baby was okay.

“I’ll take note of what’s happened. We’ll discuss how you can pay the consequences later.” He got up and poured me a glass of water. His face was still cold and aloof, and his eyes were deep and mysterious. It was impossible to read his thoughts.

I reached out for the glass of water and took a few sips. The emotions in my heart were unfamiliar and odd, and I did not know how to put words to them.

We did not talk for a while, and the atmosphere grew awkward. Fortunately, the doctors came as they were doing their rounds.

rounds.

I immediately asked the doctor about my condition and about what I had not had the courage to ask Theo about earlier. I was worried about the baby since I knew I had bled a lot earlier.

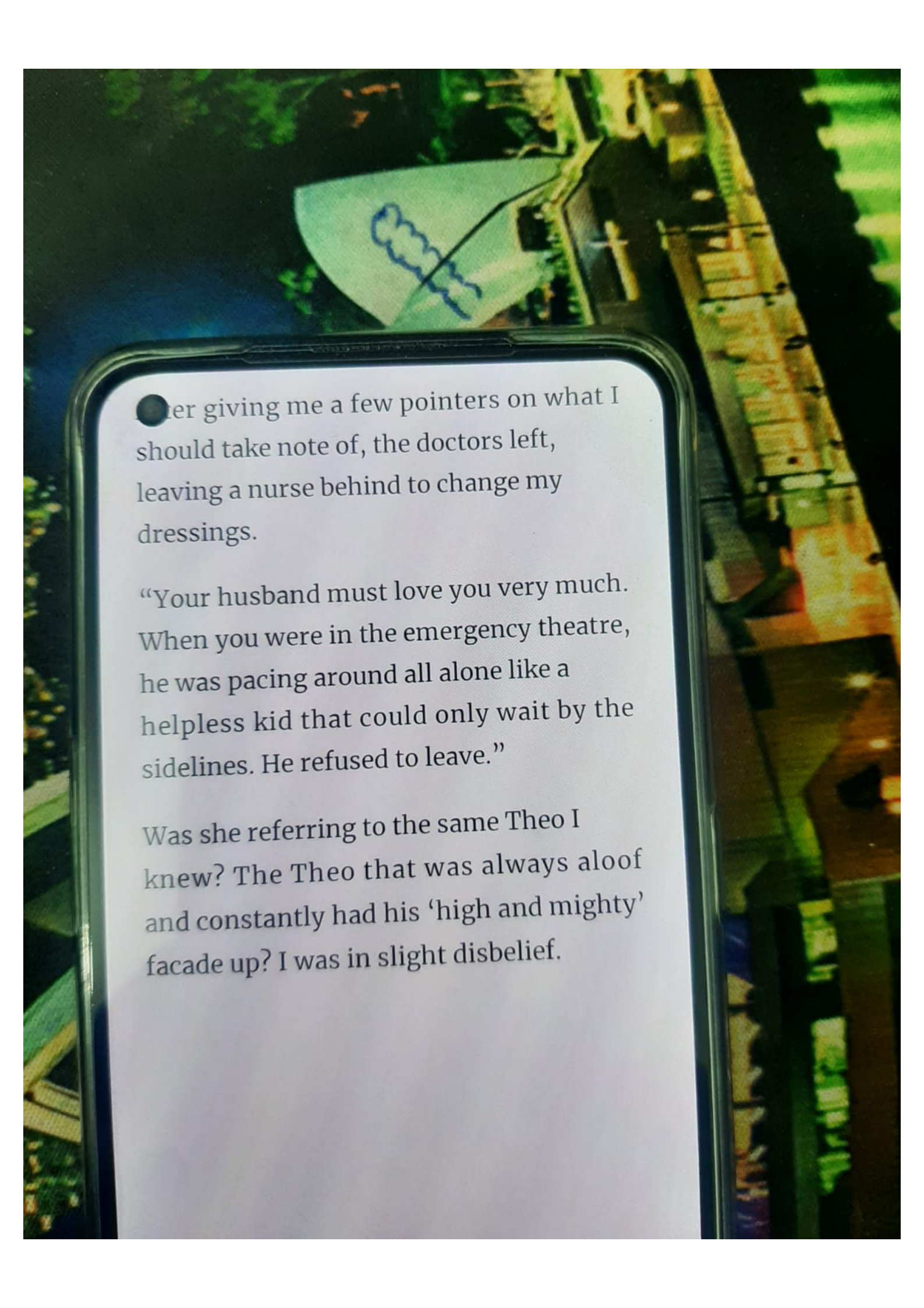
“Don’t worry, since you were sent in just in time, the baby’s doing fine. However, tsk tsk, young people like you! You know it’s not recommended to have intercourse during the first three months. It’s just common sense! Why can’t you guys just hold it in? Especially you, a respectable gentleman, can’t you have at least a little self-control?”

This was coming from an older doctor, and his voice was loud and clear, no subtlety at all within his words. The nurses around us were snickering.

I coughed awkwardly while Theo glared at me with a distorted expression on his face. He nodded and walked out.

That was probably his first-ever time being reprimanded. He was probably feeling ashamed since no one had scolded him to his face like that before.

After giving me a few pointers on what I

A photograph of a smartphone screen displaying text. The background of the photo is a house at night, with a porch light and a window visible. The text on the screen is as follows:

After giving me a few pointers on what I should take note of, the doctors left, leaving a nurse behind to change my dressings.

“Your husband must love you very much. When you were in the emergency theatre, he was pacing around all alone like a helpless kid that could only wait by the sidelines. He refused to leave.”

Was she referring to the same Theo I knew? The Theo that was always aloof and constantly had his ‘high and mighty’ facade up? I was in slight disbelief.