



## Chapter 13 Have Done Our Best

Theo took a few steps and stood unwavering at the entrance of the emergency room. He yearned for Cecilia to awaken swiftly, to tell him the truth.

Time slipped away, each minute and second vanishing silently.

In Theo's mind, scenes flickered like a replayed film, each one portraying Cecilia's love for him. Isn't it often the case that he only truly cherish something once it's lost?

The once-ignored memories began to resurface, one by one, within the depths of his mind.

Every time he suffered from a stomachache, he would unfailingly find stomach medicine in the car—complete with clear usage instructions, prepared by Cecilia. In his eyes, these were nothing more than Cecilia's tactics to flatter him.

He loved eating soup, especially in the evening, and his picky palate demanding the perfect concentration of soup. Cecilia discovered his

preference, and she ensured that there was soup in the table every time he had dinner at home.

Gradually, fragments of memories lined up and surged within his mind. Theo had unknowingly crumpled the documents in his hands, while the emergency room door remained steadfastly shut.

A subtle glimmer danced in Theo's eyes. Cecilia loved him so much. How could she suddenly choose to give up him and commit suicide?

With a sudden click, the door of the emergency room swung open, prompting Theo to dash forward.

"Mr. Heimann, this is the patient's death notification. Please sign it." The doctor, aware of the relationship between Cecilia and Theo, handed over the death notification and a pen directly to Theo.

"A death notification?" Theo squinted his eyes, followed by a scornful laughter that escaped his lips. "Who said she's dead? I'm not buying it! Bring her out! She hasn't yet atoned for her sins! She can't die so easily!" Theo bellowed in fury, shoved the death notification back into doctor's hand.

Theo yearned to enter, but the doctor blocked his way. "Go and tell her, it would be best for her to obediently come out and cease these tricks. If she insists on this boring joke, I won't spare her mother!" A surge of anger overwhelmed Theo, his face stern as he spoke coldly to the doctor, his words dripping with menace.

"Mr. Heimann, please don't make things difficult for us. The patient..." The doctor's words were cut off sharply by Theo.

"Tell her I won't be fooled by her theatrics!"

A vivid scene appeared before him. It was Cecilia, and she seemed to be jabbering about something. Theo also saw himself standing opposite Cecilia, as she was describing things to him with a cheerful demeanor, but receiving only indifference in response. He witnessed his former self, who never even spared a glance for Cecilia. All he ever offered her was his back, a sight that inflicted deep anguish upon her.

These scenes played out in Theo's mind, and he blinked, only to find the hospital white floor tiles

before him once more.

“Come out, Cecilia. I will grant you an opportunity to explain. What is the truth behind all this, the words you said to your mother in the recorder, and... that kidney! What is the meaning of it all?” Theo's gaze remained fixed on the floor tiles as he silently repeated his words.

Question after question, yet no response came. Ezra had never seen Theodore like this, standing by unsure of how to console him. Suddenly, Theo seemed to grasp the reason behind Cecilia's choice. Yes, loving him had only inflicted her unbearable pain. That's what had driven her to make this decision.

Theo's inquiries went unanswered. He lifted his head, his gaze shifting toward the door of the operating room. Another door closed, and Theo's gaze flickered.

“I'm sorry, Mr. Heimann. We have done our best.” Said the doctor who emerged wore a sorrowful expression on his face.



Comments



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