

Chapter 26 Design Competition

Luke turned his gaze away from the computer when he heard the woman's words. "I knew it, Ceci. You have a unique talent in design." Luke's voice was filled with uncontrollable surprise.

The sunlight shone on Ceci's face through the window, adding a touch of gentle beauty to her delicate features.

The person who had "turned into ashes" stood here now, unharmed.

"I have seen the participants in this design competition. Each one of them is talented, and some of the designers have won numerous awards internationally." Cecilia thought it was important to be cautious. This design competition was crucial for them.

Although Luke's company had gained some reputation in the industry, it seemed to have hit a bottleneck in recent years. This design competition

could be an opportunity. If they could win an award, it would greatly enhance the company's reputation.

"Cecilia, I want you to take your works to attend the competition personally." Luke wanted to give Cecilia an opportunity to shine in the design industry.

"No, Luke. I still need to go home and take care of Little Jace!" Cecilia mentioned Jace, and her expression softened. At that time, she was surprised by the arrival of this baby.

"Right, if you participate in the competition, you'll probably worry about leaving Jace alone with a nanny." Luke teased Cecilia with a smile.

Cecilia was extremely protective of her child. Since little Jace was born, there hadn't been a day when she was separated from him.

"Oh, by the way, Jace should be able to turn over soon!" Luke chuckled.

"Yeah, he can slowly crawl on his own. He's quite mischievous." Cecilia said with a sigh. This child was indeed very lively.

Soon Cecilia left the company. It was lunchtime, and she couldn't wait to see her son.

When she arrived home, the nanny was feeding him. Jace was already five months old, sucking on milk with his eyes closed.

After little Jace finished his meal, Cecilia saw him open his big, glassy eyes and look around. Unable to resist, she picked up the child and took some toys from the table, carefully soothing him. Seeing the child's happy and giggly expression, Cecilia couldn't help but be filled with memories.

Back then, she stood on the rooftop, feeling helpless and alone. She took a step towards the edge.

"CECILIA!" An unexpected shout made Cecilia instinctively turn around.

"Luke?" It was Luke, the man who had been following her all along.

"Cecilia, don't give up hope. Come back, I promise you, I will definitely cure you!" Luke shouted desperately, nervously observing her expression. He was afraid that she would suddenly jump off the rooftop.

"It's incurable. It can't be cured." Cecilia despairingly shook her head, her bright eyes devoid of light.

"You're just going to jump off like this? Have you thought about your mother and your brother? How will they feel if they hear your death?" Cecilia was surprised and stunned. Indeed, she had only thought about herself and never considered other people.

"Come here. Let's figure out a solution together. I can help you get away from Theodore forever." These final words successfully made Cecilia's decision shake.

"You promise me?" Cecilia cautiously asked.

"Don't worry, I will keep my promise!" Cecilia had already lost all hope in Theodore, but now she heard that Luke was willing to help her... Moreover, if she were to truly die, what would happen to her mother and brother?

A glimmer of hope brought a faint smile to Cecilia's lips. Slowly turning around, she walked towards Luke's direction.

Luke quickly stepped forward and embraced Cecilia tightly, unwilling to let go. It seemed that if he were to release her, Cecilia would immediately vanish like a gust of wind.

In the subsequent events, Luke feigned Cecilia's death flawlessly. Bloodstains, the wedding ring and the body of a woman with a similar physique to Cecilia successfully deceived Theodore.

With Luke's assistance, Cecilia's bone cancer was cured in a foreign hospital and she made a full recovery.

Cecilia was content with her current life, gently soothing the child in her arms, finally liberated from Theodore Heimann.

She adjusted little Jace to a more comfortable position, then turned on the TV to watch the ongoing design competition.

"Hmm? How could this be?" A model was strutting on the stage wearing a design, but the designer's name didn't belong to her. What? But it was her design!

Cecilia's heart skipped a beat. Could there be a traitor in the company?



Comments



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