

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 199

Chapter 199 Got Everything Covered

“Don’t worry. I’ve got everything covered,” Calvin replied confidently.

Yannick, sensing that Calvin was playing dumb, gave up on trying to talk sense into him. “Let me share some news. Nathaniel’s little sweetheart got hurt. For someone as successful as him, you’d think he’d have better taste in women. Why pick someone so unworthy?”

“I’m not interested in that,” Calvin said, his face betraying no emotion.

It was only then that Yannick realized his mistake. After all, Nathaniel hadn’t just chosen Stella as his girlfriend but had also chosen the woman Calvin loved as his wife.

He quickly shifted the topic. “So, when are you heading back?”

Calvin stared out the window, his expression thoughtful. “Not for a while.”

Yannick’s concern grew. The Reeses had been watching him closely, like predators eyeing their prey. It could spell disaster if the Reese family’s inheritance fell into the wrong hands during Calvin’s stay here.

In the hospital, Stella lay weakly on the bed, her neck wrapped in layers of bandages, her face pale and drained of color.

“Nathaniel, I was so scared,” she said, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. “I thought I was really going to die.”

Nathaniel offered no words of comfort. Instead, he turned to his bodyguard standing nearby. “Have we learned anything?”

“Yes,” the bodyguard replied. “Initially, Ms. Ross’ fan arrived at her room. The men in black who came afterward were identified as Calvin’s subordinates.”

He wasn’t aware that Stella’s fan was the same person who had attacked Cecilia, so he hadn’t considered investigating that angle.

Stella’s brow furrowed. “Calvin’s subordinates... Could it be Ceci-”

She abruptly cut herself off, quickly correcting her thoughts. “No, Ceci wouldn’t do something like that. I’ve never harmed her; why would she want me dead?”

Stella was taken aback to learn that the men who had taken Sean were Calvin's. A shiver of fear ran through her at the realization, and she felt a surge of relief for her swift reaction.

Naturally, Nathaniel wouldn't be swayed by her words and confront Cecilia.

After all, Cecilia had nothing to do with Calvin.

"Get some rest," Nathaniel said, his tone firm as he turned to leave.

Stella quickly called out to him, "Nathaniel, I heard you haven't been to the office lately. Could you stay and keep me company?"

She wasn't just aware that Nathaniel hadn't been to work—she also knew he had been with Cecilia the entire time.

"My presence won't help you recover," he replied, his voice steady. "I'll make sure you have the best doctors looking after you."

"But..." Stella began, knowing how much Nathaniel disliked being pressured. She softened her approach. "There's something I need to say. I've never had any dealings with Calvin. He has no reason to want me dead."

Nathaniel left the ward without a word. Once outside, he climbed into the car and immediately called Mason, asking if Cecilia had returned to Daltonia Villa. Upon hearing that she had, he instructed the driver to head back.

Stella's words echoed in his mind throughout his way back home. For the past few days, Cecilia had been by his side, and he knew that Stella's situation had nothing to do with her.

But what gnawed at him was Calvin—the thought of another man coveting his wife was something he couldn't shake.

When Nathaniel arrived at Daltonia Villa, his heart clenched at the sight of the darkened mansion. He rushed out of the car, nearly sprinting toward the entrance.

The door creaked open, revealing nothing but pitch-black darkness that seemed to engulf him.

The words Cecilia had said before he left echoed in his mind, sending a jolt of fear through him.

"Think carefully—if you walk away now, I won't keep my promise."

His heart pounded in his chest as he quickly flicked on the lights and hurried to Cecilia's room. But when he pushed open the door, his worst fears were realized the room was empty, and Cecilia was nowhere to be found.

At that moment, his blood ran cold.

She's gone again? How long will she be gone this time?