

Chapter 75

When Heidi came in, I was sitting on the couch, sweating profusely and my eyes a little unfocused.

“What’s wrong, Wanda?” Frightened, she quickly rushed over.

Her voice finally brought me back to reality. I looked up and said in a soft voice, “I’m okay. I was just a little cold earlier. Can you switch the heater off for me and grab me a glass of warm water?”

Heidi brought me a glass of warm water and said worriedly, “Maybe I should take you to the hospital. You don’t look so good.”

“I’ll be fine in a while. Go ahead and do what you need to do. I’ll rest for a while.” After drinking my water, I weakly laid back down on the sofa.

All these years, I had tried to forget that. However, after a single phone call today, all those emotions were flooding back in again.

Just then, the phone that I had tossed

again.

Just then, the phone that I had tossed into a corner started ringing again.

I was startled. I instinctively covered my ears in an attempt to block out the sound, but the phone would not stop ringing.

I was too afraid to pick it up — afraid it was a call from him.

“Your phone is ringing, Wanda.” Heidi picked up the phone and handed it to me, a curious look on her face.

Seeing that the call was from Cecilia, I breathed out a sigh of relief. I hinted at Heidi to leave the room, and I picked up the call.

“I’m free, my dear. I’m okay now. I’m out!” At the other end of the line, Cecilia was so happy she could barely form a sentence.

“Glad you’re okay, so glad you’re okay.” I was equally delighted to hear the good news.

Cecilia was so excited she did not notice my mood was a little off. She continued, “They said they found new evidence, and they now know the man wasn’t hit by me.



They now know the man wasn't hit by me. So they released me! Where are you? Let's get a drink and celebrate."

"I'm still at work. You probably didn't get enough rest, what with you spending the whole night there. Go home, take a shower, and have a good nap. We'll celebrate, but only tonight. Dinner's on me."

"You're right. I've been worried for the whole night, so I haven't had a good rest. Let's meet tonight." Cecilia hung up.

With Cecilia's affairs now resolved, my gloomy mood was instantly lifted.

That was how the world worked. Sometimes, we spend our entire lives chasing after something someone else can settle with a single word.

Still, we were not supposed to complain about how unfair life was because everyone was competing based on their own abilities. Those people got to do things because they had the ability and the luck to. It was something one could only wish for, and something that destiny determined.

There was nothing black or white in this



There was nothing black or white in this world, only gray!

When we judge someone, we should not just judge them by saying they were either good or bad, but instead, we should look deeper and examine their innate qualities.

My good mood had lifted my spirits. I put the horror I had felt earlier behind me and got up to continue with my work.

After working for a while, I checked my watch. There was still quite some time before I got off work. Finding myself missing Cecilia quite a bit, I grabbed my bag and planned to leave a little earlier.

As soon as I stepped out the door, someone took me by surprise by giving me a hard slap across the face.

The slap was loud and crisp, and it caught many people's attention off guard. I had yet to come back to my senses and was standing rooted to the spot, not knowing what to do.

"Wanda Lane, you liar. Didn't you say you aborted the child? Why did you keep it? Why?"



! why?

I only came back to my senses when Cindy began screaming at the top of her lungs. She was the one who had slapped me just now.

Her expression was so twisted up. Her hair was a mess, and she looked just like an angry lioness.

I touched my burning, painful cheek and gave her a faint smile. "Why do you think? It's because my husband doesn't have the heart to let me do it. Who are you to question my family matters?"

"You shameless woman." She raised her hand and swung her arm again.

I raised my hand, not giving her a second chance to slap me. I said in a cold voice, "Who's the shameless one here? I've never seen a homewrecker as arrogant as you."

Cindy was extremely jumpy now. Just as she was about to reply, the sound of hurried footsteps came down from the other end of the corridor.

Just in the nick of time, Cindy reached out and hugged me, sending us both to the ground.



ground.

●
Everything was happening too quickly. She laid with her back on the ground, a frightened look in her eyes, pleading, “Wanda, let’s get up first. We can talk it out, please.”

I was still in the position I had been in earlier, squeezing her arm. My body was pressed up against hers, and it looked very much as if I had pounced on her intending to beat her. 1



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Did this woman have no other tricks besides this one? Did she not feel tired using the same trick every time?

Even so, someone would always fall for her tricks. .

Take, for example, Zedd. He ran over and flipped me over, roaring, "What are you doing, Wanda Lane? Are you trying to kill her? Why are you such a vicious woman?"

He turned around after saying those words, picking Cindy up and coaxing her, "Are you hurt, Cindy?"

Cindy shook her head weakly and said softly, "I was just trying to say a few words to Wanda but didn't expect her to suddenly push me to the ground..."

The employees watching the fun had long disappeared without a trace.

I rubbed my elbow and slowly stood up. In order to protect the baby, I hit my elbow on the ground quite hard during the fall earlier.



the fall earlier.

Not far away, Theo's entire body seemed to be encased in ice.

He stood there without a word. I looked at him and said, "You think I tried to harm her too?"

He looked at me, his dark pupils a little sinister. He said in a deep voice, "You're at the company. It's inappropriate for both of you to make a scene here."

His voice might be soft, but it was tantamount to pouring a basin of cold water down my head.

All of a sudden, my body chilled from head to toe, all the way to my bones. I looked at him, and after a very long time, I gathered the strength to smile and said softly, "I was wrong."

I was so wrong for being temporarily blinded by his brief sweetness; I was wrong for thinking that he had changed; I was wrong for thinking that he would believe in me; I was wrong for overestimating my position in his heart.

It was all my fault. I deserved it. I asked for it.



for it.

Cindy lowered her head with an aggrieved look on her face. I was disgusted by the sight and went up to return the slap earlier with an even louder one. I said coldly, "This is how you make a performance look more realistic. Let me know if you want to put on a show again next time, I'll definitely cooperate."

I exhausted all my strength in the slap that my palm was burning in pain.

Cindy staggered and nearly fell to the ground. Zedd quickly supported her.

Not wanting to stay here any longer, I started walking to leave.

Theo reached out to hold me. I used all my strength to shake him away. He was encased in ice, not saying a word. I lowered my head and bit him hard. He finally let go of me because of the pain.

I sneered, saying, "Now that's what I call making a scene. You should go and check on your lover, Mr. Grant. I didn't go easy on her with that slap."

Having said that, I left without sparing another glance at Theo.

another glance at Theo.

● It was still early when I left the company. Cecilia was probably still sleeping and I did not want to disturb her. I drove to a coffee shop near the company and prepared to calm myself down before heading back.

Coincidentally, as soon as I stepped into the coffee shop, I bumped into Xander and a female celebrity. The two were wearing caps and sunglasses, disguising themselves. It would be hard for the average person to recognize them.

The two seemed to be fighting. No, to be exact, the female celebrity was pestering Xander.

Xander did not see me. I was not in a good mood, so I chose a seat nearby to watch the fun.

“Stop it, Ginny. I told you before that I already have a girlfriend. There’s no use acting like this.” Xander’s face was covered in a cloud of gloom. It was rare to see him so aggrieved. I could not help but find it hilarious.

“Stop lying to me. You always say that you have a girlfriend but all these years,

They never seen you interacting with other



REDMI NOTE 9S

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● I have a girlfriend but all these years, I've never seen you interacting with other female celebrities." Ginny clearly refused to believe it.

"She's not a celebrity," Xander held his forehead and said helplessly.

"Ask her out right now, then. I swear, if you can get her to appear in front of me today, I'll not pester you anymore." Ginny was sure he was lying.

"If that's what you say." Xander stood up and fished out his phone.

My phone started ringing. I curiously turned around and raised my phone while looking at him with a smile.

He put on a delighted expression and was instantly in high spirits. He rushed over and said, "Wanda, I love you so much. You're truly my savior. Hurry, come to my rescue."

"Don't use me to coax little children. My conscience won't let me." I declined his request politely and took a sip of coffee.

"Please, help me. I promise it'll only be this once. She is pestering me so much and hasn't given up even though it has

this once. She is pestering me so much and hasn't given up even though it has been two years." Xander put his hands together and pleaded in a soft voice.

Before I could agree, Ginny walked over. I was not familiar with this face. She was probably just an unknown female celebrity.

Back when I was working in Nectarine Entertainment, I knew all the celebrities even if they were not famous enough.

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“What a coincidence, my girlfriend happens to be here. This will be easy, then. Look, I wasn’t lying!” Xander said to Ginny with a smug look on his face.

Ginny looked me up and down before speaking with great certainty, “You’re lying. How can a person like her be good enough for you? She’s not your girlfriend at all.”

Was I that bad? I could not help but look at myself.

Indeed, because of my pregnancy, I was wearing flats and a loose cotton linen skirt. With my hair pulled up and no makeup on, I must look really old-fashioned and ugly.

“I’m not lying to you. Look at her face, she’s the woman in the picture I keep in my wallet.” Xander no longer looked as helpless and anxious but was extremely smug at the moment.

Ginny then studied my face carefully for a very long time without saying a word.



...my then studied my face carefully for a
●ry long time without saying a word.
Then, she harrumphed and walked away
with a sad expression.

This demon broke the heart of yet
another girl. I felt a little guilty. Although
I did not say a word from start to finish, I
should not have let him drag me in to be
used as a shield.

“Don’t tease her if you’re not interested i
n her,” I said discontentedly while
looking at him.

“I didn’t. These women are the ones
taking the initiative to cling to me. I want
so badly to avoid them,” Xander cried
out, instantly feeling aggrieved.

He was right. Judging from his devilish
good looks, he could attract a bunch of
fans just by standing there without
saying anything—not to mention the
female celebrities who hung out with him
every day. It would be hard not to fall in
love with him.

I was silent. I suddenly remembered
something and asked, “Why do you have
my photo in your wallet?”

“Cough, cough... That’s not important.



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Cough, cough... That's not important. Wanda, since we're so fated that we're even bumping into each other when we're out to grab a cup of coffee, should we go and watch a movie together?" he leaned over and asked excitedly.

"I'm not interested. You can go by yourself. I'm really tired, so I'll be heading back now." Cecilia was probably going to wake up soon. I got up and got ready to leave.

"No, wait. Let's go together." He followed behind me and ran over. "Your exhaustion is all the more reason why you should try and relax. I'll carry you."

Having said that, he actually picked me up princess-style and ran ahead at a fast speed.

"Put me down, Xander," I cried out in a panic.

He ignored me and ran even faster.

Worried about the child, I shouted, "Put me down. It's dangerous! I'm pregnant!"

He froze and halted in his steps, finally putting me down. His face that was full of smiles a second ago changed at once. He

● illes a second ago changed at once. He asked in a deep voice, "Is it Theo's?"

"You don't say? How many husbands do you think I have?" I was speechless and started to walk. What a weird question.

He stood in my way and asked seriously, "How many months now? Does he know?"

Helpless, I looked at him and replied, "More than two months now. Of course, he knows."

Xander's smiley and attractive eyes darkened a little as he gave a small, bitter smile. He did not say another word.

I was unsure of his sudden change and when I saw how late it was, I quickly bade farewell and rushed to Cecilia's house.

As soon as I arrived at Cecilia's community, she texted me and said that she needed to handle something at the store. She told me to wait for her.

With nothing better to do, I went straight to her house to wait for her.

Cecilia was not around. I was bored in the house so I switched on the laptop to look at some information. At this moment, my

phone started ringing. It was a call from

Some information. At this moment, my phone started ringing. It was a call from Zedd.

Why was he calling me?

Right after accepting the call, I could hear Zedd's mocking laughter. "Theo didn't go home tonight, right, Wanda? Do you think Theo cares about you just because you're pregnant? You'll never be Cindy's match."

"Mr. Zedd, are you calling me to feel better about yourself because Theo and Cindy aren't hanging out with you?"

After a pause, I continued, "Actually, you can form a trio since you don't mind it anyway."

"Shut up, Wanda. Who do you think you —" Not bothering to waste any more of my breath, I hung up the phone resolutely.

Theo had probably gone to take care of Cindy, that was why Zedd was calling me to show off.

Forget it. What did it have anything to do with me? I suppressed the unease in my heart and started paying attention to the information on the laptop. I read for more than an hour before my waist



More than an hour before my waist started feeling sore, so I stood up to stretch myself.

At this moment, the doorbell rang. Cecilia was probably back.

Why was Cecilia always forgetting her keys? I opened the door while saying, "What took you so long? I'm already tired from waiting for you."

Outside the door, I did not hear Cecilia's voice as anticipated but instead felt a cold and gloomy aura. I looked up. 1

Theo was standing outside the door, his entire being covered in a cloud of gloom.

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What was he doing here? Should he not be with Cindy?

I was a little confused as to why he was always able to pinpoint my location every time.

“Why didn’t you go home?” he asked with a dark countenance, his voice deep and low.

I did not want to respond to him and immediately closed the door. He reached out to block it and took the opportunity to step in. With his hands in his pockets, he leaned against the door frame and stared at me.

Not wanting to entertain him, I turned around and went back inside.

“You’re not a kid, so stop your tantrums.” He came up and took my hand, saying, “Come home with me.”

I laughed in anger when he said the word ‘tantrums’. “You think I’m throwing tantrums? What do you take me for, Theo Grant?”



Grant!

He actually believed in Cindy and sided with her without a single hesitation. Why could he not let me have some peace and insisted on coming over to torture me?

Even though I was well aware that his recent changes were all because of the child, I still could not help but be filled with hope and anticipation, thinking that I could get a piece of his love as well.

However, I had finally gotten things clear today. Like what Zedd said, I would never be Cindy's match.

"What do you want me to take you for?" he answered with another question, staring at me with his dazzling dark pupils. It was hard to detect any emotions from his face.

"As a stranger. If you're a man, Theo, then let me go. Stop torturing me like this all the time." I was pissed, so my emotions were reflected in my tone.

He frowned and asked in a deep voice, "You know if I'm a man or not. Do you want me to prove it to you again in someone else's house?" Having said that, he embraced me from behind.



He embraced me from behind.

“Stop it. Don’t behave like a rascal here.”
I had never met a person more shameless than him. He was clearly in love with someone else yet still came over to make a scene.

“If you refuse to leave, I won’t mind staying here and letting others observe us.” His voice was very low and attractive. It was tremendously seductive.

“You—” I was speechless.

He let out a smirk and picked me up before immediately walking outside.

Though unwilling, I was not bold enough to defy him. If things went south, he might actually do something out of line in Cecilia’s house.

I texted Cecilia on my way back and told her that I needed to go home first because something had suddenly come up. She replied to my text very quickly and said that she happened to be busy tonight, so we agreed to meet some other day.

Theo was silent and gloomy the whole way. The car was speeding. I ignored him and leaned back in my seat, pretending to sleep.



way. The car was speeding. I ignored him and leaned back in my seat, pretending to sleep.

When the car stopped and I was about to get out, he opened the door of the front passenger seat, picked me up, and walked toward the villa. He walked with rushed footsteps, his breathing a little unstable.

Frightened, I asked in a trembling voice, "Put me down, Theo."

He placed me on the shoe cabinet, cupped my face with both hands, and planted an icy kiss on my lips.

His kiss was both domineering and aggressive. I knew he was retaliating against me for saying those words. What a vengeful man.

I raised my head and peered into his eyes, saying, "I think I'm sick, Theo."

Certain things in life would turn into a lifetime of trauma.

I closed my eyes and sealed my lips because I did not know what to say. Being like this was not my intention, but it was impossible to control.

My silence completely angered him.



My silence completely angered him.

He pulled me up like he was grabbing a chicken and threw me into the bathtub. He then turned on the shower and let the cold water run down my head.

He, on the other hand, came in and sat sideways. He abruptly tore off my outer garment. . .

“Are you a beast, Theo?”



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He paused and fell silent for a very long time before getting out of the bathtub. He pulled a towel and wrapped it around his waist haphazardly before turning around and going out of the bathroom.

Upon seeing him leave, my body went limp and I slumped weakly in the bathtub.

I sat alone in the bathroom for a long time before I got up, took a brief shower, and dragged my tired body back to the bedroom.

I breathed a sigh of relief when I realized that he was not around. I sat on the bed while wiping my hair dry.

At this moment, Cecilia gave me a video call.

I answered the call and talked to her while half-lying on the bed.

“What’s wrong with you? Why do you look so unwell? Why did you let yourself look so horrible?” Cecilia was shocked to see the state I was in.



see the state I was in.

I shook my head without a word.

“Where’s Theo? Doesn’t he know that you’re a pregnant lady? Why did he leave you at home all alone? Wait for me, I’m coming over.” Cecilia hung up before I could say anything.

Outside the window, there was thunder and lightning. It was probably going to rain soon. There were often thunderstorms in summer.

Worried, I got out of bed and went downstairs to wait for Cecilia. In less than half an hour, her car drove into the villa.

“I’m okay. You didn’t have to come here.” I put on a smile to reassure Cecilia when she entered the door.

“Stop pretending. I don’t feel comfortable seeing you like this.” She walked over and hugged me tightly, saying softly, “Promise me that you’ll move on no matter what happens. Don’t do the same thing you used to do.”

I knew she was worried that I would repeat my actions from the past. I felt a rush of warmth in my heart. At least



Repeat my actions from the past. I felt a gush of warmth in my heart. At least Cecilia would be here for me no matter what happened.

"Don't worry, I won't do the same thing again." I patted her shoulder, saying this to myself at the same time.

We lay on the sofa talking.

"Cecilia, do you think he'll love me on account of the child?" I paused before continuing, "Do you think a person who has never loved you before will love you because of a child?"

"I guess so. Many people get married because of their child and live happily ever after," Cecilia said while massaging my feet.

"Which means it's the child that ties them together. If the child is gone one day, will it be the end of their relationship too?"

Cecilia stopped her movements and embraced me, saying, "Don't think too much. Your child is a gift from God. You must give birth to the baby."

I covered my face, feeling irritated,



Covered my face, feeling irritated, anxious, and stifled all of a sudden.

I did not know why I was behaving this way either. I was in a very good mood lately but that was how life was. It would send you back to square one just as you were filled with longing and expectation. It was hard not to let anything affect your mood.

“I get worried when you behave like this. Go upstairs and pack your stuff. Come stay with me for a while.” Cecilia was very worried to see me down in the dumps.

Outside, the thunderstorm was getting louder and louder. I was always alone in the villa. Although I was often alone in the past, I was afraid of such loneliness now.

I packed my bags and followed Cecilia to her place.

Although Cecilia was there with me, I was not able to sleep well at night because I was in an irritated mood.

The next morning, I climbed out of bed feeling dizzy when I remembered that I



●ling dizzy when I remembered that I still had to attend the filming at night.

Cecilia was in the kitchen with an apron on. Holding a spatula, she was battling with the stove. Her demeanor terrified me and I quickly said, "Why are you doing silly things again, Cecilia?"

Every time she cooked, it would be nothing short of a world war. One could only imagine how wretched she looked.

"I'm trying to make you breakfast. Wait there. Sit down and don't move. I'll be done very soon."

She pointed the spatula at me and would not let me in.

Left with no other choice, I sat at the table and braced myself for a charred meal.

Ten minutes later, Cecilia walked out with two plates and I gasped. If my eyes were not lying to me, the pile of black stuff on the plate was supposed to be fried eggs.

"Hehe, the quality of eggs I bought this time around don't seem to be too good. The eggs wouldn't stay put in the pan, so



time around don't seem to be too good. The eggs wouldn't stay put in the pan, so the shape is a little off. Also, there seems to be something wrong with the stove. The fire was a little big. Just ignore the shape and color. Try it. Let me know if I've improved." 1

Seeing the hopeful look on her face, I could not bring myself to refuse. To prepare myself, I picked up the glass of milk with my left hand and put the eggs in my mouth with my right hand.

"How is it?" Cecilia asked eagerly.



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I quickly downed a large glass of milk before saying, "It's not too bad. Try it."

Having said that, I hurriedly got up and said, "I'm running late. I'll make a move first."

"Wanda Lane, you liar! How did you even bring yourself to eat something this salty ...?" Behind me, Cecilia's disappointed and furious roar rang out.

I shook my head with a smile. Cecilia probably had no luck in the kitchen.

When I got to the company, Heidi reported to me about the filming at night. Everything was ready.

Complex matters were left for the experts to handle. The pre-financing and personnel matters had been handled. In regards to the competition, there was nothing left that required my attention. I just had to wait for the results.

I had not even begun working on the acquisition report that Theo wanted me t



acquisition report that Theo wanted me to do. At the thought of that, I brought my laptop to the development department.

I spent the whole day learning from the professionals and gained a lot of knowledge. It was not until Heidi gave me a call that I hurried to the site.

As the participating celebrities were no minor celebrities, coupled with two major celebrities like Xander and Sandy, the security measures on the scene were especially tight.

The audience who participated in the filming were all specially selected die-hard fans of the celebrity team, so although it was crowded, it was not chaotic. Everything was in order.

After greeting the director, I found a corner and sat down to watch the filming.

My phone vibrated and I picked it up to take a look. It was an email from Tyler. As usual, the rate at which he did things was still as fast as ever.

I tapped open to take a look, and sure enough, Newlight Media's backer was the Zeniths from Whaldorf City. The family had influences in the underworld. Their

...ments from Wharfedale City. The family
●d influences in the underworld. Their
goal was to use this opportunity to
suppress Grant Corporations so Theo
would not expand his business there.

My head was hurting a little and I closed
the email. I had to think of a perfect
solution so Newlight Media would not be
able to find a pretext on this matter.

I did not thank Tyler. Although I knew
that he would be furious, some things
were best left in the past. I probably
would not meet him ever again.

The whole filming went well. As the only
male celebrity present, Xander easily
became the center of attention. His
performance was worthy of praise. It
seemed that he had come prepared.

The filming ended. After a full day of
intense work, I was unbearably
exhausted and left early after informing
Heidi about it.

At the underground garage, I ran into
Zedd walking toward me.

Sometimes, I really wondered if he was
deliberately creating chance encounters
with me or he was just out to hurt me.

with me or he was just out to hurt me.

Sure enough, even from afar, Zedd tutted and said, "Looks like someone was sleeping alone again last night. Look at that exhausted face, you look no different from a resentful woman. Well, it all makes sense because Theo knows that Cindy is afraid of thunderstorms and won't let her spend the night alone if there's a massive thunderstorm—just like the one last night."

It turned out that he had gone out last night to keep Cindy company. Sure enough, one would always treat one's true love differently.

Thinking about it now, of all three years I had spent with Theo, he seemed to never be at home whenever there was a thunderstorm. 1

There were no fluctuations in my heart. Sometimes, one would eventually get used to pain.

The relationship between the three of us was just like a food chain, and I was the most redundant one at the bottom. I was never cared for, always at the end, and utterly disposable.

attery disposable.

I was silent and did not snap back at Zedd either. After all, he was right. I could not find a reason to speak.

Perhaps he was used to me talking back and getting humiliated by me, so Zedd immediately lost it when I did not say a word and came over to grab my clothes. He said, "Did you hear what I said?"

I stopped in my tracks and looked at him. "I heard you loud and clear. You're right, Mr. Zedd. Cindy is Theo's precious treasure and he loves, protects, and cares for her. I'm the redundant one."

I got into my car after saying those words and drove off, leaving Zedd alone with the wind.

In the car, I sank into deep thoughts.

I initially planned to divorce the man and leave after I was done handling the company's affairs, but plans always fell through. At this point, I was feeling quite lost.

Although Theo did not love me, I noticed how much he had changed ever since I became pregnant with our child. If I stayed, perhaps he would shower the

how much he had changed ever since I
● came pregnant with our child. If I
stayed, perhaps he would shower the
child with love.

Even if he only had eyes for Cindy, he
could at least give the child fatherly love.
Was my happiness any more important
compared to the child's?

What should I do?

My heart was a mess and I decided to put
this thought aside, thinking that
everything would turn out alright.

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