



Chapter 06 Matching Test

Half a month later, Cecilia arrived at the hospital with a frail and languishing body. She lacked the funds for chemotherapy, so her only option was to rely on medication to sustain her life.

As she emerged from the pharmacy, a familiar figure swiftly passed by her. It was Theodore! What was he doing at the hospital?

Cecilia trailed behind, observing as he entered an upscale ward. The patient's name written on record was Maeve! How did this woman fall ill?

Just as she contemplated leaving, the ward's door swung open, and Theo said in a fluster. "What are you doing here?"

Cecilia froze, her heart stinging from his sudden movement. Witnessing the anguish in her gaze, a trace of concealed satisfaction flickered in Maeve's eyes. Nevertheless, she still nestled herself closer in Theo's embrace and murmured, "Theo, let's go back."

Theo tightened his hold, his gaze icy as he uttered, "You better stay at home. Don't make a fool of your self here."

She appeared nonchalant to his words, while he spared no effort in degrading her. Her mother's medical expenses remained uncollected, and she had chosen to sacrifice her own life. Yet her husband, rather than providing her with financial support, preferred to grant another woman the luxury of a deluxe ward.

Cecilia stared at him in disbelief. "Am I the one who make a fool of myself? Theodore, I am your wife. Isn't it embarrassing for you to gallivant with this bitch in public?"

Theo let out a disdainful chuckle. "Do you really consider yourself worthy of being my wife?" At this time, the doctor called for Maeve's family member to come forward. Theo spoke tenderly to Maeve, "Wait for me."

After he left, Maeve sized up Cecilia, her once tender appearance vanished without a trace. "Cecilia, you're truly pesky, chasing after Theo all the way to

the hospital? It's a shame that he feels nothing but disgust when he sees you."

"Who is the real pesky one? Three years ago, you knew the truth better than I did! If we're talking about disgusting, no one can match your!"

Without a second thought, Maeve slapped Cecilia fiercely, her words dripping with venom. "You bitch! How dare you insult me! Let me tell you, I've returned this time to reclaim my position as Theo's wife!"

Caught off guard, Cecilia stumbled and fell to the ground, her medical report slipping out. Maeve, quick-witted, swiftly picked up the report from the floor. Ignoring the pain on her face, Cecilia desperately tried to snatch the report from her hands. She didn't want her sickness to become Maeve's laughingstock.

Sure enough,"Maeve sneered mockingly. "You're sick? Bone cancer. How pitiful! Your only hope is to rely on medication to extend your pitiful existence."

"That's none of your business! At least I don't have to depend on seducing others' husbands to

survive. Unlike you, destined to remain a lowly mistress!" Cecilia didn't back down, every word piercing Maeve's heart.

The mention of being a mistress sent Maeve into a frenzy. As Theo approached, Maeve hastily shoved the medical report back into Cecilia's hands. "Cecilia, mark my words, you'll pay the price for what you've said today!"

Just as Theo approached, he cast an impatient glance at Cecilia. "Why are you still here?"

Maeve wore a false smile. "Theo, Ceci wants to undergo a matching test with me. After all, we're sisters, so it's more likely that we can match."

A matching test? What kind of game was she playing? Cecilia was completely bewildered.

Before she could utter a word, Theo's voice, cold as ice, reached her ears. "Yeah, you remind me. Since you two are siblings, if the match test succeeds, she can provide you with a kidney, a perfect match."