

## Chapter 73

“Hahaha, this young lady is pretty shrewd, huh? You’re a good judge of character, accepting such a perfect lady as your goddaughter, Petra. Mr. Grant is really lucky to have such a clever and beautiful wife.” Mr. Zach happily raised his glass.

Theo stood up and took the wine glass from my hands, giving Mr. Zach a professional smile. “Thank you for the kind words, Mr. Zach. My wife is pregnant and can’t drink, so I’ll toast on her behalf.”

“You’re too polite, Mr. Grant. Cheers!” Mr. Zach clinked glasses with Theo with a wide grin.

“Alright, you don’t have to worry anymore now. Since Mr. Zach has agreed to help you out, he’ll definitely get everything settled soon. Sit down and have something to eat. You’re pregnant, and you shouldn’t starve yourself.” Petra pulled me to my seat with a smile, sounding just like a loving mother.

I finally breathed out a sigh of relief. I softly said, "Thank you, Petra."

She smiled, not saying a word, and turned around to chat with the others.

After another round of toasting, everyone started chatting about the past.

Mr. Zach looked me up and down and asked Petra, "Petra, have you gotten any news about your daughter yet? I've been asking around in Salt City but..."

Petra, who had been smiling, suddenly revealed a pained expression. She dropped her head and said, "I've been looking for her, but I've not received any news so far. It's been so many years—it's really tough!"

"Your efforts will pay off one day. As long as you don't give up, I'm sure you'll find her." Mr. Zach patted her shoulder, comforting her.

Petra's voice was slightly choked up. She looked at me and said, "If she was still alive, she would probably be around the same age as Wanda now."

"Now that you've mentioned it, Mrs.



Now that you've mentioned it, Mrs. Grant's features do bear a slight resemblance to yours when you were younger, Petra. Now I know why you accepted her as your goddaughter—it was fated!" said another middle-aged man, looking at me. 2

The rest nodded in agreement. All of a sudden, everyone's eyes were on me.

I was a little unsure of what to do. I could only keep quiet and eat, my head bowed in embarrassment.

Fortunately, everyone soon moved on to chat about other things. The crowd's attention shifted away from me.

As I was eating, I felt some discomfort in my stomach, so I got up to walk to the bathroom. I propped myself up with the sink and dry-heaved for a long while before I finally felt much better.

The moment I looked up, a glass of water appeared in front of me. "Rinse your mouth. It'll help you feel better." 1

Theo stood in front of me with a glass of water in his hand, looking worried.

"Why are you here?" I took the glass of

“Why are you here?” I took the glass of water and rinsed my mouth out.

“We can head back early if you don’t feel too well.” He took my hand and tried to walk out.

“No way. If Petra is sincere about helping me out, this dinner party is a good opportunity for me. I can’t just leave.” I stood at the sink, unmoving, and peered up at him. “Were you the one who asked Petra for help?”

Theo looked at me, mixed emotions in his eyes. After a very long time, he said, “I happened to bump into her on the way to the police station today. After she heard about what had happened, she offered to help.”

“Does she need your help?” Although Theo was a VIP in Salt City, he was still just a businessman. A rich and powerful lady like Petra would never take the initiative to offer help if she did not need a favor in return.

He did not reply, nor did I ask further questions. It was probably something to do with work.



● WITH WORK.

“By the way, she spoke about looking for her daughter. Does Petra have a daughter? Isn't she Xander's mother?” I suddenly recalled the things they had spoken about at the dinner table. I could not help but feel weirded out by the strange stares they had been giving me.

“Xander isn't Petra's biological son. Before she married Xander's father, Petra was married to another man. Petra had a daughter, but her daughter had been abandoned by her husband at that time. Because of that, Petra divorced her husband and went abroad. She's been searching for her daughter all these years.”

I understood now. No wonder Xander never really spoke about his mother. It turned out that Petra was just his stepmother. Xander's father passed away two years ago, so it was expected for them to not be as close.

I did not think too much about it as I returned to the dining table with Theo.

Dinner lasted for a very long time, and everyone left at a very late hour. I fell



Everyone left at a very late hour. I fell asleep in the car, feeling exhausted, and Theo carried me upstairs.

When I woke up the next morning, Theo had already gone to work.

Miss Woods had prepared a table laden with every kind of breakfast food, a massive change from my days of gnawing on cold bread.

Thinking about the fact that the show would start filming tomorrow, I took a few hasty bites before rushing to work.

Miss Woods saw how little I had eaten and quickly said, "Mrs. Grant, you can't eat so little while you're pregnant. It'll stunt the baby's growth. I'll pack some soup and desserts up for you, so you can eat them on the road."

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Having said that, she packed up all sorts of snacks and fruits for me, as well as a thermos full of soup.

I could not refuse, so I took everything. It would make a pretty good lunch, at least.

Upon arriving at the office, Heidi reported that preliminary work was underway. The celebrities were all staying in the hotel and the director was giving them their final instructions.

The first filming location was to be indoors, inside a shopping mall. To not disrupt the mall's shops, the filming had been set to begin tomorrow night.

Everyone was doing their own job, and there was nothing much I could help with.

"Wanda..." Heidi did not leave after she finished reporting on work. She hesitated to continue.

"Is there something difficult you want to say to me?" Seeing her reluctance, I had no choice but to prod her on it.

“Oh, no...” Heidi immediately waved her hands. “It’s about work... Sigh, well, Newlight Media said that Sandy has to be the spokesperson, no matter what competition you decide to hold, or...”

“Or what?” I was curious. Newlight Media’s boss had not been this stubborn when we had spoken previously. It had only been a few days, but he was already getting so pushy.

Heidi bowed her head, not saying a word.

“Speak!” I raised my voice.

“...Or they will make Grant Corporations face the consequences!” After a pause, she continued, “I think they’re just trying to intimidate us. I didn’t want to tell you this at first because your body isn’t capable of handling any more pressure at the minute, but I was also really worried.”

“Alright, I understand. You can go now.”

After Heidi left, I sank into my thoughts. It looked like Newlight Media’s backer was threatening me with Grant Corporation. Why had they not directly approached Theo, though?



Although I had no idea how Theo would react to learning about this, after recalling what Xander had said the last time, I did not want to put him in such a difficult position.

Considering Newlight Media's attitude, landing an endorsement was probably not the only thing they wanted. There had to be an even bigger scheme behind this.

Perhaps the endorsement was just a trick, a reason for them to target Grant Corporation.

I had to take Grant Corporation seriously. Even if it was just for my grandmother's sake, I had to think of a way to solve this problem and not let them use this as an excuse to give Grant Corporation trouble.

The most important thing right now was to find the backer behind Newlight Media. After thinking about it for a very long time, I pulled out my phone and swiped to a number I had never taken the initiative to call. With trembling hands, I pressed the call button.

The call connected after only one ring,

The call connected after only one ring, and a ghostly hell-like came over the line. "Six years, one month, and three days. You finally called."

His voice was low and deep. The voice on the line was cold and menacing.

My heart skipped a beat. My hands trembled slightly as I held the phone. After a very long time, I suppressed the fear in my heart and said, "I want to know who the backer behind Newlight Media is."

There was no response from the other end, save for heavy breathing. Soon, there was the sound of a lighter flickering. "You haven't said who I am yet, Wandy."

The uncontrollable trembling spread from just my hands to the rest of my body. The unease in my heart was spreading to the rest of me, too. I exhaled lightly. "Tyler!"

I had not called out that name for years.

"Wrong. Start again." He sounded quite patient as he slowly spoke each word.

Even though he was only being

en though he was only being transmitted through an earpiece, I could still sense his cold and menacing aura penetrating into the very core of my bones.

This coldness was nothing like Theo's aloofness. It was a bloody kind of coldness that seemed to come straight from hell. A horrifying and maniacal coldness.

My body was shaking violently. I held my phone with both hands and said in a trembling voice, "Brother." My voice was almost inaudible.

He still heard it, though. He responded by letting out a maniacal laugh.

I could not stand it anymore. I hung up the call abruptly and tossed my phone away. It felt like he was going to crawl through the line and reach me from over the phone.

My body was completely frozen. I stood up and turned the heater to a warm setting, all the way up to 86 degrees Fahrenheit. I crashed onto the couch and curled into a ball, unable to come back to my senses for a very long time.

setting, all the way up to 80 degrees

Fahrenheit. I crashed onto the couch and curled into a ball, unable to come back to my senses for a very long time.

It was a fear that had been engraved into my bones ever since I was a toddler. I should not have made that call.