



Chapter 01 Diagnosed As Cancer

"Mrs. Heimann, the report is out. I'm sorry to tell you, but you had bone cancer, in its late stage."

A sharp pang struck Cecilia's heart, as if half of her heart had been ripped out.

"How much time do I have left?"

Lately, she had been plagued by nosebleeds, restless nights filled with haunting dreams, and intermittent pains in her chest. But she never thought them to be omens for death's looming.

The doctor's pen paused in mid-air. "Roughly three months."

The news made Cecilia plummeted into a deep abyss, as if a thunderbolt had shattered the clear sky right upon her, and dark clouds overshadowing her whole life.

She rose abruptly, a flurry of panic urging her to escape from here.

Just a week ago, Cecilia's mother had been diagnosed with a malignant tumor, and now fate was

poised to snatch away her own life! How could it so cruel!

Tears welled up, breaking the dam of her restrained emotions, as well as a deluge of despair she had held back for so long.

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In the frigid winter, Grythwill Town had just emerged from a heavy snowfall.

Cecilia Payne, clad in a thin coat, stood before an opulent villa, repeatedly pressing the doorbell. Her every move movement was laced with bitterness and urgency.

The biting cold had rendered her numb, her entire being trembling uncontrollably, while a twinge of pain emanated from her breastbone. The pain grew more distinct, yet she refused to succumb. Her mother awaited the funds for her surgery, and Cecilia must procure that sum.

At that moment, a black Maybach, screeched to a halt by the entrance.

Cecilia turned her head and beheld a pair of polished leather shoes touching the ground as a man

strode out, walking past without even a glance at her.

Cecilia grabbed hold of him hurriedly. "Theo, could you do me a favor..."

Theo Heimann paid her no heed, but casting a derisive glance over her before entering the house. Cecilia hung her head, contemplating for a moment, suppressing the pain in her chest, and trailed behind him.

Inside the house, Cecilia stood there in a daze.

Three years of marriage never changed the way he treated her like strangers, maybe worse.

Observing Theo, who sat on the sofa exuding an aura of authority, his expression ice-cold, Cecilia mustered the courage. "Would you... lend me a million?"

"Humph." Theo scoffed, squinting his eyes. "Are you planning to take my money and elope with that bastard?"

A sharp pang jabbed at Cecilia's breastbone, and she struggled to defend herself. "No, the man you saw that day wasn't..."

“Save it!” Theo interrupted, his eyes filled with disgust. “Cecilia Payne, stop playing innocence! You should have foreseen the consequences at that time you schemed against me, drugging me and hurt Maeve’s legs!”

“IT WAS NOT ME. I had no hand in planning against you or causing her harm.” Cecilia retorted desperately, her heart brimming with sorrow and indignation.

In the eyes of everyone, Cecilia was a heartless bitch who seduced her own sister's fiance and pushed her sister down the stairs, hurting her both legs.

His silence Cecilia's anguish to intensify, while she found herself trapped with no way out. She knew he didn't believe her. She no longer wished to explain. There were more pressing matters at hand. Her mother and she both needed money for medical treatment.

She decided to make compromise. “If you lend me that one million, I'll do anything you ask... I will

agree to divorce you, and you can marry Maeve." She added.

Raising an eyebrow, Theo lit a cigarette, the smoke enveloping him as he curled his lips. That's a smile that hung between doubts and scorn.

With a cold glance over Cecilia, he rose from his seat. He reached out to lightly brush away the snowflakes that clung to her shoulder. His voice dripped with frost. "I know you enjoy being Mrs. Heimann that much, right? Very well. Then as you wish, I won't divorce you."

"I know you despise me, but I genuinely need that one million. I..."

The butler approached at this time, his face slightly troubled. Theo turned his head and inquired, "What's the matter?"

Cecilia stood nearby, suddenly at a loss for words.

"Miss Maeve Payne called, asking if you will be returning home tonight?" The butler conveyed.

"Tell her I will return." Theo replied curtly, shooting a cold glance at Cecilia before striding out

of the door.

Watching his retreating figure, Cecilia murmured, "Theo..." I went to the hospital today. I have been diagnosed with bone cancer.

She cast her eyes downward. He never had the patience to listen to her words in their entirety.



Comments



Gift