



Chapter 04 Shameless as Before

Home? It suddenly dawn on Cecilia something. The house, yes, the house. For Cecilia, this thought was like stumbling upon a life-saving raft in the vast ocean. After pondering for a while, she left the hospital.

Later, she sat earnestly on the sofa of the second-hand real estate agency, carefully scrutinizing the contract handed to her by the agency's staff. She held the contract so nervously and tightly as if she'd like to crumb it into pieces.

This was her mother's last possession, and was she really going to sell it at such a meager price? Had she never met and fallen in love with Theo, would it be possible that everything wouldn't have happened?

They were right, and all the scathing words they hurled at her were right. She was a cursed jinx who was incapable of doing anything but bringing calamity to those around her.

With a firm grip on the pen, she stared at the price on the paper, hesitating to sign her signature. The price still fell short of her expected price.

“Miss Payne, have you really decided to sell the house or not?” The agent, growing impatient with her hesitation, asked. From the moment Cecilia entered, he had held her in contempt. “If you don't want to sell, don't waste my time.” He rose from his seat, ready to depart.

“Huh?” Cecilia snapped back to reality, apologetically nodded her head. “I'm sorry, I'll sign it right away.”

She picked up the pen, poised to sign the contract, but a familiar voice abruptly interrupted her motion. “Ceci, what are you doing?”

She turned around, only to see a familiar face. It was Luke Lloyd, the one who had pursued her for years. For these past few years, she had been chasing after Theo, never sparing a glance for him who always stood behind her.

“Are you going to sell your house?”

Cecilia nodded. Selling the house was the only way for her to raise money. "I need money."

Luke paused for a moment, then took a decisive step forward. "Ceci, how much money do you need? Could you sell your house to me?"

"Luke." Ceci's nerves tensed, her voice trembling. "There's no need, I can handle it on my own." She had always held a low opinion of Luke, seeing him as none other than a playboy who never put his heart on business but women. And now... she was ashamed of her prejudice.

"Why? Aren't you in need of money?"

Yes, she was. But she didn't want to burden herself with debts owed to others. She was afraid, afraid that she no longer had time to repay them. She had merely three months left. Turning around, she picked up a pen, ready to sign.

Unable to dissuade Cecilia, Luke directly seized the pen from her hand and guided her towards the door, clutching the contract tightly. "Ceci, why do you insist on being strong-willed at this juncture? I like this house. Just tell me your price."

Abruptly, a sleek black Maybach halted before them. Theodore sat in the backseat, narrowing his eyes as he observed their intimate interaction, a trace of resentment apparent in his gaze.

Over the three years, this young man had been doggedly chasing Cecilia. Little did he anticipate that as soon as she obtained the money, she would seek out this man. Subsequently, Theo's gaze fell upon the contract.

His lips slightly parted. "Discharged from the hospital so swiftly. Sure enough, she feigned sickness."

Cecilia stood rooted in place, silently staring at Theo.

Theo sneered, his words cutting deep. "You remain as shameless as ever, using my possessions to flatter other men."

Her chapped lips pressed tightly together. Cecilia was unable to comprehend his words. She simply wished to gather one million to fund her mother's surgery. What had she done wrong?

He refused to give her the money, and the \$500,000 she obtained came at the price of her own life. What right did he have to deride her here? She wouldn't sell her mother's only house if she he had another choice. Moreover, she had no time left. Now, ensuring her mother's survival was her only wish. She didn't care her own life.

"Still feigning?" Theo sneered, alighting from the car, snatching the contract from Luke's grip. "The house belongs to me."



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