

The Woman from Hell by Su Luoluo

Chapter 1

“You are seven weeks pregnant.”

When the obstetrician handed over the pregnancy report to me, I had zero sense of joy within me.

How did it happen so easily?

If Theo Grant knew, would he not be willing to divorce anymore?

No, he would hate me even more for trying to use a child to tie him down.

“The first three months are crucial. Watch your diet, avoid having intercourse...” The doctor’s words brought me back to reality. I put away the report into my bag and left the hospital.

I was in no mood to work anymore, so I decided to just go back to the mansion.

The mansion was huge, but it was quiet and undisturbed all year long. Theo leaves early and comes back late. Even if he was at home, he would stay in his study or his bedroom. I have no permission to enter either of these rooms.

But, Theo was at home today. He sat on the sofa in the living room, his cold gaze, high nose bridge, perfectly thin lips, and even his side view, it would always be so handsome and perfect.

God really blessed this man. He had looks and money.

Despite noticing me coming, he continued reading his book with his head lowered, and asked coldly: “I heard you went to the hospital?”

"I was feeling unwell." I'm used to being silent, but I would still reply when talked to.

He raised his head and looked at me, eyes full of indifference, and was displeased.

"I'm alright now, it won't affect my work." I was sure what he was displeased about, the company had a lot of work during this period, so it really wasn't the time for me to fall sick.

He did not speak anymore and lowered his head to continue reading. After a long time, he finally spoke, "You'll be fully responsible for choosing the product ambassador this time."

Theo was already a man of few words, and was like that to me too. Other than work, he did not banter.

"Yes." I replied gently. I would accept whatever he assigns me, it has become a habit.

The two did not speak, and the atmosphere in the living room was so silent it was bizarre.

"Theo Grant!" Tugging at the report in my bag, after thinking for a while, I finally mustered the strength.

"Say it!" He still had his head lowered, his voice cold and bearing no trace of any warmth.

"...Have you eaten dinner?" I could not say the words 'I'm Pregnant' in the end. I did not want to ruin the peaceful atmosphere.

"You, go cook!" His speech was short and concise.

"Huh? Me, cook?"

“You don’t want to?” He raised his head and glanced at me.

“That’s not it.” I quickly stood up: “Is pasta in tomato sauce okay?”

He did not speak and lowered his head again, which was probably a sign of agreement.

After half an hour of fumbling around, the pasta was ready.

“Try it, it’s not bad.” I put the pasta in front of him and passed a fork over with anticipation.

He raised his head, this gaze was cold as usual. He took over the fork and wanted to eat, but the phone rang.

He looked down at it and quickly accepted the call, his tone soft: “Cindy, what’s wrong?”

Theo Grant’s warmth was Cindy Reed’s and hers only.

“Stay there, I’ll come over now.” Who knew what Cindy said, but Theo was patiently consoling her and did not have that cold aura around him anymore.

He hung up, put down the fork, and stood to leave.

This was not the first time this has happened, I was numb to it.

I sat there for a long time. The pasta turned cold and clumpy. Taking up a fork, my tears flowed uncontrollably.

I lowered my head and slowly jammed the pasta into my mouth, strand by strand.

After finishing the pasta, I headed into the bathroom, preparing to take a bath and sleep after that.

When I was about to finish my shower, a sturdy body suddenly pulled me into his embrace.

Chapter 2

I let out a shriek and backed away instinctively.

“It is me.” I was shocked for a moment, hearing Theo's cold voice.

Did he not head off to accompany Cindy? Why did he return so quickly?

He did not say anything, and he leaned down to kiss me. I could not avoid him.

A sharp stench of alcohol filled my mouth. Theo was drunk!

I was afraid.

The last time he entered my room, it was three years ago. He was drunk the last time as well. I could still remember his condescending look and his mocking tone of voice vividly.

I panicked and gazed at him with a pleading look: “Please don’t...”

“Huh?” He raised his head and looked at her. His dreamy eyes looked a bit sad.

The baby in me was only seven weeks old. Remembering what the doctor said, I was afraid that I would be in danger. I forced myself to look up at him and pleaded. “I am not feeling too well.”

He did not say anything, but I could sense the fire burning in his eyes. His expression showed me that he was furious. Very furious indeed!

I had somehow forgotten that his gentleness was never mine.

He clumsily carried me out of the bathroom.

The thunder and lightning outside the window complemented the situation within the room.

After a while, he got up and left.

I laid down, and the room door opened again.

He entered the room again, but this time only with a towel draped around him. He was wet, and there was water slowly dripping from his hair onto his chest. It made him look seductive.

This man, no matter what he did, was always so charming.

When he noticed that I was staring at him, he threw a towel at me and said in a low voice, "Dry me."

There was no emotion in his words.

I obeyed him and knelt behind him to dry his hair.

"The funeral for your grandmother is in the afternoon tomorrow. Oldest Uncle had already gone to the old mansion." I was not trying to start a conversation, but I was genuinely worried that he had forgotten about this as he was too distracted with Cindy.

He turned to look at me. His dark eyes narrowed, and he replied with the same cold icy tone of voice.

"The Grant family matters are none of your business."

Theo had lost his parents when he was young. It was his grandmother who had raised and trained him to become the successor of the company. He had the utmost respect for her. However, since she had threatened him with the company and with her own life to force him to marry me three years ago, he had rarely gone to visit her.

Now that she had passed away, he still had not let go of that grudge.

That was why he hated me. In the past three years, other than work, he would take me as invisible. In his heart, I was just a thorn that he could not wait to pull out. Now that she had passed away, he could not wait to get divorced and wanted me to sign the divorce papers.

He had never treated me as a member of the Grant family.

In those three years, I did not manage to melt his cold heart with my warmth.

I did not know what to say and just continued to dry his hair.

Theo's phone rang from on top of the desk next to the bed. I took a glance at the clock. It was almost 1 am.

Only Cindy would call this late.

Theo answered his phone and walked to the window, saying softly: "Turn off the lights, close your eyes, and go to sleep."

After his conversation with Cindy, he got up and left.

I would usually let him be, but somehow tonight, I did not want him to leave. I stood up and grabbed him, begging softly. "Can you please stay for tonight?"

Chapter 3

Theo frowned, and his handsome face showed signs of displeasure.

"Who are you to try to control me?"

His voice was thirty percent sarcastic and seventy percent disdainful.

I knew very well that it was impossible to make him stay, but sometimes I just had to try. I looked into

his eyes and said softly, "I will agree to the divorce. The condition is that you stay tonight and

accompany me to Grandmother's funeral tomorrow afternoon. I will sign the papers after the funeral."

He narrowed his eyes and grabbed my chin. His deep eyes were filled with disdain and mockery as he

slowly said, "Do you even know how to make a man stay?"

His voice was low and husky with a hint of seduction.

I understood what he meant, but I did not know much about making love.

After a long time, I unbuckled my belt. Theo pushed me away and said in disgust, "You are disgusting!"

With that, he turned around and left without looking back.

Haha, is there anything more humiliating than this? I did not care about shame and had put aside my dignity. I only wanted to keep my husband. In the end, all I got in return was the words: "You are disgusting!"

I sat there until dawn. I wanted to return to the old mansion, but my assistant called to say that Theo had gone to the office to perform an inspection.

I had no choice but to rush to the office.

The weather forecast predicted there would be a heavy rainstorm today.

I thought that it would be

unsafe to drive and decided to go by taxi. After waiting for a long time, there was still no taxi in sight. I

gritted my teeth and ended up driving to the office despite the risk.

Just as I reached the entrance, my assistant, Heidi, ran out anxiously.

"Cindy wants to act in "The Biography of Empress Anna"".

"What is wrong with her this time?" I asked, feeling a headache that was about to come. I knew very well that she was looking for trouble again.

"Who knows! Chairman is angry that you have already signed Sherry on as the female lead," Heidi said cautiously.

"I got it. You can go back to work now!" I walked up to my office, tidied my hair, and held in the anxiety in my heart before pushing the door open.

Theo was sitting on the sofa in the room with a gloomy expression. His body emitted a cold icy aura.

His aura filled the room to the point it felt like the temperature in the room had dropped a few degrees.

Before Wanda could say anything, the office door opened, and Cindy walked in.

Cindy had always looked beautiful and expensive. However, she looked like a drowned rat now, and

water from her hair was still dripping down her face

Despite it all, she still looked beautiful. Her wet clothes outlined her perfect figure, and her beautiful face looked even more delicate because of the raindrops.

Theo jumped up and wrapped her in his arms. He asked dotingly, "Where did you go? What happened?"

Wiping the water off her face, Cindy picked up the bag in her hand and said weakly, "Theo, I heard you have not had your breakfast yet, so I went to buy your favorite burger."

"Silly girl, it is raining so heavily outside. It does not matter if I have eaten my breakfast or not." Theo pulled Cindy into his embrace with his face full of guilt and heartache. He quickly took off his jacket and draped it over her. She hugged him tightly and whispered in his arms, "But I care about you!"

After seeing the whole scene unfold, I suddenly understood why I was no match to Cindy although I was married to Theo for three years.

There were crowds of whispering and gossiping employees outside my office door. When they saw the two of them hugging each other, they looked at me sympathetically. I got up and gently closed my office door, shutting out the whisperings outside.

Theo carried Cindy and walked further into the room. There was a small bedroom and a bathroom there. When I was busy with work, I would usually spend the night there. I took a few steps forward and stood at the door, blocking their way. I lowered my head and whispered, "There is a change of clothes ready in the reception room outside."

This was my territory. Whether it was the villa or the old mansion, Cindy had begun piling her things, be it intentionally or unintentionally. I did not want the only remaining pure and untainted space to have any traces of her.

"Get out of the way!" Theo said. His voice was cold and sinister, and his dark eyes looked at me in disgust.

Chapter 4

I closed my eyes. I felt like there were daggers in my chest. I did not want to watch the person I loved deeply care for another and hate me.

"This is my office. Please go to the reception room," I insisted when I opened my eyes again.

Theo sneered and pushed me away. He said sternly, "Wanda Lane, do you think that the Grant family belongs to you just because you bear the title of Mrs. Grant? You are not worthy!"

His sharp words were disheartening as if they were cold water splashed at me.

I took a step back and helplessly watched as Theo carried Cindy into the bathroom.

He was right. This place belonged to the Grant family and not to me.

Theo opened the wardrobe and took out an unworn set of clothes. He handed it to her and said softly,

"Quickly take a hot bath. You might catch a cold later."

"Theo, it is not that I do not want to wear Wanda's clothes. But you know that I have some skin

allergies, so I can only wear custom-made clothes." Cindy held the clothes and said with a troubled expression.

"Do you mean the custom-made ones from Eastpeak? I will go get them immediately." Theo walked out after saying that.

"Theow, I feel so dizzy all of a sudden." Cindy held her forehead and fell into his embrace.

Theo held her in his arms and looked up to see that I was still standing there. He coldly said, "Go to Eastpeak and get some clothes for Cindy."

His tone was direct and stern, not taking no for an answer.

There was still a thunderstorm outside. He only cared about Cindy, and he never thought that I would have to brave the rain too.

Looking at Theo's serious expression, I did not know how to tell him that the thunderstorm outside

had halted the taxi services. It was not safe for a woman like me to drive alone from the West City to the East City in a storm.

I knew that he did not care about this at all. All he cared about was that Cindy gets her custom-made clothes.

I swallowed the bitterness in me and headed out.

They said that love is cruel, and whoever fell in love first would lose. The first time I saw Theo, I had already fallen in love with him. I was fated to bow to him in our relationship.

The rain was pouring heavily, and the sky was as dark as my mood. I could only see less than five meters ahead of me and had to rely on my senses to drive the car in such conditions. Fortunately, there was no one on the street, nor was there a single car.

When I returned to my office with the clothes two hours later, Cindy was sitting on the sofa calmly in my clothes.

Theo was beside her, using the hairdryer to blow her hair.

"Theow, try this grape. Although it looks hideous, I did not expect it to taste so good." She fed him the grape.

Those were my grapes. Perhaps because I was pregnant, I had been craving grapes from my hometown in the past few days. Heidi had especially asked someone to bring them back for me. The box of grapes had just arrived yesterday, and I had yet to open it myself.

He raised his head with a smile and opened his mouth to eat it. He said gently, "If you like them, you can bring them home later." He smiled and looked at her lovingly.

This interaction was warm and sweet, like a couple in love.

"They are a good match, aren't they?" a gloating voice came from behind her.

I was shocked and turned around. Theo's buddy, Zedd Nichols, looked as if he was grinning but not at me.

"Yes, that is why you are fated to be a fan only." I laughed lightly. I could also be quite sharp-tongued, except when I was in front of Theo.

Zedd was a loyal fan of Cindy. For the sake of Theo and Cindy, he had been picking on me. In return, I did not show him any mercy.

"You..." Zedd left angrily after my words had struck a nerve.

"Wanda, you are back." Upon hearing my voice, Cindy turned her head and said innocently, "I was just about to ask you where you bought your clothes. Somehow I did not get any allergies when I put them on. It feels very amazing."

"So, you will not need these anymore, will you?" I turned and tossed the bag of Eastpeak clothes into the trash can.

Cindy immediately stopped smiling and looked ashamed. She lowered her head and sobbed. "Wanda, I am truly sorry that you wasted your effort to go all the way there for me. Please do not be angry with Theo. He only made you go because he was afraid that I would get skin allergies."

Chapter 5

'F*cking hell, with her acting skills. It would be such a waste if she did not become an actress.' I could not help but vent out in my heart.

"It is okay. I am strong and not afraid of the rain. I am glad you are okay." Not wanting to pretend around with her anymore, I walked around the table to get ready to work.

My words stunned Cindy. She turned around and looked at Theo.

"Theow, it is all my fault. I made Wanda go all the way there for nothing. Can you let her have breakfast with us as my apology?"

I...

At first, Theo was seated there and could not be bothered about me.

When he heard Cindy speak, he put down the hairdryer and looked at me. "Come and eat."

His tone was cold and emotionless.

Did it hurt? I was used to it!

When it came to people whom I cared about, I could never reject them coldly.

Despite having mixed feelings, I still smiled and said softly, "Thank you."

Then I turned around and sat on the other corner of the sofa.

"Wanda, try this burger. It is mine and Theow's favorite. Whenever we are together, he would always

queue up to buy it." Cindy handed me a burger. I looked down at the burger. I did not consider it as a burger, but instead, it was their way of showing their affection in public. I held it in my hand but didn't eat it. When Cindy noticed my lack of reaction, Cindy became a little resentful. She turned to Theo and smiled. "Theow, if I get to act in the film, you must buy the burgers for me when you visit."

Theo froze for a moment. After hearing about the film, he remembered the real purpose that he came here today. He glared at me and coldly said, "Terminate the contract with Sherry Young immediately."

"You said that the operations of the company are fully under my control." Although I was afraid of his superiority, I had to put my foot down to protect the interest of the company. How could I just terminate the contract with the female lead whom I had just signed? Sherry was currently one of the top four most popular actresses. She had good looks and acting skills. Most importantly, whoever played the role of male lead with her would become popular because of her.

"The Biography of Empress Anna" was set to be the company's annual blockbuster. I was counting on Sherry to make the film popular and to elevate the male actors of our company.

"Wanda, don't be angry with Theow. It is all my fault. Ever since I debuted, I have not acted, mainly because I have not found a character that I liked. This time, when I heard about "The Biography of Empress Anna", I mentioned to Theow that I wanted to be the female lead. I did not know that you had already signed another actress for the role."

Cindy looked at me in shame again. She looked terrified and guilty! "It is not your fault. Be good and eat." Theo gently patted her hair. He turned to me once again and assumed his cold demeanor. He raised his voice and said, "I have also said that Nectarine Entertainment existed for Cindy. Everything should follow her wishes."

His tone was stern.

He was right. Nectarine Entertainment indeed existed for Cindy.
"Three years ago, when Theo married me, Cindy had kicked up a big fuss over it. To make her happy, Theo bought a film company for her. He named it Nectarine Entertainment. Its existence was primarily to support Cindy.

Perhaps it was for Cindy to vent her anger that Theo transferred me over to manage the film company.

If I was said to be the thorn in Theo's heart, then Nectarine Entertainment was the arrow he used to stab deeply into my heart to avenge Cindy. In the past three years, Cindy had not acted. Other than sticking closely to Theo, she had specially created all kinds of trouble for me.

Every day, apart from seeing how they expressed their love to each other and trampled me, I also had to deal with the multitude of troubles Cindy threw at me.

On one hand, I was spending money and effort to gain popularity for Cindy, who did not do anything, to keep her relevant and on top of trends. On the other hand, the company was doing well under my management. Few films and television projects that I had invested in gained popularity. Several young celebrities in our company were elevated to the top.

"The contract has already been signed. If we terminate the contract, the penalty will be ten times the original amount." I was speaking the truth. Sherry's schedule was super packed. To sign the contract, I had offered a considerable price even in the industry.

"That is your problem!" Theo stood up and wanted to leave with Cindy. "Theo." Seeing that he was about to leave again, I called out to him.

Chapter 6

He stopped in his tracks and asked apathetically, "What is the matter?" "It is Grandmother's funeral today," I said quickly.

He paused for a long time before saying, "It is good enough if you attend."

"But she is your grandmother." His attitude toward his grandmother had already made his eldest uncle and his second uncle very unhappy. If he did not attend today, what would they think?

"I have already made arrangements for the burial. Go and talk to Keith."
His voice was calm as if he
was giving instructions.

Seeing that he was about to leave again, I raised my voice and said
uncomfortably, "I have agreed to
the divorce. The condition is that you accompany me to Grandmother's
funeral in the afternoon, and I
will sign the divorce papers after that."

For some reason, my words managed to provoke him. He grabbed my
jaw and snapped, "It is not up to
you whether to divorce or not. You do not have the final say."
I did not struggle and just let him grab me. I just looked up at him with a
determined gaze.

After a long time, he let go of me and gritted his teeth. "Very well, I
promise you. I will go to the
funeral myself, but you cannot follow! Also, terminate the contract with
Sherry immediately." He
coldly spoke those words and left without looking back.

I laughed silently. How ironic. Theo was going to announce to everyone
that I would be kicked out of
the house.

"Wanda Lane, you are too humble and pitiful. I have said it before. As
long as I want it, Theo will give it
to me." Cindy said mockingly beside her.

I turned around. Cindy was no longer playing nice as before. The
innocence and cuteness on her face
had long disappeared, leaving behind only the triumphant look.

"Miss Cindy is indeed a natural-born actress. The speed at which you
changed your attitude is
admirable." I did not want to see her, so I turned around to leave.
Cindy immediately stood up and stopped me. Theo was not around, so
she did not need to pretend
anymore. She looked at me coldly and said, "As long as you sign the
divorce papers obediently, I will
give up on the female lead role. Otherwise, just you wait for a lawsuit!"
I was taken aback, but I smiled and just looked at her. "Are you using
your status as a mistress to force
me into a divorce?"

"You are the mistress!" She was sensitive to being called a mistress and
shouted, "If it were not for

you, I would have married Theo a long time ago. He doesn't love you at all. The person he loves is me, and I am the only one in his heart."

"But I am still the rightful Mrs. Grant!" Ignoring her fury, I coldly walked around her and started to leave.

Other than Theo, I would not let anyone hurt me.

Cindy was left speechless by my retort. She pulled me over and said, "Wanda, you are so shameless.

Theo already hates you so much. Why are you still shamelessly hanging around him like a fly?"

I stopped in my tracks and slowly turned around. In a calm voice, I said, "How is it shameless? The

Grant family is rich, and Theo has both good looks and is very masculine.

What use do you think I have

for such a man?"

"You are too shameless!" Cindy could not win the argument, so she raised her hand in an attempt to hit me.

I would not give her a chance.

I grabbed her raised hand and said slowly, "If I were you, I would continue to pretend to be pure like a fake b*tch and not reveal my true colors."

With that, I swung her hand away.

Unexpectedly, Cindy was thrown backward from my action. She instinctively reached out to grab

something next to her. A huge antique vase on the table was knocked over and was about to hit her head.

I extend both my hands quickly. Luckily, I reacted quickly enough to catch the vase. I let out a sigh of relief, lifted the vase, and placed it back on the table.

At this moment, Cindy, who was now lying on the ground, suddenly shivered. "Wanda, I will give up

the role of the female lead. Do not smash me with the vase..."

Before I could react, my body was pushed away by a strong force. The vase fell and shattered into

pieces. I lost my balance and fell to the ground. My right hand pressed against the pile of broken porcelain pieces.

"Wanda Lane, how dare you?" Theo had a grim expression on his face. His dark eyes were so deep that it was scary.

Chapter 7

Anger, hate, and indifference were the emotions displayed on his face. His eyes widened as he glared at me, threatening to tear me apart and crush me to dust at any moment.

"Theow, my leg hurts," Cindy cried loudly.

Theo ignored me. He turned around, carried Cindy, and rushed out.

I sat still rooted to the ground, not knowing what to do!

"Miss Lane, your hand is bleeding!" Heidi exclaimed when she entered.

It was only then that I realized that my right hand was still on the porcelain piece. Blood was coming out from my hand! I raised my hand, and there were many small porcelain pieces embedded into my wound.

"That is a lot of blood. Does it hurt?" Heidi helped me up and carefully removed some big pieces of porcelain pierced in my palm.

"It is alright." It hurt very much, but compared to the hurt in my heart, the pain in my hand was nothing.

"Wanda, is it worth it for you to go through all this?" Heidi asked me cautiously with tears in her eyes.

She had been with me for three years and had seen many things.

I did not answer her because I did not have the answer for myself. All these years, I had been trying, but it was all in vain. Was it worth it?

Heidi did not say anything else. She took my hand and pulled me outside.

"The wound is too deep. You need to go to the hospital."

"I will go by myself. There will be a read-through of the script for the new movie. I will need you to go and supervise." The blood kept flowing, so I had no choice but to find a clean towel to wrap my hand and hail for a taxi to go to the hospital.

Fortunately, the hospital was very nearby. Even so, the white towel around my hand was already dyed red with blood.

As I reached the entrance, I saw Theo carrying Cindy as he walked over. "Wanda, why is there so much blood on your hand?" Just as I was about to pretend not to see them and lower my head to leave, Cindy's voice spoke.

I looked up. She was in Theo's arms, looking at me with a questioning expression as if nothing had happened in the office.

If she acted in films using her acting skills, she would likely win an Oscar award.

Theo glanced at me coldly and snorted before turning away.

Cindy looked up with a worried expression on her innocent face.

"Theowy, let Wanda go upstairs

together with us. Doctor Mason is waiting for us. We can only be at ease if he helps Wanda bandage

her wound too."

I forgot that this hospital belonged to Theo's other buddy, Mason Lynch.

"No need. I will go to the emergency area." Without waiting for Theo to chase me away, I tactfully turned around to leave.

Cindy's pretty eyes dimmed. She grabbed Theo's sleeve with one hand and shouted with a soft voice.

"Theowy!"

Indeed, a woman who knew how to act cute was invincible.

Theo was initially full of hatred toward me and was indifferent to my injuries. However, after Cindy had acted coquettishly, he turned to look at me and said in annoyance, "I told you to go, so go!"

His tone was still stern.

My heart did not have any change of emotions. It was entirely calm.

"Okay."

Although I knew that Cindy was up to no good, obeying Theo's orders had become one of my habits!

When I arrived at the VIP ward on the fifth floor, Mason, who was dressed in a white coat, stood at

the door, and seemed to have been waiting for a long time. It was true that birds of a feather flock

together. Theo's good friends were like him, both handsome and rich.

"She fell just now. Take a look at her feet." Theo carried Cindy into the ward.

Mason, who was standing at the door, looked at my hand and was stunned for a moment. In the end, he did not say anything and turned around to enter the ward. In the ward, Cindy sat on the bed. Theo sat beside her with one hand holding her shoulder. Mason bent down on the floor and gently shook her injured foot. Cindy, just like a noble princess, always received love and care from everyone.

"Theow, it hurts!" Cindy had tears in her eyes as she pitifully reached out to grasp Theo's shoulders.

He hugged her tightly and patted her back to comfort her. "Bear with it for a while."

Taking advantage of an angle that was out of Theo's sight, Cindy looked up and gave me a taunting and victorious sneer.

Chapter 8

Ignoring her antics, I leaned quietly against the doorframe and watched them. My face was expressionless.

"There are no external injuries. Let us go and take an X-ray scan to see if there are any injuries to your bones." Mason stood up.

Theo carried Cindy out while Mason followed.

"Doctor Mason, can you help me bandage my wound first?" I asked in a gentle tone as I watched them leave.

The blood was still flowing from my hand. No one cared about me, and I could not ruin myself just because of both of them.

Theo stopped in his tracks and turned around to look at me with a frown. He said to Mason, "You stay here."

Mason did not say anything. He turned around and took out some tools. He then gently pulled out the remaining porcelain pieces from my wound using a tweezer before cleaning, disinfecting and bandaging the wound.

As expected of a famous doctor, his movements were skilled and gentle. "Miss Lane, the wound is very severe. To avoid infection, it is best to take some antibiotics." Mason's

tone was distant and polite. He paused for a moment and continued, "Actually, you do not have to suffer like this."

I heard that it was said, "Good friends will advise you to reconcile, but best friends will advise you to break up." Yet, Theo's good friends would always find opportunities to persuade me to divorce.

During the three years of my marriage with Theo, Mason's attitude towards me had always been polite and distant. He would only address me as Miss Lane and even persuade me to leave Theo whenever he had the chance.

Sometimes, I envied Cindy. Just by shedding a few tears, she could have the warmth and care that I could not get no matter how hard I tried.

I did not think too much about it. It would only make me depressed. I smiled and said, "Thank you, but there is no need."

Mason stared at me. "Does it not hurt?"

I shook my head lightly. This was the second person who had asked me this question today.

Unfortunately, not Theo.

Without another word, he got up and left.

I wanted to leave, but I remembered that Grandmother's funeral was in the afternoon. After the huge mess, Theo probably had forgotten about it again. Although I was not allowed to attend, I still wanted to remind him.

It was a way of repaying my grandmother-in-law for treating me well all these years.

Shortly after, Theo carried Cindy back.

Cindy seemed to have fallen asleep. He carefully placed her on the bed and slowly covered her with the blanket.

"Theo," I said softly, suppressing the sadness in my heart.

He raised his eyes and glared at me, hinting for me to lower my voice. He turned around and saw that

Cindy was fast asleep. Then, he said coldly, "Speak!"

"Grandmother's funeral starts at two in the afternoon," I reminded him quietly.

"I know." It was rare that Theo did not get angry at me for nagging. "That is good." I looked down and stood quietly by the bed, wishing he would change his mind and allow me to go to the funeral. However, he said nothing. He did not even want to spend time with me. He got up and went to the hallway to smoke.

"Wanda, pestering him will not change the outcome. He will not let you go to the funeral." Cindy's clear voice was heard.

She was pretending to be asleep earlier on.

My thoughts were uncovered, I was stunned for a moment before I said indifferently, "You have been pestering him every day. How would I know if I do not try?"

She giggled. "I am not like you. His heart is with me."

Lowering my head and twirling the ring on my finger, I smiled faintly.

"Who can guarantee that my life will not change in the next few decades? At least I have a marriage license as a guarantee. What about you?"

My words sank into Cindy's heart. She then became uncomfortable.

She sat up and looked at me provocatively. "Do you want to make a bet? A bet that Theo will stay with me?"

I remained silent. I had nothing that could be used to bet on, for I had lost completely to her.

Cindy did not say anything else. She turned around and poured a cup of boiling water on the bedside table onto the back of her hand. Her actions were ruthless without any hesitation.

Everything happened so suddenly that I could only stand there, shocked and unable to react in time.

Hot water poured down from the back of her hand, and the back of her pink and smooth hand turned red very quickly. "Ah!" Her screams were loud and terrible."

Her screams were not an act anymore.

"What is wrong?" Theo rushed in at lightning speed.

Chapter 9

"Theow, I want to drink some water..." Even though it was painful for her, Cindy did not forget her

lines.

“Are you dead? Why didn't you pour her some water?” After Theo pressed the button on the bed, he turned around and shouted at me. His eyes and expression were terrifyingly dark.

If it were not for Cindy who was still in his arms, he would have eaten me alive.

I lowered my head and did not say anything. Although it was not my fault, this matter was ultimately related to me. I was the one who provoked Cindy and made her feel uneasy.

That was why she had hurt herself to prove her place in Theo's heart. She did not even need to prove herself. Everyone knew how much he treasured her!

Mason rushed over shortly after. A large group of people surrounded Cindy and started treating her

burns. I quietly left the ward and walked out of the hospital.

The rain was not as heavy, but it was still drizzling.

Since I was not allowed to appear at the funeral, I had no reason to go to the old mansion anymore.

However, I still took a taxi to the Grant family cemetery in advance.

Grandmother was my benefactor, and she treated me like her own granddaughter when she was alive.

I had to go to send her off on a final journey.

There was a small hill in the Grant family's cemetery. It was said that the ancestors of the Grant family

had especially sought out a master to find this strategic location that would help maintain the

prosperity in the family. The ancestors of the Grant family were all buried here and watchmen were

guarding it.

As it was still early, there were only a few workers who had come to prepare in advance.

Grandmother's grave would be next to Grandfather's. I found a small bush that was higher on higher

ground. This way, I could avoid being seen by Theo and send Grandmother off in my way.

I sat on the wet ground in a daze and thought about my situation.

Thinking of Theo's indifferent

attitude towards me, I felt uncomfortable.

At four-thirty in the afternoon, Grandmother's ashes and the Grant family members gradually arrived at the cemetery.

Grandmother was a person of great virtue and prestige when she was alive. Other than the members of the Grant Family, there were also countless other people from prestigious families in Salt City that came to attend. The vast crowd had no end.

However, I still saw Theo in the long queue. He was always like a crane in a flock of chickens, and his black clothes made him look even more handsome.

Theo was pushing a wheelchair. With a closer look, I saw Cindy was sitting in it!

He brought her along!

He brought her to attend such an event today because he could not wait to introduce Cindy to everyone.

Although her feet and hands were wrapped in thick gauze, and she looked a little exhausted, Cindy's eyes could not contain her excitement.

Haha, indeed Cindy's sacrifice was worth it. He did not leave her behind but even allowed her to appear at the Grant family's funeral.

She finally got her wish!

My heart felt like it had been pierced by a needle. It hurt so much that I could not breathe.

Not wanting to look at the scene in front of me again, I turned around and left the cemetery. I

stumbled and my stomach churned. I could not help but throw up by a tree.

I was gagging for a long time, but nothing came out. Then I remembered that I hadn't eaten anything

all day except the cold plate of pasta from last night.

If I was alone, it would not matter if I had eaten. But for the sake of the child in my belly, I had to force myself to eat something.

I turned around and went down the mountain. I walked toward the Grant family's old mansion, which

was close to the cemetery. I planned to ask Miss Woods for some food before going home while

everyone was gone.

I stood outside the mansion and looked at the tall building with tears in my eyes. This might be my last time here. After the funeral, it would be time for me to fulfill my promise and sign the divorce papers.

The door suddenly opened from the inside. Miss Woods was surprised. "Young Madam, why are you standing there?"

I raised my head and smiled. "Miss Woods, is there anything to eat? I'm hungry."

"Yes. Come in quickly. I'll take you to the side hall."

Although I didn't say anything, Miss Woods was someone who had been by my grandmother's side for many years. She was clear on what happened. Since I had appeared here at this time, she naturally understood what was going on. She took me to a deserted side hall. I forced myself to eat something. My stomach felt much better in no time.

Just as I was about to get up and leave, Miss Woods took out a box and handed it to me. With a pitiful expression, she said, "This is what Old Madam Grant left for you when she was alive. Keep it well."

After a pause, she continued, "The Old Madam said that if the Young Master should ever force you to get a divorce after she departs from this world, you should give this box to him. After he sees it, he'll have some reservations and won't divorce you easily."

I looked down at the exquisite little box in my hand. It was square but firm. I couldn't open it at all. I

looked at Miss Woods and asked, "How do I open it?"

Chapter 10

"I do not know how to either. But the Old Madam said that the Young Master knows how to open it."

Miss Woods shook her head, looking troubled.

I kept the box and thanked Miss Woods before leaving.

Miss Wood's voice spoke out behind me. "Young Madam, you do not look too good. You must take care of your health. Before Old Madam passed away, she had always spoken about you and wanted

you and Young Master to have a child soon. The Grant family's bloodline is in your hands now."

At the mention of children, I could not help but stop in my tracks. I raised my hand to wave at Miss Woods and left without looking back.

Grandma had three sons. The eldest son, Eastin, had a daughter. The second son, Sam, had chosen to not have any children with his wife. The third son was Theo's father, Nord. He passed away with Theo's mother in an airplane accident when Theo was three years old. Although the Grant family had a big family business, they had very few family members. Grandma had always hoped that Theo could start a family soon and continue on the bloodline.

"Oh, I was wondering who it was. Isn't this the former Young Madam of the Grant family? What did I say back then? Without the Old Madam's support, you will not be able to be arrogant for much longer.

Did my words come true so quickly?" Just as I was thinking, a gloating voice came from the front.

Without even looking, it was obvious that this person was Eastin's wife, Janna Long.

It was natural that there were many disputes among wealthy families.

Although Eastin was the eldest

son, he had never been put in an important position by his mother.

Furthermore, he had given birth to

a daughter. Thus, his mother had handed the entire Grant family over to Theo instead. His wife was

unwilling to accept this, so she hated him.

She, however, never dared to act rashly in front of Theo.

I came from a poor family and was given an important position by Grandmother. I had become a thorn

in her side. Whenever she had the chance, she would mock me. I had long gotten used to it.

Suppressing the sadness in my heart, I raised my head and politely greeted her and Shea Marie who

was behind her, "Hello, Eldest Aunt and Second Aunt!"

"Why are you so useless? You were kicked out of the family just like that. Sigh!" Second Aunt sighed.

Second Aunt did not have any children and was holding shares in the Grant Corporation. She was not friendly to me, nor was she targeting me.

"Theo is an ingrate. You can tell from his attitude toward the old lady. It is a waste that the old lady kept thinking about him before she died," Janna said with disdain.

"Alright, that is enough." Shea glared at her before turning to me.

"Grandmother has already been buried. You should go back earlier! If you encounter any difficulties in the future, you can come to the old mansion to look for us."

"Mm. Thank you, Second Aunt." I felt bitterness in my heart. After Grandmother had departed, everyone knew that my fate with the Grant family was at its tail end. They all treated me as an outsider.

The wind will stop, the rain will dry, the sun will set, and eventually, I will lose him.

The Grant family's old mansion was at the top of the mountain. There were no foreign or branded cars here. It was getting dark, so I quickened my steps and walked down.

"Screech..." A car stopped beside me. As I turned my head, I saw Theo sitting in the car. His expression was deep, and I could not see any emotions.

Why was he here? Where was Cindy?

He did not look at me. His expression was cold as usual. He just said in a low voice, "Get in!"

Are you here to fetch me?

As I hesitated, the car started moving, and was about to leave. I did not have much time to think about it, so I quickly opened the door and got in.

The temperature in the car was low, and I could not help but shiver.

He turned around and glared at me with a cold expression. The anger on his face was vivid. I could not

help but lower my head and whisper, "I do not have any other intentions. I just wanted to send

Grandmother off for the last time in secret."

He must be angry at me for breaking the agreement and appearing at the Grant family's old mansion.

I thought he would fly into a rage and scold me, but he did not say a word. Instead, he turned around and focused on driving.

Neither of us spoke on the way. The silence in the car was terrifying. I pinched my fingers together and tried to speak several times, but each time I saw his dark expression, I forced the words back down my throat.

After a long time, I could not help but ask, "Is Miss Cindy alright?" The car came to a sudden stop, and Theo's suddenly body pressed against mine. His well-defined face was inches away from mine, and his deep black eyes were full of coldness. I could see anger and murder intent in his eyes.

Chapter 11

I instinctively pulled back and closed my eyes. I dared not look him in the eye anymore.

He reached out his hand to hold my chin and forced me to look at him.

He then spoke up in a cold

tone, "How dare you ask me that, you coldhearted woman?!"

"...It wasn't me." I did not dare to struggle against him despite my face hurt from the way he held me.

Cindy Reed was hurt. He would eventually ask me to pay for it.

"How dare you deny what you've done? Wanda Lane, did you think that I wouldn't dare to get a

divorce just because you have that box?" He asked mockingly. His voice was icy cold.

I was stunned. Theo found out about it so soon.

"I didn't smash the vase against her head. I didn't splash her with water either." Although there was no need for me to explain myself, I still felt like telling him everything.

I felt slightly bitter as I told him, "I don't want to open the box that grandmother gave me, nor will I use it to keep our marriage. Theo Grant, I promise you that we will get divorced. We can carry out the procedures tomorrow!"

The sky was pitch black now. The sound of the billowing wind coupled with the pitter-patter of

rainwater against the car windows made the atmosphere in the car even colder.

My sudden agreement to the divorce seemed to have shocked Theo. He let go of me, and his lips pulled back into a cold sneer. "Cindy is still injured. Are you trying to get away with what you've done right now?"

I was stunned. I could not comprehend what Theo wanted from me. He had always wanted me to agree to a divorce. What did he want now from me to avenge Cindy? "From today onwards, you will be taking care of Cindy till she recovers." He sat up straight as he tapped his long and slender fingers against the steering wheel. His gaze deepened.

I did not know what his intentions were, so I just slightly nodded.

Just like Cindy had mentioned, I was a doormat in the presence of Theo. It seemed that I had made it a habit to submit to his every request no matter the consequences to myself.

When he had asked me to take care of Cindy, I would nod and agree even though I was reluctant to do so.

Theo had stopped speaking and had a dark expression on his face. I could not comprehend his emotions at all.

He started the car again. Soon, we arrived at our home in Regal Villa. "Theo, you're back?" Out spoke a cheery voice as soon as the door opened. Cindy's expression changed cold as soon as she saw me entering the house. "Why are you here?" She asked in an unwelcoming tone.

I was so angry that I started laughing. I had seen people taking things that did not belong to them, but I had never seen someone who did it in such a self-righteous manner. "This is still my home for now." I was not bothered about her. I turned around to look at Theo and said

to him softly, "You promised me that you would not bring her over before I leave."

"Wanda Lane, don't act all haughty." Without looking at me, he walked past me apathetically and headed toward Cindy.

"Theo, I think I should not have come over. I have made Wanda unhappy. Let me go back. I will be alright on my own." Cindy suppressed her dissatisfaction and reverted to her usual gentle and coy attitude.

He stroked her hair lovingly and held her hand. He then spoke to her in a gentle tone, "Silly, don't overthink. You're injured. How can you stay on your own? Don't worry and stay here. Let her take care of you for a few days. That is what she ought to do."

The scene which played before my eyes pierced my heart.

Cindy smiled sweetly and said cheerily, "Alright, I'll listen to what you say."

Both of them gazed and smiled at each other as if I did not exist at all. Despite being the lady of the house, I had no right to say anything at all. They had put up this entire act by themselves.

Not wanting to be torture myself with such an eyesore, I turned around to head up the stairs.

Cindy spoke up from behind. "Wanda, why didn't you attend Grandmother's funeral today?

Grandmother had loved you so much when she was alive. Everyone was asking where you were during the funeral. You shouldn't have behaved so rashly and put Theo in an awkward position."

Chapter 12

I was taken aback by her words. I knew that she did it on purpose, but I could not stop the hurt from her words.

I gripped the railing of the stairs tightly. My knuckles turned white from the force of me holding onto

it. After some moments, I calmed myself down and turned around slowly. I then tried to say something.

“Are you hungry? I can cook something for you.” Theo interjected, not giving me a chance to speak. He smiled while looking at Cindy.

“Sure, sure. Theo, I want to have some of the fish cooked by you.” Cindy ignored me and looked at Theo with a joyous expression on her face.

“Alright. Why don’t you watch some television while you wait for me? It will be ready soon.”

I turned around and headed upstairs. I closed the door to shut out the noises from the living room.

After returning to my room, I sat in front of the window wall. It was a hot day, but I was feeling so cold that I was trembling. I wrapped my arms around my knees and curled up on myself.

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In the morning, the ringtone from my phone woke me up. It was from Cindy’s texts. She wanted me to go down to prepare breakfast for her. I was still dazed since I had just woken up. After a few moments, I finally recalled that Theo had told me to take care of her yesterday.

My head hurt a little as I did not sleep well last night. I struggled to get out of bed.

“Mason, please have a seat. I’ll get some fruit for you.” As I headed downstairs, I heard Cindy greeting Mason as if she was the lady of the house.

After speaking, she wheeled herself back to the dining room. Since she was not used to using a wheelchair, the wheelchair did not move no matter how much she tried to wheel it.

I stood on the staircase in silence as I watched her performance. There was no sign of Theo in the house. He must be at work.

“No need. Please don’t move about,” Mason said. He then turned around and caught sight of me. He nodded and said coldly, “Miss Lane, Theo asked me over to change Cindy’s dressing.”

“Wanda, you’re finally awake. Get some fruits for Mason and prepare breakfast at once!” Cindy ordered. She was already treating me like a maid.

I did not say a word and headed to the kitchen. Mason followed me and said, “I know that you did not do it. Didn't you clarify this with him?”

I knew that he was referring to Cindy’s injury at the company.

After a moment of silence, I turned around to take a teacup and poured water into the cup for him.

“My explanation is not important. What is more important is that Miss Reed is injured, and someone must take care of her, isn’t it?” I asked in exasperation.

Mason did not say anything. He turned around to grab a medicine kit from the living room. He looked at me and said, “Your dressing needs to be changed as well.”

After saying that, he took my injured hand without waiting for a response from me. He removed the layers of bandage. The wound had turned whitish due to the rainwater yesterday. It looked like it was suppurating.

Oddly, I did not feel any pain from last night till today morning.

Mason stopped and frowned. He raised his head to look at me. After a while, he asked, “Does it hurt?”

It was the second time that he had asked me that question.

I kept quiet. A wave of emotions washed over me. Drip! A large teardrop the size of a pearl fell onto the ground. Wind billowed through the corridor. The silent and deserted corridor seemed even more empty.

Even a mere acquaintance like Mason believed that I did not hurt Cindy. Mason even remembered that I hurt my hand too and had asked me twice if I felt hurt.

Why wouldn't he think the same way? How could he be so forgetful? How could he not remember any of it? How could he ask me to take care of his beloved when my hand was injured as well?

He knew that I would be upset, and somehow he always managed to hurt me even more.

I tried to pull back my hand from his hands. However, he held on to my hand tightly.

"If you do not change your dressing, the wound will fester further."

Mason assumed his usual calmness and grabbed my hand firmly to treat my wound.

I knew that he was not a nosy person. Did my situation warranted his pity, or was he treating me nicely because I was Theo's wife?

After changing my bandage, Mason remained silent and turned around to change the dressing of Cindy's wound.

I took out a few eggs from the refrigerator and fried them. I toasted a few pieces of bread and poured some milk. After preparing them, I divided the food into three portions and took it out to the living room.

"Is this all that you are letting me eat?" Cindy asked with much dissatisfaction in her voice.

"What else are you expecting?" I took a bite of my bread and looked at her impassively.

"I don't care. I want to have a large feast. I am calling Theo right now, and I am going to ask him to come back to cook lunch for me in the afternoon." Cindy took out her phone after speaking.

Chapter 13

It was not easy for Theo to manage Grant Corporation. For the sake of Theo, I got up and said, "Fine, Miss Reed. What would you like to eat? I'll buy them for you."

Cindy listed down a bunch of dishes straight away.
I frowned and refrained from saying anything. "Please stay for lunch too.
I'll be back soon," I told
Mason, who was seated on the sofa.

He had helped to change the dressing for my wound earlier. I should
thank him.

Because of my hand injury, I did not buy any ingredients to cook. Instead,
I packed dishes from a few
renowned restaurants in the city.

It was almost afternoon when I returned home. As I entered the gate, I
heard conversations coming
from the garden. Theo and Mason were talking.

It took more than two hours to return home from the city. I did not
expect Theo to come home.

"Her hand is slightly inflamed. You should not have gotten her to take
care of Cindy," Mason said. I
could not help myself from turning around and looking into the garden.

Theo leaned against the fence with a cigarette in his hand. There was a
cold expression on his face.

"She deserves it!" he said apathetically.

Mason got up and lit his cigarette. He stood beside him and spoke up
after a while, "You know that
she would not do such a thing. You know that she loves you too. Your
grandmother is resting in peace
now. Let go of her if you don't love her. Return her freedom to her."

Theo raised his eyes after hearing his words. He looked over at Mason
and asked coldly, "Since when
did you care so much about her?"

Mason laughed lightly and said, "Stop overthinking. I just wanted to
remind you that even the deepest
love can run dry one day. Don't wait till the day she takes back her love
and starts hating you."

Theo extinguished the cigarette in his hand and threw it into the pond. "I don't need her love to me," he said coldly.

I could not continue listening anymore. Some things were best left unheard, and there was no need to hear it with my ears. I don't need more weight added to my emotional baggage.

I placed the dishes that I had bought on the dining table. After that, I turned around and left the house. I endured the pain in my hand as I drove to the company.

Anyway, Theo was there to care for Cindy. I was just an extra at home while I had plenty of work matters to handle at the company.

"Wanda, Director Weiss called earlier. He heard from some unknown sources that we were going to change the female lead. He was furious," Heidi reported to me as soon as I entered the office.

"It's alright. Let me handle this matter. Give me the profiles of female models who have walked the runways in all the international fashion shows this year."

The filming of "The Biography of Empress Anna" was still in the preliminary stage. I had enough time to convince Cindy to give up on it. My top priority was to find an ambassador for a new product that Theo had assigned to us. Grant Corporation would release a new series of jewelry every year. Based on their track record, different ambassadors were representing each series of jewelry. The previous jewelry ambassadors included actresses and female singers. This year, I intended to look for a local female model with good international reviews suitable to represent Grant Corporation's latest jewelry.

Heidi was very efficient in her work and had handed me a large pile of data shortly after. I started scrutinizing the data.

Before I realized it, it was already late evening. The city lights were illuminating the streets outside the window. The others had all had gone off work. Heidi was the only one remaining at her work desk. She kept looking at her watch. It seemed like she had something urgent to do.

“Help me order some takeaway, and you can get off work!” I got up and told her.

“Alright. Don’t stay too late, Wanda.” Heidi left in a hurry after ordering my takeaway.

The takeaway arrived shortly after.

There was no suitable candidate who had caught my eye. After dinner, I headed toward the small bedroom.

I did not feel like going home today.

Perhaps it was because of my pregnancy. I had felt exhausted and sleepy lately. In the small bedroom, I took a shower and fell asleep.

In the middle of the night, someone lightly pushed open the room door. Although the person did not make much noise, I could still hear it.

I would wake up easily because of my past traumatic experience. No matter how tired I was, I would immediately wake up to even the slightest noise.

A dark figure walked in and stood in front of my bed, staring at me in silence. I was so afraid that I bit down on the sheets to stop myself from making any noise.

After a while, the dark figure sat down by my bed and lit a cigarette.

With dim light from the cigarette,

I managed to take a clear look at the person. It was Theo Grant.

“Why are you here?” I got up to turn on the bedside lamp, still looking at him.

Chapter 14

He did not say anything and was staring at me silently. I could not help but feel nervous with the proximity of his angular and handsome face to me. The air inside the room seemed to have thinned out. I got up to open the windows. Suddenly, he pulled me into an embrace and wrapped both of his arms around me and held me tightly. "Theo Grant." Although I did not know why he behaved this way, I did not like being hugged like that. Although I struggled in his arms, he still did not let go.

The sharp stench of alcohol rose to my nose. Theo was drunk again.

"Let go of me. I'll pour a cup of water for you," I spoke softly.

"Will it become hate?" He asked as he hugged me tightly. I did not understand what he meant and could only look at him in confusion. His lips were slightly apart, and his dark eyes were quite dilated and out of focus. It seemed like he was heavily drunk.

I did not understand how he managed to find her even in such a state.

"Will it change?" He did not give up when I did not respond to him. He stubbornly continued while looking me in the eye. "It will," I told him as I pulled his arms from around me. I tried to free myself from his embrace, but he held me tightly in a vice-like grip.

"Will you take it back?" He continued asking me as he grabbed my hand like a child to stop me from moving.

I suddenly understood what he was asking. I did not know what to say. "I don't know either," I told him in exasperation.

He stopped asking me questions. His breath grew erratic as he hugged me tighter.

I held his face and said softly, "Theo, I'm Wanda Lane. We're about to get a divorce. You can't do this to me."

My words triggered him. He carried me and threw me onto the bed. "Theo, I'm Wanda Lane. I'm someone that you hate a lot. Take a closer look." I was on the verge of a breakdown. I took his face in my hands again and tried to make him take a closer look at me.

He looked up and widened his blurry eyes. He fixed his gaze at me for a few seconds before letting out a soft affirmative hum.

I remembered that I have a child in me. We must not continue like this.

I grabbed his hand and looked at him. "You're drunk. Don't do this," I said.

I could not help but feel captivated when I saw his child-like smile on his handsome face. Theo looked different tonight. He was rather cute.

I pushed him away with all my might and got down from the bed. I put on my clothes and left the place. If I stayed there any longer, I might not be able to keep my child.

It was still drizzling outside.

I started the car and sped along the road. I have gone through too many things lately. I did not know how to handle them all. I just wanted to run far away and escape from everything. I was afraid that I would return to the past if I did not vent out my emotions.

I did not know how long I had been driving. The sun had started to rise. When I finally came to my senses, I realized that I was deep in the mountain area.

I was surrounded by a vast expanse of mountains and woods, and there was no one else around. The

narrow road was windy and seemed endless. I could not hear anything except for the odd squawks of birds.

Regrets filled my heart. I should not have driven off recklessly on a whim and put myself in the current position.

I stepped harder on the accelerator as I wanted to leave these woods as soon as possible.

Suddenly, a Tibetan Mastiff rushed out in front of my car, and I immediately stepped on the brakes. It seemed that I was too late as I could feel my right car tire run over something.

I was doomed. I took a deep breath and sat in the car without moving. I dared not go down from the car to take a look.

I sat there motionlessly for a long time until someone knocked on my car window, which brought me to my senses.

I turned around and saw a tall man standing outside my car window. His expression was grave, and his face was full of stubble. He looked terrifying.

When he noticed that I was not moving, he pointed at my car tire and gestured for me to get down the car.

Chapter 15

Although I was frightened to death, I was still the one at fault. I suppressed the fear in me and slowly opened the car door.

The Tibetan Mastiff, which rushed out just now, was lying motionlessly under my car tire. The pool of crimson blood stood out clearly among the greenery of the woods.

I closed my eyes in shock. After some time, I managed to calm myself down.

“Tell me, what are you going to do about this?” The man crossed his arms and stared at me coldly.

I did not dare to look into his frightening eyes. I lowered my head and said, "I am sorry, I didn't mean to do this. I can compensate you."

"Since you have a good attitude, I will let you go easy. Pay me ten thousand bucks in cash, or else..."

The man was biting on a piece of reed between his teeth. He gave me a glance from head to toe with a smirk on his face.

I sensed the imminent danger and immediately said, "No problem. I will give it to you." At a time like this, I would gladly give him even a hundred thousand bucks if he asked me for it, let alone ten thousand.

I turned around in a hurry to look for my handbag, but I could not find it after looking through my entire car. Just then, I recalled that I did not take it when I left in a hurry last night.

"Sir, I...I do not have that much cash on me. How about I transfer the money to you online?" I asked him cautiously.

"No. I only want cash. If you do not have money, do not even think of leaving today." The man huffed coldly. He did not look pleased.

"If so, can I call a friend? I will ask her to send some cash over." I quickly took out my phone and was prepared to make a call.

"You better do as you say and do not even think of calling the police. Over here, the police will not be able to do anything." The man glared at me with an impatient look on his face.

"I will not do that. I guarantee that I will not call the police." I found the number that I was about to dial and showed it to him. After confirming that it was not an emergency number, he nodded and

gestured for me to dial the number.

I called Cecilia first, but her phone was off. After that, I tried calling Heidi, but her phone was off as well.

I was stunned. I was usually either at the company or the Grant household. I was not good at socializing, so I did not have many friends. I did not know who to call.

After thinking about it for some time, I toughened up and called Mason. The call went through after ringing a few times. However, nobody spoke. Feeling slightly awkward, I spoke up. "Doctor Lynch, sorry for disturbing you so early in the morning. Can you help me with something? Something came up, and I need ten thousand bucks in cash. Can you send the cash over for me?"

When I noticed there was no response, I paused and mustered the courage to say, "Doctor Lynch, I am truly sorry. You are the only one whom I can ask for help from right now."

After some time, a cold voice spoke up from the other end of the line.

"You are indeed something, Wanda Lane!"

This voice belonged to...Theo Grant!

How could it be him?

He was so drunk last night. How could he pick up Mason's call so early in the morning?

"Theo, why is it you who is picking up the call?" I asked him without thinking. I was terrified.

"If I did not pick up the call, I would not have known that my woman would call another man for money in the wee hours of the morning." Theo spat out those words slowly.

I could tell that he was gritting his teeth. He was super furious.

Just as I was at a loss for what to do, his cold voice spoke again. "Give me the address!"

I did not know where I was either, so I quickly asked the man beside me, "Sir, what is this place called?"

"D*mn it! It is very early in the morning. What the hell did you do?" Theo suddenly raised his voice. His voice almost broke my eardrums. "The entrance to Sunhill Village." After the man told the name of the place where we were, I hung up the call.

I massaged my forehead. I was speechless and anxious. I thought that Theo would be suffering from a hangover and that he would be asleep right now. I did not want to disturb him this early in the morning, but things didn't go as planned.

The man remained silent after seeing me hang up. He squatted down in front of my car.

I got into my car and waited anxiously for Theo to arrive.

I thought it would take a long time for Theo to arrive since I vaguely remembered driving for more than two hours last night. Unexpectedly, Theo reached within half an hour.

Chapter 16

At this time, the sky was already bright. Many of the villagers came over to see. I dared not go down and hid in the car.

Fortunately, Theo's car arrived shortly after.

Before the car even came to a stop, he jumped off and walked over to my car with just a few steps.

His tall stature and cold aura gave off an invisible cloak of pressure to the people standing around.

The surrounding villagers immediately became quiet and just stared at him with fear.

Theo ignored everyone and opened my car door. He looked at me coldly before asking, "What happened?"

"I... I ran over a Tibetan Mastiff by accident. I need to pay for it, and they want me to pay in cash." I

lowered my head and spoke very timidly.

The expression on his face was cold, and his eyes were dark. He stared at me in disbelief for a long

time before he closed the car door and went to negotiate with the man.

He should be furious, right? I had caused him to come to such a remote place this early in the morning

only to deal with such a trivial matter.

Looking at his tall and high-class stature, and then looking at the villagers who were watching the

commotion on the side, the entire scene was out of place. Theo, the beautiful art of heaven should not

appear in such a lowly place.

I could not help myself but worry. Theo would surely settle this score with me.

Soon, he gave the money to the villager, and the crowd around him dispersed. He walked over again

and looked at me coldly. His gaze was deep and dark, and it was impossible to read his emotions at all.

He said, "Get out of the car."

I obediently got out of the car and followed behind him. He turned to the driver standing far away and

said, "Drive this car back."

Then, he opened his car door and got into the driver's seat. Without any instructions from Theo, I did

not dare get into the car. I just stood there with my head lowered.

"Do you need any personal invitation?" His voice sounded impatient.

I quickly opened the car door and sat in the passenger seat.

I could feel the cold atmosphere in the car down to my toes, and I glanced over from the side. He was

releasing an icy cold aura with a gloomy expression and anger in his eyes.

I clasped my hands together and waited for him to lash out in anger.

He did not say a word until the car pulled into the villa. He completely ignored me.

After some thought, I explained, "I thought you were still sleeping after drinking so much. That is why I

called Doctor Mason. Do not misunderstand, I have nothing to do with him."

Even though I knew he would not want to hear my explanation, and he probably would not care, I still spoke up.

He stopped the car and turned to look at me with narrowed eyes. After a long period, he said in a deep voice filled with contempt, "Misunderstand? Do not think so highly of yourself. Who do you think you

are? Who do you think Mason is? Why would he even like you?"

His words were sarcastic, and his face was full of mockery. I was so embarrassed that I could not say anything for a long time.

It was indeed wishful thinking. How could Theo possibly misunderstand?

Not to mention, Mason was

one of his good friends. Considering their relationship, he would not even consider me a friend.

To Theo and his brothers, I was just like weeds under their feet. If it was not for Grandmother's

affection toward me, I would not have any right to look them in the eyes.

Seeing that I was silent, Theo glanced at me and said indifferently, "Do you admit your mistake?"

"I was wrong. I am sorry," I said quickly.

"What are you sorry for?" he asked.

"I should not have driven out in the middle of the night," I said honestly.

"Wanda... You are really..." He suddenly raised his voice and glared at me as if he wanted to eat me whole.

I did not know what I had said to offend him again. I was so scared that I was trembling all over and curled myself into a ball.

"Forget about it. You do not work today. You are being punished for doing something wrong. Your

punishment is to clear weeds in the garden with your bare hands." He glared at me again and turned

his head to ignore me.

His punishment was really... odd.

Although I knew that he would not let me off easily for driving far away early in the morning, I did not

expect him to give such a childish punishment.

“You are not willing?” After a while, when he saw that I did not say anything, he turned around and squinted at me.

Chapter 17

“No, I will do it.” I gritted my teeth as I got out of the car. I hurried over to the large patch of grass in front of the villa.

The villa was huge. The grass area alone was about 300 square meters. It would usually take two or three workers to clear out the weeds, but now he wanted me to do it alone with my bare hands.

I knew he was trying to torment me.

After all, I was in the wrong. After pausing for a while, I squatted down and started working.

Theo sat in the car and did not get down. He stared at me as I worked. There was no emotion on his gloomy face.

After a long while, he floored the accelerator and drove off, leaving a trail of exhaust gas behind.

Watching him leave, I stood up and let out a long sigh of relief. I did not sleep last night, and my back was hurting so much that I could not stand straight.

I remembered I had not had breakfast yet either. Regretfully, I said to the child in my belly. “Baby, I’m so sorry. I’m not qualified to be a mother. I have only made you suffer.” Recently, not only did I not rest well, I often did not eat well too. It was not how a pregnant woman should be behaving.

The weather in June was like the temperamental mood of a toddler.

Earlier on, the azure sky was still clear with some white clouds. With just a few sudden gusts of cold wind, the sky suddenly turned dark.

I was afraid that a storm was brewing. I quickly squatted on the ground and continued to work, hoping

I could finish it before the rain. Otherwise, Theo would be even angrier when he returned and saw my unfinished work.

However, I did not have the speed of God. In the blink of an eye, heavy rain poured down, and fat raindrops landed on my body.

I quickly got up and darted into the house. Because I was running too fast, I slipped on the stairs and fell hard onto the floor.

Instinctively, I reached out my hand to cushion my belly.

However, it did not help, and I tumbled down the steps until I landed on the rain-soaked ground. My belly crashed onto the stairs as I rolled down, sending waves of pain through me.

The rain hit me mercilessly in the face. I rubbed my belly and struggled to pull myself up to head inside.

As soon as I took a step, my belly started to hurt as if pierced with needles. Beads of cold sweat trickled down my face along with the rain.

I could not bear the pain any longer and collapse to the ground under the rain again.

Trembling, I held on to my pants tightly and closed my eyes in pain. I was afraid that I would not be able to keep the baby!

My body started twitching violently, and with every twitch, it felt like a needle piercing into my heart.

It was so painful that I could not breathe.

Aside from the sound of the rain, there was no other sound in the surroundings. It was as if I was the only person left in the world. I wished someone could appear at this moment, even if it only meant looking at me.

However, I knew that no one, not a single soul, would appear at this moment or care whether I live or die.

In desperation, I gave up struggling and laid with my back on the ground.

My uncontrollable tears

flowed from my eyes, drop by drop mixed with the rain to the ground.

Every drop seemed to suck away bits of my soul.

Why?

Why was God this unfair to me? Why did he have to torture me like this?

In just 23 years, he had let

me experience all sorts of disasters. Now he wanted me to feel pain, torture, and separation. All of it!

I could feel the final ounce of energy flowing out of my body. My entire body felt cold from the inside out. I slowly closed my eyes. It was not a terrible way to end things like this.

In my daze, I heard the sound of a car braking suddenly.

A tall figure then ran over and picked me up. The person screamed my name in pain, ordering and threatening to get me to open my eyes.

I wanted to open my eyes and see who it was, but no matter how hard I tried, I could not. In the end, I lost consciousness.

When I woke up again, I was lying in my bed, not knowing who brought me in.

Before I fainted, I vaguely remembered someone shouting at me, but I could not tell if it was real or just a dream.

I wanted to sit up, but my belly hurt so bad that I could not move at all.

"My baby, my baby!" The familiar pain from before I lost consciousness woke me up completely. I

could not help but caress my belly.

Chapter 18

"Do not worry, the child is fine." Mason suddenly spoke in his usual cold voice.

Startled, I turned to find him standing at the foot of my bed.

After what had happened, I thought that I would not be able to keep the child alive. I was relieved that the baby was alright.

Mason kept staring at me.

Feeling a little awkward, I turned my head and tried to prop myself up, but I could not move. He

stretched out his hand behind my back and helped me to sit up. He reached for a cushion and placed it behind my back for me to lean on.

"Thank you." I felt even more awkward, trying to distance myself as far away from him as possible.

He did not say anything. He just reached over to fiddle with the IV drip bottle to make sure the liquid continued flowing into me.

I looked up at him.

He understood my confusion and said, "Do not worry. It is just nutrient fluid. It will not harm the child.

You were malnourished and weak. That is why you fainted."

"Does he know?" Since Mason knew the existence

Next chapter