

## Chapter 260 Keep It A Secret

What was the real reason behind Greta sending her stuff?

Camila couldn't help but wonder nervously.

As wary as she was, she couldn't ignore her curiosity to unravel the package.

She strode back with the package in her hand.

When she got back to her office, she settled in her seat and began to open the package.

It was a red velvet box and a letter sat prettily in it.

Camila hesitated at the sight of it. She sat and stared at the box without touching anything.

The sight of it made her nervous all over again.

The thought that Greta once owned it broke her into pieces.

It made her really sad.

However, her sadness wasn't just because of Greta.

Camila wasn't happy that she passed away, but she felt more pity for Issac.

Isaac appeared to have been the subject of a major jest by God.

Just when he thought he now had a family, he had to lose her so suddenly.

The tragedy happened so suddenly. He didn't see it coming at all.

It barely started before it was over.



He didn't even get the chance to prepare himself emotionally or in any way at all.

Camila inhaled several long and calming breaths before finally taking out the red velvet box and opening it. Inside the box was a ring. It would have passed for an ordinary jewelry if not for the huge yellow diamond that sat dazzling on it.

She knew next to nothing about diamonds, but even a fool could tell from its sheer radiance and size that it cost a fortune.

Unsure of what to do or feel, she closed the box, returned it to the carton and picked up the envelope.

She retrieved the letter from it.

She noticed that it was handwritten with a pen.

After unfolding the letter, she began to skim through, but her eyes caught on a line of words.

As she squinted to read it properly, her facial expressions turned sour.

Her emotions were becoming increasingly complex to figure out.

The feeling of utter helplessness she had been experiencing became stifling.

Cathy had hoped that Camila could guard the secret without disclosing it or confiding in anyone else.

Most especially, Isaac! He must never hear about it.

Meanwhile, in the operating room.

Josiah held Nelson's hand and spoke in a calming tone. "Please, try to remain calm. I'm deeply sorry for your loss, but I also want you to accept the reality that she's gone and can't come back to life."

Sitting on the floor, Nelson looked up at Josiah and said in a voice hoarse from grief and heavy with sorrow, "I don't want to live anymore. It's not worth it."



"Nelson, please put yourself together. I know this is hard for you but you're strong and you'll get over it," Josiah replied gently in sympathy and comfort.

However, Nelson shook his head adamantly and replied, "No! What's the point of living without her? What else am I supposed to be doing alive when she's no longer here?"

Josiah pursed his lips, biting back his response as he let out a deep sigh.

Despite his desire to help, Josiah knew how futile it was to attempt to save someone who felt hopeless.

"Do you love her that much? Do you really not want to live anymore because she's no longer alive?" Josiah had realized that Nelson might actually be considering ending his own life.

Despite how low the chance of taking him out of his grief looked, he refused to stop trying. He hoped and wished that Nelson would find a way to come to terms with the reality of Cathy's demise.

He still believed that Nelson could push through.

He just had to push through! He still had a lot to accomplish in life.

"If I have a way, I would trade my life for hers," Nelson answered. He meant every word.

"I know what is going on in your head at the moment, but that would be you risking your life. I can't hide Cathy's death for long. If Isaac finds out his mother died because of you, he won't take it lightly. I'm scared for you. I doubt it would be a pretty sight."

"And so what? Am I afraid of him? He can do whatever he wants! I won't hide. He is her son and even if he wants to kill me, I would rather die than hurt him."

"Why are you doing this to yourself?" Josiah sighed in frustration.

He really wanted to help Nelson in every way possible, but he wasn't even concerned about saving himself.

"Fine!" Josiah finally said. "Since you want to die so badly, you've left me



with no choice." At that point, Josiah had given up on trying to dissuade him. He reached for his phone to call someone in. "The corpse has to be sent to the morgue."

"No!" Nelson yelled on top of his voice. He held Cathy's corpse firmly and stood defensively over it. "Maybe she can live again, just like the last time. Don't you have faith?"

He looked at Josiah. "You can transplant my heart and replace hers with mine. You are a cardiologist, right? It should be a piece of cake for you. You can do this! Please tell me you will do it!" The desperation was eminent in his voice.

Josiah almost lost it. Was this man insane?

She was cold, dead and gone for good!

Nothing could be done to save her now. It was already too late.

"Please, save her!" Nelson begged in desperation. Tugging at the hem of Josiah's clothes, he implored him to do the impossible. "You are my good friend. Please don't let me down. Help me this last time."

Josiah was too stunned to speak. The man had obviously lost it.

He had done everything within his ability to save her. "Nelson, calm down. Please don't do this..."

"If you die now, Cathy will be sad. She must want you to go on and live a good life."

Camila's shaky voice came from the entrance of the operating room.

Josiah was startled as he asked, "What are you doing here?"

Camila's eyes were red and puffy. It seemed like she had been crying. "I've been here for a long time. I heard everything."

