

Chapter 71

Theo darted a glance at me and pulled out his phone to call his assistant. "Keith, come to West Mountain's ring road to drive a car back."

He wore a dark countenance the whole way back and did not say a word. My anxiety allowed me to ignore the fact that he was angry, and I said, "Theo, if there really was a secondary car accident, there might still be traces of evidence at the scene."

After a very long time, he finally said, "I figured out the same thing. I checked it carefully earlier but didn't find any trace of evidence."

My heart sank to the bottom of my stomach. Was I supposed to watch Cecilia go to jail and not do anything about it? No. I could not stand doing such a thing.

Theo looked at me and after a very long time, he said, "Don't get too anxious yet. I'll introduce you to someone later."

"Are we going to see Cecilia?" I leaped up

“Are we going to see Cecilia?” I leaped up from my seat. I had no interest in anything else besides seeing her.

“What could possibly change after you see her?” he looked at me and asked mildly.

“I don’t know, but what else can I do? Help me, Theo. I can’t watch her go to jail. I wouldn’t be able to live with it.” I was panicking, my voice choked up.

He stretched out a hand and patted my shoulder, saying, “That’s enough. This isn’t the end yet, so don’t get too upset or anxious. You’ve always been so calm and composed. What’s up with you nowadays?”

He had been really patient with coaxing me throughout the journey, but my mind was still fraught. My emotions had hit their lowest point.

His car soon came to a halt at Grant Corporation’s mall. “Come down and pick some clothes.”

I glanced at the main entrance of the mall and said listlessly, “I’m not in the mood for shopping.”

Sure enough, the tactics that men used were almost always the same, coaxing women by taking them shopping.

“I said I’d introduce you to someone. If you still want to save Cecilia, hurry up and come down.” His voice was slightly cold. Having said that, he walked into the mall without sparing me another glance.

Wait a minute... Did he mean we were going to meet someone who had a way to rescue Cecilia?

“Theo, wait up.” I quickly got out of the car and chased after him.

He stopped in his tracks, waiting for me. A hint of a smile subconsciously appeared on his lips.

He pulled my hand and took me straight to the fifth floor, where all the international brands were sold. As soon as he went up, there was a commotion.

Darn Theo’s good looks and aura. He always became the center of attention wherever he went.

The shopkeepers and shoppers’ eyes lit up when they saw him, whispering amongst themselves.

With my hand in his, I received numerous unfriendly stares. I instinctively tried to retract my hand.

Theo turned back to look at me curiously and finally noticed the stares around him. His mesmerizing face sank slightly, exuding a cold aura. He then fished his phone out of his pocket and made a phone call.

“Mr. Schuler, I intend to shop on the fifth floor, and I need you here to clear the place.” Having said that, he pulled me into a lounge.

Soon, a bunch of bodyguards appeared on the fifth floor to clear the place out. In less than 10 minutes, the entire fifth floor was cleared aside from a few shopping guides.

He finally stood up and said, “Come, let’s go pick out your clothes.”

I blushed with shame. Chasing customers away was something that perhaps only Theo could and would do.

At the store, Theo gave the shopkeeper succinct orders. “Pick out a set of clothes for her. It’s for a social event, but keep it

● What's a pregnant woman like you dressing up so nicely for? Go for comfort." He sounded extremely righteous.

I was speechless. It turned out that his complaints had not been because the clothes were not suitable for me, but because he did not want me to dress up too nicely. Why the heck did he bring me shopping, then?!

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“Wouldn’t it be inappropriate and disrespectful if I wore something so casual?” I was still a little worried.

“This isn’t casual at all. We went the extra mile to get new clothes, after all.” He continued to speak in a righteous manner.

“This looks so similar to the one I was wearing earlier—they’re both homewear.”

“The difference is huge. Look, this dress has a collar but the one you had on earlier did not.”

Just like that, Mr. Theo Grant had gone to the mall to shop for clothes, used his bodyguards to clear the place out, and ended up only purchasing a set of homewear.

After getting into the car, I furiously said, “I’m mad, Theo.” This had been his first time taking me shopping, and I was tremendously disappointed.

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“Why?” He turned around to look at me, his face full of questions as though he truly did not understand my anger.

“No one takes a woman shopping like that. I can’t believe you’re a company’s president!” I turned sideways, speechless.

He was nothing like those domineering presidents in movies, buying expensive clothes and branded bags for their women, hiring professional stylists for them to stun everyone.

He laughed. “I can’t believe you’re so materialistic.”

“I don’t care. I’m mad.” I stifled my anger and decided to be stubborn instead.

“Okay, when the child is born, I’ll bring home a few stores for you to pick out whatever you want. Cheer up. It won’t be good for the baby if you get angry.” The corner of his mouth lifted, and his tone became pampering.

A certain kind of warmth could last for a very long time, and after a few years, these scattered memories would become the only sweet memories I could look back on.

The car soon drove into another upscale villa community that was just as famous as Regal Villa. What set this community apart was that unlike the peace and quiet of Regal Villa, this place was bustling with energy because there were dignitaries and foreigners staying here.

It was a sign of status for anyone who could afford to live here.

Theo was a fan of quiet places, hence he had not been interested in this place and had chosen Regal Villa for himself instead.

The car stopped in front of a European-styled villa. From afar, I saw a woman with a noble temperament and a very attractive body figure walk over.

When she came nearer, I was surprised to realize that it was Petra.

It turned out that Theo had brought me here to meet her.

“Hello, Mr. Grant. It’s been a long time since we last met.” Petra greeted Theo warmly from afar.

She then looked me up and down, a hint o

She then looked me up and down, a hint of delight briefly emerging on her face before it quickly returned to its usual expression. She said with a slight smile, "This must be Mrs. Grant, right?"

Theo nodded and responded in a faint voice, "Sorry to keep you waiting, Petra."

"Hello, Ma'am," I politely greeted.

"Come in, they're waiting." Petra enthusiastically took my arm and walked inside.

Once we went inside, we saw many people sitting around the table in the room. Petra introduced everyone to me. They were all either presidents or officials from a certain bureau or ministry.

I understood now that all these dignitaries were big shots in Salt City.

After the introductions, Petra picked her wine glass up from the table and said, "I've been wandering out there all these years, and I often thought of home. I'm finally back now, and I would like to thank everyone for coming over to have this welcoming dinner with me. Cheers."

It turned out that it was Petra's welcoming dinner today. No wonder all the officialdom and business world bigwigs had all gathered here.

After a few polite exchanges, they began talking about family matters.

"Who's this lady beside you, Petra? She looks familiar!" During dinner, a slightly chubby man looked at me and asked Petra who I was.

"Mr. Zach, this is Mr. Grant's wife, my goddaughter," Petra said, holding me intimately.

I was a little puzzled. When had I become her goddaughter?

"Wanda here has been in a bad state these past few days because her best friend has gotten into trouble and is currently locked up in your police station. She was not in the mood to come today, but I forced her to, so she reluctantly came," Petra nonchalantly said.

Mr. Zach? I remembered him now. He was Mr. Ezekiel Zach, the director of the Public Security Bureau in Salt City.

Public Security Bureau in Salt City.

Slightly unsure, I looked up at Theo, who evaded my gaze a little but gently nodded.

“Huh? Did that really happen? I didn’t know that. What’s your friend’s name, young lady? I’ll go back and ask about it.”

Mr. Zach looked at me with an affectionate expression.

I instantly understood the motives behind Petra’s actions and stood up, picking up my glass from the table. I said politely, “Thank you, Mr. Zach. My friend’s name is Cecilia Shane and she’s currently locked up in the West City Public Security Bureau. Sorry for the trouble, Mr. Zach, and thank you for your great kindness.”