



Chapter 03 Withdraw Treatment

"Cecilia Payne, in the years you've been married into Heimann family, you haven't learned much, but you've certainly mastered the art of feigning innocence." Theo raised an eyebrow, his eyes tinged with sarcasm.

Her throat went dry, and she was puzzled. "I haven't..."

"Haven't?" His anger intensified, and his slender fingers clamped firmly on her chin. In a cold voice, he said, "Still pretending! When will you remove this mask of hypocrisy? You even had the audacity to as my grandfather for money. How shameless you are!"

Cecilia opened her mouth but didn't retort. The image of her baseness had been deeply ingrained in his mind. If possible, she would rather never have loved Theodore Heimann.

However, her silence only increased Theo's rudeness.

"Huh!" Theo stared at her, as if he wanted to crush her chin. Through gritted teeth, he said, "Why silent? You always put on a pitiful facade. If it really isn't true, why did you conveniently pass out in front of Grandfather? Just to gain his sympathy by cheating, right?"

"Theo, what are you doing?!" Grandpa Adam hurriedly approached, sighing. "Release her first. You shouldn't be so rude."

"Grandpa, she's just acting. She's using your kindness to manipulate you." Theo said with disgust, looking at Cecilia as if she were garbage.

"This \$500,000 is my alms for you. After all, you've been demeaning yourself for charity for so many days! But from now on, don't even think about tricking a single penny out of me and my family! Don't come to Grandfather again, you're unworthy!" With that, he pulled Grandpa Adam away, feeling nauseated at the mere sight of Cecilia.

Cecilia bit her lips and cautiously picked up the check that was thrown onto her face. Although it was only \$500,000, it was better than nothing. It

could save her mother's life. Even if he hated her, despised her, she didn't care.

At that moment, a doctor holding a medical report entered. He furrowed his brow and said, "Mrs. Heimann, if you continue to refuse medication, it's likely you won't have more than three months."

Cecilia forced a bitter smile. Where would she find money for treatment? In this world, besides her mother, she had nothing to worry about.

She used to believe she had Theo by her side, but over the years, she discovered that she could never warm his heart. Instead, she only intensified his hatred, making him loathe her even more. She had never possessed anything and wasn't afraid of losing anything after death. They all wished for her to die, especially her husband, who harbored deep resentment towards her. Well, then as them wished, she was dying.

Regaining her composure, she withdrew the infusion needle from her hand and tremulously left with the check.

"I will definitely raise the remaining money to pay for your treatment." Standing by her mother's sickbed, seeing her face pale as plaster due to illness, Cecilia's heart felt as if it were being twisted. Her mother looked at her with a tender gaze, struggling to say, "Ceci, there's no hope for me. Let's go home..."



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