



## Chapter 10 Exchange My Life For Her Life

Theo tenderly lifted Maeve in his arms, his voice filled with soothing warmth. "It's alright, it's alright. Your legs will surely be fine."

His gaze then fell upon Cecilia, standing there motionless. With each word, he uttered a fierce determination. "Cecilia, I will make sure you pay the price!"

Cecilia was stunned. It wasn't her. Maeve had clearly fallen on her own! How ruthless, willing to hurt herself just to make Theo despise Cecilia. Three years ago, Maeve had been just as ruthless, and even after three years, she remained the same.

Cecilia looked at Theo with despair, her face ghastly pale. "Theo, it wasn't me, she fell on her own."

"Maeve's leg took three years to heal, and you can't stand to see even a glimmer of her well-being! Now, with her suffering from uremia, you still refuse

to spare her. I truly wonder if you have a heart!" Theo's profound eyes blazed with fury, casting a terrifying glare as he passed by Cecilia.

Observing him hurriedly carry Maeve, and the hatred directed towards her, Cecilia lapsed into endless despair. Her heart had been repeatedly trampled upon, subjected to relentless torment.

The lights in the emergency room flickered to life. Cecilia walked over slowly, gripping Theo's sleeve, imploring, "Theo, if you must blame someone, blame me. It has nothing to do with my mother."

"Fuck off!" Theo's voice brimmed with impatience as he forcefully pushed Cecilia aside. "Who do you think you are? I've already said that if you dare to harm Maeve again, I won't spare your mother!"

She wanted to say more, but the pain in her chest made it difficult to catch her breath. Cecilia instantly crumbled to the ground.

Just as Grandpa Adam arrived, he witnessed Cecilia seated upon the ground. "Theo, what's going on here?"

Theo finally noticed his grandfather's arrival.  
"Grandpa, why are you here?"

"It's not important. What on earth happened?"

Theo looked at Cecilia sitting before him, his anger exploding. "Get up quickly. What the fuck! Why you just can't stop acting for even one second!"

Cecilia didn't know why he always said she was acting. Even Grandfather Adam couldn't bear it any longer. "Theo, watch your language!"

"Grandpa." Theo took a deep breath. Out of unknown reason, he felt his heart tinged at the sight of Cecilia's nosebleed. "Maeve's leg injury was just healing, and she pushed her down the stairs again. The doctor says her leg may never recover." These words sounded harsh, as he directly affirmed her guilt without investigation. "Not only that, she also swindled \$500,000 from me."

The disappointment on Grandfather Adam's face and the blame in Theo's tone were like knives piercing her heart.

She lifted her head. "Grandfather, it's not like that."

Before Grandfather Adam could speak, she saw Theo take out a voice recorder. When the conversation within was played, her face turned pale. What was going on? Who recorded the words she comforted her mother with? At that time, there were only her and her mother. Could someone have placed a voice recorder in the ward beforehand?

Just as Cecilia was perplexed and confused, Grandfather Adam said disappointedly, "I have wrongly trust you. In that case, you should divorce Theo tomorrow."

"Grandfather..." She couldn't bear it any longer, looking at Adam with teary eyes. "You don't believe me either?"

"The recordings are right here. Maeve is still in the intensive care unit. How can I believe you? If you have any conscience left, divorce Theo tomorrow. You have disgraced your grandfather..." As the words fell, Grandfather Adam left in disappointment.

Cecilia stood frozen in place for a moment, then yelled at Theo. "If I offered my life in exchange for my mother's, would you believe me?"



Comments



Gift