

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 661

Chapter 661 Looking For Eli

Cecilia walked a little too fast and nearly collided with Nathaniel.

Nathaniel gently lifted his hand, assisting her.

“Thank you. After expressing her gratitude, Cecilia asked him, “Are you looking for Eli?”

“Mhm,” replied Nathaniel.

“Better hurry in then, or he’ll be asleep soon,” Cecilia whispered, her breath warm against Nathaniel’s throat.

His throat tightened slightly. Then, in a deep voice, he said, “All right.”

Not long after Cecilia left, she finished freshening up and was about to return to her room to rest. It was then she heard Elliot causing a fuss, demanding she come and sleep with him.

Elliot was crying rather pitifully. He had accepted sleeping alone while he was outside, but at home, all he wanted was to sleep alongside his parents.

Cecilia had no choice but to lie next to Elliot. Meanwhile, Nathaniel settled on the other side.

The three slept together, with Elliot holding their hands, one in each of his. He then brought both hands to his chest and asked, “Mommy, can you two hold hands?”

Cecilia asked, “Why?”

“All the other kids at preschool had parents who would hold hands together. When you two are with me, I never see you two holding hands. Could you maybe hold hands?”

Cecilia blushed slightly. “Actually, some moms and dads don’t hold hands either-”

Before she could even finish her sentence, Nathaniel had already swiftly taken hold of her hand.

Elliot was still unsatisfied. “Daddy, you two’s fingers need to interlock.”

Naturally, Nathaniel wouldn’t spoil his son’s good intentions, so he interlocked his fingers with Cecilia’s.

Cecilia gazed at the hand that Nathaniel was holding. For some reason, she felt her cheeks were

on fire.

She thought she had long lost interest in Nathaniel, but perhaps she couldn't ignore his remarkably attractive face.

In the night, Cecilia dwelled in inappropriate thoughts.

The next morning, to her surprise, she woke up in Nathaniel's arms.

When Cecilia groggily opened her eyes, the first thing she saw was Nathaniel's handsome face.

She moved slightly, only then realizing that Nathaniel was tightly embracing her. As she glanced to her side, Elliot was already gone.

"Nathaniel," she couldn't help but call out.

Upon hearing the words, Nathaniel slowly opened his eyes.

It seemed as though he had just realized that Cecilia was lying next to him. He couldn't help but ask. "How did you end up sleeping in my arms?"

Cecilia really wanted to give him a piece of her mind. How could he be so shameless? "You're the one holding me. Did you sneakily hold me in your arms last night?"

"Why don't you say that you were restless in your sleep last night and crawled into my embrace to sleep?"

Cecilia felt that Nathaniel was truly shameless and pulled his hand. "Release me. I need to get up. I'm not even sure how Eli slept last night."

"Eli had already gone to school."

Cecilia picked up her phone and glanced at the screen. It was already a few minutes shy of ten

o'clock..

She never expected that she slept for so long, let alone that Nathaniel would stay with her the entire time.

"It's late. Let me get up now," demanded Cecilia. I'm impressed by this man. Why does he still refuse to let go?

Nathaniel also couldn't sleep anymore and rose from the bed with her after releasing her.

The weather outside was splendid that day. Cecilia thought about the unread messages from those mothers yesterday. Upon checking her inbox, she found that they had sent her quite a few more..

They shared their regrets and mentioned that they shouldn't have listened to Miranda. They also wrote Miranda threatened them and asked Cecilia if there was a way to help.

Vivian had also called Cecilia. "Ceci, my sister-in-law asked me to reach out to you. She wanted to know if you could retrieve the money she had invested. I couldn't help but laugh. Just a few days ago, she was scolding me, telling me not to be friends with you. Now look, retribution has come knocking on her door."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 662

Chapter 662 Good Answer

"How did you respond to her?" asked Cecilia.

"I reminded her that she asked me to stop being friends with you and said that I've blocked you, so I can't reach you," Vivian replied.

Cecilia nodded. "Mhm, that's a good answer."

"Mhm hm. I'm not a fool. She was just too naïve. She even thought she could have others help her recover the money she lost from her investment. There's no way that'll happen."

"Consider it a lesson for her."

Vivian could tell her relatives didn't actually care about her. As such, she thought she shouldn't bother to think about them either.

"By the way, Old Mr. Sinclair wants to have a chat with you, Ceci."

"All right." Immediately, Cecilia agreed.

After Vivian passed the phone to George, he didn't waste any time with unnecessary chatter.. "Cecilia, I heard that you want to be the president of the parents' association?"

The contest between Cecilia and Miranda for the position of parents' association's president was the talk of the town among all the preschool mothers. Even George had heard about it from his peers.

George was particularly concerned when Jonathan was mentioned in the gossip.

“Yes, but I didn’t get elected,” Cecilia admitted, feeling somewhat embarrassed.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” George’s voice was filled with affection. “Isn’t it just the position of chairman you’re after? Consider it done with a single word from me. Just wait, I’ll handle it for you.”

Cecilia hastily declined. “Old Mr. Sinclair, there’s no need to trouble yourself...”

She knew that George only wanted to help her because he liked Jonathan..

“Cecilia, there’s no need to be so polite with me. Back in my younger days, I was friends with your grandfather,” said George.

Cecilia didn’t have much recollection of her grandfather because after she was born, she was handed over to Martha for care.

When she was three years old, her grandfather passed away.

“Old Mr. Sinclair, the main issue is that the parents’ association election is already over,” said Cecilia.

“Then let’s have a re–election until you get the position.” George then hung up the phone without waiting for Cecilia’s agreement and went to settle the matter.

The toughest part about that whole situation was dealing with Niel.

After George made a phone call, the principal quickly sent out a notice. It mentioned that the initial selection for the parents’ committee president had been unfair. Therefore, an online voting process under real names was scheduled for that afternoon to elect a new president.

The mothers were all stunned as they didn’t expect a re–election to be possible.

That time, without any hesitation, they all cast their votes for Cecilia.

Priscilla, who had previously tattled to Miranda, immediately messaged Cecilia: See, Ms. Cecilia. I told you that you could do it.

After seeing that, Cecilia replied with a smile emoji.

She understood that most people were largely self–interested. However, she decided that she would no longer assist Priscilla or provide her with anything in the future.

Upon seeing the new poll at home, Miranda immediately called the head of the preschool. "What are you doing? I can have Old Mr. Rainsworth have a chat with you, you know."

The head of the preschool had lost his previous good attitude at that moment. "Ms. Miranda, the decision to elect a new president for the parents' association was brought to my attention over the phone by both Old Mr. Rainsworth and Old Mr. Sinclair."

He didn't expect the position of parents' association's president would prompt two prestigious individuals from Tudela to call him personally.

At that point, he understood more than ever that he must treat Cecilia well.

Cecilia was certainly no ordinary individual.

Upon hearing that both George and Niel had called the head of the preschool, Miranda was immediately stunned.

When she hung up the phone, she was still somewhat disoriented. "Grandpa didn't give up did he?"

on us.

Even though the position of the parents' association president meant nothing much to her, she couldn't allow that to happen.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 663

Chapter 663 Out For Revenge

Coincidentally, Cecilia released a new announcement, rearranging various matters such as student enrollment and parking.

Miranda was convinced that Cecilia was out for revenge against her.

She sent a message to Cecilia: Felix is the eldest grandson of the Rainsworth family. You can target me, but if you target him, the Rainsworth family won't let you off easily.

Cecilia was amused and replied: When you targeted my son back then, why didn't you consider that he's also part of the Rainsworth family?

Miranda was beginning to feel a bit scared, worrying that the other children in the class would also start to isolate her son.

As such, she typed: Cecilia, no matter what, you're Felix's aunt. Please, don't make too much of a mess.

about

Cecilia read that hypocritical message and chose not to respond. Why doesn't she worry making a mess when she bullies others? I already made it clear long ago that I'll make anyone who bullies my son pay a hundredfold. Also, when children make mistakes, they need to be taught a lesson. I'm not Felix's parent, so why should I have to tolerate him?

Cecilia began to send messages to the mothers who aimed to please her. The general gist of her messages was that however they treated Jonathan before, they should treat Felix the same way!

The mothers were utterly repulsed by Miranda at that time, for she had caused them to lose a significant amount of money, leaving them unable to hold their heads high in their marital homes.

Felix didn't possess the same mental strength as Jonathan. During preschool, the other children ignored him. In less than an afternoon, he was on the verge of a meltdown.

It was at that moment he truly understood he shouldn't have targeted Jonathan in the first place.

When he returned home, Miranda lectured him. "Right now, your main focus should be on your studies. If you excel in your learning, your great-grandfather will grow even fonder of you. When that time comes, you can have anything you want. So what if no one wants to hang out with you?"

It doesn't matter.

Felix didn't dare to argue, but he knew he certainly couldn't compare to Jonathan.

After all, Jonathan was Tudela's mathematical olympiad champion, and he didn't even understand what a mathematical olympiad was.

He didn't dare to reveal it to Miranda. All he could do was nod in agreement.

The competition at the preschool concluded with those results. Following that, Cecilia started to prepare for her legal battle with Paula.

She was all prepared. Yet, the day before the trial, Cecilia received a piece of news that left her utterly stunned.

That time, it wasn't Magnus who called. It was Cassandra. "Cecilia, are you happy now? Mom is really sick."

Surprise filled Cecilia's eyes. "Are you talking about Paula?"

“Who else?”

“What illness did she have?”

“Late-stage cervical cancer!” declared Cassandra, emphasizing each word.

Cecilia sneered, “What, she can’t keep up the brain cancer act anymore? Now she’s switching to a different type of cancer?”

“You’re welcome to come to the hospital if you don’t believe me,” Cassandra said, hanging up the phone.

Then, she turned to the pale Paula, who was lying on the hospital bed. A hint of disdain flashed in her eyes, but she said, “Mom, I’ve already called Cecilia. If she has any humanity left, she definitely won’t sue you again.”

Cassandra was well aware that if Cecilia won, it would be the Evans family who would truly pay the price.

She knew that’s the Evans family had was all thanks to Paula.

“Cassandra, the thing I regret most in my life is raising that ingrate.” Paula said, her abdomen still throbbing with pain.

She didn’t expect she would actually be diagnosed with cancer. Cervical cancer, no less!

“Don’t worry. Even if it costs me my life, I won’t let her seize the assets,” Paula said, clenching her fist tightly.

“Mom, you should rest well.” After finishing her words, Cassandra casually adjusted the blanket for her.

Then she left the ward.

She didn’t want to spend another moment in the hospital, permeated with the

scent of

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 664

Chapter 664 Did Not Seem To Be Fake

At Daltonia Villa, Cecilia gazed at the disconnected call, recalling the last time she saw Paula. Back then, Paula was pale with distress, clutching her stomach while her limbs trembled.

It doesn't seem fake, and using cancer twice seems too unbelievable. After giving it some thought, Cecilia decided to go to the hospital to see what was really going on.

When Cecilia went to Tudela Hospital, Zachary happened to be there too, and they ran into each other.

Though Cecilia was wearing a mask, the prominent scar on her right cheek, extending from beneath the mask, was still visible.

"Cecilia," greeted Zachary.

Previously, Zachary helped Jonathan in preschool. After that, Cecilia's attitude toward him wasn't as cold as before, but it wasn't warm either. "Mhm,"

She responded politely yet distantly before hastily making her way to the upstairs ward.

Zachary felt a bit puzzled and asked Arnold, "Is she sick?"

Arnold immediately went to check, shaking his head afterward. "No."

Arnold spotted a familiar name and informed Zachary, "It seems that Ms. Smith's mother was hospitalized."

"Paula?" Zachary raised his eyebrow.

"Mhm."

"Why is she in the hospital?"

Arnold pulled up the medical record, took a glance, and, in a hushed tone, said, "It's late-stage cervical cancer."

A flicker of surprise crossed Zachary's eyes.

There was no treatment for late-stage cervical cancer, and at most, one could expect to live only for another year or two.

"Are you certain it's real?" Zachary was aware of Paula's impending imprisonment.

"It should be. This assessment is provided by our hospital's professional doctors. Usually, there's no issue," Arnold replied.

Zachary profoundly understood that money made the world go round. "Make sure to thoroughly investigate this matter. No mistakes can be afforded."

"Understood."

Meanwhile, Cecilia had already arrived outside Paula's ward, where she knocked on the door.

Paula thought Cassandra had returned and beamed. "Come on in, no need to knock."

When the door was pushed open, and she saw Cecilia, her smile froze. "Why is it you?"

Cecilia had long been mentally prepared for Paula's contrasting expressions. "Didn't you have Cassandra call me because you wanted me to come over?"

Paula sneered, "Who would want to meet an unfilial daughter? Are you satisfied now? I really have cancer, and at most, I can only live for two more years."

The usually proud and beautiful Paula's countenance contorted with agitation.

Cecilia calmly looked at Paula. "If that's really the case, I'll abide by the law and arrange for your medical parole."

On her way to the hospital, Cecilia did a brief research on cervical cancer. In its later stages, the cancer cells would spread, causing severe abdominal pain. It could also lead to frequent urination and discomfort while urinating.

She thought that was absolutely more tormenting for Paula than being in prison.

"What, do you want me to thank you?" Paula retorted.

Cecilia didn't respond. Instead, she looked around and quickly noticed the medical record placed on the bedside table of the hospital bed.

She picked it up and read it. It seems more genuine than the last time.

She was just about to question Paula to seek confirmation when Norman called her.

He said, "Ceci, I have some unfortunate news to share with you. I've just discovered that Paula has indeed been diagnosed with an illness this time."

Unconsciously, Cecilia's grip on the phone tightened. "I already know. It's fine."

After saying that, she hung up the phone.

“What’s this? Are you in such a hurry to announce my demise?” Paula’s gaze was icy cold as she continued, “Let me tell you, even if I were to die, I wouldn’t leave the wealth Regas left me to you! I’d take every last penny to my grave.”

Upon hearing that, Cecilia was instantly reminded of her father’s passing.

She could no longer contain herself and questioned, “Aren’t you afraid that after you die, my father’s vengeful spirit will come after you?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 665

Chapter 665 The Wicked Mother

Paula was taken aback. Sensing the insinuation in Cecilia’s words, she couldn’t help but ask, “What do you mean?”

“Did you have anything to do with my father’s car accident?” Cecilia asked.

Panic was evident in Paula’s eyes.. “What are you babbling about?”

Her reaction came as a deep blow to Cecilia.

She didn’t press further, falling silent.

Paula became self-conscious out of guilt. “In the will that Regas left you, did he mention anything. else?”

Upon hearing those words, Cecilia looked into Paula’s eyes, finding nothing but unfamiliarity. The woman before him was her own mother and the wife who had gone through thick and thin with her father.

“What do you think?” Instead of answering, Cecilia threw the question back to her.

Paula’s expression subtly shifted as she abruptly grabbed Cecilia’s wrist. “Show me the will!” she demanded.

Cecilia abruptly pulled away from her grasp. “Don’t worry. I’ll make it public in court.”

The will simply stated that if Magnus proved to be incompetent, Cecilia had the right to take over all of the Smith family’s assets. It didn’t speak ill of Paula in any way.

However, she intended to sow seeds of doubt in Paula’s mind, to instill fear in the latter.

Paula’s stomach began to ache again, her face breaking out in a cold sweat.

“You ingrate. I knew I shouldn’t have raised you!”

Upon observing Paula's current state, Cecilia was certain that the former was indeed gravely ill.

Perhaps this is divine retribution.

As she turned to leave, Paula called out to her again, "Do you know why I favor Cassandra over you?"

Cecilia paused in her tracks.

"Because she is better, more sensible, and more like me than you are. And you, you disgust me!"

As if her words weren't enough to vent her anger, Paula continued, "You're nothing but a commoner. If it weren't for your father insisting on keeping you, I wouldn't have kept you. You don't even deserve to live. You even have the audacity to mock me, your birth mother, when I'm ill. Remember this, you will never, ever measure up to Cassandra. I curse you, to never know peace in this lifetime!"

Cecilia stepped out, paying no further attention to the screaming Paula behind her.

She made her way to the corridor of the hospital, coming face to face with the approaching Cassandra.

"Cecilia," Cassandra called out, while her gaze focused on the scar on Cecilia's face. Deep down, she felt an unusual sense of satisfaction.

Would Nicholas still want you now in your current state?

Cecilia looked at her coldly. "Show some respect. Paula and I have long severed our mother- daughter relationship."

Moreover, she had no desire to be the sister of someone as ruthless and cold-hearted as Cassandra.

Cassandra's lips curled up in a mocking smile. "Do you really think you can just sever blood ties whenever you want? There's an old saying, blood is thicker than water."

The remark made Cecilia realize that Cassandra too had learned how to emotionally blackmail others, just like Paula.

Sure enough, in the next moment, Cassandra said, "There's no need for family to bring each other to court. I've spoken to my father, and he's willing to offer

you compensation. How does a hundred million sound?"

In Cassandra's view, a hundred million was a generous offer, and she saw no reason for Cecilia to refuse.

In response, Cecilia asked her, "Why would your father need to compensate me if I'm only asking for what's rightfully mine?"

Cassandra choked up, "Obviously it's because of my mom, why else do you think we're spending this money? Think it through, lawsuits aren't a walk in the park. They're expensive and time-consuming. Don't end up with nothing in the end."

"Then let's wait and see," Cecilia remarked before departing.

Cassandra watched her retreating figure, her hand clenched tightly.

Why didn't I have her trade her life for Jon back then? Scorpius has now fled abroad, and no one dares to risk going against Cecilia anymore.

Cassandra was pregnant now, and Nicholas had agreed to marry her, so she had no choice but to let Cecilia off for the time being.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 666

Chapter 666 Hidden Resentment

Inside the ward, not long after Cecilia left, Paula was in unbearable pain, her illness flaring up. By the time Cassandra entered the room, she was met with a foul odor.

Paula looked at her somewhat awkwardly. "Cassandra, could you please call the nurse? I'm afraid I've unintentionally soiled the bedsheet."

Upon hearing these words, Cassandra finally understood the reason. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't hide the look of disdain on her face.

"Mom, how could you wet the bed when you're an adult?"

"I'm sorry.

sorry.

It wasn't intentional. It's just a symptom of my illness. You're not going to resent me for it, are you?"

In front of Cassandra, Paula was exceptionally submissive.

Cassandra knew that although Paula had brought all the money to the Evans family, she still had a backup plan. Her father didn't have control over all the funds..

She was

as still hoping that after Paula's death, she would inherit the latter's fortune. So, she feigned concern and said, "Mom, how could I possibly resent you? I am your daughter after all. I was just a bit shocked earlier, but what are we going to do with you now? I'll call the caregiver immediately, and then have the doctor and nurse check on you later."

"Alright."

Paula fes

Cassandra was her own flesh and blood. She was certain that the latter would never despise or harm her.

Cassandra immediately stepped out and dialed the caregiver's number, urging them to come and handle the situation promptly.

The caregiver arrived swiftly to change Paula's sheets. Who could have imagined that the once proud and renowned dancer would be reduced to such a state?

The doctor treated Paula, and her condition somewhat improved.

Cassandra really didn't want to stay there, so she found an excuse to leave.

If it wasn't for the pretense of showing filial piety in front of Paula, she wouldn't have come at all.

Once she stepped outside, she could finally breathe in the fresh air. She then gave Magnus a call.

Quickly, the call connected, and Cassandra spoke with the authority of an elder sister.

"Magnus, Mom is sick. When are you planning to come back?"

With Nicholas' support, Magnus had started up his own company. When she heard that Paula was ill, he didn't believe it at all. "Cassandra, tell Mom to stop using the same old tricks. If Cecilia

1/3

Chapter 666 Hidden Resentment

wants to put her in jail, pretending to be sick won't help."

+5 Pearls

sol

He no longer relied on the Evans family now, so he didn't see the need to show Cassandra any respect.

"Mom is really sick, she has late-stage cervical cancer. She's not faking it," Cassandra explained, even though she was somewhat upset.

Ever since Paula was diagnosed with late-stage cancer, she would constantly call Cassandra, asking the latter to come over and keep her company,

Cassandra was thoroughly annoyed. If only Magnus would return, Paula wouldn't constantly call her.

Upon learning that Paula was truly diagnosed with cancer, Magnus was taken aback but quickly shrugged it off. "Doesn't Mom only love you? Just take good care of her. I'm not a doctor, so what's the point of telling me?"

Magnus abruptly hung up the phone.

If this had been in the past, upon hearing of Paula falling ill, he would have definitely shown some concern. But now....

Upon recalling Paula's statement about giving everything to Cassandra in the future, he lost all love for this biased mother.

He had long grown accustomed to his mother's favoritism toward him, and there was no way he could accept her having another favorite.

At that moment, there was a knock at the door.

Upon lifting his gaze, Magnus broke into a smile instantly.

"Nicholas."

Nicholas gave a slight nod.

Ever since Magnus joined the new company established for him by Nicholas, he had behaved sycophantically toward the latter.

"How's work been lately?" Nicholas asked after sitting down.

Swiftly, Magnus served him some warm water. "I've only just started. There's not much for me to do yet."

After taking a sip of water, Nicholas put on a warm expression. "It's okay. Take your time."

"Alright," Magnus felt as if Nicholas was his own brother. He couldn't help but express his disbelief. "Nicholas, Cecilia must have been blind to turn you down and choose to be with that fool, Nathaniel."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 667

Chapter 667 Just A Bag

Upon hearing Magnus' words, Nicholas responded calmly, "We must respect your sister's decision."

At that moment, Magnus felt the urge to kidnap Cecilia and marry her off to Nicholas.

"Nicholas, I'm not sure if you're aware, but when Cecilia married Nathaniel, not only did he fail to support our family, he even targeted us, leading to the downfall of the Smith family."

Even until then, Magnus still didn't believe that the downfall of the Smith family was his own fault.

He had forgotten about the times when his mother used to frequently visit Rainsworth Manor, asking for money. He had also forgotten that it was he who had willingly handed over the company and his father's inheritance to others.

"Don't worry. I'll certainly take good care of you in the future," Nicholas said.

Magnus nodded heavily, his eyes filled with emotion.

He was determined to make a name for himself, to show those who had once looked down on him just what he was capable of.

Meanwhile, Cassandra, upon seeing the disconnected call, was seething with anger.

As a son, why isn't Magnus taking care of his own mother? Why should it fall upon me to shoulder such responsibility?

Cassandra picked up her phone and started venting to her father, Ralph.

She wasn't aware that Paula, at the moment, was struggling to catch up with her because she had left her handbag behind. Just as Paula was about to hand over the handbag, she heard Cassandra say, "She wet the bed. It was utterly disgusting. You wouldn't believe how close I was to throwing up when I walked in. I've never had to look

after Queenie before, and now I'm expected to care for her? Even her own son doesn't want to take care of her. This is ridiculous. If it weren't for her imminent-"

Before Cassandra could finish her sentence, she suddenly turned around and saw Paula standing nearby.

She hastily ended the call, forcing a smile..

"Mom, what are you going out here? Aren't you supposed to be resting?" Cassandra rushed forward, her face filled with concern. There wasn't even a hint of disdain for Paula in her expression.

For a moment, Paula doubted if he had misheard earlier.

She didn't say much. Instead, she handed over the bag. "Cassandra, you forgot your bag. I brought it out for you."

Cassandra accepted the bag without any sense of guilt.

"Thanks, Mom," she said. "I should get going now. Take care of yourself and go back now."

She settled into the car, a sigh of relief washing over her.

Perhaps she didn't hear it? If she had, how could she possibly not question me?

With that, Cassandra casually instructed the driver to drive off.

+5 Pearls

Both she and Paula failed to notice a familiar figure sitting inside a black sedan not far from them.

Cecilia remained seated in the backseat, as she never left.

She initially intended to wait outside, curious to see if Cassandra and Paula would slip up and reveal anything. However, she hadn't expected to witness such a "touching" scene.

The car window was opaque from the outside, so no one could see her inside. However, she had a clear view of everything happening outside.

She had witnessed how Cassandra privately scorned Paula. Yet, she also saw how Paula, despite her discomfort, insisted on delivering the handbag to Cassandra.

It's just a handbag.

Cecilia gently tightened her grip, her gaze lingering on Paula's hunched back as the latter made her way into the hospital.

"So, you're just an ordinary mother after all, just not to me," she murmured to herself.

It seemed as though Paula sensed someone watching her. When she turned around, she saw a black sedan slowly driving away.

For reasons unknown, she felt a dull ache in her heart at that moment.

She pressed her hand against her chest, murmuring to herself, "What's happening to me?"

Two caregivers came over to assist her. "Are you alright? Let me take you back."

With a prideful expression, Paula swiftly shook off their hands.

"I can walk by myself."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 668

Chapter 668 Feelings Of Regret

Paula moved forward on her own, leaving the caregivers behind her discussing in hushed tones. "She's really pitiful. Despite her severe illness, neither her husband nor son are by her side, and her daughter just came for a brief visit and then left."

"Exactly, have you seen her daughter? Always dressed to the nines, but the moment she saw her own mother wet the bed, the look of disgust on her face was so obvious."

"Being wealthy isn't necessarily a good thing."

Upon hearing the voices of the caregivers behind her, Paula heard Cassandra's earlier words at the hospital entrance echo in her mind.

She was instantly angered. "What nonsense are you spouting? My husband loves me more than you can imagine; my son is just tied up with work; and my daughter cares deeply for me. She visits me every day. You're just jealous!"

The caregivers immediately fell silent, not daring to say anything more.

Paula returned to her bed, lying down. The ears, along with the grating gossip of the of disdain from Cassandra still echoed in her

"She wet the bed. It was utterly disgusting. You wouldn't believe how close I was to throwing up when I walked in. I've never had to look after Queenie before, and now I'm

expected to care for her? Even her own son doesn't want to take care of her. This is ridiculous..."

"Exactly, have you seen her daughter? Always dressed to the nines, but the moment she saw her own mother wet the bed, the look of disgust on her face was so obvious."

Given Paula's immense pride, she would never admit that her daughter's feelings for her weren't genuine.

Moreover, she had pinned all her hopes on Cassandra, going so far as to break her vow of never dancing again for her sake. For the latter, she had even transferred all the assets of the Smith family to the Evans family.

Paula picked up her phone, dialing Ralph's number.

The call on the other end took a while to connect.

"What is it now?" Ralph's voice was laced with impatience.

Paula was oblivious to it as she asked, "Honey, are you still tied up with work? When will you come and keep me company? I don't want to be alone in the hospital."

"Didn't I tell you already? The company has been going through some issues recently, and I've been incredibly busy. Didn't I hire two caregivers for you? If you're bored, why don't you chat with them?"

Paula wanted to say more, but Ralph had already hung up the phone.

When it came to Paula, who had now aged significantly and was severely ill, he felt no desire for her anymore.

Beside him was his attractive female secretary. "Mr. Evans, please don't be upset."

The female secretary gently patted his chest, soothing him.

Ralph pulled her close, grinning as he said, "After that old woman dies, would it be okay if I marry you?"

The office was filled with laughter.

Paula stared at the disconnected call, her eyes filled with disappointment.

Had this been before she fell ill and was entangled in legal troubles, she would have already confronted Ralph at his office, but now, even taking a few steps caused her pain.

It was at this moment that Paula couldn't help but recall the time when she married Regas. Back then, even if she accidentally twisted her leg, Regas would show exceptional concern, let alone when it came to being diagnosed with cancer.

Paula still remembered the day she had caught a chill and developed a fever during the night. It had frightened Regas to no end. Despite the doctor's assurance that she was fine, Regas held her in his arms, crying until she was soaked in tears.

He even said. "You must not come to any harm, Paula. If anything happens to you, I would choose to die with you."

Back then, Paula simply thought that this man was weak, crying over the smallest things.

He wants to die alongside me! How immature!

Later on, when Regas broke both his legs in a car accident, he didn't shed a single tear. Instead, he tenderly caressed her face and reassured her, "It doesn't hurt. I'll recover soon."

"Don't look at me. It will scare you, understand?"

As Paula pondered over these matters, tears began to fall inexplicably.

In that moment, she felt a tinge of regret.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 669

Chapter 669 Unable To Sleep

She regretted abandoning the man who loved her the most, all for what she thought was true love.

"Regas, you must really hate me, right?"

Paula wiped away her tears, telling herself that Ralph was genuinely busy and Cassandra had serious matters to attend to as well. They couldn't be by her side to take care of her.

She was alone, scrolling through her phone. For some reason, as if guided by an unseen hand, she opened the old family group chat. Inside were messages from Cecilia, her father, herself, and Magnus.

In the family group chat, there was still a message sent by Regas before he passed away: Honey, do you think I look handsome in this outfit for our daughter's wedding?

Cecilia responded: Dad, you look exceptionally handsome.

Paula replied: Absolutely hideous.

Regas: Then, I'll change my outfit to surprise you.

That was the last message he sent in the group chat.

Paula swiped upward, and for some reason, she found himself on the chat screen with Cecilia.

Ever since Cecilia repaid her for giving her life her own death, there had been no new updates between them. She scrolled back, finding a message Cecilia had sent her six years ago:

Mom, happy birthday. Did you eat the cake I bought for you today?

Mom, please don't be mad at me. Anger is harmful to your health, and you've caught a cold. I've made you some peppermint tea to help you feel better.

Mom, I want a divorce. Can we stop relying on others now?

Mom, I can earn money to support you, don't worry.

Yet every response Paula gave to Cecilia was particularly indifferent.

She looked at the messages sent by Cecilia in the past, and couldn't help but recall how obedient. Cecilia had been from childhood to adulthood.

Knowing that Paula was a dancer, Cecilia worked harder than the average person, all in hopes of standing on the stage and making Paula feel proud.

Paula could still recall that when Cecilia stepped down from the stage, her feet were blistered and bloody.

Additionally, during one of their trips, Paula had admired a flower on the mountain, commenting on its beauty. Without considering the danger, Cecilia had gone to pick it for her, nearly breaking her leg in the process...

A flood of countless memories came rushing back.

Paula immediately shut off her phone, forcing herself not to dwell on those thoughts any longer.

“Why bother with that ingrate? She’s not even my daughter! How can someone with hearing impairment and no achievements to speak of possibly be worthy of being my daughter?” she murmured to herself.

Paula lay in her room, intending to rest, but no matter what, she just couldn’t fall asleep.

After returning home, Cecilia sat alone on the balcony, lost in thought as she gazed into the pitch–black night.

She didn’t know why, but tears slid from the corners of her eyes uncontrollably despite her efforts to rein them in.

She curled herself up into a ball.

The light before her was suddenly blocked. As Cecilia slowly lifted her head, she saw Nathaniel, who was standing before her without her realizing it.

Even though she knew he couldn’t see her, Cecilia quickly wiped away the tears from the corners of her eyes.

“What are you doing here?” she asked, sniffing.

Nathaniel extended his hand for her to lean on him. “What’s happened?” he asked.

Cecilia spoke candidly. “Paula is really sick. She has late–stage cancer.”

She shed tears, not out of fear for Paula’s passing, but rather, she was reflecting on the fact that all these years, she had never received even a fraction of the love her mother had shown Cassandra.

Nathaniel fell silent for a moment, then bent down to carry her in his arms.

Cecilia frantically grabbed his shoulders and asked, “What are you doing?”

“It’s late. I’m carrying you to bed.”

“I don’t want to sleep.”

Cecilia wanted him to put her down, but Nathaniel firmly held her in his arms, placing her on the bed forcefullyaving down to embrace her.

“If you can’t sleep, try focusing on something else,” he suggested.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 670

Chapter 670 We Are Even

Cecilia didn't resist any further. She lay on the bed, staring at the ceiling. She spoke as if she was addressing Nathaniel, yet it also seemed like she was talking to herself.

"Even now, I still can't understand why she hates me so much. I used to think she didn't like daughters and was a cold-hearted person, but do you know what I saw today? I saw her enduring the discomfort of her illness to deliver a handbag to Cassandra. Even after hearing Cassandra: expressing her dislike for her, she pretended that it didn't happen. Behaving so humbly is so unlike her at all!"

Nathaniel tightened his grip on her hand. "You have me."

Cecilia looked back at him. "Are you not angry anymore?"

"We're even now, all right?" Nathaniel asked.

"Even?"

"I've treated you coldly for three years, and you've been gone for five years with our child. Can we call it even?" asked Nathaniel in a serious tone.

Cecilia felt a sudden lump in her throat as she turned around and embraced him.

When she took the initiative to embrace Nathaniel, he felt as if his whole body was frozen, his blood turning to ice. Slowly, he lifted his arms, holding her even tighter.

He held himself back, gently kissing the center of her forehead. His Adam's apple moved slightly.

"Promise me, if anything comes up in the future, you'll tell me instead of just leaving, okay?"

Cecilia didn't respond. She lifted her head, kissing him by the neck.

Nathaniel's body stiffened. Unable to control himself, he unleashed the desire within him.

The following day, after finishing his breakfast, Elliot found it odd that his parents hadn't woken up yet. He was about to knock on their door to rouse them when the housekeeper stopped him.

"Eli, don't bother Mr. and Mrs. Rainsworth. They had a late night yesterday."

The reason the housekeeper knew was that from her quarters, she could see whether the light in their room was on.

After hearing this, Elliot lowered his voice. "Madam, did Mommy and Daddy sleep together last night?"

The housekeeper nodded. "Yes, only one bedroom light was on. While cleaning today, there was no one in the other room."

After returning home last night, Elliot fell asleep early, forgetting to invite his parents to join him.

He felt a twinge of regret, not having anticipated that his parents would end up sleeping together.

Sleeping together every day, the two of them...

A look of joy spread across Elliot's face. "Madam, I'm off to school now, bye!"

"Bye."

By noon, Cecilia finally woke up. She was uncertain about what had transpired the previous night. Somehow, in the midst of their conversation, she and Nathaniel had ended up entwined together.

Perhaps I was in a bad mood, and I can't deny how handsome he is.

Cecilia glanced at the vacant spot beside her as she gave her face a light slap. Both of us are still husband and wife, so everything is above board. There is nothing to worry about.

She got out of bed and freshened up. After changing her clothes, she descended the stairs.

She had assumed that by then, Nathaniel would have already left for work. To her surprise, he was still downstairs. Wanting to avoid an awkward situation, Cecilia was about to turn around when she was called to halt.

-Ceci.

Cecilia paused. "Mmm-hmm?"

"After breakfast, we'll go out on a date," Nathaniel casually stated.

His mood was particularly good that day.

Upon hearing this, Cecilia hesitated. "But I have things to do today..."

"What's things?"

When Cecilia stuttered, unable to find an excuse, Nathaniel rose solemnly and walked toward her.

“Are you feeling unwell? Do you want to go to the hospital to get checked out?”

He had been quite gentle the night before, so there shouldn't be any issues.

“No need. I'm fine. I just don't feel like going out. I still have a song to write.”

“You don't have to compose music anymore. However much you need, I'll give it to you.”

Nathaniel was extraordinarily generous.

Cecilia thought back to the last time he had given her his black card, and she returned it to him. “Here's your card back.”

Nathaniel was taken aback, his face instantly darkening. “What's the meaning of this?”