

Chapter 14 Please Wake Up

The doctor's words reverberated, each syllable striking Theo's heart like a thunderous impact. In that moment, he felt as if his very breath had ceased.

Cecilia, truly dead? He dared not believe it, reluctant to accept this harsh reality. She hadn't yet atoned for her sins, hadn't yet explained everything to him.

After a long while, Theo finally regained his voice. His throat throbbed with pain, a tinge of bitterness on his tongue.

"What did you say?" With somber intensity, his gaze fixed upon the doctor.

"Mr. Heimann, I'm sorry, we truly did our best. Mrs. Heimann... she has truly departed." The doctor's voice cut through the silent corridor. It struck Theo's heart.

"I don't care what methods you employed. You must find a way to awaken her!" Theo's exuding an aura of oppression, his voice icy and piercing.

"Mr. Heimann, I understand that this sudden reality is difficult for you to accept. However, I must

express my deepest apologies. We truly exerted every effort, but Mrs. Heimann has truly departed. I hope you can come to terms with this truth.”

The doctor continued to apologize, his words shed light on the grim reality. He also felt sorry for Cecilia's death.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Heimann.” The attending doctor bowed deeply to Theo, his own heart heavy with sorrow.

“I won’t believe it! She is not dead!” Theo's head shook in obstinate denial, his expression freezing cold.

“Then, Mr. Heimann, you may come in and bid farewell to Mrs. Heimann.” The doctor allowed Theo to see Cecilia’s body.

Perhaps it’s the only way for him to accept the reality.

Theo's eyes dimmed, his steps faltering ever so slightly. Why did his footsteps suddenly become burdened with such weight? Within this short distance, each step seemed to take all his strength.

Upon the surgical table, Theo raised his gaze, only to see her lying here, lifeless. He slowly

swallowed, his throat dry and tightened. A dryness that stung.

As he drew closer, Theo's pupils contracted, complicated emotions flickering in his eyes. In this moment, he seemed to have thousands of words in heart but failed to utter them.

On the surgical table lay a woman drenched in blood. Her once pretty face was now only a blur of flesh and blood, features indistinguishable.

A suffocating pain gripped his heart, and Theo tightened his fist, unable to move his eyes away from her. His gaze traversed, to the cascade hair stained with blood. He lifted his hand, longing to wipe away the stains of blood, but his trembling hand hesitated.

Then his gaze traveled to her long straight legs, which now bore the bruises and crimson imprints of blood. Cecilia was a dancer, and only now did Theo realize how beautiful her legs were. He had never truly grasped beauty of Cecilia, for he had never truly paid attention to her.

This woman's facial contours lay ruined, rendering her identity unrecognizable. A sliver of hope kindled in Theo's heart. Maybe she's not... After

all, he didn't catch any familiar feelings from this woman.

Theo pursed his lips, his gaze searching for something that would affirm her identity, but found nothing to verify her as Cecilia.

Just as Theo prepared to breathe a sigh of relief, a glimmer caught his eye at the edge of his vision.

It's a ring... It's their wedding ring!

In an instant, his breath caught, his nerves on the verge of breakdown. He had never wore their wedding ring, and now he couldn't recall its whereabouts. Yet Cecilia never took it off.

Leaning forward abruptly, Theo grasped the edge of the surgical table, his eyes welling with tears. His eyes, tinged with a hint of red.

"Cecilia, are you truly dead?" Theo's questioning voice echoed in the empty emergency room. Only response was the silence



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