

Chapter 63

“Do you know the man who was with her?” My first reaction was to ask that.

Cecilia shook her head and said, “I think I heard Cindy call him Zedd.”

Zedd Nichols. No wonder they had not come to me looking for trouble. They had changed their strategy and had chosen to target Cecilia instead.

Had they done this to Cecilia just to get back at me?

Things were no longer as simple as I previously thought.

I felt a headache coming on. After comforting Cecilia and promising her that I would get to the bottom of this, I left the interrogation room. Mason was waiting for me in the hall. When he saw me coming out, he walked up to steady me. “Are you okay?”

I shook my head. “If she’s found guilty, how many years is she gonna have to serve?”

serve?"

"Possibly three to seven years, and it could go up to more than seven years too. It all depends on the victim's condition and what the policemen say about it," Mason answered solemnly.

My knees gave way, and I lost my balance. How cruel could Cindy Reed be, ruining another girl's life just to get back at me?

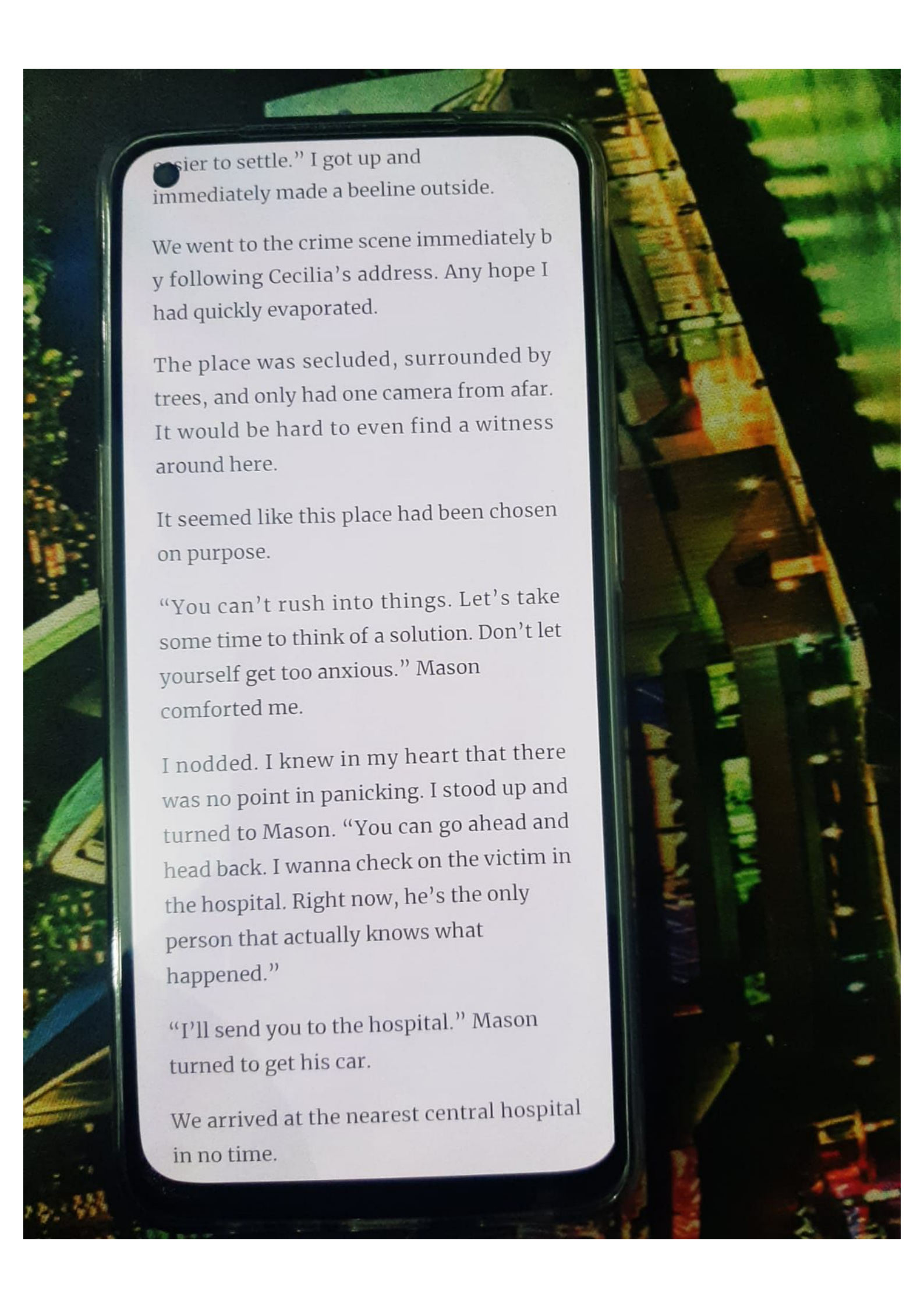
"This is definitely a setup. Cecilia didn't drink, and she didn't hit-and-run! She got down from her car to check on the victim, and it was the victim that had asked her to leave the scene! How can I help her?" I grasped Mason's arm tightly as I asked anxiously. ①

Mason frowned at my rambling. "Calm down. Tell me everything, slowly."

I told him everything Cecilia had told me.

"Since it was by a road, there should have been more than one camera there."

"You're right! Let's go look for the other cameras. As long as we can prove she did not hit-and-run, things should be a lot easier to settle." I got up and



asier to settle.” I got up and immediately made a beeline outside.

We went to the crime scene immediately by following Cecilia’s address. Any hope I had quickly evaporated.

The place was secluded, surrounded by trees, and only had one camera from afar. It would be hard to even find a witness around here.

It seemed like this place had been chosen on purpose.

“You can’t rush into things. Let’s take some time to think of a solution. Don’t let yourself get too anxious.” Mason comforted me.

I nodded. I knew in my heart that there was no point in panicking. I stood up and turned to Mason. “You can go ahead and head back. I wanna check on the victim in the hospital. Right now, he’s the only person that actually knows what happened.”

“I’ll send you to the hospital.” Mason turned to get his car.

We arrived at the nearest central hospital in no time.

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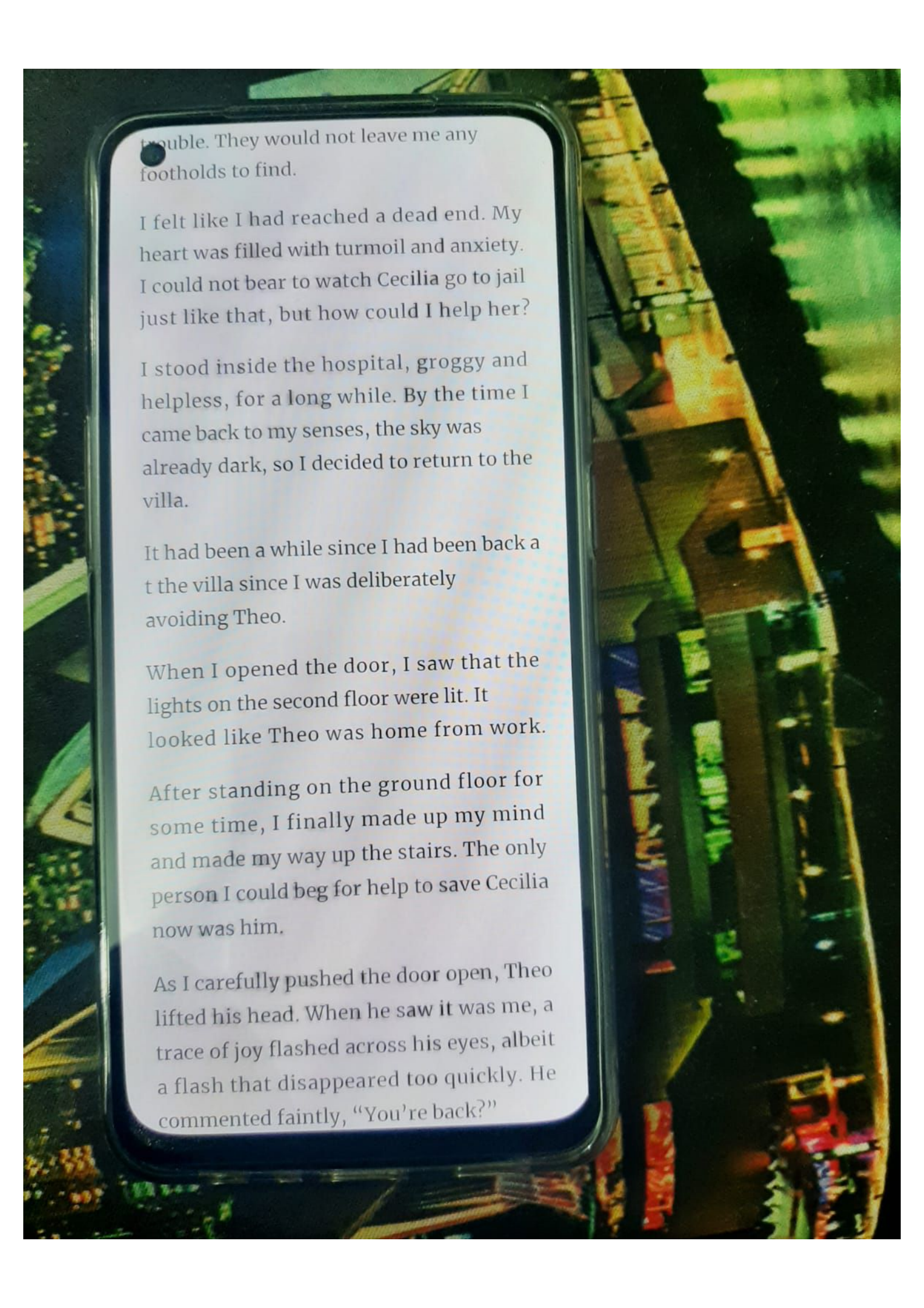
“You can leave now. I’ll go learn more about what’s going on,” I said to Mason, who was about to get down from the car. I could not waste any more of his time.

His hand that had been about to release his seat belt stopped midair. He did not say anything else, and he just nodded and left.

The news I got from the hospital was not very positive either. The victim was a homeless man in his mid-40s who was still in the ICU. According to what I had been told, he was discovered by a passerby, who then contacted the police. The police traced him to Cecilia using nearby camera footage.

Everything had been executed so flawlessly a sudden chill ran down my spine.

I could not jump out and accuse Cindy without evidence, even though we suspected everything that had happened was related to her. For Cindy and Zedd to conspire and come up with such a plan, they must have also thought of ways to get themselves out of any potential trouble. They would not leave me any



trouble. They would not leave me any footholds to find.

I felt like I had reached a dead end. My heart was filled with turmoil and anxiety. I could not bear to watch Cecilia go to jail just like that, but how could I help her?

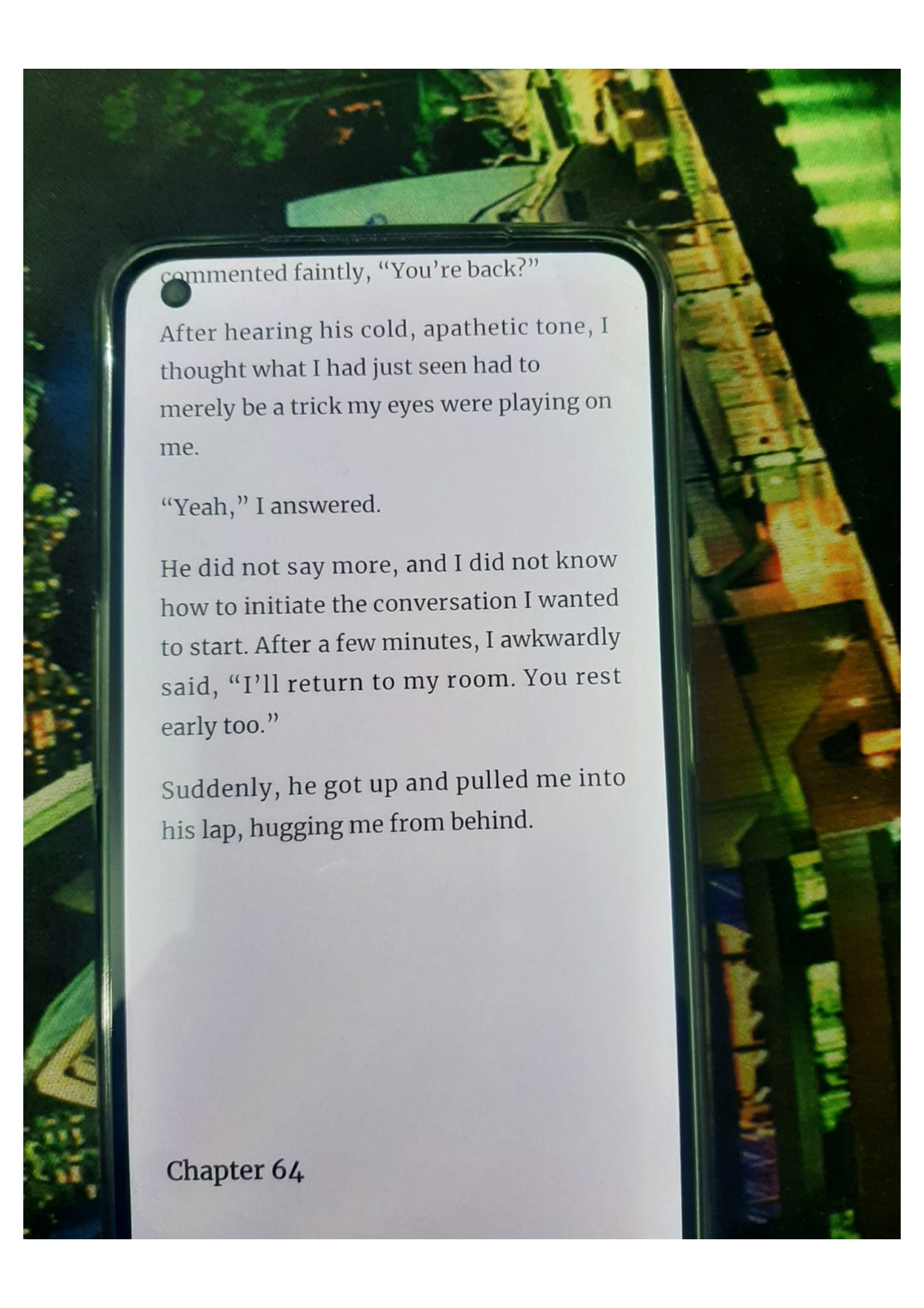
I stood inside the hospital, groggy and helpless, for a long while. By the time I came back to my senses, the sky was already dark, so I decided to return to the villa.

It had been a while since I had been back at the villa since I was deliberately avoiding Theo.

When I opened the door, I saw that the lights on the second floor were lit. It looked like Theo was home from work.

After standing on the ground floor for some time, I finally made up my mind and made my way up the stairs. The only person I could beg for help to save Cecilia now was him.

As I carefully pushed the door open, Theo lifted his head. When he saw it was me, a trace of joy flashed across his eyes, albeit a flash that disappeared too quickly. He commented faintly, "You're back?"



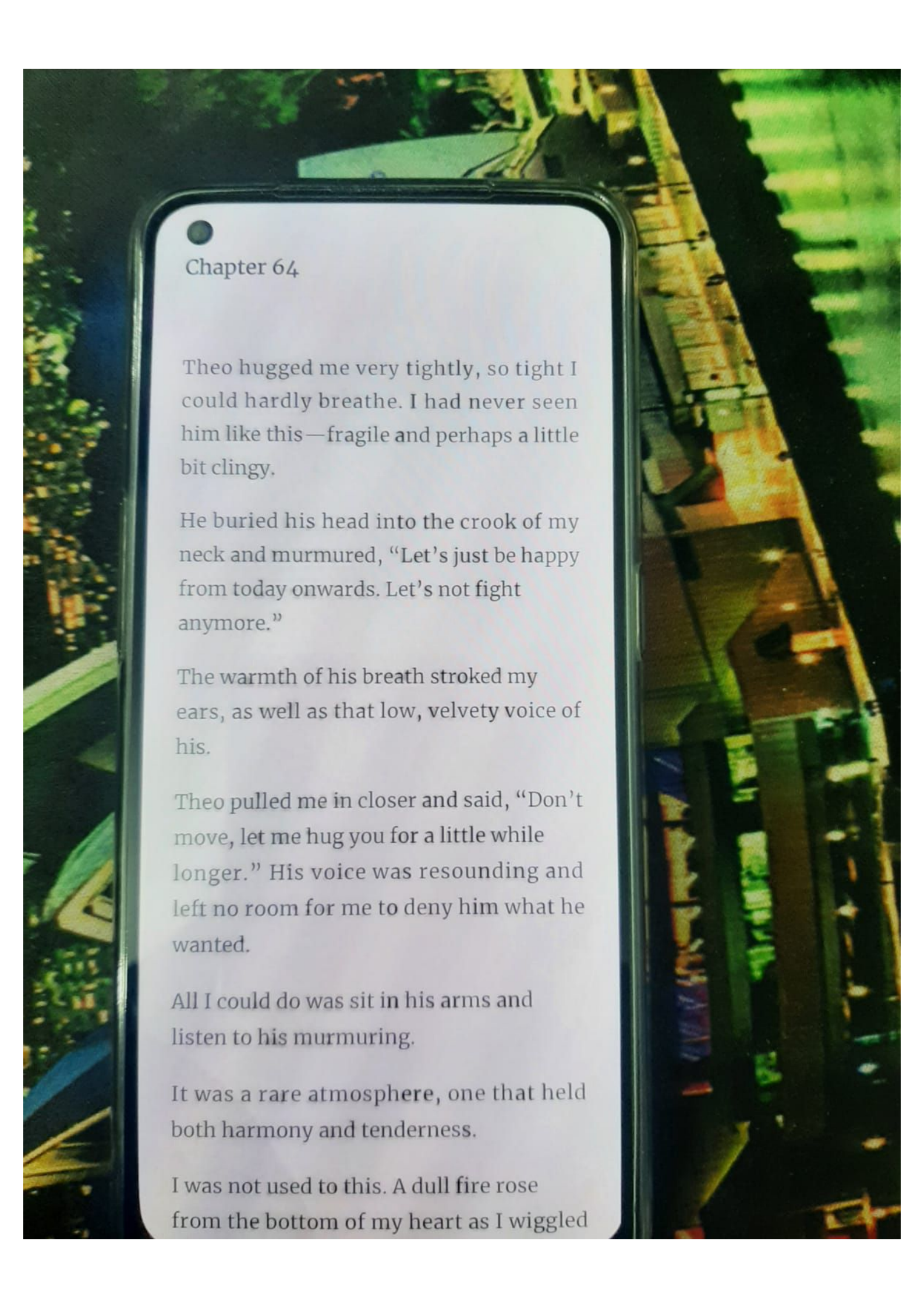
commented faintly, "You're back?"

After hearing his cold, apathetic tone, I thought what I had just seen had to merely be a trick my eyes were playing on me.

"Yeah," I answered.

He did not say more, and I did not know how to initiate the conversation I wanted to start. After a few minutes, I awkwardly said, "I'll return to my room. You rest early too."

Suddenly, he got up and pulled me into his lap, hugging me from behind.



Chapter 64

Theo hugged me very tightly, so tight I could hardly breathe. I had never seen him like this—fragile and perhaps a little bit clingy.

He buried his head into the crook of my neck and murmured, “Let’s just be happy from today onwards. Let’s not fight anymore.”

The warmth of his breath stroked my ears, as well as that low, velvety voice of his.

Theo pulled me in closer and said, “Don’t move, let me hug you for a little while longer.” His voice was resounding and left no room for me to deny him what he wanted.

All I could do was sit in his arms and listen to his murmuring.

It was a rare atmosphere, one that held both harmony and tenderness.

I was not used to this. A dull fire rose from the bottom of my heart as I wiggled

around and tried to get up.

He chuckled softly. He seemed to be in a pretty good mood.

I was speechless. My body was stiff, and I did not know what to do. To be honest, I had mixed feelings about how he was acting right now—a little conflicted, a little awful.

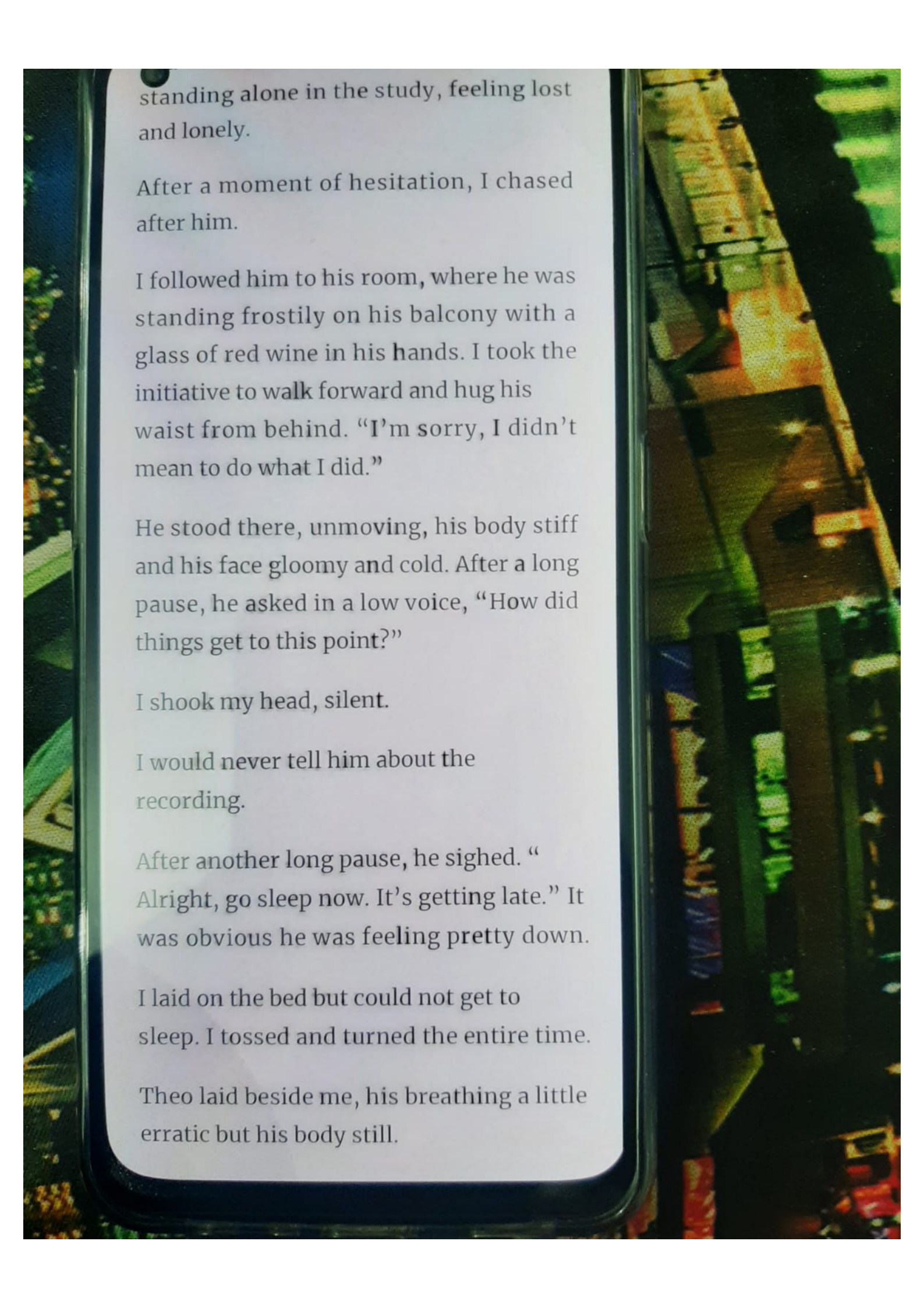
This was the first time Theo and I had been relatively close since that incident with Cindy, and I realized that my body was rejecting him now. There was an odd sense of discomfort within me.

I did not react to those feelings as my mind was occupied. I was still thinking about how I could ask him for help. He was the only hope I had left for saving Cecilia.

All men were the same.

I jolted to my senses, my whole body suddenly tensing up.

He lifted his head and looked at me, an emotion I could not read in his eyes, but he did not say anything. He released me and walked out the door, leaving me



standing alone in the study, feeling lost and lonely.

After a moment of hesitation, I chased after him.

I followed him to his room, where he was standing frostily on his balcony with a glass of red wine in his hands. I took the initiative to walk forward and hug his waist from behind. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to do what I did."

He stood there, unmoving, his body stiff and his face gloomy and cold. After a long pause, he asked in a low voice, "How did things get to this point?"

I shook my head, silent.

I would never tell him about the recording.

After another long pause, he sighed. "Alright, go sleep now. It's getting late." It was obvious he was feeling pretty down.

I laid on the bed but could not get to sleep. I tossed and turned the entire time.

Theo laid beside me, his breathing a little erratic but his body still.

erratic but his body still.

●
He seemed to be taken aback for a moment before turning around and wrapping his arms around me.

An action-filled night ensued in the bedroom.

After a long while, the action ceased, and a calmness took over the room.

He was finally looking a little happier, and as he hugged me to sleep, he seemed satisfied.

I was still thinking of how to ask him for help. Tonight was really not the best time to do so, but Cecilia was still in the police station. If I did not act soon, it would be harder to change things once they were set in stone.

“Theo, I have a favor to ask.” After much hesitation, I finally said it.

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