

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 951

Chapter 951 Check Up

When Cecilia laid eyes on Paula, she froze completely aking a while to regain her composure. “Mdm. Paula, who brought you here?”

Upon hearing Cecilia’s voice, Paula looked up at her, appearing somewhat uneasy. “I-”

Before she could finish, Jessica interrupted, “Cecilia, I thought Milm. Paula is your biological mother. Why did you call her that? That’s rather impolite, isn’t it?”

Jessica knew that there was some discord between Cecilia and Paula, hence she intentionally asked that question.

Upon hearing this, Paula immediately said to Jessica, “Don’t say that. Let her address me however she wants.

She was never really Cecilia’s biological mother to begin with.

Cecilia clenched her fists, paying no heed to Jessica.

She approached Paula and said, “If there’s something you want to discuss, let’s talk outside.”

“All right.” Paula stood up, following Cecilia out.

Seeing that. Jessica discreetly followed them out.

Once outside, under the dim glow of the street lamp, Cecilia asked in a cold tone, “What is it that you want? Money? Or something else?”

Paula’s daughter and son, along with her husband, had all turned their backs on her. She was surely up to no good again.

Paula was momentarily at a loss for words. “I didn’t come for money. I just wanted to see you and the children.”

Upon hearing this, Cecilia couldn’t help but laugh. “Are you trying to play the family card again?” she said. “Don’t forget that we don’t share any blood relation.”

Paula knew that anything she said now would be too late.

She had secretly come over to Daltonia Villa to steal a glance at Cecilia from a distance. However, she was spotted by Jessica, who brought her into the house.

"I know, I don't want anything, I swear," Paula repeated herself once more, and turned, hunching her back. "I'm leaving right now."

Slowly, she walked away.

As Cecilia watched her skinny frame walk away, she still couldn't believe that Paula had no ulterior motives.

She hurried back to check on Elliot and was relieved to see him live streaming in his room, oblivious to Paula's visit.

Cecilia said to the idle Jessica, "Don't bring anyone else in here without my permission, or you'll be sent back to the Quill residence

Jessica verbally acknowledged the order but wondered wardly why Cecilia harbored such disdain for her own mother.

Due to Paula's arrival, Cecilia's appetite was ruined. She only ate a few bites before she couldn't stomach any more.

Nathaniel held her close at night, yet she couldn't fall asleep.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Cecilia wriggled out of his embrace. "I'm having trouble sleeping, probably because I had a nap earlier. You go ahead and sleep first."

After she finished speaking, she rolled into the corner, clutching the blanket.

Nathaniel reached out to her, but she dodged him. "I'd like to be alone for a while."

The man stiffened, retracting his hand after a while.

He was confused by the unpredictable change in Cecilia's attitude. During the car ride, she had snuggled up to him and fell asleep. But now, she wanted to lie down by herself. Does she like me or not?

Strong gusts of wind swept through the night, disrupting Nathaniel's sleep. He had to visit the hospital the next day for a check-up.

The following day, he dropped Cecilia off at Orion Corporation before instructing the driver to head toward the hospital.

Zachary had been waiting for him. "Nathaniel."

Nathaniel nodded in response.

Zachary performed a thorough check-up on Nathaniel, whose injuries had nearly healed. As he reviewed the results of another brain CT scan, he was even more certain about his previous assessment. He confirmed the presence of a glass fragment lodged in Nathaniel's brain—the cause of both his blindness and his troubling episodes of memory loss.

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Chapter 952 Blind Or Intellectually Disabled

“Nathaniel, I’m absolutely certain it’s due to that piece of glass. Now we need to schedule the surgery, but this operation could carry significant risks,” said Zachary, sitting down.

Nathaniel asked, “What risks?”

“The location of that glass fragment is particularly precarious, surrounded by numerous brain nerves,” Zachary said, concern etched on his face. “If the surgery isn’t executed flawlessly, you could end up with cognitive impairment.”

This was precisely why he had hesitated to remove the foreign object despite having seen it clearly before stitching up Nathaniel’s wound. Brain surgery requires immense precision; even the smallest error could result in a lifetime of suffering for the patient.

Nathaniel fell into a lengthy silence. “How confident are you?”

“Less than half. Zachary sighed.

It wasn’t that he doubted his skills; he was sure that none of the surgeons in the country could be as confident as him.

Nathaniel did not make a decision immediately.

People suffering from cognitive impairment, in simpler terms, could be referred to as fools. Though Nathaniel was blind, his mind remained sharp. He could still earn a living, providing for Cecilia and their children, ensuring they never lacked for anything. But if he were to lose that clarity, the consequences would be unimaginable.

“I need more time to think,” replied Nathaniel.

“You need to act fast,” Zachary added. “The longer the fragments remain in the brain, the lower the chances of a successful surgery.”

“Understood.” Nathaniel paused for a moment before he added, “Remember, don’t share this with anyone.”

“Got it.” Zachary nodded.

Only then did Nathaniel leave the treatment room.

Mason, waiting outside, approached to lead the way for Nathaniel upon seeing him come out. “Mr. Rainsworth, your injury is fine now, right?”

Nathaniel, not wanting him to worry, said, “Yes, it’s completely healed now.”

“That’s a relief. Shall we head to the company now?”

“Mm—hmm.”

Mason and Nathaniel exchanged a few words on their way out of the hospital.

After getting into the car and heading to the office, Nathaniel was distracted for the whole day.

His head began throbbing with a dull ache again as he stood atop the tall building.

Unconsciously, he picked up his phone and told the voice assistant to dial Cecilia’s number.

Cecilia was still at work. “What’s going on?”

The words were on the tip of Nathaniel’s tongue, but he changed his mind and asked, “How was work today?”

“It was quite good.”

Ever since Cecilia secured the contract from Aubree yesterday, the secretaries began to regard her with newfound respect.

“That’s good.”

“Is there something you need?” Cecilia was engrossed in perusing the documents.

Nathaniel’s Adam’s apple subtly bobbed as he said, “Nothing.”

“I’m hanging up now.”

Wait a moment!” After a long silence, Nathaniel couldn’t help but ask her, “Cecilia, may I ask you a question?”

Cecilia found it odd, wondering what he needed to ask her. “What is it? Just tell me.”

“Which do you think is worse: being blind or intellectually disabled?” Nathaniel asked earnestly.

What kind of problem is that?

Cecilia paused, puzzled by the question. After a moment of reflection, she replied, “Honestly, neither situation is ideal. If I had to choose, it’s difficult to say. The visually impaired can still think and reason, while those with intellectual

Each has its own challenges abilities often forget many things and struggle to grasp how others think.

“If you had to choose, which one would you prefer?” he asked seriously.

Cecilia was unsure what was troubling him. “If I had to choose, I suppose I’d prefer to be blind. How could I care for the children if I were intellectually disabled?”

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Chapter 953 Imminence Corporation

As soon as she spoke, uncertainty washed over her. “But if I can’t see, I’m not sure I could take care of them properly either...”

Realizing Nathaniel’s blindness must be weighing on him, she quickly reassured him, “You and I are not the same. Even though you can’t see right now, I believe you’re more capable than many who can. So there’s no need to overthink it.”

Nathaniel listened in silence and said, “Okay. You can continue with your work.”

“All right.” Worried that he might overthink, she added, “There, there. Don’t let it get to you.”

After hanging up the phone. Nathaniel gripped his phone tightly. Cecilia’s playful tone saying. “There, there” kept replaying in his mind.

There, there? It’s that am I, a child?

Nathaniel had mixed feelings.

In the meantime, Cecilia was also staring at her phone, lost in thought.

Though Nathaniel had been blind for a long time, this was the first time Cecilia heard him ask such a question. Concerned, she considered leaving work early that day to find him and reassure him not to worry. She wanted him to know that whether he could see or not, she and the kids would always stand by him.

Having made up her mind, Cecilia swiftly dealt with the day's work.

Yet, Miranda refused to let things rest. During the meeting, she told the senior management. "Yesterday's contract was smoothly secured thanks to Ms. Smith. Without her, our collaboration with Hardy Group wouldn't have been so successful."

Under the admiring gazes of everyone, Miranda changed the topic, "Ms. Smith, since you're so competent, could you make a trip to the headquarters of Imminence Corporation?"

Imminence Corporation....

As that name was mentioned, everyone's expression soured. Nicholas' gaze also darkened.

Rainsworth Group was once unrivaled in Tudela. However, ever since the emergence of Imminence Corporation a few years ago, the dynamics of Tudela had drastically changed. Many of Rainsworth Group's significant projects had been snatched away by Imminence Corporation.

Up until now, the top brass of Rainsworth Group hadn't been able to get a clear picture of the inner workings of Imminence Corporation, let alone identify who exactly held the reins of power behind their company.

An executive spoke up. "Ms. Miranda, rumor has it that Imminence Corporation never entertains guests who don't have an invitation."

Rainsworth Group had also sent some people to pay a visit to Imminence Corporation. Unexpectedly, they were turned away before they even had the chance to step foot into the main hall.

Smith is exceptionally capable. She'll think of a way to get into Imminence Corporation's headquarters, Isn't that right?

The name Imminence Corporation kept being mentioned, sparking Cecilia's curiosity about who was behind this company.

After all, the last time she found herself in a public opinion crisis, it was Imminence Corporation that came to her aid, Cecilia recalled that Eric was also an artist signed with them.

"I can't make any promises. After all, I'm just a secretary" Cecilia stated.

She wasn't foolish. Judging from the executives expressions, she knew that this task would be difficult to accomplish.

Although she could seek help from Eric, she thought it was better not to trouble him.

Miranda wanted to say something else, but Cecilia interrupted her by asking. “Ms. Miranda, have you ever been to Imminence Corporation?”

Miranda fell silent for a while and answered, “No.”

How could I have possibly been there before?

At that time, Adrian had sought a collaboration with Imminence Corporation, but the executives had completely brushed him off. As the Rainsworth family’s daughter-in-law, Miranda knew she was even less likely to be received by anyone from the company.

“Ms. Miranda, if you can’t get into Imminence Corporation, what makes you think I, as just a secretary, could? I’ve been reviewing reports on Imminence Corporation, including its competition with Orion Corporation, and it’s clear they have strict regulations against outsiders. If you want to connect with the higher-ups, it’s best to go through official channels,” Cecilia replied.

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Chapter 954 Mysterious Gifts

Miranda didn’t expect Cecilia to roast her in front of so many people.

“What are you implying? Do you think my suggestion to approach Imminence Corporation is inappropriate? I’m asking you to speak with their representatives and express our interest in collaborating,” she said, her voice rising with frustration as she struggled to contain her irritation.

The senior management around her had grown accustomed to her erratic behavior. None of them said a word, merely watching with bated breath, feeling nervous for Cecilia.

At that moment, Nicholas spoke up. “Ms. Miranda, Cecilia is my personal secretary, not in charge of liaising with rival companies. If you need someone to do that, you can approach the Public Relations or Sales Department.”

Miranda was instantly silenced by Nicholas’ words as the boss.

Struggling to contain her frustration, she said, “I was only joking with Ms. Smith just now. Why are you so serious? Of course I know she’s your personal secretary

With that, she looked at Cecilia with a radiant smile. “It was indeed unfair of me to expect a secretary to handle sales and public relations tasks.”

She was implying that Cecilia was too incompetent to handle sales and public relations.

Cecilia didn't mind. She had to leave work early that day to find Nathaniel and didn't have the time to entertain Miranda.

And just like that, the meeting came to an end.

When they exited the meeting room, Miranda quickly strode over to Cecilia, lowering her voice. "Don't think you're all that just because you have Nicholas on your side. Let me tell you, without any real skills, you won't last long at Orion Corporation."

With that, she quickened her pace and brushed past Cecilia.

Cecilia watched her retreating figure coldly.

After much contemplation upon returning home yesterday, she realized that she couldn't possibly be a secretary forever.

She knew that Miranda was now one of the managers in charge of the sales department, a position far superior to hers in both rank and authority.

As a daughter-in-law of the Rainsworth family herself, she didn't feel inferior to Miranda.

As soon as she returned to the office, she was greeted with a chorus of gratitude.

"Ceci, can't thank you enough."

"The coffee you bought was so delicious. And these pastries look quite expensive. You must have spent quite a bit of money, right?"

Several secretaries and other office staff spoke one after another..

Cecilia was puzzled, noticing that everyone's workstations were adorned with delicious treats. Each item was beautifully packaged, clearly ordered from a specialty restaurant.

"You're welcome, she said, approaching her workstation and finding a beautiful bouquet of flowers and a greeting card.

Confused, she asked, "Who sent this?"

Jessica leaned in and asked, "Cecilia, are these flowers a gift from Nathaniel?"

Nathaniel

Cecilia thought it was unlikely.

She picked up the greeting card attached to the flowers that read: Be happy every day and focus on work.

Two initials were at the very bottom of the greeting card-C.R.

Is it from Calvin?

After making out the initials, Cecilia had mixed feelings.

Worried that Jessica might overthink, she said, "Yeah, it's from Nathaniel."

Jessica had sneaked a peek at the card when the flowers and snacks were delivered. The initials are "C.R." which is different from the abbreviation of Nathaniel's name, which is supposed to be "N.R."

However, Jessica suddenly wondered if Nathaniel could have intentionally put it as "C.R."

She couldn't help but feel a pang of jealousy. "Nathaniel's so nice to you."

The staff in the office were all astounded. "So Ceci's husband gave us these gifts?"

Cecilia's husband was the former boss of the company, after all.

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Chapter 955 From Calvin

Everyone finally understood why the gifts were all so expensive and of high quality.

All Cecilia could do was muster a forced smile under everyone's envious gazes.

The entire office buzzed with excitement.

When Nicholas returned to his office, he, too, noticed the coffee and snacks placed on his desk.

He asked, puzzled, "Who put these here?"

Jocelyn responded, "I overheard the others' conversation earlier. It seems like Mr. Nathaniel delivered these. Each department received gifts."

Nicholas' expression was inscrutable when he heard it was from Nathaniel.

"I don't really fancy these. You can have them," he said.

Jocelyn responded, "I have some, too. I can't eat anymore."

Then give it to someone else. If no one wants it, just toss it in the trash," Nicholas said indifferently.

Jocelyn, understanding his intentions, nodded. "All right."

She brought the snacks and coffee out and gave them to the cleaning lady.

The cleaning lady couldn't hide her excitement. "Thank you, thank you."

"You're welcome." Jocelyn's expression softened when she faced the cleaning lady.

Cecilia happened to witness this scene upon stepping out of her office to head to the restroom.

Jocelyn dressed in professional attire every day, radiating an air of stern authority. To those around her, she seemed like a relentless work machine, detached from any human emotion. Everyone disliked and was scared of her.

But now, Cecilia realized that she must be a kind girl at heart.

Jocelyn turned and met Cecilia's gaze. Worried that Cecilia might misunderstand, she explained, "Mr. Rainsworth can't have sweets, so he asked me to give them to others who don't have any. I've already finished my share. Thank you."

Upon hearing this, Cecilia quickly shook her head. "You're welcome."

With that, she went to the restroom, where she called Calvin.

The call connected quickly.

Before Cecilia could say a word, Calvin asked. "Did you receive the flowers, Ceci?"

It's really you?" Cecilia was surprised. "How did you know I work at Orion Corporation?"

"Oh, it's not hard. I just had to ask around," Calvin responded..

Cecilia didn't give it much thought and replied, "Thank you, but you didn't have to do this. I've never bought you any gifts before."

Plus, it wasn't really appropriate for a man to give flowers to a woman, as it could easily lead to misunderstandings.

Instead of bluntly saying that, Cecilia beat around the bush. "My colleagues thought it was Nathaniel."

Calvin, smart as ever, naturally understood the hidden implications in Cecilia's words.

He paused for a moment before saying, "Sorry for letting them misunderstand. I'll send you some snacks next time."

"No need-"

Calvin interrupted her, "Don't say that. I'm abroad right now with a lot of matters to attend to, so I can't come back to see you. We can't be out of touch, or our friendship would only fade over time."

Cecilia felt rather guilty upon hearing that.

She had been incredibly busy ever since she returned to Tudela and hadn't even found the time to reach out to Calvin.

"How's your injury now?" asked Cecilia.

"It's recovering fine."

"Good." Cecilia didn't know what else to say.

"Isn't it your working hours now?" Calvin broke the silence. "Go ahead and focus on your work first. We can talk on the phone when you're free."

"All right."

Only then did Cecilia hang up and step outside.

When she returned to her office, she was unaware that someone had been secretly eavesdropping from the neighboring cubicle.

Jessica emerged from the cubicle next to hers. "I knew it! I knew Nathaniel wouldn't send you gifts. Turns out it was from another man! How dare you lie to me!"

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Chapter 956 A Cake

By four o'clock in the afternoon, Cecilia had finished all her work for the day and decided to call Nathaniel, who was still in a meeting.

Since Nathaniel wasn't ready for the public to know his identity yet, he handled every meeting online.

The moment Nathaniel heard the ringtone he'd set specifically for Cecilia, he immediately paused the meeting to take her call.

"What's wrong?"

"When are you getting off work today?" Cecilia asked.

Nathaniel was under the impression that she had already finished work for the day. Considering his promise to pick her up and drop her off daily, he then said, "Right now."

"Then send me your location. I'll come find you," Cecilia immediately responded.

Hearing that, he was taken aback but still responded, "No need, I'm already in the car. I'm coming to pick you up now."

"Huh? You're finishing work this early?" Cecilia sounded somewhat disappointed.

Originally, she had plans to finish work early and surprise Nathaniel, hoping to lift his spirits.

Nathaniel was confused. "Haven't you finished work for the day?"

"I got off work early today, thinking I'd come see you sooner," responded Cecilia.

Nathaniel thought he might have responded too quickly.

Cecilia then said, "I'll wait for you to come over."

"All right," he answered, ending the call. He then reopened the meeting and addressed the executives, "That concludes today's meeting."

The executives, who were initially engaged in a heated discussion, were all left dumbfounded.

What's up with our enigmatic boss today? Why is he ending the meeting prematurely before we even come to any conclusion? Is he mad that we're arguing endlessly?

Struggling to figure out what was on Nathaniel's mind, they were filled with apprehension.

At that moment, Mason knocked and entered, "Boss, do you want them to settle this themselves?"

Nathaniel stood up, "Cecilia's getting off work. Let's bring her home first. Work matters can be discussed later."

Mason was in disbelief upon hearing that.

Nathaniel, who had always prioritized work, had changed a lot for Cecilia's sake.

Not saying another word, Nathaniel instructed the driver to head toward Orion Corporation as soon as he

At that time, Cecilia was standing at the entrance of the company. She bought a dessert from nearby, intending to give it to Nathaniel.

The car slowly approached.

She hopped into the car, handing the dessert in her hand over to him. "Here you go."

"What is this?" he asked, confused.

"A cake. I'll tear off the wrapping for you. Enjoy," she said.

Thinking of his weird question earlier in the morning, she was worried about his emotional state and that he might suffer from mental illnesses due to his inability to see. Thus, she decided to buy something sweet for him to lift his spirits.

Nathaniel wasn't particularly fond of sweets, but since Cecilia offered it to him, he had no choice but to eat it, albeit reluctantly.

"Is it good?" she asked.

"Yes," he lied with a straight face.

"Good. You should eat more sweets; it can lift your spirits. That way, you won't overthink things," Cecilia said, feeding him the cake.

The driver quietly raised the partition.

By the time they arrived at Daltonia Villa, Nathaniel had finished the cake.

As the couple stepped into the house and reached the foyer, Cecilia noticed Jessica had also returned. Without missing a beat, Jessica spoke up, "Nathaniel, the flowers you gave Cecilia today were absolutely stunning. And those desserts you bought for the staff—what brand were they? They were so delicious, I'm thinking of getting some for myself to enjoy at work."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 957

Chapter 957 Reconnecting With A Friend

Flowers? Desserts?

Nathaniel was perplexed. When did I send Cecilia flowers and desserts?

A smug, provocative look filled Jessica's eyes. She aimed to expose Cecilia's true colors to Nathaniel.

A fickle woman like her doesn't deserve to stay by Nathaniel's side!

"It was Mason who ordered it," Nathaniel replied in a subdued tone. "Go ask Mason."

Jessica was taken aback. She never expected Nathaniel to cover for Cecilia instead of questioning or criticizing her.

I heard Cecilia talk to Calvin on the phone in the restroom; she even thanked him!

"Nathaniel, are you sure it was Mason?" she asked, unwilling to give up.

Nathaniel lost his patience. "Who else do you think delivered it?"

Jessica found herself at a loss for words.

Meanwhile, Cecilia, too, was taken aback. Nathaniel's clearly helping me.

At night, when it was just the two of them in the room, Cecilia said to Nathaniel, "Calvin was the one who sent me flowers and delivered desserts to the office."

Nathaniel had been waiting for her explanation. Hearing that, he asked, "Is the cake also from him?"

"Of course not. I bought it from a store near the company," Cecilia said. She wasn't foolish enough to use a gift from a friend to please her husband.

Moreover, she was aware that Nathaniel and Calvin were at odds with each other.

Nathaniel's mood finally improved, but he soon asked, "Why did he send you flowers and desserts?"

"He said we haven't been in touch for a long time, and he wanted to reconnect through this," Cecilia relayed Calvin's words to Nathaniel.

As a man, Nathaniel wouldn't buy Calvin's nonsense about reconnecting with a friend.

He said, "Give these gifts back to him in the future."

Nathaniel didn't want his wife to owe any favors to another man, let alone to his rival in love.

Cecilia nodded repeatedly. "Of course, I've already made up my mind to also order some snacks for him next time."

Order snacks for him? Won't that make their contact more frequent?

Nathaniel didn't voice his disapproval, yet he was busy contemplating how to minimize Cecilia's interactions with Calvin.

"Okay."

Nodding, Cecilia closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep.

The next day, Nathaniel dropped Cecilia off at the company as usual. Elliot was overjoyed to see his parents' relationship improve day by day.

He informed Jonathan about the situation at home.

Jonathan's face fell when he heard that. "You don't have to inform me about such things in the future."

"Why? Didn't you say you'd accept Daddy once Mommy does?" Elliot was confused.

"Mom only chose to start over with him because he saved her, for the two of us, and for the babies she's carrying. I want you to understand that clearly," Jonathan said, enunciating each word deliberately.

Elliot found his brother too narrow-minded, but he couldn't think of a quick comeback. "That's enough. Focus on your class."

After hanging up the phone, Jonathan typed away on his computer in a corner of the room.

He was genuinely curious about the person behind Imminence Corporation—the one who had first stepped in to help his mother manage the online backlash.

He also aimed to deal with Cassandra and Queenie, who schemed against Cecilia.

I must find a way to become stronger so that I can protect Mommy in the future. I can't rely on sc*mbag daddy to protect her.

Meanwhile, over at Orion Corporation, Cecilia returned from a restroom break to find everyone in the headquarters thanking her.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 958

Chapter 958 Treat Everyone To A Five Star Meal

“Ms. Smith, thank you for treating us to a meal today.”

“Ms. Smith, how did you manage to get a five–star hotel to cook for us and even let us order what we like?”

“Ms. Smith, thanks for paying.”

Everyone Cecilia encountered expressed their gratitude toward her.

Puzzled, she told them they were welcome, all the while wondering when she had treated them to a meal from a five–star hotel.

Could it be Calvin again?

Cecilia finally returned to her office.

All the secretaries looked at Cecilia smilingly. “Thank you, Ms. Smith.”

Jessica reluctantly said in a sarcastic tone, “Cecilia, Nathaniel’s so extravagant. He actually bought everyone from headquarters lunch from a five–star hotel.”

Nathaniel? He’s the one who treated everyone?

Cecilia was taken aback.

Orion Corporation had more than five thousand staff members.

“Jessica, Ms. Smith is just providing us with employee benefits. After all, Orion Corporation is essentially Ms. Smith’s business.” Serene, who had previously spoken ill of Cecilia in secret, was now singing her praises.

“Yeah, Ms. Smith’s husband is indeed the former CEO of Orion Corporation.”

By now, everyone working here had come to understand that even though Cecilia held the same position. as a secretary like them, she was ultimately the lady of a prominent family. Ordinary employees like them simply couldn’t compare to her.

Cecilia, who was still confused, could only say a few words to brush them off.

She returned to her desk and proceeded to call Nathaniel.

“What’s going on?” Cecilia asked.

Upon learning yesterday that Calvin had sent snacks to all the employees at Cecilia's company, Nathaniel decided to do the same under his name the following morning.

"Nothing. You've been working hard every day, so I bought your colleagues lunch, hoping they would look out for you a bit more."

"You bought lunch for all of them?"

"Of course, they're all your colleagues," Nathaniel said, pausing for a moment before adding, "I overlooked this before, but from now on, someone will be assigned to deliver a maternity meal to you every

To be honest, Nathaniel seldom showed concern for others. He was sometimes quite thoughtless.

Back when Cecilia was pregnant for the first time, he wasn't by her side. Now that she was pregnant again, he was essentially a rookie dad.

"No need, it's too much trouble. I can just eat at the restaurant downstairs."

"The restaurant's food isn't suitable for pregnant women. Just listen to me." Thinking of something else, he also said, "Remember not to sit for too long. If you don't like your job, just quit"

"Got it."

Nathaniel was about to say something else, but Cecilia had already ended the call.

She hadn't noticed how long-winded Nathaniel could be, but now, the latter seemed to enjoy nagging her like Jonathan did.

After finding out it was Nathaniel who had bought lunch for her colleagues, Cecilia didn't give it much more thought.

Downstairs, Miranda also found out that Nathaniel had treated the entire company to a feast. Her assistant, brimming with excitement, asked her what she would like to order.

Miranda's expression was grim. "All you know is eat!"

Caught off guard by her outburst, her assistant was at a loss for what to do. "Are you not ordering any?"

"Tell the other staff members that our department doesn't need her charity," Miranda said.

The assistant did not expect Miranda to say that and was disappointed.

She had thought she would get to enjoy a lavish meal today, considering she had never even set foot in a five-star restaurant before.

Back at her station, the assistant informed the sales department staff, “Ms. Miranda has just instructed everyone to decline the offer and concentrate on our work.”

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Chapter 959 A Professional Relationship

“She told us to decline the offer? Why” The employees were in disbelief.

It wasn’t every day that they got to enjoy a lavish meal for free, and now they were asked to decline the offer. What kind of joke is that?

The assistant couldn’t reveal that it was Miranda’s decision, so she phrased it delicately. “Our sales team is currently busy with five projects. If everyone puts in their best effort, we’ll have plenty of opportunities to enjoy dining wherever we want in the future.”

The employees felt utterly disheartened upon hearing that.

Everyone knew that since Miranda took over as head of the sales department, their performance had not only declined, but the commissions they were owed were never paid. If it weren’t for the fact that they had gotten used to working in Orion Corporation and the responsibility of supporting their wives, children, and elders back home, no one would tolerate such treatment.

One of the employees sighed. “At this rate, with the meager sales commissions we’re earning, we’ll have to reconsider even dining at an ordinary restaurant, let alone a five-star one.”

The money they earned was all used to support their household expenses. How could they afford to spend it recklessly?

The assistant understood the employees’ disappointment, but these were all rules set by Miranda, and she had no power to change them. All she could do was listen to her colleagues’ complaints, filled with frustration herself.

Unbeknownst to Miranda, her standing among her subordinates was steadily deteriorating. Her sole focus was on securing the position of general manager. At the moment, she was just a branch manager in the sales department—one of the worst-performing branches with the least achievements.

“It’s all because of Old Mr. Rainsworth’s favoritism! Nicholas gets to be the CEO while Adrian is relegated to a branch office, and here I am, stuck managing a branch in the sales department?” The mere thought of it filled Miranda with fury.

By the time noon rolled around, the meals everyone had ordered in the morning were promptly delivered.

There were over five thousand people, which meant all the five–star hotels nearby catered to Orion Corporation’s staff meals for that day.

While employees from other departments happily enjoyed their meals, those in Miranda’s department could only miserably settle for takeout.

Miranda was indifferent to her subordinates’ feelings, as she enjoyed the privilege of having a private kitchen to cook for herself. To her, a meal from a five–star restaurant held little significance.

At this moment, in the CEO’s office at the top floor, everyone was overjoyed.

Nicholas heard that Nathaniel had once again delivered food for the company’s staff.

Jocely remained firmly on Nicholas’ side. She couldn’t help but say, “Is Mr. Nathaniel planning to win the hearts of Orion Corporation’s employees?”

How childish! Who would take sides over a meal?

Nicholas was exceptionally calm. “Of course not.”

He knew his older brother well, knowing the latter would never ingratiate himself with others.

Not including Cecilia, of course.

Through the glass wall, Nicholas could see directly into Cecilia’s workspace. Her area was also enclosed by glass, providing him a clear view of everything she did inside.

“Shouldn’t we be careful then?” asked Jocelyn.

Nicholas lightly tapped his finger on the office desk. “No need. You should go have lunch too.”

Cecilia might misunderstand if I forbid Nathaniel from sending food.

“I ordered my own meal and it hasn’t arrived yet,” Jocelyn immediately responded.

She knew that Nicholas didn’t fancy Nathaniel, hence she declined Nathaniel’s offer.

Upon hearing that, Nicholas turned to her and said, “You need to start thinking about yourself more, Don’t worry about me. Our relationship is strictly professional.”

There was nothing wrong about his words, and his tone was as gentle as usual, yet what he said felt like a thorn piercing Jocelyn's heart.

Jocelyn stood tall and straight, forcing a smile. "Of course. I understand. It's just that I don't like being indebted to someone. If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave now."

The moment Jocelyn turned around, her eyes welled up with tears.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 960

Chapter 960 Termination Contract

Jocelyn stepped out of Nicholas' office and saw her colleagues gathered together, chatting and eating.

She approached her workstation alone and waited for her takeout to arrive.

Cecilia, noticing that Jocelyn had ordered her own takeout, found it strange and asked, "Is Ms. Wright left out?"

One of the secretaries responded, "She won't accept your kindness, Ceci."

Another chimed in, "She's always been a bit of a lone wolf. I guess she thinks acting differently will make the boss notice her more."

The third secretary said, "Ceci, you're pregnant, so don't let her get to you."

Cecilia didn't ask further and enjoyed her prenatal meal.

Her curiosity for Jocelyn only grew.

She was sure Jocelyn wasn't an aloof person. Just yesterday, Jocelyn had thanked her for the dessert.

Jocelyn, dining not too far away, inevitably overheard their conversation.

She didn't pay any mind to it, focusing on her meal. However, the food in her mouth lost all its flavor.

At that moment, someone approached her.

When Jocelyn looked up to see Cecilia, she returned to her usual indifference. "Can I help you?"

Cecilia took out the extra food the restaurant had sent over and placed them on her table.

“Having takeout often isn’t good for your health. I have more than enough food here. If you don’t mind, have some of this instead.” Cecilia was actually worried about her rejection. However, she knew someone like Jocelyn was worth getting to know better. As the chief personal assistant to the CEO of Orion Corporation, she must have her strengths.

Jocelyn glanced at the exquisite meal Cecilia had brought over. She was about to refuse, but then she remembered Nicholas’s earlier words. Their relationship was strictly professional—nothing more. She didn’t need to cater to his likes and dislikes.

With that in mind, Jocelyn said to Cecilia, “Thank you.”

A sense of relief washed over Cecilia when she heard her say that. “You’re welcome. I’ll leave you to it.”

Only after Jocelyn saw Cecilia leave did she begin to eat the food Cecilia had brought. It was far more delicious than the takeout she had ordered for herself. Taking a deep breath, she dug in, eating heartily to make herself better.

Since Cecilia was pregnant, she had no major tasks to manage at the company. After reviewing records from some of the company’s key meetings and decisions, she decided to take a leisurely stroll around the premises, enjoying the fresh air and nurturing her pregnancy.

The atmosphere in the office was peaceful. Whenever Cecilia had some free time, she often sought create new songs, promising their unwavering support.