

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 701

Chapter 701 Candid Words

“Mom, you wet yourself again?” Cassandra exclaimed in disgust.

Paula’s face flushed with embarrassment. Awkwardly, she pulled up the blanket, hoping to mask the unpleasant smell.

Upon seeing her in such a state, Cassandra couldn’t bear it any longer. “Mom, given your current state, why are you afraid of the divorce?”

You don’t have long, and I don’t want you to burden me before your death.

Despite what was on her mind, Cassandra dared not express it.

Paula was extremely embarrassed. “You guys go back first. I need some time to think it through.”

“Make up your mind quickly. If you take too long, Cecilia will have taken all the money away.”

Cassandra didn’t wish to stay here any longer either, so she left with her father.

After they were gone, the caregiver immediately came in.

“Mdm. Paula, are you alright? Should I call a doctor?”

Paula’s eyes were somewhat red as she shook her head. “No need. Could you just change the sheets for me?”

She seldom showed her vulnerability in front of strangers.

The caregiver first helped her up, then went to change the sheets. However, the spot where she had wet the bed was stained bright red.

Despite having cared for numerous patients, the nurse was taken aback by the sight. She exclaimed, “There’s so much blood!”

Upon looking over, Paula narrowed her eyes.

“Quick, get the doctor!”

She was still afraid of death.

The doctor and nurse arrived swiftly, and upon witnessing the scene before them, they didn't look surprised.

The nurse informed Paula, "Mdm. Paula, please stay calm. Given the advanced stage of your illness, it's quite normal to have blood in your urine."

"I looked it up. Does this mean I have less time to live?" Paula clutched at the nurse's uniform.

Up until now, she hadn't prepared herself to face death. She still wanted to fully enjoy life, and wasn't willing to die just like that.

Neither the nurse nor the doctor had the heart to tell her the truth. They only advised her not to overthink and to rest more.

The caregiver, standing nearby, couldn't help but sympathize with Paula.

"Mdm. Paula, would you like me to call your daughter and husband, to ask them to return?"

After hearing this, Paula was about to grab her phone. However, she suddenly remembered how Cassandra and Ralph had just forced her to consider a divorce, so she put her phone back down.

Bearing the pain, she looked toward the caregiver and asked, "You heard what my son-in-law said just now, didn't you? They truly care about me, right?"

Upon hearing these words, the caregiver was momentarily at a loss for words, as she could see things objectively as an outsider.

The caregiver had been listening to the father and daughter pressuring Paula into a divorce on the sidelines. It was clear that both of them harbored no affection for Paula.

As for that person from yesterday....

The caretaker settled down, speaking slowly, "Madam, I don't like to lie. To be honest, the two who visited today didn't have your best interests at heart."

A chill ran through Paula's heart, but the caregiver had more to say.

"Actually, I can tell that the young lady who came yesterday was not an ungrateful person. I could see affection for you in her eyes."

The girl from yesterday... Cecilia?

When Paula thought of Cecilia, she couldn't help but scoff, "How can that be? How could she possibly have any affection for me? I've never shown her a kind face since she was a child."

"She's not mine-

At this point, Paula fell silent.

Paula said to the caregiver, "Don't spout nonsense. If it wasn't for her, Cassandra wouldn't have even thought of suggesting divorce. I despised her, wishing she would just drop dead right in

front of me."

The caregiver was perplexed. They are both her daughters, so why does she harbor such resentment toward the girl from yesterday?

"Alright, you think however you want. I personally believe that the lady we met yesterday isn't

someone wicked."

Instead, she felt that Cassandra, who came earlier, was the cunning one.

Despite her objection to the caregiver's opinion, Paula was still unsettled by the words. After she

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Chapter 702 The Smith Residence

Paula had changed into casual attire, and as she got into her car outside the hospital, she it felt as if she was in a different world.

"Where to, madam?" the driver asked.

Upon hearing the words, Paula looked out of the window, uncertain of where she should go.

In the end, she instructed the driver to head toward the Smith residence.

Over half an hour later, she arrived at her destination.

Paula had initially assumed that the Smith residence had changed. Given that it had once been auctioned off by the court, it had likely become someone else's home.

However, as she stepped out of the car and looked up at the house she used to live in, she was surprised to find that it still looked the same.

The surroundings were impeccably clean, while the cherry blossom tree outside swayed gently.

Paula staggered over, somewhat in disbelief.

If memory serves me right, didn't Stella buy the mansion?

Stella hadn't appeared on her radar for a long time, so she was unaware that, as early as a year ago, Nathaniel had already bought the mansion back.

"Who are you?"

The housekeeper, who was cleaning the house, noticed Paula and stepped out to ask.

Paula was taken aback, and it took her a moment to regain his composure. "I used to own this house," she stated.

"Hasn't the Smith family always owned this place?" The part-timer was curious and further inquired, "What's your relationship with Cecilia?"

The mansion had been transferred to Cecilia by Nathaniel quite some time ago. Despite this, Cecilia hadn't moved back. Instead, she had hired a part-time cleaner to maintain it.

Reading between the lines, Paula threw a question back at the housekeeper. "Are you implying that this house belongs to Cecilia?"

"Yes. She hired me to clean this place part-time."

Paula couldn't believe it. Where on earth did Cecilia get the money to buy back the place?

As she stood there, lost in thought, the part-timer spoke again. "Are you a relative of Cecilia's? Would you like to come in and wait? She's coming over today."

Paula didn't refuse, so she walked in.

Inside the mansion, nothing had changed at all, be it the decor or ornaments on display.

The only change was that a black-and-white photograph of Regas had been put up in the living room.

When she saw the photograph of Regas, Paula's pupils constricted, her eyes filled with complexity.

At that moment, voices could be heard from the entrance.

"Eli, today is your granddad's birthday, remember to pay your respects later," Cecilia said, bending down to speak to his son.

Today was her father's birthday, a day she honored annually. This year, she happened to be back in her home.

"Alright, I understand." Elliot nodded repeatedly.

The mother and son duo walked in, one after the other. They were subsequently greeted by the sight of the frail Paula.

First, Paula looked at Cecilia, then her gaze shifted to Elliot.

"What are you doing here?" Cecilia's voice was icy cold.

Immediately, Elliot positioned himself protectively in front of Cecilia, his large eyes filled with caution as he watched Paula.

Paula gazed at the scene before her, inexplicably tasting a bitterness in her throat. She retorted, "Do I need your permission to come back to my own home?"

"Your home?" Cecilia laughed. "Have you forgotten? You've already auctioned off this house. This isn't your home anymore. Please, leave!"

After Cecilia finished speaking, she told the

part-timer. "Don't casually let anyone in next time.

For the first time, the part-timer saw the usually mild-mannered Cecilia angry, and she quickly nodded in agreement. "Yes, yes, yes."

Paula, however, refused to leave.

"You are my daughter, and naturally, your home is my home! Now that I'm diagnosed with cancer, it's your responsibility to take care of me and look after me!"

Today was Regas' birthday, and the mere thought of Paula potentially being responsible for his death triggered a chill in Cecilia's eyes.

She picked up the phone, calling the security guard outside. "You have three minutes to drive this person out of my house."

Paula hadn't anticipated Cecilia's ruthlessness. She soon found herself being dragged out of the Smith residence by the security guards.

Outside, it was drizzling.

Cecilia left Elliot in the mansion as she stepped outside, only to find Paula looking disheveled. She left the latter with a stinging remark. "You don't deserve to show up in front of my father's memorial picture."

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Chapter 703 Is She Not Your Mother Too

"If you truly don't have long to live, I won't just stand idly by and watch you die on account that you're my birth mother still," added Cecilia.

Looking at the now high and mighty Cecilia, Paula couldn't help but scoff, "You stupid girl, don't get carried away just because Nathaniel is now blind and has given you some money. Of course I'll live on. Cassandra is infinitely more outstanding than you could ever be. With her by my

side. life's been nothing short of wonderful. I was merely testing you earlier, and now, your true colors. are showing, aren't they? You're nothing more than an ingrate..."

Paula launched into a tirade against Cecilia.

Cecilia didn't feel like engaging her. She returned to the mansion and, together with Elliot, began preparing for her father's memorial ceremony.

After berating Cecilia for an extended period outside, Paula felt intermittent pangs in her lower abdomen. A faint trace of blood soon appeared.

The part-timer noticed something was off about her and couldn't help but ask, "Are you okay?"

Paula was already in so much pain that she couldn't speak.

The part-timer hurriedly went back in to find Cecilia. Upon learning that Paula's illness had acted up and that her pants were stained red with blood, she froze but steeled herself and decided not to go out.

Turning to the part-timer, she said, "Have the security guard take her to the hospital."

"Alright."

Elliot was helping Cecilia pick out vegetables when he looked up at her and he said, "Mommy, if you're worried about granny, you should go and check on her."

He knew that Cecilia was soft-hearted.

However, upon hearing this, Cecilia shook his head.

She was at a loss on how to explain the conflict between herself and Paula to her son, so she opted for a simplified description.

"Eli, I want to share something with you," she began. "There's an old saying in our country, if I raised you when you were young, you'll take care of me when I'm old. If I had merely given birth to you and not raised you, I wouldn't expect you to take care of me."

Elliot nodded thoughtfully and said, "Mommy, if grandma isn't nice to you, we'll just ignore her."

Cecilia didn't speak any further. Instead, she reached out and embraced Elliot.

In truth, there was once a time when she had considered taking care of Paula for the rest of her golden years.

Unfortunately, Paula's actions had left her utterly disappointed..

"Eli, everything will be fine once you grow up."

Elliot gently patted Cecilia's back.

He longed to grow up quickly, for then he would be able to protect his mother.

Having prepared the food for the ceremony. Cecilia paid respects to her father's memorial picture. She murmured softly, "Dad, you wouldn't hold it against me, would you?"

Before her father passed away, he had entrusted her with the care of Paula and Magnus.

Unfortunately, she had broken her promise, having failed to take good care of the two.

Meanwhile, the security guard rushed Paula back to the hospital. The latter's condition was critical, and she was immediately taken into the operating room.

The security guard immediately called Cecilia, "Ms. Smith, when Mdm. Paula arrived at the hospital, she went into shock. She's now in the operating room, fighting for her life. The hospital has contacted her relatives, but none of them are willing to come."

Cecilia's brows slightly furrowed, but she didn't respond.

The security guard asked again, "What should we do now?"

"Come back first."

"Alright."

After hanging up the phone, Cecilia turned to Elliot and said, "Sweetie, wait here for me. I need to go out and take care of some business."

"Alright."

Elliot nodded repeatedly.

After Cecilia left, he was a bit worried and quietly followed her out.

Cecilia had instructed the driver to head straight to the hospital.

On the way there, she called Cassandra.

Cassandra answered, "Cecilia? What is it?"

Paula is in the emergency room. Aren't you going to see her?" Cecilia asked directly.

"You talk as if I'm her only daughter. Isn't she your mother too? If you're not visiting, why should.

Cassandra was still upset with Paula because he refused the divorce.

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Chapter 704 Blind Devotion

Cecilia hadn't expected such a response from Cassandra. This is the daughter that Paula loves to bits.

She had already reached the entrance of the hospital. Holding her mobile phone, she said to Cassandra, "I'm here now."

Upon hearing these words, Cassandra could no longer find any excuse.

"I'll be there soon," she said, hanging up. She then instructed her assistant to prepare the car.

Inside the hospital, Paula fell unconscious for a long time before she awakened from the operation.

She opened her eyes, straining to look outside the window. Immediately, she spotted Cassandra, standing by the balcony and engrossed in a phone call.

“Cassandra...”

Upon hearing the frail voice of Paula from behind, Cassandra put down her phone and walked toward her. “Mom, you’re awake.”

Paula nodded. “Hmm, were you the one who brought me to the hospital?”

Cassandra lied without batting an eyelid. “Yes, please refrain from wandering around aimlessly in the future. It’s too dangerous, understand?”

Not long after she arrived at the hospital, Cecilia had departed.

“Alright, whatever you say.”

Paula looked into Cassandra’s eyes, which were filled with kindness..

Cassandra sat down. “Mom, have you given any thought to what I discussed with you? There’s a cooling-off period after divorce, you need to make a decision soon.”

Paula bowed his head in silence.

“Mom, what are you still worried about? If you’re not willing, don’t we still have a month-long. cooling-off period?” Cassandra was really tired of dragging things out.

“Fine.” Paula finally agreed.

As long as she could protect her assets and prevent Cecilia from getting her hands on them, at little humiliation didn’t matter to her.

“Then, I’ll take you and Dad to City Hall tomorrow.”

Cassandra’s face instantly lit up with joy as she engaged in lively banter with Paula.

After Cassandra was gone, the caregiver nearby couldn't bear it any longer. She turned to Paula and said, "I simply can't stand by and watch this, Mdm. Paula. The person who brought you to the hospital and has been anxiously waiting outside the operating room this whole time isn't her at all."

Paula was puzzled. "If it wasn't Cassandra, then who else could it be, Cecilia?"

She didn't believe for a second that Cecilia would come to keep her company.

The nurse nodded. "Yes, it was Ms. Smith. Ms. Evans only arrived after your life was no longer in danger."

After hearing this, Paula fell silent for a moment, then responded coolly.

"So what? Cassandra is the one who truly cares for me."

The caregiver was utterly confused now. They are both her daughters, so why is she blatantly favoring one?

The caretaker paid her no mind, thinking to herself that Paula would surely suffer from her own mistakes.

The truth was clear to everyone but Paula, who was blindly devoted to Cassandra.

Cecilia was obviously not ignorant of that fact and never held out any hope. After Cassandra arrived at the hospital, she left.

To her, she was simply fulfilling her filial duty.

After all, from a legal standpoint, she was indeed responsible for taking care of Paula.

In the evening, Cecilia and Elliot paid their respects to Regas before returning home.

Nathaniel had been waiting at home for quite some time, and dinner was long ready.

After learning about the earlier incident with Paula from Elliot, he couldn't help but ask Cecilia, "Did she hurt you?"

Shaking her head, Cecilia said, "No, she's not in any condition to hurt me. She doesn't even have the energy to scold me."

Only then did Nathaniel feel at ease, reaching out his hand.

Cecilia watched as his slender hand reached out, finding it somewhat peculiar.

“What are you doing?”

“Give me your hand.”

Bewildered, Cecilia raised her hand, which was immediately seized by Nathaniel, who gently caressed it.

Nathaniel’s lips curled slightly. “Mmm—hmm, I just wanted to hold your hand.”

Sitting off to the side, Elliot cringed at his parents’ public display of affection.

He was about to protest when the ring of Cecilia’s phone preempted him.

Cecilia hastily withdrew her hand to answer the call, her eyes narrowing at the sight of the caller ID on her phone screen.

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Chapter 705 Why Is He So Obsessed.

Cecilia picked up her phone and stepped outside. Once she was outdoors, she answered the call, “Calvin?”

Since it had been a long time since they last communicated, she was somewhat unsure if the person over the line was indeed Calvin.

“Yes, it’s me.”

The familiar voice echoed, and the worry that had been persistently plaguing Cecilia finally subsided.

“Is everything alright now?”

On the other end, Calvin was still bandaged around his upper body. He remained silent for a long time before finally saying. “Not exactly.”

Cecilia inquired, “Where else are you hurt?”

“I’m covered in wounds and have only just regained a bit of consciousness.” Calvin continued with a hint of reproach. “You didn’t even come to see me.”

Upon hearing these words, a wave of guilt washed over Cecilia. "Where are you now? I'll buy plane ticket tonight and come see you, alright?"

"Alright, I'll send you the address. Come over."

After hanging up the phone, Calvin sent over his location.

After noting down the address, Cecilia called back to inquire about his condition.

With a touch of humor, Calvin said, "You won't believe it, but I've actually met the Grim Reaper himself. However, I told him that I still had unfulfilled wishes and that I couldn't die yet. Surprisingly, he showed mercy and allowed me to live."

Cecilia couldn't help but smile.

"Are you kidding me? I'll come see you tomorrow. I need to pack my bags first."

Just as Calvin was about to agree, he noticed Yannick gesturing to him.

He couldn't help but ask, "Wouldn't Nathaniel have any objections?"

At the mention of Nathaniel, Cecilia was reminded of how all his injuries were inflicted by Nathaniel, which deepened her guilt even further.

"He wouldn't dare to object. Besides, I'm not someone else's property. I go wherever I please.

"Alright, I'll be waiting for you "Okay."

After ending the call, Calvin turned his gaze back to Yannick. His eyes, as sly as a fox, radiated displeasure. "What were you trying to say?"

Yannick held his forehead.

"Didn't I ask you to set things straight with her? Why did you still let her come see you?"

Calvin remained silent.

Yannick added, "She's a married woman. How much longer are you planning to pursue her? There are so many women in the world, why are you insistent on her? Isn't it enough that Nathaniel based you up once? Do you really want another brush with death?"

Calvin understood that he was only looking out for him, so he wasn't angry.

"You don't understand."

“I might not understand, but I’m saying this for your own good. Where was she when your life was hanging by a thread? She was off being lovey–dovey with her husband!”

Yannick was increasingly puzzled about why Calvin was so obsessed with Cecilia.

“She called me.” Calvin was trying to show that Cecilia still cared about him.

Yannick was close to bursting into laughter. “What’s a phone call? As a friend, I could take care of you here for a month or two. What about her?”

Calvin pinched the bridge of his nose.

“If she was able to find me, she would definitely come to take care of me.”

Yannick felt that Calvin was too blinded that he couldn’t be bothered to continue the conversation.

Meanwhile, back at Daltonia Villa, Cecilia turned around to find Nathaniel leaning against the doorway after hanging up

“Where are you going?” Nathaniel asked.

“Didn’t Jon mention that he wants to go on a holiday abroad? It’s perfect timing, as Calvin has also woken up. I’ll visit him since we’re coincidentally there,” said Cecilia.

There?”

Obviously, it was impossible.

Jonathan wanted to visit Azania, while Cecilia wanted to fly to Erihal.

“I’m going to Erihal.”

“How does that count as a coincidence?” Nathaniel’s voice was tinged with displeasure.

Cecilia didn’t indulge his sarcastic question. “I’m going specifically to see him. His injuries are quite serious, and he’s just woken up.”

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Chapter 706 It Is Inappropriate

Nathaniel fell silent. As Cecilia passed by him, he firmly grasped her arm.

“I’ll go with you.”

How could he possibly let his wife see his romantic rival alone?

Bewildered, Cecilia asked. "Why do you want to come with me?"

"It can be dangerous abroad. I'll accompany you to ensure your safety." Nathaniel lied without batting an eyelid.

In a place where even Calvin is unsafe, there is a chance someone might kidnap Cecilia again.

Back when Cecilia was still deeply in love with him, she still chose to leave with Calvin for five years. Now, their relationship was nowhere near as strong as it used to be. Nathaniel didn't dare to take any risks, fearing that Cecilia might suddenly disappear again.

"No need. I've lived in Erihal for many years and nothing has ever happened. Besides, it's inappropriate for you to accompany me to see Calvin."

"Why is it inappropriate? I am your husband." Nathaniel's voice dropped to a low murmur.

Finally, Cecilia understood his intentions. She pulled away from the hand gripping her arm, her voice taking on an icy chill. "You simply don't trust me, do you?"

Nathaniel maintained a composed demeanor, not revealing any hint of vulnerability.

"Of course I trust you."

"Then I'll have to go alone," Cecilia stated stubbornly, paying him no more attention. She quickly stepped into the room and began to pack her bags.

Nathaniel followed her inside, exuding an icy aura.

It was clear that he was still worried about her.

Elliot walked up to him, whispering, "Sc'mbag daddy, if you're worried about Mommy, you can always follow her in secret."

The chilling aura around Nathaniel was intimidating.

"This isn't a matter of going or not."

The u that Cecilia doesn't want me to go.

Upon witnessing the situation, Elliot stroked his chin. "What is the problem then? Are you jealous because Mommy is going to see Mr. Reese? Truthfully, if I were in your

shoes, I'd be jealous too. After all, Mr. Reese is tall and handsome. He has known Mommy since she was a child. That makes him a much bigger threat than Eric."

Elliot's lips were moving non-stop, oblivious to the fact that the icy aura surrounding Nathaniel had already permeated the entire room.

Nathaniel had never seen Eric before, but he had seen Calvin countless times.

Zachary always said that Calvin was like a male vixen. His looks were enchantingly captivating, yet he did not lack a masculine aura.

Previously, he had been severely beaten by Nathaniel's men, yet he never let out a cry of pain, let alone begged for mercy.

Had it not been for Calvin's feelings for Cecilia, both of them could have been friends.

"Daddy? Sc*mbag daddy... why aren't you saying anything? Don't worry, even though Mr. Reese is impressive, I'm still on your side. After all, you have your strengths too."

Nathaniel looked at him. "What are my strengths?"

"Now that you're blind, you won't betray Mommy at the very least. Also, all your offspring are twins. How incredible is that?"

Rendered speechless, Nathaniel pulled up Elliotts' overalls. "Go to sleep."

"Okay."

After packing. Cecilia purchased an early morning flight for the next day. She informed Calvin of her plans, then laid down to rest.

By the time Nathaniel entered, she had already fallen asleep from exhaustion.

He had Mason look up the time of the flight that Cecilia was on. Subsequently, he also had Mason book the same flight..

Cecilia didn't sleep very soundly. She shuffled around in his arms, searching for a comfortable. position before she could finally settle into a peaceful slumber.

At that moment, Nathaniel was yearning to see what she looked like. Regrettably, he would never get the chance to do so.

He lifted his hand, his fingertips gently landing on the side of Cecilia's face, where he could feel the faint scars etched into her skin.

He couldn't help but feel his heart ache

“Don’t hurt my son Cecilia muttered softly in her sleep.

She must be dreaming about the time when Jon was kidnapped again.

Immediately, Nathaniel pulled back his hand and leaned in to kiss her.

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Chapter 707 More Important

Cecilia was not deeply asleep, and her breath hitched slightly when she was kissed like that. Just like that, she was awake.

Her eyelids were fighting to stay open. She raised her hand and lightly tapped Nathaniel. “What are you doing?”

Nathaniel’s chest burned when she did that. His voice was hoarse when he asked, “When do you plan on coming back?”

Cecilia was half-asleep, her mind not yet fully awake. In a daze, she responded, “I don’t know. I have no idea how severe his injuries are. If they are too serious, I’ll surely need to stay for a longer period of time.”

Nathaniel’s brows furrowed, his eyes growing a touch colder. “Is he that important to you?”

Cecilia was tired, thinking how boring it was for him to ask such things at a time like this. “Of course. We grew up together since childhood. Six years ago, had it not been for him, I would have died. He and Martha saved my life. If anything happens to him, I’ll definitely hold you...”

The words that were to follow, Cecilia chose not to continue.

Nathaniel’s heart clenched tightly. “What do you expect me to do? Sacrifice my life for him?”

“Taking a life always requires paying with one’s own,” Cecilia murmured.

Nathaniel broke his silence. “If both he and I were injured, who would you save first?”

After he asked a few questions, Cecilia was fully awake. Glancing at the wall clock, she saw it was. already eleven o’clock. “Are you not bored?”

“Answer me. Who would you save first?”

Cecilia had never imagined that Nathaniel, who had always prioritized his career, would ever ask such an odd question.

Without holding anything back, she said, "I don't want to lie to you. I would choose to save Galvin

Had it been in the past, she would have undoubtedly chosen Nathaniel.

At that moment, however, in her heart, Calvin, Martha, Vivian, and the two children were all more important than Nathaniel.

The news hit Nathaniel like a ton of bricks, leaving him stunned for quite some time

Cecilia pulled up the quilt and slipped back into bed for a while. "Don't overthink it. I only regard Calvin as a brother. There won't be any feelings beyond familial love and friendship between us. We have two children together, and I'm even carrying our child now. As long as you don't mess things up. I won't betray you."

After hearing what was said, Nathaniel managed to suppress the surge of emotions welling up within him, his expression unchanged.

"Come over."

Cecilia was confused, moving forward slightly. "What are you doing?"

Nathaniel did not respond. Instead, he drew her into his embrace, his voice tinged with a hint of bitterness. "What do I mean to you now?"

After Nathaniel had asked his question, perhaps out of fear of her response, he lowered his head. and silenced her with a kiss.

Cecilia hammered down on his shoulders, allowing her a moment's respite to draw in deep breaths.

"Stop messing around. I have a flight to catch tomorrow. Besides, I'm pregnant, and I need to rest. Cecilia said.

She felt that Nathaniel at that moment was just like a child..

Nathaniel kissed her deeply for a long time. However, he did nothing else afterward.

The next day, when Cecilia woke up, Nathaniel was already gone from her side.

She assumed he'd gone to work and didn't think much of it. After instructing the housekeeper to take good care of Elliot at home, she set off for the airport.

On the way, Cecilia informed Sven that they had already received news about Calvin.

Sven wasn't surprised. "Are you planning to see him?"

"Yes." Cecilia nodded.

"Do you need me to go with you?" Sven was worried about Cecilia going to Erihal alone.

That place appeared serene, but in reality, it was extremely ruthless and evil.

"No need. Just keep an eye on Eli for me discreetly while you're in Tudela."

"All right."

Upon hearing Cecilia's words, Sven didn't say much more. After all, Calvin would be there.

At Erihal Airport, Calvin had already been waiting outside from early morning.

In the car. Yannick was also leisurely resting. "Have we come so early just to sit outside and wait aimlessly?"

"If you can't wait, feel free to go back first Yannick held up a book to shield his face from the light. "After waiting for so long. I also want to see this childhood friend of yours with my own eyes."

After a short wait, both of their gazes were fixed on the exit.

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Chapter 708 Keeping A Distance

At the airport exit, a steady stream of passengers were seen departing.

Without giving it much thought, Calvin opened the car door and stepped out.

After a moment of hesitation, Yannick also followed and left.

Two tall and strikingly handsome men stood next to a multi-million dollar luxury car, attracting more than a few sidelong glances.

Calvin sent a message to Cecilia that read: Have you gotten off the plane?

Soon after, Cecilia replied: Yeah. I'll be out in a moment.

Calvin: All right. I'll be waiting for you at the exit.

A casual smile played at the corners of Calvin's mouth as he absentmindedly shut off his phone.

Not long after, he spotted Cecilia in the crowd. The woman was dressed in a begonia-colored long dress, her long hair draped over her shoulders, and her skin was as white as snow. She stood out remarkably among the crowd.

Years ago, Yannick had caught a glimpse of Cecilia at a gathering. At that moment, upon seeing her again, he recognized her instantly. Back then, she was just a young girl. When he saw her that day, she had certainly grown into an attractive woman.

However, there was something off about her face. He thought her face seemed a bit strange.

That day, Cecilia had let her hair down, covering the scar on her right side with some powder. She didn't want to frighten the little ones.

As the woman approached, both Calvin and Yannick noticed the wound the size of a palm imprinted on her face.

Calvin's pupils abruptly narrowed, his long, straight legs striding toward Cecilia. He reached out to take her suitcase. "What happened to your face?"

Calvin's voice carried a hint of concealed anger. It hasn't been long since I last saw her. Why is her face wounded? When she was by my side, not a single strand of her hair was touched by anyone else. Why has her face wounded now that she's with Nathaniel?

Cecilia found her hands empty, raising her head to meet Calvin's concerned gaze. Immediately, she said. "It's a long story. Let's talk about it once we're in the car. Aren't you still recovering? How come you're here to pick me up from the airport?"

On the phone, Calvin mentioned that someone would be going to pick her up from the airport. Cecilia hadn't expected that he would go himself.

"My health isn't at its best, but I'm far from incapacitated. I can still pick someone up from the airport. Come on. Let's get in the car" Calvin placed her suitcase in the car.

Only then did Cecilia notice Yannick standing beside the car. The man was dressed in a suit made in lugrea. His physique was that of a perfect inverted triangle, with sharp eyebrows and bright eyes, exuding an exceptional charm.

"Who might this be?" Cecilia asked.

"I'm Yannick Haves. I'm a friend of Calvin."

“Hello” Cecilia extended her hand in a friendly gesture toward him.

Yannick, however, didn’t shake her hand. With a fake smile, he said. “Ms. Smith, I’m not like Calvin. I’ve always kept my distance from married women.”

Cecilia’s hand stiffened. Even though she didn’t understand why he would say such a thing, she could tell he disliked her.

Sorry, Ill be more mindful.” Cecilia withdrew her hand.

After setting down the luggage. Calvin said to Yannick coldly, “Keep your mouth shut.”

The two seemed to be accustomed to teasing each other. Yannick, unbothered, got into the car first. His eyes curved in a smile as he turned to say to Cecilia, “Don’t be upset. This is just how I am. I speak my mind and don’t really understand how to treat women in a gentlemanly manner.”

Cecilia merely gave a slight nod, followed by getting into the car without uttering another word.

The vehicle started moving when Calvin said. “So, what’s the actual story behind the injury on your face?”

Calvin wouldn’t normally get angry at Cecilia, but upon seeing the scar on her face, he found himself growing angry.

He didn’t know what happened to her in Clusia, and she didn’t tell him anything.

Cecilia briefly informed him that someone kidnapped Jonathan, intending to disfigure her and force her to leave Tudela

“Have you found out who did it?” Calvin asked.

Cecilia didn’t want him to get involved. After all. Queenie wasn’t easy to deal with.

“I haven’t found anything, but I’ve now stepped up the security around myself, Jon, and Eli. Such in incident won’t happen again”

After hearing this, Calvin fell silent for a moment. That’s good. Are you hungry! Let’s go eat something

“All night” Cecilia nodded in agreement.

At the same time, outside the airport, Nathaniel was sitting quietly in the back seat of an unassuming Cadillac He listened as Mason reported that Cecilia had gotten into a car with Calvin

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 709

Chapter 709 Rely On Cecilia

Mason was somewhat taken aback. “No wonder Calvin wasn’t finished off back then. It turns out he and Yannick are friends.”

The Hayes family held a significant status on the mainland, yet they were incredibly discreet, barely drawing any attention.

Back when Nathaniel was suppressing Calvin, Calvin always managed to find a glimmer of hope. Perhaps it was thanks to Yannick’s assistance.

Nathaniel closed his eyes in quiet contemplation, offering no response.

Mason was about to instruct the driver to follow when Nathaniel said to him, “Send someone to tail them. We should go rest first.”

Lately, he had been experiencing unexplainable headaches, unsure of the cause.

“Okay.”

Upon arriving at the hotel, Nathaniel was led to the couch by Mason. Nathaniel sat down, rubbing his brow with one hand.

“Mr. Rainsworth, are you all right? Do you need me to call a doctor?”

“No need. I probably just didn’t get enough rest.”

After Nathaniel sternly rejected the proposition, he dismissed Mason.

As soon as Mason left, the room plunged into a deafening silence. Nathaniel couldn’t see anything, engulfed by the surrounding darkness.

Nathaniel took out his phone, his fingers hovering over the button to call Cecilia. In the end, he didn’t make the call and tossed his phone aside.

The previous night, he indeed hadn’t rested well, his mind filled with the words spoken by Cecilia.

Between himself and Calvin, she chose Calvin.

In the end, he still managed to lose the person who once loved him the most.

As the headache set in, the phone suddenly rang.

Instinctively, he thought it was a call from Cecilia. He reached out, struggling to find his misplaced phone. Once he found it, he picked it up again and answered the call.

Nathaniel's voice carried a hint of dissatisfaction. "I see you've finally remembered to call me."

the other end of the call, Elena simply felt baffled.

*What are you talking about? I went to Daltonia Villa to see Eli, and the housekeeper told me you and Cecilia were both out. Where have you gone without taking the child?"

A sense of loss unknowingly settled in Nathaniel's heart when he heard Elena's voice.

"I've arranged for someone to take care of Eli, so there's no need for you to worry."

"Where are you now?" Elena inquired.

Her visit to Daltonia Villa this time was not just to see Elliot. She was also there to arrange a for Nathaniel.

job

He was blind then, but life had to go on. He couldn't just stay at home forever. That would only lead to a poor state of mind and an unhealthy reliance on Cecilia.

As a mother, Elena adored her own son and didn't want to rely too much on others.

Nathaniel didn't answer her question. Instead, he asked, "Is something wrong?"

"You haven't been working since your discharge from the hospital, right? Nicholas and I discussed it and we'd like you to return to the company as a vice president." Elena paused before continuing. "You've regained your memory, haven't you? If there are any oversights in Nicholas' work, you could help him out."

After hearing everything, Nathaniel fell silent, a smirk of mockery playing on his lips. "Isn't the solution simple: Just have him step down from his position as the CEO of Orion Corporation."

Onon Corporation's projects had been facing setbacks, with key clients slipping away, something that Nicholas was unable to resolve.

Choked with emotion. Elena said, "Nathaniel, you need to understand your current situation. clearly How can you handle the position of the CEO of Rainsworth Group if you can't see?"

Nathaniel couldn't be bothered to continue the conversation with her, so he promptly hung up the phone.

On the other end. Elena wanted to say something more, but the call had already been cut off.

Elliot listened intently from the side. He never imagined that his own grandmother could actually discriminate against people with disabilities. Despite being unable to see, my se mbag daddy is in no way infirmare before when it comes to job performance. His current situation simply isn't as contentures as that of a normal person. Moreover, I've personally seen my sc*mbag daddy's current company. and it's no lesa impression Orion Corporation.

With that in mind. Elbot let out a yawn.

Regaining her focus. Elena turned her attention to her little grandson. "Eli, are you tired?" she

ked

Yes I'm going to bed now. Bye"

joy.

"I will stay right here with you tonight," Elena said.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 710

Chapter 710 The Poor Child

Elliot had planned to return to his room and start his livestream. intending to interact playfully with some netizens. However, upon hearing Elena's words, he felt as if he had been struck by lightning.

He halted his steps and said, "Grandma, you should go rest. Mommy and Daddy will be back soon."

"I'm not tired, so I'll stay here. How about I accompany you to play with some toys?"

There wasn't much going on for Elena at the Rainsworth residence.

Something occurred to Elliot when he heard that. "Grandma, are you quite popular?"

Elena was at a loss for understanding.

Ten minutes later, Elliot's live room was booming, not for any other reason but because Elena was surprisingly present.

Elena was once known as the iron lady of the business scene in Tudela, and she was recognized by many.

She had merely shown her face briefly, and already, some entrepreneurs had joined the live room. In less than half an hour, the earnings from the live room had already surpassed ten million in tips.

Elliot hadn't expected Elena to be so formidable. She was like a walking powerhouse.

Elena wasn't particularly adept at live-streaming or video-making.

It took Elena a while to understand, but when she did, her gaze toward Elliot was filled with heartache. Are Cecilia and Nathaniel really so broke that even their son has to make money through livestreams?

"Sweetie, what are you doing with this? If you're short on money; I will give you some."

Elliot was still oblivious to her misunderstanding. He innocently said, "Grandma, my mom has taught me since I was little that we shouldn't take money that isn't ours. We can only be at ease using the money we've earned ourselves."

After hearing that, Elena found herself admiring Cecilia a bit more. She then didn't insist on giving Elliot money anymore.

However, she secretly resolved that once Nathaniel and Cecilia returned, she would arrange for jobs at Orion Corporation for the couple,

What she didn't realize was that Nathaniel and Cecilia didn't actually need to work at all.

Meanwhile, in a restaurant in Erihal, Cecilia joined Calvin and Yannick for a meal.

When Calvin left to use the restroom, Yannick asked, "Mr. Rainsworth, may I address you as such?"

Cecilia's expression remained unchanged. "Sure."

"Do you know who caused Calvin's hospitalization?"

"Yes. It was Nathaniel"

Cecilia didn't hide anything, which rather took Yannick by surprise

He didn't admire Cecilia's frankness. On the contrary, he felt that the woman before him was even more cunning.

"Yet, you have the nerve to come see him. What are you thinking?"

Cecilia was candid, "I feel guilty, because Nathaniel, my husband, nearly caused the death of my best friend."

Best friend? Yannick let out a soft chuckle.

Cecilia didn't pay any attention to his mocking smile, saying, "I came here this time to apologize and make amends."

"You also mentioned that Nathaniel almost killed Calvin. How do you plan to make amends?" Yannick found the woman before him truly laughable.

Cecilia couldn't find an answer.

Calvin had nearly lost his life. Under such circumstances, Nathaniel's imprisonment was considered a light punishment.

Yannick knew what Cecilia would say, so he uttered sarcastically, "If you're so in love with Nathaniel, you should be with him. Shouldn't you stop stirring up trouble for-"

Before Yannick could finish his sentence, Calvin' walked in from outside, casting a glance at Yannick.

"Have you had enough to eat? Let's head back to where we're staying," Calvin said.

Cecilia nodded. "All right."

Upon seeing Calvin disregard the past and leave with Cecilia, Yannick furrowed his brows in worry, particularly concerned about Calvin.

At that moment, a call came in from one of his subordinates.

What's the matter?

"Nathaniel has followed over."

staying in Tudela, he has chosen to blindly venture here. This is a golden opportunity.

Afterward, he secretly sent a message to Calvin.

Yannick thought it was the perfect time for revenge.

After all, they were abroad instead of being in Clusia.