

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1231

Chapter 1231 Cannot Stop Crying

Maybe he’s just toying with you. He doesn’t have to take any responsibility.

Nathaniel’s words echoed around Cecilia like a haunting melody. In an instant, her eyes welled up with Tears.

“So that’s how you’ve seen me all along,” she said, her voice bitter. “You’ve always asked me why I refused to remarry. Do you understand now? In your eyes, I’m just a woman whose feelings can be toyed with by others.”

Her voice trembled as she continued, “Nicholas, Eric, Calvin—these three men. Do you think less of me because I have a child and am still entangled with them?”

Cecilia vividly remembered the first time Nathaniel had misunderstood her relationship with Calvin, wrongly believing something had happened between them.

But during those four to five years abroad, not once had she even held Calvin’s hand. Their relationship had remained firmly in the realm of friendship.

Nathaniel stared at Cecilia’s reddening eyes and only then realized he had spoken out of turn. Regret hit him instantly.

He stepped forward to embrace her, but Cecilia recoiled, her emotions overwhelming her. Tears began to stream down her cheeks, one after another. She didn’t know why she was crying, but the injustice of it all felt too much to bear.

In her life, Nathaniel was the only significant man she had been involved with. There had been no other men, despite what he may have thought.

But deep down, it seemed that Nathaniel always harbored the belief that she might be with someone else.

“All right, let’s leave it at that. Let go of me, I need some time alone,” Cecilia said, her voice barely above a whisper.

Nathaniel’s shoulders were damp with her tears. Panic gripped him as he gently wiped her face, his touch tender but frantic. “Don’t cry. I didn’t mean it that way he murmured, his voice laced with guilt.

But Cecilia’s tears wouldn’t stop. Perhaps it was the pregnancy hormones amplifying her emotions, or maybe it was simply the accumulation of everything that had happened.

“Move aside. I want to go home,” she demanded, trying to pry his hands away.

Nathaniel, filled with regret and fear, wasn’t going to let her leave so easily. “Let’s eat first. We can talk about going back later,” he coaxed, trying to soothe the situation.

Regret gnawed at him, his earlier words replaying in his mind. He was afraid—terrified, really—that Cecilia might slip away from him for good, that she might truly not want him anymore.

With a sense of urgency, Nathaniel fetched the bowl of oatmeal again and tried to feed it to Cecilia.

“I’m not hungry.” She felt like throwing up and had absolutely no desire to eat anything,

“Just a little, it’s not good for you to go hungry,” he pleaded. But Cecilia had had enough. She pushed the spoon away, her voice sharp. “I said I’m not hungry. Stop pushing.”

Her forceful push caused the oatmeal to spill, splashing onto the table and the floor. Nathaniel, normally so particular about cleanliness, didn’t show any frustration.

“All right, I won’t push you,” he said gently, “I’ll clean up.”

With that, he stood and began tidying the mess himself. Cecilia, exhausted both physically and emotionally, lay back on the bed, her mind in turmoil.

Meanwhile, Eric was waiting at the international airport, staring at his phone. Marcus, stood by, shaking his head in disapproval.

“I warned you, didn’t I? You can’t mess with a married woman. Now her husband’s found out, hasn’t he?” Marcus said, his voice a mixture of exasperation and amusement.

Though he hadn’t heard exactly what Nathaniel had said on the call, Marcus could easily guess.

Eric’s indifferent expression didn’t change. “If her husband really loved her, why did he leave her abroad alone for four or five years with two kids?” he retorted, his voice sharp with defiance.

“You really are out of your mind.”

Eric ignored Marcus’ warnings. Trust me, they won’t make it.”

He didn’t believe Nathaniel had any real hold over Cecilia. From his perspective, if Nathaniel hadn’t been able to see for years, how could he possibly compete with someone like Eric?

Nathaniel's sole advantage was his sons with Cecilia.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1232

Chapter 1232 He Cannot Measure Up To Me

Eric was feeling exceptionally confident. He had no health issues, was blessed with good looks, and came from a prestigious family. In his mind, there was no way Nathaniel could measure up to him.

Marcus didn't bother trying to convince him otherwise anymore. He knew Eric was the type who would only learn after crashing into a wall.

At Daltonia Villa, Cecilia slowly got up from bed after calming herself down. She still couldn't quite figure out why she had broken down in tears earlier.

When she walked outside, Nathaniel had already prepared breakfast and was waiting. He looked at her and said, “Come sit, let's have breakfast.”

“I'm not eating,” she replied, her voice cold. “I'm heading to work.”

As she turned to leave, Nathaniel stopped her, gently insisting. “At least eat something before you go.”

He wasn't going to let her leave on an empty stomach. Reluctantly, Cecilia sat down at the table, her expression distant.

Nathaniel couldn't help but notice her red, swollen eyes, a sign of the emotions she had been battling, earlier.

Regret weighed heavily on him. He realized how careless he had been with his words, especially considering her current condition. The doctor had warned him about how stress could negatively affect pregnant women.

“Eat something,” he urged softly. “And let me know what you'd like for the future.”

Cecilia, barely acknowledging him, replied with indifference, “Whatever I want, I'll get myself.” She quickly finished her meal and stood up. “I'm going to work now.”

Nathaniel thought about stopping her again but feared it would only make things worse. He watched in silence as she walked out of the villa, disappearing from his view.

Mason arrived at the villa just as Cecilia was leaving. He immediately noticed the displeasure on her face and greeted her with a smile. “Good morning, Mrs. Rainsworth.”

Cecilia stopped and turned to him, her tone sharp. "Mr Sanders, I'm divorced from your boss. Please just call me Cecilia, or Ms. Smith."

Mason was taken aback, unsure of what had transpired

Didn't Mr. Rainsworth say that Cecilia had moved into Daltonia Villa just last night? It seems things hadn't gone as well as I thought.

Still, he responded politely, "It wouldn't be proper. You're still the mother of Mr. Elliot. Addressing you as Mrs. Rainsworth is only respectful."

Cecilia didn't press the issue. Without another word, she got into her car and left.

Once she was gone, Mason hurried inside the villa. He found Nathaniel sitting on the couch, his expression dark and brooding, an unmistakable air of tension around him.

"Mr. Rainsworth," Mason said cautiously, sensing the mood.

Nathaniel looked up, snapping out of his thoughts. "Did you take care of the task I gave you last night?" he asked.

Mason nodded. "I had someone look into her friends preferences, and I made sure the gifts were prepared first thing this morning. They should have them by tonight."

"Good," Nathaniel replied as he stood up. "Let's go to the company."

"Yes, Mr. Rainsworth."

As they walked, Nathaniel added, "Eric is coming back today. Have someone from the office invite him over tomorrow to discuss his contract termination."

Mason was confused. "Are you really going to let him terminate it? If we let him go, we won't have any control over him anymore. He's smarter than he looks

Nathaniel, now seated in the car, massaged his temples. "I have my reasons," he said, his tone cold. Eric's audacity to pursue Cecilia hadn't gone unnoticed. In Nathaniel's mind, Eric was asking for trouble.

At Orion Corporation, there was an unusual quietness surrounding the office, Miranda and Robert were nowhere to be seen.

Sensing the odd atmosphere, Charlotte approached Cecilia and shared some news. "I heard that Robert's son, Adrian, had an accident. He's in the Hospital now, and they're by his side."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1233

Chapter 1233 Passed Down From His Mother

Cecilia was already familiar with Adrian's situation. Nathaniel had taken care of him, so she wasn't too curious about the details.

However, her mind wandered back to the previous night when someone had tried to crash into their car. She wanted to know who was behind it.

Reflecting on it, Cecilia figured Nathaniel had probably already investigated the matter.

And, sure enough, Nathaniel had made a visit to the hospital that morning. Though it was framed as a visit to check on Adrian, the real reason was to send a clear warning to Adrian's family—no more tricks.

Miranda had been so frightened that her legs almost gave out beneath her.

Deep down, Robert was nervous too, but he refused to admit that he had any part in trying to harm Nathaniel. Instead, he tried to appease him, saying, "Nathaniel, we're family. Why would I want to hurt you?"

Miranda chimed in nervously, "Of course, Nathaniel, both Adrian and I wish you a speedy recovery. We're all family here."

Nathaniel stared at the two, irritated by their cowardice "Don't let it happen again," he warned, his tone cold as he walked out of the hospital room.

The air inside the room felt suffocating. Adrian clutched his father's hand, his voice trembling. "Dad, I'm really scared."

"Don't worry, son. I'm here. He won't do anything to you," Robert replied, though a trace of doubt lingered in his voice. He didn't fully understand the extent of Nathaniel's influence.

Miranda, watching the weak display of her husband and son, felt a sense of disappointment creeping into her heart.

She needed some air. As soon as she stepped out of the hospital room, her phone buzzed with a message from Cassandra.

Cassandra: Are you at the office?

Miranda: No, I'm at the hospital with Adrian. Is something wrong?

Cassandra: It's nothing, just checking in.

Miranda: You haven't been in the office much lately. Is the pregnancy getting tough? I don't mean to pry, but you should be careful. Our Adrian was hurt by that horrible Cecilia.

Cassandra, knowing exactly what Miranda was doing, replied calmly: Don't worry, Nicholas is different from Adrian. I trust his character.

After sending the message, Cassandra cut off the conversation. She had no interest in feeding into Miranda's games.

But Miranda, seeing Cassandra's dismissive response, sneered. She continued typing, not ready to let it go: Many honest people make mistakes. After all, Cecilia was Nicholas' first love. A man's first love is something that never

The words hit Cassandra like a cold wave, sending a chill through her.

At that moment, she was standing in a hospital out of town, waiting while Dylan was being treated. That day was set aside for Dylan's health checks, and Cassandra had no choice but to accompany him.

Queenie was there too, pacing anxiously outside the treatment room.

"Mom, please sit down. Dylan's going to be fine, Cassandra urged, watching Queenie's nervous pacing.

"I'm fine," Queenie replied, waving off her daughter's concern. "I just hate seeing Dylan go through this. He's so young.

"Yeah, who knows where he got it from," Cassandra sighed,

No one in Queenie's family had diabetes. Queenie had done her own digging, and she knew that her former lover had no medical history that suggested anything like this.

Could it be that Dylan inherited this from his father's side?

As her thoughts wandered, the door to the treatment room finally opened, and the doctor stepped out.

"It's Type 2 diabetes," the doctor explained, "We've determined that it's most likely inherited from the mother, as there's a history of high blood sugar in the direct relatives."

Cassina emerged from the room with weary eyes and a heavy heart. "This is all my fault," she said quietly. "The doctor warned me when I was pregnant with Dylan. But I insisted on having him, and now he has to suffer because of me.

At that moment, Queenie's mind cleared, and she fixated on the doctor's words. Dylan's condition had been passed down from his mother.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1234

Chapter 1234 Do Not Resemble Each Other

Queenie was left perplexed. If Dylan had inherited his diabetes from Cassina, then did Cassina also inherit it from her own family?

But there was no history of diabetes in Queenie's lineage, nor in that of her former lover. She felt unsettled but didn't let it show. Instead, she tried to comfort Cassina.

“Don't blame yourself, Cassie,” Queenie said softly. “Every mother just wants her child to be healthy.”

Cassina nodded in agreement. “Yeah.”

Queenie looked at Cassina, her eyes filled with mixed emotions. A surge of guilt swept over her.

How could I ever doubt my own daughter? I've spent so many years searching for her. There's no room for doubts anymore: Cassina has to be my long-lost child. I can't lose her again.

Turning to the doctor, Queenie's voice was heavy with emotion. “Doctor, do whatever it takes. Spare no expense. My grandson has to be cured. If you manage that, your hospital will be the talk of the town.”

The doctor nodded earnestly. “We'll do everything we can to ensure his recovery, Mdm. Queenie.”

Queenie gave a small nod.

Cassandra, who had been waiting impatiently nearby, couldn't help but let her mind wander.

She had come all this way with Dylan for treatment, but her thoughts kept drifting back to Nicholas. Was he managing the company well in her absence? And was Cecilia using this time to get closer to him?

“Mom, you and Cassina should get some rest,” Cassandra suggested. “The doctor said Dylan's in good hands now.”

Queenie, trying to prioritize her daughters' well-being, nodded. “Yes, we should take a break and let him rest. Come on, Cassie, let's grab something to eat and rest for a bit.”

“All right,” Cassina agreed, following her.

As they left, Cassandra trailed behind, observing the two of them. Queenie and Cassina walked side by side, looking every bit like a mother and daughter.

Jealousy gnawed at Cassandra. She felt a bitter resentment rising within her.

If only I could reveal Cassina’s deception... but that wouldn’t work. If Queenie ever found out the truth, she’d continue searching for her real daughter, and what if she discovered that daughter was Cecilia? She’ll shower Cecilia with the love she’s showing Cassina now.

The thought—sent a chill down Cassandra’s spine. Steeling herself, she forced a smile and walked up to them.

Queenie turned, noticing Cassandra’s distant look. “Cassandra, you’re pregnant. Why don’t you head back home and rest?” Queenie suggested gently.

“No, I’m fine, really. I can stay and help, Cassandra replied, though her heart was already elsewhere started, and Cassina and I can manage. You should focus on yourself and Nicholas. Take this time to build your relationship.”

With a forced smile, Cassandra agreed. “All right, I’ll head back for now. But please keep me updated.”

“Okay.” Queenie nodded.

Cassandra quickly left. She couldn’t wait to get back.

Once she was gone, Queenie turned to Cassina. A question that had been on her mind surfaced, “Cassie, does your husband’s family have a history of diabetes?”

Cassina, not thinking much of it, shook her head. “I don’t think so. I’ve never heard of it.”

Queenie’s worries deepened, but she didn’t press further.

When they reached the hotel, Queenie encouraged Cassina to rest while she herself took a walk.

Once Cassina left. Queenie called her assistant, needing to voice her concerns. “Do you think Cassina resembles me?”

Previously. Queenie had heard numerous people mention that Cassina bore no resemblance to her. She simply assumed it was due to her past cosmetic surgery and didn’t pay it any mind.

The assistant, who had worked with Queenie for many years, hesitated before answering honestly. To be honest, you and Ms. Cassina don't look very much alike. Not in appearance, and even her demeanor is quite different from yours."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1235

Chapter 1235 Trying To Be Someone She Is Not

Fearing she might upset Queenie, the assistant added, "But it's understandable, considering that Ms. Cassina wasn't raised by your side."

Queenie knew the assistant was trying to reassure her, but it didn't quite ease her doubts. She pressed further. "Do you think Cassandra resembles me at all?"

The assistant hesitated, remaining quiet for a moment. She knew how selfish and manipulative Cassandra was, relying on Queenie to clean up her messes whenever she failed.

They were nothing alike. Queenie had built her success through resilience and determination, whereas Cassandra constantly leaned on others.

After a long pause, the assistant finally said, "Ms. Cassandra is definitely beautiful, and she has a rebellious streak like you did in your younger days." That was the only comparison she could make.

Queenie, known for her sharp intuition, sighed. "It seems neither of my daughters take after me. But that's normal, right? People say even siblings born of the same parents differ from each other."

The assistant tentatively asked, "Would you like me to arrange for a DNA test?"

Queenie hesitated before shaking her head. "No, let's not. If Cassie found out I had doubts and was testing her, it would break her heart. She's my daughter. That's all that matters."

The assistant nodded, sensing it wasn't her place to argue further. Queenie dismissed her with a wave and made her way upstairs to the presidential suite.

Inside the suite, Cassina was anxiously trying to reach her biological mother, her phone pressed to her ear as she nibbled on some food.

"Why haven't she picked up? What if something's wrong?" she muttered to herself, unaware that Queenie, had already entered the room.

"What's the matter?" Queenie asked, concerned.

Startled, Cassina quickly responded, "Mom, I've been trying to reach my adoptive mother, but I can't get through. I'm worried something's happened."

Despite her attachment to her newfound wealth, Cassina's heart still ached for her biological mother

Queenie, surprised by Cassina's concern, immediately offered, "I'll have someone check on her for you. Don't worry."

Relieved, Cassina nodded. "Thank you."

Queenie smiled softly. "We're family. There's no need to thank me. Now, eat something. You'll feel better."

"Okay," Cassina replied, sitting down again and continuing to eat. She looked up at Queenie, her voice filled with emotion. "Mom, before I met you, I never tasted food like this. I feel so lucky now."

Queenie's heart swelled with affection. "From now on, you'll never go without. When I retire, I'll cook for you myself."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1236

Chapter 1236 Give It All Back To Him

As Cecilia entered the room, a faint glimmer of warmth flickered in Nicholas' eyes. "You're here," he said softly, his gaze gentle.

Cecilia noticed his pale appearance and immediately felt something was off. "Mr. Rainsworth, are you feeling okay? You look pale."

Hearing her polite and distant tone made Nicholas feel as though his heart was being pierced. It pained him deeply. He shrugged it off casually. "It's nothing serious. I probably just caught a cold from the rain a few days ago," he explained, waving his hand as if to downplay the situation.

"Come sit with me." He gestured toward a nearby seat. "There's something I want to talk about."

Cecilia hesitated but eventually sat down on the couch across from him. "What is it?" she asked.

"Could we maybe skip the formalities?" Nicholas asked, a hint of sadness in his voice.

Cecilia lowered her gaze, unsure how to respond. Nicholas, noticing her discomfort, didn't push further.

“Never mind, just speak however you’re comfortable.” He paused for a moment before continuing, “I asked you here because I want to talk to you about something important.”

Cecilia looked up, puzzled.

“I don’t want to be the CEO of Orion Corporation anymore,” Nicholas said.

“Why?” Cecilia was confused.

“I never wanted to compete with my brother,” Nicholas began. “The only reason I took over was because he lost his memory and his sight. Our mother made me step in to prevent the company from falling into the wrong hands. But now that he’s recovered, it’s time! give it all back to him.”

Cecilia wasn’t sure how to respond. She was surprised by his sudden decision.

Nicholas continued, “If it’s not too much trouble, could you relay my message to him? Tell him, I prefer my freedom after all.”

“You should talk to him about this directly,” she suggested. “It’s better coming from you.”

At Nicholas’ wedding, Nathaniel had made it clear that he wouldn’t be returning to Orion Corporation. But Cecilia knew for certain that Nicholas wasn’t one to speak without thinking.

Nicholas began to cough, his body wracked with sudden weakness. Concerned, Cecilia quickly handed him a glass of water.

“Here, drink some water,” she said.

When Nicholas took the cup of water, his hand brushed against Cecilia’s, and she quickly pulled away, feeling something sticky on the back of her hand.

Glancing down, she realized her hand was covered in blood. Nicholas, still coughing violently, tried to take a sip of the water, but she noticed the clear liquid in the glass was now stained red.

Jocelyn, who had been waiting just outside, rushed in the moment she heard Cecilia’s voice.

Nicholas, still struggling with his coughing fit, tried to brush off their concern. “I’m fine,” he muttered weakly.

“You’re coughing up blood! How could you possibly be okay?” Cecilia exclaimed, her voice filled with panic.

Jocelyn's face mirrored Cecilia's worry. "Mr. Nicholas, let me help you up. We need to get you to hospital," she urged.

Since his discharge from the hospital, Jocelyn had rarely seen him coughing up blood.

Seeing this situation, she understood it was because of heartache.

Nathaniel had humiliated Nicholas at his wedding. Despite his calm demeanor at the time, Jocelyn knew he hated that older brother of his.

"I don't need to go, Nicholas insisted, his voice hoarse

Jocelyn, knowing better than to argue, turned to Cecilia for help. "Ms. Smith, please try to convince him. You two were close once, and he needs help. You can't just let him stay like this."

Her voice was almost pleading, and Cecilia, though torn, nodded. She moved to Nicholas' side and helped Jocelyn support him. "Nicholas, you need to stop being so stubborn. You're only making it harder for the people who care about you," she said firmly.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1237

Chapter 1237 You Really Are Beautiful

Nicholas finally relented. With Cecilia and Jocelyn guiding him, they made their way to the hospital.

Once Nicholas was taken into the treatment room, Jocelyn paced nervously in the hallway, her whole body trembling. Cecilia, equally anxious, felt the weight of worry pressing down on her.

She reached for her phone, intending to call Elena, but Jocelyn quickly stopped her.

"Please, don't," Jocelyn said, her voice urgent.

"Why not?" Cecilia asked, confused.

"We slipped out of the office to avoid being seen. If Mdm. Elena finds out about this, word will spread, and it won't be long before the board hears about Mr. Nicholas' condition. They'll call a meeting and try to remove him from his position. That stress would only make him worse," Jocelyn explained, the concern clear in her voice.

Cecilia hesitated, then slowly put her phone away. "Will he be okay?" she asked.

Jocelyn nodded, trying to be reassuring. "He'll be fine. This has happened before. As long as the doctors act quickly, he should recover."

With that reassurance, Cecilia felt a bit of relief, though the worry still gnawed at her. They both sat down, waiting together in silence. After a while, Jocelyn, noticing Cecilia's uneasy posture, gently suggested, "Why don't you take a break and sit for a while?"

"Okay."

As they sat together, Jocelyn couldn't help but admire Cecilia's serene beauty, despite the scar on her face. Even with that mark, Cecilia's grace and elegance shone through, making it easy to see why Nicholas had fallen for her.

"What's wrong?" Cecilia asked, noticing that Jocelyn had been gazing at her.

"It's nothing." Jocelyn replied. "I was just thinking you're really beautiful."

Cecilia looked at her, surprised by the compliment. "You're quite beautiful too."

Jocelyn shook her head, smiling bitterly. "I know I'm not."

Unlike Cecilia and Cassandra, her looks were average.

Cecilia frowned, leaning back in her chair. "Beauty can open some doors, but it's not everything. Ms. Wright, you're smart, capable, and you've managed to take care of Nicholas while helping run the company. That's something many beautiful women couldn't do."

"Also, you really are beautiful," she added.

Cecilia wasn't exaggerating—Jocelyn was the type of person who grew on someone over time. She didn't fuss about her appearance like most people, always opting for her simple uniform and never bothering with makeup or fancy hairstyles.

Cecilia was sure that if Jocelyn ever took the time to dress up a little or add some makeup, people would

"You know," Cecilia said thoughtfully, "you always wear the same style of clothes and never put on makeup. Maybe try switching it up a bit—wear a dress put on some light makeup. I think it'd suit you."

A flicker of something passed through Jocelyn's eyes at the suggestion. After a pause, she shyly replied, "Thank you for saying that."

Cecilia hadn't expected this side of Jocelyn—the confident, no-nonsense woman she worked with had a softer, more vulnerable side as well.

It surprised her, considering how effortlessly Jocelyn handled difficult situations at work and even faced people like Miranda without batting an eye.

The conversation lulled, and both women fell into a contemplative silence as they continued to wait. Their eyes occasionally drifted toward the closed doors of the treatment room, hoping for some news about Nicholas

After a while, curiosity got the better of Jocelyn. "Ms. Smith," she asked hesitantly, "would you mind telling me a bit about your past with Mr. Nicholas?"

She had worked with Nicholas for so long but realized she didn't truly know much about him, especially about his past

Cecilia smiled at the request, understanding Jocelyn's curiosity. She decided to share a bit about how she and Nicholas first met, recounting their early days and the memories they had shared.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1238

Chapter 1238 That Feeling Will Fade

Jocelyn listened quietly, feeling sympathy for them. "Perhaps Mr. Nicholas and you would have been. together now had he not gone abroad for treatment."

Cecilia took a deep breath. The older she got, the more she believed in destiny. All these what if scenarios mean nothing to me now. Maybe this is how things are always meant to unfold

Seeing Cecilia remain silent, Jocelyn assumed she, like Nicholas, was lost in memories of the past.

She couldn't help but remark, "Ms. Smith, if you still have feelings for Mr. Nicholas, you should be with him and not let society's expectations hold you back. I know he's always had a place in his heart for you and only you."

A look of discomfort crossed Cecilia's face when she heard that.

"Jocelyn, what Nicholas and I had was just a childhood connection. We never dated, nor were we ever a couple. I've been married and divorced, and now he's married with his own family too. Please don't bring this up again. There's no way we could be together, and I'm certain I don't love him." Cecilia enunciated each word clearly, her tone serious and deliberate.

Fearing that Jocelyn might still misunderstand, she added, "Nicholas is a wonderful man. He's helped me a lot in the past, and I'm truly grateful for that. But that's all there is to it."

Upon hearing Cecilia speak so firmly, Jocelyn realized her mistake. "I'm sorry, I misunderstood."

"It's all right." After Cecilia finished speaking, she glanced at the clock. It was already past five in the afternoon, quickly approaching six.

At last, the doctor emerged from the operating room, assuring the two that Nicholas' condition had stabilized and that there was nothing serious to worry about.

Hearing this lifted a tremendous weight from Cecilia's shoulders.

At that moment, Nicholas remained unconscious. Cecilia turned to Jocelyn and said, "Jocelyn, I have some matters to attend to today, so I won't be able to stay here. Can you help keep an eye on him?"

At this point, Cecilia concluded that since Nicholas was in stable condition, it was best for her to leave. She worried that lingering any longer would only worsen misunderstandings with Jocelyn.

Jocelyn responded with a nod. "Sure."

Only then did Cecilia take her leave.

After she left the hospital and got into the car, she received a call from Nathaniel. "Are you not at Orion today?"

At that moment, Nathaniel was seated inside his car, parked across from Orion Corporation, on the company entrance.

his gaze fixed

In the past, Cecilia used to finish work at five, but despite him waiting for almost an hour, there was still no sign of her. Had she gone to pick Eric?

Meanwhile, Cecilia suddenly remembered that Nathaniel had promised to drive her to and from work.

She responded with a hum. "Yeah, I finished work quite some time ago. You really don't have to go out of your way to pick me up. I can get home by myself."

After she spoke, she quickly hung up the phone, clearly still brooding over what had happened that morning.

Glancing at the time and realizing it was already six in the evening, she hailed a cab to head home. She figured that Eric should have landed by now and decided to give him a call.

The call connected quickly, and she could faintly hear the bustling sounds in the background.

“Ms. Cecille, are you here to pick me up?” Eric asked excitedly, his voice full of anticipation as he noticed her call.

“I’m sorry, I was a bit busy today and couldn’t make it, Cecilia responded. “I’m calling you now to apologize. Can I make it up to you with a meal next time?”

The light in Eric’s eyes dimmed slightly, but he kept up a cheerful demeanor. “No worries! Work is important. Just don’t stand me up next time, okay? The next meal’s on you!”

“No problem”.

After hanging up. Eric stared blankly at his phone screen.

His manager, standing nearby, couldn’t resist stirring the pot. “Did she refuse to pick you up? I told you. she’s still hung up on her ex–husband.”

Eric’s expression didn’t change in the slightest. “I’m sure that feeling will fade.”

Seeing his indifference, the manager didn’t bother persuading him further.

Meanwhile, Cassandra rushed back to Tudela and went straight to the office, only to find Nicholas there.

It was only after she called Jocelyn that she found out he had been admitted to the hospital.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1239

Chapter 1239 I Need You To Expose Her

Cassandra rushed to the hospital in a flurry. When she saw Jocelyn standing by Nicholas’ bedside, frustration welled up within her. “Why is Nicholas in the hospital? Haven’t you been taking proper care of him?”

The barrage of accusations roused Nicholas from his sleep, causing him to furrow his brows involuntarily.

He said to Jocelyn. “You should go back and rest first.”

“All right.” Jocelyn nodded, politely excusing herself from the ward.

Cassandra's mood soured further as she watched Nicholas defend his assistant. She voiced her displeasure, "Nicholas, are you upset because I reprimanded her? I'm just worried about you. Besides, the doctor mentioned that I'm pregnant, so the hormonal changes are causing mood swings."

Nicholas listened in silence, his expression unreadable. Instead of responding to her complaint, he asked, "Weren't you supposed to accompany your sister for your nephew's check-up? Why are you back so soon?"

"The check-up was nearly over, so Mom asked me to leave early," Cassandra replied softly, leaning closer to him as she spoke. "After all, we just got married and should spend more time together."

Cassandra's attempt to move closer made Nicholas visibly uncomfortable, a chill settling in his eyes.

He brushed her off without a moment's hesitation.

His lack of patience and affection left Cassandra feeling somewhat annoyed. "Nicholas, do I have to remind you that we're married?"

Nicholas calmly looked at her. "Cassandra, please."

A lump formed in Cassandra's throat, rendering her unable to say anything more.

Doubt began to cloud her mind. Could it be that Nicholas is incapable as a man? Otherwise, why would he have accepted me and the child I'm carrying so easily?

That thought that emerged out of nowhere immediately clouded her thoughts more intensely.

"I'm going out for some fresh air. Cassandra walked out.

She felt deeply worried at that moment, fearing the emptiness of her married life.

Once outside, Cassandra was about to take a stroll in the hospital garden when a nurse approached her. "Are you a relative of the patient in Room 308?"

"Yes, what's the matter? Cassandra asked, puzzled,

"Nothing urgent. It's just that two family members of the patient earlier paid more than they should have, and we can't seem to reach them. Could you help us get in touch with them?" the nurse inquired.

Cassandra was confused. When she had arrived, only Jocelyn had been present. The family members? Who else was there?

“Sure. But I just arrived, so don’t know who the two family members are. Would you mind if I take a look “Sure.

From the surveillance footage, Cassandra saw that Cecilia and Jocelyn had accompanied Nicholas to the hospital.

This explained Nicholas’s distant behavior towards her she suspected he had been spending time with Cecilia during her absence in Tudela. How could Cecilia be involved in something as significant as his being sent to the hospital? Did something happen between them before this medical emergency?

Cassandra’s mind was in a whirl. After instructing the nurse to give her the extra money, she left the hospital

Even after her departure, Miranda’s words still echoed in her thoughts.

“That b*tch! Why is she always trying to steal my man” Cassandra was so furious that she wished she could kill Cecilia.

However, the increased number of guards assigned to ensure Cecilia’s safety made it nearly impossible for anyone to get close to her.

Furthermore, Nathaniel’s regained vision made him even more difficult to deal with.

Regardless of the circumstances, Cassandra was determined to find an opportunity to get rid of Cecilia once and for all.

Overwhelmed with resentment, she pulled out her phone and dialed Brooklyn, who worked in the information technology industry. “Aunt Brooklyn, I need your help. That woman has gone too far. I need you to expose her.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1240

Chapter 1240 Consider Remarrying Nathaniel

In her quest to expose Cecilia, Cassandra once again obtained the hospital’s surveillance footage. Additionally, she managed to acquire recordings from outside the hospital. She sent everything to Brooklyn, who resided in Droever.

Brooklyn, Queenie’s younger sister, was not someone to be trifled with.

There was no one whose reputation she couldn’t ruin if she chose to take action against them.

Moreover, Cassandra was convinced of her suspicions that Cecilia was wicked.

Meanwhile, Cecilia finally returned home, feeling utterly exhausted.

Suddenly, she was greeted by three excited women.

“Ceci, thank you so much! How did you know I liked this necklace?” Lucille asked.

“I’m finally getting a chance to see my idol! Thank you, Boss! I love you!” Charlotte exclaimed.

Madeline, carrying her child, added, “Ceci, thank you for arranging a dedicated nanny for Amy.”

Cecilia was momentarily at a loss for words. But I didn’t prepare any of the things they mentioned....

As someone who disliked taking credit for others’ deeds, she clarified, “I didn’t prepare those gifts.”

Everyone looked puzzled. “Who could it be if it’s not you? They’re all under your name, though.”

Just then, Lucille’s phone began to vibrate. She picked it up and saw a message from Mason. Instantly, she understood what this was all about. “It was Nathaniel.”

Mason was afraid they might not accept the gifts if he told them they were from Nathaniel. Therefore, he instructed the delivery team to inform them that Cecilia was the one who made the arrangements.

With that, all three of them accepted the gifts without hesitation.

A baffled expression appeared on Cecilia’s face; she couldn’t comprehend what game Nathaniel was playing.

Charlotte looked at Cecilia with wide eyes. “Boss, is he trying to win us over just because he wants to make amends with you?”

Both Lucille and Madeline also believed that this must be the reason.

“Forget it. We don’t need these gifts. We’ll return them” Madeline remarked.

She didn’t want her best friend to dive back into that problematic marriage. Being single is kind of nice too!

Though Charlotte was somewhat reluctant, she still said, “Boss, if you don’t want to get back with him, we’ll turn down his gifts.”

"When I have enough money, I can buy this necklace myself anyway," Lucille added.

Cecilia looked at her three friends, touched by their unwavering support and their evident love for the Besides, Nathaniel had given them out of his free will.

"It's all right. You don't need to return it. Since you've already accepted it, let's not make a fuss over money. These gifts aren't going to put a dent in Nathaniel's wallet anyway." Ever since her brush with death, Cecilia had come to understand that it was okay to be a little selfish.

She recognized that an excessive preoccupation with others could often result in one's own detriment.

"Are you sure about this?" Charlotte asked, her eyes brimming with anticipation, yet wary of placing Cecilia in a difficult situation.

Madeline chimed in quickly, "Ceci, we don't want to put you in a tough spot. I can always hire an early childhood teacher myself."

Cecilia offered a reassuring pat on her shoulder. "I'm fine; there's no need to worry. If Nathaniel chooses to send gifts in the future, please feel free to accept them. It's essentially free money. There's no reason to refuse

After all, no one in their right mind would turn down an offer of gifts and money.

Upon hearing Cecilia's words, the women finally accepted the gifts with a sense of relief.

While Charlotte and Lucille were taking a bath, Madeline, somewhat concerned for Cecilia, took a seat next to her. "Have you considered remarrying Nathaniel?"

Stunned for a moment, Cecilia fell silent before shaking her head. "No."

Although Madeline no longer wished to be with Darren, she understood the importance of not standing in the way of someone else's happiness. "I sense you still have feelings for him. Why don't you consider getting back together?"

Cecilia fell silent for a moment, contemplating the question. After a long pause, she finally replied, "Perhaps I still lack the confidence to enter into marriage again."