

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 471

Chapter 471 Succumbing To Her Threats

Nathaniel tightened his grip on her, as though he wanted to meld them into one.

No matter what she did, Cecilia couldn’t free herself from his grasp. Her body was burning up, and in her desperation, she yelled, “Nathaniel, let go!”

Nathaniel’s throat tightened, but he was unwilling to let go.

“Let’s sleep together tonight,” he proposed.

His fervent breaths fell upon her ear, causing it to flush a deep red.

Nathaniel gently lifted her with his strong hands, effortlessly placing her on the bed.

“Don’t do this-

Before Cecilia could finish speaking, an urgent voice called from the doorway. “Mommy, Mommy!” It was Elliot.

Nathaniel’s eyebrows furrowed slightly.

Cecilia attempted to rise, but the weight of Nathaniel was like a massive mountain, immovable no matter how much she tried.

“Nathaniel, hurry up and move!” Cecilia lowered her voice and hissed.

Nathaniel didn’t pay any attention to her. Instead, he turned back and looked toward the direction of the door, shouting, “She’s asleep now; come find her tomorrow.”

Elliot stood at the door, seemingly frozen in place for a moment before he began knocking with increased force.

“You scoundrel, give me back my mommy! Waa! Mommy! Mommy...”

He couldn’t bear to let his mother be bullied by his sc*mbag father right under his own watch.

Upon hearing Elliot’s cries, Cecilia couldn’t distinguish whether they were genuine or fake. Immediately, she was overcome with worry and impulsively bit down on Nathaniel’s sturdy shoulder.

Nathaniel winced in pain, drawing in a sharp breath. Regardless, he didn’t move away. Instead, he held her even tighter.

“Be good, listen to me, and stay with me tonight, and from now on, I’ll listen to whatever you say.”

Cecilia was unwilling and bit down even harder.

Nathaniel let out a grunt of pain.

Outside the door, Elliot was still rattling on. “You meanie, if you don’t hand over my mommy. I’m calling the police!”

Cecilia tasted the metallic tang of blood in her mouth, briefly slackening her jaw before speaking again.

“Nathaniel, if you continue this way, I won’t bother with you anymore in the future.

If it had been in the past, Nathaniel would never have succumbed to her threats.

Now, the thought of Cecilia disappearing for four to five years again frightened him, and he let go. of her.

Cecilia hurriedly wriggled out of his embrace, flung open the door, and stepped outside.

Upon finally seeing his mother, Elliot’s eyes instantly welled up with tears.

“Mommy, are you okay?”

“Of course. I was merely helping Mr. Rainsworth with his clothes since he was having a bit of difficulty earlier.”

Cecilia’s face was still flushed.

Elliot let out a sigh of relief. That scoundrel of a father had actually tricked him by saying his mother was already asleep, but thankfully, he had remained persistent.

“Mommy, look at me in the clothes you bought! Aren’t I adorable?”

Elliot’s eyes were curved in amusement as he twirled around in his adorable little dinosaur outfit.

“You’re so cute! My little Eli is the most adorable boy on the planet. Here, let me take a picture of you.”

“Okay.”

Elliot was a bit of a narcissist. Even though he looked exactly like his older brother, Jonathan, he believed he was far more handsome and popular with the girls. It was a shame, however, that his illness prevented him from attending school like other kids.

While Cecilia was taking pictures of Elliot, Nathaniel changed into the new clothes and stepped out looking neat and tidy. Coincidentally, Cecilia captured this moment.

The photo depicted two figures, one large, one small, who were strikingly similar to each other.

The clothes that Cecilia bought had similar colors, somewhat resembling matching parent-child outfits. Hence, they looked just like a real father and son duo.

However, Cecilia didn't realize and saved the photo.

When Elliot saw his sc*mbag father emerge, his eyes filled with disdain. He insisted on switching places before continuing their "photoshoot."

After taking a bunch of handsome photos, it was only then that Elliot contentedly went to sleep with Cecilia.

Early the next morning.

After waking up, Cecilia received a call from Sven.

"The person who hurt you yesterday has been identified it's Cassandra."

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Chapter 472 Yearning For Familial Bonds.

Cassandra, her half-sister from the same mother but a different father.

When Cecilia learned the answer, there was a moment of stunned silence.

Sven continued, "When I went to handle things yesterday, I learned from those people that their intention was to take you away and humiliate you."

The stiff manner Sven said those last two words left no doubt about what he truly meant.

After hearing that, Cecilia clenched her hands.

"I got it."

After ending the call, Cecilia couldn't comprehend why Cassandra harbored such intense resentment toward her.

The only thing she had done to upset Cassandra was her involvement with Nicholas. However, she and Nicholas currently had no connection whatsoever.

Following that, Cecilia asked Charlotte to send her Cassandra's phone number, as they had collaborated before.

Charlotte quickly sent over the number, then asked: Boss, are you planning to continue working with her? She reached out to me a few days ago and said she wanted to purchase more of your compositions. I haven't had the chance to ask you yet.

Cecilia typed back: No, I have personal matters to attend to.

"Charlotte: Oh...

After a moment, she seemed to suddenly remember something and sent another message: By the way, Boss, I noticed that someone has recently been secretly investigating the vacant studio we registered."

The studio was the front given to the public after Cecilia's return.

Seeing that, Cecilia instantly knew that someone from Tudela was definitely conducting an investigation.

Cecilia replied: Don't worry about them, just focus on your work.

Charlotte: Okay.

Charlotte vowed to herself that if those people dared to cause trouble, she would surely give them a taste of their own medicine.

Despite Charlotte's adorable and gentle appearance, she was actually the international women's kickboxing champion. Most men really weren't her match.

Cecilia no longer cared if those people were investigating the shell company. She originally registered that studio to keep her work hidden from Nathaniel, but now that he had lost his memory, there was nothing to fear.

After finishing her conversation with Charlotte, Cecilia dialed Cassandra's number, intending to have a serious discussion with her.

Cassandra had just finished a performance. As she was removing her makeup backstage, she heard her phone ring and casually picked it up.

“It’s me, Cecilia.”

Cassandra’s breath hitched.

Her attempt to cause trouble for Cecilia by hiring someone wasn’t exactly a masterstroke. A simple investigation was all it took to uncover it.

“What do you want?”

Cassandra’s tone was somewhat guilty.

“Let’s find a time to meet and talk.”

After that, Cecilia sent Cassandra a message with a suggested meeting time and place.

Upon seeing the message, a faint twitch tugged at the corner of Cassandra’s mouth in annoyance. “Who does this b*tch think she is?” she muttered..

Cecilia wasn’t worried about Cassandra not showing up, because the next message she sent was evidence that Sven had uncovered proof that Cassandra had ordered those men to harm her.

Even if that wasn’t enough to send Cassandra to jail, it could still tarnish her reputation.

Cecilia was not one to stir up trouble voluntarily, but she

trouble voluntarily, but she wasn’t afraid of it either.

The only reason she was willing to talk to Cassandra wasn’t afraid of it either was primarily because the latter was her half–sister from the same mother. She assumed Cassandra was unaware of this, hence her desire to have a conversation.

Cecilia informed Martha that she had plans for the day and wouldn’t return until late.

Elliot hurriedly proposed, “Mommy, why don’t I go with you?”

Cecilia shook her head and said, “You should stay home and chat with Grandma Martha. You still have a hospital check–up this afternoon.”

“All right then.”

After she left, Martha stared at her retreating figure, murmuring, “Ceci is just so desperate for familial bonds.”

It was human nature to yearn for what one lacked the most.

From a young age, Cecilia had never experienced much affection. Aside from Regas, she had never felt the love of any other family members.

Thus, when she found out that Cassandra was her biological sister, her emotions became exceptionally complicated.

In a small eatery off a highway in Tudela.

By the time Cecilia arrived, Cassandra was already waiting there. Much like Paula, she cared deeply for her reputation.

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Chapter 473 Do Not Need A Sister

Cassandra watched as Cecilia walked in, bundled up tightly, with only her clean, fair face showing.

delicate, but it was her eyes that

She had to admit, Cecilia was truly beautiful. Her features. stood out the most they were just like something out of a painting.

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Despite dressing heavily, Cecilia’s shapely figure was still subtly discernible.

Cassandra knew she wasn’t lacking in any way, yet in the presence of Cecilia, it felt as if she was somehow inferior.

“What you sent me is useless against me. Don’t waste your energy; I’m not someone who’s easily frightened.” Cassandra took the initiative to speak first.

In her mind, Cecilia wondered why, if Cassandra wasn’t afraid, she had arrived earlier than herself. Nonetheless, she didn’t expose Cassandra but instead presented a DNA test report, handing it over to her.

Cassandra took the item with a hint of confusion. As she opened it and looked inside, a trace of surprise flashed in her eyes.

“You’ve been investigating me?”

In her hands, Cassandra held a paternity test report. However, her first response wasn’t to question the parent–child relationship indicated in the report but rather, to reprimand Cecilia for investigating her.

Realizing that, Cecilia felt herself go cold.

“You’ve known all along that you’re Paula’s daughter,” Cecilia stated matter-of-factly.

Cassandra was afraid that she might tell Queenie, her nominal mother, about this matter, so she quickly clarified, “I only found out from Paula after I returned home yesterday that you are my biological sister.” Cassandra reached out and held Cecilia’s hand. “If I had known earlier, I would never have hurt you. We are sisters, after all. I’m not Magnus.”

Cecilia, however, promptly withdrew her hand, her eyes filled with indifference.

Frankly speaking, compared to Stella, Cassandra’s acting skills were far inferior.

Having been burned by Stella in the past, there was no way Cecilia would so readily trust Cassandra now.

“I came here to tell you this, not to form any sisterly bond with you, but to warn you. If there’s a next time, don’t blame me for not being polite.”

Cassandra’s face stiffened.

As Cecilia rose to leave, she added, “Don’t think being the daughter of the Evans family is anything special. Everything your family has now was stolen from the Smith family. I will take it all back, piece by piece.”

Cassandra watched as her figure disappeared from sight before stomping her foot in frustration.

“Damn it! Who does she think she is, daring to threaten me?”

She had been pampered all her life, until recently when she was humiliated in front of Nicholas and Cecilia.

Cassandra vowed to teach Cecilia a harsh lesson. Sisters? Hah! Cecilia is undeserving of being my sister! Besides, I don’t need any sisters at all.

After leaving the eatery and stepping into the biting cold wind, Cecilia gazed at the surrounding blanket of pure white snow, feeling physically and emotionally drained.

She didn’t go home. Instead, she took a taxi to the cemetery in the western suburbs. As usual, she bought a bunch of fresh flowers and placed them in front of her father’s tombstone.

In truth, Martha's assumptions were both right and wrong. Cecilia indeed longed for familial affection, but she had long since given up hope on Paula and the others, no longer expecting any care or concern from them.

"Dad, I miss you so much."

The cold wind howled, her only response was gust after gust of chilling breeze.

Cecilia didn't care much, standing in the cemetery for a long time.

She was unaware that, at that very moment, an unexpected guest had arrived at their home in Sparaville.

Elliot had been escorted to the hospital for a routine check-up by Sven, while Martha and the housekeepers stayed at home.

Clad in opulence, Paula stood in the modest living room, her eyes and tone filled with arrogance. "Martha, how fortunate you are to have my daughter take care of you in your old biological mother, it truly chills my heart."

age. As her

Paula took in the caregiver tending to Martha, as well as the chef in the kitchen. Despite the place being small, it had everything necessary.

Upon hearing this, Martha scoffed, "Some women only give birth but don't bother to raise their children. And yet, they dare to call themselves 'mothers. It's truly laughable."

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Chapter 474 One Last Thing

The living room fell into a moment of silence.

Paula never imagined that a former nanny from her household would dare to speak to her in such a manner. She raised her hand, ready to strike Martha.

The caregiver stepped forward, attempting to dissuade her, "Madam, this elderly lady is in poor health, so you shouldn't hit her as you please. If you refuse to comply, I will have no choice but to call the police."

Paula's hand froze mid-air before a cold laugh involuntarily escaped her.

"This elderly lady? She's nothing but a destitute woman who no one wanted! She was just lucky enough to care for my daughter. Now that my daughter and son-in-law are doing well and financially supporting her, she thinks she's some kind of wealthy elite!"

The caregiver was somewhat taken aback. She had always assumed that Martha was indeed Cecilia's mother. She never expected that it would be this woman standing before her.

Upon closer examination, they did bear some resemblance. However, how could their temperaments and characters be so vastly different? Why were this woman's words so sharp and harsh?

Considering Paula was her employer's biological mother, the caregiver didn't feel it was her place to say much. All she could do was provide basic care from the sidelines.

Faced with Paula's mockery, Martha rely on a man to survive, nor do I orted, "Though I may be poor, I have my dignity. I don't leech off my own children, unlike some people."

Now, Paula understood where Cecilia got her temper from it was all from this woman standing before her.

Once again, she raised her hand. Before the ground with a swift motion.

Cough, cough, cough!

Cor could react, she pushed Martha to the

Martha, who was already in poor health, began to cough violently after ing over.

The caregiver rushed over to support her, asking anxiously, "Madam, are you all

Martha couldn't stop coughing, making it impossible for her to respond.

Paula looked down on this scene from her elevated position, not at all bothered by what she had. done. Seeing that Martha was on the verge of death, Paula dialed Cecilia's number and merely stated, "If you dare to seduce Nicholas again or sue me, you might as well prepare to collect your nanny's body."

She always made good on her words

With that, Paula switched off her phone and left.

The moment Cecilia received a call from Paula, she rushed home. On her way, she phoned the caregiver to inquire about the situation.

"How's Martha doing?"

"Ms. Smith, she was pushed over earlier and had been coughing persistently. Thankfully, she's much better now."

“That’s good. I’ll be right back.

As Cecilia sped home, she didn’t forget to arrange for a doctor to visit and check on Martha to ensure she was all right.

For an elderly person, even the slightest bump or scrape could pose a threat to their life.

Moreover, Martha herself suffered from ailments common among the elderly.

Thankfully, the doctor arrived to conduct a basic examination on Martha. After he was done, he said that she had high blood pressure and had sustained injuries to her muscles and bones.

Cecilia looked at the elderly woman lying on the bed, her head full of white hair, and felt her heart ache with sympathy.

She had only been away for a short while, yet unexpectedly, something had happened to Martha.

“Martha, are you okay?” Cecilia asked with concern.

Martha opened her eyes wearily, reassuring her, “I’m fine, don’t worry. There’s nothing wrong at all.”

Cecilia nodded. “Mhm.”

She reached out and embraced Martha.

“Martha, please never leave me.”

Martha had taken care of her since she was a child, just like an actual mother would.

“All right, I won’t.”

Despite her words, Martha was particularly worried deep inside.

Today, Paula had the audacity to come and teach her a lesson, so Martha couldn’t help but wonder what kind of bullying Paula subjected Cecilia to behind her back.

Aware that her days were numbered, Martha was concerned about Cecilia being mistreated in the future. Determined to protect the younger woman, she decided to do one last thing for her before her impending death.

Firstly, it was so she wouldn’t inconvenience Cecilia nor become a burden. Secondly, it also fulfilled her own maternal instincts.

“Ceci, did you manage to find any evidence of Paula and Magnus transferring the Smith family’s assets?”

Cecilia didn’t understand why Martha suddenly asked this, but she shook her head and replied, “After all these years, a lot of evidence has already been lost.”

Yet, Martha had her own ideas. –

“Ceci, I want to go out and visit some old friends tomorrow.”

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Chapter 475 The Confrontation

“All right, who do you want to meet? I’ll go with you,” Cecilia immediately said.

She dared not let Martha out of her sight for even a moment.

“I’m just heading over to Wanda’s place in the neighboring town. She recently had a new grandchild, so I want to go visit. You stay home and focus on your music composition; you don’t need to accompany me,” Martha said gently.

“No, the doctor said you absolutely need to rest now.”

Cecilia tightened her grip on Martha’s hand.

“Silly girl, I’m really okay. Remember what that specialist said? I’ve got a good four or five years left in me.” Martha, fearing her refusal, deceived her further. “Don’t you remember Wanda? She’s not fond of having outsiders around. I’m probably the only friend she has, and if you go, we’ll both feel uncomfortable.”

Upon hearing Martha’s words, Cecilia reflected on the recent times. Martha had been staying at home, not going anywhere. She undoubtedly needed the company of friends. Hence, Cecilia nodded and agreed.

“All right, I’ll drive you over to Wanda’s place,” she offered.

“Sure.”

Once they had come to an agreement, Cecilia finally felt at ease.

When Elliot returned and discovered that Martha was injured, he quietly asked the caregiver, only to find out that it was his good-for-nothing granny who had visited..

How dare Granny be mean to Grandma Martha, causing her to get hurt?

He immediately called Jonathan. "Jonathan, did you actually teach that bad woman a lesson?"

Bad woman?

Jonathan was somewhat confused. "Who?"

"That witch granny of ours, of course."

The term "witch granny" was an incredibly apt description.

Jonathan finally understood who Elliot was referring to and answered, "I found out that there was no money in Paula's account at all. All of it is in the pockets of her current husband, Ralph. That's why I've been targeting his company during the night recently."

After hearing this, Elliot gave a thumbs up.

"Jon, you're truly amazing."

Jonathan was somewhat speechless. When he was useless, he was simply "Jonathan." But when he was useful, he suddenly became "Jon."

"All right, if there's nothing else, I'm going to hang up now."

"Bye."

After hanging up the phone, Elliot went to chat with Martha.

Laughter from the two echoed intermittently within the house.

Cecilia joined the chef in the kitchen to prepare a nutritious meal for Martha herself. Listening to the laughter of the old and young, she, too, felt joy.

When Nathaniel returned, his family was already basking in a harmonious and joyful atmosphere.

He had been extremely busy today, secretly taking on many of Rainsworth Group's collaboration. projects. Hence, he was unaware that Paula had come by again.

The very next morning, Cecilia personally drove Martha to Wanda's house.

Upon arrival, Martha found herself reluctant to part with Cecilia. Despite having a lot to advise, in the end, she only said, "Drive home safely."

"I will."

Cecilia nodded.

Martha watched as the car carrying Cecilia grew smaller until it vanished from sight and headed off in the opposite direction.

sight. Then, she

“Sir, to Tudela, please.”

Along the way, Martha made up her mind.

After Martha arrived at the Evans residence, she knocked on the door, which was then opened by a housekeeper.

“Who are you?”

“Could you please inform Paula that her former nanny has arrived?”

Fearing that the housekeeper might find it bothersome and refuse to help, Martha purposely gave her a tip.

Motivated by the tip, the housekeeper went in to announce Martha’s arrival. It wasn’t long before she was allowed to enter.

Inside the luxurious residence

“What are you doing here?”

Martha purposefully glanced around at the housekeepers in the vicinity.

Seeing that, Paula instructed them all to leave.

Finally, Martha spoke up. “I’m aware that you transferred Mr. Smith’s money away in the past.”

Paula’s hand jerked, causing tea to splash onto her fingers.

“Did Cecilia tell you this?”

Martha stepped forward, confronting Paula. “I’m here to seek justice for Ceci. Return the money to her, or I swear, I will kill you!”

Martha pulled out a knife from her clothing, pressing it directly against Paula’s throat.

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Chapter 476 Drastic Measures

The icy touch on Paula's neck caused her pupils to abruptly contract. The cup in her hand fell straight to the ground..

"W-What are you doing?"

Pressing down harder, Martha said, "Return the money to Ceci."

"I've given all the money to Ralph; where would I get more? Put down the knife quickly, or I'll make you regret it." Paula's voice was trembling as she spoke.

Martha was not at all intimidated by her threats.

"How do you plan on making me regret it? What can someone like you, who can't lift a hand or shoulder a burden, possibly do to me?"

Paula felt pain shooting through her neck, as though she had been nicked and was bleeding.

"Calm down. You just want money, right? I'll give it to you."

Indeed, in the face of death, no one was more noble than the other.

Martha knew well that Paula was terrified of dying, but the latter's death was not what she came here for that day.

"Mom, why is the door closed? I need to talk to you."

Suddenly, Magnus' voice came from the outside of the house.

Pretending to be anxious, Martha said, "I'm going to kill you to avenge Cecil"

Scared, Paula hastily reached for the knife.

It was at this moment that Martha firmly grasped Paula's hand. With the knife's tip aimed at herself, she ruthlessly plunged it toward her own body.

"Ah!"

Paula let out a horrified scream, only to see her own hands covered in bright red.

Yet she didn't feel any pain, for Martha had grabbed her hand and stabbed the knife into her own. abdomen.

"You...!" Paula was at a loss for words, quickly releasing her grip.

With a loud thump, Martha collapsed to the ground. As her vision dimmed, she murmured, "I know I can't afford to offend you powerful and wealthy people, but there's one thing I can do. I can trade my life... to ensure... a lifetime of unrest... and imprisonment for you..."

She knew that with her frail body, there was no way she could harm Paula.

Thus, she came here with the sole intention of using her last breath to send Paula to jail.

"You're nothing but a maniac! A madwoman!"

Once again, Martha opened her mouth, blood trickling out. "I already asked someone to call the police before I arrived."

The knocking on the door outside grew increasingly urgent.

"Mom, what are you doing? There are police everywhere outside! Mom, open the door!"

Magnus was thrown into a panic.

Why are the police here? Could it be that Cecilia has already found evidence of Mom and I transferring the assets?

Inside the house, Paula's hands couldn't stop trembling.

"Y-You lunatic!"

Her eyes became bloodshot.

After all the struggles to reach this point, she didn't want to end up in jail. Why would this nanny risk her own life just to harm her?

In a rush, Paula hurriedly wiped the blood off her hands, hoping to conceal everything.

But in the next moment, with a loud "bang," the door was busted open.

Upon seeing the swarm of people outside, Paula realized her future was ruined, and at the hands of a mere nanny too.

Martha lay on the cold floor, her mind filled with the words the doctor had privately shared with her the previous night.

"Madam, while I was examining you, I noticed that the fluid in your lungs has once again reached a critical level. You might not be able to hold on for another half a month."

At that time, Martha had pleaded with the doctor, “Doctor, could you possibly refrain from telling my daughter? I want to be the one to break the news to her.”

The doctor agreed, even prescribing her a significant amount of painkillers to make her final moments somewhat more bearable.

Martha had come to realize that when one was on the brink of death, there was no pain, no sensation at all. All that remained was a profound reluctance to leave, especially when it came to the person they cared about most in the world.

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Chapter 477 Let Us Go Home

“Don’t speak, just don’t! The doctor said you can still be cured!” Cecilia’s voice was hoarse, and tears fell uncontrollably from the corners of her eyes.

“All right.”

Martha forced a smile, attempting to wipe away Cecilia’s tears, but she just couldn’t lift her hand.

Cecilia noticed her movements and brought Martha’s hand up to her face.

“Martha...”

“Be good... Don’t cry, don’t cry...”

Cecilia’s eyes were rimmed red. “Okay, I won’t cry. You’ll be okay... You’ll be okay!”

It was clear that Martha was hanging on by a thread, experiencing a brief revival. She looked out the window at the vast expanse of white snow. “Ceci... It’s the New Year...”

There was still a week left before the New Year.

Cecilia nodded. “Mhm, the New Year has come.”

“Let’s go home. I don’t want to stay... here.”

“All right, let’s go home.”

Cecilia reached out and lifted Martha into her arms.

Martha was incredibly thin, her figure almost skeletal. Despite not being particularly strong, Cecilia found it easy to lift her.

She held onto Martha, walking down the extensive hallway, all the while carrying on a conversation, fearful of Martha suddenly departing.

“We’re heading home right now. We can celebrate the New Year, make some ravioli to feast on, and even put on new clothes. Eli and Jon can’t wait to hug you.”

As Martha listened, Cecilia’s voice gradually became fainter as her vision started to blur.

Cecilia noticed her breathing growing exceptionally weak. Unable to bear it any longer, she called out to Martha, “Mom! Mom, you mustn’t leave, okay? I beg you! You promised me; you said you’d stay with me forever!”

In her heart, she had long since accepted Martha as her mother, even more so than her biological mother.

Upon hearing Cecilia call her “Mom,” Martha mustered the strength to respond with a single word “Okay”

As she spoke that last word, her hand, which had been resting on her chest, fell limply to her side.

For the first time, Cecilia realized how incredibly long the hospital corridor was. Standing in the middle of it, gazing at the light outside, she felt a sharp pain in her throat.

“Mom, Mom...”

Regrettably, the person in her arms could no longer hear these calls.

When Nathaniel and the rest arrived, Sven saw Cecilia holding the already deceased Martha, all by herself.

“Mommy.” Upon witnessing the scene before him, Elliot had a rough idea of what had happened, and his eyes welled up with tears.

Cecilia merely glanced at them, then whispered, “Martha has fallen asleep. Let’s take her home together to celebrate the New Year.”

Cecilia moved forward, stepping out of the hospital. Her head spun, her vision darkening before she fell onto the snowy ground alongside Martha.

Based on the sound, Nathaniel swiftly moved forward. Without hesitation, he pulled Cecilia into an embrace.

When Cecilia next opened her eyes again, she had already returned home.

Even now, she couldn't bring herself to believe that Martha was gone. Just yesterday, everything seemed fine, and the elderly woman had promised to always be there for her.

Elliot and Nathaniel had remained by Cecilia's side all the while.

Upon seeing Cecilia open her eyes, Elliot immediately exclaimed, "Mommy, how are you. feeling?"

Cecilia continued to gaze blankly at the ceiling, offering no response.

Nathaniel said to Elliot, "You should step out for now."

"Why should I be the one to leave? Shouldn't you be the one to go?" Elliot protested.

Nathaniel didn't waste time arguing with him. He stood up, grabbed the boy from behind, and tossed him out.

"Don't cause trouble now," he said coldly.

Elliot was taken aback, his lips pursing in surprise, though he didn't dare to say much more.

Nathaniel, with a swift motion, closed the door behind him. He then returned to the bed and took hold of Cecilia's hand.

"Go ahead and cry if you want to. I can't see you, so there's no need to hold back."

Cecilia remained silent.

Regardless, Nathaniel climbed into bed, pulling her into his embrace.

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Chapter 478 Martha Left You A Letter

After what felt like an eternity, Cecilia finally spoke up. "Nathaniel, the New Year is almost upon us.

"Yeah."

"Martha has left us."

Cecilia tightly clenched onto Nathaniel's clothes.

He held her tightly. He wasn't good at comforting others, but he planted a kiss on her forehead.

Cecilia thought her tears had already run dry, but at that moment, she broke down, and tears began falling uncontrollably from her eyes again.

"It's all my fault. If it weren't for me, she wouldn't have gone to find Paula, let alone..."

"Martha left you a letter," uttered Nathaniel. "Wanda brought it over."

Cecilia looked up at him. "Where is it?"

Nathaniel got up, pulled open the bedside drawer, and handed the letter to her.

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She swiftly opened the letter, and what came into her sight was a few short lines of text: Ceci, by the time you open this letter, I am no longer around. Please don't be sad. This is my fate. Do you still remember what I told you? Everyone gets old, and eventually, we all have to die. So, I'm not scared. All I want is to be able to do something for you before I leave this world. The doctor said that I won't last more days. I know I can't win against Paula, so the only way is to send her to prison. This way, she won't be able to bully you anymore. Finally, please don't resent me for calling myself your mother, as I've always considered you my own daughter. This time, allow me to shed my pride just once. If there's a next life, let's be mother and daughter, is that all right?

Cecilia read Martha's letter over and over again, feeling as if her heart had been torn apart.

"So that's how it is."

Cecilia came to understand Martha's intentions. The reason she had left her this letter was, in essence, to reveal the truth to her.

Martha had thought that if Cecilia didn't wish for Paula to land in jail, she could present this letter. Furthermore, Cecilia wouldn't need to harbor resentment and unhappiness because of her death.

Cecilia clenched the letter tightly. "Nathaniel, my heart hurts. It hurts so badly."

"Everything will get better," he comforted her.

The day after Martha's incident, the news reported that Paula, after retiring from dancing, had been arrested for intentionally causing a fatal injury. Evans Group's stocks also took a significant plunge..

Cecilia was preoccupied with Martha's funeral and didn't keep up with the news.

Martha had always been alone, with no relatives to speak of. She didn't care much for bustling social scenes and had very few friends.

As such, Cecilia only invited a few friends who regularly chatted with Martha.

On the final day of the funeral, a heavy snowfall blanketed the surroundings.

Clad in plain clothes, Cecilia led the way, carrying Martha's photo and the urn containing her ashes.

Elliot trailed behind her, and Nathaniel also tagged along.

At the cemetery, Cecilia watched as Martha was laid to rest. The thick and heavy white snow soon blanketed her burial site.

After the funeral, Martha's friends comforted Cecilia, saying, "My condolences."

After bidding them farewell, she had Elliot and Nathaniel leave first as she wanted to spend some final moments with Martha.

Knowing that she needed time to process everything that happened, Nathaniel left with Elliot.

Cecilia stood silently before the tombstone, allowing the heavy snow to cover her, almost as if she was impervious to the slightest chill.

"Mom, why are you so foolish? Why didn't you tell me sooner? I feel so guilty. Why didn't I stay by your side and protect you?"

She was lost in her own murmurings, oblivious to the passage of time, until her hair was dusted white with snow and her face was a frozen shade of purple-blue.

Suddenly, a large umbrella was hoisted above her head.

She slowly lifted her gaze and saw a man dressed in a black coat, his features strikingly aloof.

"Why are you standing here alone in the snow? If Martha knew, she'd surely be worried about you," Nicholas said gently.

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Chapter 479 Always By Your Side

Nicholas reached out, ready to brush off the accumulated snow on Cecilia's body.

Instinctively, she avoided him. “Nicholas, how come you’re here?”

The polite greeting left Nicholas’ hand frozen in mid-air, only retracting after a considerable delay.

“I saw the news report, and that’s how I found out something happened to Martha. You once mentioned that she’s as important to you as your own mother. I knew you’d be devastated by her passing, so I came to check on you.”

Having said that, he turned to Martha’s tombstone and paid his respects.

Cecilia hadn’t expected him to remember their childhood so vividly. She forced a smile and said, “Thank you. I’m fine.”

Nicholas looked at her face, frozen to a purplish hue, her eyes rimmed red. How can she still pretend like nothing’s wrong?

“You don’t have to be so strong in front of me. I’ve told you before, I’ll always be by your side.”

Cecilia merely gave a slight nod, unsure of how to respond to him.

After a prolonged silence, she said, “I’m heading home.”

“I’ll take you there,” replied Nicholas immediately.

“No need. My car is parked nearby,” Cecilia responded.

“How could you possibly drive in y “Let’s go.”

your current state?” Nicholas’ voice was filled with concern. or else you might

Cecilia didn’t feel right to refuse any longer.

Nicholas considerately handed her a small towel. “Brush off the snow on you, or else catch a cold later.”

“Thank you.”

She took the towel, dusted off the accumulated snow on her body, and then got into the car.

Nicholas was seated in the driver's seat, turning on the car's heater. He also played the song that Cecilia had loved so much when she was a child.

She was taken aback. "I almost forgot about this song.

"I listened to it quite often while I was undergoing treatment abroad," said Nicholas.

Hearing this, Cecilia couldn't help but feel guilty. "How have you been all these years while you're abroad?"

Finally hearing her ask about him, Nicholas softly answered, "I'm all right. It's just that I've been sleeping more than I've been awake."

He was just about to start the car when a Bentley pulled up, and two figures, one big and one small, got out of it.

Vivian and Jonathan got up at five in the morning. However, due to the heavy traffic caused by the approaching New Year celebrations, they still ended up being late.

When they got out of the car, Cecilia spotted them and immediately got out of Nicholas' vehicle.

"Jon, Vivian."

Their eyes were tinged with red, and it was evident they had been crying.

"I'm sorry that we only came now, Ceci."

The two were supposed to arrive last night, but the heavy snowfall blocked the roads, so they couldn't make it.

Cecilia shook her head. "It's okay."

She knew that Martha would never blame the two of them.

Vivian stepped forward and embraced her as a gesture of comfort.

Jonathan also took hold of Cecilia's hand, providing her with strength.

Just as he was about to greet her, he saw Nicholas stepping out of the same car and approaching them.

Since the man before him wasn't blind, Jonathan could immediately tell that he wasn't Nathaniel.

"Ms. Smith, don't be sad." The boy didn't greet Cecilia as "Mommy".

Cecilia understood his intentions, so she wasn't surprised.

On the other hand, when Vivian saw Nicholas, she couldn't tell him apart from Nathaniel. "Has Nathaniel's vision gotten better?"

"He's Nicholas," revealed Cecilia.

Vivian was in disbelief. The two of them really look identical. No one can probably tell them. apart if they're solely looking at their appearances. No wonder Ceci mistook one for the other back then.

"Hello, Ms. Kennedy."

Nicholas gentlemanly extended his hand.

Vivian courteously shook hands with him.

"Hello, Mr. Rainsworth."

She had heard about Nicholas before, and just as the rumors suggested, he was very gentle.

No wonder Ceci likes him. He's not only handsome but also has a good temper, unlike Nathaniel, that sc*mbag-

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Chapter 480 Are You Abandoning Me Once More

After paying their respects to Martha, Vivian and Jonathan went back with Cecilia.

Nicholas' car was spacious. Even with four people seated, there was still a significant amount of space left.

Vivian had ridden in plenty of luxury cars, especially since she started hanging out with Jonathan. However, this was the first time she saw a car equipped with various medical devices and even had a doctor on board.

It almost seemed like one could receive treatment in the car right away if anything were to happen.

Nicholas sent the three of them to the front door of the house. After bidding farewell to Cecilia, he instructed the driver to head back home.

Standing next to Cecilia, Vivian asked, "Where's Nathaniel?"

"I asked him to return with Eli first."

"Woah, woah." Vivian sighed deeply as she noticed parts of Cecilia's clothes were soaked. "He just left like that, not even bothering to stay with you or offer you an umbrella?"

As her best friend, Vivian naturally hoped that Cecilia could find a man who would treat her well.

"I wanted some peace and quiet. Let's head in. It's cold out here. You and Jon can't catch a cold."

"Sure, okay."

Vivian led Jonathan as they followed Cecilia

Cecilia into the house.

Inside the house, it felt exceptionally warm.

Nathaniel and Elliot had already prepared a feast full of Cecilia's favorite dishes with the help of the chef. However, when Vivian and Jonathan arrived, Elliot was somewhat taken aback.

"Ms. Kennedy, Jon, how come you're here?"

"We're late. If it's okay, let's have a meal together?" Vivian's arrival livened up the atmosphere. considerably.

"It's okay, of course."

Vivian, along with the two boys, headed to the kitchen to help out.

Cecilia gazed into the empty room, feeling a lack of appetite.

Nathaniel approached, asking, "Are you all right?"

He wasn't like Nicholas, who had a way with words and knew how to comfort others.

"Yeah." Cecilia nodded. "You all must be hungry. Go ahead and eat first. I'm not hungry."

"You should eat something, even if you're not hungry."

Ever since Martha had met with misfortune, Cecilia had not eaten anything until now. Nathaniel was deeply concerned about her health.

"But..."

"There are no buts," Nathaniel interrupted her. "Don't forget, you're pregnant."

Only then did she come to a realization, placing her hand on her lower abdomen.

She almost forgot that she was carrying a child.

"Okay, I'll eat."

During mealtime, she forcefully stuffed all the food into her mouth.

As George and Roland had now firmly believed that Jonathan was their descendant, Vivian couldn't let the boy stay there overnight.

Cecilia was also worried that her bad mood would affect Jonathan, so she watched them leave.

As soon as they left, the house left even emptier.

Cecilia didn't dare to even glance at the room where Martha resided. She had the illusion that Martha would always remain if she didn't enter her room.

That night, after Elliot had fallen asleep, Nathaniel sat pensively next to Cecilia, "Let's head back to Tudela tomorrow.

Cecilia was taken aback, looking at him with confusion.

"The medical facilities in Tudela are far better than those in Sparaville. It'll also be more convenient for Eli's treatments." Nathaniel didn't tell the whole truth.

He was worried that Cecilia couldn't move on if she stayed put at this place.

Originally, she had returned this time for Martha, intending to spend the New Year with the latter in her hometown. Now that Martha had passed away, she truly had no reason to stay here any longer.

However, she didn't want to go back with Nathaniel.

"I don't want to return to Tudela, Nathaniel. I want to go. abroad."

If Nathaniel was still suffering from amnesia, he would certainly not have understood the meaning of her words.

But now, he had regained all of his memory. He understood that Cecilia's desire to go abroad was simply her way of not wanting to continue their relationship.

He let out a self-deprecating chuckle, tightening his grip on Cecilia's hand.

"What now? Are you planning to divorce me again, or abandon me once more?"