



Chapter 11 Please Spare My Mom After My Death

Maeve woke up the next day.

The doctor let out a sigh, filled with regret. "Miss Payne, three years ago you endured a severe injury, and now you face even greater affliction. This time, it may be difficult to find complete recovery."

Theo, gazing at Maeve's pallid face, struggled to contain the raging fire within his heart.

Maeve wept, teardrops falling down like glistening pearls. "I believed that Ceci came to the hospital to care for me, genuinely out of remorse and redemption. Little did I know, she merely wished for my death."

"The doctor says I can never dance again. It would be better if I were dead! I can never accomplish my dream now."

Theo's heart ached as he held her tightly, reassuring her in a gentle voice. "I will find the best

doctors for you. Don't speak such words of despair! Moreover, it's not you who should be dead."

In this moment, Theo truly yearned to crush Cecilia to dust, to alleviate the burning resentment in his heart.

What a woman with a venomous heart and a treacherous soul! He, in his misguided compassion, had bestowed upon her a million.

Maeve sobbed, her entire body convulsing, tears ceaselessly cascading. "Why my sister harbors such hatred towards me? Perhaps it is my mere existence that disturbed the tranquility of her marriage..."

"The only one who's qualified to be my wife is you! She snatch this position from you. It has been three years, and that should be enough."

His voice turned icy, his eyes deep and piercing. In his eyes, Cecilia was an embodiment of malevolence. Being Mrs. Heimann for three years was God's gift to her. It's time for her to give it back to Maeve now.

When Cecilia learned of her mother's expulsion from the hospital, her hope dissolved into despair.

For hours, she curled up in a corner, until Luke hurried to her. "Ceci, rest assured, I will take care of your mother."

Cecilia mustered the strength to lift her head to meet his eyes. Her eyes bloodshot and swollen, she murmured, "Is it true? But Theo..."

In Grythwill, Heimann family was supreme in status and wealth. It would be no good for Luke to show any attempt of resistance to Theo.

"Ceci, leave with me. Let us leave here, seeking someplace unreached by Theodore Heimann."

Witnessing the sincerity in Luke's eyes, Ceci found herself torn with hesitation. After careful contemplation, she entrusted the remaining half a million to Luke.

"Luke, please take my mother to leave this place. I... I have unfinished business with Theodore." Cecilia assured him, soothing his worries. "Rest assured, I will come find you in a few days."

Handing her mother over to Luke brought her great relief. He would take care of her. As for Cecilia herself, there was no longer a faith for her to live.

Ever since she laid eyes on Theodore at the age of seventeen, her existence revolved around him. She wept for him, she laughed for him.

Three years ago, her wish came true as she became his wife, only to be perceived by him as a venomous woman.

For the past six years, her sole focus had been loving him. Only now did she realize that she had imprisoned herself for these six years, in a cage called love. She was touched by her own love, but didn't realize that her love was a burden for others.

Therefore, the time had come for her to release her grip, to set him, and herself free.

As she bid farewell to Luke, she breathed a sigh of relief that she would no longer burden anyone.

The past memories flooded into her mind.

Countless nights, Theodore would return home and forcefully pinned her beneath, repeatedly squeezed her throat. His haunting words echoed in her ears.

"Cecilia Payne, dressing like this, are you intentionally seducing me? Your shameless bitch,

truly sickening!”

“Cecilia, you evil bitch! Your mother's illness is your retribution! People like you deserve nothing but death!”

“Cecilia, why don't you just die! Go and die!”

“...”

He relentlessly tormented her, time and time again. She only felt the profound pain in her heart, a pain that numbed her to the core.

Theodore Heimann, you truly detest me to such an extent?

With these thoughts consuming her, Cecilia sent a brief message to Theodore. [Please spare my mother after my death.]

His words lashed at her like relentless curses, resounding in her ears. “Go and die!”

Cecilia stood by the window, gazing out at the moonlit world. What a stunning view!

Yet...

Abruptly, her body quivered, overwhelmed by despair, and she took a leap forward.

The chilling wind pierced through her very being, tousling her long hair into disarray. Still, she wore a smile, a smile drenched in melancholy.

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The following day, immediately after Theodore concluded a meeting, his assistant entered the room.

"Sir, will you be attending the funeral?"

He raised his head, puzzled. "Whose funeral?"

"Your wife's."



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