

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 691

Chapter 691 Never Happened Before

“Cecilia, you’ve received it, haven’t you? I applied for it last night, so it should have arrived by now,” Magnus queried.

Cecilia looked at the new funds in her account. “Yes, I received it.”

“That’s good. If you ever need help with anything in the future, just let me know,” Magnus said, appearing exceptionally mature and responsible. “After all, I’m your younger brother. Blood is thicker than water, right?”

That was something that had never happened to Cecilia in the past.

She was somewhat taken aback and puzzled. Has Magnus really changed? Has he become more understanding?

No one craved familial bonds more than she did. She and Magnus shared the same parents, making them full siblings. If Magnus was willing to change, she would consider accepting him as her brother once again.

“I hope you truly have changed.” Cecilia ended the call.

Naturally, she couldn’t easily forgive Magnus at the moment. After all, Magnus had once tried to sell her off to an older man for money.

As she was lost in her thoughts, Nathaniel walked in. Unnoticed by her, he set down a stack of pastries.

When Cecilia regained her senses, she looked at Nathaniel and then at the pastries on the table, all of which were her favorites.

However, that shop only made a small amount each day and didn’t accept reservations. One had to line up quite early to be able to make a purchase.

“Did you buy this?” asked Cecilia.

“My subordinates made the purchase,” Nathaniel honestly said.

He wasn’t without money. With his wealth, there wasn’t anything he couldn’t buy.

He only needed to send someone over early and had them wait to purchase those pastries quickly.

Upon hearing that, Cecilia lightly capped her own head. "I must be going foolish from pregnan asking such silly questions."

From her words, Nathaniel discerned implications that Cecilia had never considered before.

He initially thought that Cecilia felt it was insincere he had others bought that for her

In reality, Cecilia was simply expressing her own foolishness. She was well aware that Nathaniel was wealthy and didn't need to queue up to buy things, yet she still asked that question.

He was about to say that he would personally go buy it next time. However, before the words. could leave his lips, Cecilia looked at him with unshed tears and asked. "Nathaniel, do you believe people can truly change?"

A sharp pang clutched at the depths of Nathaniel's heart. "Of course I do."

He heard a rasp in Cecilia's voice, thinking she was once again lost in memories of the past. In response, he leaned down and embraced her.

The entire overcoat shielded her, making her feel exceptionally warm.

"Why are you lost in thought again? Did someone say something to you?" Nathaniel's heart sank at the thought.

Cecilia, unaware of his misunderstanding, nodded and replied, "Mhm."

A cold look flashed across Nathaniel's eyes. Who's the fool who did this?

He held Cecilia tightly. "I've told you before that what happened in the past won't happen again."

He was unsure how to explain his past indifference toward Cecilia or how to make amends to her so as to fully heal her wounds.

He wanted to demonstrate his repentance through his actions!

It seems the plan to acquire Evans Group needs to be expedited! With those thoughts, Nathaniel gently pressed his thin lips against Cecilia's forehead.

Cecilia thought it was a bit odd he mentioned that things from the past wouldn't happen again. Did he know Magnus had called me earlier and that Magnus had changed? That shouldn't be.

Just as Cecilia was about to question Nathaniel, his cell phone rang.

Nathaniel had no choice but to step out to answer the phone.

The call came from Mason. “Boss, I’m not sure where Ralph has been getting his money lately, but they’re funded again.”

Originally, Nathaniel had planned to cut off all of Ralph’s avenues of escape before taking over his company.

“Was his funding provided by Queenie or Nicholas?” asked Nathaniel.

“It wasn’t either, Mason replied.

On Queenie’s and Nicholas’ end, Mason had people keeping an eye on them, but there was no ign of Ralph contacting the two.

Nathaniel narrowed his eyes alightly. “Forget about the other companies for now and focus solely

Though he didn’t understand why, Mason trusted that there would be no mistake in any instruction given by Nathaniel. “Understood.”

“Also, investigate who Cecilia met today and who she’s been in contact with.” Nathaniel wanted to know who had been bad–mouthing him behind his back.

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Chapter 692 Sabotage Relationship

Within half an hour, Mason discovered that Cecilia had received another call from Nicholas earlier.

Upon finding that out, Nathaniel was utterly disappointed in his younger brother. Time and time again, he keeps trying to sabotage my relationship with Cecilia! Once I deal with the Evans family. I’ll come for him next. I need to teach him a lesson so severe that he’ll never dare to bother Cecilia again.

In the days that followed, the injection of new funds did not alleviate the situation for Evans Group. On the contrary, several shareholders sold their shares, and numerous executives jumped ship.

The shares of Evans Group plummeted relentlessly, sparking a flurry of gossip among the employees.

“Is our company going under? I saw Mr. Guzman packing up his office the day before yesterday, ready to leave.”

“Yeah. Our department head also handed in his resignation letter and even urged us to quickly find a new job.”

“How could this happen?”

Evans Group was headquartered overseas, and initially, Ralph was oblivious to the severe issues that had already emerged within the company. It wasn't until he noticed one executive after another resigning that he began to feel panic.

He had never truly excelled at managing the company. Upon learning about the crisis, he first contacted his daughter, Cassandra. “Cassandra, could you bring Nicholas home for a meal? I would like to have a discussion with him.”

Cassandra was still sipping on her prenatal supplement when she heard that. Confusion was evident in her voice as she asked, “What's going on?”

“You'll know once you get here.” Ralph knew his son-in-law was no simple man.

Otherwise, the latter wouldn't have been able to take over such a large corporation like Rainsworth Group from Nathaniel's hands.

“All right.” After ending the phone call, Cassandra set down her bowl and headed toward the living room. From a distance, she could see Nicholas sitting by the balcony, engrossed in a book.

When Nicholas saw her emerge, he didn't even lift his head.

Cassandra approached, “Nicholas, Dad asked us to have dinner tonight. He has something he wants to discuss with you”

She had always been a prideful and arrogant person, but in front of Nicholas, she was as docile as a rabbit

Upon hearing that, Nicholas closed the book.

He was also somewhat familiar with the recent happenings in the Evans family.

“Cassandra, I have a client meeting tonight. I'm afraid I won't be able to meet your father.” Nicholas feigned a troubled look.

Cassandra knew that if her father were not in trouble, he would never have called them back soon. Coupled with his mention of being targeted by a certain company recently, she could, help but worry, “Can you possibly reschedule the client meeting? I have a feeling that Dad has something important to discuss with us.”

Nicholas calmly gazed at her, only speaking up after catching her slightly anxious look. "Okay."

"Thank you, Nicholas." A wave of joy instantly filled Cassandra's eyes as she swiftly wrapped her arms around Nicholas' arm.

She failed to catch the flash of disgust that briefly crossed Nicholas' eyes!

In the afternoon, they boarded the car.

Cassandra looped one arm through Nicholas' while gently placing her other hand on her lower abdomen.

Previously, she couldn't wait to terminate that pregnancy. However, ever since Nicholas had asked her to keep the child, as the days gradually passed, she was slowly experiencing the joy of motherhood.

"Nicholas, do you think our child will be a boy or a girl?" She mused, seemingly forgetting that the child growing inside her wasn't actually Nicholas.

Nicholas' thin lips parted slightly. His tone was gentle, but his eyes were filled with coldness. "I'm fine with either, as long as baby comes from you."

"You're really wonderful." Cassandra was filled with contentment, holding onto him even tighter.

Nicholas' icy gaze shifted, landing on the scene outside the window.

He had discovered long ago that Cassandra instructed Queenie to deal with Cecilia by using Cecilia's child as leverage to disfigure Cecilia.

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Chapter 693 Talk Over Dinner

When the couple arrived at the Evans family, Ralph stepped out to welcome the two. "Dinner's been ready for a while. Come in and eat."

Dad, there's no need to be so formal," Cassandra said with a smile. "If there's something you need, just talk to Nicholas directly."

She truly believed that she held a place in Nicholas' heart.

Nicholas also spoke. "Mr. Evans, I heard from Cassandra that you wish to discuss something important with me. Let's talk about that first."

“Well... Let’s talk over dinner,” said Ralph with a beaming smile, ushering the two into the dining room.

During the meal, Ralph slowly revealed that ever since his return, he had been constantly targeted by others.

He was rather tactful, not fully disclosing the predicament he found himself in.

After all, Nicholas wasn’t his son-in-law yet. He was worried that if Nicholas found out that the Evans family was in bad shape, the latter might call off the wedding.

“That’s all about the matter. It’s not an incredibly severe situation, but it’s not good either.” Ralph observed Nicholas’ expression carefully.

After listening quietly, Nicholas asked calmly, “What’s your plan?”

Ralph choked up. Clearly, he hadn’t expected Nicholas to counter-question him.

He was already out of options and was hoping that Nicholas would stand up for him to punish Imminence Corporation.

“Nicholas, could you do me a favor and take over the project I’m currently handling? Once my funds are sufficient for turnover, I’ll take the project back. I promise you won’t incur any losses.” Ralph spoke convincingly, but Nicholas had already investigated Evans Group’s situation.

Nicholas gazed at Ralph’s seemingly astute face, saying, “Mr. Evans, this isn’t a trivial matter. Even though I am the CEO of Orion Corporation, I don’t possess that much authority. Come Monday.

I’ll convene a meeting to discuss whether to take over Evans Group’s project.”

Upon hearing that, Ralph felt his heart instantly turning ice cold because Nicholas was clearly rejecting him.

Cassandra assumed that Nicholas was genuinely in a difficult situation. “Nicholas, I’ve put you in a tough spot”

“It’s nothing” After Nicholas finished speaking, he put down his fork “I’m full. so I’ll head back first”

“I’ll send you out.” Cassandra rose.

Unbeknownst to them, it had started to rain again. Nicholas stopped her. “I heard your mother is unwell. When you have the time, keep her company. There’s no need to see me off.”

“All right.” Cassandra watched him leave.

When she looked back, she saw Ralph looking worried. “Dad, what’s wrong?”

“Cassandra, didn’t you catch that earlier? Nicholas has no intention of helping us at all,” said Ralph.

“How could that be? Didn’t he mention that they would make a decision in the meeting?”

“You’re really too naïve. No one rejects someone so bluntly these days.”

Upon hearing those words, Cassandra recalled Nicholas’ recent attitude, yet she still found it hard to believe. “Dad, you must have misunderstood. By Monday, he’ll definitely give you an answer.”

Upon seeing her unwavering certainty, Ralph could tell that she had fallen deeply in love with Nicholas.

He patted Cassandra’s shoulder. “Cassandra, don’t forget what I’ve always reminded you. You can date, but you must never fall in true love with anyone.”

Cassandra brushed it off, unconcerned. “I understand, and I’ve always remembered. My feelings for Nicholas are simply fondness, nothing more. Don’t overthink it.”

“All right.”

While the two were in conversation, a phone call came through.

Cassandra picked up her phone, took a look, and frowned.

“Who is it?” Ralph asked.

“Who else could it be? It’s my dear mother Paula.” Cassandra was about to hang up the phone, but then she remembered what Nicholas had said before he left, so she answered the call, “Mom, what do you need me for?”

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Chapter 694 Missing Her

Ever since Cassandra got her hands on Paula’s personal savings, she stopped visiting the latter. She didn’t even bother to make a simple phone call.

Paula was alone in the icy hospital, missing Cassandra intensely. “Cassandra, I miss you. When will you come to see me?”

“Mom, I’m truly sorry,” Cassandra said in a dismissive tone. “I’ve been extremely busy lately. Once I’m done, I’ll come to visit you. Is that okay?”

The light in Paula’s eyes dimmed slightly. “All right. You’ve been busy every day-

Before Paula could even finish her sentence, Cassandra had already hung up the phone.

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

At the entrance, the caregiver attending to Paula was visited by her daughter that day. The daughter kept chatting with her mother. “Mom, I have money now. You don’t need to do this job anymore. I’ll take care of you.”

“Don’t worry, I’m still young and not afraid of getting tired,” said the caregiver.

“I worry about you, though. Please, take this money. Be sure to treat yourself well, indulge in delicious food, and don’t hesitate to spend it.”

As Paula observed the tender moments between the mother and daughter at the doorway, she couldn’t help but be reminded of Cecilia.

She recalled that, six or seven years ago, Cecilia kneeled before her and said, “Mom, can we rely on ourselves from now on? I can take care of you.”

For some reason, Paula felt a pang of discomfort in her heart.

She picked up a pillow and flung it toward the door, bellowing, “Are you here to take care of me or to chat with your daughter?”

Upon hearing that, the caregiver immediately sent her daughter home.

Following that, the caregiver entered the ward and closed the door behind her.

The caregiver was already the third one. The previous two had left due to Paula’s terrible temper.

The female caretaker picked up the pillow from the floor and placed it neatly back on the chair. She showed no signs of irritation and said gently, “The doctor mentioned that your condition could worsen with anger. If there’s anything troubling you, feel free to share with me”

Upon hearing that, Paula looked at the caregiver with nothing but mockery in her eyes.

I have money and power. There’s nothing troubling me. What a joke. She pretended to be strong, but it was clear to anyone she wasn’t.

“I heard from the previous caregiver that you have a son and a daughter. Where are they? How come they haven’t come to see you?” asked the caregiver.

When the topic of children came up. Paula couldn’t help but clench her fist. She turned her head. to look out the window and said. “They’re busy. They’ll come to see me when they have time.”

The caregiver felt a bit of sympathy for her.

After all, if a child truly cared for their parents, they would’ve been around to provide care when their mother was hospitalized in the late stages of cancer.

The caretaker took a seat, gently wiping Paula’s hands.

“I have something to say, and I hope it won’t upset you. In life, money isn’t the most important- thing. What truly matters is having someone who cares for you, loves you, and someone you feel compelled to protect.”

Paula abruptly shoved the caregiver’s hand away and was about to have an outburst when a knock at the door echoed through the room.

The caregiver rose to her feet. “Who is it?”

She pulled open the door and saw a woman of stunning beauty standing calmly at the entrance. However, a scar marred her otherwise flawless face.

Paula also spotted Cecilia, her pupils suddenly constricting. “Why are you here?”

Cecilia courteously flashed a smile at the caregiver before stepping in.

She glanced at Paula, who had become as thin as a stick overnight. At first, she was taken aback but soon regained her composure. “I came for the money. I wonder if you’ve got it ready.”

Paula spoke sarcastically. “Money? What money? Where would I have gotten any money from? I’m telling you, I’ve spent all of your father’s money. Don’t even think about getting a single penny from me.”

Upon hearing that, Cecilia didn’t get angry either. “Is that so? Then I guess I’ll have to apply for my request to be enforced.”

“You dare!” Paula sat up, ready to strike her.

Cecilia took a small step back just as Paula abruptly tumbled to the ground.

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Chapter 695 Play Both Sides

The caregiver, with her quick reflexes, caught Paula, preventing her from hitting the ground.

Paula was panting heavily. Once she had settled herself back down, she pointed at Cecilia while addressing the caregiver. "You see? This is my wonderful daughter. She's just an ungrateful leech. a disobedient daughter. All she did was ask me for money, and when I refused, she even threatened to take legal action!"

Upon hearing this, the caregiver looked at Cecilia in disbelief.

At her age, she was quite accurate in judging people and had never really made any mistakes.

The child in front of her had a gentle look in her eyes, devoid of any malice. It was impossible to discern any signs of her being an unfilial daughter.

Cecilia offered no explanation, she simply said, "You don't have any money, I'll get it from the Evans family."

She had evidence that proved Paula had given all the money to the Evans family.

"How dare you!" Paula exclaimed, her eyes blazing with anger.

In her eyes, Cecilia was nothing more than a trivial jester at that time.

Cecilia glanced around, not intending to leave just yet. "Where's Cassandra?" she asked, "Why hasn't your obedient daughter come to see you?"

Fuming, Paula picked up an object and threw it at Cecilia.

But Cecilia, quick on her feet, skillfully dodged each attack.

"From now on, I'll make time to visit you every week," Cecilia declared. "After all you've always

said blood is thicker than water. I'll be here to watch you slowly wither away!"

The reason she spoke this way was because earlier that day, Sven had informed her that Paula was indeed connected to her father's death.

However, too much time had passed, making it difficult for him to uncover what exactly Paula had done to Regas.

Paula was still breathing heavily even after she left.

The caregiver was somewhat puzzled. "Don't you only have one daughter?"

Paula scoffed, "That thing we just saw was less than an animal, not my daughter at all. My daughter is a renowned dancer, her name is Cassandra. You can easily find her online!"

"Oh

The caregiver was doubtful if one were to say that Cecilia was no better than a beast, at least she had come to visit.

Her daughter, the renowned dancer, hadn't even bothered to visit once.

After leaving the hospital, Cecilia instructed Norman to take legal action.

She could hardly wait, she was determined to reclaim all of the Smith family's wealth.

Instead of returning to Daltonia Villa, Cecilia spent her time visiting Jonathan at the kindergarten. By next week, Jonathan would be joining his classmates on a vacation abroad.

At the entrance of the kindergarten, numerous mothers were waiting.

Helen was the first to spot Cecilia. She quickly waved at her. "Ms. Cecilia."

Cecilia walked toward her as Meredith stood by her side.

Meredith, also known as the parent of a child named Conrad, was Zeke's first wife.

Conrad's biological mother was quite a character, exceptionally arrogant. If it hadn't been for the incident with Jonathan, which was broadcasted all over the internet, things might have been different.

If it hadn't been for Zachary's involvement, Zeke wouldn't have dismissed her for fear of offending Zachary.

For this reason, Meredith had always been grateful to Cecilia.

"Long time no see."

"Long time no see."

They shook hands.

At that moment, the other moms in the vicinity also came over.

“Ms. Cecilia, you’re here quite early.” Priscilla was the first to greet her.

If it hadn’t been for her last-minute complaint to Miranda, Cecilia wouldn’t have lost in the initial election for the president of the parents’ association.

Cecilia gave her a cold look and offered no response.

Helen and Meredith also paid no mind to this woman, who was habitually playing both sides.

Feeling bored, Priscilla thought of striking up a conversation with the other mothers. However, to her surprise, they seemed to have taken a dislike to her due to Cecilia

She found herself completely isolated.

At that moment, a figure oozing arrogance approached from a distance, accompanied by a Priscilla’s eyes lit up, she immediately went over to ingratiate herself. “Ms. Miranda, you’re here.”

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Chapter 696 Foul Mouth

Miranda had lost her parking spot, so she had walked over. Upon seeing Priscilla coming toward her with a flattering demeanor, her face was full of disdain.

Her secretary, understanding the situation, stepped in to intercept Priscilla.

Miranda scoffed, “Do you really think just anyone can be my friend?”

Even if she wasn’t the president of the parents’ association, she was still considered the future daughter-in-law of the Rainsworth family.

At most, Priscilla was merely the wife of a nouveau riche, she couldn’t even be considered part of the elite.

Previously, the only reason she interacted with Priscilla was to use her as a pawn against Cecilia. Now, it was clear that Priscilla no longer held any value for her schemes.

Priscilla was stunned, frozen on the spot. The surrounding mothers looked at her without a trace of sympathy, their faces filled with mockery.

Meredith stepped in front of her. “Let me give you a piece of advice. In life, don’t be too slick. If you’re too slick, you’ll end up with nothing.”

In this world, it wasn't wrong for everyone to gravitate toward those with power and influence.

But one couldn't possibly be a double agent, right?

After advising Priscilla, Meredith turned to Cecilia and Helen, suggesting. "Let's go over and wait for our children."

"All right"

The three of them walked away.

Inevitably, Cecilia found herself asking Helen, "What kind of business is your husband in, Helen?"

After hearing this, Helen sighed and said, "The seafood industry. It's on the brink of collapse. My husband is preparing to file for bankruptcy next month."

Cecilia was pondering whether to offer help when Meredith stepped in. "Helen, if you trust me can lend a hand. Our family are also involved in the seafood business. My dad has quite a few connections. If you ever find yourself in a bind, don't hesitate to let me know."

Meredith wasn't one to just casually help others. She spoke up because she noticed that Cecilia was intent on assisting this individual.

"Really? That's fantastic, thank you."

"No need for formalities, it's really nothing"

The trio were engaged in a lively conversation, laughing and chatting. From Miranda's perspective, their apparent joy was particularly jarring.

What irked her even more was that after class, Felix practically ran toward her with tears in his eyes.

"Mom, they bullied me."

Instantly, Miranda grew worried as she checked him. "How did they bully you, son? Are you hurt anywhere?"

Felix shook his head. "No, they all ignored me. They wouldn't talk to me or even eat with me..."

Miranda's heart ached as she heard this.

Turning to the other mothers around her, she raised her voice in challenge. "Is this how you've raised your children? Are you trying to offend the Rainsworth family?"

The mothers subtly averted their gaze, pretending they hadn't heard her.

Miranda rose to her feet and approached Cecilia. "Did you set this up?"

Cecilia taunted, "What's the matter, can't handle it when the tables are turned on your own child?"

Miranda raised her hand to slap her.

Meredith stepped forward.

"Miranda, you really have a good temperament."

In high society, many young ladies of good families knew each other from a young age.

Meredith and Miranda were once classmates, and she had always disliked her actions and behavior.

"Meredith? You think you have the right to lecture me, when you can't even keep your man in line? Miranda's lips curled up. "What's the matter, you enjoy raising someone else's child that much?"

Upon her confrontation, Meredith was left speechless.

In her lifetime, Meredith had always been most vulnerable to criticism about this one issue.

Slap!

A slap landed on Miranda's face

The slap didn't come from Meredith, it was from Cecilia.

A burning sensation flared across Miranda's face She looked at Cecilia in disbelief "How dare

"Why wouldn't I? You deserved it, your mouth is so foul."

Miranda lunged at Cecilia, ready to retaliate.

Yet, a figure abruptly positioned himself in front of Cecilia, effortlessly pushing Miranda aside.

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Chapter 697 Realizing How Much He Had Aged

Upon retreating several steps, Miranda finally managed to steady herself. Only then could she clearly see the stern-faced man standing before her.

Instinctively, she assumed it was one of Cecilia’s lovers and couldn’t help but mock, “Cecilia, are you that lonely? Does Nathaniel know about this man?”

Sven slightly furrowed his brows.

“I’m Ms. Smith’s bodyguard.”

“Bodyguard? You must be kidding!”

Miranda hadn’t expected that the woman who used to be ridiculed in the past had now hired a bodyguard.

Cecilia stepped forward, without offering an explanation to Miranda, she lowered her voice. “Isn’t one slap enough?”

Immediately, Miranda shut her mouth.

In front of the crowd, she turned away dejectedly, heading toward her child, Felix. As she left, she made sure to kick Cecilia fiercely.

“Thank you for helping me, but this time I’ve completely offended Miranda.” Meredith sincerely thanked Cecilia from the side.

She was a fearless woman, but what terrified her most was the gossip about her raising another woman’s son, and even worse, being bullied about it.

“It’s not a big deal. Even if we hadn’t offended her, it doesn’t necessarily mean she would have spared us.”

Cecilia understood that being kind often led to being taken advantage of. Some people, even if you didn’t bother them, would still go out of their way to bully you.

Meredith couldn’t help but take a few more glances at Cecilia, internally making up her mind that she would definitely become friends with Cecilia.

“Mommy.”

Soon, Jonathan also emerged from the classroom, with his follower Dante trailing behind him.

Immediately, Zara rushed over. "Dante:

"Mom.

Zara took his hand, walking toward Cecilia together with Jonathan.

"Ms. Cecilia, when you have some free time, let Jonathan accompany Dante to our house for a visit. Vivian often mentions you, saying you're a good person."

Cecilia recalled her best friend Vivian once mentioning that Zara had advised her to keep her distance from Cecilia.

She asked deliberately, "Really? Why have I heard some people say that you think I'm not very good at handling social situations?"

"Who's been spreading rumors? Why would I ever say such a thing?" Zara's face flushed from pale to red in quick succession, contemplating who among the other mothers could have been tattling behind her back.

Cecilia didn't want to engage in a lengthy conversation with her. "I'm aware, you're Vivian's sister-in-law, naturally you'd side with me."

After all, she was Vivian's sister-in-law. Out of respect for Vivian, Cecilia didn't hold it against her.

Zara let out a sigh of relief, thankful that Vivian and Cecilia were friends.

If not, she would be in a bind if Cecilia decided to cause trouble for her son, Dante.

After they had left in their car, Cecilia had a chat with Meredith and Helen before she got into the car with Jonathan.

Since Cecilia didn't have much to do that day, she made a special trip to take Jonathan back to the Sinclair Manor.

"Mommy, how come you had the time to pick me up today?" Jonathan wondered.

Cecilia looked into his large eyes, gently ruffling his hair. "Aren't you leaving for a trip abroad next week?" she asked. "I won't be able to see you for a week, so of course I need to make time to spend with you."

Jonathan's eyes curved in delight.

"Mom, don't worry," he assured, "I'll call you every night."

"Sure thing."

“You should be extra careful now that you’re carrying another child. Make sure to rest well, drink plenty of milk and take your vitamins. Also, don’t forget to take breaks and enjoy the outdoors. Don’t lose track of time and sit for hours on end every time you’re composing...

Jonathan was constantly fussing and advising like an old soul.

Cecilia listened quietly and responded, “Got it. You should behave yourself at Old Mr. Sinclair’s house too.”

“I will, don’t worry.”

Cecilia truly felt at ease about this aspect of him.

As they approached the entrance of the Sinclair Manor from afar, Cecilia could see an elderly gentleman with a full head of white hair, leaning on a walking stick, waiting. His back was slightly hunched.

She had seen George a few times before, but it was only today that she truly realized how much he had aged.

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Chapter 698 Playing It Fair

Cecilia stepped out of the car with Jonathan by her side.

A broad smile spread across George’s face. “Sweetie.”

Jonathan ran toward him, calling out, “Great-grandpa.”

George pulled out a few trinkets from his pocket, presenting them as if they were precious treasures. “Look, I carved these when I was bored at home. What do you think?”

“Good job, but this

carving without hesit needs more precision. Jonathan pointed out the flaws in the wood

George nodded. “All right, noted.”

“Go ahead inside first, I need to have a few words with your mom.”

“Okay.”

After Jonathan entered the house, Cecilia walked over.

“Old Mr. Sinclair.”

As George gazed at the scars on her face, he couldn't help but sigh. “Have they been caught?”

Cecilia shook her head. “It seems like he fled to another country.”

“If anyone dares to harm you or Jonathan, no matter where they are, I'll find a way to track them down.”

George wasn't just all talk, he had long since arranged for people to look into it.

Knowing it was related to Queenie, he specifically investigated the people around Queenie.

“Thank you, Old Mr. Sinclair.”

“Don't worry about it. Jonathan's my direct descendant, so you're practically my granddaughter. Plus, your grandfather and I were close back in the day.”

Cecilia nodded.

“Grandpa, did you keep me here alone for something important?”

“It's nothing, really. I'm just here to apologize on Zach's behalf,” George said, aware of Zachary's past mistakes, especially mistaking his savior and targeting Cecilia. “That foolish boy of mine can't even remember who saved his life.”

Cecilia fell silent

She didn't want to forgive so easily, feeling it would be a disservice to the part of her that had been hurt before.

George could see her dilemma as well. “My dear, I understand that it's not right for me, as an elder, to ask for your forgiveness. I'm not asking you to forgive Zach either. I just want to let you know that no matter what happens in the future, you can always turn to the Sinclair family and to me. Anything within my power, I'll certainly do for you. Please, don't ever hesitate to ask.

After hearing this, Cecilia nodded. “All right.”

After exchanging some pleasantries with George. Cecilia returned home.

Inside Daltonia Villa.

The father and son duo had been waiting for Cecilia in the living room for quite some time.

“Mommy, you’re finally back. I’ve missed you so much. Where have you been today?”

Elliot ran toward Cecilia, clutching onto her thigh.

Cecilia chuckled, patting his head. “I just went to see your brother off. You know he’s heading overseas for a trip, right?”

I see.

Elliot breathed a sigh of relief. He had almost thought that his mother had found another man and was about to abandon his poor father again.

Nathaniel thought the same way.

“Let’s eat,” he said.

“Have you all not eaten yet? If I come back late in the future, just go ahead and eat without waiting for me,” said Cecilia.

Elliot quickly responded, “Mommy, when you’re not here, Dad and I just can’t seem to enjoy our meals, isn’t that right, Dad?”

Nathaniel’s stern face faltered for a moment, awkwardly nodding in agreement.

“Yes.”

The corners of Cecilia’s mouth lifted even higher. She crouched down and gently rubbed Elliot’s hair. “Understood, kiss.”

“Kiss”

Before Cecilia could head into the kitchen to prepare dinner, Elliot held her back. “Mommy, you have to be fair. If you give me a kiss, you have to give Daddy one too.”

“Tub

I are adults, we don’t need...”

Before she could finish her sentence, Nathaniel stepped forward, enveloping her in his arms. He lowered his head, his thin lips gently landing on her forehead.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 699

Chapter 699 Refuse To Return The Money

Cecilia's body stiffened.

Nathaniel couldn't see it, but since he didn't manage to kiss her lips, he leaned over again to do Elliot's eyes instantly widened. How infuriating! You've gone too far, se mbag daddy! I only allowed a peck, not for you to make it a kiss!

"Mommy.

Snapping back to reality, Cecilia sidestepped Nathaniel and nudged him. "All right, let's eat. Quit fooling around."

Nathaniel's lips curled up slightly. "All right."

The family sat together for a meal.

After dinner, they relaxed in the living room. By nine o'clock, they washed up and went to bed.

Elliot held Cecilia's hand and asked, "Mommy, can you and Daddy stay with me tonight?"

Just as Cecilia was about to respond, Nathaniel said, "Eli, you're not a toddler anymore. You need to learn to sleep on your own."

Elliot was somewhat bewildered. What on earth are you up to, sc*mbag daddy? Can't you see I'm helping you?

Unfortunately, his father was oblivious, and Elliot didn't know how to signal him with his eyes.

"All right, then." Since Nathaniel was unappreciative, Elliot decided not to bother helping him anymore.

In reality, that wasn't the case. Nathaniel just wanted to share the bed with Cecilia.

After Elliot had retired to his room for the night, Nathaniel followed behind Cecilia.

Puzzled, the latter asked, "Why are you following me?"

A tightness gripped Nathaniel's throat. "To sleep with you, of course," he replied, his voice rich with a magnetic resonance.

"You take the master bedroom. I'll sleep in the guest room," Cecilia said, her cheeks rosy.

She was pregnant now and didn't want to share the bed with him for no reason.

Her rejection took Nathaniel aback. Without uttering another word, he took two steps forward, pulled her into his arms, and lowered his voice. "I want to sleep with you"

After speaking, he disregarded Cecilia's resistance and led her back to the master bedroom.

The night had fallen deep, yet the Evans family members hadn't retired to bed.

Ralph stared at the enforcement order issued by the court, his brows tightly furrowed. "Where on earth did Cecilia find all that evidence? Now they're demanding most of the assets. How is this possible?" he exclaimed.

He had summoned Cassandra back from Rainsworth Manor. She too became anxious upon seeing Cecilia getting serious, "Dad, what should we do: We're not returning all of the Smith family's assets to her, are we?"

"That's impossible," Ralph replied with a hand on his forehead.

Having obtained this money from Paula and Magnus with great difficulty, how could he bear to return it?

"It's all your mom's fault for giving birth to such a daughter. Tell her to handle this matter," he said.

"She gave me all her money. Where would she get more to return?" Cassandra responded.

Ralph turned to her and said, "By the way, aren't you and Cecilia biological siblings? Why don't you invite her for a casual meal at our place? Let's talk and appeal to her through familial ties."

Cassandra replied, "It's pointless. Cecilia, that wretched girl, is determined to get the money. Dad, we have no choice but to continue the lawsuit!"

Ralph's face was etched with worry. The lawsuit was both time-consuming and expensive. He didn't dare to tell his daughter that he was running out of money for legal fees in dealing with Imminence Corporation.

Cassandra seemed to have noticed something as she asked, "Dad, what's been happening with the company lately?"

Ralph let out a sigh. "I don't know why I've been running into bad luck everywhere lately. In essence, we've been operating at a deficit."

Cassandra instantly understood.

She stood up and said, “Dad, don’t worry. A weakened Evans family is still better off than ordinary people. We need not fear Cecilia. If worst comes to worst, I’ll go find Mom.”

The “Mom” she was referring to was Queenie.

Cassandra knew that in this world, there were very few things that Queenie couldn’t fix.

Ralph nodded, but inwardly, he contemplated selling all his shares while Evans Group was still

By doing that, even if Cecilia came for the money, she would only receive an empty shell

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 700

Chapter 700 Please Divorce Dad

Ralph had no idea shortly after he sold his shares. Nathaniel’s subordinates snapped them all up at a low price.

He thought he had struck gold.

“If we don’t go to court, doesn’t it mean we’ll have to return the money to Cecilia?” asked Cassandra.

A cold glint flashed in Ralph’s eyes. “Cassandra, Cecilia could demand us to return the money because your mom and I were still married. If we were to divorce, it would become Paula’s personal debt.”

After hearing that, Cassandra did not offer any rebuttal, merely saying, “We’ll go find Mom tomorrow.

Naturally, she preferred money over Paula.

The following morning, Ralph and Cassandra’s visit made Paula’s quiet hospital room unusually lively.

She assumed the two had come specifically to see her, so she intentionally ignored Ralph, only engaging in conversation with Cassandra.

Ralph knew he was in the wrong for never once visiting her, so he could only signal to Cassandra with his eyes.

Understanding Ralph's message, Cassandra waited until he went outside before telling Paula about everything Cecilia had done, spicing up the details with exaggerations.

"That wretched girl! I can't believe she had the nerve to demand money from you guys!" Paula exclaimed.

"Mom, I heard from the caregiver that Cecilia came to see you yesterday. Was there a specific reason?" Cassandra asked.

"No, she just wants me to return the money." After saying that, Paula took Cassandra's hand and continued, "Cassandra, you've been through a lot because of me. That wretched girl said she'll visit me every week from now on. I'll speak to her."

Cassandra probed, "Mom, don't you have any other solutions for us to avoid returning the money?"

Paula fell silent for a moment, wrestling with words she suppressed over and over before finally shaking her head.

Seeing that, Cassandra stopped beating around the bush, saying, "Mom, I thought of a great solution to protect our assets.

"What is it?" Paula asked

"Please divorce Dad."

These words struck Paula like a bolt from the blue. She finally understood the purpose of the two's visit. "Cassandra, I am your biological mom. How could you encourage me to divorce your dad?"

"It's just a sham divorce. When you two divorce, give all the assets to Dad so Cecilia won't get a single penny," Cassandra explained.

Paula was no fool. She was well aware that she was now past her prime and plagued with a terminal illness. If she chose to divorce, it wouldn't be a fake one.

Judging by Ralph's current attitude toward her, she knew he could no longer love her as deeply as he once had.

"No. I won't divorce your dad," Paula replied.

She couldn't afford to gamble on a divorce, especially if it meant walking away with nothing.

Upon seeing her firm refusal, Cassandra was furious. “So, you’re just going to stand by and watch Cecilia divide our family assets? Why should we hand it over to Cecilia? This is something Dad worked incredibly hard to earn.”

“What do you mean your dad earned it with great difficulty? Most of the Evans family’s wealth today came from me.” Paula finally couldn’t stand it and argued with her. “Don’t forget, Cassandra. Without me, you wouldn’t have had such a comfortable life.”

After that rebuff, Cassandra knew she was in the wrong and said, “Mom, I got too emotional just now. I couldn’t stomach the thought of Cecilia seizing all the money you’ve painstakingly obtained. As long as you agree to divorce Dad, we can draft an agreement in private to ensure the remainder of your life.”

The remainder of life was essentially just one or two years.

At that moment, Ralph entered the room and said, “Don’t worry, Darling. Even if we go through with this fake divorce, I will still take good care of you and love you.”

Cassandra followed up with a threat, “Mom, we’re family. If you don’t even have this much trust, I might as well not visit you in the future.”

The father–daughter duo’s pressures and emotional blackmail caused Paula’s eyes to redden slightly. A cramp seized her stomach, and she involuntarily wet herself, releasing a distinct odor.