

## Chapter 158

Theo turned to look at me but did not say anything. His eyes were deep pools, but the emotions in them were unclear.

Deliberately ignoring the malice and anger in Tyler's eyes, I walked up to Theo, held his hand, and said again, "Let's go, let's go home."

Theo looked at me for a long time before a n attractive smile bloomed on his face. "Okay, whatever you say."

After he was done speaking, he laced his fingers between mine tightly, turned around, and left with me.

I reckoned Tyler was not in the mood to get into a fistfight with Theo either since he did not say anything to stop us. He stood where he was and merely watched darkly as we left.

After a while, Theo spoke in a tone laced with humor. "Were you worried about me just now?"

just now?"

I blocked his question out instinctively as we approached my car. I instead asked, "I'm driving back. Are you coming with me?"

"You're following me back in my car." Right after that, he turned to Mason Lynch and said, "You, drive her car back."

I did not reject him, and I followed Theo to his car. The driver was inside, waiting for us.

After I got into the car, I turned my head to take in the night view of the city. The streets were illuminated with fluorescent lights, accentuating the hustle and bustle of this sleepless town.

Theo leaned over and pulled me into his embrace. His warm and strong hands caressed my belly as he said softly, "Your belly is growing bigger and bigger. Don't go to the office anymore. Just stay at home, okay?"

I shuddered and glanced back at him. "There are several things due that haven't been done yet. I don't think I can leave for now." I then paused. "The plagiarism matter hasn't been settled yet

●giarism matter hasn't been settled yet either."

I had initially been waiting for him to ask about Tyler, and I had been contemplating how best to tell him about it. I did not expect him to keep quiet about it.

"I'll handle the ad issue, don't worry." Theo's warm hands were tracing circles on my belly. The heat from his palms radiated on my belly through my thin clothes. It was comforting, and it felt nice.

All things considered, the ad had been leaked from my end, so I have to bear responsibility. Also, the company acquisition was nearly complete, and I did not want to give that up as well. After some thought, I asked, "Why did you want me to be in charge of both the new product launch and the acquisition of the tech company?"

"There's not much of a reason why, I just thought you'd be suitable for the jobs, so I delegated them to you." His answer was casual, but it felt as if he had not really answered me.

"That was an act of sheer folly from the

“That was an act of sheer folly from the very beginning. Do you know something I don’t?” I was relentless as I kept asking questions.

Theo lifted his eyes, his deep gaze landing on my face. After a long time, he said, “Do you think I’m omniscient, that I can know what will happen before it happens? It’s now after office hours, and we’re a married couple, so shouldn’t you be fussing over me as a patient?”

He was blatantly avoiding the topic. I pouted, not asking him any more questions. The words flowed out from me naturally. “Are your wounds hurting?”

I was tired of having a ton of things weighing down my heart. If he did not want me involved, it was fine. I could have my peace. I had wanted to tell him about Tyler, but since he had not asked, I did not bring it up.

We got back to the villa quickly. Miss Woods came out to greet us, and when she saw that I was with Theo, she was stunned before she gleefully said, “It’s good to be back! It’s definitely more comfortable at home than in the hospital. Since the food is also better, you can get

● "Since the food is also better, you can get better quicker too!"

I had only realized that after Miss Woods brought it up. It was not yet time for Theo to be discharged. I looked at him and asked, "Is it really okay for you to leave the hospital just like that?"

Theo shrugged and waved his hands. "It's fine, it's just a small surgery. Besides, Mason's around."

If it was fine, why did you want me to feed you at the hospital every day? That was basically a method of torturing me. However, I did not say that out loud, merely grumbling in my heart.

"Right, Miss Woods, have you seen the box that Grandmother gave to me that other time?" I had been busy with several things recently, so the box had slipped my mind. Tonight, Tyler had gotten me thinking back about some things, especially when it came to Grandmother, so I was suddenly reminded of that box.

Theo, who was changing out of his clothes, heard what I had said. His hands shook slightly, but he soon returned to normal as if nothing had happened,

shook slightly, but he soon returned to normal as if nothing had happened, continuing to change out of his clothes.

I was slightly confused but did not look much into it as I continued rummaging through the cabinets in the living room.

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Miss Woods thought about it for some time before she shook her head and said, "I gave you the box before this, but I haven't seen it since I came over again. I didn't even see it when I was tidying up the house. Think carefully. Might you have locked it up upstairs?"

"I'll look for it again." I was prepared to go upstairs to carefully look through everything once more.

I remembered that Miss Woods had mentioned within the box was something Grandmother had wanted to give me. She had asked me to only open it when Theo brought up divorce.

I had never thought of using it to save my marriage, so I did not care. I did not even remember where I had kept it after bringing it back.

Theo was quiet as he drank water in the living hall. His gaze was a little dark when he glanced at me, but he was always like this, so I did not pay much

Always like this, so I did not pay much attention to it and simply went back to my bedroom.

I tried looking through the cabinets in my room, but there was nothing. I remembered that I had changed rooms, so I went up to the third floor to look, but it was to no avail again.

Theo came up to me, his face a little pale. I assumed it was because he was still not fully recovered, so I said, "It's getting late, go ahead and rest. I'll look for a while longer."

He did not move. He leaned against the doorframe and stared at me. When he finally spoke, he asked, "Have you ever looked at the contents of the box?"

I shook my head. "When Miss Woods gave it to me, she told me to only take it out when you wanted a divorce. I had no such plans, so I didn't pay much attention to it at the time. I presumed it was company shares or something like that, something that could hold you accountable."

"Smart Alec." Theo scoffed, his tone laced with disdain.



...faced with disgust.

I did not deny it. That really was what I had assumed was inside. It was the only thing that could make Theo no longer consider a divorce.

“Stop looking for it. Since I don’t have any plans to file a divorce, whatever that was inside that box isn’t important to you anymore. It’s just like what you said, it was just some asset-related things.” When he finished speaking, he went into the room, took out his pajamas, and was about to take a bath.

I stood up and stared at him. “How did you know? You’ve opened the box?”

He nodded. “It was just some monetary items, nothing of much use to you. I threw the box away.”

I was furious. I bellowed, “What made you think you could open that box? Grandmother gave it to ME, so it’s mine!”

I was seething with rage, not because he had taken whatever was in the box, but because he had not respected me. Just like that incident where he had given my DNA to Petra White, he had now touched my personal belongings without my consent,

personal belongings without my consent, never mentioning anything to me at all.

If I had not suddenly been reminded of the box, he probably would have never said anything for the rest of his life.

Theo frowned, his expression darkening as he barked, "I said I wouldn't divorce you, so you'd never even get the chance to use the box. Why are you so agitated?"

I sighed. "Theo Grant, up till now, you still have no idea why I'm angry, do you?"

He looked at me and did not say anything.

I suppressed the turmoil in my heart as I continued, "I'm not angry because of the box itself, I'm angry because of your attitude. Inside your heart, do you even have an ounce of respect for me? How can you just throw my things away without even asking me first?"

Theo sighed and placed his hands on my shoulders. He looked at me and said, "I'm sorry for touching it without your permission. I apologize. It won't happen again, I promise."

I sneered, "Even your apology is merely perfunctory. Theo Grant, I know that

•functory. Theo Grant, I know that inside your heart, you think I have no right to demand your respect. You think I have to answer your every beck and call unconditionally. When you said you wanted a divorce, I had to immediately pack up my things and leave. When you said you no longer wanted a divorce, I had to be a good girl and stay in my place. If this had happened with Cindy, would you disrespect her like this too?"

"Wanda Lane!" He raised his voice, displeasure coloring his face. "It's my bad that I touched your things without consent, and I apologize for that. But we're husband and wife! Could you stop bringing other people in when we're arguing?"

I was dumbfounded. He was right. I was not sure when it had started, but I had become a whiny woman who liked to rake up the past. Every time we argued, I would be sure to mention Cindy Reed.

It was clear that deep down, I was no longer as tolerant as I once had been towards their relationship.

I had finally become someone I despised.

had finally become someone I despised.

“Theo Grant, are we really still husband and wife?”

I looked at his dangerously dark yet handsome face, and I laughed. “You’ve never treated me like a wife, right? I’m just something Grandmother forced onto you. You don’t like me, so you’ve never let me into your heart. You’ve never considered respecting me. That’s why you can so casually decide where you want me to be and what you want to do with my things. Right?”

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Too many matters and too many heartaches had swelled up within my heart. This had nothing to do with the box now, and everything to do with a human's heart and intentions. Our mindsets were changing now. I could no longer be like I used to be, and his shifting attitude towards me had become habitual.

Like most men, when he was faced with my accusation, he felt wronged and helpless but did not want to fight. He wanted to resolve the matter calmly.

Theo looked at me and said in a grave voice, "Wanda Lane, I was wrong about the box incident, and I'll apologize to you once again. We're husband and wife, and I respect you very much. It has never crossed my mind to treat you like you don't matter. Let's not fight anymore, okay?"

He did not want to continue with the argument, but when my heart started grieving again over all the injustice I had

●eaving again over all the injustice I had ever been through, I could no longer hold myself back. "Theo Grant, let's just part ways! It's better for everyone like that."

I could admit that I was being rash again. That was something that I had felt no control over blurring out.

He was stunned, his onyx eyes turning their gaze to land upon me. "You're serious?"

I nodded, not saying a word.

"I've already thrown the box away. Just tell me what you want." His tone was so calm, his face so apathetic, that I had an unusual inkling he was just entertaining my nonsense.

Feeling a little dejected, I said, "I don't need anything, I just need you to let me go and never contact me ever again."

If we really were to divorce, I would hope to no longer have anything to do with him for the rest of my life.

Theo's expression darkened. "If you no longer want anything to do with me, you won't be able to work at Grant Corp. after we divorce. You'll need to be unemployed

we divorce. You'll need to be unemployed for at least three years before the child goes to school, so how are you planning to feed the both of you? With the measly amount of savings you have? Or by relying on Tyler? Or Xander?"

I looked at him incredulously. "Theo Grant, is that whom you think I am? Don't you dare take other women's lifestyles and standards and use that against me! Even if we get divorced, I won't depend on anyone else. Don't worry, I'm not as promiscuous as you are."

"Make what you've just said clear! How am I promiscuous? I've told you many times about Cindy Reed, we don't have that kind of relationship! You're the one who always refuses to listen.

"As for you and Tyler, I've seen everything with my own eyes. If I didn't ask, I know you didn't plan on explaining. Wanda Lane, who's the one between us that actually doesn't care about the other party now?"

I lowered my gaze. He had not asked about Tyler, so I had just assumed that he did not care enough to ask.

did not care enough to ask.

Theo saw that I was quiet, so he continued. "Just think about how overboard you've gone. The last time, during Petra White's birthday party, you rejected me in the afternoon only to blatantly show up to the party with another man. Not to mention that you had to make an entrance by holding his hand when you came in, doing all of that in front of so many people! Didn't you think I would be shamed? But did I ever say anything about it?"

I was taken aback. I opened my mouth, but alas, nothing came out. I was indeed at fault with that incident. I had done something I should not have.

"I didn't ask you because I trusted you. I've just been waiting for you to tell me yourself. I wanted to put enough trust in you to believe you'd do that. Wanda Lane, this is an unconditional trust called love. These aren't just empty words I'm simply blabbering on about now."

He made everything sound so fair that I suddenly could not find anything to say in my defense. I had still had the upper hand in the first half of the scene, but in a



“Tyler is...” I wanted to explain, but it was too complicated a matter, too impossible to explain clearly in a short span of time. Besides, right now was not the best time to start telling stories.

I changed my approach to things. “I’m just ordinary friends with Tyler Schuman. It’s entirely different between you and Cindy Reed.”

Once Theo heard what I had said, a storm brewed on his face. It was clear he was furious.

I cowered and quickly added, “Ms. Reed has both her biological parents to love her, and also had Zedd Nichols around, yet you still can’t leave her be. No matter the time, as long as she cried, you’d leave the world behind just to comfort her. That’s no longer just responsibility, but real feelings and emotions getting involved.

“However, it’s different between Tyler and me. All I feel toward him is fear and dread. To him, I’m merely an obsession

and me. All I feel toward him is fear and dread. To him, I'm merely an obsession and someone he resents. We can't even consider each other friends."

After hearing what I had to say, Theo's expression loosened up. He reached his hands out and said to me, "Come here."

I felt a little upset. This was supposed to be his fault, but it had ended up being mine, and I was now expected to apologize to him. I plopped down on the sofa and pouted. "I've got no more strength left." 1

The corner of Theo's lips curled slightly upwards as he stood up and walked over. As he reached out to pull me into his arms, he said, "So don't make a fuss in the future, or you'll be the one who ends up exhausted again."

I rolled my eyes at him. He stroked my hair as he said in a deep voice, "I was in the wrong for touching the box without your consent, but I was just curious about what my grandmother left for you."

He paused slightly before continuing. "After opening it, I realized that the items inside were items my grandmother had hoped to use to keep our marriage together. We don't need any material items to keep our marriage together, and I didn't want you to think that I hadn't pushed for the divorce because of the box. That's why I threw it away. Can you promise me you'll never bring this up again and that we can live a normal and peaceful life?"

It was the first time Theo had ever been s

I had to admit that I was slightly moved.

However, the fact that I did not feel secure in this marriage remained.

Moreover, I was finding it more and more difficult to get over his affair with Cindy. I knew in my heart that he would never be able to completely forget her.

Could we really live a normal and peaceful life in the future like he wanted?

I did not have a clue, but I could not resist the temptation to give it a try either. After all, I was the one who had developed feelings for him first in this relationship. I was lucky to have been able to marry the person I loved.

It was even more of a gift to get to stay together with him.

As I looked up into his serious eyes, I nodded my head mechanically.

He smiled and held me even tighter. “Don’t ever bring up matters like divorce out of the blue like that again. It’s really

hurtful.”

Feeling somewhat embarrassed, I nodded. I knew it was indeed my fault for bringing it up all the time.

“It’s getting late. You shouldn’t stay up for so long. Go take a shower and go to bed,” he said as he urged me forward.

I stood up and dragged my exhausted body into the bathroom. I did not have a single shred of strength left in my body.

Now that I thought about it, arguments were no fun because at the end of the day, I would be the one feeling horrible. However, at the time, I just had no control over my emotions.

My attention wavered as I stood beneath the showerhead as I thought about how I had changed a lot during this period of time. Not only had my temper changed, but I had also become extremely insecure. Theo held a place in my heart, but I could not fully trust him, nor surrender my heart to him. I still had my reservations.

Keeping so many doubts and concerns in your heart was not only tiring, but it also

slowly hurt you.

I truly despised the way I was acting now.

Theo went to the bathroom after I got out. He showered quickly and was out before ten minutes had even elapsed. When he walked out and saw that I was still sitting on the bed and staring into space, he frowned and asked, "Why aren't you asleep yet? What are you thinking about?"

I shook my head and did not say anything. He walked over and dried my hair with a towel, asking me, "Didn't you teach me to always dry my hair once I've finished showering? Have you forgotten to do that for yourself?"

He had only wrapped a bath towel around himself since getting out of the shower. Droplets of water ran down his chest, forming countless winding streams.

I reached out and wrapped my arms around his waist as I pressed my head against his broad, damp chest. Not a word left my mouth.

Stunned, he remained frozen for a good while before pushing me away gently. "

I've still got water all over me. You shouldn't get your clothes wet."

He took a towel and quickly dried himself off before reaching out again and letting me rest against his chest. Caressing my hair, he said, "You're a woman, you shouldn't try to be as tough as a porcupine all the time. You'll only end up hurting yourself."

I nodded. I felt that what he had just said made a lot of sense. Sniffling, I asked, "Can you... stop paying Cindy so much attention in the future?"

After pausing for a moment, I continued. "Her birth parents treat her like a princess now, and she's living a life of luxury. She doesn't want for anything, but as for me, I have no one else but you. I really can't lose you."

I sounded close to tears as I imitated the way Cindy usually talked, trying to make myself seem weak and helpless.

He did not say anything, merely tightening his hold on me. The crease between my brows loosened. Sure enough, this method always worked on

ough, this method always worked on men. I would not have had to act like a porcupine before had I had prior knowledge of this.

Suddenly, I felt him push his hand upwards. It startled me a little. Then, he used his other hand to lift my face. He stared into my eyes for a long while before saying slowly, "This role doesn't suit you, and you're putting on such a crappy performance. You should just be yourself!"

...



I pursed my lips, my indignation apparent in my voice and my eyes as I said, "Why? We're all pretending to be pitiful. Did the performance fail because of my acting skills or because of my lines?"

I did not get it. Why could Cindy get away with it every time she used this method, but I could not?

He smiled as he patted my head and said, "You're fine the way you are, so why would you need to imitate someone else? How could you still be pitiful when you've got me now? There's no need for you to pretend to be anyone else. All you have to do is be yourself."

His words made me suddenly realize that I should not hide my real personality when facing Theo. It would be best for me to be as sarcastic to him as I liked and argue with him whenever I wanted.

Some people were well-suited to scripted acts, but I was not one of them.

acts, but I was not one of them.

Feeling listless all of a sudden, I broke away from his embrace and collapsed into sleep.

"No, you can't sleep yet. Your hair hasn't completely dried," he said as he lifted up my head and placed it on his lap, where he continued drying it with a towel.

"I'm very sleepy. Just dry it with the hairdryer!" I said with my eyes shut.

"Hairdryers damage your hair. Just go ahead and sleep if you want to." As he spoke, he adjusted my head into a more comfortable position and reduced his movements so I could sleep in peace.

I was tired after being tormented the entire night, so I fell asleep quickly.

Theo woke me up at nine the next morning and said he was taking me to the hospital for a pregnancy checkup.

Feeling extremely tired and sleepy, I did not initially want to wake up. However, I forced myself to get up when I remembered that my child was long due for a checkup.

After breakfast, I went to the hospital

checkups. The doctor said the fetus was developing nicely.

I could not help but heave a sigh of relief. This child had gone through so many difficulties. Every time I bled, I feared I was going to lose the pregnancy. Thankfully, the child had been safe each time.

Theo patiently accompanied me for the entire trip. Moreover, unlike the last time we went shopping for clothes, he did not try getting special treatment. This time, he obediently complied with the hospital's every request.

While waiting, he did something unprecedented. He began a discussion with the men around him. He did not usually enjoy talking, so it was truly a rare sight.

After walking out of the hospital, the corners of Theo's lips curled upwards as he said, "Life is such an extraordinary thing. I find it difficult to imagine that this little black dot will grow up to become a human in the future."

I rolled my eyes and did not say anything. Who would have thought that President Grant, such a shrewd and capable man when it came to his work, would also be able to have days where he said such incredibly lame things?

He did not seem to mind my reaction as he turned around to ask me, "What would you like to have later?"

I leaned against the back of the chair and listlessly replied, "Anything." I had not been able to rest well last night, and the crowds at the hospital just now meant that we had to wait in lines wherever we went. Right now, I was exhausted, and the only thing I wanted to do was take a nap.

"In that case, I'll phone Miss Woods and have her prepare a meal. When we get home, you can take a nap after you finish eating."

I nodded and shut my eyes. I did not know before this that pregnancy would be so hard on a woman. Things that used to be easy for me to do had now become overwhelming during my pregnancy.

Over the next few days, although I went to work every day, I arrived late and left early under Theo's supervision. Things were not going too bad for me, all things considered.

Heidi did not come to work, but I did not think it was a big deal. After all, she had mentioned resigning because of what had happened last time. I had not agreed to it because of our long-time friendship, and I had asked her to just return home and take a long break.

Although Theo had told me to ignore the incident with the advertisement, I still felt guilty about it and wanted to learn the truth.

Thus, I arranged a meeting with Zedd.

I had heard him arguing with Theo, and even more importantly, I thought I might have seen the person who kidnapped me in his car.

He and Theo had worked together for many years now, and Theo had a lot of trust in him. If he had betrayed Grant Corporation, it would be a huge blow to Theo.

I waited at the cafe for half an hour before Zedd walked in, a sullen expression on his face. "Are you getting too bored nowadays? Why did you want to meet me?"

With that, he reluctantly slid into the seat opposite me, impatience evident on his face.

I had long gotten used to his attitude, so his words did not hurt me. As I poured him a cup of coffee, I said, "Come on, I'm your second brother's wife. Do you really hate me that much?"

He huffed indignantly and turned his head the other way, refusing to speak to me.

"Do you hate me purely because of Cindy Reed? I don't understand you. No matter how much you want to help her, the truth remains that Theo and I have been married for three years, and we have a kid on the way. You're going to be his uncle. Could you really bear watching that child be born into a world where he doesn't have a dad?"

Zedd's face turned crimson. "Who said I'm going to be an uncle? Wanda Lane, don't try to buddy up with me."

"Alright, alright. I won't do that," I said as I smiled, thinking that Zedd could be rather cute and naive at times. Gazing at his red face, I asked, "Actually, aren't things quite nice the way they are now? I thought you liked her. Why don't you confess your feelings?"

"Shut up. Do you really think you know me that well? I'm warning you, don't poke your nose into other people's business. Is there anything else you want to say to me? If that's all, forgive me for not having more time to entertain you."

As he said that, he got up and prepared to leave.

I said, "Of course there are other matters I want to bring up. You're friendly with people at Newlight Media, right?"

When I finished speaking, I tilted my gaze upwards to look at him.

He had obviously not expected me to ask that question. He was visibly stunned for a moment before snapping back to reality. He said, "Yes, we're close. Why? Is it against the law to have friends?"

"You're well aware that a lot of things have happened to the company lately. Based on the recent rumors, things from Sandy's breach of contract to the plagiarism issue. All I want to say is that you're one of Theo's best friends, and I hope I won't have to see best friends turning on each other for personal gain."

I did not need to sugarcoat such serious matters. I was direct with my choice of words.

Zedd stared at me and laughed coolly as he said, "You think I'm selling out Grant Corporation? You're truly naive, Wanda. Have you told him about your suspicions yet?"

I shook my head. "It's all guesswork on my part, so I haven't said anything.

However, I once saw someone I shouldn't have seen in your car."



He was stunned. "I didn't think you had seen that."

"Can you tell me the truth now?" I asked as I gazed into his eyes sincerely.

He raised an eyebrow. "You can search for the answers you want to find, or you can let Theo know about your suspicions, but either way, I'm not telling you anything."

"However," he said as he leaned forward, positioning his face right in front of my eyes, "although I hate you, I have to admit that you're good at your job. But you're still someone difficult to like."

I knew this was the sort of person he was. I had grown used to his malicious words, so I did not hold a grudge against him.

Since he would not tell me anything, I did not see any use in asking him any more questions. I simply stood and wished him goodbye.

I had just walked out of the cafe when Cecilia called me and told me to come over to her house. From the way she was speaking, I could tell that she was not in her usual mood.

I hurriedly raced over to her house.

When I opened the door, I saw Cecilia curled up on the couch, hugging her knees close to her chest. She had a vacant look in her eyes, and she looked about as energetic as someone who no longer had a soul.

“What’s wrong? Did you meet Tyler again?” I could not think of anyone else capable of leaving her in such a state.

She shook her head and retrieved a wrinkled piece of paper from behind her to hand to me.

Taking it from her, I saw that it was an ultrasound with the words “10 weeks pregnant!” written on it.

I was stunned. Although I knew Cecilia enjoyed hooking up with men, I also knew she always made sure to use protection. No accidents had ever happened over all these years.

“When?” I finally calmed down. We were all adults now, so getting pregnant was not as big a deal as it used to be.

“The last time I followed you on that

"The last time I followed you on that business trip," she said weakly, lowering her head.

The last time she had followed me on a business trip? The same one she had gotten drunk during?

I suddenly remembered that I had asked Mason to pick her up that night. I also remembered that when we were calling the next morning, I had heard a man's voice in the background.

"It's Mason's?" I was in disbelief. Mason rarely showed any interest in women, let alone in sleeping with them.

Cecilia pulled at her hair miserably before burying her head into her knees again.

I immediately understood. "Does he know?"

Cecilia shook her head. "I don't plan on telling him."

I reached out to hug her. "That's okay, you don't have to tell him if you don't want to. If you want to give birth to the kid, you can do that, and we'll raise the kid together. I still have some savings, and it should be enough for us. And if you

“It should be enough for us. And if you don’t want to give birth to the kid, I can accompany you to the hospital tomorrow.”

“This is God’s gift to me. I want to give birth to my baby,” Cecilia said firmly as she raised her head.

I understood how she was feeling. We were both lonely spirits, and because of that, we especially cherished the angels we were gifted by the heavens.

“Alright, then we’ll raise them both together.”

The expression on her face finally changed when she heard me say that. “I plan to purchase the house we looked at last time and start a new life in Rosella City.”

“Alright. You head over there first, I’ll come to accompany you once I’ve wrapped up matters here.” I took a card out of my purse and handed it to her. “Treat yourself properly once you get there, and the same goes for the child in your womb too.”

“I’ve still got some money with me. Keep your card.”

“Don’t bother with niceties when it comes to me. Do you think I don’t know how much money you have left? Didn’t we agree to stay together? I should pay for my share of the house as well. Take it! I have Theo for now, so I’m not in any need of money,” I said as I stuffed the card into her hand.

This time, she did not refuse. She laid her head on my shoulder and said, “Wanda, we’ve both got kids now. From today onwards, we will no longer be lonely souls on this planet.”

Yes, children brought with them attachment. We would no longer be

lonely women with no family or friends.

I did not return to the mansion that night. After phoning Theo to let him know I would not be returning, I spent the rest of the night talking to Cecilia.

The next morning, I drove straight to Mason's hospital. When I passed by a diner, I hesitated for a bit before going in and buying some pancakes and soy milk to bring with me.

Mason only opened the door after I had been knocking for a long time. Dark circles shaded his eyes, his hair was slightly mussed, and he looked exhausted. He looked so unlike his usual polished self.

I asked in surprise, "Did you... pull an all-nighter?"

He massaged the space between his brows. "I was working on a report, and the sun rose before I even realized it."

I vaguely remembered Theo mentioning that they had been conducting some pharmaceutical research recently. I guessed that Dr. Lynch had been working on that. Waving the breakfast food in my

hands at him, I said, "Your health is the cornerstone of everything you do. You'd take better care of yourself! I bought you breakfast, so go wash up and have something to eat."

He put down the hand he had been using to massage his temples and gave me a confused look. However, he did not say anything and merely turned to walk out of the room to tidy himself up.

I put his breakfast on the table and sat down on the couch to wait for him. As I waited, Theo texted me and asked if he needed to pick me up from Cecilia's house to go to work. I replied that I was with Dr. Lynch.

Mason soon re-entered the room. After a shower, a change of fresh clothes, and a shave, he once again looked the part of the cold and elegant Dr. Lynch.

I pushed breakfast over to him. He crossed his arms over his chest and sat still as he stared at me. He then asked, "Tell me, what help do you need now? You've been pregnant for quite a while now, so you can put away any thoughts of abortion in your head."

I laughed, but deep down, I knew he was right. I was not a sociable person, and only ever came to fawn upon him when I needed a favor.

“No, no, I don’t want an abortion,” I hurriedly said, waving my hands around.

He remained unmoved, the look on his face silently asking what I was up to this time.

I bit my lip and hesitated for a while before asking, “Do you remember how I begged you to escort Cecilia back the last time I went on a business trip?”

“That happened so long ago. Why bring it up again now?” A slightly embarrassed look blossomed on his face as he uncrossed his arms and took a sip of the soy milk on the table.

“Did you take her straight back to her room that day?” I asked carefully, trying to lead the conversation in a certain direction.

He put the cup of soy milk back onto the table and directed his gaze at me. His eyes sparkled, but there was also an alert look in them. “Don’t beat around the



bush. I'm not used to you doing that."

Indeed, I was not great at tactful communication and preferred to be direct with my words. Beating around the bush had never been something I did.

However, openly discussing such matters with a man seemed both awkward and inappropriate.

Still, I wanted to know the answer. I could not shy away from asking the question I needed to ask.

After giving it some thought, I stood and leaned towards his ear to whisper, "Cecilia usually becomes a little rowdy when she's drunk. Did she?"

I slapped myself across the face the moment I realized I had said that. If Cecilia ever learned I had defamed her this way, she would kill me.

"Pfft!" Mason spat out a mouthful of soy milk.

"You know what I mean?" I smiled awkwardly as I gazed at him expectantly.

He looked at me before calmly grabbing a tissue and wiping his mouth. Then, he

sue and wiping his mouth. Then, he said slowly, "You've never been one to gossip and pry into people's private lives. What are you trying to ask me?"

He then calmly crossed his legs and took a pancake to eat as he waited for me to continue speaking.

Holy sh\*t! I had initially had an expectant look on my face waiting for his answer, but it had now been replaced with an incredulous look. I wished I could slap him. Why did it matter if I liked gossip or not? Why was he unable to just answer me truthfully?!

Sighing, I forced myself to calm down and arrange my features into a solemn expression before saying, "Fine. Cecilia got diagnosed with a disease, and she said she caught it after returning from her business trip. I thought about it..."

Chapter 165

I secretly apologized to Cecilia once again. I had no other choice. If she did not want Mason to know about this, the only thing I could do was to throw her under the bus with some other excuse.

“Pfft!” Mason had not learned his lesson from the soy milk earlier. He had begun eating, and this time, he was now choking on a pancake.

I was too lazy to hand him any tissues this time around.

“Cecilia told you that?” he asked as he dusted pancake crumbs off himself.

“She didn’t say it was you, I guessed that myself. So I came to you to get confirmation.” Though I was feeling somewhat sheepish, I forced myself to continue lying through my teeth.

Mason had given up on breakfast after the two interruptions to his meal. As he stood up to walk back to his desk, he said, “I strongly suggest you buy some books to read if you’re this bored. Prenatal

read if you're this bored. Prenatal education is very important. Don't let this end up affecting the child."

"Dr. Lynch, I swear that I'm just curious. All you have to do is tell me if you two did anything or not. I swear I won't tell anyone else." Refusing to give up, I walked after him and raised a hand to him.

To be honest, I was already quite sure of what had happened. If he was not denying it, I was probably right.

He kneaded his forehead and ignored me.

Just then, a handsome man pushed his office door open and walked in.

"Quick, take your wife home." Mason looked like his savior had arrived as he hurriedly stood up and pointed at me, speaking to Theo.

Theo had no idea what was going on. His features were arranged into a solemn expression as he looked at us and asked, "What's going on?"

"She came over early in the morning to interrogate me about my sexual relations. I might be a doctor, but I'm also just a

might be a doctor, but I'm also just a man. You should educate her properly once you two get home." As he spoke, he deliberately shuffled further away from us.

I... did not know what to say in response!

The look in Theo's eyes darkened as he walked over, grabbed my hand, and pulled me down onto the couch. Turning his gaze onto Mason, he asked, "What did she want to know about?"

"I just wanted to know if anything had ever happened between him and Cecilia," I hurriedly answered before Mason could reply.

Theo did not understand, and he turned to look at me.

I chuckled dryly and said, "Well, Cecilia got drunk the last time I went on a business trip, and he was the one who took her home. When I called her the next morning, I heard a man's voice in the background, so I was curious if it was him or not. It's all just some harmless curiosity. Why don't you try asking on my behalf?"

I was not willing to speak evil of my best friend in front of Theo.

“So, you guys slept together?” Theo asked in his straightforward manner, not a hint of hesitation in his words.

“You guys...” Mason jumped up from the couch. “Get out, get out! If you and your wife share the same sentiments, you should go home and gossip amongst yourselves. Don’t come to my office and ruin my mood this early in the morning.”

If he was not willing to say anything, I had nothing more to say either. I got up and prepared to leave.

Theo had come here to look for me, so he also got up and pulled me out.

The expression on his face was slightly frosty as we left the office. “Well done. I can’t believe you came here this early in the morning for such a reason.”

When I noticed that he was not in a great mood, I very intelligently decided to keep quiet and not say anything as I walked behind him.

He did not say anything when we got into

thought, I asked, "Have you had breakfast yet?"

He remained silent.

Even after giving the matter a lot of thought, I could not understand why he had lost his temper. He truly was a difficult man to make sense of. It was even difficult to understand why he was angry now.

Since he did not say anything, I pretended to be oblivious and said nonchalantly, "It's a weekend today, so we don't need to go to work. Why don't we have breakfast at the mall? We can go shopping for baby stuff after we're done. All that stuff should be bought now since I won't have the energy to go shopping once I'm going through the further stages of the pregnancy."

He did not say anything, but he drove the car down the street leading to the mall.

We remained quiet. I walked behind him to the diner. After sitting down, he pointed at the menu and asked, "What would you like to have?"

feel like eating," I said, a bright smile on my face.

My deliberate ingratiation made his expression soften slightly, but he remained quiet and sullen. One might worry that he would explode any second now.

Our meals were soon served. There were all kinds of dishes on the table, and there looked to be enough food for five people.

I had eaten some of the breakfast I bought for Mason, so I was not too hungry now. I drummed my fork against my plate as I watched them eat carefully and slowly.

He had been brought up well as a child. Even as he ate breakfast, his elegant movements gave him the air of a man indulging in fine French dining instead. It made the young girls nearby turn and stare at him constantly.

He was indeed someone uniquely eye-catching. He had managed to woo an entire crowd of people solely with his movements, but even more importantly,



catching. He had managed to woo an entire crowd of people solely with his movements, but even more importantly, he was unaware of what he had done. He continued eating, not a care in the world.

Chapter 166

He soon noticed me staring and raised his head to look at me, the corners of his lips rising to form a perfect curve as he asked conversationally, "Am I so handsome that you can get full just from looking at me?"

"If looks can be filling, I would definitely be satiated looking at you." I was not stingy with my praises.

He seemed to enjoy listening to me say such things, bestowing a rare smile upon me as he said in a low voice, "In that case, would you like to go home and discuss sexual relations with me?"

I had not expected him to say something so suggestive in public...

Blushing, I lowered my head to gulp down my bowl of oats.

"Hahaha!" His prior gloominess vanished into thin air as he laughed unrestrainedly and jauntily.

"Hey, do you know what sort of girlfriend Mason's family wants him to date? Are they particular about needing both their social statuses to match?" I hurriedly asked, taking advantage of his good mood.

Mason came from a family of doctors, and he was also an only child. His parents would definitely have high expectations for him, and I could not help but begin worrying about Cecilia.

He raised an eyebrow and asked, "Why are you so curious about Mason?"

Noticing the odd change in his expression, I lowered my head and hurriedly said, "No, I just happened to think about that, so I decided to ask you. I'm just trying to talk to you!"

He lowered his gaze. "I don't know."

We went to the baby supplies shop after eating. I had been the one who suggested shopping, but I ended up being the useless one after we walked into the store. Theo activated his shopaholic mode and threw all the baby supplies he had set his eyes on into the cart, making

sure he only chose expensive products.

He quickly filled up several large shopping carts. The sales assistant behind him wore a broad grin on their face.

It hurt for me to watch because there were so many things we would never be able to find a use for. Suggesting we go shopping for baby supplies had merely been a stopgap measure since I knew he had been grumpy.

Who would have guessed...

Within half an hour, he had purchased everything the store offered that a child below the age of one could use. Due to the sheer number of items, he left the sales assistant with a delivery address before dragging me out.

"Is there anything else you want to buy? Let's go to the third floor," he said as he got ready to head upstairs.

"No, I'm feeling a little tired. I just want to go home and rest," I hurriedly said. The scars from our last clothes shopping trip were still fresh to me, and I did not want to go shopping with him again.

to go shopping with him again.

He did not force me to do anything and drove us straight home.

I grew bored during the trip and fell asleep.

After some time, I felt someone taking me into their arms. "Are we home?" I asked as I tried to wrangle myself out of his arms to walk.

"Don't move," Theo bellowed as he tightened his grip on me to prevent me from falling.

Since he was being so insistent, I decided to wrap my arms around his neck and enjoy how it felt to be carried bridal style.

The corners of his lips lifted upwards into a perfect curve when he noticed me obeying him. Walking straight up to the third floor, he laid me down on the bed and asked gently, "It's quite warm here. Do you want to take a quick shower before napping?"

I shook my head. "I don't feel like moving. I'll be fine after lying down for a bit." It was the middle of the day, and I was not feeling too sleepy. I had only

I was not feeling too sleepy. I had only fallen asleep in the car because I had been bored.

He did not say anything, merely lowering the room's temperature to a suitable degree before taking off my clothes, covering me with a blanket, and ducking into the bathroom.

Although I no longer felt sleepy, my stomach ached slightly from time to time, causing me some discomfort. Lying down made me feel better.

Theo walked out of the bathroom a short while later. I was stunned to see that he had taken a shower.

"Aren't you going to work?" I had thought he would leave for work after he finished helping me settle down. After all, from what I remembered, he never seemed to have any weekends.

"I'll accompany you at home today." As he spoke, he managed to dry the water clinging to his body, lie down next to me, and reach out to pull me into his arms.

It was the first time I had ever slept next to him during the day, and I felt slightly awkward. However, I had no time to pay

attention to that with the pains in my stomach making me instinctively curl up.

“Does it feel very uncomfortable?” When he noticed I was touching my stomach, he reached out and placed his large hand over mine. His palm was slightly warm to the touch.

“Hurts a little bit,” I answered quietly.

“Let’s go for a check-up at the hospital.” He immediately sat up and began getting out of bed.

I reached my hand out to grab him. “No need. We’ve had multiple check-ups about this issue already, and the doctor always says it’s normal and that it’ll get better soon.” I did not enjoy going to the hospital all the time. It made me feel uncomfortable.

For some reason, my stomach had been hurting slightly ever since I became pregnant with this child. I had gone for multiple check-ups, but the doctor had always told me it was fine and normal.

He laid back down and pulled me into his arms again. Nestling me inside his arms, he used a large hand to stroke my

He laid back down and pulled me into his arms again. Nestling me inside his arms, he used a large hand to stroke my stomach gently. "There are about five months left. This must be hard for you."



I did not say anything. It had always been difficult for women to give birth, yet it was rarely something men could empathize with. They always saw it as something simple, thinking that we just had to carry an extra lump of meat within our stomachs for nine months.

Theo had always seemed like a chauvinistic male to me, so I was surprised to hear him say that.

I soon fell asleep again with him holding me. It was nearly noon when I woke up.

"You're awake. Are you hungry?" Theo did not seem to have slept. He was half-lounging on the bed, holding me with one arm as he used the other to scroll through his phone.

I shook my head. He was truly rearing me the way one would rear a pig, getting me to sleep after eating and stuffing me with food the moment I woke up.

Craving the warmth of his arms, I lay still and did not move despite no longer

feeling sleepy.

He put his phone down and turned around to hold me even tighter. After a long while, he said, "It was nice laying with you in silence. I'm preparing to let the others take over the company's operations for a while so I can stay home with you and accompany you throughout this childbirth process."

"That's okay. You're busy, and I still have to go to work." I did not hesitate to refuse. I had never thought about what it would be like for the both of us to stay at home every day, but I could already guess it would be something that would require a lot of adjusting to.

He raised his gaze toward me, an unreadable expression in the depths of his dark eyes. "Are you worried I won't have enough money to support you, or do you just not like spending time with me?"

"It's none of those reasons. It'll just be detrimental to the child's development if we stay together all day like this," I said lightly.

"B\*llshit. A child only grows up happily

and healthily if the husband and wife have a good relationship." As he tucked a stray piece of hair behind my ear, he lowered his head and whispered, "I heard the doctor say it'd be safe after three months..."

He leaned forward a bit more when he saw me freeze. My heart began thudding, a blush rapidly spreading across my face.

Seeing how I remained silent, he began stripping my clothes off me.

"No, I'm worried." The memory of what had happened the last time was still fresh in my mind.

"I swear nothing that happened before will happen again this time."

...

After carrying me to the bathroom to clean up, he placed me back down on the bed. "You can nap for a while longer. I'll go make something to eat." Then, he put his clothes back on and went downstairs.

It was only then that I remembered that Miss Woods would not be here for the next few days. She had left due to a family

emergency. Theo had initially wanted to hire someone else to cook for us, but I had not agreed to it because I was not used to having strangers in the house.

I did not feel sleepy because I had been napping for the entire morning, so I decided to walk downstairs too.

Theo was bustling about in the kitchen. When he saw me coming down, he handed me a glass of fresh juice and said, "Go watch television in the living room. It's smoky and oily here."

I took the glass of juice and leaned against the doorframe, quietly watching him prepare food.

He rarely cooked, but his movements were as skillful as a housewife's. As expected, nothing posed a challenge to this man.

When I saw a pot of soup on the stove, I put my glass down and prepared to bring it out.

I did not expect a searing pain to run up my hand when I touched the pot. I could not help but scream out in pain as I drew my hand back.

out.

I did not expect a searing pain to run up my hand when I touched the pot. I could not help but scream out in pain as I drew my hand back.

“What’s wrong?” There was a panicked look on his face as he raced over.